Sporting News, Automobiles.

New York Tribune

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PART II. SIX PAGES. SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1915. PART II. SIX PAGES.

Hockey Club Puts Boston A. A. to Rout

Local Seven Springs a Surprise in Race for Amateur Title.

ROUGH PLAY UPSETS LOSERS' TEAM WORK

Sensational Victory Sends St. Nicks Into Lead for the League Honors.

By FRED HAWTHORNE.

Playing with superlative speed and with a savagery that has rarely been seen in a hockey game in this city, the Hockey Club of New York defeated the team of the Boston Athletic Association last night at the St. Nicholas Rink by a score of 4 goals to 1.

The Hockey Club's sensational victory created havoc with the hopes of the Boston players to win the championship of the league this year, for by their defeat they are relegated to second place, with three games won and one lost. The St. Nicholas team, present champions of the league, now lead with four victories and one defeat.

Lacking the team work of the B. A. A. seven, the Hockey Club players gained their victory by sheer individual brilliancy, and so desperately did each man on the local aggregation play that the vaunted superiority of the visitors was shattered and their team work crumbled and disappeared. By the time the game ended the Boston men were actually reeling on the ice, exhausted, stunned and disappointed.

The Hockey Club scored the first goal after about nine minutes of play, but a few minutes before the first period ended the B. A. A. evened the score. In the second period, however, the Hockey Club ran wild on the ice and rapidly scored three more goals.

The big crowd gathered to see the slaughter of the Hockey Club, the last team in the race, and without a victory to its credit, was dumfounded as it saw the tail-enders outplaying the leaders and ripping the formations to tiny fragments. It was a notable welcome the crowd roared at the end of the game.

In winning, the Hockey Club outdid any of its previous efforts in the line of "roughing up" the opposition. Everything seemed to go with the local men, and although Ernie Garon was the only man to be sent to the bench for tripping, there were many flagrant instances of slashing, tripping and cross-checking.

For the first few minutes the puck was all over the ice, with everybody in a wild scramble to gain possession of the rubber. The Boston team was taken by surprise by the vigor of the attack it met, and gradually its teamwork began to disintegrate, and it was soon a case of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Smith, the Hockey Club rover, shot the first goal of the game, taking the puck out of a furious scrimmage and slamming it into the case. The cheers and howls of delight that went up from the galleries were deafening.

Fiercely the battle waged thereafter, with the Boston team striving desperately to stem the tide. After about seventeen minutes of hard playing, Clifford, the fast Boston centre, shot the puck into the cage from a scrimmage.

"They'll give the Boston team a hard fight to-night," was the general comment as the teams left the ice for the customary intermission. Nobody seemed to grasp the fact that the Hockey Club was going to win. It was the general opinion that the Boston seven would settle down in the second period and bring its team play into action.

The Hockey Club soon drove this idea from the heads of the visitors and the spectators. After one minute of play in the second spasm black-haired McDonnell, the left wing, took a rebound from Young, the other wing, and sent the puck hurtling into the net for Hockey Club's second goal of the night.

Captain Huntington, of Boston, tried hard to rally his men, and for a time they took the aggressive and carried the fight into the enemy's lines. Britton, the local coverpoint, was always in the thick of the fighting, however, and while the other men were in a wild mix-up near the Hockey Club's goal Britton got the puck and crashed through the Boston defence, carrying the rubber to the other end of the rink, near the side, from where Conway took it and passed it to McDonnell, who made his second tally of the night.

By this time the Boston men were slipping and falling all over the ice, either propelled by some energetic Hockey Club man or else dropping from sheer exhaustion. Spurred on by the frantic shouts of the spectators, the tail enders maintained their astonishing attack, and even began to develop team work of their own.

Five minutes before the end of the game, Smith knocked the rubber against the side of the rink, and then Conway, the dashing Hockey Club rover, got his stick in back of the puck and aimed it full at the Boston goal. It landed with a dull thud, and Conway was thumped on the back by every man on the winning team.

