Victory Over Dartmouth Tonight Will Give Penn Lead in Intercollegiate Basketball Race

BASS PROVED A FISH OF HIGH DIVING TYPE IN HEAVYWEIGHT POND

Carl Morris Failed to Show Brotherly Affection in Days of White Hopes and Nick Hayes' Champion Became Friendly With Mat

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

"I'M READIN' your paper and I see a lot of guff about the world's greatest battles," said Nick Hayes as he dashed through the gate at Broad Street Station to see that we connected with the proper train, "and I had to giggle over the thrillin' adventures of some of them bimbos. They ain't been through nothin' yet, and if they ever heard the story of my champ, the whole gang, meaning Dempsey, Leonard, Britton and Kilbane, would run up some alley and throw fish cakes at each other.

"If I ain't intrudin' and they hold the train a couple of minutes, let me hand you a earful of some real regular dope and introduce none other than Willus Lee Bass, a big camembert what hails from the South. I know this is right, geographically speaking, because I started him in that direction after his BIG adventure.

"I'm thinkin' of nothin' in particular a few years ago and a guy comes up to me and says, 'Nick, I got the greatest heavyweight in the world and he don't know it. He's shovelin' coal in some wind-broken, flat-wheeled locomotive and wants to show everybody how he can fite. He thinks it's all in fun and doesn't know they get money for every appearance. Let your conscience be your guide and act accordingly.'

"I lissen and take a Brodie with twelve bucks. That's the cost of a railroad ticket from where he was. I tell him to come on and I will get him lots of exercise. At that time they were lookin' for promisin' heavyweights, which means the promotors would promise 'em anything. Bass takes the bait like the fish he was and I meet him at th' station.

"When he steps off the train, he don't use the steps. He just lifts one long leg, puts it down and he is on the ground. Three steps mean nothin' to him. He is six feet seven inches tall, weighs more'n two hundred and has a hand like a healthy strip of bacon. Every time it got cold on the railroad, instead of wearin' gloves, he bandaged his hands.

* * *

"I BREATHE a sigh of relief when I see the big Heskimer, and I congratulate myself. This is a white hope if there ever was one.

White Hopes Run Like Deuces Wild

"IF YOU recollect, they were puttin' on some white hope tournaments in them days. Far be it from me to take any undue credit, but I am the first to get hep to the idear. I buzz Tom O'Rourke in New Yawk and he falls. He puts on a tournament and I take a lot of saps over from Phillie. That is, I tried to take 'em. They wouldn't be took, except two.

"Well, no matter, I take 'em over, and one, who is using a assumed name and is foolin' every one, is named Barney Feeney. Barney wins his first bout, and the talk circulates around the club that he is a ringer. That makes everybody else take to the high grass, an' because Barney is the only one left, he wins. This is the first championship Philadelphia has won for many years an' nobody knows about it.

"The white hope stuff is running like with the deuces wild when Willus Lee Bass kicks into our midst. Jack McGuigan and Johnny Eckhardt are puttin' on a big show an' I enter my champion. Honest, he don't know nothin'. I introduced him to his left and then made him acquainted with his right. I tell him what side each arm is hung on, buy a pair of over-sized gloves and we're all set.

"I never see him work in the gym, because I don't want to feel that I am party of the second part to a murder. I just enter him, tell him to act as if he is in a street fight and then hope he has accident insurance.

"He is all steamed up th' night of the tournament and wins his first bout. He hurts his right hand, however, and the talk goes around that he has quit and he is out. I don't know nothin' about it because I am in the dressin' room telling him he aint hurted, and them knuckles, which might look as if they was pushed out of place and maybe broken, wouldn't hurt him after he got started because he could punch 'em back into shape.

"I am rubbin' the hand, but don't take off th' glove because I am afraid he never will get it on again. In the meantime I am answerin' calls and tellin' the sour-faced managers my man will be out again and knock them says for a row of zeros.

