

Our Antediluvian Ancestors

Drawn for The Bee by F. Opper



HOW A 'BONER' WON A GAME

Mister Sprafka of Minnesota Saves Team from Defeat by Getting Signals Crossed.

COUNTS TOUCHDOWN BY PLAY

By FRANK G. MENKE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Usually when a man flutters the consequences are dire; when he makes a glaring error he usually suffers. But a gent named Sprafka made a "boner"—an inexcusable error—last fall and thereby saved his team from a beating on the gridiron and enabled it to tie for the championship of the western conference.

Sprafka was a substitute halfback and end on the Minnesota eleven in 1915. He looked promising, but that was all. It didn't look as if he would get a real chance to display his wares during 1915 as Minnesota had a great regular backfield and some very classy substitutes.

But Sprafka did get a chance—and at the most unexpected time. And it came during Minnesota's clash with Illinois. Bierman, the great Minnesota full back, was injured a few days before that game was played and was in no shape to enter the combat. To add to Minnesota's seeming misfortune, some of the best substitute backfield men were in bad shape.

"You work today," said Coach Williams to Sprafka, while the team was en route to Urbana.

"All right, sir," replied Sprafka, "but before I do I'll have to be coached a little as to signals."

Sprafka "learns" signals. And then it was that Williams remembered that Sprafka never had been permitted to learn the signals, Williams immediately busied himself in teaching the signals to Sprafka, but they were long and complicated ones, and having so many of them drilled into him at one time slightly confused Sprafka.

Well, the game began with Sprafka back of the line. He performed brilliantly during the early part of the game, and seemed to have memorized the signals thoroughly. And then came the "all-up."

Minnesota had the ball somewhere near Illinois' thirty-yard line with score 0-0. The Gopher quarterback chanted the signals, and as the first numbers dropped from his lips, the backfield shifted over toward the right side of the Minnesota line. The end came in close and it looked as if the Gophers were going to try for a drive through that side.

That's just exactly what the plan was, but Sprafka kicked it to pieces. When the ball was passed to him he didn't shoot toward the right, where a mass of interference was afforded him—where his teammates were drilling holes in the Illinois line for him to plough through.

Not Mr. Sprafka. He did something else. He grabbed that ball and ran toward the left, where there was no interference waiting for him, where there was nothing but enemy linemen in front of him.

And Sprafka broke through that line, outran the Illinois end, dodged the defensive halfback of the Illinois eleven and planted the ball behind the Illinois goal line for a touchdown.

The Illinois players were amazed at the daring of that play—of sending a man through the line without any help whatever. But their amazement was nothing in comparison with that of Sprafka's teammates. When the ball was given to Sprafka his mates hurried themselves at the Illinois line. They made a hole—and they thought Sprafka was following them through. They turned to look and they saw no Sprafka. They looked back to see if he had stumbled or fallen, at which moment a wild roar broke loose from the Minnesota cheering squad. And not until then did the Gophers know that Sprafka, by getting the signals mixed, had scored a touchdown, unaided by his teammates.

That touchdown made by Sprafka was Minnesota's only score during the game. A short time later Illinois made a touchdown, bringing about a 6 to 6 tie. That's the way the game ended. If Sprafka hadn't got those signals mixed, the chances are that Illinois would have emerged as a victor and that Minnesota, instead of trying for the championship, would have been listed among the "also-rans" in the race for the conference title.

LEWIS SHOWS HE IS A CHAMP

English Laddie Disarranges Features of Willie Ritchie and Earns Bid to Title.

IS THE BEST OF THE WELTERS

By RINGSIDE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—We reiterate our claim, made several weeks ago, that Kid Lewis is the greatest welterweight extant. And as such he should be universally recognized as the champion of that division.

It is not for us to place Lewis on the welterweight pedestal, and idolize him as the champion. It is for Lewis himself to fight his way to that position. And, it is our humble belief, that he will lose no time in doing just that very thing.

Lewis started his championship campaign some ten days ago, when he took the best welterweight in America—Willie Ritchie—is that person—and lambasted out of him every titular aspiration the latter ever entertained. Ritchie went into the ring one and three-quarter pounds above the welterweight standard of 142 pounds, while Lewis came in scaling 139. Only a disparity of four pounds, but enough of an advantage for a fighter of Ritchie's caliber to enhance into a victory. But Ritchie could not turn this advantage to profit, for Lewis always showed the master hand.

