

STANDARD SPORTING PAGE

DAVIS PICKS AN ALL-AMERICA TEAM

The Daily Princetonian, the undergraduate publication, has received the following all-American football selection from Parke H. Davis, the Tigers' representative on the intercollegiate rules committee. Mr. Davis, who is a close follower of the game, has published several books on the sport, and is regarded as one of the best informed football critics in his section of the country. His selection is as follows:

End	Englehorn, Dartmouth
Guard	Pennock, Harvard
Center	Benson, Lafayette
Guard	Brown, Navy
Quarterback	Phillips, Princeton
Halfback	Bomelsier, Yale
Halfback	Pazetti, Lehigh
Quarterback	Brickley, Harvard
Halfback	H. A. H. Baker, Princeton
Halfback	Thorpe, Carleton
Fullback	

In commenting on the choice of an all-American team Davis says: "The selection of an all-American eleven today as a serious undertaking is impossible. It is impracticable to assume that among 10,000 players there can possibly be eleven best men. It is not less practicable to assume that a single observer, or even a jury of observers, can even approximately select and reject material they have never seen. It is impossible for a single observer to see more than 28 of these eleven in action, and these cannot be the right eleven since the most formidable teams do not always play one another."

Mr. Davis claims that the selection of the team should be made as a coach would make it up provided he had such a colossal field of material, and that therefore the first consideration is the type of game to be played

and then the selection of the men best suited to execute such a game. He says: "A study of the close games since 1888 will disclose that not less than 75 per cent thereof have been won by a kicking attack. The punt or the fumbled punt may not have led to the immediate score in the majority of instances, but somewhere in the chain of plays leading up to the scores will be found as the initial link the punt or the fumbled punt. My mythical eleven, with a favorable tactical adherence to the kicking game within 50 yards of its own goal. It will employ a kicking attack within the 35-yard line, a semi-kicking attack for the next 25 yards and a general assault of all plays for the last 40 yards."

Regarding his selection of Benson over Ketchum for the pivot position he gives his reasons as follows: "Both he gives his reasons as follows: Benson has been handicapped in proving his worth by not playing in the fierce highlight of publicity which beats down upon a major team. But here is a man who is the heaviest and swiftest of the four—(Ketchum, Farmer, Blumenthal and Benson)—strong on offense, blocking and open strong on defense, and with an exceptional wide tackling range on defense. He was pitted against Ketchum in the Yale-Lehigh game on October 12 and proved the more effective player."

Mr. Davis picks Felton as one of his ends, mainly on account of his ability as a punter, but comments further as follows: "If it were possible to select an end in addition to Bomelsier, purely for end purposes, the choice would go to Captain Pendleton of Princeton. Pendleton in the exigencies of the Harvard-Princeton game flashed out suddenly as a first-class end. What he lacked in experience, his marvelous speed, still the greatest of any player on the American side, iron, suppleness, enabling him to cover kicks, and stoutly defend his end. In the Yale game his work was equally brilliant with that of Bomelsier, and it will be recalled Pendleton contributed a fine end run in which he carried the ball from a delayed pass."

Of Pazetti Mr. Davis says: "This man single-handedly defeated Lafayette, and in all his games displayed a marvelous mental and physical activity wrought to the highest skill. He is selected as quarterback and field captain."

Future was run, the total distribution reached \$961,092. In that year there was no racing after September 1, and the steady increase tells the tale of the havoc that was being worked on the sport by the lawmakers.

In 1911, with all of the big New York tracks closed, there was \$235,319 distributed among 296 owners. There were 444 horses participating in the division of the money and 615 races were run. Then came this year, with \$411,551 distributed among 356 owners, with 950 horses sharing in the division of the prizes. This is a wide bump from \$2,809,652, but it is an improvement over 1911, and when it is considered how the sport has been harassed the showing is a decidedly creditable one. Racing is not dead by any means.

