

# IN THE SPORTING WORLD



A HOT SCRIMMAGE IN GAME OF HOCKEY.

A hot scrimmage in front of the goal at the St. Nicholas Rink, New York. The players in the white jerseys are on the defensive.

New York, Jan. 7.—Two of the most virile sports of modern times, LaCrosse and Hockey, are justly claimed by Canadians. John Bull has his cricket, Uncle Sam his baseball and Scotland his golf, but to the Lady of Snows must be accorded maternal interest in the first mentioned sports.

Uncle Sam does not believe for one minute that his national pastime is an improved form of rounders played by Britons years ago, nor do our neighbors of the Dominion countenance the idea that ice hockey is merely an advanced form of shinney.

LaCrosse, by reason of its conflict with baseball, does not appear destined to take hold in this country, and as a matter of fact the base hit and the punt are making greater inroads every year into the Dominion. Ice hockey, on the other hand, is making steady advancement in this country.

The absence of a really spectacular game to fill in between the close of the football season and the opening of the baseball season has been a long felt want, and the establishment of artificial ice rinks in Gotham—the St. Nicholas rink being the gathering place for all local lovers of hockey—Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Chicago has paved the way for the introduction of ice hockey and its gradual adoption as the most popular

of the winter sports.

Weather conditions in this country have militated against ice-hockey out-doors, and except in the Northern portions of the states the game has been more or less intermittent. The great necessity for the steady growth of hockey has been artificial rinks, and since the tide appears to have set in, prospects are bright that in a few years all of the big cities will possess one or more artificial rinks.

New York was the pioneer ice rink city in the East, and with the installation of the refrigerating plant in the spacious building at the St. Nicholas rink, skating and hockey became the most popular indoor sport in the metropolis.

So magnetic is the sport in Canada that the leading professionals are paid more in proportion for their services than are the diamond heroes on this side of the water. The majority of them are under contract and competition for their services is fully as keen as for those of Lafite, Wagner, or Ty Cobb.

The game is played by teams of seven on each side, and while the rules in different associations vary slightly, the main points are similar wherever the sport is found. Under the rule of the American Amateur league the dimensions of the playing area must be not less than 112 by 58 feet, the sides of the rink constituting the side lines and imaginary lines at the two ends forming

the goal lines.

The goals are placed in the middle of each goal line, one at each end, the goal is composed of two upright posts each four feet in height, which are firmly fixed in the ice six feet apart, and joined by a strong netting which is hung at an angle forming a cage.

This is all the setting needed for the game, there being no markings such as are found on the gridiron, no foul lines as on the baseball field, and no penalty area as in association football. It is all simple, a sheet of ice with goals at each end, and the arena is ready.

Players on skates armed with hockey sticks, a vulcanized rubber puck and the necessary number of officials, make the setting complete. No special restriction is placed on the skates, except that they must not be pointed or sharpened in a manner likely to be dangerous to other players, the referee being the judge of these points.

Hockey sticks resemble the hurling club used in Ireland's national games but are not as heavy. The sticks are flat on the sides, shaped like the old-fashioned shiny stick, but being much wider on the blade the length of which is limited to thirteen inches and the width to three inches.

The puck, the equivalent of the ball in most other branches of sports is a disk of rubber one inch in

thickness and three inches in diameter. For an ordinary match a referee, two goal umpires and two timekeepers are quite sufficient. The referee has practically sole control of the match, having charge of the puck, the calling of "offsides" plays and the power to rule off players for violations of the rules.

The Amateur Hockey League of this city will begin its campaign on January 3, when the sextette of the champion New York A. C., and the Hockey Club of New York gather on the ice at the St. Nicholas rink; The disbanding of the Wanderer S. C., leaves but four sevens in the organization and the schedule has necessarily been shortened.

Several of the clubs in the league profited by the disruption of the Wanderers and with their added strength promise to make trouble for the stronger combinations. In fact, the strength in the league is more balanced than at any time since the league was formed. No club can be looked upon as a winner, as has been the case for the past two years, when the New York A. C. aggregation were conceded the championship even before the season opened.

