BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

R. Edgren's COLUMN

If Leonard Stops Welsh Friday Night He Can Consider Himself Very Lucky.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

THE ring event of the week is the ten-round bout in Washington Park Friday night, when Lightweight Champion Freddy Welsh will go ten rounds with Benny Leonard and Benny Leonard will do his best to prevent it.

Welsh's well-earned unpopularity will be worth money at the gate, for many will go in hope of seeing him relegated to the ranks of the bashtoons by the Harlem boy. That is about the only reason for wanting to see Welsh in a boxing contest. He has real fighting ability, but since he became champion and began getting into the "soft money" he has turned over his cunning to the problem of clinking to the title. Welsh is strong and full of endurance, and has acquired a mastery of running, holding and avoiding all risks. It is absurd to say that he has unequalled defensive cleverness. Undoubtedly he is clever, but any fairly skilful boxer entirely lacking in personal pride could stall through ten rounds by using Welsh's tactics.

The only question Friday night is whether or not Benny Leonard can overcome Welsh's stalling and clinging and slip through a settling punch before the end of the tenth round. Many have tried it and failed. Benny whipped Welsh when they met before, but couldn't finish him. Leonard is faster than Welsh, and a cleaner and better hitter. Also he is after the championship, which should make him press Welsh as hard as he can. But if he does stop the titleholder within ten rounds he can consider himself very lucky. He is a fairly clean hitter, but not master of a knockout punch like that carried by Ad Hawkins, Kid McFadden, Joe Gans, Terry McGovern and a lot of other old-timers.

A CHEERFUL consideration to the boxing fans is that reasonable prices will be charged at the Welsh-Leonard bout. No one will be asked to pay the fare of a twenty-round championship match. Washington Park is big and can seat many people, and the promoters failed at the Dillon-Moran match that it is a mistake to hold seats too high and draw a small crowd.

WELSH, a Chicago despatch says, "has agreed to surrender the world's lightweight championship title on a decision on Labor Day, should Billy Roche of New York, selected as referee on the insistence of his manager, give a verdict against him."

This refers to the Welsh-White twenty-round bout in Colorado.

Welsh has been credited with having at first signed to defend his title, with a decision. It seemed that the author, Freddy intended to reform. But it was a mistake.

Who and what is Billy Roche, who is to give the "decision" in the Welsh-White affair?

In the first place, Roche is the person referred to occasionally as Freddy's "private referee." In New York he has long been known as a "pal" of Welsh's manager. He has been taken to various parts of the country to referee for Welsh, the local managers being forced to accept him. But why a pal of Welsh's manager should be jammed in as referee when Freddy fights I leave the public to imagine. There is a general idea that when Roche is in the ring Freddy is very effectively protected against all chance of losing that valuable lightweight title.

Billy "Red" Roche has a record. He was managing fighters and refereeing bouts in Horton Law days. He knows the game thoroughly and is an active and skilful referee.

Several years ago Roche went to California, where he refereed a number of big bouts and achieved quite a bit of popularity. This popularity ended abruptly when some of his decisions were sharply criticised. Roche came back to New York, where he has acted as referee in no-decision bouts.

But in Colorado they may be foolish enough to allow a champion to import his own referee, and pay to see the bout. But there's little sense in becoming excited over the prospect of Welsh's losing that decision, whether the bout goes one round or twenty.

Well, Matty's Reds didn't lose a game yesterday.

WHY shouldn't a bronze or a marble statue of Matty be put up in Central Park? We have scores of statues of gentlemen whose memory in New York is far less. Politicians, office-holders, Generals—all the frock-coated, uniformed bunch is there. And every one who knows anything at all about art knows that the modern frock coat is the most abominable garment in the world for sculptural purposes.

Also, while we are encouraging the youth of the land to take part in athletic sports, why stick up statues of fat, unmanly persons who never topped a saddle or tossed a baseball?

