ITALIAN BOXER HAS LEAD ON POINTS WHEN BOUT SUDDENLY ENDS

Referee Stops Title Bout And Gives It to Dundee When Chaney Fouls in 5th

Action Proper, but Spoiled What Promised a Sensational Battle.

By Vincent Treanor.

WHAT might have been a real good fight between Johnny Dundee and George K. O. Chaney was stopped very suddenly by Referee Kid McPartland at the Garden last night, and the decision awarded to Dundee on a foul. Something sensational seemed about to happen. The fifth round was a little more than a minute old. Dundee had been fouled very plainly twice with low punches. He fought hard after the first one, a low left dig below the belt, which spun the little Italian around. He looked at McPartland, glanced down complainingly and then hooked four lefts to the side of Chaney's face. Chaney took these without trying to ward them off, and crowded Dundee into the latter's own corner. He then swung his left from the knees and the punch went away below the flag encircling Dundee's waist.

This time Dundee dropped his hands over the injured spot and an unmistakable look of pain clouded his face. He hopped around as if to get relief. The referee at this point sent Chaney to his corner and ordered Dundee to take his chair, while he suggested to Deputy Commissioner O'Rourke at the ring side that a physician examine the Italian. Dr. Walker clambered into Dundee's corner and as a result of his examination McPartland made his decision disqualifying Chaney. It was a regrettable ending to a contest for the 130-pound championship.

At least once before this, in the third round, Chaney after the manner of most southpaws such as he is, dug a left into Dundee's stomach. Johnny hesitatingly complained to McPartland. The punch seemed to land right on the belt line. The referee paid little attention to the matter, and Johnny peppered Chaney with rights and lefts and had no trouble outguessing his rival and making him miss.

After the bout, in his dressing room Dundee said he still felt the pain of Chaney's low punches, but regretted winning on a foul.

"I don't like to win fights that way," he said. "He did the same thing to me last June in Boston, and the doctor wanted to give me the decision the same way, but I refused to take it. I might have continued to-night, but the referee wouldn't let me." Dundee then showed his aluminum protector. It was badly dented near the top.

Chaney left the ring loudly applauded by most of the crowd, which evidently didn't see the foul blows or believed that Dundee was faking it. This was very unfair to the little Italian, who in all his long ring career has never shown himself to be a quitter or a stalker. Chaney and his seconds professed to be deeply wronged by the decision and even suggested that Dundee's protecting equipment might have been bent purposely before he entered the ring.

Up to the sudden termination of the bout Dundee had a big lead on points. He might not have been hurting Chaney, but he certainly hit his man any time he wanted to. He was fighting solidly, too, as if trying to uncork a real wallop. He rarely employed the jumping-jack tactics for which he is noted, and made little use of his trick of rebounding off the ropes.

Chaney evidently went in to knock Johnny for a goal and he certainly was trying hard to connect. He foolishly took a lot of punching on the face, and didn't mind a cut eye in his efforts to get over a solid crack. In the second round he hooked four lefts to Dundee's face, and they were anything but love taps. As usual when stung, Johnny ripped and tore back, but just the same he always looked in danger of hitting the floor.

The other bouts were interesting, marred only by a very bad decision in the opener between Al Norton and Barney Adair. The judges, Harry Kannison and George T. Kelly, and referee Jim Crowley, between them pulled a raw one when they awarded the verdict to Adair. The gallerites didn't get over it for the rest of the evening.

Norton is the makings of a real good man. He boxes with an unusual knowledge of the finer points of the game. He hits stiffly and knows what he's doing all the time. Adair, of the rougher type, was not averse to pulling stuff not exactly according to rule. Punches off the breakaways are his specialty. He was completely outclassed at long range and knew it. He has an educated left hand. He reaches out, grabs his opponent around the neck with it, while he tries to murder him with a right. He tripped himself up twice missing the trick in the fifth and sixth rounds.

When the decision was announced the house went into an uproar of disapproval, hooting and booing for fully five minutes. It was one of the rankest ever given in the Garden. With the exception of the last round, when Adair landed a sneaky right early and dazed his man, Norton won on a point count by a big margin.

Joe Azevedo of California and Johnny Darcy were the principals in the second bout. They are lightweights. In the third round as Azevdo was driving Darcy all around the ring a gallery wit yelled:

"Take your time, Darcy, the judges are with you."

