

RED-HEADED MEN STAR ATHLETES

Sorrel Crowned Boys Have Made Big Names—Jimmy Lee an Example—Records of Eisele, Driscoll, and a Few Others Will Prove the Statement—Bobby Kerr "The Pride of Canada," Crack Long Distance Runner—Also James Archer.

Many a fond mother who has brooded over the fact that her hopeful has locks of flaming red will take heart when she reads the resume of athletics for 1908 and notes the fact that the fact that the chief honors on either path have this year fallen to red-headed runners.

Who won the 10-mile championship—the very race in which Lee showed all this grit? Why, red-headed Jack Eisele, from Newark, N. J. Eisele ran the fastest ten miles since the days of Willie Day—36 minutes and 16 seconds. Eisele is some game, too. It is not so long ago that we read about his running the English three-quarters to a standstill at the Olympic games and giving the British athletic experts the scare of their lives.

Who was the star at the distance races at the outdoor championships last summer? Why, red-headed Mike Driscoll, from Yonkers, the Hill City, Driscoll has defeated such champions as the Mohawks, Lee, of Boston; Bellars, of the New York A. C.; Bonbas, Joyce, Daly and Collins, of the Irish-Americans, and Haskins, of Pennsylvania on the cinders, and at the indoor championships he thrilled the whole athletic world with a performance of 9:25 2-5 for two miles on the boards.

CURRENT NOTES PICKED UP FROM SPORTING ARENA

- Lacrosse on skates may be tried at Montreal. Springfield, Mass., chauffeurs have organized. Dan Kelly, it is said, wants to enter Oregon University. A London report has it that Johnson and Burns will fight again there. Michigan will very likely drop basketball. Spring football practice is in order. Amherst plans an exclusive football field. Jimmy Gardner is after the welter-weight boxing title. May Sutton will play in the Mexico national tennis tourney at Mexico City April 5th to 10th. Spokane has a baseball pitcher named Teddy Roosevelt. The transmission Golf Association's yearly tourney will be held at Des Moines July 13th to 17th. The Aero Club of California will give its first show at Los Angeles March 20th and 21st. Frits Hanson, the Worcester welter-weight wrestler, will try the boxing game. Mexico will have six Sundays of horse racing at Aguascalientes, beginning next month. A derby try-out at half mile will take place April 13. "Billy" Brady, ex-pugilistic manager, has secured the American rights for the Johnson-Burns fight which occurred about two months ago at Sydney.

THE NAPS LACK A LEFT-HANDER

Joe says a Star Southpaw Would Catch a Pennant—Declares "Cy" Young, Greatest Pitcher in Game To-Day. MOBILE, ALA., MARCH 19.—"With a good southpaw to mix up with Cleveland's right-handers, there would be no question as to where the Naps would finish this season," remarked Addie Joss the other morning. "I believe that Manager Lajoie has gathered in the greatest corps of right-handers in the business. No one can ever imagine what the addition of Cy Young to the Cleveland Club will do, but in my opinion it was the best move ever made in organized baseball.

The American Trotting Horse Rules Supreme

BY HENRY TEN EYCK WHITE.

The American trotter dominates the world, harness races now being established features of fashionable winter life on the continent. Austria, Italy, Germany and France of late years have taken up the sport in earnest, England being the only European country in which trotting meetings of some importance are given, and in the last two seasons the giving of a winter trotting meet at St. Moritz has met with such success that it now is the fashionable event of the year.

The track, a mile course, made strictly according to American standards in such matters, was in excellent condition, and one report adds that "the paddock, the impudent steeds, carefully tended by grooms, and in several cases their owner-drivers, all bedecked in gay racing colors, the royal box with the Austrian coat of arms, the thousands of spectators, the picture bathed in sparkling sunshine and set like a sparkling gem in the heart of one of the most beautiful scenic jewels in Europe, formed one of those scenes memory always recalls with feelings of delight years after."

