

ESS PROMOTES OWN BOUT

Jack Curley Merely Figurehead and Willard is Putting up His Own Guarantee.

FIGURES ON A HUGE GATE

By RINGSIDE. NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—Jess Willard has signed tentative articles to fight Frank Moran in this burg "sometime in April."

The bout is scheduled for ten rounds, and the promoter is announced as Jack Curley, who arranged the match with Johnson that eventuated in Willard retrieving the heavyweight championship to the Caucasian race.

Further, Willard is to receive \$2,000, with a guarantee of 4 per cent of the gross receipts. The contract is valid only on condition that Moran signs before February 1. The battle site has not been determined as yet.

These are all the details that have been furnished to a palpitating public. If the real facts must be known, they are that Jess Willard (not Jack Curley) is the promoter, and that the most commendable privately-owned amphitheater will be the battleground. Also, the date of the mill probably will be extended until the latter part of May—decoration day, most likely.

It does not require an elastic imagination to see why Jess Willard should be the actual promoter of such a battle. He has the money to float the proposition. The sum mentioned—\$2,000—would be the highest Jess could expect from an out-caster for a ten-round bout here. At that, it would establish a high-water mark for a purse for one man to become embroiled with another for only ten rounds.

But even this sum would not entice Willard back into the ring with the most formidable contender for his title—Frank Moran. Not after Jack Curley had Willard's ear for a few moments.

By a simple process of reasoning Jack Curley figured, really that a Willard-Moran match, at reasonable prices, would draw at least a \$100,000 gate. Computed on a basis of charging \$1 to \$5, or an average of \$3 per head, the bout would draw \$100,000 in one of the local ball parks, any of which can comfortably seat 10,000 persons.

Simple enough, eh? Some may argue a \$100,000 gate is beyond reason. Well, don't you recall that the Willard-Moran match, at reasonable prices, would draw at least a \$100,000 gate. Computed on a basis of charging \$1 to \$5, or an average of \$3 per head, the bout would draw \$100,000 in one of the local ball parks, any of which can comfortably seat 10,000 persons.

Spring "Ringer" on Farmer Burns, but Burns Does Him Up. Farmer Burns has just returned to Omaha after a tour through Indiana and Ohio, the supposed of the Young Men's Christian association. The Farmer visited all the prominent cities and lectured to the "Y" lads.

On his way back to Omaha Burns stopped off in Des Moines and gave a lecture. He also gave an exhibition of wrestling and in so doing put one over on the Des Moines boys who had in turn attempted to put one over on the Farmer. A husky youngster named Clyde Wright was introduced and he was to give an exhibition with Burns. The Farmer looked the lad over and had his suspicions that all was not well.

"Does he belong to the Young Men's Christian association?" inquired Burns of the director.

"No, but he's going to join," responded that individual.

Whereupon the Farmer proceeded to give Mr. Wright a little rouging and in so doing dumped him in seven minutes. The Farmer ordinarily is a gentle person, but the thought that a "ringer" had been turned loose on him riled him somewhat and Mr. Wright decided the lot of the "ringer" was not his.

HINKY A TRUE YALE HERO

Fired as Eli Coach, Mentor Princeton at New Haven and Saves Princeton Game for School.

ALSO FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

By FRANK G. MENKE. NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—Frank Hinkey was "fired" out of his job as Yale foot ball coach, whereupon he "squared" accounts with an action that netted the Yale and Harvard Athletic associations \$50,000 each, probably more.

Most men disgraced as Hinkey was disgraced by Yale's boy captain would have quit the Yale foot ball field forever. But not Hinkey. He was made of better, purer stuff. Yale decided that it didn't need him any longer—but Hinkey lingered because of the almost barren hope that he might still be of help to Yale. And he was.

When Tom Shevlin came from out the west to take charge of Yale's foot ball affairs, Hinkey was shoved into the background. And there he remained until that crucial moment in the Yale-Princeton game when he came to the fore, saved the game for Yale, gave Shevlin the chance to be showered with plaudits—and made \$50,000 for Yale and Harvard.

Hinkey's Watchfulness. Hinkey was in the stands when the Yale-Princeton game began. With a pair of powerful field glasses he swept the field, watching every play.

The score was 13 to 7 in Yale's favor when the last period began. For the first seven or eight minutes of that quarter the battle raged near midfield without either side getting much of an advantage. And then Princeton got the ball somewhere near the fifty-yard line and began its memorable march down the field.

