

Judgments

AS MIGHT have been expected had the magnates given the matter a little thought before acting, the ball players have begun to enter objections to the military drill in the training camps.

Stock companies are in several cities being heralded as the salvation of base ball. Buffalo and Providence in the International league have launched stock companies and the scheme is being tried in a small way in Richmond.

The Western league booster meeting held in Omaha a couple of weeks ago promises effective results, according to reports received from the various cities of the league.

Jess Willard, our industrious little champion, with his managers, seems to be lining up for the annual spring and summer drive on the circus.

That figures do lie is the gist of a dope yarn by a record-breaking scribe, who has selected a "Worst Club."

Although the big Finn came into the central west, wrestled four matches in five night, winning, of course, all four, and made a desperate effort to make an impression, John Olin doesn't seem to have started the wrestling fans in this part of the globe much.

Jim Coffey, who, it will be remembered, was flattened twice by Frank Moran, with the result that Coffey retired and Moran got a large purse for "licking" from Willard, is back.

Frank Gotch is going to train Earl Caddock for his match with Joe Stecher. Which means that Earl will get the backing of the entire Hawkeye state now.

CATCHING SQUAD OF THE DETROIT TIGERS—Here is the catching squad of the Detroit Tigers, photographed in training. Left to right they are McKee, Spencer, Yelle and Stange.



DETROIT CATCHING SQUAD

INTERNATIONAL

MANY GOOD LITTLE FELLOWS IN GAME

Score of Bantamweights of First Water, but Very Few of the Big Boys.

GIBBONS CLAIMS TITLE

By RINGSIDE.

Chicago, March 24.—With all due respect to the old guard, it is probable that never before in the history of the prize ring has there been such a plentiful supply of classy little fellows and such a lack of big 'uns as there is today.

Whereas there are more than a dozen boys who can do 118 or even 116 handily and leave little to choose between them over a limited course, there's only one heavyweight who seems to have the real class—and Queensbury save the mark—if Jess Willard can be said to possess the high attributes such as some of the giants of other days.

However, it's such a pleasant task to consider the classy little fellows now before the public, that there is no use to start a long-winded argument about the heavyweight possibilities.

By way of clinching the argument, here's a list of active bantamweights of today:

Kid Herman, New Orleans; Kid Williams, Baltimore; Johnny Ertle, St. Paul; Johnny Coulon, Chicago; Pal Moore, Memphis; Frankie Burns, Jersey City; Johnny Johnson, Brooklyn; Lew Tendler, Philadelphia; Al Subert, Boston; Dick Loadman, Buffalo; Kid Wolfe, Cleveland; Joe Haley, Cincinnati; Jabez White, Albany, N. Y.; Benny McNeill, Windsor, Canada; and Joe Burman, Chicago.

Of that list the first half-dozen named probably are the class of the lot, although some of the others may show something soon that will topple them over. But how good the big "little" six are might be figured on the basis that Johnny Coulon, who for the first time in his life was knocked out and off the championship pedestal by Kid Williams, is doing an apparently real "come-back." He has been cleaning up lately.

That figures Williams as a bear. But Kid Herman has copied the champ's record. Johnny Ertle won from Williams on a foul. Pal Moore beat Williams in a limited contest and Frankie Burns has shown well against most of the field. Burns can hardly be considered a possibility for first honors.

Coulon, one of the grandest champions of all time, has seen his championship sun sink behind the horizon. It looks now as if the honors lie between Herman, Moore, Williams and Ertle. Moore is laid up with a bad arm right now, but expects to be back in the game shortly.

Possibly some grizzled fans will resent the rating of the bantams mentioned above and sneer. They may even say that Terry McGovern, George Dixon, Harry Forbes or Pedlar Palmer could have laid any of them cold with one hand tied. Maybe so. But our chief argument is that there's a whole lot of mighty good little men showing their boxing wares to the public these days.

Langford Fighting Time. Father Time seems to be having one of the greatest battles of his career. It's with Sam Langford, the Boston tar baby. Of course, Thom eventually will take the count, just as they all do. But, boy, oh, boy! That black man, who has just celebrated his forty-third birthday, still packs the kick of a mule, as fighters who face him now and then in a local gymnasium will testify. Sam knows he's slipping and that internal fat would prevent him from ever again fitting himself for a bout that had a championship angle. Yet he could clean up every today with most of the alleged heavies and there are few of them who want his game. In fact, Jack Johnson dodged it successfully and Joe Jeannette and Sam McVey were the only ones during Thom's long career who really gave him battle. Probably many of those affairs on the Langford-Jeannette-McVey circuit were not real blood-thirsty affairs.

