

★ OUR OWN FEATURE SPORTING PAGE ★

Half Seas Over

Inside Sport Chat

By "Left Ventricle" ("Chick" Welters)
[Charles W. Welters]

THE MAN WITH THE PUNCH

It's the Man with the Punch that wins, my boy; it's the Man with the Punch that wins; When the clouds hang low and the raw winds blow and Fate hands you one in the shins; So pull in your belt and land him a welt and grin at the bangs in the face. And remember the Man with the Punch, my boy; he's the guy that lands first in the race.

I was in the Automat about three-thirty this morning, when who should come in for scrambled eggs, toast and coffee but Mary Flickford, the charming little movie queen. After I had seen Mary pay for her food I joined her and we had a pleasant little talk about this and that. In the course of our conversation the dainty little screen charmer told me of a funny incident that happened to her the other day. It may not interest you, but, personally, I think it is some story, and I'm running this column. It seems that Mary, in one of her perfectly swell film dramas, was called upon to dive through a revolving door. Any one who knows the intrepid little moving picture actress knows that this would be mere child's play for her. Well, here is the story just as she told it to me at about 3:45 this morning: As she went through the revolving doorway the door got going so fast that before she knew it she had actually been swung all the way around with it and found herself right back where she had started from. Oh, boy! If that isn't some grand little story I don't know one. And Mary Flickford told it to me herself.

I was talking to Lucius H. Moll, manager for "Snag" Flange, the Texas light-weight, the other night. "What do you think, Luce," I asked, "of the present situation?" The stocky manager smiled and lit a fresh cigar. "That is a question," he said.

THE MAN WITH THE PUNCH

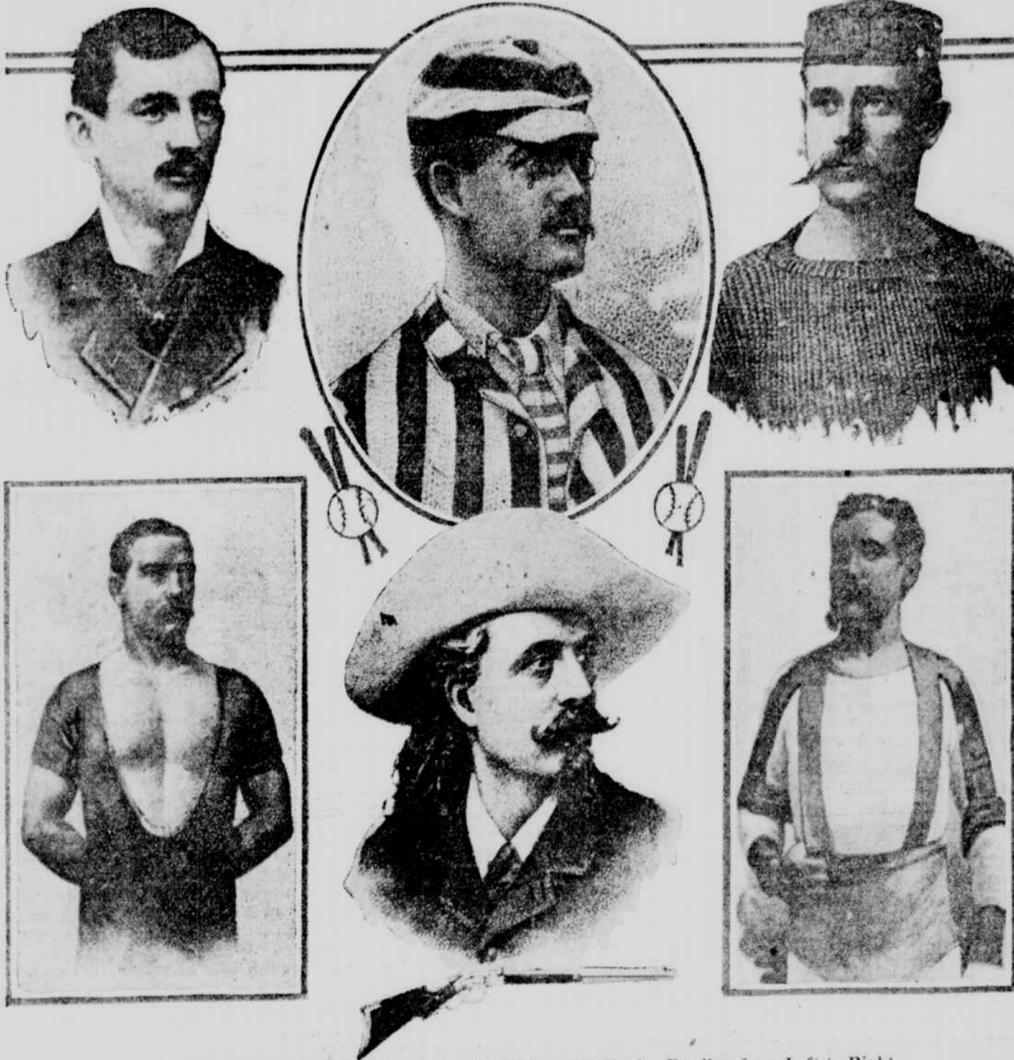
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If the Willard-Carpentier fight comes off (and I have no reason to know whether it will or not) there is one thing that I can say from the inside. Willard's chances are good, provided he can overcome the advantages which Carpentier has over him. This may sound pretty sweeping, but I know what I am talking about. On the other hand, Carpentier's advantages are not overpowering enough to overcome any better ones that Willard may have. Just wait and see.

