

WOLGAST IS ON THE DECLINE

But He Still Has a Very Exalted Opinion of Himself.

MAYBE HE WILL COME BACK

Events in the Ring of Late, However, Tend to Show that He is Not as Good a Man as When He Gained the Title.

BY W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 16.—The critics throughout the country appear to be of one mind in regard to Ad Wolgast. They think the future is filled with foreboding for the world's lightweight champion.

Nor is the opinion based merely on what happened with Mandot at New Orleans. The so-called Michigan "wildcat" seems to have been going to worse ever since he went under the knife a year ago.

His four-round go with Willie Ritchie in San Francisco a few months after leaving the hospital conveyed a hint that Wolgast's natural fighting qualities had been impaired, his bout with Rivers strengthened the suspicion; his short contests with Teddy Maloney and Daniels failed to substantiate the Wolgast claim that a sojourn on the Cadillac farm had restored his vigor, while the late unpleasantness in the southland may be described as the closest call of all for the king of the 125 pounders.

It is claimed by Wolgast that things were not nearly as bad as they were reported at New Orleans. The spectators, he urged, saw the affair through New Orleans spectacles and the ring-side correspondents were so saturated with local pride that every little trick Mandot turned was exaggerated in the describing.

If New Orleans proved in the manner described it was both human and understandable. The inclination in fight crowds all over the world is to gloat when the under dog steals a march on the champion and the incentive to exultation is ever so much increased when the under dog is a home product.

Cold-Blooded Facts.

But New Orleans' enthusiasm could not very well influence the blow for blow accounts of the fight. These detailed reports are generally dictated or jotted down in a cold-blooded, mechanical way by men who thoroughly understand their business and there is little chance of a wrong impression being gained by anyone who reads these returns carefully.

The "fight by rounds" reports that came away from the New Orleans ring-side told as plainly as a moving picture presentation that Mandot in the beginning was cautious and that Wolgast was at all times anxious to bring matters to a focus quickly.

Noting that over-eagerness to score rendered Wolgast wild; the southerner took advantage of the champion's mistakes and rolled up credits that could not be wiped out.

The lesson gathered from the punch-for-punch description is that had Mandot started out with the same degree of confidence he finished up with, there might have been a new world's champion. As it is, Wolgast can pause amid his protestations and thank his stars it is no worse.

On all sides one hears the query pronounced: "What is really the matter with Wolgast?"

To the writer it appears to be a combination of appendicitis and over-confidence. I know that old trainers of field athletes claim that an operation such as Wolgast underwent will convert a ten-second man into an eleven-second one and it hardly requires a knowledge of mathematics to figure out what effect the experience will have on a champion fighter. A ten-second sprinter is a rarity; an eleven-second man is a common occurrence and it is beginning to look as though Wolgast has been transformed from a rarity to a common occurrence.

Facilitate Temperament.

What makes it worse in Ad's case is that fighting is as the breath of his nostrils. He possesses the typical pugilistic temperament and it would require something more depressing than the jab of a surgeon's knife to induce him with the idea that the earth held a better fighter than himself at equal poundage.

In his heyday he had everything to flatter this vanity for vanity it is. He was among lightweights what Tod Sloan was among jockeys. He was a full grown man cast in a small mould and while training never had to coddle himself in any way or provide against the effects of reducing weight.

He could go right along about his work knowing that he would be at the right poundage when the grind of preparation came to an end. He was formed on symmetrical lines and possessed all the strength that it was possible for a man of his weight to possess.

He was in fact the ideal 125-pounder and when it is considered that there are few fighters in any class who do not have to weaken themselves to some extent to remove the excess that accumulated between contests it can readily be understood how Wolgast's natural advantages, combined with his indomitable fighting spirit, made him feel and perform like a man who was every such and every pound a champion.

The idea is beginning to prevail that Wolgast's fine physical powers have suffered and that his exalted opinion of himself remains intact. If it is that way, of course he is bound to strike trouble before long. But it will not do to begin singing his requiem until he is down and out.

Courage and self-reliance, such as he possesses, tide a man over many a tight place in life and it may be that if he shortens down on his "one-night stands" in the pugilistic line and sets a championship date and keeps it in view, he may cause those who are predicting his downfall to change their tune.