Popularity Wanes. Les Darcy's dazzling appearance here bids fair to become but a faded memory, unless he can get action against some of the middleweights or light heavies in Denver. Branded a "slacker" in the east and middle west because he ran away from the European war, instead of fighting with other Australians, Darcy's popularity waned quickly. He has hardly anyone to blame, but himself. He repudiated a manager who took charge of his affairs in good faith. Greed for American dollars apparently was the cause. And now it seems that

Les will have to go to work here or else return and join the colors.

What About Jess? Are they ever going to get Jess Willard matched? Carl Morris and Fred Fulton are anxious for a go at the big fellow. Willard doesn't want to have anything to do with Morris, as Carl once told him to "go get a reputation." That was before Jess had his well-remembered mixup with John Arthur Johnson.

As for Fulton, it looks to a man peering into the future that Fred will eventually be the one to get a crack at Jess—that is, just as soon as public interest can be excited enough to secure a large, juicy purse.

Chicago Has New One. Joe Dory, a nifty 160-pounder, of Racine, Wis., was looked upon as a comer in the middleweight class. But less than two weeks ago Phil Harrison of Chicago, a practical unknown outside of the Windy City, gave Dory a lacing he will never forget. It was a surprise to the betting fans, who wagered 2 to 1 on Dory. Now the Ghetto of Chicago is wildly acclaiming Harrison as a coming champion.

Harrison isn't his name any more than Charley Anchovitz's is Charley White. Phil is the son of a junk dealer and got his strength helping his father load scrapiron in their little peddling wagon.

Mike Says He's Champ. Mike Gibbons is out with the announcement that he is middleweight champion and willing to defend his title. But how about George Chip, who won the "title" by knocking out Frank Klaus, but since has lost many battles on points? George surprised the wise ones recently by stowing away Bob Moya, the Milwaukee Cave Man, a feat that Bat Levinsky, Jack Dillon, Gus Christie and others failed to accomplish. This middleweight situation is a rather muddled affair. Maybe if Gibbons will go the long route with some of the challengers the public will learn who's who and why among middleweights.

Speaking of Mike Gibbons brings to light the fact that Mike, while a wonderful boxer, isn't too proud to take lessons from a little fellow who doesn't own a title just at present. No, not at present. But when Johnny Coulon was champ there never was a prettier boxing champion of his class.

Mike is authority for the statement that before he met Jimmy Clabby he was somewhat worried about the way Jimmy used to make opponents look foolish by side-stepping them like a shadow. He asked Coulon about it and Johnny showed him how to overcome Clabby's trick. Coulon explained that by crowding Clabby constantly he could keep Jimmy off his balance and prevent the fancy stuff. When Gibbons and Clabby met, Gibbons had profited so well by Coulon's lessons that he bewildered the Hammond boxer.

Coulon ascribes his boxing skill to the fact that in his early training he fought with such masters as George Siler, "Nobby" Clark, Johnny Clark, George Siddons and others of the old school, who knew tricks that are never used now, if indeed they ever are heard of.

Champs Appear in Pool Tournay at New Parlor. A pocket billiard tournament, in which six of the best cue artists in the state will compete, will mark the opening of the new "Reno" pocket billiard parlor at Seventeenth and Douglas streets.

The contestants will be Billy Owens, Nebraska state champion; Heinie Harsch, city champion of Omaha; William Rodeston, champion of Holdrege and the western part of the state; Harry Griffin, the boy wonder of Idaho, who is visiting in Omaha at present; Jesse Reynolds and Elmer Larson.

Mr. Wills, proprietor of the Reno parlor, considers himself very fortunate in securing young Griffin as one of the players. The Idaho lad is said to be exceedingly skillful with the cue and Mr. Wills expects him to prove a big attraction.

The play starts Monday evening at 8 o'clock, with the opening game between Rodeston and Larson.

Fall from Bucking Bronc Makes Flannigan Hurler. Pitcher Flannigan, a husky recruit, who is trying for a place with the Detroit Americans, would have been a southpaw if he had not met with an accident. When he was a youngster he tried to ride a bronch. The animal objected and Flannigan took an impromptu course in aviation and fractured his left arm. While recovering from the injury he learned to throw with his right arm and has had marked success ever since.

Flannigan's injury brings to mind the accident which happened to Tris Speaker. He formerly was a right-handed pitcher, but he broke his salary-winning and switched arms with sensational success.