Although defeated, the B. A. A. team kept fighting courageously to the bitter end, and in the last few minutes of play kept up a brilliant attack, but could not penetrate the defence of the Hockey Club.

As the whistle sounded the end of the game, Britton, Garon, Young and Smith, wild with joy, tossed their sticks into the air and danced an ice tango.

The line-up follows:

Hockey Club (4).	Position.	Boston A. A. (1).
Lewis	G.	Chadwick
Garon	P.	Robbins
Britton	C. P.	Huntington
Conway	C.	Clifford
Smith	R.	Hicks
Young	R. W.	Smart
Macdonell	L. W.	Osgood

Goals (first period)—Smith, 9:07; Hicks, 17:35. Penalties—Garon, 2:00 for tripping.
Goals (second period)—Macdonell, 1:06; Macdonell, 5:26; Conway, 14:05.
Referee—Doc Tingley, B. A. A. Assistant referee—Clyde Martin, Crescent A. C. Goal umpires—T. Kelly, Irish-American A. C., and J. Smart, Crescent A. C. Timekeepers—W. J. Croker, Watchdeers, and G. V. Brown, B. A. A.

"Young" Brown Easily Outpoints Willie Jones

"Young" Brown, the East Side lightweight, had an easy time in outpointing Willie Jones, of Brooklyn, in a ten-round bout at the Federal Athletic Club last night. Brown had an advantage of nine pounds on his opponent. In the other bouts "Battling" Lihn shaded Jimmy Taylor, while "Young" Wagner outpointed Jimmy Victor.

Ai McCoy, the Brooklyn claimant to the middleweight title, outpointed Joe Stein in a hard fought bout at the Fairmont Athletic Club.

Benny McCoy had a shade over Young Brady in a fast ten-round bout at Brown's Gymnasium.

Standing of Clubs in Hockey League

	Won.	Lost.
St. Nicholas	4	1
Boston A. A.	3	1
Crescent A. C.	2	3
Hockey Club	1	3
Irish-American A. C.	1	3

IT ISN'T TRUE THAT NOBODY LOVES YANKEES

Many a Boy Applies for Job as Mascot of Donovan's Men.

LAD OUT-LARDNER'S ONE-RING LARDNER

Practically Certain Powers and Sinclair Will Put Feds in Newark.

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

An impression prevailed in this town once that nobody loved the Yankees. It is false. A committee of newspaper writers sat down shortly after noon yesterday to consider the letters of boys who wished to be mascots for Bill Donovan's team, and when dusk fell the tally of the applicants had not been completed.

From New Jersey, from Brooklyn and even from The Bronx came scores of letters, the writers of which not only admired and venerated the Yankees but had done so for years. Usually the services of one mascot are considered sufficient to produce a victory, but already Bill Donovan has the good wishes of many hundred prospective harbingers of fortune.

A few of the letters were pert, but for the most part a tone of extreme politeness was adopted as the surest sesame to the job. Almost without exception the boys testified that they were of exemplary habits, and one lad in particular declared that if he got the appointment he would see to it that the Yankees went to church in a body every Sunday.

In not a few of the letters there was a trace of the hand of some elder person, and one or two sounded suspiciously like the work of practical jokers. But there can be no question that if the mascot letters are a criterion the boys of New York are passionately interested in the fate of the Yankees.

One writer disclosed himself as a finished exponent of the Ring Lardner school. If the letter is genuine, it is a great human document, and if a fake, it was at least penned by an artist of skill. Here it is:

"I am fourteen years of old and my father licks me. He drives a bakery waggon when he works when I was three years of old I caught the hopping coff measels and croop when I was five years of old I got diptheria and scarled fever. When I was 10 years of old I got my adnoys and appendix cutten out and last year I had my big toe frozen which had to be cutten off.

"I forgot to mention my rite ear is twise the sise of my left ear because my father pulls it like a door bell. All my life I had hard luck. But I ain't looking for simpathy but here's the point. Your luck gotta change sometime so is the Yanks luck gotta change."

