

BENNY LEONARD PROVES FREDDY WELSH'S MASTER IN FIERCELY FOUGHT BOUT

Bronx Lightweight Walks Out and Hits Champion at Will as No Boxer Has Done Since McFarland Met Him—New York Boy Title Holder's Superior at Everything, Clinching Alone Saving Latter's Crown.

THIS is the story of the passing of Freddy Welsh. Technically, he is still lightweight champion of the world. But the honor has become a shadow. The laurel wreath has faded. Ten thousand who saw him in ten fiercely fought rounds at Madison Square Garden last night know that Benny Leonard is his master in skill, in speed, in fighting strength and the automatic courage that comes of a firm belief in one's own invincible superiority.



R. Edgren's COLUMN

For a long time Welsh has had one hold on the consideration of the boxing fans. His backers have been able to say: "Yes, Ritchie outfought him. He can be forced to run and twist and slip away from punishment. But you can't take one thing from him—he can out-clever them all. He may not beat anyone, but who's going to outpoint him?"

Benny Leonard outpointed Freddy Welsh. He won from him in every round. He made him run, made him hold, made him come in and mix it desperately—and he beat him at everything he tried.

Since he fought McFarland Welsh had never met a man who could walk out and hit him at will. Leonard could. Whether the champion fought or stalled or tried to escape, he was up against it. Leonard was always after him, always shooting in jabs that reddened his nose and spoiled his professional smile, hooks and drives and swings that thudded on his ribs until the sound of them was like the beating of the bass drum in the orchestra.

No matter where he turned, there was Leonard, dancing lightly in, feinting, shooting out stinging blows, smiling his small, confident smile, flosses of times in every round Welsh was compelled to dive in and hold. He never held long, but still he was always clinching and frequently sitting in the breaks without being seriously harmed by Benny's punches.

A STRANGER coming into the Garden, unacquainted with either boxer, might easily have thought Benny Leonard the champion and Welsh the hopelessly outclassed contender. The boldness of bearing, the confidence, the direct attack, were all Leonard's. The faint leads, the turnings aside to avoid the issue, the eagerness to hold his opponent's arms for a moment, the desperate rallies when stung into resistance, were all the champion's. There were times when it seemed Welsh must drop under the hammering. He was shaken and dazed. He lost his smile. He looked old and battered. But his stamina was with him still. His recovery series were instantaneous. He had enough left to start the tenth round with his usual finishing flurry, and to tear along at top speed for half a round before Leonard's heavier blows beat him back upon the defensive. And with it all he took a pounding that would have stopped any lightweight who was not sound to the core.

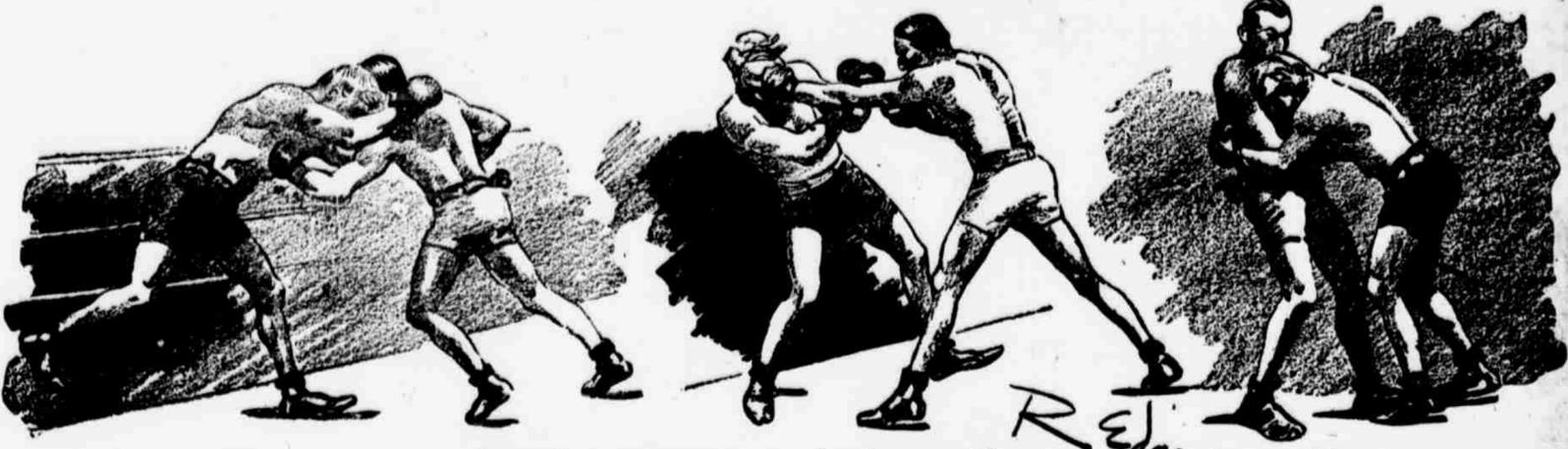
THE Garden was absolutely jammed with spectators. Those who came late had a hard time reaching the doors, for the streets outside were packed with a pushing, struggling throng. A lot of fast preliminaries came before the main bout.

Leonard was first in the ring, promptly at 10 o'clock. Welsh worked that threadbare old trick, keeping the youngster waiting for ten minutes to let him get nervous. Somehow it didn't work with Benny.

Joe Humphries introduced the "popular contender for the lightweight title," and the champion followed a few minutes later. He introduced "his opponent, the world's lightweight champion, Freddy Welsh of England," and the response was mingled yells and cheers, which indicated lack of sportsmanship on the part of some of Benny's followers. The announcement that Welsh weighed 136½ stripped, and Leonard 132, brought more mixed applause.