The football and baseball uniforms, the athletic running suits, a swimmer's covering, all have some element of grace and beauty. Beside which there is the moral effect to be considered. Imagine the father of the family taking a youngster through the park. They approach a large bronze statue of a statesman.

"Pop," says the boy, "what did that man do?"

"Why—ahem—he—well, he had a remarkable brain, my boy. Starting with nothing he talked himself into an officer of trust, and when he came out he had $2,000,000."

Imagine the same family stopping before a statue of Mathewson, the ball player.

"Pop, what did they put his statue up here for?"

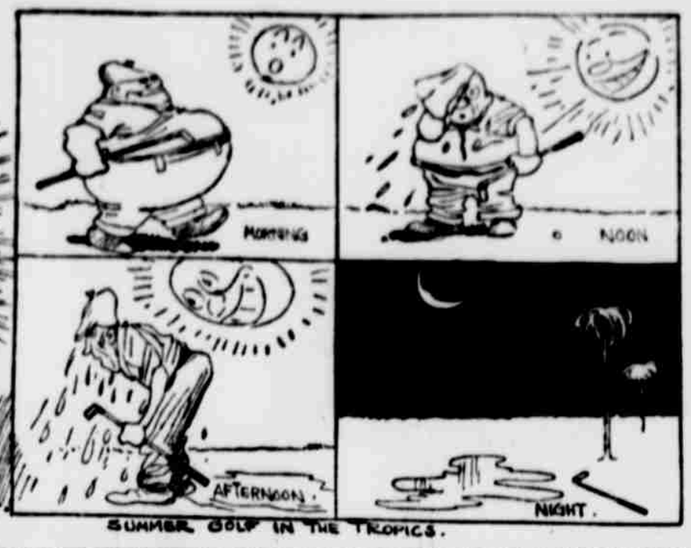
"That one? Why, son, in his time he was one of the best men in this country. He played wonderful ball with the Giants for fifteen years, and in all that time he never grouched when he lost a game, never kicked at a decision, never tried to 'bean' a batter, never did a thing that wasn't fair and square and aboveboard. Winning or losing, he always did his best and went off the field with a smile. He was a clean living, a fair-minded, regular MAN, he was—a sportsman! If you grow up like him, boy, you'll be all right."

Always Say—
BURKE'S GUINNESS
Bottled by—E. & J. Burke

A MUGGY SUMMER DAY AT THE NORTH POLE.

SPORT IN OTHER CLIMES

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).



SUMMER GOLF IN THE TROPICS.

Racing Battle of Fillies Ends in Stewards' Stand

Maiden Event at Yonkers Track Furnishes Thrills and Anxious Moments.

By Vincent Treanor.

THE race for maiden fillies, last on the card, at Yonkers yesterday furnished more thrills and anxious moments for the crowds than the rest of the programme put together. It was a hard fought battle and finally ended in the stewards' stand.

The thrills came with the ding-dong finish between the odds-on choice Whitney Belle and H. P. Whitney's Gladiola, who fought it out almost locked and stride for stride throughout the last eighth, going past the finish on such even terms that it looked a dead heat. The backers of the favorite were sure they won only when the numbers went up. Only then did they heave a sigh of relief. Anxious moments were still to come, for the decision of the judges wasn't official yet. As soon as he could get back to the scales, Mink, who rode Gladiola, ran up to the stewards' stand with a complaint. "Oh, it's just one of those alibi things," said those who had wagered on Whitney Belle, but there were others in the crowd that surged down around the stewards' sanctum. Evidently they had bet on Gladiola, for they applauded the action of Mink in an intimidating way. Little Mink lodged his complaint with indignant and expressive gestures, and the officials listened to him attentively. When he had finished the stewards summoned Taplin, rider of Whitney Belle, and his appearance in rebuttal was applauded too by certain of the gathering. Taplin explained and was questioned in turn, and meanwhile those who had accepted 7 to 10 on his mount began to perspire unnaturally and breathe heavily. They had visions of a disqualification. The stewards seemed exasperatingly slow in reaching their decision, and not until they finally decided to let the race stand as run did hundreds begin to inhale and exhale normally. Mink's complaint was that Taplin had grabbed him by the leg during the drive and hampered him seriously. Taplin's answer to this was that Mink had hit Whitney Belle with his whip and that he simply pushed him away. The officials had no way of telling which boy was truthful in the matter and could do nothing else but let things go as they stood.

