

BIG SHIFTING AMONG TEAMS ON THE ALLEYS

All Save One in Five-Man Fixture Take Places in First Ten. MANY WOMEN WATCH BOWLING

Harvey, of Saginaw No. 2, Has Fine Chance to Set New Individual Mark, but Fails.

Five out of six teams in the five-man fixture of the National Bowling Association last night took places in the standing of the first ten.

They were Saginaw, No. 1, of New York, with 2,749, good for third position; Prudential, No. 2, Newark, 2,721; in fifth; Prudential, No. 1, Newark, 2,667, seventh; Saginaw, No. 1, New York, 2,668, and Presto, New York, 2,644.

It was the greatest shifting about so far during this tournament, and with many doubles and singles on the cards for to-day it is to be expected that further changes will be in order.

When the five-man teams took the alleys it was noticed that fully half the spectators were women. This is something new in tenpins, and, as one in the crowd remarked, well illustrated the prominence of the doing of the "maternity" element as against the "paternity" performances of the other element.

Saginaw No. 1 began in a promising fashion, totalling 260. Keffert got going in great style, and, even with a single pin miss in the tenth frame, mustered 90 pins in the tenth frame, mustered 90 pins in the tenth frame, mustered 90 pins in the tenth frame.

Glenn Dunbar rolled on this team, and, although his crogmen is taken from the stable artists as Glenn Rid from Saginaw, the similarity is considered significant. However, Glenn Dunbar failed to live up to the combined reputation supposed to be upon his shoulders.

Practically all chance of this team coming to the fore was lost in the second game, when the united efforts of the five men amounted to 859.

Saginaw No. 2, however, after an indifferent start of 844, came back with a total with which one Harvey had a great deal to do. Harvey had a fine opportunity to establish a new mark for high single game. In other words, he needed nine pins in the last frame to get 900, which would have beaten Lamoreaux's mark by a pin. His ball, a triple light, got seven, and he lost by a pin.

A similar instance was that of George (Chance), of Prudential No. 1. (Chance is a member of the North End club in the Athletic League, and as a Prudential man had as teammates Asa Harris, one of Jersey City, and William Hammacher, of Newark.)

Chance, after an indifferent start in his first attempt, had a great chance for 254, and at the rate he was making it seemed as if to strike out would be an easy matter. However, George had to spare and he content with eight all, which gave him 241.

Four old Maurice Wyman, perpetual optimist, everlasting student, formerly an Algonquin, took part as the Presto, and he threw around ball hid his light behind a bushel of splits, no less than five of them being encountered in the second game alone and an even dozen in all. Still, he had only one missed spare. His scores were 120, 118 and 112.

Once Johnny Voorheis remarked that "a good bowler doesn't get splits." But Johnny had a working ball that did not miss. There was that something about Voorheis' ball last night that did not miss, despite the fact that he often encountered weird combinations on the apparently good hits.

Leaders in Big Bowling Tourney

Table with columns: Name and city, Total. Singles: J. B. Pelletier, Montreal, 602; J. H. O'Connell, Newark, N. J., 599; Fred. H. Hobbs, New York, 588; J. A. Blondeau, Montreal, 579; Henry H. Mahlenbrock, Jersey City, 576; William Rothermel, Brooklyn, 571; A. Pharis, Montreal, 570; Henry Hoppman, Philadelphia, 570; Edmond Pelletier, Montreal, 565; Joseph Cattaranch, Montreal, 564.

Table with columns: Name and city, Total. Two-man: Cattaranch and La Belle, Montreal, 1,172; Walker and Spary, Montreal, 1,147; Darling and Blondeau, Montreal, 1,143; J. and E. Pelletier, Montreal, 1,138; Plante and Egan, Montreal, 1,134; Naillanne and Memier, Montreal, 1,118; De Roche and Layton, Freehold, N. J., 1,111; Bertwistle and Mahlenbrock, Jersey City, 1,079; Hoppman and Baltz, Philadelphia, 1,075; Hedard and Lamoreaux, Montreal, 1,073.

Table with columns: Name and city, Total. Five-man: Canadians, Montreal, 2,805; Nationals, Montreal, 2,752; Saginaw, No. 1, New York, 2,749; Broadway Palace, New York, 2,730; Prudential, No. 2, Newark, 2,721; Elks, Jersey City, 2,690; Prudential, No. 1, Newark, 2,667; Strachans, Montreal, 2,653; Saginaw, No. 1, New York, 2,643; Presto, New York, 2,644.

