

There was an old golfer, named Gene,
Who pulled over meadow and tree,
While swinging his club
He broke a friend's back
And looked when it bled on the tee.



A game of golf is life itself, with little time for song;
Up hill and down with smile or frown you club your way along



Another old golfer, named Bone,
Could take it or let it alone,
At wedding a brassie
He wasn't so cheap—
At wedding a high ball he shone.

Judgments

SOME rather severe criticism of Dr. E. J. Stewart, the new Cornhusker coach, has been heard from Nebraska supporters who were disappointed because their favorites were given a sound trouncing by Kansas. It is Dr. Stewart's system, new to the Missouri valley, that caused the criticism. That is only natural, though. Stewart's system had never before been seen in the valley and the simple deduction of the lay mind would be that it is a failure because it didn't beat the Jayhawk. But the foot ball student is not criticizing Stewart, or his system. Foot ball experts all over the country almost agree that Glenn Warner of Pittsburgh is the greatest superior to Percy Haughton, Staggs, Yost, Folwell and others of the great. It was Warner who made the Carlisle Indians such great players. When he left the Indian school the Redskins quit playing foot ball. A year ago Warner went to Pittsburgh and turned out the best eleven in the east, and he had to make a team to do it, as his material wasn't overly promising. This year Pittsburgh repeated its 1915 success; it has lost a game and is believed by many to be the best eleven in the country. And Warner is a coach who, like Stewart, uses no quarterback. He uses a system, while different in a few details, that is fundamentally the same as employed by the Cornhusker coach. So the system must be all right; if it wasn't Warner wouldn't use it. It wasn't the Stewart system that won for Kansas. The fault was with the Nebraska team. The Cornhusker backfield is weak; it hasn't any driving power, it hasn't any quick thinkers, it hasn't any performers dependable in a pinch; in other words it hasn't any Chamberlain, any Ruthers, any Halligan, any Frank, any Potter, any Towse. Those were the boys who made Stiehm's teams great. Do you suppose those fellows would have failed to beat Kansas with the Stewart system or any other system? That's the answer.

Percy Haughton may not be the greatest coach in the world, but he certainly is the king of the alibiers. A week before the game with Brown Percy broke into scare-head type with an announcement that he intended to take his entire first eleven to visit the Yale-Princeton game, leaving a string of scrubs and subs to battle the Brunonians. And Percy did just that thing. And Brown walloped Harvard, 21 to 0. Which would lead one to suspect that Percy had a hunch Brown would take even his varsity warriors to a trimming, so he prepared the neat and nifty advance alibi. Which is a very keen piece of work from a Harvard standpoint, but it does look a little bit like bush league stuff to the unprejudiced.

There are probably a lot of base ball magnates who haven't been earning the regulation 6 per cent the last few years, but Phil Ball and Charley Weeghmann, ex-Feds, are probably the two leading earners in the big show. Ball and Weeghmann have both sunk well over half a million dollars in base ball, and so far as can be learned haven't drawn much out yet. Base ball is more than a pastime and a business; it's a gambling venture, too, and a man has to watch his step and be pretty lucky to earn dividends. And if conditions continue in their present state they'll have to watch their steps closer and be still luckier as the years come.

We have heard a lot of predictions that Notre Dame will walk all over Nebraska. We may be wrong, but our guess is that Harper's men are going to run up against some stubborn opposition. The Nebraska line is a good one. It can be counted upon to hold its own with the forwards of the Hoosiers. Notre Dame may beat Nebraska, but it will be only because of the superiority in its backfield, and with that Cornhusker line fighting for every inch, we don't expect to see Notre Dame run up any overwhelming score.

Not content to arouse Mr. Fultz to the boiling point, the big league magnates evidently want to see Davy go into a fit. They are talking of introducing the twelve-month contract, thus binding the players' services for the entire year. Davy would only have about seventeen hemorrhages simultaneously if the put the plan over, and we can see where Mr. Adamson will be called upon to save the world from another strike.

There is little likelihood that the majors will consent to the minors' request for a new scheme of control in base ball. Under the present system the majors are the "works." They have their own court of final appeal, and they are not likely to grant the little fellows any power if it is possible. So, for a guess, the minors can keep on making resolutions until both Paris and Berlin fall, and about all they'll get is the "utmost consideration."

