

BOB BROWN WANTS HALF HIS GAMES PLAYED IN VANCOUVER, AT LEAST.

Bob Brown wants half his games played in Vancouver, at least. He is playing in Vancouver, and he does not propose to have the line over to one side.

GIPE CASE LIKE COOMBS'

Sporting Writer Tells How "Seattle Lost Pennant" Last Year When Big Twirler Goes Wrong. Rusie Case Interesting.

BY PORTLAND BAXTER. SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 20.—(Special.)—Every club director in the Northwestern Baseball League will go to the Portland meeting Monday for the purpose of discussing the case of Gipe.

So far as is known, Seattle has not combined with anybody against any body else. It comes from British Columbia that Vancouver and Victoria have clasped hands to buck Seattle and Tacoma. It is not apparent, but they are bound to buck just the same.

Bob Brown will be satisfied if half of his games are played in Vancouver, but if he can slip over a few more for good measure he will not object them.

President Waiter feels that his town on Vancouver is entitled to some of the importance that nothing less than 12 weeks will keep the ravenous fans from tearing him to pieces.

Should the meeting in Portland, Dug will propagate a Class D league along the blessed shores of dear old "Puget." Sound to fill the air with the wailing of Seattle fans. Other efforts in the same direction have failed, but with Seattle lending a helping hand something good might come of it.

But come what will and come what may it is a merry little party the Northwestern "harmony" club is framing up for itself.

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TROPHY FOR WHICH INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE WILL COMPETE.



A. G. SPALDING CUP. The handsome silver trophy donated by A. G. Spalding & Brothers to the championship contest of the Portland Interscholastic League stands 14 inches high, and will be presented to the team at the conclusion of the 1914 season.

REINS IN NEW HANDS

Changes in Managers and Executives Many. Several Players Prominent in Diamonds "400" Will Direct Smaller Organizations.

MAJORS MINOR "BOSSSES"

Several Players Prominent in Diamonds "400" Will Direct Smaller Organizations. "Judgment Error" Column is Wanted.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The last few months of the year 1913 have brought forth a big crop of changes in the administration of the National League.

Several minor league clubs also will present different front when the 1914 campaign begins. William F. Baker, president of the Philadelphia Nationals, and Joseph J. Lannin, now half owner of the Boston Americans, now half owner of the Boston Americans, now half owner of the Boston Americans.

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CRICKET BASED ON VANKEES; THEY WIN

Albert G. Spalding Tells of First Baseball Invasion of Great Britain.

BAD FORM TAKES GAMES

American Batsmen Not Graceful in Defending Wickets at New Pass-time, but They Pound Ball for Many "Home Runs."

(Editor's Note—With baseball interest all over the country centered in the present world's tour of the White Sox and Giants, A. G. Spalding's account of the Boston Athletics' tour of Great Britain in 1874, in his book "America's National Pastime," contains some interesting data. Spalding later led the Spalding Tourists around the world in 1887-1889. He now resides at Point Loma, Cal.)

BY ALBERT G. SPALDING. Famous Baseball Veteran, Who Played on the First Baseball Tour of Great Britain in 1874. The decade of the seventies recorded an event of considerable import to baseball, which chronologically belongs to the early part of the century.

I had been playing with the Boston team in 1874, I became possessed with an intense yearning to cross the Atlantic. I wanted to go to England, but I hadn't the money. I was raising the wind, therefore, was the problem I had to face. It occurred to me that since baseball had caught on so greatly in popular favor at home, it might be followed by a second one, in which a couple of teams could be taken over to introduce the American game to England.

Next day I was officially notified that the Marylebone Cricket Club would be very pleased to welcome the American baseball club, upon whom I most depended for help along publicity lines, was especially enthusiastic about the cricket.

Now it happened that, aside from Harry and George Wright and Dick McBride, and possibly two or three others, there wasn't a man in the whole of America who had ever played a game of cricket in his life, and most of them had never seen one.