From near midfield to the ten or twelve-yard line, the Tiger backs smashed through the Yale line for gains of from two to six yards. Every spectator at that game knew that something was wrong with the Yale defense. But Hinkey alone learned what it was, jumped from the stands and hunted up Shevlin.

"Tom, you'd better put some one in place of Jim Sheldon," advised Hinkey. "He's all in. Princeton is aiming all its attacks at him—and they're gaining."

Even as Hinkey spoke, the Tiger quarterback sent another play against Jim Sheldon—and the Tiger halfback carried the ball to the six-yard line.

Shevlin sent big Walden in at that moment and recalled Sheldon, who was in a pitiful condition. The Yale youngster had stood up under the merciless hammering of the Tiger backfield all through that period and his splendid young strength was gone.

Time is Turned. Walden, fresh and full of fight, jumped into Sheldon's place. Princeton hurled a play at him and he hurled it back. Princeton tried a play against the other Yale flank and it held.

Backed by the plunging up of the hole through which they had made such huge gains, the Tigers decided upon a desperate play. With the ball only six yards from the Yale goal line, Captain Glick signalled for a trick formation. Princeton furnished the ball in the play. Yale recovered it with only about two minutes to play and the crisis was over. Victory for Yale was assured.

Shevlin wasn't in a position where he could notice Jim Sheldon's condition. If it hadn't been for Hinkey's watchfulness, Sheldon would have been permitted to remain in the game. Had he lingered, the Princeton captain, realizing Sheldon's condition, would have aimed a few more plays at him and undoubtedly sent a man over the line for a touchdown.

A touchdown for Princeton would have tied the score, 13-13, and given Princeton a chance to kick field goal, which would have made the count Princeton, 14, Yale, 13, had the kick been made.

The \$50,000 Difference. Yale's victory revived interest in the Yale-Harvard combat that was staged a week later. Yale's showing up to the Princeton game was a miserable one. There was no wild demand for tickets for that Yale-Harvard game. The enthusiasts would have paid \$2 to see a foot ball game, but they didn't want to part with that much money to see a slaughter.

Want Sinclair to Be Mayor of Tulsa. Harry F. Sinclair is threatened with politics. The republican party wants him to accept the nomination for mayor of the city of Tulsa. Sinclair runs about everything in Tulsa as it is, so why bother. He owns the bank, the newspaper, most of the oil and some few other things.

Amateur Base Ball Managers After Scalp of J. Dennison. Johnny Dennison, the scrappy manager of the Luxus team, is scheduled to learn a few things he never knew before when the annual meeting of the Greater Omaha league, in which the Luxus hold a franchise, is held.

Johnny, he is remembered, copped the pennant in the Greater Omaha league last year. Also he walked off with the city championship and his crew of athletes got a trip to Cleveland as a reward. This in itself was sufficient to arouse the fire of jealousy in the breasts of hostile managers.

Then, this winter, Dennison steps out and signs up a bunch of Omaha's best amateur talent, including Johnny Hazen, the class of the city at second base, and Gus Probst, who leads 'em all at third base. According to the dope, the Luxus crew, consisting, as it does, of last year's champs and a couple of mighty powerful additions, looks like an easy repeater in 1916.

WORCESTER BASKET BALL GIRLS SAY MEN SHOULD BE ALLOWED AT GAMES

Left to right: Mary Powers, one of the star players on the Classical High school graduate team; Ruth Eaton, forward on the North High school team; and Eunice Duffy, center of the South High school five.



MANAGERS MADE IN CHICAGO

Sixteen Former Members of Sox and Cubs Get Jobs as Pilots with Teams Above Class A.

PUBLICITY TURNS THE TRICK

Go to Chicago and play with the Cubs or White Sox if you would obtain a managing job in base ball. Sixteen members of the Sox and Cubs in the days when they had wonderful ball clubs have obtained bossing jobs in leagues of class A or better. These men all participated from 1905 to 1910, when the Cubs and Sox always were there or thereabouts. Gaze on this list of notables: Joe Tinker—Cincinnati, Whites and Cubs.

Frank Chance—Cuba, Yankees and Los Angeles. Fielder Jones—White Sox, St. Louis and Browns.