Rather a pointed and timely remark it was in view of the Norton-Adair decision in the previous bout. There was more than humor in it. Shortly after this a fan in a ringside seat shouted:

"Let him hit you, Darcy, you'll win."

Azevedo outboxed Darcy with little trouble, but Darcy thrived on punishment. In the sixth the Californian began to show signs of arm weariness and Darcy appeared to be going better than at any time since the bout started. Darcy finished very strong and might have continued indefinitely. Azevedo showed the more signs of the wear and tear of battle. He won the decision and was entitled to it, but the crowd in the gallery razzed the judges in advance of Joe Humphries's announcement.

Georgie Daly of the east side and Georgie Lee of Sacramento, Cal., furnished the semi-final. They are bantams. The pair fought a couple of weeks ago, and the bout established Daly as a local idol. Although a comparative novice he beat Lee on that occasion. The latter is a Chinaman.

A busy pair they were in the opening round, particularly Daly. He has a corking right cross and he landed it flush on Lee's jaw four times. There was some danger, however, in his making too much use of the punch. The little Chinaman, too cautious at the biginning, warmed up to his work in the fourth and was giving a nice exhibition of offensive boxing. Daly shot his right cleanly to Lee's jaw several times with speed and precision. He also shoved a deft left hook to the face, but Lee, apparently the stronger, took them all without showing any signs of being hurt or even stung. It was a pretty bout. Lee's right eye, cut in the first round, was freshly opened in the fifth.

The little Chinaman got going very fast in the sixth, and apparently had young Daly's range. The east side youngster was plainly worried in this round and his speedy inside right wasn't so much in evidence. Lee could take everything he had.

Daly got his right over cleanly on Lee's jaw in the seventh, but it didn't budge him. He shifted that punch to the body, but again the Chinaman took it gracefully, fighting back very effectively. Lee forced the going in the final round and finished the stronger. The decision went to Daly, and the crowd liked it. Under the management of Willie Lewis young Daly is a great bantam prospect. He can box well now, and he knows how to deliver his punches. All he needs is a little more experience and strength, which will come with further development.

De Witt Clinton Beats Commerce In Championship Football Game

8,000 Fans See Local School Teams Meet in Annual Gridiron Battle.

THE LINE-UP.

Commerce.	Position.	Clinton.
Weiner	L.E.	Dilmar
Lothe (Capt.)	L.T.	Glauber
Lipschitz	L.G.	Osnato
Gribben	Centre	Seidenberg
Hochheiser	R.G.	Stanley
Alkoff	R.T.	Berman
Gluck	R.E.	Rosenberg
Niihofer	Q.B.	Waterbury
Selden	L.H.B.	Levitz
Mackenofski	R.H.B.	Blake
Greenston	F.B.	Harmon

De Witt Clinton is the undisputed champion in football of Manhattan and the Bronx as the result of a 7-0 victory over the High School of Commerce at South Field to-day. The 59th Street school has not been defeated this year and this record gives the team its claim to the championship of the Greater City. A crowd of 8,000 saw the game.

Commerce won the toss and kicked off. Glauber caught the ball and ran back 15 yards. A series of rushes brought the ball to the Commerce 15-yard line, where Clinton was held on downs. Commerce worked the ball to Clinton's 25-yard line, where they lost the ball on a fumble. Clinton brought the ball to the Commerce 5-yard line on four rushes. Waterbury was then given the pigskin and went over for the first score of the game. He also kicked the goal.

The first period ended with DeWitt Clinton 7, Commerce 0.

Both sides reached the final zone in the second period, but neither side was able to score. During the first two periods Clinton made five downs and Commerce made two. Clinton was penalized three times for holding and being offside.

Score end of second period: De Witt Clinton, 7; Commerce, 0.

Commerce nearly evened matters in the third period when three forward passes by Bolde nto Black and then to Wiener brought the ball to Clinton's 5-yard line. Wiener, on the next play, also a forward pass over the goal line, dropped the ball after what seemed a certain touchdown. Clinton, through the end runs of Hamen, two of them in the last quarter for 20 yards each, clearly outplayed its rival except for a brief period in the last part of the game. Captain Levine starred for Commerce, breaking through the Clinton line almost at will and upsetting many plays before they got started.

Final Score—De Witt Clinton, 7; Commerce, 0.

Harry Wills Knocks Out Martin.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 19.—Harry Wills, the negro pugilist of New York City, scored an easy victory over Denver Ed Martin in the first round here last night. Wills hit Martin six straight blows and finally finished him with a right behind the ear.