The welterweight division was really exalted in the Lewis-Ritchie fight. After a hiatus of many years the division has jumped into popular favor once more, and at the head of it is a Britisher—a Britisher for the time being at most. For Ted-Kid Lewis desires to become an American citizen, and as soon as practicable he will forswear his allegiance to King George.

When his claim to the welterweight title is established he will be among the youngest of ring champions. Lewis first began wearing crowns—of the sort used to distinguish boxing champions—at the tender age of 17. That was less than five years ago. He won the bantamweight championship of England and then hit the trail for Australia. There he added weight rapidly and became featherweight champion. He returned to England, and challenged to a brush for the lightweight title of the Isles; but Freddie graciously retreated and came to America. Lewis, persistent lad, followed the Pontypridd boxer across the Big-Drink. But Welsh, just as persistent in dodging, refused to have anything to do with Lewis, so far as the ring was concerned.

Cleans Up Phil Bloom. Lewis came here in the fall of 1914, and in his first appearance here disarranged the features of one Phil Bloom. The latter outwitted his tow-headed rival many rounds, but Lewis showed latent possibilities and he was promptly placed under the protecting wing of Jimmy Johnston, who is managing his affairs after a "break" had occurred.

The climate of the amalgamated states evidently agreed with Lewis, for he bounded right into the lightweight division, where he snopped around for nearly a year, beating some of the best performers in that division. Even Charley White, the Chicago whirlwind, succumbed to Lewis' cleverness.

As there were no more lightweight contenders, Lewis begged his manager to resurrect the welterweight division and proclaim him the champion. This Johnston unhesitatingly did, after Lewis had promised to defend the self-imposed title against all comers.

While Ritchie was the first legitimate welterweight to fall victim, Lewis has gone so far as to box middleweights with unflinching success, but now that he has a regular vocation—boxing the welterweights—it is unlikely that he will step out of that pasture unless forced to do so by sided weight. He still has three pounds to go to hit the welterweight mark. And he is at his best under the 142 pounds.

Packey Enters a Word. Hark! We hear a sound as from a tomb. Why, it is the mournful wail of our own Patrick McParland. He desires to know why he, of all persons, should be left out of the welterweight consideration.

Of course, Packey is about trying to prove his right to the 142-pound championship; but he neglects to state that he can never make that poundage. Yet he would be champion, although he has long outgrown the welterweight division.

For years Packey went along beating up lightweight men who was a welterweight himself. Now when he is a full-

Omaha's Skating Champion



NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Omaha's skating champion is G. C. Vaughn, more familiarly known as "Pete."

Mr. Vaughn is the Omaha representative for Coca Cola.

If there is anything in the line of fancy skating that Mr. Vaughn can do Omaha ice sharks want to see it. Every trick that Brokaw and Bappte and the other highly salaried professionals perform, Vaughn performs, even to Brokaw's sensational trick of whirling a girl or boy around his head. Vaughn frequently does the stunt out at Hanson park, when he can find a youngster who can hold him-

self rigid and is willing to take a chance. Cutting continuous figures is a pastime for the Omaha skater, either by using the points of his skates or continuously on one skate without the use of the other one at all.

Vaughn is a familiar sight at Hanson park and one or two other of the city's ponds. Often Vaughn has appeared on the ice at Hanson park with the result that the police have had to refuse to allow him to show his tricks, because the other skaters crowd around him so that there is danger of the ice breaking.

Vaughn is an Omaha product. He learned all his skating here and he is still content to do his tricks in this city. While Vaughn is only an amateur and skating is a pleasure, not a business, Omaha skating fans do not believe that Brokaw or Bappte or any of the rest of them can give "Pete" any lessons.

Sisler Lines Up Half a Dozen Jobs Before Taking One

Young Sisler, of the Browns, who is as good a pitcher as he is an outfielder, and equally clever at first base, is no piker. As soon as the base ball season was over he started hunting for a job. Branch Rickey, manager of the Browns, took him on an auto tour and tried to have him spend a few days at his home, but Sisler wanted to go out after a position as soon as possible. He went to Detroit and started out on a search through the auto factories. In a brief time he got half a dozen offers, while most fellows are satisfied with one job. He finally accepted one, the name of which we will not mention, but which manufactures a fine car. "Why did you go after so many places after you had one cinched and nailed down?" asked Rickey, when he met Sisler some days later. "You see, it's this way," explained Sisler. "I wanted to get as many as I could so as I could choose out the best one."