RIDING HONORS TO M'TAGGART BOYS

Tommy Gets Two Firsts and Johnny One at the Bowie Track.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.) Bowie, Md., April 8.—The McTaggart boys, especially Tommy, carried off the riding honors at Prince George Park here to-day.

Tommy rode two winners—O. H. Comstock's Servia, in the half-mile selling card, and Lazuli, in the mile and seventy yards for platers of the three-year-olds and upward class.

Johnny piloted Richard Langdon home in the mile-and-twenty-yard race that closed the card, incidentally beating his brother, who had the leg up on Paton. The distance was a little short for old Paton, who is always slow to get going and likes the longer routes.

Johnny's ride was a triumph. He was a little slow to get going and likes the longer routes. The distance was a little short for old Paton, who is always slow to get going and likes the longer routes.

Fair Helen, which sported the silks of H. P. Whitney last year as a two-year-old, was beaten by St. Lazarian in the six-furlong selling race for three-year-olds. Penny Rock, the favorite, ran third.

The summaries follow: First race (selling, 1/2 mile)—McTaggart, 15 to 5; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

Second race (selling, 1/2 mile)—Lazuli, 11 to 1; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

Third race (selling, 1/2 mile)—Lazuli, 11 to 1; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

Fourth race (selling, 1/2 mile)—Lazuli, 11 to 1; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

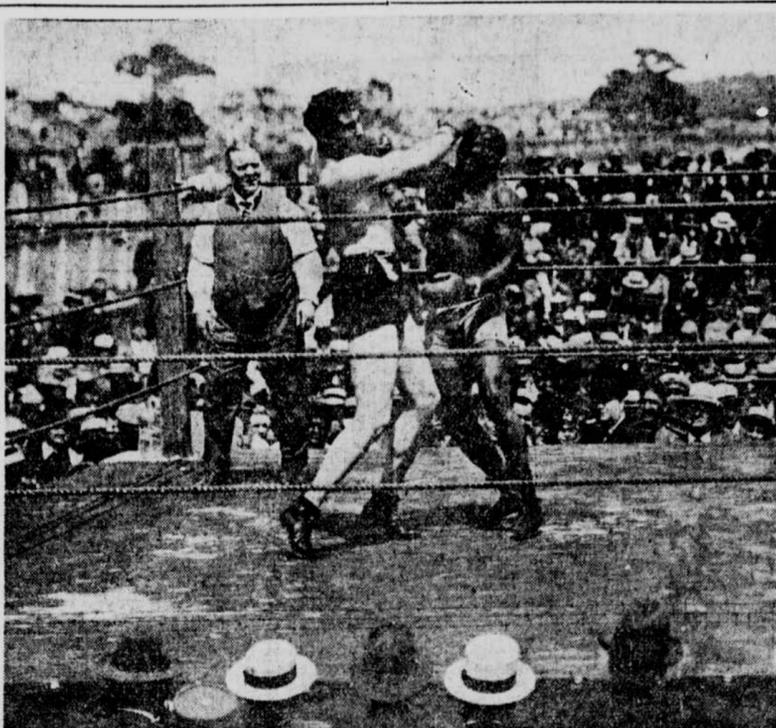
Fifth race (selling, 1/2 mile)—Lazuli, 11 to 1; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

Sixth race (selling, 1/2 mile)—Lazuli, 11 to 1; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

Seventh race (selling, 1/2 mile)—Lazuli, 11 to 1; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

Eighth race (selling, 1/2 mile)—Lazuli, 11 to 1; 2 to 1 and 4 to 5; Fair Helen, 10 to 1; 1 to 2 and 2 to 1; second, Chickadee, 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; third, Time, 6 to 1; 1 to 1 and 1 to 1; fourth, Miss Glimmer, 3 to 1.

Jack Johnson Landing Hard Right in Early Round of Big Fight



First picture received from Havana, Cuba, of battle for the heavyweight championship of the world, in which Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson in the twenty-sixth round. The negro looks almost like a pigmy in reaching up to land a blow on the towering Willard.

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THE SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

The Finish. Gone are the golden morns That flashed on a world at bay; Gone is the regal bearing That sticks with the champion's sway; Flat on his back in the resin With the tale of his glory done— Merely a middle-aged fat man Blinking up in the Cuban sun.