* * *

"WILLUS LEE BASS lissens to my friendly words of advice an' he goes out an' trims two awful bums, only usin' his left hand. I feel so good after the tournament is over that after I collect my share of the receipts I buy Bill a swell gold watch, which he is wearing with pride to this day if it ain't turned green.

Challenge Is Issued to Carl Morris

"BUT all this is what you call th' openin' chorus. You ain't heard nothin' yet. Th' big stuff is comin' and it reminds me of the famous double play from Shakespeare to Lincoln, which means don't do nothin' till you hear from me.

"I want to use this Bass person again, but can't because he has a busted mitt. It is swelled so much that he finds it hard to get into a train when I ship him South. He goes there to recuperate because it's cheaper with him livin' with his folks, and anyway none of them pirates can steal him from me. I am the only guy what knows where he hangs th' hat.

"He's gone for six weeks and I am busy arrangin' a big match. I want him to meet Jeffries, Johnson, Fitzsimmons, or anybody, because I know he is good for only one fite. No matter who he meets, it will be every body standin' on his feet but him at the end of one minute.

"The best I can do is to get him a match with a inexperienced, weak, consumptive guy named Carl Morris. It's tough to get the two striplings together because Carl thinks Bass is too good and I am puttin' somethin' over on him. Can you imagine ME puttin' anything over on anybody?

"Matters come to a head, as all matters does, when I hear that one of my honest pals is on th' train headin' South to get Bill's name on the piece of paper commonly referred to as a contract. As soon as I get a earful, I does another Brodie and twelve more bucks go into the treasury of the railroad. I wire Bass to beat it and he does. I meet him th' next day and my honest pal is still lookin' for him—I hope.

"I have to work fast, and there is a big show in town

"Amatuers are in it, and much as I hate to donate anybody else's services for nothin', I think it is a swell idear to have the big bimbo step in the ring and flatten a guy what I already had made a deal with. He was to make the nose dive and call for smellin' salts in the second round.

* * *

"SOMETHIN' goes wrong, because the fallin' leaf who collected my ten bucks decided to go right. He said he was goin' to fite on the up and up, and I knew what would happen to my champ. I took it on the lamb, hustled Bill out of the back door and went to the National A. C. to challenge Carl Morris because the fite already was in.

When Brother Beats Brother

"NOW comes the greatest battle of my career. As Shakespeare said to Lincoln, the other guys is bums when it comes to REAL battles.

"I have Bass all set and have to work him in secret. This is because I can't fool the newspaper guys, and if they see him once, the big windup is off and I lose a shot of dough. Whenever they insist on a public exhibition, I make a date to meet them and forget it. I couldn't help it because it was a case of every man for himself.

"Everything goes swell until the day of the fite. I am puttin' on th' nose bag in my favorite cafe when I hear Bass is sick and goin' to die. I beat it to his exclusive hotel, and when I enter the room I see the big boy doubled up in pain and two of the best trainers in the world rubbin' his stummick with liniment. They have sent for a doctor to administer th' last rites.

"I look th' big boy over and he says he has been poisoned. I am hep, however, because he ain't had nothin' to eat because he is too scared. A lot of guys tell him he is steppin' into the toughest proposition in th' world and now is th' time to take the run out powder.

"I'm wonderin' what to do when the doc arrives. He looks at th' patient and gets his squirt gun out to give him a shot in the arm to ruin the pain. I grab his hand and tell him that one shot will ruin me. It's 6 o'clock and the fite goes on in about three hours.

"So givin' his sawbones a buck, I chase him and th' expert trainers out in th' hall. Then I talks to Bass.

* * *

"'YOU ain't hurted a-tall,' I say. 'Get together and go to the' club. Don't you know that Morris is a brother fireman and belongs to th' same union? He ain't goin' to hurt you.'