"Jess" Willard is said to have just bought a stickpin worth \$30,000. Some stickpin, Jess!

I do not think that it is too early to begin agitation now to make the college football managements drop their public-be-damned attitude next season and help the spectator to watch the game understandingly. Numbering the players is all right, but it doesn't go far enough. In order to give the Public its money's worth I would urge the following procedure: Each player, as he goes into the game, should take a megaphone and, stepping in front of the section reserved for the General Public, make an announcement along these lines: "Ladies and Gentlemen: My name, as you will see by consulting my number in the guide-book (on sale at the entrance for one dollar and a half), is Pellet—W. E. Pellet, of Belchertown, Mass.; prepared at Belchertown Academy. In the next play I am going to take the ball on



National League Baseball Magnates in Conclave at Waldorf. Reading from Left to Right

a fake kick formation, and will attempt to get through a hole at right tackle in the opposing line. Watch carefully, and do not confuse me with the quarterback who passes me the ball, or with the fullback who will make believe take it. Remember, now, the starting signal will be 28, and on that signal I shall be the one who takes the ball through right tackle. Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, and with heartiest good wishes for a full enjoyment of the game, I bid you good afternoon. . . . Signals, please!"

The Man with the Punch

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"Ban" Johnson pulled a good one the other night around at the club. We were sitting in on a little game, and some one, probably Percy Haughton, said, "Ain't nobody got the nerve to bet?" "Ban" winked at me and said, "That's the first time I ever knew that cats wore rubbers."

HOCKEY GOSSIP AND CHIT-CHAT

By "WALTER" REXALL

210th St., N. Y., Dec. 16.—All roads led to the Murple Rink last night when the hockey team of the St. Ukelele A. C. tore up, ripped through and tore up the handball aggregation from the Gompers Memorial House. It was a perfect walkover for the St. Ukelele boys and had conditions been different they would surely have won. As it was, Coach Lookin's cohorts carried off the bacon and eggs to the tune of 18 to 66 1-4. It was a cleanly fought contest from start to about three seconds after the start. Traffic was blocked for half an hour. The officer making the arrest was Officer James H. Limp, of 1235 Norah Ave., Morrisania, on duty at the West 298th St. station.