I readily recall very distinctly an incident that occurred one morning preceding our first cricket match. Harry and George Wright and Dick McBride were practicing on the Liverpool cricket grounds and Mr. Alcock was present. We had hardly begun when he said to me and said: "For heaven's sake, Spalding, what are you men trying to do?"

I explained that they were just engaging in a preliminary practice. "But, man alive," he expostulated, "that isn't cricket. Why, you led me to suppose that your fellows were going to play a game of baseball, and here I have been filling the London papers with assurances of close matches. Why, Spalding, your men don't know the rudiments of the game."

I confess that I was quite as worried as he; but this was no time to be uneasy. "You'll see," I said, "when the game comes off what we can do. Of course, we don't pretend to be experts in the fine, graceful form you are familiar with; but we get there, just the same. We are not a game of practice, but we are great in matches."

It happened that our first contest at cricket was with the famous Marylebone All-England eleven, the finest cricket team in England. The game opened with the Brits at bat. We had so many men in the field that it seemed impossible that any balls could get away, and yet at the close of the afternoon's play the Englishmen had scored 195 runs in their innings.

In cricket, as I know, the duty of the batter is to defend his wicket and prevent it from being bowled out. Incidentally he is expected to hit the ball and make some runs, and, whether defending his wicket or making his runs, he is expected to play gracefully and in "good form." I shall not undertake here to explain what "good form" requires. I gave no thought whatever to the gracefulness of my posing or to

PROMISING YOUNG BACKSTOP PURCHASED FROM PENDLETON, WHO WILL WEAR PORTLAND UNIFORM IN 1914.



HOMER HAWORTH.

anything else than making points. The first ball that threatened my wicket in a strictly "form" way was easily knocked over the fence, outside the grounds, and the umpire shouted: "Four runs; you needn't leave your place; our bats are on my first over." I had been accustomed to bat with a small round ash club, and with the great broad paddle now in my hands I bowled the second ball was also hit outside the grounds, and likewise the third, and I felt myself immortalized by making six runs on my first over without leaving my position.

I was bowled out I had started our score with 21 runs and Anson scored 15 runs. My experience as bat was repeated in the performance of others. The boys, seeing how easy it was, gained confidence and batted the ball over the south of England. Harry Wright and McBride, the only members of our crowd who were accounted first-class cricketers, and who played in a very accurate and effective picking for the English bowlers; but George Wright put up the real thing, both as to form and achievement, and helped our score amazingly.

Harry Wright was captain of the American team and an experienced cricketer of English birth. He naturally felt considerable chagrin at our lack of "form."

He was inclined to instruct our men to play carefully and guard their wickets by more "blocking" and less wild swinging, or rather lunging at every ball bowled, which was our only hope of success. "Good form" in cricket requires the batsman to invariably block all balls bowled on the wicket and to strike at balls off the wicket; but in baseball the batsman should strike at good balls, over the plate (or wicket), and let the bad balls, or those off the wicket, go by.

This natural instinct of the ball player could not be readily changed to conform to the requirements of the "form" so it was decided to violate all conventional cricket "form" and slug at every ball bowled. The better and more accurate the Englishmen bowled, the more hits we could make for such balls in our eyes were what we would term "good balls."

The result was that we made 107 runs in our inning to 105 for the Brits, and American cricket stock went soaring. The London newspapers, in comparing the play of the American ball players, declared that while in cricket they were not up to much in "form," their batting and fielding were simply magnificent.

The history of that day's game was repeated in every subsequent contest played in Great Britain. Not once were we defeated. Following the first game, which was played at the Lord's Grounds in London, with the above score, at the Prince's Grounds we defeated the Cricket Club by 110 in one inning against 60 in their two innings. At the Lord's Grounds the game was drawn, the English cricketers being disposed of for 108 in their innings while the Americans had 45 with one wicket down when rain stopped the game. At Surrey Oval the ball players scored 190 in their first inning to 27 by the cricketers. At Sheffield the Americans defeated a Sheffield team by 126 runs in one inning to 43 and 46, a total of 89 in their two innings. At Manchester they defeated the Manchester twelve by 221 to 95 in a two-inning game. In playing against an "All-England" team at Dublin, the ball players won by 168 to 78.

