

SPORTS

NEXT YEAR WILL BE MILLER HUGGINS' LAST

Peerless Manager of the Yankees Going into Business—Developed Some of the World's Greatest Players.

By NORMAN E. BROWN

While the Yankees still had the inside track on the pennant race last season Miller Huggins told his closest friends that 1925 would be his last year at the helm of a big league baseball team.

He gave two reasons for setting the date of his retirement a year ahead.

One hinged on the winning of the pennant and the other on the loss of it.

"I'll win and make it four straight flags I'll want to try one year and make it five," said the diminutive one.

"If I lose I don't want to appear in the light of a quitter. I'll try one year to come back."

The ultimate outcome of the American League scramble leaves him with the second cause for his decision.

Huggins' reason for wanting to step out of active leadership of a baseball team is a personal one and not a business one. He has had enough of the strenuous life.

Huggins, in his days as a player, became a big league star despite his slight build. To overcome his physical handicap, however, he had to depend upon speed on the field and study of the fine points of the game in his off hours. Baseball was far from a pastime with him.

When he entered the managerial ranks, in New York, after a term at St. Louis, his size again loomed as a handicap. He had to demonstrate with his fire and by his management of the youngsters and the temperamental stars that stature does not make the manager.

His knockers called him "the runt." He had to ignore the nickname and "made them like it."

The fame he won as an infielder and then as three-time manager of a three-time championship team, gave him the satisfaction it should, but in the years he gave to the sport netted him little pleasure or recreation outside. This is what he aims to get now—rest and "fun."

Those who saw Huggins at St. Petersburg, Fla., last winter would have seen the man he hopes to be after next year.

He divided his time between

dabbling in real estate and fishing. What baseball carried he had to dispose of with a few minutes of writing.

As To His Future.

What'll he do when he quits the management of the Yankees? He is able, financially to take control of a fast minor league or even a major league club, and let someone else manage it.

He has business interests in Cincinnati and other cities that can be built up.

And his winters probably will be spent in Florida. The probabilities are that he has an interest in the new park of the Yankees, being constructed in St. Petersburg.

Whatever the success Huggins will have written an enviable career for himself as a pilot. He built up a good team while managing the Cardinals. When he became manager of the Yankees he found on his hands a team of temperamental stars and malcontents. Deals for more stars gave him more temperament to handle.

Many of these grand opera stars had such followings in New York that Huggins, and not they, drew the blame for the early mistakes in the Yankees' play.

Huggins reformed and weeded out most of these stars in slowly but surely.

From the prospects handed him he produced several good players. Aaron Ward is Huggins' "youngster." Hug made him one of the best second basemen in the game.

He "made" Bob Meusel by converting him from an infielder to an outfielder—one of the best in the game. Meusel's hitting would have been lost had he been forced to find himself an infield berth.

Ed Holman, some day, will take Wallie Schang's place as first string catcher. And Holman is one of Huggins' pupils.

All in all the "Mite" has a real coming. He has written enough baseball.

NIGHBOR MAY PLAY ON NEW MONTREAL TEAM

"Wanderers" May be Name of New Addition to N. H. L.

MONTREAL, Oct. 19.—Negotiations are said to be underway whereby Frank Nighbor, the "Pembroke Peach," considered one of the greatest players in hockey, will wear a Montreal uniform in the National Hockey League the coming winter. If the deal goes through, Nighbor will play with the new Montreal team, which, incidentally is considering the adoption of the name "Wanderers" as their official title.

The last English team from Montreal to perform in professional hockey was the Wanderers, who dropped out at the time the old Westmount Arena burned.

Nighbor's sale is by no means definite, but Ottawa has already asked waivers on the player, in an effort to trade him for Joe Simpson, the crack western defence player. There are some difficulties between Nighbor and the Ottawa club.

It is unofficially stated that the new club has practically closed out Clint Benedict, star Ottawa govt., who has been involved in a law-suit with the Ottawa club over salary.—Montreal Herald.

MCTIGUE AND BERLENBACH ON NOV. 14

George Godfrey Suggested as an Opponent for "Bull of the Pampas."