The battle for the title this year should be the closest ever contested in the amateur Hockey League. The New York A. C. and Crescent A. C. means permanent possession of the coveted prize.

## Something Of Baseball Men Of Yesteryear

(BY HARDIE RICHARDSON.)

(The Old-Time Baseball Player.)

They tell me old Cap. Anson has become a real live actor. Well, I always predicted he would come to some bad end. He was one of the most picturesque figures on the diamond in the old days. And eccentric. Why, if you stroked him the wrong way of the fur he'd be at you like a bearcat. But no bigger bear ever beat under a baseball shirt than that of Cap. Like most good managers he was always out there to win. And if anything stood in the way of his ambition, he'd be his friend or foe, he had to get out of his way or go to the mat.

Like most players of those times Anson had a hobby. It was a legitimate hobby. He hated, next to defeat, to have a double play pulled on his club. Now there was some sense to that. It wasn't like the meaningless notions of some infielders who placed a stone under the bag they were guarding just for good luck. Those kind of fellows generally had their hobbies and their heads hammered the first time a runner slid into the rock. But speaking of Anson recalls an amusing incident which proved he had the limb of little moment in face of a "double" disgrace.

One bright summer afternoon in 1884 we of the Buffalo Club were entertaining Cap and his old Chicago outfit. Gore reached first base in the very first inning. Anson whispered in Gore's ear to stop a double play at all hazards. Kelly, the next batter hit sharply to me. I had but to touch Gore on his way to second and whip the ball to first in order to retire the side. I touched out the runner all right, but when I went to start the throw to second I found myself all tangled up with Gore. He had grabbed me round the waist and before I knew what was coming off had sprung every kind of grapevine, nelson and hammerlock in wrestling lore. The toe hold wasn't invented then or he would have tried it also. While we were grappling Kelly scooted past first.

The umpire, a Mr. Decker, just naturally had to declare both runners out. But what a pandemonium that righteous decision created. Cap let out a warwhoop that could have been heard above the roar of Niagara. Both teams surrounded the arbitrator and only the fact that the decision favored the home team prevented a massacre. The debate waxed shriller and louder. Half a dozen embryo fights were nipped by the collar

heads. At the end of it all the umpire awarded the game to Buffalo on forfeit. Our club marched triumphantly off the field to enjoy a quarter holiday. But not so the placid audience. It didn't care to be "bummed." Seeing no further use for the grand stand our patrons began to tear it down. The owner saved his property by announcing that a free game would be observed at the next game.

Now Chicago was never known to show the white feather and Cap Anson was just itching for a game. But a free game didn't appeal to Buffalo so Chicago had to come across with \$500 before it got action. The next day found the rivals in battle array before a jammed ground. This time Goldsmith got to first for Chicago. Cap issued his same orders "stop a double play." The batter hit to short and Force, in making the throw from second, threw the ball so close to Goldsmith that it nicked his ear. Turning to Anson Goldsmith shouted, "Cap, you can stop the doubles yourself."

And Cap did; right on his next trip round the sacks, too. But I hardly think he wished to demonstrate the stunt exactly as he did. He was on first when the ball was hit to me. Down the line came Cap straight at the bag, waving his arms as was his custom when trying "to snap a double." I tagged the midway sack for a force out and winged with all my might to cut down the batter at first. I would have done it, too, I honestly believe, if it hadn't been for Cap. The throw was so fast that Anson had no time to get out of the way even had he so desired. His head wobbled over into the pathway of the sphere just as it arrived at his station. The ball didn't hit him fair on the cranium—or there might not have been any more Cap. It glanced off his skull to the stands without doing more damage than "raising an eye." Anson might have been scared but he was game, too. "I say you white-livered boobies," he laughed, as he walked back to the bench, "I stopped that one anyhow."

