

MICHIGAN'S CHANCES GOOD

Without Brickley to Depend on Harvard's Eleven is Weakened.

BACKBONE OF THE CRIMSONS

Famous Drop-Kicker is Laid Up from an Operation and His Absence from Line Up Looks Like Like Defeat for Team.

By FRANK G. MENKE. NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Harvard, without its marvelous Brickley, seem doomed to a beating when it tackles the powerful Michigan team that "Hurry Up" Yost has assembled and which he will send against the Crimson warriors in Cambridge next Saturday.

One of the most regrettable features of the year, from the sporting viewpoint, is the fact that Brickley has been forced out of the Harvard lineup—that he will spend next Saturday in the hospital recuperating from an operation when his services are so badly needed by his team.

With Brickley, in the lineup, the game promised to be a thriller. It promised to be one of the greatest battles in foot ball history. But with Brickley hove down, only a few of the staunchest Harvard supporters feel that the Crimson will triumph over the Maize and Blue.

The Harvard team was built around Brickley. The great fullback was the main cog in the Harvard machine. With that cog removed the machine seems minus its power and its tremendous drive. To Brickley more than anyone else is due the credit for Harvard's great showing during the last three years. Brickley's hoot beat Yale and Princeton last year, and it was figured that Brickley's hoot might repeat against Michigan.

The Harvard team during the last three seasons has not been drilled to make touchdowns against its strongest foes. It hasn't been drilled to smash through the enemy's lines and smash and smash again until it has carried the ball over the line. Its main drilling has been to get the ball to within twenty or thirty yards of the rival line and to leave the rest to Brickley and his foot.

Brickley does heavy work. Rarely has the Harvard team attempted to carry the ball over the line of its powerful foes since Brickley joined the squad. Coach Haughton probably figured there wasn't any use in taking a chance on having his men battered in a fierce fight in the shadows of the goal posts when he had Brickley's toe to lead Harvard to an easier and less dangerous way to victory.

Brickley's absence from the Harvard lineup leaves Harvard without a real drop-kicker. Mahan has some skill in that line, so has Hardwick. But neither has more than ordinary. Haughton now is faced with the task of drilling the Harvard team into becoming a touch down machine. He realizes that he must control it not only to carry the ball to the twenty or thirty yard line, but then carry it over the line. He has no Brickley now to forestall a bitter battle within the ten yard line. The task that he faces in the limited time that he has is a huge one.

Haughton may succeed. Harvard may give Michigan a beating when they meet next Saturday. This is the year when all the "dope" is being upset. But if Harvard wins, it will be a surprise—and a big one, because Harvard will be pitted against a powerful eleven.

Must Respect Michigan. The Michigan team of 1914 is a team that is its very best respect and fear. It isn't cluttered up with all-star men. It isn't split into individual players, but the team is perfect in its machine work. It is fast and it surely can fight. It is equally powerful on offense and defense.

Yost has schooled his men as he never schooled a team. The greatest ambition in his life has been to beat Harvard. The opportunity lies before him—and he means to grasp it. He is drilling his men to use an alternating attack on Harvard—a mixture of old foot ball with the new. And Yost, too, has taught his men some tricks that only the wonderful brain of Yost can figure out—tricks intended to amaze the spectators and sweep Harvard off its feet.

It's too bad for the sake of the game that Brickley won't be able to play. A wonderful and thrilling gridiron contest was in prospect with both teams sending their full strength into battle—a battle that would not permit alibis, such as are likely to come from Harvard—and with justification—if Harvard is beaten.

Balloon Pursuit

Race Won by Hupp

The national balloon pursuit race held recently in New England, in which four balloons and twelve automobiles participated, was won by a Huppobile, driven by Roy S. Bridge of Pittsfield. Balloon "L'Eureuil" was the first of the airmen. Under the conditions of the race, which were rather unique, an air craft known as the "king" balloon was first sent up. The other contestants were required to follow it and land as near as possible to the spot where the "king" balloon descended. The nearest balloon to the "king" was decided the winner, and the motor contestant first reaching the "king" balloon after it landed was awarded the first prize as the winning automobile.