JONES AND SANFORD ARE STILL AFTER YALE JOB

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 8.—There is still no authentic news as to who will be selected as head coach for the Yale foot ball eleven. Ted Jones is still mentioned as a likely candidate by those who know little or nothing about the matter—which is not to say he may not be named—while Foster Sanford is still in the running. From the west comes information that no surprise would be occasioned in Minneapolis if Dr. H. I. Williams was selected to serve as mentor to Yale's Telemachus.

"FIELDER JONES" DAY TO BE HELD IN COMISKEY LOT

STARTED AS A PILL PEDDLER

Ten Years Ago Harry Sinclair Was a Clerk in Drug Store at Tulsa, Okla.

NOW HE IS WORTH MILLIONS

Residents of Tulsa, Okl., who patronized the town drug store ten years ago had no idea the energetic young clerk who waited on them would some day be a millionaire and the biggest figure in base ball.

Neither did the clerk. But Harry Sinclair—the clerk—got some money on an accident policy and invested it in oil fields. Before long his oil wells were pouring a stream of gold into his pockets. He built a mansion that cost \$150,000 and became one of Oklahoma's most influential citizens.

Just about the time the oil wells were producing in the neighborhood of 8,000 barrels of oil a day, with oil selling at more than \$1 a barrel, Phil Ball, a millionaire who had backed the Federal league club in St. Louis happened to meet Sinclair in Tulsa.

"How's the base ball business?" Sinclair asked. "Expensive," said Ball. "Any money in it?"

"No; but it's lots of fun. Better come in and get your feet wet." Before many months passed Sinclair was set clear up to the knees. He got in for \$500,000. He backed the Kansas City Federal league club.

When the proposition lost more than \$300,000 for him last season, he did not bat an eye. He simply had the Kansas City franchise transferred to New York, took an option on property valued at \$1,000,000 and announced he would give New York the finest ball park in the country.

No Yellow Oil Man. Magnates of organized base ball had always wanted peace, but figured the Feds were licked to a frazzle and the only thing to do was to sit back and wait for the blowout. When they saw there was no quit to Sinclair and no limit to his coin supply, they began to figure differently.

"This Sinclair's got too much money," they said. When Fed magnates offered a settlement proposition, they found listeners. Garry Herrmann's office became headquarters of the peace dove, and an armistice was declared. Sinclair, a man with a gambler's instinct and the money to back it up, had forced a move for settlement of base ball's biggest problem.

Now Sinclair will take the million he is going to spend for ball grounds and buy his way into the New York Giants. Once in organized base ball, he'll have a lot to say about how it's conducted.

Red Watson Tries To Put One Over in Australia—Curtain

In Australia they take their sports very seriously. Sport is a great part of the life in that far-off country, and they indulge in it to their hearts' content. The public likes to have the promoters and the contestants live up to the rules, and they do not take kindly to excuses.

Red Watson, the California welterweight, was recently given a taste of the way they do things over there. Watson had made an agreement to fight at 142 pounds. He neglected his training, and the night of the fight the promoters would be forced to use him, as they would be unable to get anyone to take his place on such short notice.

Watson appeared at the ringside weighing 155 pounds. But that is as far as he got away with anything. The promoters called the fight off at once, gave the spectators their money back, that is, all who wanted it, and then put on a substitute bout.

Butler College Has One-Legged Athlete

Butler college at Indianapolis has a one-legged athlete who is said to be a wonder. His name is Robert Garver, and he plays basket ball, tennis and base ball. Garver was injured five years ago, necessitating the amputation of his left leg just above the knee. He is very shifty and can go to the side or back more quickly than many of his opponents in basket ball.

The Hypodermic Needle

By FRED S. HUNTER

Our Travelogue No. 10. Seattle, Wash., is a city of two seasons June, July and August and rain. Thus the abbreviation of Washington to "Wash." is quite apropos. Seattle advertises that its climate is exceedingly healthful and inviting. It is, if you don't live there.