Anson was the most stubborn man you could imagine who he thought a point of honor involved. I well remember a game his gay Chicago lads played at Troy. The audience was composed of but one paid admission. But Cap didn't care. He needed the game to clinch the championship. The grounds were knee deep in mud and the field was so wet that it was absolutely impossible to handle the

ball properly. Real pitching was out of the question. Goldsmith, who was slated to twirl for Chicago, was particularly strenuous in voicing his objections to the game under such unfavorable conditions. But Anson was insistent. Finally, when he saw there was no of getting out of working Goldie shed his shoes and stockings and went on the mound barefooted. When he received the ball Goldsmith, instead of pitching it, began to rub the leather vigorously on his bare legs in order to dry it. Cap thought his pitcher stalling for time. "Pitch that ball," shouted Anson. "All right, Cap," replied the pitcher, still rubbing the ball.

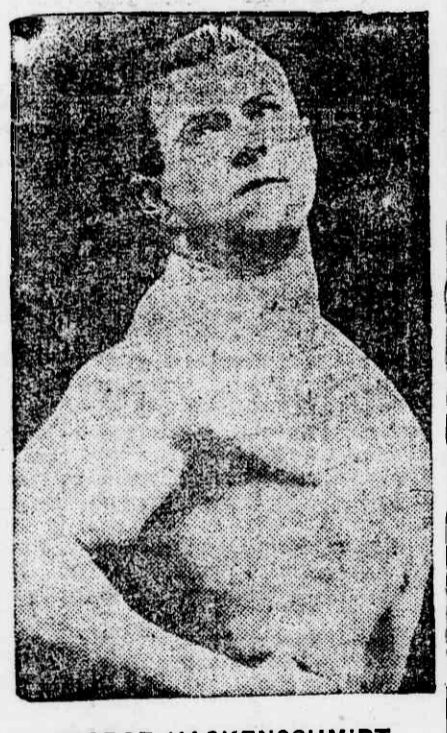
"That will cost you \$50. Now hurry up and pitch," cried Anson.

"All right, Cap," calmly rejoined Goldsmith.

"Fifty more for yours," bellowed Anson.

This amusing dialogue continued until Goldsmith had been fined \$260. Finally in a rage Anson bellowed: "Goldsmith pitch that ball or I'll come over and bust your nose." Then there was some trouble. Goldie threw down the ball in a puddle and glared at his manager. "Cap," he cried, shaking his fist at Anson, "you can fine me all my salary but you're not big enough to bust one side of my nose, see."

He picked up the ball and the game went on. So did the fines.



GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT

George Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion, who may wrestle Frank Gotch, the retired American world's champion for a side bet of \$20,000.

The revival of interest in the wrestling game in this country makes it possible for Gotch to break his retirement with the assurance that the sporting public will support the match in sufficient numbers to make it profitable. Although Gotch defeated the Russian wrestler in this country, Hack has always claimed that he was beaten by unfair tactics and was quick to accept the challenge of the famous American. The time and place of the match has not yet been decided.

## Old England Is Proud Over Her Boxer's Skill

(BY W. W. NAUGHTON.)

San Francisco, Jan. 7.—What with Owen Moran's victory over Battling Nelson; Bill Lang's defeat of Jack Burns and Dave Smith's triumph over Billy Papke, Old England and her colonies will begin to prize themselves on the newly acquired prestige of their boxers.

It matters little that one of the vanquished was a champion who had tried a couple of times too often; that another was never very much of a performer and that the third of the British conquests was a victory on a foul.

The fact remains that three

Americans were defeated by three of John Bull's ringmen. This surely affords the sports of King George's realm a chance to boast that the country they belong to is once more asserting itself as a producer of worthy pugilists.

What effect will the ring happenings have upon the fight situation of the near future? In Owen Moran's case the defeat of a Briton Nelson has sent the doughty little Britisher clear to the front as a contender for the world's lightweight championship. Just at the present Ad Wolgast is holding Moran at bay with demands for more "win, lose or

draw" money than the game can afford, but sooner or later the two must get together.