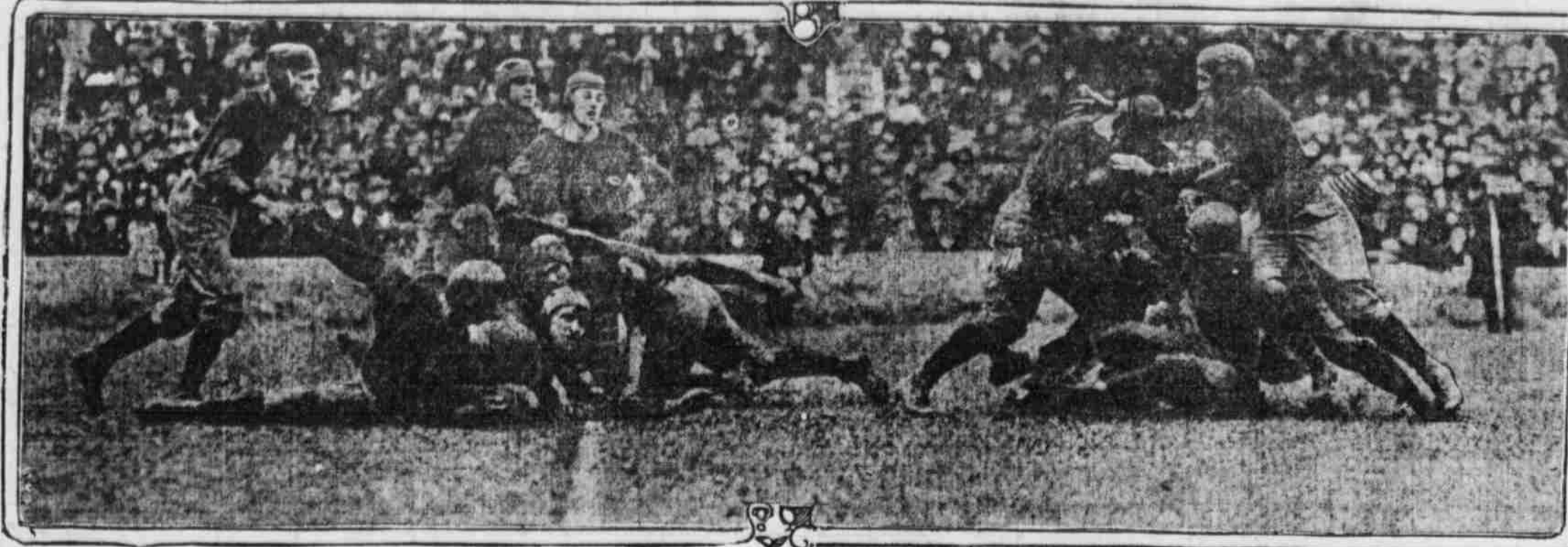
He may not be as good as he was, but at that, carefully trained, he may retain enough of his former ability to stand for all challengers. For, truth to tell, there are no particularly promising leads in the present array of championship candidates.

BERLIN OLYMPIC STADIUM MAY BE FINISHED IN 1913

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Work will be pushed on the new Olympic stadium at Berlin, where the Olympiad will be held in 1916. It will probably be finished in time to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Kaiser's accession, which will occur next year.

The stadium is to lie in the middle of the large Grunwald race course, which is itself an immense clearing in the fir forest which stretches away on the west side of Berlin. It will be about half an hour's journey by train from the center of the city.

Work that Makes All-American Foot Ball Players in the East



SNAPSHOT OF BRICKLEY, THE HARVARD PHENOMENON, BUCKING THE LINE. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE CRIMSON STAR BEING STOPPED BY THE PRINCETON SECONDARY DEFENSE AFTER HE HAS PLUNGED THROUGH TACKLE. BRICKLEY IS A TERRIFIC LINE PLUNGER AS WELL AS ONE OF THE GREATEST DROP KICKERS OF ALL TIMES.

NEW GAME IS SPECTACULAR

Present Season's Rules Seem to Be Satisfactory All Around.