The Hardest Fight of His Career

"I FINALLY convince him that it will be a waltz, and perhaps it would have been only I forgot to tell Morris. I get him to th' club, dress him and we wait for the last, only and final appearance as a wind-up performer. Bill is nervous and wants to talk it over with Morris, but I tell him to calm himself because it's all fixed.

"I get Bass in the ring and he wants to go over and give Morris the brotherhood grip. I tell him to lay off because it would look bad, and anyway, he has his gloves on. Then he tries to get Carl's eye, smilin' pretty, but Carl is all courage and can't see. Bill wants to postpone th' little affair until next Tuesday, but I tell him not to be a sap and then wig-wag for th' bell.

"That was the hardest fite of my career. Gettin' that big bum in th' ring. As soon as he started, I went to my favorite spot, th' box office. It was a tough night.

* * *

"THE fite? I almost forgot. Morris knocked him down a dozen times in the first two minutes and Jack McGuigan stopped it. The only thing Bass hit was th' floor. After he is swept up, I collect the dough and get a lot of dollar bills. How much? Well I'll bet there was fifty of 'em. I also buy a railroad ticket, take Bill to th' train an' just as it is pullin' out I slip him the kale. Haven't heard from him since."

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THERE'S AT LEAST ONE IN EVERY CLUB

KEEP BOYS FREE FROM PRO TAINT

Supervisory Board Member Says "All-Scholastic" Teams Must Have School Sanction

WARNING TO ATHLETES

By PAUL PREP

"THE Supervisory Committee on Athletics did not think high school players on the so-called All-Scholastic team should be under suspicion as professionals, nor that students of the high schools who had not been graduated should engage in any games that were not under the supervision of the accredited coaches of the different schools."

A member of the Advisory Board this morning gave this reason for the ruling by the committee prohibiting high school students from playing on "all-scholastic" teams.

"If a school man had charge of a team for outside games no action would be taken, but the committee is unalterably opposed to any outsider getting five schoolboys together labeling them 'all-scholastics of Philadelphia' and taking them out of town for games. In the first place," the member of the committee said, "the team is not a representative one of the city. Southern High has the championship team of the Public High School League, and if that team chooses to play games with outside quintets it would have the permission of the authorities.

"If Coach Mueller wants to play any team he can go ahead and do so, for he is a regularly constituted authority and will have a combination to represent the league that will be the championship team. We have not barred any of the players who saw action in the Passaic game, but we have warned them that any playing in the future with a so-called all-scholastic team will mean their disbarment from further high school competition. The players know that and we do not look forward to seeing any of the players who have not graduated playing outside of the games sanctioned by the committee.

"It is our duty as a committee to look after the boys who play on the high school teams and to keep them at all times from having any suspicion of professionalism directed toward them. Many of the boys expect to go to college, and they would be barred there if the slightest taint of professionalism was attached to their names. The action of the committee was taken more as a protective measure than a censure of the players."

PENN PLAYS NORWICH

Victory for Polo Team Tonight Will Mean Title

Pennsylvania	Positions	Norwich
Sexton	No. 1	Allen
Dixon	No. 2	Johnson
Strang	No. 3	White

The University of Pennsylvania polo team, undefeated in the Intercollegiate League, meets Norwich tonight at the Cavalry Armory, Thirty-second street and Lancaster avenue.

The Connecticut trio has one of the best teams in the League, and last year surprised the college followers by winning the championship from West Point in the best game of the year.

Penn last Saturday night jumped over one of the highest hurdles in the way of the title and went into the League lead by trouncing Princeton. One of the three regulars on the Tigers played in that game while the other two were engaging Norwich. The Down East trio defeated the Tigers, 11 to 8.

NATIVITY TRIMS A. O. H.

Uptowners Win Eleventh Straight Basketball Contest, 22 to 15

The Nativity Catholic Club basketball team scored its eleventh straight victory of the season last night by defeating A. O. H. at Machulski' Temple, Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets, score 22 to 15.