There were 105 entries in the races, owners sending their nags from all parts of Switzerland, Austria and Germany, and society was out in full force, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, Princess Hohenberg, Count and Countess Lonyay, Countess Chotek, Baron and Baroness Rumerski, Count Festerics and others of the nobility enjoying the sport. The judges were Dr. Holland, British consul at St. Moritz, Lord Woodhouse and Herr E. Taub.

Propos of trotting in foreign countries there is a belief among horsemen that the stallion Fleming Boy, recently bought by "Doc" Tanner, of Cleveland, a clever trainer, who had charge of the Billings machine race, and who has had a lot of world's records, ultimately will go to Russia. Last winter Tanner made a trip to that country, and through the friendly offices of Mr. Catton, an American trainer, who has for many years been located in St. Petersburg, became well acquainted with some of the leading breeders of trotters. I am sure that several of these breeders, McKerron, a Cleveland stallion, are to be shipped to Russia next fall, and the chances are Fleming Boy will accompany them.

If the son of Camara goes to Russia he will "make good" there unless Russian methods of training and stable management do not agree with him. One thing that will commend him to foreigners is the fact that after a most strenuous campaign in this country his legs are in the pink of condition. In the matter of conditioning, he is an easy horse to train but he is rough and tumble nag on the track and in the harness. It requires a combination of patience and firmness to get along well with him.

In his spring work Fleming Boy is "edgy," and so anxious to tear away that several times he has made a slow mile or two that it is not always possible to restrain him right away, and during the three seasons of his career he has won a number of races in the middle West, and finally taking a most brilliant record, he was the best for a pacing stallion. Then Clinker returned to Missouri, and went into the stud. He got some pacers, too, and his blood must have been of the best, because it "carried" a little.

MOBILE, ALA., MARCH 19.—George Stallings, the present manager of the New York American League club and a man whom every one who has placed dependence to lift the Highlanders out of the rut of last season, is not a baseball man like Cobb, who has attained a leading place in a few short years. Nothing of the way of ascent to the top of the baseball ladder has fallen his way, and when he stepped from one club to the next higher up he did so only after hard work.

Charley Dean trained the stallion on his home track there always was a doubt or two about the horse having his own way.

In the matter of pure speed Fleming Boy will be the best thing the Russians ever got hold of in the trotting line. Most of the nags sent to that country have been a shade passe in the speed line, whereas the Austrians have taken over some real cracks, and the Winans brothers, of England, have now on hand the two freshest and best trotters in Europe in Allen Winter and Silko, the last named having the European trotting record, 2:08 1-2.

Neither of these horses, however, has shown the "rust" Fleming Boy had on last summer. Dean drove him a half mile in 1:00 1-2 and a quarter in :28 1-2. After the horse had been sold to Tanner, Dean said to me that he had never seen a horse so fast as Fleming Boy, at one time during the campaign of 1908, could have trotted a quarter in :28.

As he was but a 5-year-old at that time, he was sound as a bell, Dean figured that from the time he finished miles around 3:07 the stallion, if prepared specially for a mile dash against time, had a good chance to equal or excel the 2:02 1-4 of Cobble, and it is possible that Tanner, who is a great admirer of Fleming Boy, may have had in mind when he purchased the horse the plan of fitting him for a record-making mile next year, and that he would either be staid in this country, a fast mark would be his value.

Tanner is a man of much experience in the matter of fitting trotters for the track, and he has had some wonderful performances of the Billings horses in the matter of making world's records were due in a great measure to his skill as a conditioner. He has had a number of horses, Double Hunch, as well as single, and he also retained a pacer to beat the world's record under saddle.

Wandering horse traders have been responsible for the dissemination of the horse in the country at one time or another, and from these strains have sprung some of the best stock of the present day.

Something like 30 years ago there came through Dade county, Mo., an itinerant horse trader, whose little caravan was followed by a footsore black yearling colt. It was evident the little fellow could not go any farther, so he was traded for a trifle to a farmer, no pedigree being given with him, nor was it asserted he was of good blood.