OLD GAME WAS DANGEROUS

These Risks Seem to Have a Discouraging Influence on the Element that is Most Directly Concerned.

BY W. J. MACBETH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—A game that is the equal of the general verdict on foot ball as placed under the 1912 rules. The gridiron sport pleases first of all the spectators; it pleases the coaches, the players and the great student body. It is a great deal of tinkering and experiment to resurrect the blood-thirsty autumn pastime from the debris of popular disfavor following the crusade which wrecked the good, old-fashioned game of six years ago. The new game seems to have been well worth the wait and the trouble.

The old game came into disfavor because of the dangers incident to it. And these same dangers had a discouraging influence on the student body. Form getting right down to cases, it was a test of muscle and brawn and not a competition of skill. It was smash, smash, smash through the line all the time with now and then an end run or a variation worked in just to keep the opposition on the anxious seat. Naturally a human battering ram would pick out the weakest spot in the line on which to center an attack and we betide the object of the charge.

Speed, under the old rules, was a natural advantage, but not necessarily a vital issue. Brute strength came first, last and all the time. The primitive qualification of class was stamina to stand up under punishment; power to grind through a wall of human resistance. Under such conditions the game naturally devolved into a survival of the fittest. None but a giant might play with any amount of safety. Weaklings had no place on the gridiron. Speed and cunning combined counted for, but little unless supplemented by exceptional physical power.

Beef Not a Requisite.

The game as played now seems to have eliminated all the objectionable features of the old style of play and at the same time retained all the more desirable fundamentals. It is quite true that foot ball was never meant for invalids. It is a game that requires certain physical perfections. But no longer is bulk and beef the first requisite. Speed counts as much as brawn and the agile light fellow, if perfectly sound, has a better chance to shine than the big slow-thinking giant. Modern foot ball is more than ever a game of skill.

One of the greatest objections to the old style of play was the fact that the general attack was confined to mass formations. There was practically no open field work. It was impossible from the stands to follow the ball, play by play. Invariably the man carrying the spheroid was completely screened by his interference. Except for a punt, a criss-cross, an end run or some of the few variations from the battering ram style of attack, the spectator was in a sea of bewilderment from start to finish.

The forward pass was mapped originally to open out the game through the necessity of scattering the defense. In this it served its purpose to some degree. Yet the forward pass at first was looked upon with great disfavor by the coaches. There were too many restrictions attached, and penalties for its failure to be properly completed made it a rather questionable weapon. This year these restrictions have been eliminated and the play has immediately come into great favor. It is very spectacular and appeals to the general public. It leaves an opening for a light team to make consistent gains where it would be utterly impossible to gain through a heavier line. A team now has four chances, without penalty whatever, save the loss of the ball in case of absolute failure to make the necessary ten yards distance. One properly executed forward pass is good for double or treble this amount. With any degree of proficiency a well schooled eleven should make good on at least one of these four attempts.

Foot Ball is Revolutionized.

Undoubtedly the forward pass has revolutionized foot ball, but it has not yet been developed to its greatest worth. The further it is perfected the greater will be the possibilities of unexpected scoring, which adds the spice of uncertainty and makes competition all that is desired. Wonderful indeed has been the progress under the new rules so far this season. It looks as if the present code is here to stay.

The annual battle between Yale and Harvard this year should be one fit for the gods. Experts who have seen the two great rivals in action believe that Harvard has an edge on the Bulldog and that Old Eli will be lucky to escape a good, sound thrashing. They point to the ease with which the Crimson cleaned up on