Johnny Evers—Cubs. Pat Moran—Phillies. James Sheppard—Toledo American Association, Cleveland. James Callahan—White Sox and Pirates. Del Howard—San Francisco. Matty McIntyre, Lincoln.

Miner Brown—Southerns. Doc White—Vermont and possibly Denver. Jack Hayden—Louisville. Dickey Holmes—Mobile, Topeka and Lincoln.

Billy Sullivan—White Sox, now assistant to Hugh Jennings at Detroit. Frank Isbell—Wichita and Des Moines. Johnny Kling—Boston Braves.

Think of those men developed and graduated from one city! Chicago just about takes the palm in production of managers. One Essential. As a matter of fact, a man almost is compelled to have had a situation with a winner to get anywhere in the bossing end of base ball. All but four of the sixteen present major mentors participated with pennant winners in the big time, and most of them had to do with world champions. Clarence Rowland of the White Sox, Miller Huggins of the Cardinals, George Stallings of the Braves and Lee Fohl of Cleveland are the notable exceptions.

John McGraw of the Giants was the old Baltimore Orioles when they were the wanderers of base ball, and afterward went to Brooklyn. The same is true of Hugh Jennings of Detroit. Bill Carrigan had experience with the Boston Red Sox before assuming the management. Bill Donovan, boss of the Yankees, was chief assistant to Jennings when the Tigers grabbed three in a row. Buck Herzog, who has the difficult job of trying to make a winner of Cincinnati, got his training from McGraw at New York. Wilbert Robinson was with the Orioles and the Giants, while Connie Mack labored as a private in Pittsburgh when the ancient Pirates were hounding-ers.

Moran a Chi Alumnus. Pat Moran was graduated from the Cubs to the Phillies, while Joe Tinker played short for the Cubs in the days of one of the greatest infields that ever operated on anybody's diamond. Jones, Griffith and Callahan all came from Chicago. No matter how efficient a man may be with a tall-end club, either in physical or mental endeavor, his good deeds seem to obtain nothing for him in the way of managerial offers. Without winning players are sought eagerly in the big, as well as the little, leagues, because their base ball activities have been heralded widely in the public prints. They must be smart men, owners figure, because they were with winning clubs. Verily, advertising is a mighty factor.

NO, WILLIE HADN'T BEEN FIGHTING, BUT LEWIS HAD. They tell one on Willie Ritchie, who is enrolled at Columbia university under his real name, Geary Steffen. He showed up as one of his classes with a blue eye, a battered ear and several cuts on his face, souvenirs of the encounter with Kid Lewis the night before. The professor looked at him curiously. "Why, Mr. Steffen," said the professor, "you have not been fighting, I hope?" "No, sir," replied Willie truthfully, "I wasn't doing a bit of the fighting."

ENGLISH TURF CLASSIC ABANDONED THIS YEAR. This year, for the first time since its establishment in 1859, the Grand National steeplechase, one of the classics of the English turf season, will not be run. The race course at Aintree has been taken over for military purposes, as was Sandown park, Hurst park, Kempton park and other famous courses in England.

GATES AND PHILSON TO SHOOT FOR COMB CUP. Lester Gates of Columbus, and Harry Philson of Leigh, Neb., will shoot for the T. L. Combs' trophy at Columbus today. Philson is the holder of the trophy and Gates the challenger.

HARRY TUTHILL QUILTS WEST POINT FOR YOST. Harry Tuthill, trainer of the Detroit base ball team since 1908, and for the last four years trainer of the Army foot ball eleven at West Point, signed a contract to train the Michigan university gridiron players next season. He will resign his West Point job immediately. He succeeds Steve Farrell, who has been assigned to the track team.

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 29.—The wrangle over male spectators being barred from high school girls' basket ball games goes right down to plain language. Dr. P. J. Carney, one of the three members of the school subcommittee on health and sanitation, which issued the order, said: "Last year a number of men and boys from outside attended the games and it was our understanding that they went merely for the purpose of staring at the girls in uniform."

Princeton Lines up Scot Team. Will Arrive from Chicago Today After Making Arrangements to Bring Champs to Omaha. TO PULL GERMAN DANCES AND DANCES on Sunday night. Both pulls will be to the limit, not twenty minutes affairs as were staged in the recent tournament. Prince writes that the Scots will arrive in Omaha the latter part of the week and will bring their corps of bagpipers with them. Omaha Scots are planning to give them a royal greeting upon their arrival.