Halterman-Medrick got two horses yesterday. He claimed Daddy Longlegs out of the first race, in which he was represented by Stalwart Van, and he bid up and secured Ninety Simplex out of the second for $900. Ninety Simplex was in for $500, and that's about all he's worth, for he is a cripple. Hedrick had to pay $1,405 to get Daddy Longlegs, who was in for $1,000, but he disposed of him afterwards to Emil Herz and probably added another couple of century notes to his bank roll.

Transit and Ninety Simplex made the fields look decidedly cheap in their respective races. Both were of the good thing variety and they never left the issue in doubt from the moment the barrier was sprung.

Harry Fink tried hard to get Transit and Hauberk. He bid the former up from $700 to $1,405, at which figure Marrone protected his horse. After Hauberk won Fink quickly carried him to $2,505. The gelding was in for $1,000, so that there was little financial nourishment in his victory for the Coe stable.

Every racing day has its surprises and upsets. Yesterday these were furnished by Gloomy Gus and Sprint. Gloomy Gus, who opened equal choice with Gertrude Marie in the opening two-year-old event, went back in the oral market until he looked a decidedly gloomy betting proposition. When it came to racing Gloomy Gus scintillated. He just ran away from his field and at the end was pulling up with ten lengths to spare. Sprint furnished an upset only because Fenmouse got a bad ride from Burlingame. He raced the breath out of the Rocksand filly in the run to the stretch turn and had nothing left when the more intelligently ridden Sprint got into the drive in the last sixteenth.

"White Hat" McCarthy, who was racing horses before most of us were born, sat in the clubhouse yesterday renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. He is on his annual visit from California to spend the Saratoga meeting with his two sons, who are well known on the local tracks. The old gentleman hasn't changed a bit, only that he is sporting a straw hat instead of the old white beaver with which his name has been associated.

SPORT BRIEFS.

Robert D. Wrenn, former President of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, has accepted an invitation to act as referee in the West vs. East matches which will be held at the West Side Tennis Club courts in Forest Hills, L. I., on Friday, Aug. 4, and Saturday, Aug. 5.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 26.—Announcement was made to-day by Col. Jacob Ruppert of New York, part owner of the Yankees, that it has been decided to sell the Hudson River Stock Farm land and horses.

After weeks of strenuous training, the senior eight of the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia has failed to live up to expectations and will not be entered in the national regatta at Duluth next month.

BOSTON, July 26.—Clarence J. Griffin of San Francisco, who furnished a big upset on Monday by eliminating R. Norris Williams 2d from the singles in the annual lawn tennis tournament at the Longwood Cricket Club, disposed of another strong contender yesterday. In his match with T. R. Pell of New York, the Californian won in straight sets by a score of 6—1, 6—1, 9—7, his game being altogether too resourceful and speedy for the New Yorker. The national champion, W. M. Johnston, had another easy day disposing of E. E. Dennison of Portland, Me., in straight sets.

Giants To-Day With Cincinnati, 3.40 P. M. Polo Grounds. Adm. 50c.—Advt.

MATTY FUND NEARLY REACHES $500 MARK.

Latest contributors to the fund to present Christy Mathewson with a testimonial from his admirers and baseball fans of New York:

Previously acknowledged	$435.35
George E. Ruppert	50.00
Walter P. McCaffray	5.00
C. W. Faitoute	1.00
	$491.35

Matty's Locker at the Polo Grounds Empty for First Time in Sixteen Years

Those Who Declare That There's No Sentiment in Baseball Should Read This Story of Big Six's Visit to Old Club House.