The meet was held under the sanction of the Aero Club of America and was the biggest contest of its kind ever held in the east. Enthusiasm ran high and spectators gathered from miles around to witness the event.

The automobile pursuit was one of the most exciting parts of the affair. The balloons were given an hour's start on the motorists and at the end of that time twelve machines got under way in their search for the balloons, which were then out of sight.

Mr. Bridge, in his Huppobile, sighted the "dancing doll," the name of the "king" balloon, after he was on the road for two hours. When he saw that the balloon was beginning to descend he immediately went in pursuit and was on the ground two minutes after the big air craft touched ground—nine minutes ahead of his next competitor.

O'Neill Popular. It is said that both the New York American and Brooklyn Federal clubs are dickered with pitcher Jim O'Neill, who has been doing fine work with semi-pro clubs in and around New York City. O'Neill went on the training trip with the Baltimore International and was lured by the club to its Huntington club of the Ohio State league. He did not like surroundings there and returned to New York, sitting in balance of the season with the semi-pro.

An Economical Spin. Carrying an "old" car, Charles W. Dasher of Hightstown, N. J., recently rode his motorcycle 750 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

BOXING BADLY OFF ON COAST

Californians Now Against Practice of Ring Game Anywhere in State.

HIDDIE'S DEATH IS CAUSE

Change of Sentiment Blamed Upon the Fight from the Effects of Which Arthur Carroll's Opponent Died.

By RINGSIDE. NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The ancient sport of boxing is in a precarious condition out in California. The ring game is doomed, from all indications, in the state which has fostered more championship battles than any other commonwealth in the world.

Little did Arthur Carroll, a preliminary boxer, know that when he delivered the blow that resulted in the death of his opponent, "Bill Huddle," several weeks ago, that he was also delivering the death blow of boxing on the Pacific coast. Huddle expired from the effects of a beating he received at the hands of Carroll in a San Francisco ring.

Five men must stand trial for the unfortunate happening. True, all five will most likely be exonerated of blame, as the coroner's autopsy showed that death was due to a cerebral hemorrhage. Nevertheless those opposed to boxing have a mighty weapon to bring about a cessation of boxing in California.

Whether or not the ring game is to survive will be determined within a fortnight. Supporters of the anti-prize fight referendum law to be voted on at the November election, were quick to seize on the tragedy as an argument, and they will be depended upon to press their point with vigor until the polls are closed.

Not the First Time. This is not the first time the ring game has been on trial in California. Periodically agitations are started against boxing there, but in every instance the legislators, after reprimanding the promoters and warning them against unscrupulous dealings, have permitted the game to go on.

Every year, however, added pressure is being brought to bear on the law makers to abolish boxing in California. Last winter a measure was introduced to stamp out the game. A counter bill was submitted, and the latter passed by the margin of a single vote. So it can readily be seen how dangerously close to oblivion the sport of boxing is in California.

Despite this untoward state of affairs coast promoters are going along as if the sport were never to be threatened. They are busy arranging all sorts of matches, but as yet not one has been definitely consummated. It may be that the promoters are showing a bold front to mask underlying fears.

Meanwhile boxing is thriving in this glorious metropolis. Everything presages the most successful winter the sport has ever enjoyed here. There are a number of reasons for this optimistic outlook, but chief among them is the fact that a new era has entered the sport with the advent of James Johnston as manager of the Show association, which will hold forth in the amphitheater at Madison Square Garden.

Johnston is not a newcomer in the promoting field. He has successfully engineered many big matches, but at smaller clubs. The Garden moguls needed a man who could stage boxing matches without losing money for them. Johnston was selected, and a better selection could not have been made.

Johnston has a wide scope of things pugilistic, and his theory is that "a boxer is not worth one penny more than he can draw in at the box office." With this in mind Johnston has announced that any boxer who performs for him will have to fight on a percentage basis. No more guarantees will be given. Says Johnston:

"This is a stimulant—for I consider it such—for Mike O'Brien, Freddie Welsh, Johnny Kilbane, Kid Williams, Scotch Cross and all the others who have pretensions to championships. If they think they can attract large gatherings to see them in action, they will be the beneficiaries; for the more money they can put into the coffers the more they will be paid for fighting. Fair enough, isn't it?"