We are pleased to see that the Western league has paid \$400 to Jimmy Kane. The Kane case was a peculiar bit of work and Jimmy, it seems, was a victim. He was kept out of a job and work like that doesn't sit well with the average fan. The Western league made friends by giving Jimmy what he had coming to him.

The base ball public saw some startling trades last year, but if reports now circulating are true it is likely to see still more startling ones this year. According to the reports every club in the two major leagues except the Giants, Red Sox and Athletics are willing to make swaps of players.

The National league has decided to overlook John McGraw's charges against his players. But we have a hunch McGraw won't overlook them, and a couple of big league athletes, for a guess, will be jammed back into the bush before spring.

RESTA WINS TITLE FOR ANOTHER YEAR

Italian Who Captured Omaha Race is Declared Champion Driver of the World.

AITKEN NEXT, RICK THIRD

For the second consecutive year Dario Resta has captured the title of champion motor driver of the world. Dario won the honor by a narrow margin over Eddie Rickenbacher in 1915 and this year he led Johnny Aitken by just as narrow a margin. Resta won the championship when he piloted his blue Peugeot into first place in the Vanderbilt cup race while Johnny Aitken broke up in both the Vanderbilt and the grand prix. Johnny would still have a chance to beat Resta if he would compete in the Ascot park race Thanksgiving, but it is the narrowest kind of a chance, and Johnny didn't think it worth while, so he did not enter the event.

Resta has 4,100 points. Aitken has 3,440. The winner of the Ascot park race will get 700 points. If Aitken should win this race he would raise his point total to 4,140. But if Resta should earn a place in the Ascot park classic, he would beat Johnny, and as the prize money is not much of an inducement Johnny packed his car and beat it back for Indianapolis. When Johnny failed to enter at Ascot Resta withdrew, which leaves a rather light field, with only Rickenbacher and the Mercer drivers, Pullen and Ruckstell, to provide any class.

Wins Five Races. One peculiar thing about Resta's victory is that he earned all his points by capturing first places. He was first at Indianapolis, Chicago, Omaha, the second Chicago race and the Vanderbilt. He did not win a point in any other race. So in every race Resta finished he finished first. He either won the race or broke down enroute.

Aitken won four races and finished second in two others. He also piloted Howdy Wilcox's car home in first place in the grand prix, but this was after Wilcox had driven the machine into that position and Howdy got the credit for the race.

Rick is Third. Eddie Rickenbacher has third place cinched. Eddie earned 2,210 points and may add a few more at Ascot park. Eddie was first at New York and Tacoma, second in Chicago's second race, third at New York's second race and third at Des Moines. Eddie also captured some more money in races that were not championship events, such as second place in the fifty-mile race at Omaha and first in the fifty-mile race at Des Moines.

A prize of \$13,500 will be split up between Resta, Aitken and Rickenbacher for their season's achievements, and Resta will get a trophy cup.

Ralph De Palma ranked fourth with 1,790 points and Wilbur D'Alene was fifth with 1,120. Howdy swept into sixth place by the grand prix victory. His total is 1,080. Earl Cooper is seventh with 995 and Tommy Milton eighth with 690. Baby Pete Henderson is ninth with 667 points and Frank Galvin tenth with 645.

Class of Omaha. The class of the field in the Omaha classic July 15 is shown by the results of the championship race. Of the drivers who finished among the first ten took part in the Omaha event. Resta, who won the championship, who was third, took part, as did De Palma, who was fourth, and D'Alene, who was fifth. Tommy Milton, who was eighth, and Baby Pete Henderson, who was ninth, were the other two. Johnny Aitken, Howdy Wilcox, Earl Cooper and Frank Galvin did not race here. Cooper was signed up, but his car wet cuckoo just before the local classic.

This year there were fifteen championship races held. Next year only eight will be held. The eight speedways will only be allowed one championship race each. This year Chicago and Indianapolis held two and New York three. They can hold as many events as they want to, but only one will count for the championship.