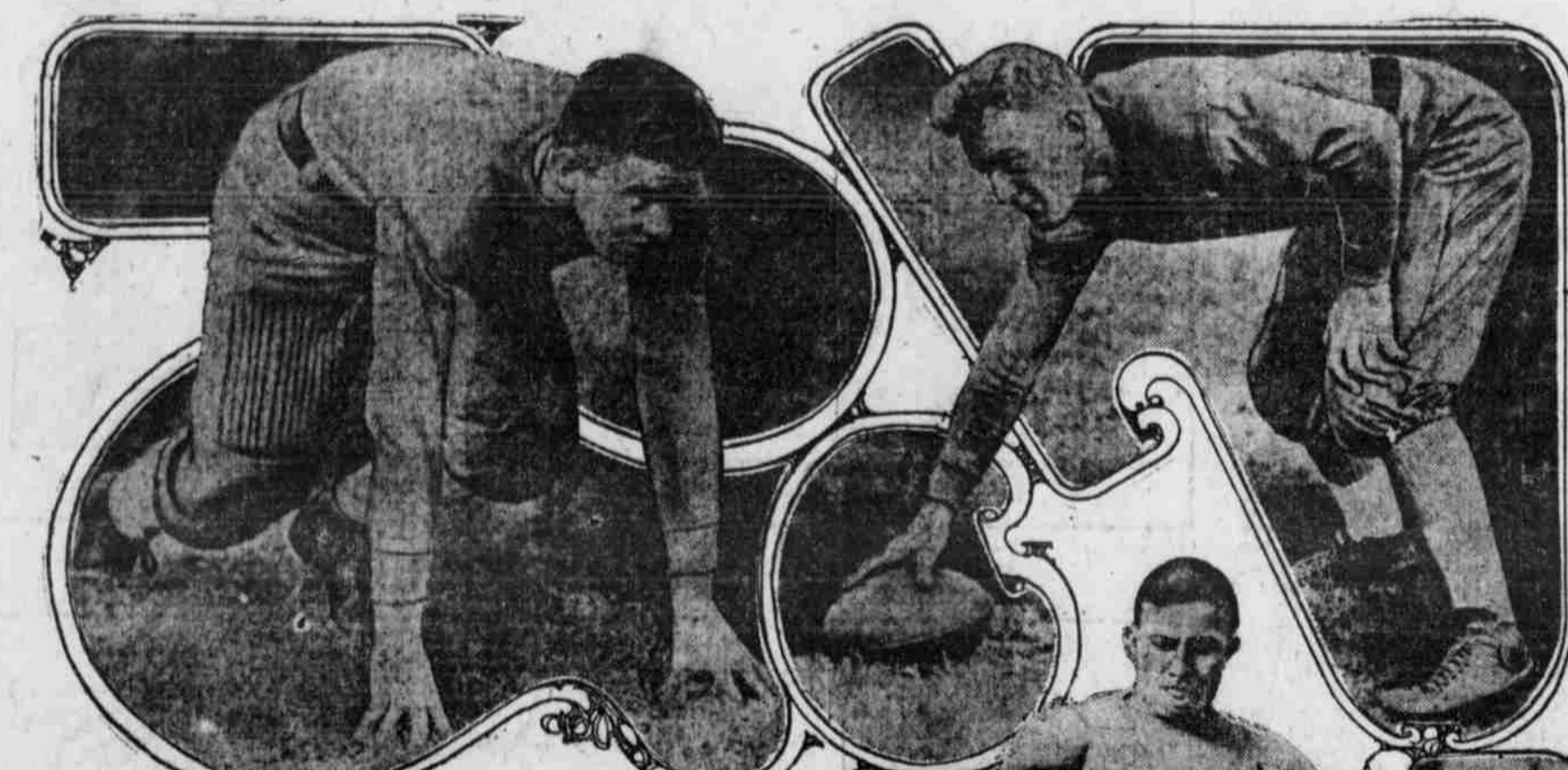
the champion Tiger; declare that Cunningham's team of this season is the equal of the 1911 Jungle tribe and that Yale has not made as favorable a showing to date as is usual.

Harvard may beat Yale, but it is going to be no load pile cinch. As a matter of fact the Cambridge boys had no easy time of it against the Tigers. Princeton put up a far stiffer fight than their 9 tally indicates. The champions were beaten out through Harvard's expert kickers. Brickley's three field goals, all hard chances, proved him one of the most expert goal sharpshooters of modern times. Felton's exact punting, however, was in its own fashion as deadly to Princeton's chances as was the toe of Brickley.