Quite fair enough, is the opinion of the majority of us.

Johnston was installed as boss of the Garden less than two weeks ago, but he is already at work arranging for the best matches in sight. First he desires to settle the "white hope" dispute by bringing together Jess Willard and Gusat Smith, the two leaders of the heavy-weight class.

This meeting would doubtless fill the Garden to capacity. But a little hitch arises in the arrangements. Johnston, of course, will give no guarantee, adhering to his laudable percentage scheme. However, Jim Buckley, manager for Smith, insists on \$5,000 for his charge to display his wares. Buckley does not make this demand of Johnston, but desires to have Willard's mentor, Tom Jones, come across with that sum. Buckley claims Jones promised to guarantee Smith \$5,000 if the latter would give up his percentage plan several months back. Now Buckley wants Jones to keep his promise.

So it is up to the loquacious Jones whether we are to see a battle that promises to settle the "white hope" question, for the time being at least.

Creighton Takes to Road to Meet Some of the Crack Teams

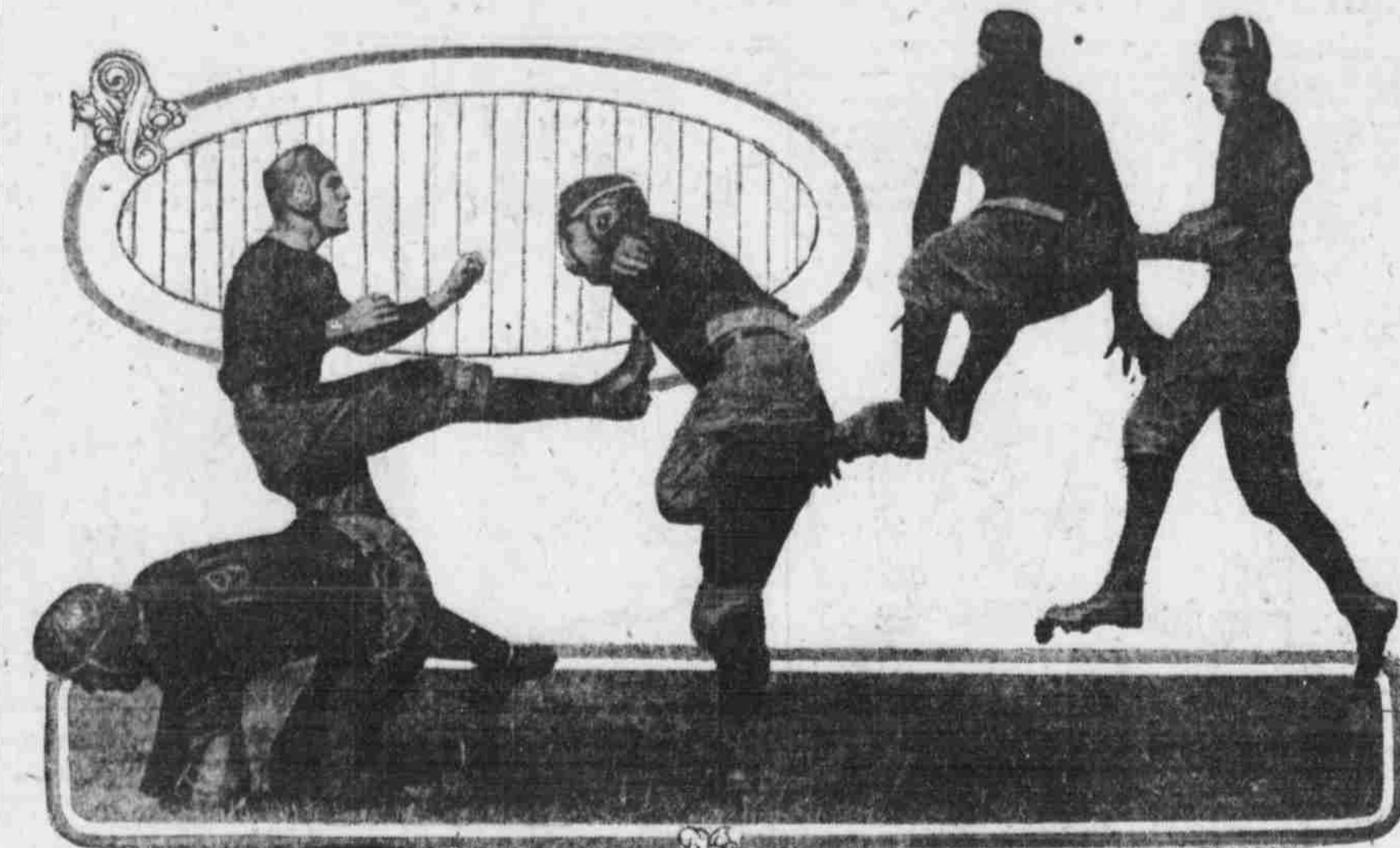
Omaha fans have seen the last of the Creighton foot ball team for three weeks. Yesterday's game with Wesleyan was the last local game until Baker university comes here three weeks hence. The Thanksgiving game with South Dakota here is the only big local one remaining.