Ban, Johnson Catches Moose for Cincy Zoo

B. B. Johnson, president of the American league and a former Cincinnati, has contributed a bull moose to the collection of animals in the Cincinnati zoological gardens. August Herrmann, chairman of the National Base Ball commission and also chairman of the "zoo" commission, in announcing the gift, said that some time ago Mr. Johnson promised to contribute \$500 to the zoo fund, but instead spent that amount in capturing the bull moose. The moose will be the first specimen of that family the zoo has had in fifteen years. It was caught in the wooded preserves of the Jerome Hunting and Fishing club near Mercer, Wis.

Promoters Not in Love With Moran

Francis Moran is poised for a spring at the outstipice of Carl Morris, or any other battler of the dreadnought class, but none of the promoters is taking any feverish interest in it. Moran no longer is in the drawing card of six or eight months ago. That flivver showing against Jack Dillon sort of "cooked" him. The Pittsburgher, however, hasn't forgotten the lesson that fracas taught him. He isn't in strict training now, but he is in good condition; in such shape that a few weeks of grueling will put him into tip-top shape. And never again will Moran take any chances of being beaten by walking into a ring considerably over plus in all parts of his frame.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL GRIDIRON WARRIORS, WHO MADE GREAT RECORD—Bottom row, left to right: Arno Harper, Lyman Phillips, Oscar Iversen, Arnold Krogh, Richard Haller, Floyd Paynter. Top row, left to right: Donald Shepherd, John Peterson, Clyde Smith, Eugene Maxwell, "Chuck" Morearty, Owen Comp and Harold Pearson, Myron Hinchey, right guard, is not in the picture.



LINKS WANT NONE OF OMAHA'S GAME

Local Gridiron Fans Believe Lincoln Feels it Best to Stay at Home.

MAKING ABSURD CLAIMS

That Lincoln has a hunch it would be advisable not to play a post-season game with Omaha Central High is the belief of local foot ball enthusiasts.

Central challenged Lincoln to a post-season game to be played in Omaha preferably December 9 in order to settle the dispute over the state interscholastic championship which is now deadlocked because of a tie between the two schools played at Lincoln November 11. Lincoln was offered a guarantee of \$150 and Omaha offered to play the 1917 game in Lincoln, when it is due in Omaha.

But Lincoln came back with a demand of 50 per cent of the gate receipts.

That reply led local fans to venture that Lincoln was just trying to find a way to escape a post-season game without being accused of quitting.

The guarantee offered, \$150, is unusually large for high school games, and if Lincoln was at all willing to take a second chance with Mulligan's men, it is believed it would readily agree to it.

Lincoln Claims Absurd. Also Lincoln is making some rather absurd claims to the state title, asserting that an additional four-point margin in Lincoln's victory over Beatrice over Omaha's and a dozen points more on Sioux Falls entitles Lincoln to the honor.

Which, to Omaha, and it would seem also to an unbiased judge, is about as ridiculous as a claim the Cornhuskers might make for the Missouri Valley title on the grounds that Nebraska only lost one game while Kansas, Ames and Missouri all lost one and tied one game.

A post-season game between Omaha and Lincoln would be a big attraction. It would bring out a good crowd and would be a boon to Nebraska high school foot ball. Local gridiron fans hope it can be played, but they aren't very confident.

Billy Earle Goes To New Orleans in Style This Time

Pa Rourke wasn't the only representative Omaha had at the minor league meeting at New Orleans. Far be it from such. Billy Earle was there, don't forget that.

Ever since the minors have been meeting Billy has been an attendant. A minor league meeting without Billy Earle would be like a horse race without a bookmaker.

Minor league magnates have always known that Billy would be on hand if he had to ride the bumpers or take refuge in a side-door Pullman. But Billy fooled 'em this time by breezing into New Orleans in grand style on the special train from Chicago.

Earle came to Omaha in 1914 for the minor league meeting here. He didn't come on any special train. And he stayed here to toil for Jack Haskell. As Omaha is a prosperous town, Billy has been prospering and was able to journey to New Orleans in style.

Silver Creek Coming to Omaha for Caddock Bout

Silver Creek wrestling fans plan to swoop down on Omaha en masse for the Earl Caddock-Mort Henderson match at Council Bluffs next Wednesday night. Al Hastings, the big noise in Silver Creek wrestling circles, has purchased ten ringside tickets for his party and informs Dan Reardon that at least 100 will come down for the event. They are all Caddock friends.