DeWitt was off color. HeWitt was playing off color in his booting and on every change of punts the Tigers lost from ten to twenty yards. Felton has a spiral punt which was aided by the peculiar air currents of the stadium. The Tiger players were completely nonplussed at handling Felton's kicks. Sometimes the boots were misjudged several yards. While Harvard's victory was clean-cut, it was poor play by Princeton that left many of the openings. There might have been a different story had the Junglers been favored by a little more luck before the Crimson solved Old Nassau's forward pass. Clean catches of two wonderful throws by Andrews would have spelled two more touchdowns. One of Harvard's field goals was directly due to a fumble by DeWitt almost at his own goal line on a pass for a punt. When he did kick finally Brickley made a free catch and immediately made his wonderful fifty-yard boot from placement. Harvard's touchdown was due to the desperation with which the Tigers clung to the forward pass after it had outlived its special usefulness for that day. Three times the Crimson intercepted passes in the shadow of the Tiger goal line and the last time hammered the line for fifteen yards and a much coveted score. At that, on the two-yard line the lighter Princeton line braced and held for three successive downs.

The Yale-Harvard game this year will be a side issue to the fight between "Lefty" Flynn on the one side and Brickley and Felton on the other. The Big Yale fullback can boot like Felton and he can smash the line like Brickley. In the latter Harvard has a distinct advantage, however, for no one on the Yale team can compare with the Crimson back in booting goals from the field. Yale is out to stop Brickley just as Harvard is out to spike the guns of Flynn. If both these stars survive the fray they should furnish a line of the most spectacular individual effort ever witnessed on any gridiron.

Stars of Northwestern Foot Ball Squad in Practice



WELLS, THE PURPLE'S LEFT GUARD, ON LEFT AT TOP; M'PHEETER, A LINEMAN, PASSING THE BALL, AT RIGHT; HIGHTOWER, PUNTING, BELOW.

GOLFERS ARE DEBATING ON THE CHANGE IN BALLS

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—It is now about twelve years since the rubber-cored golf ball displaced the solid gutta percha ball, and the question of how the change has affected the game is being actively debated, of course, which only those who learned to play with the gutta percha balls can rightly judge, and although the competent authorities differ to some extent as to the nature and degree of the changes that have been brought about by the new balls, they are unanimous on one point, and that is that the standard of play has been greatly lowered. It is even asserted in some quarters that the rubber-cored ball has altered the entire character of the game.

STEPS BEING TAKEN FOR INTERNATIONAL TRACK MEET

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 16.—Strong indications that steps have been taken to arrange the proposed Yale-Harvard-Oxford-Cambridge university track meet were shown when Philip J. Baker of Oxford University, England, arrived here to discuss details with the Yale track athletic management. He had been sent across the ocean to take up the arrangements with Yale and Harvard, and officials of the Yale association said they hoped that the meet could be arranged.

Cap Anson's Record Stands Out Boldly in Base Ball Annals

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—In all the annals of base ball there is no playing record to surpass the one that "The Grand Old Man of Base Ball," Adrien C. Anson, made as a member of the Chicago National League club.

While the national sport was growing up from infancy and Chicago was establishing itself on the base ball map through the achievements of its mighty White Stockings, Anson was building for himself a record that challenges belief even in this day of diamond wonders.

To remain with a club for twenty-two long years is one thing of no little note, to serve as manager and captain of the club in addition to playing a regular position for twenty-one of those twenty-two seasons, is an even greater mark of distinction and to be able to show at the close of that lengthy period the wonderful grand batting average of .327 bespeaks a feat without a parallel in all the years of the nation's favorite sport.

Nowadays it means a mark of honor to a player to bat above .300 for even a single season, but how many of the modern stars will be able to keep it up for twenty-two seasons in succession, even though not bearing the additional burdens of the management and captaincy? It is doubtful if Anson's record will ever be equaled. It certainly stands out as present in a class of its own and as a mark for young players to shoot at.

Anson started out as a third baseman with Chicago in the first year of the National league, 1878, and played in the outfield in 1879, and it was not until 1879 that he went to the position in which he was to rank as one of the greatest of stars.

During his twenty-two years of service with the Chicago Nationals Anson played in the remarkable total of 2,500 games, making the wonderful average of .327 in batting and .375 in fielding. In 8,947 times at bat he made 1,925 hits and out of the great total of 22,945 fielding chances he missed only 29, the latter being the astonishingly small number of errors he made against 21,278 putouts and 1,671 assists.