English Women Hockeyists Win.

GREENWICH, Conn., Nov. 19.—The All-English women's hockey team, which has some 250 victories to its credit in this country, defeated the Rosemary Hall girls outfit by a score of 3-0.

A FEW OF RIVAL CRIMSON AND BLUE STARS

TO-DAY'S FEATURE FOOTBALL GAMES

EAST.		
Yale	at	Harvard
*Syracuse	vs.	Dartmouth
Trinity (N. C.)	at	New York Univ.
Colgate	at	Brown
Fordham	at	Springfield
West Virginia	at	Rutgers
Wesleyan	at	Williams
Union	at	Hamilton
Lafayette	at	Lehigh
Georgetown U.	at	Boston College
Susquehanna	at	Bucknell
Haverford	at	Swarthmore
WEST.		
Stanford	at	California
Minnesota	at	Michigan
Illinois	at	Ohio
Wisconsin	at	Chicago
Purdue	at	Indiana
Iowa	at	Northwestern
Notre Dame	at	Marquette
SOUTH.		
Wash. & Lee	at	Centre
Louisiana	at	Tulane

EVENING WORLD'S OWN SPORT HISTORY

Harmon Brothers Lead in Amateur-Pro Tournament.

PINEHURST, N. J., Nov. 19.—Jesse Guilford of Woodland, national amateur golf champion, and Tom Body of Fox Hills were second when the first thirty-six holes of the mid-South amateur and professional best ball tournament were completed. As the result of good team work they were only two strokes behind Tom and Peter Harmon, the Hudson River brothers. The Harmons had 69—66—135 and Guilford and Boyd 70—67—137.

Also knocking for the major prize of $500 was Walter Hagen, who paired with Irving Roberson, had a card of 70—68—138.

American Swordsmen Beat British Team.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—American swordsmen defeated the British fencing team 11 to 15 last night in their foil bout, the first of three matches in their tournament for the Thompson trophy.

Britons Challenge in Six-Metre Class.

LONDON, Nov. 19 (Associated Press).—British yachtsmen have decided to challenge America for another yachting contest for the British-American Cup, to be contested in American waters by boats of the six-metre class. It was said yesterday that America had agreed that the race be held under the international rules. The challengers have suggested September as the most suitable month.

NOTES AND GOSSIP OF COLORED ATHLETES

Harlem will be well represented at the football game between the Howard and Lincoln Universities to be played in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day. The leading colored citizens of this city have made up several parties which will leave on Tuesday night. The gridiron contest between these two universities is the star athletic event in colored circles. Extensive arrangements have been made in this city to get the returns play by play.

The Lincoln Giants' baseball organization, of which Joseph Williams is manager, are busy packing kits for a trip to Florida. The Giants had a successful season, defeating some of the leading semi-pro aggregations in the country. Joe Williams, the crack colored twirler, worked in forty games last year, winning thirty-six and losing four. A record to be proud of.

Salem Crescent Athletic Club is preparing for a big season on the track, field and basketball court. With Lee, McClain, Edwards and Kemp, the basketball team is expected to hold its own with the best teams. Roy Morse, Bunk Jones, Percy Verwayne, Dudley Hart, Snyder, Hall, Ellison, Jones, Cole, McLaren, Hicks, Stancell, Johnson, Cooke, Gaskin and Evans are training conscientiously to get in shape for the coming track activities.

Latest reports from Howard University caused betting odds on the big football battle to shift from one team to another. It was reported that the head coach of Howard had replaced his veteran backs by younger players. The centre position was also changed during a secret practice session. The New York delegation are of the opinion that the Howard coach has something up his sleeve and the team has been made favorite in the wagering.

"Doc" Wiley, the comedian catcher of the Lincoln Giants, is rapidly getting his voice in shape for next season. "Doc," in addition to being one of the greatest colored catchers, is well known to local fame for his witty remarks and funny actions.

British Yachtsmen to Try Again for Six-Metre Trophy.

LONDON, Nov. 19 (Associated Press).—British yachtsmen have decided to challenge America for another yachting contest for the British-American Cup, to be contested in American waters by boats of the six-metre class. America has agreed that the race will be held under the international rules. The challengers have suggested September as the most suitable month.

Sport With One Big Moment or Proof That Bears Think

One Chance, One Shot and the Season Is Over—Trap Full of Bones In North Woods Provides Odd Animal Story.