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK HOW BENNY LEONARD BEAT CHAMPION WELSH

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LEONARD'S FIERCE BODY BLOWS WORE WELSH DOWN. LEONARD JABBED WELSH WHENEVER HE PLEASED. WELSH WAS FORCED TO HANG ON.



LEONARD STOOD STRAIGHT, WHILE WELSH HAD TO BEND OVER AND COVER UP.

Welsh-Leonard Receipts \$28,357. Table showing gross receipts, ticket prices, and exchange rates for the boxing bout.

Fistic News and Gossip. By John Pollock. Not since the Frawley law, which legalizes ten-round no-decision boxing bouts in New York State, was introduced on Aug. 31, 1911, has there been so much money taken in at two boxing shows as at the contests between Welsh and Leonard.

All Three New York Ball Clubs Sure to Finish in First Division

This Prediction is Based on the Consensus of Opinion Among Players Rather Than on Figures. Majority of Fifty Players Asked Regard Giants, Dodgers and Yanks as Strong Pennant Contenders.

By Bozeman Bulger. TO vary the usual method of stinging up the relative strength of baseball teams in the major leagues as they square off for another season, an effort has been made to get the consensus of opinion among the players themselves rather than depend absolutely on the figures. After filtering the views of fifty experienced men, personally interviewed on a recent tour of the training camps, the result shows that the first division clubs of the two leagues should be grouped as follows: National League. American League.

BOWIE SELECTIONS. Table listing various sports events and selections for the week, including horse racing and boxing.

Sons of Our Millionaires Are Cutting Big Figure in Sport World Nowadays

Goulds, Harrimans, Wanamakers, Marshall Fields, Astors and Fleischmanns Are Devoting Time to Business of Winning Titles in Various Pastimes of Strenuous Character.

WITH fat bank rolls and nothing particular to do save of many of our most prominent millionaires are now devoting themselves to the business of winning sporting titles, and they are making good. It is getting to be almost a regular thing for one to pick up newspapers and see the Goulds, Wanamakers, Marshall Fields, Astors and Fleischmanns taking conspicuous places in the sporting news.

These sons of wealthy families don't say for that they are not the same games. They prefer more action "sporting blood," the sensation of a victory made an hour's sweat through the close grip of hydroplanes, the exhilaration of a thrilling polo match or the skill and stamina one must bring into play in a hard tennis set-to.

These moneyed youths—many of them could wear their American checks for a fortune—are intensely serious about their sport prospects. They have given up the idea of competing in games just to amuse a society galaxy and are now keen about winning titles for their trophy rooms.

Heading the list of these young millionaire sport champions comes Jay Gould, son of George Gould, the railroad magnate. Young Jay possesses that rare distinction of being a world's champion in court tennis. With all the expensive sports open to him, Jay Gould has not yet decided on court tennis. Down at the Gould mansion at Lakewood the future world's title holder learned his game from the ground up. For two years he practiced with a private tutor. When he was ready to make his public debut young Gould had few opponents to fear, and he went through them with express speed. In no time he won the American title. Then he sent a challenge abroad, and England replied with George F. Covey, the greatest pro star in the game. Covey and Gould met at the Philadelphia Racquet Club on March 19, 1914. Gould won seven sets to one.

Mr. Gould is the greatest player who has ever been defeated by a Britisher. He has won the greatest tribute to the victor. Gould retains his American championship and he is now ready to defend it this year.

HOW R. NORRIS WILLIAMS ABANDONED TENNIS HEIGHTS. A mention of the country's best tennis player would not be complete without R. Norris Williams, who comes from an immensely wealthy Philadelphia family. Sent to England to prepare himself for Harvard, young Williams mastered the fundamentals of tennis from one of the best known English experts. Returning home, R. Norris, who is simply "Pac" to his intimates, soon rose to the first squad of international candidates for the Davis Cup team.

When but eighteen years old Williams "made" the American team that invaded England in 1913 and returned with the historic cup. The following year Williams defeated Maurice McLaughlin for the American championship at Newport, which was one of the biggest surprises the game has ever known. Williams lost his title to William Johnston last year. Now he's getting ready to recapture his honors from the Californian. George Church, a strong contender for national tennis titles this season, is another youngster who'll never need to worry about the foot putt any more. Like Joe Lieke, Joe Gould, young Church hired a private instructor to teach him the fine points of the net game. Church captured the national title in 1914, when he represented Princeton. In the national tournament at Forest Hills last year Church survived to the fifth round. With Williams and McLaughlin, Church stands the best chance of winning the national championship this year.

PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Baer.

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RABID RUDOLPH

'A ALL OUR REFORMERS ARE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC.

As John L. Sullivan says, fighters have changed since his time. Jess Willard will never be defeated by Jess Willard.

Would be no surprise now if Belgium captured Berlin. The A. A. U. has finally given a logical reason for barring an athlete.

Looks as if Jim Thorpe still plays ball in the suburbs of organized baseball.

How about the dual personality who takes one drink and feels like another man?

Young pitchers will soon be going after the record for flights without a passenger.

Now the reformers are reforming racing, and outside of a broken back the camel is getting along nicely.

WILL PAY NO DIVIDENDS THIS YEAR. Outlaw baseball. North German Lloyd. Dove of Peace. Villa. Spring phenoms.

Anyway, the tallender in a league doesn't have to go back and put a torpedo on the track.

Bill Donovan says the Yanks are going to finish in first place instead of July.

Why should a reformer stay here and be a retailer when he can go to Europe and be a wholesaler? There is still two rods ahead of our country.

They say that the funniest portion of Charley Chaplin's repertoire is his imitation of Germany Schmeifer's imitation of him.

Although he refuses to mention any names, Teddy is convinced that somebody is going to serve a third term.

Beach of rocks who get their benefits in March are drawing on their August account.

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