The uptowners will clash with Shanahan tonight at their hall at Belgrade street and Allegheny avenue. Nativity has not been beaten on the home court all year and expects to add the West Philadelphians to their list.

Shanahan and Nativity are rivals in all branches of sport, their baseball clubs staging many heated combats last season. Manager Sands will depend on his regular line-up, while Jim Bonner will have his regular team. He was compelled to play with a weakened team against Kayoula last night and lost, 39 to 16.

Dog Racer Is Dead

The Pas, Manitoba, Feb. 18.—A telegram was received here announcing the death in Chicago of Albert Campbell, well-known dog racer. Death was due to pneumonia. He won the 1916 The Pas Derby, and in 1917 took the dog race from Winnipeg to St. Paul.

SNAPPY STORIES
"Flesh of My Flesh," by Harker Shelton and "By Whatever Name," by Frank Mearry Shoemaker, in the Magazine Section of tomorrow's PUBLIC LEDGER.—Adv.

HUNTZINGER WILL START IN DARTMOUTH GAME

Big Crowd Expected to See Crucial League Contest

Pennsylvania		Dartmouth
Huntzinger	forward	Malcolm
Rosenast	forward	Cullen
Grave	center	Shannan
Vogelin	guard	Millar
Miller	guard	Goldstein

Hanover, N. H., Feb. 18.—The University of Pennsylvania basketball team arrived here this morning ten strong for the crucial game with Dartmouth in the big Green's gymnasium tonight. Every seat in the spacious hall is sold or will be sold before the game gets under way. Less than three years ago about 300 or 400 students witnessed the intercollegiate league games.

Since George Zahn, a Philadelphian, took up the coaching reins here basketball has been in the front rank of sports. The students have given the team great support while the townspeople whose number is small witness the games almost to a man.

Penn is the favorite for tonight's contest, though Dartmouth is expected to prove a sturdy foe. The defeat of the Red and Blue by Cornell last Saturday afternoon has proved to the Dartmouth players that the Quaker City entries are not invincible. Last year with a chance to tie the champions Dartmouth fell before the vicious attack of Danny McNichol and his pals.

MULLER QUITS VESPERS

Famous Rowing Coach Signs to Coach Bachelors' Barge Club

Frank Muller, famous rowing coach, who has gained the position as one of America's best from his tutoring of Jack Kelly, world's champion oarsman, has been signed to coach the Bachelors' Barge Club this spring, according to Garrett Gilmore, captain of the Bachelors' Barge Club.

Arthur H. Clevenger, commodore of the Schuylkill Navy and prominent in the Bachelors' Club, ratified the announcement, and said that Muller has consented to take up the coaching burden at Bachelors' this year.

ENTER MICK McDONOUGH

Newcomer in Ring Here Meets Hauber at Auditorium

Mickey McDonough, a new-comer here in fistic ranks, will appear in the wind-up at the Auditorium Club tonight. Henry Hauber, of Fairmount, has been selected by Marcus Williams as the Harp's opponent. Their set-to is scheduled for eight rounds.

Philadelphia Joe Welling will take on Mike Kearns, of Detroit, in the semi-final. Other bouts are: Willie Thomas vs. Willie Nelson, Johnny Hanlon vs. Sammy Scheiff and Danny Toy vs. Buster Brown.

BRITTON RETAINS 'WELTER' LAURELS

Champion Wins, but Judges Give Shade Draw in 15-Round Bout

FANS HOOT DECISION

New York, Feb. 18.—Jack Britton, at thirty-six, still is the master boxer and by virtue of that fact he today remains the world's welterweight boxing champion.

Last night in Madison Square Garden Britton met young David Shade, of San Francisco, a courageous, able lad, in a fifteen-round match. The judges decided the contest was a draw, and that enabled Britton to retain his title.

Britton appears to have outpunched the challenger in all but two rounds, and the verdict was hooted for several minutes by the crowd.