One lad, who evidently is not numbered among the exemplary army, wrote: "I am the luckiest and best baseball player in The Bronx. An example of my luck is when I came into a big crap game with one (1) cent, and but the game in one shoot."

A poetical application in seven stanzas seems destined to bring the writer up among the prominent contenders, out when he rhymed "mascot" and "heart" there seemed to be a marked reversion of feeling. Twenty of the best letters were set aside for to-morrow. The writers of these will be called to the Yankee offices so that the mascot committee may size them up.

Newark need worry no longer. Although an official announcement is still lacking, it is practically certain that Pat Powers and Harry F. Sinclair will place their team in the New Jersey city. There is still a chance for The Bronx, however, as a movement is on foot to shift the Indianapolis team to some more profitable point.

The Hoofeds won the championship of their league last year, but did not get a 500 mark on the books of the club. A club which lost money, even though it captured a pennant, convinced the club owners that Indianapolis was not a big league city, and plans for a change of base have been under consideration for some time.

Benny Kauff, who was the one sensation of the Federal League last season, is a member of the Indianapolis club, and it is argued by some that he would prove a good card in New York. If Manhattan or The Bronx is not invaded, Cleveland will get the Hoofeds. Mr. Gilmore has an option on an excellent site in Cleveland, and Pat Powers is said to be dickering with Devery for permission to use the Kingsbridge tract which was under consideration by the Yankee owners.

Tommy Leach, who has stuck to the game in just that fashion, is through. At least, Roger Bresnahan says he is not good enough for the Cubs. Possibly the Feds are after Leach, or, at any rate, it is likely that some other club will pick him up. He has been in the game for ever and ever so long, but there were no special indications last season that he was slowing up. His health was sufficiently good to permit him to play in 153 games and he picked up a batting average of .263. He fielded for .968, and was second only to Zach Wheat in the number of chances he handled.

Can it be that Roger has cast Leach adrift on account of Chicago's new law forbidding child labor?

Those of the Yankees who are to be boiled left for Hot Springs, Ark., yesterday. Ray Keating, the hurler of the emery ball, was the only member of the party to start from New York.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

By BRIGGS

THE SPORTLIGHT

by Grantland Rice

As the Fan Would Write It.

"When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true—
"I shall lean out from the casement in the starlight and the dew."—Riley.

When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true—
I shall own no bally "casement in the starlight and the dew";
But I somehow rawther fawncy, as the bloomin' saying is,
I shall lean out from the bleachers where the ball is on the whiz;
I shall lean out from the bleachers, rooting loudly for some stew
Who will knock the cover off it when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true we shall never lose a game,
But shall only win the pennant by a battle just the same;
And when the fight is hottest and we clamor for a fit,
The shortstop or the catcher will arise and wallop it;
A spot upon the sunlight or a blot against the blue,
As they pull the old frankbaker when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true, oh, the lobster back of me
Shall never smash my bonnet in a frenzied fit of glee;
The peanuts that I gobble or the flowing pop I drink
Will never put my stomach or digestion on the blink;
And in the crowded street car when the merry day is through,
I will find a strap to hang on when my dreams come true.

When my dreams come true they will let me wear a gun,
And when I think the umpire has deprived us of a run,
Or when the fielder fumbles or the pitcher's in the air,
I shall get some target practice from the bleachers then and there;
And the mutt who fans the breezes when I think a hit is due,
Had better own a coffin when my dreams come true.

"Suppose Willard beats Johnson," queries L. H. T., "how the dickens can he expect to get by Sam Langford?"

With considerable simplicity. By making the necessary detour until as champion he has collected all the loose change left upon this reeling planet, and by that time Langford will probably be too corpulent to fight anything except food.

The Week Arrives.

This week Comiskey sends his first squad on the training jaunt and the 1915 season of active dope can be regarded as officially opened.

It will be a cheering sight to see the esteemed athlete in action outside of a courtroom, and it is a cheering thought to know that very shortly the dull roar of the basehit will supplant to a certain extent the discussion of bullion in bulk.