The colt grew up, and as a 3-year-old was used under the saddle for herding cattle, and, like many another nag under like conditions, he took to pacing as a relief from the gallop and canter. Then he was broken to harness, showed he could pace fast, and fell into the hands of James Longshore, who "trained" the pacer and came North with him for a campaign.

He called the stallion Clinker, and he was a sure-footed fast pacer for those days, winning a number of races in the middle West, and finally taking a most brilliant record, he was the best for a pacing stallion. Then Clinker returned to Missouri, and went into the stud. He got some pacers, too, and his blood must have been of the best, because it "carried" a little.

MOBILE, ALA., MARCH 19.—If build, height and weight are any criterion, the Cleveland Club is well fortified in the pitching department. There are five members of the squad at Mobile who are 6 feet and over in height. They make a formidable quintet and a hard one to beat at any time.

plans will not have it. Too many are alive who know Jim Longshore and his black stallion to permit any talk about how he was bred to go unchallenged.

Even so famous a horse as Electioneer had an unknown cross close up in his pedigree. His second dam was a mare known as Shanghai Mary. She came to New York from Ohio, and was obtained from a band of roving horse traders under circumstances which would make almost any of the numerous theories subsequently evolved concerning her probable blood lines look good. But after the theorists has exhausted their arts in an effort to show why the blaze-faced steed must have belonged to this that or the other family not one important fact had been discovered.

One of the dreamers believes Shanghai Mary was a Tuckahoe pacer, and other people believe other things. On account of this mystery surrounding her early life and blood lines there always has been a lot more credit given the mare than would have been the case had her history been well known.

Her daughter, Green Mountain, was a wild, scary thing that never could be broken to harness, and as soon as the son of Electioneer, became a great sire of colt speed, and that herself could not be broken to harness, they discovered that Green Mountain had been a wonderful fast trotter in the pasture, and that her owner used to set dogs on her just to see her hike it off all her harness, and plenty of people will not bid on a youngster that is shown with a runner.

On the Palo Alto farm of the late Senator Stanford, in California, there was reserved by him before his death a plot of ground in which certain farm famous, were to be buried when they died, it being provided that none of them should be sold.

Up to a short time ago two old mares wandered through the fields at Palo Alto in company. They were Manzanita, 2:16, possibly the fastest ever bred on the farm, and Mamette, which earned a place in the horse book by dividing the turf Arion, whose 2-year-old record of 2:10 3-4 to high wheels still is unapproached. The other day Mamette died, and now Manzanita is left alone.

Manzanita had a total of thirteen foals, and while some of the others had speed above the ordinary, Arion was the only real star of the family. The mare herself was a daughter of Nutwood, and at the time Arion was in the limelight by his wonderful speed her dam was given as Addie, by Hambletonian Chief.

But a man who knew said this was not so. By this time Arion had become worth \$12,000, and the new owner accepted the revised pedigree, which showed Mamette's dam to be Tattler, second dam Mambrino Chief. The register association, when the pedigree was submitted, changed the books to correspond, but Senator Stanford stuck to the old pedigree as long as he lived, and saw to it that the Palo Alto catalogues were not changed.

After winning the first pennant in the Southern League, Stallings pulled up stakes at Milwaukee and went to Detroit. There he was found eight or nine years ago. He had with him then for the first time Kid Elberfeld and ever since the two have been the very closest of friends. Stallings' city was Buffalo and with the Bisons he copied another brace of rags. Last year found him at the head of the Newark club of the Eastern League and owner of more than one-half of the stock for which he paid \$30,000. He was valued at \$30,000. It is not known how much he sold his holdings at a profit of \$20,000.

Stallings is reputed to be worth at least \$150,000 now and he made it all, or nearly all, in baseball. His plantation and stock farm, located at Hadcock, is valued at \$30,000. It is well equipped with nothing but the most improved implements. He owns one stallion for which he would not accept \$5,000 in cash.

