

There was an old grouch known as Ben, Who was forced to play host now and then. He would shudder and blink. When he poured out a drink. And ask you ten times to say "Whew."



There was an old walker named Tom, Who walked every noon on the pile. The neighbors all said, He had wheels in his head. And he thought he was riding a bike.

Judgments

EASTERN gridiron elevens apparently are reluctant to engage in mortal combat with western teams next fall. A number of western colleges have tried to enter into negotiations with western schools, but have had little luck. The east triumphed over the west in the few inter-sectional played last fall, but the glory was pretty thin and, fortunately for the east and unfortunately for the west, those games that were played were with weaker western elevens. Ohio tried to get a game with Cornell, but the Ithacans refused to consider it. Northwestern wanted to schedule Dartmouth, but the Green said no. And even Notre Dame hasn't scheduled the Army yet. The east is learning rapidly. If it only would tangle up with the west in a few more conflicts its education would be complete.

Looking over sporting records of the last year one finds the west did pretty well again. The base ball championship was won by the east. Williams, an easterner, won the tennis title, and eastern foot ball teams had a little edge perhaps on their western rivals, but with these exceptions the west more than held its own. Chick Evans, a westerner, knocked the eastern golf world to its knees by winning both amateur and open golf titles; Robert Simpson, from Missouri, was easily the star performer in track athletics; the Dutch Boat club won the rowing championship; Jess Willard—although we're not bragging—was raised in Kansas and still lives in the west—Chicago. Oh, yes, the west did tolerably well, tolerably well.

Base ball men seem to be agreed that the abolition of the bleacher seat is a good thing. They may be right for the present, but how about the future? The bleacher fan is the boy and the young man whose pocketbook can't stand the heavier grandstand tax. He learns to enjoy the game from a bleacher seat and he becomes a fan. When his means become greater he becomes a grandstand fan. But if, when he's young, he is unable to attend the games because of the high price, he won't become a fan and the grandstand patrons of the future will be lost. The base ball men have determined on their stand, but they day probably will come when they will wish they had tread more slowly.

Al Tearney, the firebrand of the minors, has been invited to attend the annual meeting of the National Commission this week to submit his program of reform. It also is said the commission intends to give serious consideration to the demands of the minors. The minors seem to have made some impression on the big fellows. At least their reform demands are not going to be buried in committee and Tearney is going to get a chance to talk at somebody steady of to himself. Whether the minors will get any more than polite attention from the commission is something else again, but at least they are going to get the attention and that is a distinct gain.

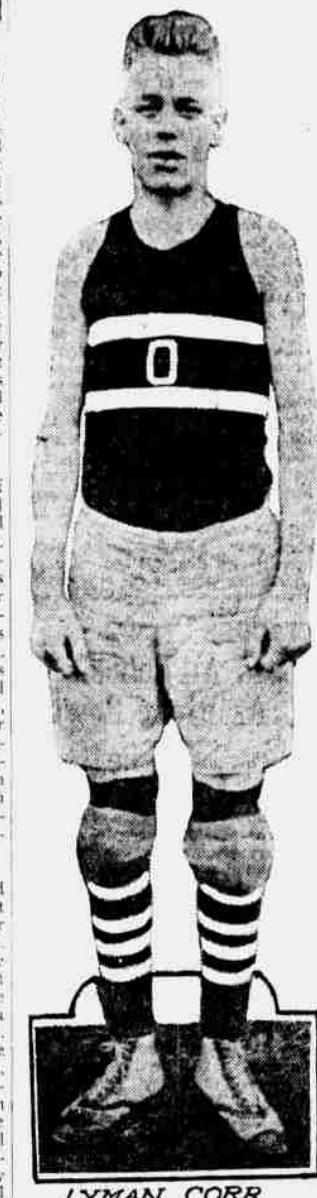
The American league has gone on record as favoring reduction in the price of world's series tickets. But they overlooked one other vital detail. They said nothing of the disposition of the tickets. And there's the rub. It's the speculators who get the tickets in their hands and then charge prohibitive scalping prices who have provided most of the scandal attached to world's series and they'll continue to do so. The price of admission to world's series games should be reduced, that is true, but disposition of the tickets should be so modified that those prices would stay reduced, too.