Last week as king of the fighters He looked to a world-wide thrill; Lord of the burly sluggers Who bowed to his magic skill; But shuffling on in the shadows, He drifts to a distant shore, Where no one cares to remember As long as the week before.

The Cry of "Fake." "I've a proposition to put up," writes an Innocent Bystander who merely happens to be interested in the sportive field. "In my opinion there is entirely too much talk of fake, not only among the spectators—who are ignorant—but among sporting writers, who should know better."

"Take up," he continues, "the run of the sporting game at large. In almost every instance you will find that the sport has been honestly conducted on the field. We have had any number of instances in world's series games alone where thousands of dollars were lost by club owners because the series was honestly played and decided solely upon its merits. The majority of people now connected with sport have a fair amount of common sense—enough at least to know that honesty pays—even more in sport than anywhere else— for every move in sport is under the glare of eternal publicity."

This viewpoint stands upon the Plateau of Truth. Innocent Bystander is correct to the ultimate dot. Here and there crookedness develops in sport—for sport is conducted largely by human beings and not every human being extant is always as straight as the shortest distance between two points.

But the vast bulk of sport is honestly turned—not only because it pays, but because no other industry is so closely watched and jammed under the great white spotlight.

There are too many to-day who believe that everything is crooked until it is proven straight. And a big part of this belief comes from ignorance—ignorance that is too often fed by sport historians who have probably never considered the harm they were doing to an industry that gives them a living and a good many millions pleasure and recreation they could get no other way.

The Battle of the Braves. The N. L. race this season should verge on a young riot. The Braves are out to make the hardest fight they know, with the entire camp bristling with aggressiveness.

But they will encounter the bitterest sort of opposition from Giants, Cubs and Cardinals—if not from others—and the best forecast available is that the coming National League fight will be the scariest campaign since 1908, when Giants, Cubs and Pirates all finished neck and neck in a wild frenzy, with the fur eight inches deep. After the lethargy of last year the yawning fan can look for more action this season than he or she has observed for quite a spell—for with Stallings, McGraw and Bresnahan in a three-cornered fight—as it looks to be—there will be very little insomnia on the field.

In the A. L. The American League race, as a thrilling spectacle, depends upon the ability of the circuit to hold the Red Sox in check.

There is the possibility that with Leonard, Collins, Wood, Gregg, Foster and Shore in shape the Red Sox will be well-nigh impregnable to assault.

But if there is any slip here, Senators, Tigers, White Sox and Mackmen are well enough balanced to round out a scalp lifting fight with at least five clubs in the hunt or the vicinity thereof.

So in the main mid-season interest in the two league races is largely up to Boston. For there is still the chance that both Braves and Red Sox will sweep to the front and break up the fight. But even these

JESS WILLARD THE CENTRE OF ADMIRING EYES

Crowds Flock to See Him at Every Village and Town on Way North.

ENGINEER OF TRAIN SHAKES HIS HAND

New Heavyweight Champion Says He Likes "Kids"—Sure He Does, with 4 Himself.

Savannah, Ga., April 8.—The progress of Jess Willard, victor over Jack Johnson in the battle for the world's heavyweight championship at Havana on Monday, through Florida, to-day, on his way north was one continuous ovation. Not since the days when John L. Sullivan held sway as the king of glove wielders have similar scenes and excitement been created by the advent of a fighter.

The day's trip was made amid a succession of spontaneous receptions, in which the populace of each succeeding city seemed anxious to surpass the enthusiasm of those places just passed. Word of the approach of the new champion was flashed ahead, and, as a result, flags and banners were flying, hands playing and hundreds waiting in the heat at every station between Daytona and this city.

At every crossroad and depot were throngs numbering from a few scores to thousands. In many cases it was apparent that the spectators had travelled considerable distances, for dust-covered automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles of all descriptions formed a conspicuous feature of the background.

Although Willard answered every call for his appearance and repeatedly made short speeches, it became evident as the days wore that the towering cowboy from Kansas was growing enamored by the constant enthusiasm of his admirers. His response to calls for him to appear upon the car platform and make speeches grew slower as the larger cities were entered, and he adopted several artifices to evade shaking hands with the hundreds of men who crowded about the car.

Willard wrapped his right hand in bandages at one station, another hung his arm in a sling, for he complained that the hand that knocked out Johnson was growing sore from the repeated grips of admirers.