Creighton Basket Ball Five to Make Long Trip to East

Creighton university will make its debut at the sport of basket ball this winter. And Creighton promises to have a quintet that will be able to hold its own with the fastest in the country despite the fact that it will be a green five.

Tommy Mills, be it remembered, is something of a basket ball coach. He turned out good fives at the high school. And he has some good material. Dutch Platz, former high school and Brandeis star, will be one of Tommy's floor warriors. Carl Lutes, another high school and crack, is one more. Eddie Mulliholland, end on the foot ball squad, is something of a basket flipper and there are George Parrish and Kenneth Klepser, local cracks of renown.

These five athletes are enough to make a first class team and there may be other talent hidden among the university students. A schedule of games is now being arranged. A two weeks' trip on the road has already been carded. Notre Dame, Indiana, Beloit, Drake and several other big schools will be met on this journey. Some big games will also be brought to Omaha to be played in the new Creighton gym, which has a regulation court and room for 3,000 spectators.

Cross-Country and Basket Ball at the "Y" on Turkey Day

Big doings are planned for Thanksgiving day at the Young Men's Christian association.

The annual cross-country run will be the feature event. In former years it has been the policy to have this run open to all amateur contestants, but this year the first will be limited strictly to Omaha amateurs, in order to arouse more local interest in the event. The run starts at 11 o'clock. It will be about three miles.

At 8:30 in the morning a basket ball tourney will start. A number of quintets have entered, and Bob Hagar who is in charge of the event, expects an exciting two hours.

Caledonians Have Lead in Omaha Soccer League

The Caledonians have a lead that they threaten to maintain in the Omaha and District Soccer league. Only two more games are to be played, today and Thanksgiving, and the Caledonians have only lost one game, while the Townsends, their closest rivals, have lost two. Both elevens have won six. The standing of the teams is as follows:

Table with 5 columns: Team, W, L, D, P. A. Pts. Caledonians: 6, 0, 2, 18, 12. Townsends: 5, 4, 2, 14, 12. Nonpareils: 4, 3, 0, 14, 12.4. Chebick: 0, 7, 1, 9, 13.1.

Score of Marksmen Are Entered in Turkey Shoot

Over a score of rifle marksmen are entered in the big turkey shoot which will be held today by the Greater Omaha Rifle and Revolver club on the club's range at East Omaha. Events will be of five targets each at 200 yards. A choice collection of fowl will be awarded to the prize winners. Lunch will be served on the grounds so the shooters can attend prepared to make a day of it.

Mr. Yost Is Just Crazy Over Harley

Every time Coach "Hurry Up" Yost sees anything in print about Chuck Harley, the Ohio state marvel, it makes him peevish. Harley, who is considered one of the greatest half backs of the year in the big nine conference, was scheduled to go to Michigan, but switched and entered Ohio State. Now the Ohio State team, which is one of the leading factors in the conference championship, virtually owes its marvelous showing to Harley. Harley, who is a Chicago lad, has done the miraculous all season.

NEW YORK REARS AN ASPIRANT TO TITLE

Gotham Believes Patsy Cline is Led to Shear Freddie Welsh of Laurels.

IS MAKING GOOD RECORD

New York, Nov. 18.—Patrick Joseph Cline of County Longford, Ireland, and the Bronx, New York, is the latest local aspirant to the lightweight crown that is resting unsteadily on the brow of Freddie Welsh.

Joe Shugrue, Benny Leonard, Young Brown, Willie Beecher and Johnny Lustig are local boys who have had a crack at Fred's title—but Fred didn't crack. No doubt "Irish Patsy" will soon have his chance, although the event has been delayed. While training for a scheduled bout with Packer Hommey at the Empire Athletic club he broke his hand. This will lay him up for several weeks.