The business district of Seattle runs along three streets, First, Second and Third avenues. Edward Peyton Weston could have a good time shopping in Seattle, but the ordinary individual would do better to take a Pullman in, taking the trip along one of the above avenues. Seattle used to have one other street of more importance than First, Second or Third avenues. That was Pike street. But on January 1, 1916, they hung crepe on Pike street, so the avenue now have the edge. Yeaser Way is another thoroughfare of Seattle with a distinction. Yeaser Way is the one perpendicular street of the United States. You can fall down it or roll down, either method is good. Going up you ride in a cable car and try to keep from falling out of the car by grabbing the gripman around the ear.

Seattle is also some city of hills. Rome boasts of seven hills, but Seattle has Rome cheated by about eight hundred thousand. Mount McKinley is said to be in Alaska, but its twin brother is somewhere in Seattle.

Seattle has a Totem Pole. World tales of the theft of this Totem Pole from the Indians of Alaska are always related for the edification of visitors. The citizens declare it is the only genuine Totem Pole in the United States. Then you go down to Tacoma, some thirty-three miles south, and lamp another Totem Pole in the public square. Tacoma insists its Totem Pole is the only genuine one, and applies such uncomplimentary phrases as "four-flushers, liars, scoundrels, knockers and bums" to the citizens of Seattle.

Seattle and Tacoma also have another row on it. It is over a certain peak nearby. Seattle calls the said peak Mount Rainier. Tacoma calls it Mount Tacoma. All of which is something to fight over, as the peak doesn't do either town any good.

Seattle is one of the several towns of these United States which did not greet 1916 with open arms and eclat. For when the young year heaved into view he began to run things. He started out by closing the gates of Seattle's irrigation project. And Seattle had some irrigation project. More people could be seen on the streets of Seattle at 11 o'clock at night than at Sixth and Farnam streets at midday. And the large majority were always well irrigated. Now all the irrigation is confined to water, and the people of Seattle are for the first time learning that water is used for other things besides running under bridges. They will play slow and sad music in Seattle in distant years when 1916 is mentioned.

But 1916 will make one thing possible in Seattle. Its people may be able to pronounce the name of the morning newspaper there. It is the Post-Intelligencer. In the past this handle was too much to tackle, so they merely called it the P-I.

Seattle has a forty-two-story building, and to hear 'em talk about it you'd think the Woolworth, Singer and Metropolitan buildings didn't exist.

Seattle is chiefly noted for the fact that Portus Baxter, its leading sporting editor, is the possessor of \$40,000 and an eight-cylinder automobile and, believe us, that is some distinction.

EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST, AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET.

Enter Guy Reed of the University of Nebraska at the meeting of the National Athletic association in New York City. Introduction of Mr. Reed to the various delegates. Much emphasis placed on the fact that Mr. Reed represented Nebraska, for whom the well known Mr. Chamberlain played foot ball last year, and will also play again next fall.

"I would like to schedule a foot ball game with some eastern team," suggested Mr. Reed. Mr. Reed spoke thusly to the representatives of Dartmouth, West Point and Colgate.

Conferences of representatives of Dartmouth, West Point and Colgate. "Nebraska is in the Missouri Valley conference," announces the man from Dartmouth.

Look up rules of Missouri Valley conference. Find rules will not permit member of the conference to play any place except in the city or town one of the opposing schools is located in.

Rush back to find Mr. Reed. "We'll show you westerners up. We'll show you the east has got the west beaten a mile when it comes to foot ball. We'll give you a game. We'll play you in New York City." This unanimously from the representatives of Dartmouth, West Point and Colgate.

Be it remembered Dartmouth is located at Hanover, N. H., West Point at West Point, N. Y., and Colgate at Hamilton, N. Y.

Then, Twinkle, twinkle, hase ball star, Now, Now I wonder where you are, Then, A year ago you were so cute, Now, But now we see you chute-the-chute.

Shades of Baranum. Chicago is going to have two six-day bike races at one and the same time. Bill we do not understand how there is to be absolute peace in base ball as long as there are umpires and Johnny Evers.

The magnate counted o'er his dough, And had enough to last a year or so, And straight away he threw in high, And belittled forth this curdling cry, "War!"

The magnate counted o'er his dough, And found said dough was mighty low, And straight away he bowed his head, And this soft word was what he said, "Peace!"

BRANCH RICKEY, IT IS SAID, WILL BE A LAWYER

One report in St. Louis has it that Branch Rickey, who gives way to Fleider Jones as manager of the Browns, will go into a law partnership with Judge George Williams, who was one of the attorneys of organized ball in the anti-trust suits brought by the Feds before Judge Landis.

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