Britton, only half a pound under the present welterweight limit, was in excellent condition. Only in one round, the eleventh, did he seem to tire. The champion's advanced age had no apparent effect on his speed and punching power.

In the majority opinion of fistic writers at the ringside, however, the judges erred in their decision, for Britton appeared to have had the advantage on points over his young rival.

It is true that the Californian alway was on the aggressive, that he made the champion miss occasionally, or rather frequently, but, nevertheless the champion, whether retreating or standing his ground, was sending gloved fists against his opponent's head and body.

Shade was missing, too, and many of his terrific assaults were cleverly smothered in the Britton defense. Shade shook the title-holder several times with rights to the jaw but was himself shaken oftener by both rights and lefts to the head and body.

Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, who aspires also to the welterweight title, was an attentive ringside spectator.

Andy Palmer, Tulsa, Okla., middleweight, received the judges' decision over Jim O'Gatty, New York, at the end of their eight-round bout.

Eddie Fitzsimmons, New York lightweight, also received the judges' verdict at the end of his eight-round bout with Jimmy Hanlon, of Denver.

Vincent Pepper Martin, New York, featherweight, received the judges' decision over Tommy Noble, of England, after eight rounds.

"The Hardest Battle of My Ring Career"

By JIMMY HANLON

BOXING is my business, and I love it—so much so that I do my hardest fighting every time I enter the ring. All my matches seem to be tough because I keep going hammer and tongs from bell to bell.

JIMMY HANLON

While it may seem difficult for me to pick the hardest battle of my career with the gloves, there is one bout that stands out uppermost of all. And it was one of the first of the long matches I competed in.

I would rather box as they did several years ago—what they called the derby distance. Having lost close decisions in six, ten and twelve-rounders out around Denver, I decided that I would like to get a longer match, as I never felt tired after finishing a short bout.

So I hied myself down to New Orleans, where twenty-round matches were in vogue. Frankie Russell, at that time—it was in 1917—stood out as the best of the lightweights in the Southern city. He had just battled and battered Wolgast, Rivers and Mandot among others in long bouts.

It was against this lad, Frankie Russell, whom I stopped in sixteen rounds, that I had the hardest battle of my ring career. But before I was matched with Russell, I had to show that I had the stuff. So I booked up with Red Dolan, whom I stopped, and then followed a victory over Pal Moran.

Then came the toughest of all my battles. It was scheduled for twenty rounds. Even money was bet that night that Russell, a terrific body puncher, would knock me out. I knew that he could not stop me and asked the referee before the bout to let it go no matter how badly I might be beaten.

The bout opened with Russell tearing into me wide open and both hands flying for the body. I did the same thing. For seven rounds not a single punch was landed on either of our faces. It seemed almost impossible for both of us to continue assimilating such terrific body beatings.

Round after round we continued our close attack. Neither of us flinched a second. He was hurting me pretty hard with his blows to the stomach beginning with the eighth. I think that Russell was feeling my blows, too.

The fifteenth round came—and Russell crossed me. While exchanging body punches at close quarters, Frankie suddenly switched and swung a vicious right-hander flush on my jaw. It staggered me, driving me half way across the ring, but, shaking my head, I came right back.

Russell now was shooting at my face and he was landing often. However, I knew that I had won half the battle. I made him give up the body attack. I still stuck to whanging away at his mid-section, and I knew he was beginning to weaken.

Came the sixteenth. Russell's body was raw from the walloping I had been giving him. The crowd was beginning to pull for me, and I began to punch harder to the stomach. Suddenly I landed a right-hand wallop to the solar plexus and down went Russell.

The crowd was in a frenzy. Frankie was game. He got up at the count of nine—with the wind still knocked out of his system. He fell into a clinch and tried to hold. Shaking him off and half turning Russell around with my left hand at his right elbow, I sunk another right into his mid-section.