At St. Augustine, when a gathering of some thousands, headed by a band, stormed the train, one excited individual cried: "Hey, Jess! Show us the fist that knocked out Johnson." When Willard held up his clenched fist, which looked as big as a small ham, the crowd howled with delight.

Jacksonville witnessed another big turnout, the depot being packed, while 500 of the cheering throngs were overlooking the yards where thick with men and boys.

Just before reaching Savannah, where another great gathering cheered Willard, it was reported that the pugilist had been offered \$100,000 for his share of theatrical receipts for the next year. Willard refused to discuss the report or state who had made the offer.

Many amusing incidents occurred during the early portion of the trip. Just before the train left Key West the engineer, an elderly man, came to Willard's car and introduced himself, saying: "Mr. Willard, I want to congratulate you; I am proud to shake your hand. I have hailed several Presidents over this line in my time, and never took the trouble to shake their hands, but I'm mighty glad of this opportunity."

At another station where there was some delay Willard got off and walked up and down the platform. In the crowd which had come to see him there were a number of boys. One finally mustered up enough courage to ask, in a shaky voice, "Mr. Willard, do you like kids?"

Willard looked down at the youngster, smiling, and said: "Sure I do; I've got four at home." Thereafter he had a bodyguard of youngsters six deep around him till the train pulled out.

The Federals started out to be a major league—and they are well on their way if they can maintain their present pace. But sport is a matter of tradition and sentiment and time as well as other things. And besides we haven't seen sufficient Federal League play to be any court of fanatical arbitration. Is that fair enough?

Starting Something Else. Dear Sir— In your opinion was the Johnson-Willard fight on the level or not? I've heard that it wasn't, but would like to get an inside tip. R. L. H.

As far as we know—minus any inside tip—Willard won a fairly fought fight bereft of fake. A middle-aged fat man would be more likely to stage a fake in the twelfth or fourteenth round than in the twenty-sixth. In addition to which Johnson's pride in ranking as heavyweight champion was almost beyond understanding. It meant more to his colossal vanity than a great many thousand dollars would ever be able to buy. And, once in a while, there is a sporting event settled without any crooked attachment, the opinion of a great many to the contrary notwithstanding, as the popular phrase goes.

Or, as Henley Almost Said— It matters not how straight the game, How on the level be the toss, There's always some in the frame To whisper of a double-cross.

"I intend to get all the money I can," announces Mr. Willard—who in this respect hasn't anything on 60,000,000 or 80,000,000 of his fellow citizens.

"Willard's backers refuse \$3,000 a week to show the champion"—proving again that while the Pen may have a distinct edge on the Sword, it is a bush league piker compared to the Punch.

Still, there is this to be said of Willard—in showing him the promoters will display more heavyweight championship flesh than was ever shown before. More by about three inches and some twenty odd pounds.

McAleenan Wins the Fancy Diving Title

Scores Clean Cut Victory Over Big Field in Championship Meet.

THRILLS WHEN MEN MISS THEIR FOOTING

Spectacular Performances at National Fixtures in New York A. C. Pool.

By L. DE B. HANDLEY. Arthur McAleenan, jr., of the New York Athletic Club, regained the national indoor fancy diving title last night, which he first captured in 1913, and this time one year ago to Conrad Wohlfed, of the Illinois Athletic Club, of Chicago.

The holder was not on hand to defend his laurels, but a large and representative field answered the clerk's call, including besides the winner, William Heyn, of the Chicago Athletic Association, who was placed second; Albert Downes, of the New York Athletic Club, who finished third, and F. A. Sponberg, Frank Muller and Joseph Dunn, of the home organization; Joseph A. Kennedy, of the Brookline Swimming Club, Boston, and Samuel Gerson, of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association.

The latter pair retired after the obligatory dives, pleading not enough proficiency with the 12-foot spring-board to attempt the more difficult specialties.

The contest had several thrilling features. The take-off was so slippery that three or four times a competitor missed his footing and went hurtling through the air, escaping injury by a hair's breadth. Twice Downes and Sponberg miscalculated their distance by a few inches and collided with the board, luckily recovering unscathed; and more than one bad fall was witnessed which threatened serious hurt to the diver.

McAleenan's victory was clean cut and decisive. He was really the only performer who went through the entire performance without a break. Heyn, the Chicago entrant, did not live up to expectations, most of his voluntary dives lacked finish and it is probable that Downes would have pointed him had he not suffered mishaps in his two highest scoring feats. The best overall went for under aim, and in one case he failed absolutely to perform the dive.