ADVANCE TRAINING FOR HURLERS GOOD

McGraw Points Out Advantages of Having Pitchers Report Week Earlier.

AID TO THE OTHERS, TOO

By JACK VEIOCK.

New York, March 24.—Most major league managers send their pitchers to the training camps a week to ten days in advance of the main squads. This custom was adopted primarily because of the fact that it takes the pitchers longer to get in shape. But there is another benefit in giving the pitchers a start on the batsmen, according to Manager McGraw of the Giants.

McGraw believes the sooner he can permit his pitchers to start curving the ball and turning on the steam the better for all concerned. His reason is two-fold.

First of all the pitchers benefit from long practice and the more they are permitted to work on the batters in daily games the quicker they acquire speed, curves and control. On the other hand, the batters, who look foolish against the first "hooks" of the season as a rule, have a longer time to look over curve-ball pitching before the season opens.

Some managers argue that making the batsmen face good pitching early in the training season is a mistake. They say it tends to make them "curve shy" at the plate and takes away the confidence they get in cracking soft pitching to all parts of the lot. But McGraw believes the opposite.

Many a youngster who slams the ball over the fence in the spring proves to be a veritable spring bloomer when called upon to face real pitching after the season opens. But the manager who gets his pitching staff in shape early has a chance to weed out the weak hitters, because they show their true speed against good pitching and save time for the manager who has to decide whether or not they will do.

Major league teams have a much better chance to follow the system of giving the pitchers an early start than the minor league clubs which make annual trips to training camps, because of the larger number of hurlers carried on their rosters in the spring. The big league manager can send a pitcher into the box, give him two innings of hard work after he has had several weeks to get in shape and then chase him to the shower, replacing him with another finger.

And out of a big squad of pitchers the major league manager can always find enough who are ready to put the stuff on the ball to keep his batters swinging at real pitching day in and day out.

As a rule the major league clubs that get off to the best start in the first month of the season have looked over plenty of regular pitching. The proof lies in the way they hammer the ball. And when the hurlers come to settle down to steady work these clubs are just that much better off, for there is nothing like practice, and the plan favored by McGraw gives both batter and pitcher a better chance.

Billy Queal, coach of Yale sprinters, is predicting great things this spring for Johnny Overton, Yale's star corks-track and cinder-path performer.

After Overton shattered the world's mark for the mile indoors at the recent Meadow Brook club games in Philadelphia, running the distance in 4:16, Queal stated that he believes Johnny will some day run the "1,000" 2:10 flat. At present Overton is the champion at 1,000 yards, but the best record indoors was made by Mel Sheppard, who ran the distance in 2:12.5.

"I have often said that Overton had it in him to smash records," said Queal, "and I am convinced that he will do it this spring. If he is pressed in the 1,000 outdoors he should be good for eight or more points. Overton will start in the mile and half-mile events. He has a chance to shatter some records at these distances, too."

"But give him a chance at the 1,000 on a fast track, line him up with some runners who will make him step his best, and there will be a new record as sure as you're born."

Overton has many enthusiastic followers who predict great things for him, but a majority of athletic critics in the east cannot see Overton as a world beater when compared with the wonderful Joey Ray. Ray, they believe, would show his heels to Overton or any other sprinter in the "1,000," the mile or the mile and a half events. All Ray needs is runners like Overton to make him step.

SANDBLOT LADS TO START WORK TODAY

Managers Plan to Put Charges Through Paces if Weather Permits.

NEW RULINGS BY BOARD

By FRANK QUIGLEY.

On condition the thermometer registers favorably and the car of the universe does not tap any rain clouds hercabouth, the majority of the local amateurs will indulge in their initial workout this afternoon. Municipal parks, vacant lots and the enclosed parks will be monopolized by the gladiators of the diamond. Several managers have booked games for today, the purpose being to get a line on the new stock.

A few measures on which considerable interest was kindled were adopted at the last meeting of the directors of the Omaha Amateur Base Ball association. Number one, that no member of the Omaha Amateur Base Ball association should be afforded an opportunity to have two chances to participate in a city championship series regardless of what class he may happen to be affiliated with. Number two, that it be optional with the board to have the various classes stage a series of games to decide the city championship. The meaning of the last measure is that if the class B champions are of the opinion that they can defeat the class A champions, at the option of the board a series of games can be staged to determine who the honor belongs to, and the class C champions will be entitled to a whack at the class B champions. It was reported that the rule of a player signing more than one contract had already been violated. The guilty gazaboa is none other than Fontaine Edward Vernon. Vernon signed first with the Murphy Did Its and later with the Te-Be-Ces. He signed one contract Fontaine Edward Vernon and on the other one he left out his middle monicker. He is the property of the Murphy Did Its.