There is no lightweight living whose claims to a go with Wolgast are superior to Moran's, and even with Freddie Welsh threatening to descend upon us in the near future, it is doubtful if the situation will be changed to any extent. Freddie has been a long time away from the American ring and will have to show his quality with a few of the best of the new crop of lightweights on this side before he can hope to look in on the Wolgast-Moran outlook.

Bill Lang's defeat of Jack Burns means very little. Burns, who did fairly well in his early battles in and around San Francisco, fizzled out completely when he got fairly into the heavyweight swim.

It may be, however, that Lang's more recent achievement will give weight to their rumor that a broken hand prevented Lang from doing better in his fight with Al Kauffman. The latter has challenged Jack Johnson but the challenge has caused no commotion to speak of Al's frankness in stating that the longer the meeting is delayed, the better he will fancy his chances; has no very sportmanlike ring to it.

It is in every way an admission that Kauffman does not consider himself a fit opponent for Johnson at present, and will only be when the Johnson fighting talents begin to fade away that a chance of Kauffman's acquiring the championship will amount to anything.

As matters stand, Lang will probably hunger for another crack at Kauffman and if Al is wise he will prepare himself and meet Lang half way. Every little bit helps and another victory over Lang will do its share toward justifying Kauffman's ambition to fight Johnson.

As to a Laba-Kauffman battle ground, Hugh D. McIntosh, the Australian promoter, at present operating in England, will no doubt jump at an opportunity of putting Kauffman and Lang in the ring in London. McIntosh is raking the earth for Queensberry attractions at present and would surely beg for a fight of this character if he thought Kauffman could be induced to cross the pond.

We must admit the arrival of the next Australian mail before we can attach the proper value to Dave Smith's defeat of Billy Papke. It is known that Papke was a sick man a few weeks before the date of the fight and the fact that Billy lost on a foul leaves an opening for all sorts of excuses.

It goes without saying almost, that Papke will want a return match with Smith before he returns to this country and as the Australian sports are thorough believers in giving a ring man a chance to redeem himself, it is more than likely that he will get it.

In the meantime Hugo Kelly's assertion that he is the bona fide world's middleweight champion is a vain claim. If Papke turns the tables on Smith, Papke will have the best right to call himself the middleweight champion.

Of a certainty there can be little question as to the respective merits of Papke and Kelly, for at their last meeting Papke knocked Kelly into a cocked hat with a few punches.

If there is no further meeting between Papke and Dave Smith and if it is made to appear that the latter's defeat of Papke constituted a complete victory, it will not be easy for Hugo Kelly or anyone else to thrust the Australian aside when the middleweight champion is being discussed.

## Held Bullfight On Madrid Street

Madrid, Jan. 7.—Casualties including three or four broken arms or legs, three men seriously and several slightly injured, and about a dozen fainting fits suffered by women accompanied an improvised bull fight, which has taken place in the streets of Seville. Three young bulls while being driven by herdsman took fight, and the opportunity proving too good for the worthy Sevillans to lose a "corrida" was organized in the streets. There was immediately a wild rush of men, women and children to reach a position of vantage, as the "torres" made intrepid attempts to capture and subdue the "novillos." The street was the scene of the wildest confusion during which time the interest in the proceedings equalled that at an ordinary arena, the scene of the corrida was transferred to an open square, the approaches of which were blocked by cars. The amateur toreadores, at the end of an exhausting struggle, fraught with great danger were successful in overcoming the bulls but not before a pleader had been seriously injured in the stomach.

## Insure Against An Appointment

London, Jan. 7.—At "Lloyds" the insurance mart, where any kind of "risk" can be insured against, perhaps the most curious policy taken out in recent years is one against the appointment of David Lloyd George as Prime Minister. The present chancellor and the exchequer is regarded by the Unionists as the most sinister enemy of their cause, and from their view-point, his becoming premier would be a first-class political disaster. The premium demanded by the underwriter for this policy was 25 per cent, and it is only good for one year.