By Bozeman Bulger.

A LONG, low hung car pulled up at the clubhouse as the rain spattered down on a sign proclaiming "No Game To-Day." A big shouldered, blue-eyed fellow climbed from under the wheel and slowly made his way up the steps to the intimate home of the Giants. Nobody stopped him, though he did not belong to the New York club. In the corner of the clubhouse—the new clubhouse—there was a locker that had performed its duty for more than a decade. Clubhouses had changed several times but not the locker. The little iron grating was fastened exactly as it was fastened on that day when the Giants licked the Athletics and won the world's championship back in 1905.

The big fellow, mopping his blond brow, fitted a key to the lock and began dragging forth things that had not been touched for many years. Idling around on the benches several pink-skinned athletes watched the rifling of the locker in oppresive silence. Over in a corner a plain pine table had been rigged up for vingt-et-un and a deck of cards was carelessly scattered over it. Three or four of the muscular fellows, clad in little more than a breechclout, sat down to have a try at the game. The big fellow turned from his demolition of the locker to watch them.

"Say, Matty," one of them yelled, "don't forget that checkerboard, and, mind you, there is a tab there, on the shelf, showing how much the gang has won or lost during the last two months."

The blue-eyed athlete located the sheet of paper and walked over to the table. He had been the club bookkeeper and mathematician since a lad.

"Come no, fellows," he said, "and kick in. I'm leaving and this thing's got to be straightened out."

One at a time the debtors were cornered and settled.

"And say, Matty," another yelled, "don't forget that Larry and Poll owe a dollar on that last checker game."

Another dollar or two was turned over to the big pitcher.

"I guess there isn't much more use for these towels," he said, spreading them out on the table. "I'll stake you to this one, Fred, and I guess Fletch will grab the other one."

"All right," yelled Larry. "Get that locker straightened out and sit in with us for a few minutes. We'd like to have you lose one time before you go."

In a few minutes the locker was stripped and the steel grated door swung idly on its hinges with a key stuck in the lock.

The man who had used it for years stood there scanning a slip of paper that evidently had been lost in the dust of time. On it he made out this memorandum: "Mertes, .25; Bowerman, .60; Tenney, .50; Wilson, .50; Wilse, 1.25; Ames, .75."

"An old twenty-one score," he mumbled, and there came the trace of a tear in the big blue eyes.

Evidently he regarded it settled, for, he started to tear it up and then, on second thought, carefully brushed off the little slip and placed it in a card case.

"Are you in?" an impatient athlete shouted from the vingt-et-un table. "Come on and take a hand. There's no ball game to-day. Never mind about that new club of yours."

Just then the blue-eyed fellow dug up from the bottom of the locker a kodak print of a party of oldtimers. In the middle he stood, flanked by Arthur Devlin and Bill Dahlen. That he also tucked in the big card case.

"Are you coming or not?" the athlete demanded from the table. "We are starting the deal."

More tear drops trickled down the cheeks of the big athlete. He edged over to the vingt-et-un table.

"Larry," he said, in a half broken voice, "I don't know whether I want to become the manager of another club or not. This is the only locker I ever had in my life. Deal me in the game!"

The cards were slowly dealt, not a sound smothering the "flip, flip," as the pasteboards fell on the table.

"Larry," said the big fellow, without studying his hand, "the only running we ever had was when you accused me of saying you had been drinking a bottle of beer. Remember you cracked it at me in an exhibition game down at Norfolk? I'm sorry that you thought that."

"Forget it," counselled Larry. "Old boy," and he slapped him on the back, "we are with you, hook, line and sinker."

The game broke up without a hand having been played, and as the big fellow bundled up his things and trundled over to the club house of the visitors there were tear dimmed eyes. Even the club house boy felt badly.

Matty's locker was empty.

It was empty for the first time in sixteen years!

Early this morning it still looked dubious for a hilarious Matty day, but it was announced that the game would be played if there was the least possible chance.