Tip to Player

It would be more than foolish to attempt to blame any ball player for gathering all the money he is able to gather. The player, in this respect, has had the whip hand for the last year.

But here is another point, with increased salaries the average athlete might as well consider—last season not over 50 per cent of those engaged made any attempt to give their best services all the year. At least 50 per cent were careless and indifferent in training and in action. They gave, on the average, the worst exhibition of baseball that the game has known for a long time. In many ways entirely too many of them lowered the standard of big league play.

Hurdling a Temptation.

This season there will be the same temptation to loaf. Most of the best ones are signed to contracts that bind both ways and that run for at least two years. Why take a chance on cracking a leg when you are going to get your money anyway, is likely to be an all too popular slogan.

But if baseball is to be carried forward this spirit must be wiped out. No man and no game ever stands still. It is either forward or backward. And the player who now fails to give his best work with conditions such as they are deserves to be branded with a mark that will hardly come out in the wash.

To a great extent the public has sympathized with the player in his fight to better conditions. But this sympathy began to cool off amazingly last season when the indifferent tactics of so many players was put in review. Which might indicate that 1915 is a good year in which to impart some new impetus to the old game.

By Terrific Will Power.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
If Johnson did not get to fight,
I'd do my best to meet the test
And still eat food and sleep at night.

The Braves Plus Hustling.

In regard to certain indifferent ball players referred to elsewhere in these dispatches, a number of them might ponder the thought that the Braves not only won the flag through ability, but also because they out-hustled and out-fought every club they met after June. And that this unwonted spirit netted each player about $3,000 extra and all the sportive fame and renown there was.

A. G.—Neutral or pro-Allies or what, no man can deny the great bravery and efficiency of the German army. This is beyond debate.

Offside Plays.

Where the soul is properly set Hard Luck is the greatest trainer in the game.
Too many pitchers, both in baseball and life, have too much stuff to get a winning percentage of it over the plate.

Fan.—Sorry, but we have never heard of the ultimate destination or habitat of Hardwick's home run smash in the 14-inning Yale-Harvard game.

Imagine the Rest.

Last season Ray Caldwell refrained from training a good part of the time, pitched as he felt like it, worked with the weakest hitting club in the league and still had a better winning percentage than Walter Johnson.

If Restless Ray decides to stick to the main business in hand this campaign and Donovan can develop some batting power back of him the willowy Yank should be the sensation of the playing field, as sensations go.

Columbia and Football.

Columbia's re-entry into football will be a winning move for that highly esteemed institution, whether or not a winning eleven is developed.

Football is a builder—not only of speed and brawn, but of college spirit and clean interest in sport. No other game can do as much toward developing college loyalty. And as the game is now played there is no longer any part of any logical objection to offer against it. To say nothing of the autumnal gayety it will add to the sportive life of Manhattan Island and attached suburbs.

"Pipp and High want more money." So do John D. Rockefeller, Mike the Bite and about two billion more who happen to be stranded on this spotted planet for the time being.

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," sang Mr. Pope, who proved at once that he had never attempted to sign up a number of earnest athletes while the Feds were around redolent with the fragrance of new mown kale.

The International League is undecided whether to start the season and lose a lot of money, or stop and lose a lot of players. As highly as we esteem the giddy athlete, if the same decision is ever put up to us we can promise our answer within 1 1-3 seconds of fleeting time. And we would probably knock a full second off this if speed was a factor to be desired.

Jack Jolly writes us from Camden, S. C., that Ty Cobb, as a golfer, is one of the greatest outfielders in the world. "I'm glad," Jack adds, "that some one has remembered poor Jack McDermott. His is the toughest case of hard luck and the saddest in the history of sport."

REACH FINALS IN GOLD RACQUET TILT

Pell and Mortimer to Play for Championship at Tuxedo To-day.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Feb. 13.—Clarence Pell and S. A. Mortimer will battle for the gold raquet championship at the Tuxedo Tennis and Racquet Club here to-morrow.