MOBILE, CALIFORNIA. He is the star finger of the Naps. He now believes that he is going to turn in the way and he will pitch finally on a pennant winner. Ed Foster, the South Carolina youth, will have to be watched. Last fall he surprised all by his excellent showing and coolness in the one game in which he was given a thorough trial. Those who watched his work at that time believe he has a good chance to win the pennant. He is a rather crude yet and not a finished ball player, but the polish will come if he has the stamina.

CORBETT GIVES SOME ADVICE

Former Champion Tells How to Enforce Hygiene—Famous Heavyweight Says That Any One Can Be Physically a Leader if Possessing Stout Lungs—Keep in the Open Air as Much as Possible—Running and Yelling Also Good Exercise.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MARCH 19.—"It does not take any very severe exercise to keep a man in good physical condition, and therefore in good health," said James J. Corbett to a friend recently.

"When I am not training for a boxing contest I always manage to hold my shape by several methods, which could not be called training, as boxers understand the term."

"Be as much in the open air as you can. Don't you remember, when you were a boy, how crazy you always were to get outdoors? Nature taught you that, and you should desire. And if you follow nature's promptings you will not go very far astray."

"When you got out of the house what did you do? You ran about like a little savage, which you were, and savages do not have tick at the drug stores. You also yelled. That's the best kind of exercise."

"Running and yelling," continued Corbett. "Running develops the big muscles and yelling opens the lungs for the reaction of the pure air that means life to them."

"You'd look nice dashing down Broadway and giving vent to war whoops," ventured his friend. Corbett laughed.

Long Walks the Thing. "Yes—wouldn't I? I wouldn't get very far before a policeman would tag me. But you can get the same results, even on Broadway, of the run and yell game without anybody being wise—policeman or civilian."

"How?" "I'll tell you. Walk all you can, and while walking take long breaths. There is nothing like a long walk with a congenial companion, who likes walking, too, and plenty of gab during the trip. Talk away. It's a good substitute for the yelling, besides being more dignified."

"If you must take your walks alone, keep reciting something in a tone low enough not to be heard by the passerby, and in the noise of the city you may make it pretty loud without being noticed. Singing in the same modish key is even better than the recitation. Whistling may be vulgar, but it will add to your chest measurement."

"I am pressed for time or have a long ride in the suburbs. I have a scheme or lung calisthenics that defies detection. I get in an open car. 'I hold my breath and count the telegraph poles as we pass them, seeing how many go by before I have to open my lungs again.'"

"It is something of a contest, and thus engages the mind. The mind should always be occupied when taking exercise of any kind."

"Does holding the breath help the lungs?" "Not in itself. But holding it gives them an increased desire to fill up with the air of which they have been deprived. You will find that admitting the breath as long as you can that you will have to take long and deep breaths to replace the empty space. It is this deep breathing that does you good."

WHY THE BATTERS DON'T MAKE GAINS

Bill Lange Points Out Weakness of Players—There is Too Much Science—Batsmen Seem to Prefer Base on Balls to Home Run—Griffith Bets Anson He Could Not Catch Three Straight Knuckle Balls—How Dahlen Used to Annoy Manager With Low Throws.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 19.—Bill Lange, who from '93 to '99, as a member of the Chicago National League team, was perhaps the most sensational outfielder and one of the finest batsmen and basemen in baseball, has been looking over the White Sox during their preliminary practice here, and to-day took occasion to remark that the batsmen of the present time had not advanced in any way over the form shown by the stars of fifteen years ago.

"Instead of waiting for a base on balls when the count is three balls and one strike, I claim the batsman should walop the next ball up against the fence and happen to be over the plate in the old days, and I think it had its advantages. At any rate, it worked successfully, and that is the main thing."