PALZER RUSHING UP THE HORIZON

Tom O'Rourke, who is managing Al Palzer, has the following to say of his charge:

"Al Palzer is rushing up the pugilistic horizon today as the real and only successor to Jack Johnson. He is a physical marvel and needs only a little more experience to round into the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen."

"I shall not claim the title for Palzer, as I suppose a lot of pugilists and their managers will do, but I will match him against all the best men in the world in the elimination battles, and I know Al will come home the winner."

"I have handled scores of fighters in my time, but none of them has had all the qualities Palzer possesses. His 220 pounds of bone and muscle are well distributed over his 5 feet 3 inches of frame. He has a punch more powerful than a mule's kick, and he can stand up under punishment and come back better than any man that ever stepped inside the ropes."

"This is evidenced by the history of Palzer's last ten fights. He won every one of them—eight by knockouts. He was pitted against some of the leaders of the 'white hope' class, too."

"Palzer's defense is almost impregnable and the few weak spots in his armor will soon be covered up. A little more practice and experience will turn the trick beautifully."

"When I discovered Palzer I felt at once that he had a wonderful future. Events happened since have borne out my opinion. The lad is only 23 and has been actually fighting only 18 months. In another year he will have reached his prime, but he is of such magnitude of brain that he will be many years before his star is dimmed, according to my deductions—all this, of course, providing he continues to live a clean life."

"It will always be a source of regret to me that Palzer could not meet Johnson. Such a battle would convince the most skeptical beyond the shred of a doubt that Palzer was Johnson's superior."

"I am confident that within a year Palzer, by his showing against other heavyweights, will demonstrate quite as well that he is the greatest fighting machine history has yet seen—not only the champion battler of now, but of all other time."

Another admirer of Palzer writes as follows:

"Palzer is the logical champion. He is a youngster, young and willing. He will never be a Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons or Kid McCoy, but there is no reason why he should not be the reincarnation of Terry McGovern and Battling Nelson."

"He is a giant in the bright flush of youth—a clean living, virile man, mountain weighing 220 pounds, with 5 feet 3 inches of dynamic activity and force."

"He possesses the undaunted courage of Nelson with the irresistible awe-inspiring rushes of Terrible Terry. He loves to get close to an opponent and exchange the driving blows until one drops for the fatal ten."

"Imagine this clean limbed boy, his great barrel-like chest housing enormous heart and lung power; tremendous shoulders with flat-like arms muscled like a Vulcan; a thick column like neck supporting a head notable for its bulldog jaw and mop of blond hair, throwing his great bulk across the ring with the speed of a lightning bolt—and you visualize Al Palzer in action."

"Palzer has everything to make a champion. He has the size, he has had a clean country boy life. He has marvelous physical powers. He recuperates in the way that made Fitzsimmons a terror. He assimilates punishment like a sponge soaking up water and is most dangerous when severely punished. He has proved that he is entitled to the red badge of courage by winning one fight despite a bed arm and by knocking out Wells when almost out himself. He has never faltered before the fiercest fire."

"He lacks experience, and has been gaining it at the expense of some good fighters."

NO RAISE IN SIGHT FOR TIGER STARS

President Navin said that he would not grant Ty Cobb and Sam Crawford the advances in salary they demanded. If they both quit baseball, he said, he would give them \$100,000 each. For three or four years it has been said in certain quarters that Cobb and Crawford were all there was to the Detroit team, he said. "That if they were taken out of the lineup the Tigers would be a chronic second division team. Well, they were not taken out of the lineup last season, and the Tigers were a chronic second division team, finishing sixth. So that theory is disproved. And now they are both asking for big raises. When a ball player gets more than \$5,000 he has passed the limit of his worth as a ball player, and is drawing the extra money for some quality which brings it back at the gate."

"Cobb undoubtedly has a lot of the spectacular stuff that draws the money. But he didn't draw it at home last year. On our last home stand 500 was a fair crowd, and 1,000 was a hummer. So you see it isn't Cobb and Crawford alone who draw the money, but the fact that the Tigers win games. When they don't win, people stay away."