SCHAEFER COMEDY MEN SEEN IN

Two Young Doctors Respond to Appeal for Help When "Germany" Flies Out.

TOURISTS FALL FOR ACTING

National League's Funny Man Plays Wild West Role in Cuban Hotel and Obtains Unexpected Advertising Among English.

BY BILLY EVANS. CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 20.—That Herman Schaefer's comedy is not always taken in the light of a game was demonstrated at the close of a game in New York last summer. The two young men who took Schaefer seriously do not know to this day what a line of bunk they fell for. It's a rather interesting tale, and proves once more that you should never take anything for granted in baseball.

During one of the games at the Polo Grounds the Schaefer started a rally in the eighth inning that gave hope for a victory. Manager Griffith decided that the presence of Schaefer as a pinch hitter for the chap who was pitching might help things. He was sent in to keep up the batting rally if possible, in attempting to dodge a ball pitched by Schaefer. He was pitching and the umpire had erred. Stopping momentarily as he reached the plate, he faced the grandstand and made an announcement to that effect.

"I believe my wrist has been broken; if there is a doctor in the crowd will he come to the dressing room. An eye specialist would also be no mistake in calling on the umpire."

Two young doctors who had just graduated were at the game. Not being able to understand just what Schaefer had said, they turned to their neighbor for information. The fan simply told them that Schaefer believed he had broken his wrist and desired a doctor to come to the clubhouse at the close of the game.

M. D.'s Seek Reptuition. The two young medical men who had been none too busy since graduation, decided that Schaefer was just the man to work on to gain a national reputation. Before the close of the game they presented themselves at the clubhouse and inquired for Mr. Schaefer. After a short wait they were told they were ready to set the broken wrist. Herman was almost overcome by the cover-up of the club physician and said that the injury and said there were no breaks.

"Think heaven, however, someone takes me seriously," is the way Schaefer expressed himself as the two future great surgeons made their exit. Several years ago the Detroit Tigers played a series of games in Cuba. Of course, Schaefer was a big hit with the fans, his antics on the coaching line being second only to those of the not touring ball field, however, that Schaefer pulled his biggest bit of comedy during his stay on the island. The scene was set at the Plaza Hotel, the audience, with the exception of the wives of a few of the players, was made up of some 30 or 40 English tourists. A majority of the tourists had vanished, a majority of them making a hasty departure.

During the stay of the team on the island the Cubans did everything in their power to make the game a picnic for the athletes. Since only three games were played each week, on Sunday, Monday and Thursday, the players had plenty of time for sightseeing. One of the diversions offered the boys was shark fishing. Colonel Estrampes, a Cuban officer, who figured prominently in the Schaefer comedy, had a reputation as a shark fisherman. He was the one of the requisites of the wise shark-fisher or hunter. Colonel Estrampes took much pleasure in more than to deck out the Detroit players with his biggest and best cannons.

On such occasions the fellows always dressed as roughly as possible, and on their return after three or four hours on the water, scarcely looked the part of society favorites. On the return of one of these trips, Schaefer concocted a plan to stir up some excitement. It certainly did. Replacing his shells with blanks, Schaefer rushed to the club's headquarters at the Plaza lobby, stopped suddenly, and then shouted in loud tones:

"I haven't killed anybody for an hour. I guess I'll shoot up the lobby for practice." The Americans who knew Schaefer, laughed, but most of the English tourists, thinking some crazy person had escaped his keeper, stood spellbound for a moment. Some began to get in action as Schaefer reached for his two guns. Pulling them out with a quick flick, he turned them skyward, and shot a couple of the blanks. A wild scramble to points of safety followed, and in a minute the lobby was practically deserted. Few of the tourists appreciated the joke. It proved a good piece of advertisement, for Schaefer never intended a game to be chosen president.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—Connie Mack, of the Philadelphia National Baseball League, announced today that he had arranged to play two games with the University of Pennsylvania team next Spring. The games will be played at Shibe Park on March 30 and 31.