As it was, he and Joseph Dunn tied for second on the positions awarded by the judges, but when the points were summed up Downes was found to have been placed third.

In the eighteen-man one-mile relay race, which was another attractive feature of the meet, the excitement of competition was exciting, for no team came forward to oppose the speedy Mercury Foot sprinters. When the time was announced, however, the big crowd cheered itself hoarse, for Conrad Truhenbach, swimming the last relay, passed under the tape in 18 minutes 19.4 seconds, and this cut a nice slice off of the former world's record of 18 minutes 42.5 seconds, established in May, 1913, by the swimmers of the Illinois Athletic Club.

Eight promising lads took the mark in the 100-yard novice swim, which was decided in heats. The final proved the closest race of the evening, as the official Victor Crampton, E. Clifford Pledge and H. P. Linnoch thrashed along neck to neck over the entire course, and finished inches apart in this order. The time was 1 minute 9 seconds.

Only in the elimination trials of the 100-yard handicap swim were run off. The hour was late and some of the New York Athletic Club men, who qualified for the semi-finals, had competed already in several events, so the officials suggested postponing the deciding heats, and all the men agreeing, they were put off until Saturday next, in the same pool.

The summaries follow: 100-yard swim (novice)—New York Athletic Club, 1:09.4; Chicago, 1:10.5; Philadelphia, 1:11.6; Boston, 1:12.7; Washington, 1:13.8; New York Athletic Club, 1:14.9; Philadelphia, 1:16.0; Boston, 1:17.1; Washington, 1:18.2; Chicago, 1:19.3; New York Athletic Club, 1:20.4; Philadelphia, 1:21.5; Boston, 1:22.6; Washington, 1:23.7; Chicago, 1:24.8; New York Athletic Club, 1:25.9; Philadelphia, 1:27.0; Boston, 1:28.1; Washington, 1:29.2; Chicago, 1:30.3; New York Athletic Club, 1:31.4; Philadelphia, 1:32.5; Boston, 1:33.6; Washington, 1:34.7; Chicago, 1:35.8; New York Athletic Club, 1:36.9; Philadelphia, 1:38.0; Boston, 1:39.1; Washington, 1:40.2; Chicago, 1:41.3; New York Athletic Club, 1:42.4; Philadelphia, 1:43.5; Boston, 1:44.6; Washington, 1:45.7; Chicago, 1:46.8; New York Athletic Club, 1:47.9; Philadelphia, 1:49.0; Boston, 1:50.1; Washington, 1:51.2; Chicago, 1:52.3; New York Athletic Club, 1:53.4; Philadelphia, 1:54.5; Boston, 1:55.6; Washington, 1:56.7; Chicago, 1:57.8; New York Athletic Club, 1:58.9; Philadelphia, 2:00.0; Boston, 2:01.1; Washington, 2:02.2; Chicago, 2:03.3; New York Athletic Club, 2:04.4; Philadelphia, 2:05.5; Boston, 2:06.6; Washington, 2:07.7; Chicago, 2:08.8; New York Athletic Club, 2:09.9; Philadelphia, 2:11.0; Boston, 2:12.1; Washington, 2:13.2; Chicago, 2:14.3; New York Athletic Club, 2:15.4; Philadelphia, 2:16.5; Boston, 2:17.6; Washington, 2:18.7; Chicago, 2:19.8; New York Athletic Club, 2:20.9; Philadelphia, 2:22.0; Boston, 2:23.1; Washington, 2:24.2; Chicago, 2:25.3; New York Athletic Club, 2:26.4; Philadelphia, 2:27.5; Boston, 2:28.6; Washington, 2:29.7; Chicago, 2:30.8; New York Athletic Club, 2:31.9; Philadelphia, 2:33.0; Boston, 2:34.1; Washington, 2:35.2; Chicago, 2:36.3; New York Athletic Club, 2:37.4; Philadelphia, 2:38.5; Boston, 2:39.6; Washington, 2:40.7; Chicago, 2:41.8; New York Athletic Club, 2:42.9; Philadelphia, 2:44.0; Boston, 2:45.1; Washington, 2:46.2; Chicago, 2:47.3; New York Athletic Club, 2:48.4; Philadelphia, 2:49.5; 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Boston, 8:04.1; Washington, 8:05.2; Chicago, 8:06.3; New York Athletic Club, 8:07.4; Philadelphia, 8:08.5; Boston, 8:09.