APOLLINARIS COHORTS CRUSH VETERAN SEVEN

By "HAL" HARPIE

Hoxie, N. M., Dec. 16.—All roads led to the club rooms of the Apollinaris A. A. and Social Club last night when the annual election of officers took place, which was followed by a social good time. Harry Welkin opened the meet with a pair of kings and took the pole, holding it all the way round, although Martin Wolsch was close on his heels most of the time with something that he drew one card to. The boy from the Smoky City had them guessing for about two laps and then suddenly dropped out, leaving the race between Welkin and "Lig" Walmsley, the Hazy City boy, who finally showed down with the nine, ten, Jack,

FIGHTING FACTS AND FANCIES FROM HERE AND ALSO THERE

By "WILL" THIMBLE

Winsor Locks, Conn., Dec. 16.—All roads led to the Winsor Locks Arena last night, when Luther Stebbins, the Bronx Beaver, met Hjalma Hjalma, the Scandinavian Scavenger, in a forty-round bout for the lighting expenses, the loser to pay. Although outpointed in almost every round, both contestants held pluckily to the battle, and hardly a round went by but what one or the other landed a punch somewhere on his opponent. When consulted on the result, Luke Hahnstangle, Hjalma's manager, said "We have received a raw deal. I shall protest to the Boxing Commission." Told of Hahnstangle's statement, K. M. Moeah, Stebbins' manager said, "We have done been dirt in this matter."

WILLARD OBJECTS TO FIGHTING TWO MEN

By "LOUIE" T. NUBBIN

Chicago, Dec. 16.—In an interview given out here shortly before afternoon, Jess Willard, the diary-products magnate, said that he suspected something phoney about this Carpentier business. "I am willing to fight one man at a time," said Mr. Willard through his newspaper interpreter, "but when they put up a proposition to meet 'Georges Carpentier' it looks to me like two men. If it is only one man, why does he have an 's' on the end of his first name. I may have written a diary, but I know something about spelling, and 'Georges Carpentier' strikes me like it was a team. I shall look into this matter thoroughly before calling the fight off."

On being informed of this objection by a newspaper correspondent in Paris, Mr. Carpentier spoke in French.

Comical Stuff

By "Raving" Rufus.

It ought to be a good season for prizefights. The roads are good.

YEA BO!

Columbia and Harvard ought to go in for checkers.

PASS THE PEANUT-BUTTER!

The roads are good this season. It ought to be a good year for prizefights.

SHINE 'EM UP GOOD, EDDIE!

Perhaps checkers would be a good thing for Columbia and Harvard to go in for.

NOW WERE OFF!

These days any man can be a prizefighter if he doesn't interfere.

OH, GIRLS, HERE COMES THE SOLDIER!

Columbia and Harvard may not win at football, but just watch 'em when they get at the checker-board.

BLOOE!

Many a 'good prizefighter has gone wrong because he couldn't catch his stride soon enough.

DON'T BE A CINDER!

The best thing about Louisville as a baseball town is its water system.

DARN THAT MATCH!

Football is all right if you've had an education.

YEA BO!

Put two prizefighters in a box and shake 'em up and you'll have a welsh rarebit.

FIX YOUR NECK-TIE!

Any man who can get away ahead of the gas will make a good prizefighter.

NOW WE'VE DONE IT!

You have to be a high-brow to enjoy football.

DON'T BE A CLINKER!

OR A BUTTON!

Ever see a prizefighter with a fallen arch?

PUT A LITTLE VANILLA IN!

Baseball in Louisville is like baseball in Louisville.

JUST TIGHTEN THAT NUT, PLEASE!