He went down—this time—for the full count. The bout was over. What a fight! Nobody knows how much I suffered for several days thereafter from these body punches. Russell, too, no doubt, was a pretty sore and stiff man for a while.

For several days I had to lay in bed—I could not dress, because I was so sore.

Augie Ratner will tell about the hardest battle of his ring career in next Tuesday's edition of the Evening Public Ledger.

CONTROL THE THING THAT WINS CONTESTS

Dominant Style or Personality Takes Charge of the Situation More Often Than Not—Dempsey, Tilden and Hagen Are Shining Examples

By GRANTLAND RICE

"YOU don't play your game against Larned," a tennis friend once remarked to McLoughlin.

"I have to play the game Larned wants me to play," was the Comet's reply.

Which, as you might have guessed, leads to a number of reflections along the same line.

In almost every field of sport you hear this same line over and over—"If So and So would only play his game against So and So. So and So No. 1 probably feels the same way about it. But there is nothing he can seem to do that has the desired effect, due to certain maneuvers and manipulations on the part of So and So No. 2. For it is the dominant style or the dominant personality that takes charge of the situation nine times out of ten.

An Example or So

CARPENTIER would very much have liked to box Dempsey at long range. He would have esteemed such a plan of battle beyond all measure. He had no desire to pursue an infighting style. But he had little to say about it.

He couldn't fight his fight against Dempsey, because Dempsey wouldn't let him. The Frenchman could stand away and sock Beckett and Cook, because on these occasions he was the dominant factor.

But when he tried to stay away from Dempsey the champion promptly closed in and caught him, and after that there was nothing much to be done about it. Very little indeed.

In the same way many leading tennis stars can force opponents into line, making them discard certain set forms of attack or defense.

Kumagae might force one opponent into a back court game. But he could not force Tilden or Johnston into this style unless Big or Little Bill decided to spend the afternoon that way.

Hagen in Golf

ONE of the striking features of Hagen's play in golf is the way he has of dominating the situation.

Hagen, usually, is the controlling personality. His opponent might rather play a slow, careful game.

But unconsciously the aforesaid opponent will soon find that he is moving along briskly with Hagen, playing about twice as fast as he expected to play.

YALE rarely, in late years, plays her best football game against Harvard.

Not because Yale is afraid of Harvard, but because Harvard knows more football and usually dominates the occasion. No one could say last fall that Harvard had the better material.

DEMPSEY arranged his plan of battle in advance at Toledo and then made Willard follow it. He decided to circle the big Kansan a few times, keep away until an opening arrived, and then let fly. Willard promptly helped to carry out this idea by waiting for Dempsey to come to him. Willard made no move to upset Dempsey's plan of attack.

Limerick of the Links

A duffer who practiced indoors
Said, "I'll think of the braes and the moors,
I'll imagine I'm swinging
Where green grass is springing"—
But his wife made him think of the floors.

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WILLIE GREEN A WINNER

Easily Defeats Bobby McCann, Although Outweighed Nine Pounds

Willie Green, just recovering from a spell of sickness, had little trouble in defeating the rugged Bobby McCann in the eight-round wind-up at the Cambria A. C. last night.

McCann outweighed Green by nine pounds, the weights being Green 126 and McCann 135. McCann put up a fast and aggressive fight, but failed to keep out of the way of Willie's fast left, which was working to advantage in every round.

The semi-wind-up was one of the best bouts of the night, the verdict going to Willie Ferguson, who had a shade over Jimmy McGovern. The other results: Johnny Hauber stopped Tommy McCann in the first, "Potto" Feeney deafed "Toughey" Deegan, and Johnny Malone stopped George Davis in the third.

TENDLER BOUT OFF

Californian Can't Box Under Name of Duffy

New York, Feb. 18.—Hyman Gold, Oakland, Calif., lightweight, chose the wrong "nom du combat" and will not be permitted to met Lew Tendler, of Philadelphia, in a match here February 24. He assumed the name of Jimmy Duffy, and the State Athletic Commission today ruled him out because there are already two fighters of that name listed.