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Permission for a light heavyweight match for the championship of the world on November 14th, between the title holder, Mike McTigue and Paul Berlenbach, knockout sensation, was granted yesterday by the State A. C., which had previously ruled that Gene Tunney be given the first opportunity to meet McTigue. Tunney's interests were safeguarded by the commission in a plan by which the winner of the



MIKE MCTIGUE

fight will meet Tunney, the American champion designated by the commission as the logical challenger.

The commission also recommended to Promoter Tex Rickard that he discontinue plans for a bout between Fitz and either Fred Fulton or Bartley Madden because neither man was adjudged to be a worthy foe of the Argentine.

Rickard suggested George God-



PAUL BERLENBACH

frey, of Philadelphia, as a possible opponent for the South American but Godfrey, a member of the stable of Jimmy Daugherty, is now under the ban of suspension which was placed upon the entire stable which Bobby Barrett, one of Daugherty's boxers, fought Mickey Walker who is under suspension in this State.

KITCHENS OF the largest hotels are equipped with automatic egg-boilers which, besides registering the number of minutes the eggs are to be boiled, pull them out of the hot water when the time is up.

"WHY THEY CAN'T KNOCK ME OUT"

One Hundred And Fifty Men Have Met Bartley Madden in the Ring But Not One Could Knock Him Off His Feet.

DR. WILLIAM H. WALKER TELLS WHY

Bartley Madden is the "iron man of the squared circle" by virtue of his great ring strategy, plus a fighting frame that was made to order. I have watched the redoubtable Bartley in action many times and not once have I seen him slugged with the full force of a blow. A knockout occurs when a fighter holds his head stiff and is clipped on the jaw. The blow is telegraphed to the brain and the resultant stoppage of blood circulation renders the fighter unconscious. Madden keeps rolling his head and the mightiest blows roll off his chin like water from a duck's back.

Body punches fail to have any effect on him for the same reason. He keeps his body in motion and seldom experiences the real impact of a blow.

And when a hard wallop does connect with this human stone wall his wonderful development reduces it to a "love tap." He has the best heart I have ever examined, an elastic organ which rocks under the strain of a mighty body blow and in the same instant snaps back to its normal beat. And his nervous system is the kind possessed by only one man in a million; it goes into complete relaxation like greased lightning, and not even a battering ram could make it absorb a real shock.

As a physician and fight fan, I believe that Madden will never be sent to the canvas.

WILLIAM H. WALKER M.D. Examining Physician, New York State Athletic Commission.

By BARTLEY MADDEN

In my ring career I have battled against 151 of the toughest men who ever swung a boxing glove—Harry Wills, Bill Brennan, Jack Renault; all of the real top-notchers except Jack Dempsey and Luis Firpo—and not once have I been knocked down, much less compelled to take the fateful count of ten.

No other living fighter of any considerable ring experience can truthfully make a similar statement.

I am mighty proud of my record. In the last fourteen of my thirty-one years I have met all the real fighters, reminding me that I had me on. And I have sufficient faith in myself to believe that none of the men performing in the squared circle today is capable of toppling me from my feet.

Physicians, trainers, fighters, sports writers, persons in all walks of life, have advanced opinions—some learned, others founded merely upon guess—as to why I have been able to hold my own year after year and against all manner of hard hitting opponents without being dropped to the canvas. Ivan and Jeffries as the examples.

As the party of the first part I believe that I am best qualified to discuss the question. I have reached certain conclusions, which I shall elaborate in this article, and one of them—a most important one and one which will meet with few objections—is that the particular branch of the Madden family laurels, and headed for the United States, where I had heard that even fighting Irishmen for generations; the kind who never new when they were "licked."

Among the sons of Erin who joined the British Navy in 1910, was a husky, broad-shouldered, seventeen-year old lad who had left his Dublin home to seek fame, fortune and adventure as a sailor. Being unusually large and strong for his years, he was sent on board a man-of-war which was to leave port at once.

For some unknown reason the youth fresh from the shore won the almost instant dislike of an other hulking gob, Jim Barclay, who had put in two full years before the mast, and, where physical prowess was considered,

held himself to be among the elect of those who go down to sea in ships.