Strangely, New York, despite its immense size, has never produced a world's champion. Terry McGovern of Johnstown, Pa., and Brooklyn was the nearest. However, the old town has always been there with strong contenders—particularly in the lightweight division. Leach Cross, Tommy Murphy, K. O. Brown, Benny Yanger and "Elbows" McFadden all climbed close to the top. Yanger and "Elbows" both knocked out champions—but never while they held a title. Yanger K. O'd Abe Attell, Young Corbett and Harry Forbes, and won over George Dixon. McFadden knocked out Joe Gans and George Lavigne. K. O. Brown won newspaper decisions over Ad Wolgast and Abe Attell. Leach Cross gave Ritchie a wonderful fight and Tommy Murphy—nearing the end of his career—fought valiantly against the youthful Ritchie also. Benny Leonard, catching Welsh out of condition, gave him a bad scare in their first battle, but was handled rather easily by the Englishman in their second contest.

Knocked Out Mack. "Irish Patsy" Cline has just demanded attention by knocking out Albie Mack, the former amateur champion and one of the best of the local class. Previous to this little fellow had proven himself as fast and clever as any of the boys. He held Benny Leonard to a no-decision draw and beat the colored phenom, Leo Johnson. He also claims to have had the better of the following men in no-decision and decision matches: K. O. Mars, Harry Donahue, Bryan Downey, Eddie Morgan, Pal Moore, Johnny Nelson, Buck Fleming, New York Jimmy Duffy and Arrousaz, the Mexican.

Cline's only defeat was at the hands of Johnny Kilbane. The featherweight champion knocked him out in three rounds over in Philadelphia some months ago, but that was before he attained his present sensational form.

Art Nehf, Boston Hurler, Marries Indiana Lassie

Art Nehf, the Boston Braves' pitcher, married Miss Elizabeth May at her home in Washington, Ind. The bride taught in the Terre Haute schools for the last two years.

PUGS ACROSS THE WATER ARE HAPPY

American Glove Welders Are Having an Interesting Time Over in Australia.

CLABBY BUYS RACE HORSE

Way, way over in Australia, where the boxing game is flourishing under the hand of Snowy Baker, the man who succeeded Hugh McIntosh as impresario, the American band of glove welders is having an interesting time outside as well as in the ring. Snowy Baker has stadiums in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne, and, naturally, has many fans in all these places. One of his friends, who is a shopkeeper and a rabid boxing fan in Sydney, approached him with a tale of woe recently. "What's the matter?" Baker inquired. "Why, some one stole a large thermometer I had placed in front of my store."

"Well," replied Baker, "the thief probably will return it before long, for it won't be of much use to him where he's going, for I understand it registered only 125 degrees."

Jimmy Clabby, the Hammond (Ind.) middleweight, wasn't in Australia long before he learned there was horse racing there, which meant that James just had to stire his binoculars over his shoulders, hike to the races, and place a little bet to make it interesting. That was the start, and now Clabby is going so strong on the turf that he is a real horse owner and sports his own colors. The American scrapper purchased the nag a short time ago, but we haven't heard of any wonderful victories by the Clabby one-horse stable.

Among other things that Snowy Baker does is get out a weekly booklet containing news of the boxers. In a recent issue he has something to say about the censoring of news due to the world war. If this censoring business goes much farther, says the booklet, we may expect to see reports in the sporting papers something like this: "Last Saturday at the —, Bill — beat Fatty — in a twenty-round clash. The former is a native of — and has gained repeated victories over — at —. In his last contest against — he received a kick in the — which resulted in his being carried to the — hospital at —."

One of the features of a boxing card recently at the stadium was a blindfold match. Two glove welders appeared in the ring, were blindfolded, and answered the clang of the gong. If some of the promoters in this country pulled this stunt it might be a good thing, for we have a few scrappers in the "perish" who can't find their opponents even with their eyes wide open.

Of course we have funny things happen in our own rings in this country. For instance, at a recent show in Colorado the announcer, a gent with a large voice, actually had the nerve to emit this before a big crowd of fans: "John Sweeney, the local undertaker, wishes to issue a challenge. He is willing to box anybody, and doesn't care what they weigh."

Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion of the world, recently made a tour of the coast states, contesting in half a dozen bouts in the various cities they have different laws. For instance, in Los Angeles Johnny found that to box in the four-round bouts it was necessary for him to swear before a judge that he was an amateur. So when it came his turn Coulon had made up his mind that he was going to take a chance on "being an amateur."