The rules of the commission do not permit boxers to carry on their activities under assumed names that are identical with the real names of other pugilists.

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5 OTHER STAR BOUTS

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THREE SESSIONS DAILY
HOCKEY TONIGHT
Westminster vs. Quaker City

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TONIGHT—8:30 SHARP
BOBBY ALLEN vs. FRANKIE JULIAN
EARL HARTMAN vs. YOUNG SHERLOCK
JOHNNY ROSE vs. DANNY RODGERS
JACK PERRY vs. JIMMY MENDO
JOE TIPLITZ vs. PHIL SALVADORE
Reserved Seats, $1.50, $1.00. Adm., 50c.
Ticket Sale, 33 S. 11th St. Ph., Wal. 8241

OLYMPIA BOXING
Mon. Eve. Feb. 20 Broad & Bainbridge Mon. Eve. Feb. 20
MATTY DECHTER vs. WILLIE O'CONNELL
JOE RITCHIE vs. FRANKIE McFARLAND
AD STONE vs. SAM LaSALLE
JIMMY SACCO 8 Rounds vs. BOBBY McCANN
BILLY MISKE 8 Rounds vs. CAPT. BOB ROPER
PRICES, 50c, $1, $1.50
Seats on sale, Schott's Cafe, 12th & Filbert Sts. Phone, Locust 4996.

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or
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Mashed Potatoes New Spinach
Home-Made Apple Sauce
Fresh Ham Platter, $1.00
Roast Fresh Ham
Sour Krout or New Spinach
Baked Potato
Steak Platter, $1.10
Steak Minute with Mushrooms
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Boots and Saddle

The Proteus Handicap, at a mile and an eighth, for $2500, brings together the best field of the week at New Orleans, and with a fast track should furnish a spirited contest. Guy, which appears to be the best horse at New Orleans, is given top weight, but his class should carry him through. The Phillips entry also includes Pit, full brother of Guy, and Gourmond, United Verde and Bunga Buck should furnish the contention.

Horses well placed in the other races are: First race — Duster, Peter Brown, Allie Ochs; second — Brown Check, Monastery, Trust Official; third—Tippity Witchet, Centimeter, Irish Dream; fifth—Our Dear, Omnipotent, Comic Song; sixth — Trickster II, Merchant, High Gear; seventh—Attorney Muir, Bond, John Arbor.

Havana: First race—Jones entry, Whitney entry, Col Pat; second—Sea Urchin, Hazel R., Constantine; third—Incinerator, Grandson, Beretta; fourth—Guynor, The Boy, Cuba, Encanto; fifth — Haran, Maysville, Bianca; sixth—Wreckless, George W., Baby Faust.

Scraps About Scrappers

Joe Reno, of Trenton, will be at the ringside tonight to challenge the winner of the Tiplitz-Salvadore bout. Reno has twice met the Californian, in a twelve-round bout in New York and an eight-rounder at Trenton.

Battling Murray is to box at the Garden in New York on March 17 in one of the bouts to an all-bantam program, the feature of which will show Johnny Buff in defense of his title. Johnny Burns says an injustice was done Murray when reports were sent out of town that Battling had been stopped by Kid Wolf.

Louisiana is going to box again. Two local promoters are trying to get opponents for the veteran boxer, who has been training for several weeks.

Captain Bob Roper will be in Philadelphia tomorrow night. He will meet Billy Miske Monday night at the Olympia Club, and it will be the Captain's debut in a local ring. Eddie Mead is grooming Roper for a match with Champion Dempsey. Jimmy Sacco vs. Bobby McCann is the semi. Prelims: Sam La Salle vs. Ad Stone, Joe Ritchie vs. Frankie McFarland and Matty Dechter vs. Willie O'Connell.