Tex Rickard is having almost as much trouble trying to get Georges Carpenter out of the trenches as Henry Ford did the entire European armies. As soon as Rickard admitted his plans a dozen other fight promoters horned into the affair. Bush league promoters follow the leads of Rickard just like tin-horn Wall street gamblers follow on the heels of shrewd speculators, with the same result; they usually manage to muss everything up. Tex ought to step to one side this trip and let some of these "wise boys" walk into the trap.

There's one thing about that \$900,000 suit of the Baltimore Feds against Organized Base Ball that may provide interesting food for the fans. It will be remembered that Charley Weegmann, Harry Sinclair, Jim Gilmore and others made some very serious charges against Organized ball in that famous suit before Judge Landis in Chicago. Now this trio will be compelled to enter a defense of the very principles they sought to destroy in that other suit. The lawyers ought to have a good time turning their heavy artillery on Weegmann especially.

One would naturally infer that a boxer fighter would come to this country to fight, but the arrival of Les Darcy on these shores seems to disprove this inference. It would seem that Darcy has come to this country to settle all disputes as to who should be his manager, count his coin, keep half of it, pick the lemons for him, hold up promoters and bungle the public. Already there's been more fighting over the identity of the Australian's manager than Jess Willard and Freddie Welsh have both done in their entire careers.

CAPTAIN OF SOUTH HIGH FLOOR FIVE.



LYMAN CORR

STATE TOURNEYS INTEREST GOLFERS

BEST PLAYERS NOW TAKE PART in Competitions Within Their Own States.

WOMEN HOLD PLAY, TOO

By JACK VEICKO.

New York, Dec. 30.—While there is always a general interest in national golf tournaments, the interest of the golfing public as a whole turns largely to club and state championships which are held annually in a majority of our states. Golf has taken a strong hold in more than thirty states and is fast growing in others where state tournaments are not held because the game is in its infancy within their confines.

During the season of 1916 there was a lively interest in the golf tournaments in most states than ever before, and the best golfers in all states where the game is extremely popular are gradually being drawn into competition. Time was when some of the best golfers failed to look upon a state tournament as worthy of their best efforts, and did not enter. But now the state tourney draws the most efficient players and they spend weeks preparing for competition. It is common now for many golfers who can spare the time to travel to the scene of the annual state tourney and spend probably a week in advance of the event, getting the lay of the course and perfecting it in their minds.

Many New Names.

Among the list of state champions for 1916 are found many new names, and the reputations of some of these golfers are too well known for introduction here. The list of state champions among the women has changed entirely, and it is noticeable that the women golfers are now playing for state honors annually in widely scattered states, which shows that the idea is growing.

Following is a list of the new state amateur champions and runners-up:

Arkansas—J. W. Englund Jr.	Lawson H. Williams
Alabama—Dr. A. B. Harris, E. M. Tutt	Miller
Colorado—Larry Bromfield, M. A. Mc	McGinnis
Tennessee—Reginald M. Lewis, Samuel J. Graham	Graham
California—Lawrence Cowing, Robin Y. Hayes	Hayes
Illinois—Hugh L. Willoughby, F. H. Morrissey	Morrissey
Georgia—Robert Jones, Perry Adair	Adair
Indiana—Burt Wilburn, John Simpson	Simpson
Iowa—W. K. Grove, Carl Kules	Kules
Kansas—Harlow Hurley, John Fallis	Fallis
Louisiana—P. Bagby, W. B. Rappaport	Rappaport
Massachusetts—Jess Gullford, S. T. Bradford Hicks	Hicks
Michigan—Arthur E. Vincent, A. G. Lockwood	Lockwood
Minnesota—Dudley Mudge, H. G. Legg	Legg
Mississippi—Dr. R. P. Granoff, R. P. Spencer	Spencer
Missouri—R. W. Hodges, Carl O. Anderson	Anderson
Nebraska—S. W. Raynolds, E. H. Sprague	Sprague
New Jersey—Orval Kirby, Max Marston	Marston
New Hampshire—C. W. Basa, L. H. Downing	Downing
North Dakota—J. H. Reuter, Jr., C. J. Murphy	Murphy
Oklahoma—Ira Holden, A. Baumgartner	Baumgartner
Oregon—George Fredericksen, H. G. Gwinnett	Gwinnett
Pennsylvania—R. W. Smith, Red Wilhelm	Wilhelm
Connecticut—W. C. Fowles Jr., J. B. Crossman	Crossman
Rhode Island—Daniel Fairchild, N. S. Campbell	Campbell
South Dakota—H. N. Aikens, Paul Lorring	Lorring
Tennessee—George W. Aldridge, Bryan Head	Aldridge
West Virginia—George W. Hewitt, Joseph Willis	Willis
Wisconsin—E. P. Allis, R. P. Cavanagh	Cavanagh
Women Champions	
California—Mrs. Hubert Law, Miss Edith	
Colorado—Mrs. M. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. F. W. Maxwell	
Florida—Miss Elsie Rosenthal, Miss Louise Witherbee	
Texas—Miss Elizabeth Allen, Mrs. F. C. Leonard	
Michigan—Miss Dorothy Hutchinson, Mrs. H. S. Humphrey	
Mississippi—Mrs. J. W. Armstrong, Mrs. T. N. Snodgrass	
Nebraska—Miss Louise Pound, Mrs. J. T. Snodgrass	
North Dakota—Mrs. E. L. Lovelace	
Klimer	
Oregon—Mrs. J. A. Dougherty, Mrs. G. H. Leonard	
Texas—Mrs. J. H. Lamph, Mrs. R. T. Anderson	
West Virginia—Miss E. C. Dawley, Mrs. Sue Wazell	
Wisconsin—Mrs. E. R. Whitecomb, Miss Prancey Field	