Next Saturday the Creighton team will make their first trip of the year, going to St. Paul, Minn., where they meet the St. Thomas college squad. The last battle between these two teams, staged in Omaha two years ago, resulted in a 6-0 tie.

Following the St. Thomas game, Marquette will meet the Omaha men. Creighton will enter this game fearfully handicapped because of the freshman rule, which will bar a number of this year's newcomers. They will probably take the trip on the promise that no inducement the Northern Dutchman can offer will cause them to break training.

There is no truth to the report that the Creighton foot ball men will give a reception to the Haskell Indians when they pass through Omaha this week on their way to North Bend, Ind., where they meet Notre Dame.

Princeton Team Attempting to Block a Punt



YALE ELEVEN WINNING OUT

Eli's Eleven Gaining Ground with Every Game it Plays.

LEGORE MAN OF THE HOUR

Fullback and Kicker of the Team Is the Most Extraordinary of All Men on Frank Hinkey's New Formation.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 24.—The suspicion is gaining ground with every game that Yale foot ball is coming into its own again under Frank Hinkey. Coming into its own, with the old-time powerful attack, that will not be denied when a yard or two is needed; coming into its own, with its offense built around a backfield star, who bids fair to rank with Perry Hale and Ted Coy, in the annals of the Blue.

Legore is the man of the hour at New Haven. Harry Legore, twenty years young, fullback and kicker extraordinary of Hinkey's benchmen.

Mercedburg academy developed Legore—Mercedburg that has developed so many great athletes for the college world, in every branch of sport.

The first time we ever heard of Harry was not as a foot baller at all. It was as a shortstop, on one of the best prep school teams we have ever seen. Mercedburg was playing Lawrenceville. This is the blue ribbon event in scholastic circles here in the east, similar to a Yale-Harvard or Yale-Princeton battle in the collegiate ranks. Legore won the game for Mercedburg with a home run in the seventh inning.

Attracts Connie Mack. Legore was such a diamond luminary as a school boy a few years ago that he and Fritz, who now plays with Joe Tinker's Chicago Federal league team, attracted the attention of no less a person than Connie Mack. Fitz finally was lured into the professional fold, but Legore was ambitious for a college career and entered Yale instead.

At Mercedburg, as well as being a star foot ball and base ball man, he was rated as the best tennis player in the school, and played on the basketball team as well. It is his basketball training that makes his handling of the pigskin so sure and his passing accurate.

Yale seems to have drawn the prize of the year in Legore. We do not believe that Harry is apt to outshine Ted Coy on the gridiron, but he is apt to prove every bit as valuable. In fact, his playing is very much on the Coy order.