By Bozeman Bulger.

MOOSE hunting, as a sport, has its thrill—its big moment—but following a World's Series it seems sadly lacking in chances. There is just one chance for a hit, one chance for an error. If the hit lands the season is over. Under the Canadian laws a moose hunter may kill but one big bull a year. He may kill but one, big or little, as a matter of fact, but we always refer to the one killed as a BIG bull. There is no chance of rounding out a good average. In the moose hunting country a statistician like Al Munro Elias is comparatively null and void. You have one time at bat, and you either do or you don't. Luckily we did.

After trailing for four days, covering close to sixty miles, we got our chance. Runyon and I fired together. The big bull went down in a heap. We could find but one bullet hole, though we had shot four times. The guide, an Indian who had been a sniper in France, declared it possible that a bullet from each of our rifles had gone through the same hole. He allowed us each an average of .500.

Both of us having claimed the shot—not being quick thinkers—the season was over. The law said we could take but one. Each having admitted taking that one, that's all there was to it.

Unfortunately for the moose his love season begins just after the World's Series. If he adolesced in the spring, as others do, or as the poets would have us believe that others do, bulls, big and little, would be safer.

The guides have learned the love wail of the moose. That conical shaped roll of birch bark they use for a call is nothing more nor less than a lure of the siren. It is the last word in vamping.

Several bulls will sometimes answer the plaintive call but, as in other walks of life, the bigger the boob the surer he is of getting nicked. Runyon and I picked out a fighter—but a loser, it developed. When we got to the huge carcass, both trying to appear calm and undisturbed, we lighted cigarettes and casually referred to him as a monarch of the forest. Then we looked him over. One prong of his big antlers had been twisted off in a fight, so the Indian said. But we had picked losers before and that made no particular difference.

All the same, the season was over. Here we were in the far north woods, all ready to wash up and go home, but with four days to spare and a moose on our hands. A moose weighs 1,500 pounds and must be taken away a sackful at a time.

And this brings us to the story I started out to tell—a story of sport among the animals of the Far North. Call it a nature fake, if you like. All we saw was the evidence—the arena, the bleached bones, the signs of a death struggle, a wrestling match that might not have got the O. K. of the New York State Wrestling Commission. Sam Glode, the Indian guide, stands responsible for the details.

"Bears are better hunters than men," said the Indian, as we viewed the fallen moose. We looked at him, inquiringly. "Yes," he said, "they not only hunt but they think up smarter tricks than men do. Did you gentlemen ever hear of the famous bear trap?"

We didn't know exactly what trap he referred to, so we shook our heads.

"I don't mean a trap to catch bears," Sam explained, "but a trap that is set by the bears to catch moose. They've been setting it for years. It's hard going, but if you gentlemen would like I'll take you to see it to-morrow. I don't think any white man ever saw it. The trap is a quicksand in a bog. Want to go?"

The season being over for us, we allowed promptly that we did.

We reached the spot about noon. Our Indian had made no loose statement about the going being hard.

"You're in luck," said the Indian, with unusual animation, as we peered through some hemlock boughs. "They've already set it."

All that we could see looked like simply more bog. In front of us was a space about the size of a New York apartment covered with leaves and bits of dead wood, branches from the trees.

"Don't move a step until I tell you," warned the Indian, "it's all quicksand from here on. Only the bears know where the edges are."

This Indian, by the way, talked real Chesterfieldian English. He hardly understood slang.

With a long pole the Indian raked some of the brown leaves from the bare spot. Then we saw bones, piles of them, their ends sticking up through the mire.

"Moose bones," declared Sam Glode, "left by the bears."

Then we understood.

Years ago, according to Sam, the bears had found this quagmire with quicksand in it. They knew also that it lay in the line of a moose run. Undoubtedly, the Indians say, some big bear found a moose fast in this quagmire and devoured it. Then they began thinking.

Anyway, the bears go there every fall and carefully spread leaves and broken branches over the death trap. The moose walks or runs into it and is caught. The bears can devour the moose and then, with their long claws, scramble out. Moose have no claws.

Once the bears have made a killing they go back and cover the spot again. As the years go by the deathhole gets fuller of bones.

The day that we looked the bears again had set the trap.

There you have a sport!—a sport that goes on without rule or commission.

Mills and Servatius Winners.