Mortimer reached the final round today without playing a match, while Pell easily defeated Post, of Tuxedo three straight games. With Post's good showing in his match yesterday against George A. Thorne, of Chicago, he had an even chance, but Pell outplayed him by a score of 15—12, 15—3, 15—10, 45 aces to 25.

In addition to the finals to-morrow, Jock Soutar, of Philadelphia, will play John Mullens, of New York, in an exhibition match, which will be witnessed by a large and fashionable crowd. Mullens arrived here to-day and played a practice game with Mortimer just to get used to the court.

First round—S. G. Mortimer, Tuxedo, defeated J. C. Waterbury, New York, by default; C. C. Pell, Tuxedo, defeated Cyril Hatch, New York, by default; William Post, Tuxedo, defeated G. A. Thorne, Chicago, 15—10, 6—15, 18—15, 15—12.
Semi-final round—S. G. Mortimer defeated G. M. Heckscher, New York, by default; C. C. Pell defeated William Post, 15—12, 15—3, 15—10.

NEW YORK FENCERS WIN

Capture Eastern Team Title by Defeating Boston A. A.

Boston, Feb. 13.—The New York Athletic Club fencing team to-night won the Eastern team championship by defeating the swordsmen of the Boston Athletic Association six bouts to three.

The victory gave the New York team first leg on the G. B. Wilbur challenge trophy. The members of the winning aggregation were Victor Curti, who won all three bouts; W. L. Bowman and Sherman Hall. Dr. F. W. Allen, national duelling swords champion, won two of the three bouts gained by Boston.

Harvard Beats Cornell in Pool.

Boston, Feb. 13.—The Harvard swimming team defeated Cornell to-night by a score of 41 to 12.

AXE SWINGS ON VETERANS OF CUBS

Leach, Stack, Sweeney and Smith Are Trimmed from Payroll.

Chicago, Feb. 13.—The first swing of the axe that must reduce within the time limit the Chicago National League club's roster to twenty-one players resulted to-day in the unconditional release of four players, Tommy Leach, Ed. Stack, Bill Sweeney and Charley Smith. A dozen more must be sent to the minors or used in trades, and it was said to-night that several will be let out before the training season begins.

A difference over the salary question led to Leach's release, while it was also said he was disappointed at not being appointed successor to Hank O'Day. Leach wanted $6,000 a year only $5,000. Leach came to the Chicago Nationals with Lefty Leifield in the trade that took Hofman and Cole, the pitcher, to Pittsburgh.

Sweeney was given to the Cubs as part solace for the loss of Johnny Evers, who, ousted as manager by C. W. Murphy, declined to play with his team, and was signed by Boston. Sweeney's work was a disappointment to the club last season. Waivers were asked last year on Smith, it is understood, but the club finally decided to retain him. Stack made his big league debut with the Cubs, later played with Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and returned here.

James Sheckard, former Cub, and last year manager of the Cleveland American Association team, probably will work as a scout for the local club, it was said to-day.

Lehigh Five Defeats M. I. T.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

South Bethlehem, Penn., Feb. 13.—The Lehigh five defeated the Massachusetts Institute of Technology tonight by a score of 32 to 12. The Boston lads were held to two field goals, which were made in the first half.

Brief Baseball Bits Brewed by Broun

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

Mrs. Schuyler P. Britton says she knows as much about baseball as any of the magnates. Sounds like mock modesty.

A woman baseball magnate is all right, but a woman manager would never do. She might trade a player for a Pekingese.

If Tillie Shafer becomes manager of the new Federal League team, he'll probably soften the blow of a ten-day notice of release by writing it on scented notepaper.

The Pirates will travel 12,595 miles next season only to find themselves back in Pittsburgh at the end of all that journeying.

Hughie Jennings is now a director in a bank. Any time there's a run on the institution we suppose Hughie will go outside and eat the front lawn.

But if he saw a depositor come in he'd shout, "Ee-yah! 'At a boy!"

Jersey City fans are much incensed because Harry N. Hempstead blocked the plan to move their team to The Bronx.

