

A NEW LEAGUE OF SPORTS.

Artful Dodges Indulged in by the Leaders of the American Association.

WHICH IS THE UNFAIR PARTY?

The Affairs of the Local Ball Club and Something About the Signing of Players.

JACK MAULIFFE AS A MODEL BOXER.

Carbett's Offer to the Irish Champion and General Gossip About Pugilism.

In no branch of sports has there been anything bordering on the sensational during the week, except it may have been among the trotters and their followers.

Outside of rumors and lots of them, there has been nothing to attract the attention of the baseball fan as far as any definite happening is concerned. But the rumors have been great and important, and if one-half of them are true, we will be lucky if we have anything at all left of the National League.

According to the Association malcontents and thunderbolts, this organization, if such it can be called, will be in every league city next year, and the poor old League will soon be done for. All the "star" players of the league, we are told, will rush to those wild-brained men who claim to have done so much for the national game; I mean that fraternity in the Association whose motto is to rule or ruin.

But they have all been there before, "we" and not very long ago. Let us look the matter square in the face and see what it amounts to and also see, if we can, what is and what is not reasonable connected with it. While I do not believe that the Association magnates intend to do half of what they say, I do believe that they intend, or at least would like to put a club into Chicago.

They would like to do this for mercenary reasons and mercenary reasons alone, just as they acted the part of trotters, wreckers and blackguards to get a club into Cincinnati. In order to have some kind of a pretense to put a club into Cincinnati they lied and altogether were guilty of the most despicable in every sense of the word.

I am not exaggerating facts when I say that I am now saying. The American Association has got into the hands of a few ignorant, conceited, and at the same time, wild-eyed individuals whose great object was to pose before the world as baseball magnates of great power.

Matters are not going along very pleasantly in the local club. There still remains one of the most serious questions before the directors that has ever been the great barrier to the club's success. It is, indeed, amusing to note day by day the conflicting notions that emanate from these directors.

The League was going along as gaily and as successfully as a new ship before a spanking breeze. But the Association, with its beer, Sunday games and miserable management, was going from bad to worse.

Finally it culminated in the Association failures making a resolve something like this: "We have seen that we cannot get the highway by confining ourselves to the conditions under which we started out. We cannot make our cities pay, and those who do not keep together a profitable circuit are not worth anything to us."

But the latest President of the Association, Mr. Phelps, had attempted another thing. He had tried to make the public that the League has been an oppressor of the players. It is a fact he really has attempted that. Just fancy it; a President of an organization that is poverty stricken; that has not paid as much money to players during its entire existence as the League has done in one or two seasons and also to have the reputation of the national team as champions of the world.

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THE PITTSBURGH DISPATCH, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1911. HOW DEPEW WORKS.

A Great Genius and One Who Knows the Way to Get the Results.

NEVER KNOWN TO BE FLURRIED.

When He Is to Speak He Reads Macaulay to Get Inspiration.

INTERVIEWED ON A SPEEDING TRAIN.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, Oct. 11. HAD a long chat to-day with Chauncey M. Depew on after-dinner speaking. He is the greatest after-dinner speaker in the United States and he is one of the most remarkable men in this country.

As a lawyer, he stood for years at the head of the New York bar. He has refused the United States senatorship and has declined the request of the Republican party of his State to have his name put before its national convention as its candidate for the presidency.

I called this morning at the New York Central offices. Mr. Depew's room is simply furnished. He sits at a rolling top desk, and in the distance away are tables occupied by two stenographers. Mr. Depew's desk is littered with papers, and you note by the postage stamps on his letters that his mail comes from all parts of the world.

He confided himself to politics. Reece (Cotton) Depew was the story of the day. He never gets out of the pulpit, but he is a great preacher and he is a great speaker. He is a great speaker and he is a great speaker. He is a great speaker and he is a great speaker.

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AN ARTIST AT BUNKO.

The Reputation That Bill Nye Got on His Return to New York.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES GET CHILLY.

Break of a Prisoner Who Objected to a Judge's Talk on Clothes.

THE BREAKS OF A DIME MUSEUM.

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ACROSS THE EQUATOR.

Sailing the Great Pacific to Australia on the Good Ship Monowal.

THE ODD SIGHTS AT HONOLULU.

Old Neptune's Tribute From Those Who Had Never Been Over the Line.

TO BED MONDAY TO RISE WEDNESDAY.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) STEAMSHIP MONOWAL, PACIFIC OCEAN, Aug. 12.—We shall have no more opportunity for mailing letters before our arrival at Sydney, which will be at Auckland, where we are to remain for a few days before we arrive to-morrow evening at 10 o'clock.

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THE FALLON SIMPLY LAD.

Come in a city where it is not the custom. I saw it in the light of a ripper experience.