John Mills and Louis Servatius were the winners in last night's matches of the tournament now being held under the auspices of the National Association of Amateur Billiard Players of America at the National Recreation Academy in Brooklyn for the New York State three-cushion title. Mills defeated S. B. Burdett by the score of 30 points to 19, and Servatius nosed out Peter Farace in a nip-and-tuck battle by 30 to 28.

WHAT BIG RIVALS HAVE DONE AGAINST OPPONENTS THIS SEASON.

Yale is unbeaten this year in eight games. Harvard went down before Centre College and Princeton. The records follow:

YALE.			
Yale	28	Bates	0
Yale	14	Univ. Vermont	0
Yale	34	North Carolina	0
Yale	23	Williams	0
Yale	14	Army	7
Yale	45	Brown	7
Yale	28	Maryland	0
Yale	13	Princeton	7
HARVARD.			
Harvard	10	Boston Univ.	0
Harvard	16	Middlebury	0
Harvard	3	Holy Cross	0
Harvard	19	Indiana	0
Harvard	10	Georgia Univ.	7
Harvard	21	Penn State	21
Harvard	0	Centre	6
Harvard	3	Princeton	10
Harvard	9	Brown	7

RABBIT MARRANVILLE BRINGS THE HOLYOKE FIVE HERE TO PLAY

Massachusetts State League Team Expects to Extend Champions To-Morrow.

RABBITT MARANVILLE, accompanied by the Holyoke team of the Massachusetts State League will invade this city to-morrow evening for a game against the champion Original Celtics. Maranville intended bringing his own team to meet the Celtics, but felt they were not of the calibre to give the New York boys a real trial. He immediately consented to play with the Holyoke Five and feels confident the title-holders will know they were in a battle when the final whistle blows. The contest will be staged at Madison Square Garden. In the afternoon the Celtics meet the crack Winton five who have been playing all the local teams with creditable showing.

A game which will go a long way in deciding the Catholic championship of the city will be staged at Tammany Hall to-morrow afternoon when the Italian Catholic Club tackles the strong Downtown Catholic Club. The latter aggregation have assembled some of the leading players of the city to break the Italian boys' winning streak.

Another good contest scheduled for to-morrow afternoon will bring together the Bronx Hacs and the St. Augustine Catholic Club. This match will be decided at Hunts Point Palace, 163d Street and Southern Boulevard. Dave Welsh of the Bronx team has gathered a good combination in Frank Boyle, Abe Schartoff, Barney Ballon, Cy Estrin, Jacobs and Benny Boregmann, and expect to account for an easy victory.

Knights of Columbus night will be celebrated at Manhattan Casino to-morrow night when the All New Yorks meet the Unity Club. The former team hope to show enough form to be classed as championship contenders in the near future.

The New York Separates will meet the Ascension Five at Bronx Castle Hall to-morrow afternoon. Milligan, Driscoll, Crouch, Goldie and Lenon will take the floor for the Separates, while Acker, Healy, Garland, Gardner and Gorey will play for the Ascensions.

One of the most talked of games is scheduled to be played at the 23d Regiment Armory, Bedford and Atlantic Avenues, Brooklyn, to-night, when the Original Celtics visit the Brooklyn Whirlwinds' court. A preliminary game between the Assumption Triangles and the Xavier Crowns, for which Babe Ruth has donated a massive silver loving cup, will also be played.

Arcadia Hall, Brooklyn, will be the scene of a big local clash to-morrow evening when the undefeated Brooklyn team will take on the Visitation Lyceum. The latter aggregation has a great record with Leo Malone back in the line-up.

Robert Gair Employees' Association basketball team engages the U. T. Hungerford Brass Company at the Second Signal Corps Armory, Dean Street near Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, this evening. The Gair boys opened the season last Saturday with an easy win over the New York Coffee Exchange five.

Johnny Clinton Easy Winner.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Nov. 19.—At the Casino last night Johnny Clinton, sterling lightweight of Boston, won the referee's decision over Sailor Darden in a ten-round bout. Clinton won eight out of ten rounds and displayed a brand of boxing seldom seen in this city. The Boston entry for lightweight honors showed that he is capable of giving any lightweight in the country a battle.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL.
Charlie Brickley's Brooklyn Giants vs. Harvard A. A. of Brooklyn—Ebbets Field, SUNDAY—Nov. 20, 2.30 P. M.
Admission $1.10, Box Seats, $1.65, Incl. War Tax.