"No batter who has any eye at all, ought ever to wait when he has three balls and one strike, unless the pitcher is uncommonly wild. Think of the advantage of hitting when three balls have been called. You are dead sure that the next one will be a strike. If he doesn't let it go and take your base. But if you let a good one go then you are up against another proposition. Then the batsman is in a worse hole than the pitcher and his chances of making a safe hit are at least 4 to 1 against him, for a nifty pitcher will take a chance on a curve or a high one, in the hope of making the batsman bite. He wouldn't do that if he had ten when the count was only three and one. The batsman who waits too long is just giving himself the worst of the deal."

PLAYERS WORK HARDER. "But Lange has noticed another feature of baseball that is an improvement over the old days. That is the matter of working hard during the training season."

"Gee, it used to be a cinch with us," said Lange. "We didn't hustle like the players of to-day do. We would work morning practice in the morning, so we could sleep late in the morning. And take it from me, a lot of us needed the sleep, for most all of the boys belonged to the Ancient Order of Owls."

"The teams of to-day report at the grounds at 9:30 in the morning and work to beat the band for two hours. In the old days after we had started the manager off as long as possible, we would finally show up for morning practice. I don't know all the systems the players on other teams had for dodging morning work, but with the old Chicago bunch we left Bill Dahlen to break up the practice after about ten minutes of hustling."

"Dahlen could turn the trick mighty easily. All he had to do was whiz four or five low throws at Anson's shins. 'Pop' used to bawl Dahlen out for a few minutes, but Bill would keep up the bum work until Anson would say 'Enough.' Nothing like that goes in the big or small leagues now. It is a question of work and buckle down to it. In the nineties nobody ever thought of waiting for a base on balls. They go chase himself. I haven't heard anybody doing anything like that of late and getting away with it."

Lange admits that outside of the batting practice he has made great strides, and pitcher, and using foolers never heard of in the old days.

"We old-timers were a long time in believing that there was anything in the so-called spit ball," said Lange. "If you lungs are not sound, you may have the muscular development of a Sandow, and you won't be worth a cent for any exertion."

Griffith Bets Anson. "You know Anse has to be shown on every proposition. Griffith told him that Summers, of the Detroit team, had the best command of the knuckle ball and that it came up to the batsman in such a peculiar manner that it fooled not only the batsman, but the catchers, too."

"That's all rot," Anson said with the swaggering air of a San Francisco Anse could catch three out of five knuckle balls as thrown by Summers. Anson jumped at the chance and took the wager, and it will be decided some time this year if Summers, Anse and Griffith happen to be in the same city at the same time.

"I guess Griff will win the money, for he told me in his letter that he couldn't catch half the balls Summers go after. Griffith has a hard time to catch a funny delivery as that. Of course, if the knuckle ball worked all the time there wouldn't be any hitting at all, except by accident."

"Speaking of Lange, it is interesting to note that he is one of the three great ball players who retired from baseball while they were still at their best, and that the other two, Mike Griffin, of Brooklyn, and Fielder Jones, of the White Sox, were also centre fielders. The retiring germ must inoculate the middle gardeners first. Lange quit to marry a San Francisco girl, who wouldn't stand for her husband spending most of the year in the East playing ball; Griffin quit when he couldn't reach a salary agreement with the owners of the Brooklyn club; and Jones has quit to look after his lumber interests in the Northwest, passing up a salary of \$10,000."

"Cominsky still insists that Jones will return to the White Sox, but there is no longer any doubt that he is in earnest about wanting to retire, and it looks as though the managerial mantle was absolutely certain to fall upon the shoulders of Catcher Bill Sullivan."

Greenville, S. C., Mills Organize Baseball League. Greenville, S. C., March 18.—The Greenville Mills Baseball League has been organized with Mr. Harold C. Booker sport writer on the Greenville News, as president and Mr. L. F. Hollis, secretary of the Monaghan M. C. A. as secretary and treasurer. The league is composed of Monaghan, Camperdown, Poe, Sampson, Brandon and Mills Mill. This will be the second season.

Harry Pulliam's eyes will be operated on.