Next Wednesday the magnates of the city league will gather and clean up all their business preparatory for the opening of the season. The schedule will be approved. This league is composed of six speedy aggregations and a great struggle for the flag is looked for.

The only rock in the path of the American league is whether or not it will be composed of six or eight squads. Six teams have already entered and two more have applied for a franchise. Most of the teams have already paid for their contracts. It will be definitely decided at the next meeting, April 9, as to the number of teams and then this league will be ready for the pill to roll.

Metropolitan Is Safe.

Now the Metropolitan league is on a firm foundation and the preliminary arrangements for the initial bout are perfected. It was agreed to cough up ten bones per game as forfeit dough, to be split as follows: Sixty per cent to the rag-grabbers after the price of a pennant and suitable watch jobs has been deducted, and 40 per cent to the team that mullages roost No. 2. This league will open the gates on April 23 and will participate in three rounds.

From present indications a Saturday league will be formed from the same teams associated with the Greater Omaha league and as an incentive to win perch No. 1 a purse of a hundred and fifty silver boys ought to work miracles. This league will not compete in the city championship series.

Omaha Tigers Start to Practice at Armour Park

The Omaha Tigers, an all-star colored club managed by J. Austin and captained by G. Starns, have assembled for the 1917 season and are working out every day at Armour park on the South Side. The Tigers start their annual road campaign on April 20, opening at Hamburg, Ia.

Austin and Starns have collected a fast aggregation of dusky stars this year and expect to beat last year's record of sixty victories, twelve defeats and two tie games. The team will line up as follows: R. Wright, catch; O. Johnson, catch; P. Miller, pitcher; F. White, pitcher; J. Marshall, pitcher; L. Cheatham, right field; C. Cooper, left field; A. Lowe, center field; G. Starns, first base; E. Gordon, second base; C. Relling, shortstop; P. Staples, third base.

Y. M. C. A. Indoor Meets

Become Thing of Past

The indoor athletic carnivals which have been held annually at the Auditorium by the Young Men's Christian association are a thing of the past. "Y" officials have definitely concluded to abandon the event. Half a dozen of these meets were held, but every one proved a losing proposition financially and entailed a great amount of labor for which there was no return, so the physical department of the "Y" decided this year was a good year to quit.

Ritchie Mitchell Will Clash With Ben Leonard

Benny Leonard, New York lightweight, and Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee, aspirants to the world's championship, have been matched for a ten-round, no-decision contest in Milwaukee on April 17.

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The Hypodermic Needle

By FRED S. HUNTER. Two recruits caught the startled eye of the scribe in the training camp. They hammered the pill at a vicious rate. Each one looked like a champ.

They made great catches out in the field. Swiped bases almost at will. Laid the oak on fast ball and curve. Most any pitch they could kill.

They were easy the stars of the entire camp. Phenoms, lad, on the job. One was called Tristram Speaker. And the other answered to Cobb.

"Foot ball prospects are bright at Ames," reads headline. No doubt, Nebraska isn't on the schedule this year.

Also, we might add, spring is a good time for foot ball prospects to be bright.

John Olin has loudly announced that he is anxious to meet Joe Stecher in Omaha. Which is the reason for an audible and mirthful titter.

Olin might get by the toll collector on the Douglas street bridge without being flattened out on his collarbone, but if he did we have a hunch he would be stopped before he got to Fourteenth street.

BY A CERTAIN PUGILIST WHOSE IDENTITY WE WILL NOT REVEAL FOR THE TIME AT LEAST.

"Let 'em coax him into the big battle by pulling a lot of war talk. If he was a smart guy or had a good manager he could pry 'em loose for a big guarantee with the privilege of 85 per cent of the gross receipts and the moving picture rights. The United States would be a big drawing card in this war and entitled to the big end of the gate.

Inez Irwin has written up the Stecher-Ernst match in a very highbrow manner. Inez says she doesn't think wrestling is brutal at all, but is a real dignified sport. Showing that Inez knoweth not whereof she speaketh. A Wrestling in the first place is a business, not a sport.

Earl Caddock is said to "have a thousand holds," but what we want to know is how many more than seven will he have time to use when he tangles with Joey da Steck.

Les Darcy has developed into quite a winner, reads a report from the east. Whaddaya mean developed?

Battling Nelson has volunteered to join Colonel Roosevelt's regiment in case there is war. The colonel could display his teeth, but could wiggle one of his tin ears and the enemy would be paralyzed with fright.