He is a good line smasher, a fine open field runner, one of the best men we have ever seen with the forward pass and the best kicker, barring the unfortunate Brickley, that the year has shown.

His punts have averaged well over forty yards, and he has shown the handy knack of placing the ball well and getting it into the end zone.

Nothing Like It in Our Family

BY F. S. KURTZ

The American Warrier. His head was swathed in a linen band. His arms were covered with scars. His face was around each hand. This stoney son of Mars.

He tottered along on a shaky crutch. His face was black and blue—somewhat how he endured so much. And yet saw the battle through.

A warrior's suit was this youth so sore. With a spirit that would not quit. A hero big in a nation's war. And he lived to tell the tale.

I asked him how he had dodged the fuss. Then he woke me from my dream. For he had escaped a most terrible fuss. Making the freshman team.

Oakland (Cal.) is said to have a cross-eyed pitcher who can watch the batter, the base runner and the official score at the same time. He's waiting his time; he should be working for W. J. Burns.

Our idea of a close shave in a foot ball game is winning with a safety.

This photograph shows splendidly the great speed of the Princeton foot ball line. Three men have broken through to block the punt and two are actually in the air with both feet just at the moment the camera clicks. Another man has been thrown to his knees. Of the five men in the picture only three feet altogether are on the ground. It is seldom that such a remarkably "action picture" is obtained. It was snapped in the course of the game with Rutgers.

EVERS KEEPS WORD OF HONOR

Keeps Faith in Negotiations Between Federals and Boston.

MOVE NETS HIM BIG MONEY

Just Because He Was Honest with Men He Was Dealing with, He Received a Bonus of Twenty-Five Thousand.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—If John J. Evers, the captain of the new world's champions, had broken his word of honor last winter he would not have cleaned up \$20,000 this year for his services on the ball field. When President Gaffney of the Boston Braves received permission from the National league to negotiate with Evers after the little Trojan had been declared a free agent because of the trouble with Charles Webb Murphy, he took Evers into a private room at the Waldorf.

"I want you to sign with the Boston club, Johnny," said Gaffney. "I am prepared to talk terms with you now."

"I have given my word to the Chicago Federal league men, Wegman and Tinker, that I will talk with nobody until they have named their terms," replied Evers. "But I will also promise to come back and accept your terms if they equal the Chicago figures."

"Your word is good enough for me, my boy," responded the Boston magnate. "Go up to the Knickerbocker and see the 'eds, as you have agreed to do."

Evers promptly left Gaffney and ten minutes later he was closeted with Gilmore, Wegman, Tinker, Knabe, Hanlon and other 'eds. Evers was asked to count a big roll of yellowbacks on the table. He counted \$25,000 in cash, and was told he could have it in advance if he would sign a three-years' contract at \$15,000 a year.

See Gaffney First. "I'll have to see Gaffney first," explained Evers, as the 'eds urged him to accept. "I gave my word I wouldn't sign with you before he had a chance to do business with me."

So Evers returned to the Waldorf, much to the surprise of the 'eds, and when Gaffney met him Johnny related what had happened.

"Just because you kept your word, Johnny, I'll give you a bonus of \$25,000 in cash if you will sign for three years at \$10,000 a year," said the Braves' owner. "If we finish first you will have an extra \$5,000 and also money coming from the world's series."

Evers signed up at once and he isn't a bit sorry. Several years ago the little second baseman lost his savings, \$15,000, in a business venture in Troy. On top of this he broke his leg during a game with the Cubs and also had an automobile accident, in which a Chicago newspaper man, who was his closest friend, was killed. Evers became a nervous wreck and did not play again until 1912. He succeeded Chance as manager of the Cubs two years ago and received another shock when Murphy suddenly deposed him in favor of Hank O'Day. It's almost a sure thing that Evers next year will receive another bonus for acting as the Braves' field marshal. He says that it says to be on the square.

Heavy War Machines

Bow to Little Ford

H. B. White, general European manager of the Ford Motor company, just returned to Detroit from Paris, has some interesting observations on the use of motor cars in the great war.