FOUR 'MET' GOLFERS AND ONE QUAKER LEFT AT LAKEWOOD

Unfinished Match in Second Round of Golf Tourney Will Be Decided To-Day.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Nov. 19.—Four golfers of the metropolitan district and one Philadelphia linksman will fight it out to-day in the leading flight of the annual fall tournament of the Lakewood C. C.

One match in the second round was unfinished, darkness descending on the links before F. H. Hoyt of the Engineers and John M. Ward of Garden City could finish. At the end of eighteen hard fought holes they were all even and will resume play to-day on the first extra hole.

The winner will then meet A. S. Bourne of Garden City, the medallist in the lower bracket of the semi-final. Meanwhile Norman H. Maxwell of the Whitemarsh Club, Philadelphia, will take on Percy W. Kendall, the Deal crack, in the upper half.

The first rounds of match play yesterday fairly bristled with features in all four sixteens. Maxwell probably furnished the finest golf of the day when he defeated W. M. Griffith of Buffalo in the first round, spinning a medal score of 78. This was good enough to defeat the Buffalo entry 5 and 4.

LIVE WIRES

By Neal R. O'Hara.

A FEW STATISTICS

All the money spent on chrysanthemums for girls, if changed into nickels and placed in a stack, would feed a lot of Chinamen in an automat.

• • •

The press notices of a star footballer, if pasted in one single column, would reach from here to there and back.

• • •

The press notices of a star student wouldn't.

• • •

If the 1921 All-American team could actually be assembled as soon as Walter Camp picks it, it would be too cold for it to play any football.

• • •

The knickerbockers worn by officials in a game would outfit a nifty golf foursome.

• • •

If the ticket scalpers made an honest return of their amusement taxes, the U. S. wouldn't have to ask for a naval holiday.

• • •

All the money earned by amateur footballers this year would keep the wolf away from 1,800 doorsteps.

• • •

If Josephus Daniels and Newton Baker attend the Army-Navy game this year they will have to buy tickets to get inside.

• • •

All the touches that sport writers get for football tickets, if answered, would keep 5,000 stenographers from going to sleep.

ABOUT FISH AND FISHERMEN

By Wm. E. Simmons.

HIGH WATER.

Nov.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
	Sandy Hook.		Gov. Isl.		Hell Gate.	
Sat., 19	10.07	10.46	10.11	10.53	1.06	1.21
Sun., 20	11.01	11.45	11.06	11.58	1.56	2.15

Probably rain, moderate southerly winds, is the weather promise for to-day.

Codfish are running freely outside just now and the fish are large. A few haddock are also taken.

Whiting and ling are biting well at the Coney Island piers in the night time. The Steeplechase Pier, being free, is generally crowded.

The fish market cloud now has the legendary lining. A consignment of 200,000 silver eels from the St. Lawrence River arrived here a few days ago.

Paul W. McDonough, No. 751 Amsterdam Avenue—High water at New Rochelle is about three hours later than at Governor's Island.

Two huge anglers displayed in the window of a fish store on West Street, near Washington Market, have attracted crowds of spectators for nearly a week. They were discovered swimming on the surface in the dock of the Fall River Line at the foot of Fulton Street. A negro workman pulled them up with a boathook. The angler is one of the curiosities of the deep, and as it is a bottom fish, the appearance of those two specimens on the surface is remarkable.

National Guard Soldiers in Bouts To-Night.

The first of a series of bouts, the proceeds to be used to aid former service men of the 14th Regiment, New York National Guard, will be held at the Armory, Eighth Avenue and 15th Street, Brooklyn, tonight. The main contest will be six rounds between Wes Williams of the 14th and Billy Perry of the 106th Infantry, both lightweights. Five preliminaries will be contested among members of the regiment, the semi-final of six rounds being lightweights "Chink" Kline, Company B, and Arthur MacDonald, Company I.

56 WEST 66th St. OPP. ST. NICHOLAS RINK.
102D MED. REGT. ARMORY.
Babe Sullivan vs. Terry Mitchell
Pety Hayes vs. Young Foley

COMMONWEALTH CLUB Tonight
YOUNG HICKEY VS. MIKE BURKE.
TONY LYONS VS. JACK THOMAS.
Admission $1. Phone Harlem 2817.

Charles Brickley
Harvard's Great Captain
Will Review The
Harvard-Yale
Football Game
To-Day at Cambridge
For Next
Monday's Evening World