OPEN CHAMPIONE

Connecticut—James M. Barnes
Massachusetts—Michael J. Brady
Michigan—Leo Delige
Ohio—Arthur Smith
Tennessee—Jess Hutchinson

"Izzy" won after play-off for tie with Patrick J. Doyle.

Campfire is Big Money Winner of The Running Nags

The year saw a big revival of interest in the turf classics. Indeed, the horse more nearly regained his prestige on the track than in any season since racing was abolished in New York. In the metropolitan section, while the crowds perhaps were not so large as in the old days, still the attendance figures ran well up into the thousands. What was true of this part of the country prevailed very largely at all racing centers. Saratoga underwent a restoration to some of the brilliance of seasons about a dozen years ago.

The season, as far as racing was concerned, did not hold many outstanding features, but the importation of many thoroughbreds from abroad in the closing months of the year augurs well for a more brilliant future. The most noteworthy impressive victor of the season was Richard T. Wilson's Campfire, the greatest prize winner of them all. Short Grass made a new American mile record in the Queens county handicap at Aqueduct, covering the distance in 1:36:25. Probably nothing more nearly indicated the return of racing in all its glory than the sale of Friar Rock, August Belmont sold the 3-year-old to John Madden for \$50,000.

Probably nothing in the realm of light-harness racing stands out more clearly during the last year than the marvelous performance of the stallion Lee Axworthy. Not once, but several times, was the old record broken, until finally it roared at 1:58:4. Another world's record fell by the wayside when Director I covered the 50-cent purse for trouncing his Irish foe.

Benny's folks were angry when they learned he was scrapping quite regularly in this way. Benny had succeeded in keeping it from them owing to the fact that he came home weight champion.

Two men, Baston of Minnesota and Harley of Ohio, were placed on Walter Camp's All-American eleven. Walter is getting to be quite accurate.

Rapid Strides Made in Field of Trap Shooting

The rapid strides which are being made by trapshooters were evidenced in the Grand American Handicap held at St. Louis in August. Every section of the country was represented among the contestants. In a field of nearly 700 Captain John F. Wulf of Milwaukee was the victor in the big event of the tournament. The doubles championship went to Allen Hell of Allenton, Pa., who broke eighty-nine clay rocks. In the event for women Mrs. C. B. Dalton of Warsaw, Ind., captured the championship. Phil Miller of Dallas, Tex., won the professional championship by defeating Homer Clark.

Leonard's best blows are his right crosses and uppercuts. When the formula connects with the jaw, the fight is over. His left jabs and hooks are fearful in the punishment they administer.

Right Name is Leiner.

Leonard's right name is Leiner literally fell into the boxing ring. As a kid he was champion of his block in New York and was known as the Ninth Street King Bee. His mother is German and his father a Hebrew, born in Austria-Hungary. It was quite the thing for the best fighters in each block to get together every once in a while and fight it out for whatever the spectators contributed. Leonard's first fight of this kind was with a kid named Joe Fogarty, and the Ninth street champion got 30 cents out of the 50-cent purse for trouncing his Irish foe.