Harry F. Sinclair, the millionaire oil man, has bought the tail end team of the Federal League. Well, his fortune came up from the ground.

Out in Chicago they call Joe Tinker the Prince of Whales.

As we understand the testimony, Mrs. Heinie Zimmermann informed the court that her husband treated her like an umpire.

The Tip Tops seem to be taking a leaf out of the book of P. Haughton. They are going to Brown's Wells for secret practice.

George Davis, of the Braves, has established a new strength record, but Walter Pipp hopes to go him one better by holding up Captain Huston.

Charlie Ebbets has violated the spirit of President Wilson's neutrality order by assigning a man named O'Neill to a hotel called Schmidt's.

When the Yankees were searching for a mascot, how did they happen to overlook Josh Devore?

New York may be a big league city and all that, but Roger Bresnahan came here with $30,000 to spend, and went back to Chicago again without even removing the elastic band from his roll.

MEREDITH CLOSE TO RECORD IN QUARTER MILE

Philadelphia Flyer Speeds Home in Suburban Quarter in 49 4-5.

WITHIN FIFTH OF SECOND OF MARK

Dave Caldwell Forces Victor to Utmost and Finishes a Close Second.

Ted Meredith, of the University of Pennsylvania, dashed back into his own when he won the great Suburban Quarter in the seventh annual games of the Knights of St. Antony last night.

Five thousand spectators, a crowd that filled the armory of the 47th Regiment to the doors, saw this sturdy son of Father Penn break the tape in the phenomenal time of 49 4-5 seconds, the second fastest indoor quarter ever turned. The record is 49 3-5, established by Tom J. Halpin at Buffalo on March 15, 1913. Dave S. Caldwell, who defeated Meredith on Lincoln's Birthday, was second, with Val Wilkie, the Yale flyer, third.

The relay team of Loughlin Lyceum won the Monsignor P. F. O'Hare trophy. Hauser, the last man for the Loughlin men, broke the tape some five yards in front of Joe Magnus, of the Presentation Club, and K. M. Hutchison, of the Knights of St. Antony. The time was 3:33 2-5.

It was a wonderful race, of the sort that has the crowd on its chairs throughout. The first relay was close, with the men running in a pack. On the second quarter, however, C. T. Blush, of the Knights of St. Antony, flashed out and set the pace. The crowd went wild, but when the next set of runners took up the running R. W. McDonald, of Loughlin Lyceum, took the lead. The race was over then to all intents and purposes, for Hauser had the foot of his field and was never in trouble.

Sylvester J. Johnston, of the Knights of St. Antony, started the ball rolling by capturing the 100-yard dash handicap. Johnston was slow to catch his stride, but in the last twenty-five yards he ran through his field in clever style and was going away at the end. Jim Cunningham, an unattached boy, was second, and Jack Ryan, of the Knights of St. Antony, was third. It was a blanket finish to an exciting race.

When it was all over and the result announced Johnston admitted that he had had his eye on one of the chests of small silver for a month or more.

J. B. Perlman, an unattached boy, won the one-mile walk, aided by a 50-second handicap, with Eddie Renz, of the Mohawk A. C., the scratch man, second, Dick Remer, of the Irish-American A. C., third. Renz made a heroic effort on the last lap, but just failed to get up.

Affording thrills for the crowd was the purpose of the athletes, it seemed, and William Van den Dries, of the New York Athletic Club, kept the good work up. Riding loose, he nipped Joe Gross, of the Empire City Wheelmen, right on the tape and won by inches. Tony Attardi, also of the Empire City Wheelmen, was third. It was a race of spills as well, and no fewer than six of the riders went down. Eddie Goodwin was among those who tumbled.

The sturdy-limbed Quaker shot out into the lead at the very start, and was never headed. Ted ran true to the line. He was on the victory trail to stay.