A HOMELY ON CLOTHES.

But we ought not to judge people by their clothes. We do not know what they are wearing. Clothes do not make the man, but they finish him up somehow.

ONE OF HIS YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCES.

Yesterday I visited the wonders of the museums. They are delightful. All dime museums resemble one another in one respect—they smell the same. Why should they smell the same? They are all made of the same material.

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THE BATTLE DANCEHALL.

publishing house of the Scribners, looking at new books in the catalogues, and especially admiring a beautiful volume of "Hawthorne," illustrated by Remington, who makes such truthful frontier horses and—

GERMANY'S YOUNG EMPEROR.

"Did you ever meet the young Emperor of Germany?" I asked the Emperor of Germany.

TAKEN FOR A BUNKO MAN.

I landed gladly up to him and assumed a well-lagged countenance. He said he had been taken for a bunko man.

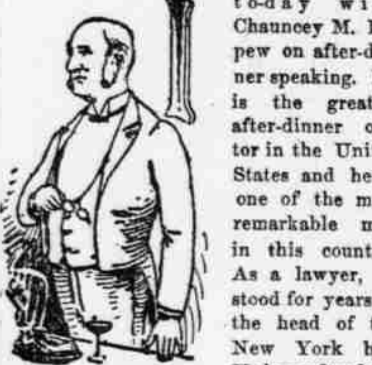
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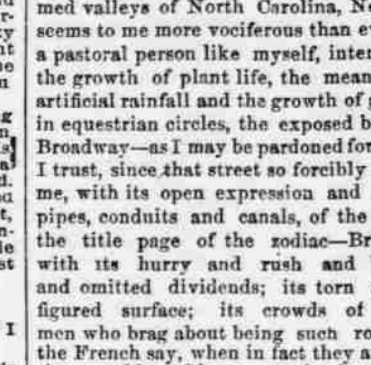
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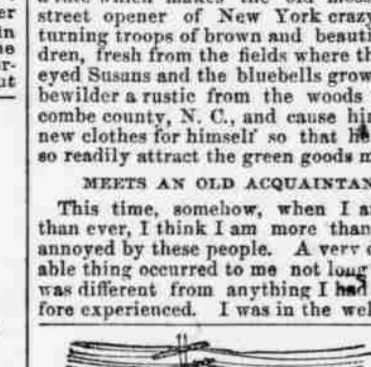
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Chauncey M. Depew.



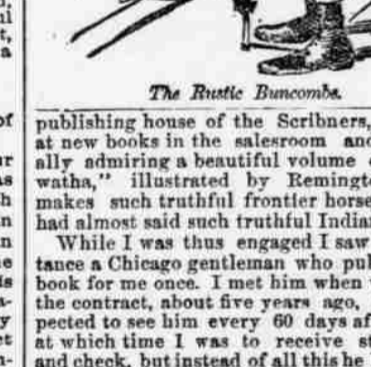
The Fallon Simply Lad.



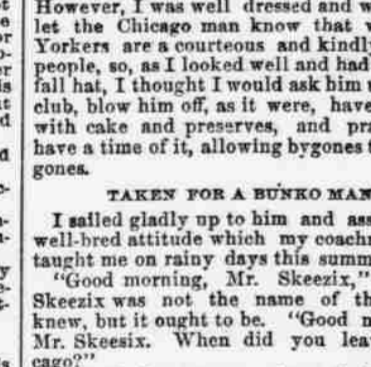
One of his youthful experiences.



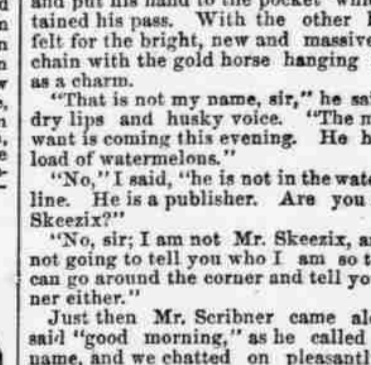
Taken for a bunko man.



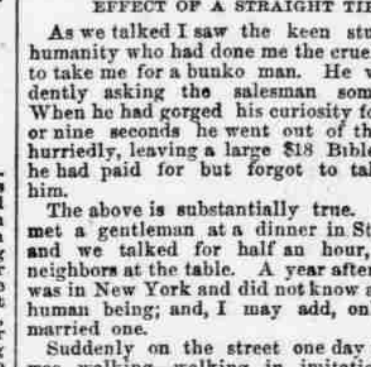
Grave telling in China.



Advantage of having a baby.



Why Boulanger killed himself.



Dorlinger's Cat Glass.

Advertisement for Dorlinger's Cat Glass, featuring the text 'DORLINGER'S Cat Glass FOR THE TABLE' and 'Is Perfection'.