The fighting craft had been out but three days when Barclay attempted to browbeat the Dublin lad into performing some of his duties, but was met only with a curt refusal. That displeased the bully, particularly because there were others about, and he promptly announced that he could "beat up" anybody aboard ship, and he would like to demonstrate his skill by giving the newcomer some boxing lessons.

To an Irishman, the suggestion of the English sailor was a challenge, and the reply of the supposed novice was: "I'll take you on, for I'm pretty good with the fists myself."

A few minutes later the two, followed by all those who heard the argument, repaired to the deck and paced off a ring. Immediately the principals, stripped to their trousers and using bare knuckles, tore into each other like wildcats, disdaining such incidentals as rounds and rules, and striving to place every blow for a knockout.

That fight probably was the only one ever called on account of darkness. For three hours and fifteen minutes the Irishman and the Englishman continued to pummel each other without either going on his back. Then their buddies on the hurricane deck, realizing that they were evenly matched, stamped the match and brought it to a close. Both battlers wanted to continue, but were compelled to shake hands and call it a day.

I was the young Irish scrapper who went through that shindy, and I can state honestly that it was the fiercest battle of my career. However, it not only convinced Barclay and our comrades that I was his equal, but it strengthened my previous belief that I was cut out for the game which John L. Sullivan had made famous.

Throughout the remainder of that voyage Barclay and I trained together, and at intervals I engaged in bouts with other fast men on the ship. Finally my ability to assimilate punishment won me the sobriquet of "Stonewall" Madden.

However, when I returned to Dublin at the termination of my enlistment I learned that my parents had other plans for me than joining the ranks of the professional fighters. Reminding me that I had me on. And I have sufficient faith in myself to believe that none of the men performing in the squared circle today is capable of toppling me from my feet.

I attended the sessions regularly and kept faithfully at my books sports writers, persons in all walks of life, have advanced opinions—some learned, others founded merely upon guess—as to why I have been able to hold my own year after year and against all manner of hard hitting opponents without being dropped to the canvas. Ivan and Jeffries as the examples.

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to purchase an interest in some minor club, preferably in the Pacific Coast League, so as to give his family a permanent home. The family's off-season home is Reno, Nevada, and now that some of his children are of school age the ace of pitching ace feels he should settle down in the West.

Immediately after returning from a barnstorming trip on Monday he held a conference with Clark Griffith on plans for 1925, but after an hour's discussion no conclusion had been reached. No date has been set for further consideration of the matter, but it was indicated they would resume their discussion soon.

Dal. Withdraws

HALIFAX, Oct. 19.—At a meeting of the Dalhousie Athletic Association, it was decided to withdraw from all intercollegiate sports. The reason given was that the trips away from Halifax took the students to much of their classes and also depleted the funds of the association to a prohibitive extent, the gate receipts for games being too small to pay expenses.

SHOCKER IS THROUGH WITH THE 'BROWNS'

Believed He Has Outlived His Usefulness With St. Louis.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Reports from St. Louis that Urban Shocker veteran spit ball pitcher would be traded to the Yankees for Walter Hoyt were denied today by Edward S. Errow, business manager of the New York club. He admitted that such a trade had been proposed by the Browns but said it had been turned down.

Shocker has pitched his last game for the Browns according to reliable advices from the mound city. Owner Phil Ball and Manager George Sisler as well as Shocker himself, believe that the spit baller has outlived his usefulness in St. Louis.

Many rumors that Shocker and Sisler did not get along well together, and Urban, it is said desires a change.

Walter Johnson Is Undecided

WASHINGTON, October 19.—The major post-season problem of the world champion Senators, whether Walter Johnson will be on next season's roster, remained unsolved today. "Old Barney," who has been Washington's pitching mainstay for eight years, and is the dean of American League hurlers, announced last February that he intended



W. Johnson

to purchase an interest in some minor club, preferably in the Pacific Coast League, so as to give his family a permanent home. The family's off-season home is Reno, Nevada, and now that some of his children are of school age the ace of pitching ace feels he should settle down in the West.

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P. W. C. WON FROM INTERMEDIATE SAINTS 5-0

Mellish Scores Winning Count in Last Half Of Game—Wedlock Converted Touch-Down.

Winning their initial game of the season at the expense of the Prince of Wales College squad finished the day on the long end of a 5 to nil score Saturday afternoon before a fair assemblage of fans.