But, if Meredith remained in front, the positions of the other runners shifted in kaleidoscopic change. Gough, Wilkie and Caldwell flashed in second place for moments, but it was Gough who chased the winner for perhaps 350 yards until Caldwell made his bid, hoping, perhaps, to catch Ted in the run down the stretch, as he had on Friday afternoon. Coming down that last fifty yards, Meredith hurled himself out in one last desperate spurt, and the advance of the others ceased, and Ted drew away and won by perhaps three or four yards.

J. O'Connor, of the New York Athletic Club, captured first prize in the three-quarter-mile run from Mike Devanney, who is running unattached, while Dick Egan, of the Irish-American A. C., was third. The time was 3:09 3-5. O'Connor made a superhuman effort in the last forty yards, and barely lasted. Devanney was the stronger by far and made up ground hand over fist, but did not get up, in time.

The summaries follow:

One mile (scratch, Catholic Athletic League)—Won by Loughlin Lyceum team, with R. W. McDonald, Joe Buckley, P. Hally and P. Hauser; Presentation Club team, with H. J. Seeman, J. G. Waldron, F. A. Buggo and Joseph Maguire, second; Knights of St. Antony team, with H. V. Tyler, R. M. Hutchinson, C. P. Blush and J. A. O'Rourke, third. Time, 3:33⅘.

Three-quarter-mile run (handicap)—Won by J. O'Connor, New York A. C. (25 yards); Mike Devanney, Millrose A. A. (scratch), second; Dick Egan, Irish-American A. C. (scratch), third. Time, 3:09⅘.

Three-mile bicycle race (handicap)—Won by William Van Den Dries, New York A. C. (30 yards); Joseph De Cross, Empire City Wheelmen (190 yards), second; A. Attardi, Empire City Wheelmen (40 yards), third. Time, 7:50⅘.

220-yard dash (handicap, closed to Catholic Athletic League, Brooklyn Diocesan Union and Church Athletic League)—Won by William Tupman, St. Agnes's A. C. (10 yards); F. P. Flynn, Knights of St. Antony (4½ yards), second; H. Seney, Bronx Church House (scratch), third. Time, 0:24⅘.

100-yard dash (handicap)—Won by S. Johnston, Knights of St. Antony (2 yards); J. Cunningham, unattached (2½ yards), second; J. Ryan, Knights of St. Antony (5½ yards), third. Time, 0:10⅘.

One mile run (novice)—Won by F. Bennett, unattached; H. Dugan, unattached, second; H. Eskholn, unattached, third. Time, 4:55⅘.

One mile walk (handicap)—Won by J. B. Puerman, unattached (35 seconds); Ed. Renz, Mohawk A. C. (scratch), second; Dick Remer, Irish-American A. C. (scratch), third. Time, 7:11⅘.

Half-mile run (handicap, closed to Catholic Athletic League and Brooklyn Diocesan Union)—Won by H. J. Seeman, Presentation Club (30 yards); H. McLoughlin, Knights of St. Antony (30 yards), second; W. Banfield, Knights of St. Antony (15 yards), third. Time, 2:02⅘.

300-yard dash (handicap)—Won by E. Sanger, New York A. C. (9 yards); A. E. Nell, Knights of St. Antony (8½ yards), second; M. Shea, Pastime A. C. (7 yards), third. Time, 0:34.

Two-mile run (handicap)—Won by Sidney Leslie, Long Island A. C. (scratch); William Horton, New York A. C. (35 yards), second; N. Giannakopulos, Millrose A. C. (50 yards), third. Time, 9:32.

Suburban quarter—Won by James E. ("Ted") Meredith, University of Pennsylvania; Dave S. Caldwell, Boston A. A., second; Val Wilkie, Yale, third. Time, 0:49 4-5.

Kilbane Gives Boxing Lesson to Ed Morgan

Philadelphia, Feb. 13.—Johnny Kilbane, of Cleveland, featherweight champion of the world, used all his skill for six rounds in a fruitless endeavor to knock out Eddie Morgan, 122-pound title holder of England, in the windup at the National A. C. to-night. While the Briton assimilated enough punishment to stop several youngsters, he was on his feet at the final bell.