MAJOR LEAGUE RESULTS AND STANDING OF CLUBS

National League

Clubs.	W.	L.	PC.	Clubs.	W.	L.	PC.
Brooklyn	48	32	.600	N. York	39	43	.661
Boston	43	35	.551	Pitts'gh	38	42	.475
P'hia	44	36	.550	St. Louis	41	48	.461
Chicago	43	45	.489	Cinc'n'ti	36	52	.409

American League

Clubs.	W.	L.	PC.	Clubs.	W.	L.	PC.
N. York	51	27	.550	Wash.	47	41	.534
Boston	49	38	.563	Detroit	47	45	.511
Clev'l'd	50	39	.562	St. Louis	39	49	.443
Chicago	49	40	.551	P'hia	19	62	.235

Results of Games Yesterday.

Chicago, 8; Boston, 2 (11 innings).
New York vs. Cincinnati (rain).
Brooklyn vs. St. Louis (rain).
Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh (rain).

Chicago, 13; New York, 5.
Cleveland, 5; Boston, 4.
Detroit, 6; Washington, 5.
St. Louis, 8; Philadelphia, 3.

Games To-Day.

Cincinnati at New York.
St. Louis at Brooklyn (2 games).
Chicago at Boston.
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia (2 games).

New York at Chicago.
Boston at Cleveland.
Philadelphia at St. Louis.
Washington at Detroit.

BRITTON GIVES HUB FANS TREAT AGAINST GRIFFITHS.

BOSTON, July 26.—Jack Britton, the welterweight champion, and Johnny Griffiths, the Akron contender, boxed a twelve-round draw at the Armory A. A. last night. Britton at times was not as aggressive as Griffiths, but it was a treat to see him work. He used his head, hands and feet as only a past master in the game can.

Britton did the greater part of his hitting with his left. He hooked, jabbed and countered with it considerably, the blows landing on Griffiths's face, jaw and stomach. He also did some good hitting with the right, catching the Akron boxer many times on the jaw and wind.

Griffiths tried hard to get over punches with both hands, but the clever blocking, sidestepping and dodging of Britton prevented him from landing effectively. He did manage to shoot the left and right to the jaw several times, the blows sending Britton back some distance.

HARRY PIERCE STOPS YOUNG OTTO IN EIGHTH.

Harry Pierce, the hard hitting Brooklyn lightweight, who has lately been making a good showing against the top-notchers of the lightweight division, stopped Young Otto of this city at the Harlem Club of Rockaway last night. Pierce toyed with Otto from start to finish, giving him a terrible trouncing, and had not Otto run away and clinched often he would have been stopped earlier.

Fans Showing Team Work In Swelling Matty Fund

Letters With Contributions to Testimonial Indicate Pitcher Has Friends Everywhere.

BASEBALL fans, and even others who have never been inside the Polo Grounds, are showing excellent team work in swelling The Evening World's testimonial for Christy Mathewson. Letters, accompanied by contributions, eloquently show the high esteem in which all lovers of clean sportsmanship hold the former Giant idol.

The following letter from a veteran Jerseyman who played ball in the early sixties speaks for itself:

"Enclosed find $1 as a sporting testimonial to Christy Mathewson, the best type of a ball player. Although I have never seen a league game, I give this money because it is for baseball. C. W. FAITOUTE,
"Summit, N. J."

And this from Walter P. McCaffray, who sends along $5 and this expression of regard:

Testimonial Editor: Here's good luck to the Big Fellow, to-day, tomorrow and forever—a grand son.

George E. Ruppert, not to be outdone by his brother, Col. Jake, who is half owner of the Yankees, offers a $50 check as his share toward the testimonial, which is only another proof how Matty drew his friends from all leagues and from every station in life.

While hundreds have pledged support to the testimonial there are many others, all keen admirers of Matty, that can display their regard for the great pitcher simply by sending a small coin as their share toward the rememberance gift for the Big Fellow to the Testimonial Editor, Evening World, Park Row.