The game taken as a whole was very good football and although not as ferocious and hard played as the opening senior tussel, was every bit as interesting in fact more open play and long runs for gains was much in evidence.

To quarter back Mellish goes the credit for the only touch-down; after faking a pass on the heel-out from a scrim in the last half of the fray on the Saints 30 yard line, Mellish skirted the slowly breaking mass of legs and arms, he easily eluded the Red and White half-line and by sheer dint of determination and fast running planted the oval directly behind the posts for a count. The kick was converted by Lorrie Wedlock, the ball sailing perfectly over the centre of the bar.

The Saints although beaten gave their opponents a hard game from start to finish especially in the

TOMMY BURNS WILL MEET JOE BECKETT

Former World's Champion Says He Would Like Six Rounds With "Glass-jawed" Joe

LONDON, Oct. 19.—The famous Tommy Burns, now resident in Newcastle has created small stir by offering to meet Joe Beckett in a bout of six rounds, each two minutes duration. He says he knows he is a has-been but that if Beckett really does want to make a comeback, he will give him the opportunity. Whether Beckett does make a reappearance or not depends on what temptation promoters can offer him. The Southampton man makes no secret of the fact that boxing is hard, and that he wants to see some money in it should he again enter the ring.

"WILLIE, CAN you tell me how matches are made?"

Willie: "No, ma'am. But I don't blame you for wanting to know."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Mother says you've been trying to make one for over a year!"

TEMPER

Each time one gets angry, he has given the habit of bad temper a firmer hold upon his soul.

BOWLING AT "Y" TONIGHT

The City Bowling League opens tonight on the Y. Alley.

At 7 p. m. the Bankers meet the newly formed Customs team.

At 8:30 p. m. the Y. M. C. A. team last years champions will meet the first rolling quintette from the Telephone Company.

It is expected that a large number will turn out to witness these opening games.

Ball Players Had A Narrow Escape

MONTREAL, Oct. 19.—Three of the touring White Sox-Giants ball players narrowly escaped serious injury, when a taxi in which they were driving overturned, when rounding a corner on their way to the grounds to play an exhibition match at Quebec. The players in the motor were Bentley and Huntzinger, Giant pitchers and Mostil, outfielder of the Sox. Bentley had his hip injured slightly and was scratched about the face, while Mostil is nursing an injured elbow. Huntzinger escaped unscathed.

On rounding a sharp corner the auto suddenly skidded and overturned throwing the occupants out. Bentley, who was on the outside, acted as a soft landing spot for Huntzinger and Mostil.

"THE SMITH boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"

Second City man: "Well, if he was any steadier he'd be motionless!"

Strain

A quick, sure way to relieve it

Apply Sloan's gently. Don't rub. You'll get relief at once. Sloan's starts fresh, healing blood-circulating swiftly through the strained muscle-fibres, easing the pain and repairing the damage. Get a bottle today. All druggists—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment
—kills pain!

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When it comes to Chewing Tobacco because

HICKEY'S BLACK TWIST has all other brands beaten to a standstill for flavor and quality.

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Tobacco Company, Limited
Manufacturers
Charlottetown

BRINGING UP FATHER

COUNT: YOU HAD BETTER NOT GO NEAR FATHER'S OFFICE. HE'S VERY CRANKY LATELY!

FEAR NOT I KNOW HOW TO WIN HIM.

OH! IF DUGAN WOULD ONLY CALL THIS SMOKIN' BET OFF. I'D BE GLAD TO MAKE HIM A PRESENT OF A HUNDRED DOLLARS. I WISH I COULD FORGET ABOUT SMOKIN'.

TAKE THESE CIGARS INTO MR. JIGGS AND TELL HIM THE SENDER IS OUT HERE AND WISHES TO SEE HIM.

YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH!

MR. JIGGS.

PRIVATE.

A NURSE JUST PHONED AN' SAID TO TELL YOU THAT THE COUNT IS IN THE HOSPITAL.

HE MUST HAVE SEEN DADDY!

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The Smoke of a Nation

12 for 15¢ 20 for 25¢ also in attractive tins of 50 and 100

The Largest Independent Brand in America

—By GEO. McMANUS