The Hypodermic Needle

By FRED S. HUNTER. Essays on Sport. NO. 1 BASE BALL.

It is an acknowledged fact that the pursuit and capture of a large wad of cash—code for dough—is the paramount enjoyment in the life of those citizens of the United States who are free, white and 21.

And that is why the game of base ball is frequently referred to as the great American pastime and is not played to any great extent in any other country. Base ball has made wonderful progress in recent years. Formerly it was played on a plot of ground termed a diamond. Now it is played in court rooms by lawyers and judges and in grill rooms by thirsty magistrates, and every place else.

In the olden days base ball was played by base ball players. Now it is different. Ability to play the game was a necessary accomplishment for a ball player in the good old days of yore, now it is more essential the player be a financier.

There are a number of classes of people connected with base ball. First, there are the magnates. These are the chaps who put up the coin and then strive by might and main to keep the athletes from getting all of it. They are also supposed to keep the champagne importers in business. They are also supposed to con the public on the grounds that there is one born every minute.

Second come the players. Some mention is made in the rule book that a player is to play ball. This, however, would be a gross injustice to the player and of recent years no proof that any player did so betray his trust has been advanced. The players are supposed to see that all the magnates go broke in five years—and they have been doing very well—buy automobiles, steam yachts, war stocks and manions and play horse with the public.

Third come the umpires. Umpires exist so that the magnates and players can have all and so that the wealthy fans of St. Louis can have targets to chuck pop bottles at and so that George Stovall can have a cuspidore and so that Heine Zim don't collect all the salary his contract calls for. Like a certain fat man of renown nobody is supposed to love an umpire.

Fourth come the peanut vendors. It is the duty of the peanut vendor to prevent the players from enjoying a ball game if the players fall in their efforts to muss it up. Ordinarily the players are quite successful, but this does not deter the zealous efforts of the peanut vendor to perform his duties. He does so by sundry howls and screams and yells and by blocking the view and by making the public's collective feet a stamping ground for his own hoofs.

There are a number of other classes of people connected with base ball, including the fans, referred to above as the public. What has become of that new Federal league park in New York City?

Did You Know? The name of the company that owns the Reds is the Cincinnati Exhibition company? Exhibition, we should say, is a good word. WAR NOTE OR PEACE NOTE? When a man says there's no place like home, We wonder 'midst each how and hem, Whether the guy with all this philosophy Is speaking to boost or condemn.

VAN SYCYLE QUILTS DIAMOND

Umpire is Now a Drummer on the Road and He Asserts He is Through with Base Ball.

FANS WILL GREATLY MISS HIM

No more will the Western league fans hear the raucous roar of Jack Van Sycyle, demon umpire, as he waves a few obstreperous athletes to the club house. With much emphasis and gusto Van Sycyle says he is through with base ball. He was recently given his unconditional release, so the Western has no strings on him.

Jack is now a drummer and is selling horseshoe nails or perfume or something. He says hitting the horseshoe circuit with a sample case under your arm has hitting the same circuit with an indicator under your arm beat ten city blocks.

"A ball player is a business man in a business that's no business," says Jack. "It's more fun to breeze into a hole in a hick burg and lean affectionately on the cigar case and ooze groogles from a blonde dice sharp than it is to dodge pop bottles. I now see where I misread my calling long ago."

Fans Will Miss Him. The fans will miss Van Sycyle. Van was one of the few umpires of recent day in the Western league who had the nerve to tell belligerent athletes where to get off at. Van Sycyle was no wizard at making decisions. He probably made as many mistakes as any of them, but Van did hurry up a ball game. There was no loafing by the players when he was on the job and that tickles the fans more than making perfect decisions.

To bounce four or five athletes out of the park was a mere afterthought's pastime for Van Sycyle, and many was the time he turned a punk ball game into an enjoyable afternoon. Here's luck to you, Jack, on the new job.

Joyous News, Fans, Gaston Reinstated

Western league fans will be interested to know that W. T. Gaston, umpiring person, has been reinstated by the Western league. Gaston will be remembered as a member of the precious team of Gaston and Stockdale. He was suspended by Tip O'Neill a year ago, but the Western league has reinstated and will let Mr. Gaston pursue his profession as an umpire in case if he will pursue said profession in some other loop.

Pitcher Ogle Sold. Waco announces the sale of Pitcher Hatten Ogle to San Antonio.

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