Fistic News and Gossip

By John Pollock

Having successfully fought his way up in the lightweight division to a position where he is now recognized as one of the best men in the country, Joe Welling, the crack Chicago boxer, was to-day matched by his manager, Jimmy Johnston, to meet Johnny Dundee, the fast local Italian lightweight, in a ten-round bout at Madison Square Garden on the night of Aug. 10. They will battle at 135 pounds, weigh in at the ringside. Since coming East, Welling has defeated all of his opponents.

Billy Gibson announced to-day that he has engaged George Engel, the well-known manager and handler of fighters, to be chief adviser for Benny Leonard in his bout with Freddie Welsh in Brooklyn on Friday night. Engel has handled Leonard with excellent judgment in all of his prominent bouts. Gibson also declared that he wants either Bill Brown or Kid McFarland to referee the contest.

Henry Bletzer of Baltimore, manager of George Chaney, the heavy hitting featherweight of that city, has wired Matt Hinkel that he will gladly let Chaney meet Champion Johnny Kilbane in a ten-round bout at Cedar Point, O., on Labor Day, providing Chaney receives $6,000, with the privilege of accepting 30 per cent. of the receipts and $500 for travelling expenses.

Young Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia, who was training at Atlantic City for his bout with Marty Cross at the Arverne Sporting Club on Aug. 3, met with an accident which has compelled him to call off the contest. While in bathing O'Brien stepped on a broken bottle, which cut his left foot so badly that eight stitches were taken.

Another attractive card of bouts is offered by the Pioneer Sporting Club for its regular weekly boxing show to-night. In the two principal contests of ten rounds, Ray Rivers of California will meet Young Reilly of the west side in a return battle, while in the semi-final, Artie McGovern will go against Young Izzo, a promising east side bantamweight.

Jimmy Duffy, the clever west side lightweight, is now at Douglaston, L. I., helping Champion Freddie Welsh put on the finishing touches for his bout with Leonard Friday night. Duffy is getting ready for his battle with Irish Patsy Cline at the Empire A. C. one week from to-morrow night.

Mike Murray, the light heavyweight of Boston, has just clinched a match between Eddie Hammer, the likely lightweight of Chicago, and Johnny O'Leary, the Canadian lightweight champion. They will exchange wallops in a twelve-round bout at the Armory A. A. of that city next Tuesday night. Hammer fought Johnny Dundee on July 4 and put up a great battle. This will be the first time either has fought in Boston.

Jim Smith, the Westchester heavyweight, who fought the late Stanley Ketchell and other good men several years ago, after which he retired from the ring, will try a "come back" stunt at the Fairmont A. C. of the Bronx on Saturday night, by meeting Sailor Grande of California in a ten-round bout. Pete Hartley will take on Artie Kaufman in the other ten-rounder.

A match was arranged in St. Louis to-day between Battling Levinsky, the Hebrew heavyweight of Bridgeport, Conn., and Gunboat Smith, the California fighter. They will come together in a twelve-round battle at the Future City A. C. on the night of Aug. 7. They were to have fought at the same club last night, but on account of illness Smith had the "go" postponed.

Jim Healy, the Irish heavyweight, who has won his last six fights by quick knockouts, has been signed up for another battle. His opponent will be Jim Kelly, the heavyweight of Greenwich Village, whom he will take on for ten rounds at the Olympic A. C. of Harlem next Monday night. Healy is under the management of Dan Hickey, the well-known boxing instructor.

Shamus O'Brien, the Yonkers lightweight who gained considerable notoriety some months ago by claiming that Leonard wore horseshoes in his gloves in their bout up State, returned to town to-day from Rochester, where he defeated Johnny O'Leary, the Canadian lightweight, Monday night. O'Brien's next bout will be with Leo Johnson, the colored lightweight, at the Harlem Sporting Club Friday night.