"The French government," said Mr. White, "has requisitioned only the big cars—from forty to sixty horsepower, and just those with enclosed bodies. These are being used generally to carry dispatches and reports between field headquarters and transporting staff officers. What one might expect with such heavy cars is to be used on our front from Paris to Havre we passed dozens of these big, heavy cars out of business and abandoned on the roadside. I prophesy that in two months most of them will be out of commission entirely."

The light, strong Ford, before the war began, had proved wonderfully successful in the army maneuvers, being able to go even across country. Many Fords are armed with rapid-fire guns. I believe that within three months if the war continues light cars like the Ford—and all the Fords that are got—will be in general field operation in the war zone."

MITCHELL UNKNOWN TO FANS

However, He Was One of the Big Men in Boston's Victory.

STALLINGS VALUES HIM HIGH

Manager of the Beaneaters Declares that Mysterious Player is Entitled to Ten Shares of Prize Money.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Base ball fans in Oskosh, Painted Post, Cohoes and other outlying precincts, have heard all about the miracle wrought by George Stallings. They know what Johnny Evers has accomplished for the Boston Braves and what Hank Gowdy's batting average was in the world's series. The pitching of Dick Randolph and Bill James was discussed with no more fervor in big league cities than it was in Kokomo, Kanakake, Kokuk, or Kalmaroo, and "Rabbit" Maranville provided inspiration for every schoolboy shortstop in the country. A fan is a fan, no matter where he takes root, and he thinks he knows all there is to be known about championship teams.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it is asserted that not one base ball fan in ten knows who Fred Mitchell is. Mitchell's name appears among the list of twenty-six Boston players who split up nearly \$15,000 for beating the Athletics. He was a big factor in Boston's sensational victory, and George Stallings says he is entitled to ten shares of the prize money instead of one.

Mitchell is no less a mystery to the small town fan than he is to a great majority of enthusiasts who saw the Braves perform in National league cities last season. He is a world's series hero whose light has been hidden under a bushel. Modest and retiring, he shuns publicity.

Mitchell's Record. Now that you are all pines and needles to know who this "mysterious Mitchell" is, here is his record. He once worked for Connie Mack, is a former Yankee catcher, and now has a job for life with George Stallings, whose man Friday he is. Next to Evers Stallings gives Mitchell more credit for moulding the Braves into a great team than any other member of that remarkable family.

After the third game of the world's series Stallings was standing in the lobby of the Hotel Plaza in Boston receiving the congratulations of base ball men from all over the country. A smooth featured, swarthy, stocky man of about thirty-five strolled along. He nodded to Stallings and did not even stop to join in the conversation.

"You fellows have had a lot to say about me," remarked Stallings to some base ball writers, "and you have given a lot of publicity to members of my team, but you have all overlooked one of my stars. There he goes. I consider Fred Mitchell the most valuable lieutenant any manager ever had. His coaching of my pitchers is responsible, as much as any other factor, for the wonderful success of the Braves. Mitchell was the first man I hired when Jim Gaffney engaged me to manage the Braves, and he is the best investment I ever made, considering what he cost me."

Started as Pitcher.

Fred Mitchell came into the big leagues as a pitcher with the Philadelphia Athletics some twelve seasons ago. His name was Fred Yapp, but for obvious reasons he changed it. Mitchell's most notable feat while a member of the Athletics was the forcing in of the winning run by a base on balls in an extra-inning game with the St. Louis Browns, who gave the Athletics a hard run for the pennant in 1907. Later he drifted to Boston, and his last engagement as a big league pitcher was with the Phillies. He dropped back to the minors and became a catcher.

When Stallings managed the Yankees he brought Mitchell back into last company as a catcher at the Hilltop. Fred participated in the city series between the Giants and Yankees in 1910 after Stallings was ousted. The next season he went back to the International league and toiled at Rochester and Buffalo until he was again promoted by Stallings.

Was Stallings' Chief Aid.