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Holds Woman's Golf Title



MISS ALEXIA STIRLING

LEONARD IS BEST SCRAPER OF YEAR

Work of Gotham Lightweight Stands Out as Most Sensational in Ring Game.

MOTHER IS PROUD OF HIM

By RINGSIDE.

Chicago, Dec. 30.—The gong has rung for 1916. Gazing over the records of the ring for the last twelve months the lightweight ranks would seem to offer the most for perusal of the fight fans. The work of one man—Benny Leonard, the New York East Side lightweight—stands out from the rest as most sensational.

From comparative obscurity to challenger for the lightweight championship of the world is the leap that Leonard has made. Before his bout with Joe Mandot of New Orleans, on December 17, 1915, which the southerner, then in the front ranks, was knocked out in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round go, Leonard's work had not attracted attention.

That victory sent the youngster's name flashing all over the country, and since that time he has demonstrated that the punch which sent Mandot down for the count was no fluke blow. In ten of his battles Leonard has succeeded in stowing away his opponent. In several others the man facing him has had a narrow escape.

He toppled Jimmy Murphy over in five rounds, Phil Bloom in eight, Sammy Robidoux, Joe Welsh and Eddie McAndrews in the fifth; Shamus O'Brien in the seventh, Frankie Canefry in the sixth and Ever Hammer and "Fighting Harvey" Thorpe in the twelfth.

Six Stay Limit.

Six opponents have gone the scheduled ten rounds with Leonard. They are Freddie Welsh, the champion, twice; Johnny Dundee, Joe Azevedo, Rocky Kansas, Frankie Callahan and Stanley Yoakum. "Kansas" escaped a knockout by three seconds, the final gong ringing while he was on the floor with seven fatal seconds tolled off.

In Philadelphia Leonard fought two whirlwind six-round bouts and in both his opponent was in a bad way at the finish.

Leonard's two encounters with the champion were no-decision affairs. In one the newspapers gave Leonard the better of it, in the other the champion was credited with outpointing him. Welsh is lightning fast, and it takes more than ten rounds to run him down to where hard blows count.

Leonard is a two-handed fighter, with a blow in each. If he and Welsh get into a distance bout the title may go to old England and adorn this side of the water again.

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Izzo on Warpath.

Frankie Izzo of Chicago, the smallest bricklayer in the world, standing just six inches in his stocking feet, has laid aside the trowel and level to announce that he is returning to the ring. For three years he has been boxing with fair success, but lately he has been recuperating from illness. Izzo's first bout probably will be with Johnny Coulon, former bantam-weight champion, who has agreed to make some kind of weight for him. While Izzo is going after that Jimmy Wile belt emblematic of the flyweight championship.

Aside from the metropolitan district, boxing did not play a large part in the field of sport. There was dissension in the ranks of the professionals, and few new recruits were added to the amateurs.

The Hypodermic Needle

By FRED S. HUNTER

A SKETCH ENTITLED: \$\$\$\$

Scene: A possession of a nation in the throes of war.

Time: Present.

Characters: Recruiting officer and one champion.

Champion: I wanna have a fight.

The lust of battle calls me. I'm on the warpath and I wanna hook up with a dangerous guy. That's me, rough and ready.

Recruiting officer: Just the man I'm looking for. Need somebody to whip the kaiser. Sign here.

Champion: What's the terms?

Recruiting officer: Thirteen a month and cakes.

Champion: Oh, I couldn't think of it. I've got to support my poor old mother and I've only got \$100,000 now. I'm going to America and get enough money to keep my mother the rest of her life and then, if the war is over, I'll enlist.

(Curtain.)

HYMN OF JOY.

Joe Stecher, we see by the paper.

Will wrestle S. Lewis again.

Will try the third time to defeat him.

And gather in lots of the yen.

But the conflict is carded for Frisco.

And we shed a joyous tear.

For Frisco, let us shout it.

in two thousand miles from here.

Mr. Willard, it appears, is in hard luck. Nobody wants to give him that \$60,000 to fight. Now all Jess has is that \$300,000 they have been talking about?

Jess Willard is a popular guy. He's likely to have more managers than Jess Willard.

Ritchie Mitchell wants to fight Freddie Welsh for the championship, showing that Ritchie is an optimistic