As the winner of the bout between Pal Moore, the Memphis bantamweight, and Kid Goodman of this city, at the Arverne Sporting Club to-morrow night, will be matched to meet Young Zulu Kid, the Brooklyn bantam, at the same club on Aug. 3, both lads will battle hard to win. Freddie Reese will meet Frankie Cole in the semi final.

Levinsky Defeats Bourke.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 26.—Battling Levinsky of New York, who recently defeated Jack Dillon, "the man killer," at Baltimore, added another scalp to his list here last night by defeating Tommy Bourke, the St. Louis light heavyweight.

DEWAR'S
WHITE LABEL
THE SCOTCH OF GREAT AGE

PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

RADIO RUDOLPH.

"FANS imagine they are cheated if they don't see a team of pitchers in the box each day."

Fred Welsh is having a lot of trouble with the third man in the ring. Generally it's the second man who gives Fred all the trouble.

If his audience decreases much more Connie Mack will have to set a formidable trust regulator Mackism.

Frank Baker expects to get back to the Yanks in time for the world series.

Battling Levinsky wants to fight one thousand battles before he kicks in, and it looks as if he will do it if his feet hold out.

Most of our brave men are on the Mexican border, but every once in a while we hear of an otherwise normal guy carrying one of those great suit cases for his wife.

Ban Johnson hasn't explained whether his rule giving beaned batters two bases included left-handers too.

Although there wasn't a single du Pont powder town in the circuit, the Ohio State League blew last week.

Stealing second with three on is one of the boxes that Bill Setter Rose can't set.

Boston is the cradle of our national pastime, but Connie Mack seems to have borrowed it.

Matty doesn't expect to do much this season, as he realizes the Reds 1916 chances are as dead as a Fed League rain check.

If you come back from the seashore and find your apartment ransacked you will realize that the wrestling season has opened rather early.

If Johnny Evers has relayed his Napoleon Lenox ways, the news don't reach us. Well, the Russians thought they were polymaxing when they started to drink furniture polish instead of vodka.

Texas—One hundred in the shade and no shade.

Wonder what Pitcher Markle does for a living? We see him up around the Polo Grounds most of the time.

Trouble with the .200 hitters is that they bat with one foot in the league below.

One game won or lost doesn't hurt much, especially if it's soon.

Although it gives a magnate pain,
The fan is glad to see it rain:
It saves the poor old fan's half dollar
And helps to clean his rubber collar.

ANSWERS TO QUEERIES.

Chumpp—Washington lost 113 games in one season, but would have done better if it hadn't rained.

Gazapp—Strange case of Wheezar Dell hitting a single must be one of those mysterious cases of dual personality.

SPORTING.

RACING
Empire City Track
(YONKERS & MT. VERNON)
TOMORROW
The Wakefield Handicap
Katonah Handicap
And 4 Other Thrilling Events
FIRST RACE AT 2.30 P. M.
SPECIAL RACE TRAINS leave Grand Central Terminal at 12.06, 1.13, 1.31 P. M. Express trains to Mt. Vernon, 1.45 P. M. Express 1.50 P. M. Also by Bronx Park route, 10 minutes ride from 149th st. and Third ave. Take Bronx Park car to Gun Hill road, then one block east. Also by trolley direct, by trolley, take 9th and 5th av. car to 138th st., change to Jerome av. trolley direct to entrance. Grand Stand & Paddock, $3; Ladies, $1.50.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS
WELSH vs. LEONARD TICKETS
DOYLE'S BILLIARD ACADEMY,
112 W. 42d st. Tel. 2074 & 10223 Bryant.

TO-NIGHT—PIONEER SPORTING CLUB
340 W. 44th St. Phone 10443 Bryant.
Ray Rivers vs. Young Reilly.
Artie McGovern vs. Young Izzo. ADM. 50c.
B'WAY Sptg. Club, B'klyn. Tel. 5306 Bush. This Sat. Star Bout. Silent Martin vs. Frank Carbone.

AND
IMPORTED
Ginger Ale
Order by the Dozen
from your Wine Merchant or Grocer
for Use at Home