Anson managed the Chicago club from 1881 to 1897, inclusive, but he was constantly at loggerheads with James A. Hart after the latter became president of the club in 1892, and in the fall of 1897 the grand old man was released, closing a playing career at Chicago that was without an equal in all the base ball life of that city. Thomas Burns was made manager after the release of Anson.

Haskell Finds One Who Rules Street Diamond With a Club

Swinging a natty stick and surrounded by numerous thoroughbred bulldogs, John Jacob Haskell, the Berry Wall of Omaha, fashion plate and supreme judge of Western league controversies, swung up Fourteenth street toward the south yesterday morning, sweetly scolding a merry lay. Why the merry lay? For the simple reason that Tip O'Neil has just accused him of his 1911 job by telegram.

A few days ago Tip, feeling in a kitchenish mood, announced that he had fired all his snipelets, but it appears he was only spoofing.

So John was scolding, on his way to spread the glad tidings to his old partner, Charley Franke. He was giving little thought as he reached Fifteenth and Farnam to the many famous ball players, who with malicious astuteness and intent to do great financial injury, he had ruthlessly massacred for base ball misdeeds, when, out upon the air rang a clarion voice, "Hey, young fellow, what do you mean by cutting across the diamond in that manner?" "Come here a minute."

Jack turned and confronted Officer Cornean, who had hailed him from the corner. "Now, Jack, I want you to go around the diamond and touch all the bases. 'If you don't I'll have to send you to the bench and have my friend Judge Foster tack a due bill on you."

Jack was on the point of hurling an angry retort at the officer's head, but being in such a jovial mood from Tip's gram, and knowing how useless it is to argue with an umpire or one in authority, he merely murmured "Yes, sir," and hastily squared the diamond.

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FALL SHOOTING IS NOT GOOD

Weather Has Not Been Good for Ducks and They Are Gone.

CHICKENS ARE ALSO SCARCE

Quail Season is at an End—Not Many Good Bags Made—Many Hunters Have Made Several Trials.

Although there has been no interruption of the beautiful fall weather we have been having, if we except the brief rains and snow flurry of last Tuesday night, there has been much improvement in the duck shooting, both along the rivers and on the sand hill marshes. The birds probably realize that a rough change is about to take place ere long, and have been coming down from the north in really goodly numbers even as early as the beginning of the week. On Sunday and Monday many more than fair bags were reported. The birds killed were largely mallards, with teal coming next, then bluebills, with occasional canvas-back and redhead; but few geese were seen, and it is now quite certain that the season is going to be a poor one for those great birds, on to its close.

While the shooting has been an improvement on that of the previous month, it has not been what might be called great, as it is quite certain that a large majority of the birds have already gone south in straggling small bunches, and generally in the night time. The prospects therefore are not good for any great influx to come. It is always this way during the long drawn out autumn seasons, no big flight at any time, only small bunches, off and on, and no really great shooting. It takes sudden, sharp, cold snaps, with the lakes partly frozen over, and raw winds blowing; these, mingled with warm, pleasant days, are sure to bring the northern birds down in great flights. Then the hunters have the time of their lives.

As for the chicken, they have been scarce for their scarcity, and only a bird has been picked up now and then, more by accident than anything else. The chicken have bunched for the winter and it is useless to attempt to hunt them after this occurs, as they are wild and wary, and will lay for neither dog or man. But the season on all game, save the ever present cottontail, will soon be over, and the hunter might as well get ready to hang up his gun and wait for March winds to bring the birds back once more from the south.

On Hens and Rabbits.

Not much stock should be taken in the report that wild deer have recently been seen in both Cass and Washington counties. This is an old story, and has been its annual debut in one paper or another. George Green and the Falk boys of Calhoun made a fine kill of bluebills on the Stillwater flat on Friday morning and evening. They also saw a good many redheads, but succeeded in bagging only two.

Sam Richmond, well known as a great duck hunter, and Charlie Dollarhide of Walbach, were down on the Loup on the Johnny Johnson bar Friday morning and killed six Canada geese and twenty-one mallards.

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