There is quite a brisk market at Lloyds in insurance against another general election taking place during the "novillos." The rate being 35 per cent. Another risk being covered by the underwriters is that of the abandonment or postponement of the coronation, which is now fixed for a date in June, 1911.

## Bert E. Collyer On Racing At Jacksonville

(By BERT E. COLLYER.)

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 6.—To John Pangle, he of Mrs. Frank Foster fame, belongs the credit of developing the fastest tried yearling colt to date. The youngster, Master Jim, by Ormus, out of Hoodoo, hence a full brother to Master John, in a recent try-out stepped two furlongs in 23 2/5, far and away the best move chronicled by the work watchers for this division. Immediately following this splendid trial, Pangle was approached by a representative of Harry Payne Whitney with a view of purchasing the colt. Seventy-five hundred dollars was named, but Pangle stated that Owner Dunlop, had declined to put a price on the youngster.

"Mr. Dunlop," said Pangle, "races for the pleasure of the thing. He loves nothing better than seeing his colors carried down in front. It was indeed a severe blow to him when Master Johnnie died, but in this colt's brother, I believe I have even a better racing prospect. Unlike Master John, this youngster is well-mannered and breaks from the barriers like a well-seasoned racer. I think he will beat more than will trim him."

Expert opinion is that Pangle undoubtedly has a good prospect. The colt is not fractious like Master John was at this season of the year, and which fact ultimately caused him his life—at Baltimore he reared up and fell backward, breaking his neck. Better still, Master Jim showed every indication of being able to carry his speed over a distance of ground. In looks, the youngster completely fills the eye, and is an almost exact prototype of his daddy.

Chinn and Frye, the Kentucky horsemen, at present racing a pretentious string at Moncrief, have claimed names for an especially good looking lot of yearlings. There are 10 in the lot of which seven are colts and three fillies. Ethelbert, Ort Wells and Cesarion are the sires represented and it can be truthfully said that the progeny of the latter are a fine lot to lool

at. From a viewpoint of trials, however, Joe Knight, a smart, racy looking son of Ben Strome, has worked faster than anything else in this stable. Next point of trials comes Gus Harbridge, chestnut gelding by Ort Wells out of Chevst. This fellow recently showed a quarter in 24 3/5. The set of Bertbert has been more or less managed, because it has been shown that his sires are slow to come to hand, and require all the development possible. The following is a complete list of the yearlings, sex and breeding: Gus Harbridge, ch. g. by Ort Wells-Kevolt; Col. Cook, ch. g. by Cesarion-Lytle; W. H. Ford, b. c. by Cesarion-Night Gow; Senator Sparks, b. c. by Cesarion-Vermorel; Joe Knight, b. c. by Ben Strome-Fair Enpress; Col. Harlow, br. c. by Ethelbert-Sweet Harthorn; Col. Brown, ch. c. by Ethelbert; The Crawfish; Rose of Judah, f. by Cesarion-Marcie; Naughty Rose, f. by Cesarion-Glenn; Tranquility, h. f. by Ort Wells-Halcyon.

Jockey Powers and Butwell are the latest of the American riders to go abroad. Butwell has signed a contract to ride for Count de Lazereff, the Russian turfman, while Powers will accompany James McCormick to Germany. "Mac," who formerly was one of America's foremost owners, is at present head trainer for the "Wellsbergs."

The growing popularity of amateur races on the American turf has been quite forcibly evidenced of late. Down at Pensacola about the only attraction the enterprising management offered that succeeded in bringing out a fair representation of the sport-loving citizens proved to be the amateur races in which local gentlemen riders participated. Several of these events were staged at the Stode course and each and every one of them was the means of enhancing the gate receipts.

Of course it is to be regretted that the word "amateur" was attached to

Continued on page eleven.

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