Military training in the base ball camps at least will instruct the rookie how to conduct a retreat when he is given the gate in May.

McGraw looks good to Stallings, reads trickling over the wire. But not Muggsy, my boy, not Muggsy. Muggsy looks about as good to Stallings as a U-boat to a bark canoe with King George painted on it.

Pre-Season Sandlot Gossip

Maxwell, the king pill slinger for the Murphy Did Its last season, will not play with the Blacksmiths this term. Hereafter the Stars and Stripes will be known as the Redlegs. They will either join the Greater Omaha league or play in independent base ball.

The lineup of the Beehive team is still uncertain, but the following players have signed up: Desmond, Estermyer, Carter, Col. Lita, Conroy, E. Stacey, R. Stacey and Kozik.

Because he has joined the city fire extinguishers, Joseph Vanous has resigned as first punch catcher for the Brandeis.

The Allright Merchants, a team of class associated with the Metropolitan league, is looking for a backer.

Roy Stacey will handle the managerial duties for the Beehive and Walter Collins will captain the crew.

Ben Kooler, who now resides in Missouri Valley, Ia., was in town last week. He used to pilot the famous Hollys, when they were a "class A" organization.

This season Walter Hamilton is going to stage a comeback. His lunch book used to contain pugilists that were difficult to solve.

Another backstopper who has so far failed to attach his John Hancock to a contract is Horace Gillespie. He performed with the defunct Tricky Hoopoes tribe last year.

Recently Peter McGuire received an exceptionally good offer to wiggle for Brady, S. D. His think tank now has the matter under advisement.

At three and a half strikes the Gamble ball crew will collide with the Tiny Toys at Riverview park this afternoon.

Last week Bill Maher blew in from Garwood, Tex., looking as sweet as saccharine.

When the Southern league exploded Frank Rynosh lost his job as secretary, but as Frank isn't particularly crazy about work his spirits are not hurt.

The smiling Irishman, Peter McCoy, will do mound duty for the Murphy Did Its this season.

The N. O. Boosters get together G. M. Frath will deserve the credit. To date not much life has been evolved in their camp.

Bill Dolson will again be back on the turf. He will be at the wheel for the recently organized Brodegaard Crown tribe.

One of the old guards who used to handle the indicator for the amateur league is going to help George Clark for a berth. Conklin is his tailor.

Youngman was unanimously elected field captain of the National Cash Registers.

Herman Banderian was temporarily at the post for the National Cash Registers, but now he has turned the job over to Billy Harris.

Cassey Gaines will manage the Te-Be-Ces. This team managed to cop the cellar berth of the Greater Omaha league last year, but with Cassey at the bat a different tale is looked for at the expiration of this season.

Herewith are the fellows that will play with the Te-Be-Ces: Butler, Richter, Peterson, Lutz, Nystrom, Pettman, Leary, Lawler, Stitt, Simpson, Smith and Holbrook.

April 6 the Te-Be-Ces base ball team will hold its annual dance. This year's stunt is always a crowd-grabber.

Fubertine Carter, a city guardian of the peace, is looking for a position as an adjudicator in the Greater Omaha league. The fact that he is a policeman and carries around some 240 pounds of beef ought to have some weight among the wise ones that enjoy barking at the barrier.

If the proposed Cliff Dwyler team materializes, George Kennedy would be the logical dude to pilot them. George is a general of exceptional ability.

The Dubliner Knights are especially anxious to stage a combat next Sunday. Call Herney 6213 and speak for Julie Slavin.

The stage base ball team will give a dance at the Swedish auditorium next Saturday.

Clothes are billed at Fontenelle park, Miller park, Riverview park and Thirty-second and Dewey avenue for this afternoon.

Chambers Will Defend Title Against Sciple

W. N. Chambers, state billiard champion, will defend his newly-acquired title in a 1,000-point match with Art Sciple. Sciple challenged Chambers to the combat and the title holder has accepted.

The 1,000 points will be shot in blocks of 250 on the following evenings: April 3, 6, 10 and 13. Harry Symes is expected to challenge the winner of this match.

Young Pesek to Take Crack at Owen Daily

Charles Pesek, kid brother of John Pesek, the Shelton, Neb., whirlwind, will take a crack at Owen Daily, who still insists he's the world's lightweight champion, at Minden Wednesday night. Young Pesek is heralded as a boy wonder out in Buffalo county and the fans in that part of the state declare he has a good chance to walk on Daily.

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