Next week's show at the Ice Palace will be held on Thursday night instead of Tuesday, as an ice-skating program has been arranged for Washington's Birthday. A return match between George Chaney and Alex Hart will be the feature. The other eight-rounder will be between Johnny Mealy and Whitey Fitzgerald.

Al Gordon, who overcame a big handicap in weight, height and reach against Owen O'Malley and made an impression with his willing style, has been matched to meet Bobby Wolgast at the Olympia February 27.

Mickey Thomas, of Kensington, is in training. He is ready for bouts with Mickey Morris, Joe Belmont and Jimmy Baxter.

Jimmy Willis, of Southwark, would like a return match with Mickey Morris, of Wilmington.

Dick Perry issues a challenge to Billy Doyle or any other 118-pounder.

Jimmy Trainer is lining up Joe Welsh, of Smoky Hollow, for several matches the latter part of the month. Joe meets Willie Ryan at the National February 24 and Jimmy Gibbons at Atlantic City February 28. Welsh would like to meet Phil Kaplan.

Charley Buck, West Philly bantam, expects to get started at a local club in about a fortnight.

Jack Davis, a feather kid from West Philadelphia, is ready for action with anyone his weight.

Joe Brown, manager of Kid Beebe, has started the latter's brother in the ring. The younger Beebe is boxing under the name of Kid Murray. He recently returned a victor in an amateur tournament. The Kid weighs in at 105 pounds.

Eddie McCarty, 135-pounder, is open for a return engagement with Tuffy Dugan.

Otis Robinson, Negro welterweight, challenges "Big-Jack Dempsey," Joe Libby and Johnny Gardner.

The Reading IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE The Reading
ATLANTIC CITY
EFFECTIVE MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1922
LEAVING PHILADELPHIA:
New express train will leave Philadelphia at 8.00 A. M., arriving Atlantic City 9.20 A. M.
Express train now leaving Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. will run 10 minutes faster, arriving Atlantic City 10.05 A. M.
Night train now leaving Philadelphia at 11.30 P. M. will be changed to leave at 11.40 P. M., and run 5 minutes faster, arriving Atlantic City 12.50 A. M.
LEAVING ATLANTIC CITY:
New non-stop express train will leave Atlantic City 5.05 P. M., arriving Philadelphia 6.15 P. M.
Express train now leaving Atlantic City 5.45 P. M. will be changed to leave at 6.05 P. M., arriving Philadelphia 7.25 P. M.
ABOVE CHANGES WILL MAKE FOLLOWING COMPLETE WEEK-DAY SCHEDULE

SOUTHBOUND		NORTHBOUND	
Leave Philadelphia	Arrive Atlantic City	Leave Atlantic City	Arrive Philadelphia
5.10 A.M	6.30 A.M.	7.00 A.M.	8.15 A.M.
8.00 A.M.	9.20 A.M.	7.40 A.M.	8.45 A.M.
9.00 A.M.	10.05 A.M.	a8.10 A.M.	9.15 A.M.
11.20 A.M.	12.40 P.M.	9.30 A.M.	10.50 A.M.
*1.00 P.M.	*2.15 P.M.	11.30 A.M.	12.45 P.M.
2.00 P.M.	3.20 P.M.	2.35 P.M.	3.55 P.M.
4.00 P.M.	5.05 P.M.	4.00 P.M.	5.15 P.M.
5.00 P.M.	6.05 P.M.	5.05 P.M.	6.15 P.M.
†5.20 P.M.	†6.35 P.M.	6.05 P.M.	7.25 P.M.
6.00 P.M.	7.20 P.M.	8.00 P.M.	9.15 P.M.
8.30 P.M.	9.45 P.M.	11.00 P.M.	12.20 A.M.
11.40 P.M.	12.50 A.M.	.....	.....

*—Saturday only. †—Except Saturday. a—Will not operate Washington's Birthday, February 22.
FREQUENT FAST TRAINS ON SUNDAY
Philadelphia & Reading System
Atlantic City Railroad