He was ordered to raise his right hand skyward, and as he did so he got a peek at the judge, who smiled a knowing look at him. Johnny saw the stuff was off and threw up the sponge right then and there, admitting that he was a "pro." "Do you know, I think I saw that judge at my contest with Kid Williams, and he was some ringside, too," Johnny commented.

Fohl Counts On Gould To Be Hurling Mainstay

Manager Lee Fohl of the Cleveland Americans is counting on Albert Gould, a diminutive spithball pitcher, to be one of his leading slammers next season. Fohl signed Gould before the close of last season after several big league clubs had passed him up because of his size. Gould has plenty of nerve, which is one thing Fohl believes will make him a winning pitcher.

ARM PARALYZED, RIVAL OF HOPPE

Leonard Howison Regains Use of Member and Is Expected to Give Champion Tussle.

WAS USELESS TWO YEARS

New York, Nov. 25.—In going over the entry list for the professional handicap billiard tournament for the championship of the world, to be played within the next few months, experts ran across the name of Leonard Howison. "They ought to take that name off," suggested one of the party. "It's not right to make the poor fellow feel badly." "Take it off?" a member of the committee asked in surprise. "Why, yes; poor Howison's arm has been paralyzed for a year or two." "If you think so," came a rather tart response, "I'll take a little of that 5 to 3 money that he wins the tournament. I saw him play some billiards the other night that was mighty close to Hoppe."

From a man widely bemoaned as a paralytic to a secondary favorite for the championship, is quite a jump, and therein hangs a story, one that might make athletes in other lines of endeavor ponder. Two or three years ago, while playing a match game in Paris with Louis D'Armon Barattelle, the one-time French cueist, Howison, the American favorite, was about to make a difficult shot. He slid the cue up and down his fingers, preparatory to hitting the ball, and then suddenly wavered and staggered back from the table, the cue dropping from his hand.

Arm Is Paralyzed. The match was forfeited, and a doctor summoned immediately. It was found that Howison's right arm had been paralyzed. As a professional billiard player, apparently, his career was done. The arm hung at his side, limp and useless for months, but Howison did not give up. Expert after expert, physician and masseur, were tried, but it seemed that there would be no relief. It was all the more regrettable because Mr. Howison was beginning to show signs of becoming an international champion. He has played successfully with Vignaux, Barattelle and other Frenchmen, besides the American experts back home.

Arm Shows Life. Finally, in despair, the billiardist came back to America and consulted specialists here. For months he had not thought of attempting to use a cue at all. Then one day he found that there was a little life in the arm. He redoubled his efforts at getting a good masseur, and then, as if by his own efforts, the arm began to take on real strength. For months he kept at it, and finally announced to his billiard friends and followers that he was going to try again.

They were inclined to humor him, but no one seriously thought there was a chance. With the arm coming back slowly, he tackled one amateur after another, and then tried himself out against the shortstops—a good billiard player just short of being in the championship class, but too good for an amateur. After a week of practice Howison took on Tom Gallagher, and beat him, 1,500 to 726.

Next he played a friendly match with Ora Morningstar, who has participated in all the championship tournaments, and Morningstar was amazed at the new form—different from his old style—played by Howison. Moreover, Morningstar was defeated.

OVERCOAT

days are here. Your health demands an outer garment of quality and weight. The suits and overcoats made by us at \$15.00 have put really high-class clothes within the reach of many men.

Made to Measure \$15 Made to Measure

A splendid array of fine suitings and overcoatings from which to make your choice. Come and Look Them Over.



Corner 15th and Harney Sts.

Caddock vs. Henderson Finish Wrestling Match

Council Bluffs Ia., Auditorium, Thanksgiving Eve., Wednesday, Nov. 29, 8:30 P. M.

Earl Caddock, the wrestler with a thousand holds, and Mort Henderson of Altoona, Pa., champion of the International Tournament at Madison Square Garden, where he appeared as the "Masked Marvel." A draw will not be permitted. First-Class Preliminaries. Ladies Invited. Reserved Seats, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Ringside, \$2.00. On sale at Merchants' Hotel, Omaha, Neb., and Clark's Drug Store, C. Bluffs. DAN B. REARDON, Promoter.