In 1913 Stallings was in charge at Buffalo and Mitchell was his chief aid. Stallings always gave Mitchell credit for the great showing of the Yankee pitchers in 1915, when the hurling staff of the Hilltop was considered the best in the American league and Russell Ford was the headliner.

Stallings signed a Boston contract in the fall of 1915. "President Gaffney told me to go as far as I liked in building my team," said Stallings, "and the first man I wanted to start with brains. We traded and swapped until only a few of the old players were left. At the end of my first season in Boston he had a fair staff of pitchers. Mitchell had been on

Catching Spinning

Foot Ball Not the Easiest of Tricks

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—A foot ball expert says: "The art of catching a thrown ball in the arms began to pass with the development of tossing spirals. As the ball is now thrown it spins rapidly upon its long axis, and is best caught in the hands as basket ball is caught. This is the surest way. In attempting to catch it in the chest, the hand, or the stomach, it strikes the chest or stomach, sometimes with vicious force, and in any event is liable to bound out from the fingers and thus be missed. In 1905, when the forward pass was first taken up, the old end-over-end method of passing was in vogue, and the ball, thus tumbling, was only to be caught in the arms, as are most of the punts today. Not every player, even today, can throw the swift, straight spiral—a feat which is a feat about it. Beginners achieve it by pressing their fingers against the lacing as the ball lies in the palm of the hand; as the pigskin is thrown the spin is thus imparted by the fingers. Good forward passers attain the spin without having to bother where their fingers are placed. It is a beautiful sight as the ball comes along, spinning sideways, speeding towards one's arms like a small Zepplin. Spirals can be thrown extraordinary distances. 'Mike' Boland of Princeton makes something of sixty-yard tosses in practice. Outler of the 1908 Harvard eleven was one of the first to achieve the perfect spiral throw; Potter, also of Harvard, was another good man, but Sprackling of Brown has never been equaled in the east. Elevens ambitious for success with the forward pass would do well to study the way in which Sprackling and Ashbaugh used to work it."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

Cured Ben Pool of Throat, Ala., after being dragged over a gravel roadbed. Soothes, healing and antiseptic. 25 cents. All druggists.—Advertisement.

Pittsburgh All Harmony.

The Pittsburgh infield has been weak all season, but Manager Oakes is not to blame. He took charge of a team that was built for two years ago. "Mike" Boland went with it in a way for he has his men fighting for every inch of ground. There never was a team that possessed more spirit or harmony among its players. The players perhaps realize that the club is to be a much stronger outfit next season and see better times ahead.

The North Omaha Athletic club will give a program Friday night at its club rooms, Twenty-fourth and Broadway streets. The main event of the evening will consist of a four-round boxing contest between Beau Murray and Charlie Muller, late sparring partner of Sam Langford. As a preliminary Young O'Neil and Ed Ryan will box four rounds, while several wrestling bouts will complete the evening's entertainment.

Firey Blood Disorders Checked

The Sources of Disease are Cleaned and Blood Purified

Those who have used S. S. S. marvel at the way it cleans the blood. See a man today with his skin all broken out; see him again in a week or two after using S. S. S. and he is a wonder to behold, all cleared up, skin healthy, eyes bright, a big smile reveals the drop. What is S. S. S. that can accomplish such wonderful results? First of all it is a natural medicine. Like milk, eggs and other foods that can not be limited, S. S. S. owes it to Nature for its power to overcome disease just as food prevents emaciation. S. S. S. is not a combination of prescription drugs. It is a preparation direct from medicinal plants that retain all the virtue potency of what we need, what we must have in the blood to counteract those destructive tendencies that assail us throughout life. If it were not for our natural secretions to sustain us, aided by such known helps as S. S. S. there would be small chance of any of us surviving childhood.

Get a bottle of S. S. S. today from any druggist but be careful to avoid the substitutes peddled off on the unwary. S. S. S. is prepared only by The Well Specific Co., 23 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and for private medical advice write briefly your symptoms to their medical department. They will take excellent care of you.

BOOK ON Dog Diseases AND HOW TO FEED Mailed Free to any address by the author H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S. 118 West 31st Street New York