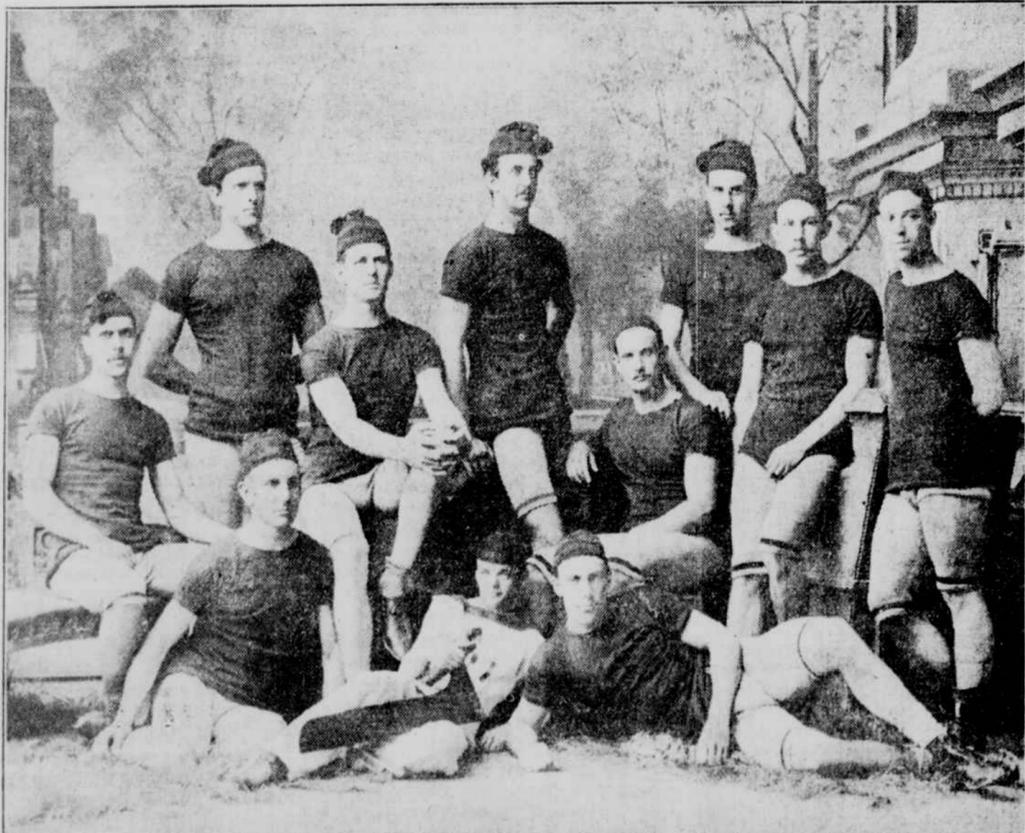
DON'T BE A SPOOL!

Queen of diamonds and the King of spades. For this irregularity, Walmsley was penalized fourteen dollars and eighty cents.

AVERAGES SHOW RUMLER LEADS LEAGUES IN LEAGUE AVERAGES FOR SEASON

By "TOM" WINCH
(Benjamin G. Winchester)

Averages recently compiled for the season ending October, 1916, show interesting figures for July of that year. Once again "Harry" Stevens leads the league in pop-bottles opened and "Bill" Clem in pop-bottles dodged. This puts the issue squarely up to the Nash Commission. Where once "Babe" Ruth, with a .375 would have had things his own way in the "Beantown Aggregation", we find that during the season of 1916-17 274,957 people stood in the aisles in the way of 485,867 other people who wanted to see the game, or at least who had paid admission to the game. Old-timers will be interested to note that during the six months of play "Tris" Speaker hitched up his trousers 867 times before going to bat. This is on an average of a few odd times per game and puts to rout any theory to the contrary.



An Exciting Moment in the Ice Hockey Game Yesterday Between the Ostriches and Penguins. McBoissert Shooting the Winning Goal.



Georges Carpentier, the French Boxer, Who, Dame Rumor Hath it, Is to Meet Jess Willard Soon. Carpentier Is a Well-known Dandy, as Is Shown in This Characteristic Pose with His Sparring Partner.