"Before a baseball club pays out big money in salaries, it is necessary to take it in at the gate. We won't pay Cobb and Crawford what they ask, simply because we can't. Baseball is a business, and we must conduct it in a businesslike manner."

MCCARTY A BIG HIT WITH COAST PUGS

(By H. M. Walker.)

The best heavyweight since the prime of Jim Jeffries.

This was the verdict returned by 12,000 people who saw Luther McCarty beat Jim Flynn to the floor, where he writhed physically helpless and benumbed of brain, in the 16th round of their scheduled 20-round battle before the Pacific Athletic club at Vernon last Tuesday.

And this tribute from countless throats for the loser—

"The greatest man that ever set foot in the ring."

Bested from the very start, Flynn's real finish came in the ninth round, when a short right uppercut to the chin sent him toppling to the canvas. Twice more in this round the fireman was driven to the floor and the bell his eyes were glassy and his huge legs were bending under him.

For the next three rounds Flynn fought in a dazed condition, battling by instinct alone. At the start of the 13th Jim's chief second, Eddy Webster, came out: "He's all right, now, he knows where he's at." But all the Pueblo veteran could do was to stand up under one long fire of punishment.

Before the 14th round was many seconds old McCarty placed his right to the jaw and Flynn dropped like a bag of meal going down a chute. Before Flynn held his face close to McCarty's battered ear and fairly screamed off the count. At "nine" Jim came up, but again it was instinct that brought him to his feet.

A short series of feints and light jabs and McCarty again drove his right to the jaw. Flynn's knees sagged under him, and as he tottered he threw both arms about McCarty's body and broke the force of his fall to the floor.

There was no need of another blow. Flynn had been whipped beyond recall. Still came to the heart, the fireman turned and arose on one knee, only to see Flynn rising. McCarty's hand in signal that the heavyweight bout was at an end.

For fully five minutes after the fight Flynn sat in his corner unable to recognize his close friends. Everything but his fighting heart had been beaten out of the defeated man.

The suspicion that McCarty had been under a "pull" while working at the training camp was justified by the cleverness shown by the big fellow. He handled himself in such fashion that Flynn's wild rushes brought nothing but punishment for the latter. Long of arm and towering in height above the fireman, the victor played a steady left jab to the face, a jab that kept Flynn at arm's length and brought into play a right hand punch that scarcely ever missed the chin mark.

If McCarty was a disappointment at all it was with respect to his punch-

ing powers. Lather had been advertised as a man capable of doing for an opponent with one blow. But he landed his right to the jaw once, he landed it fifty times without taking Jim off his feet. Even during the three rounds while Flynn was tottering around in a dazed and helpless condition McCarty sent home that wicked looking right time after time without a canvas credit.

Not one of the 16 rounds could be given to Flynn. At long range Jim was but the proverbial chopping block and when the fireman would rush to close quarters McCarty would effectively smother the force of the rush and pin Jim's arm tight until Eytan applied the "crowbar."

Flynn's good condition was all that saved him from being carried out of the ring on a stretcher. While his plight was the worst in the ninth McCarty stepped back and rammed in a long right to Jim's stomach. The blow would have sent an elephant to the sawdust, but Flynn did not even wince.

It may have been Flynn's combined gameness and perfection of condition that took away the glare from McCarty's well advertised punching ability. Time will tell.

As it is McCarty deserved credit for decisively beating the gamest and one of the toughest heavyweights the game ever knew. Lather, except for his mouse over his right eye, went back to his dressing room without a mark.

RITCHIE IN LINE FOR A FORTUNE

Willie Ritchie is in line to earn a small fortune within the next year, providing he takes care of himself and heeds the advice of his clever manager, Billy Nolan.

It is a cliché, with Nolan looking after his business, he will not get the worst end of any deal. The astute Billy knows the boxing game from A to Z and takes advantage of every little point.

It is likely that Joe Rivers, the Los Angeles Mexican, will be the champion's next opponent, and the bout would draw an enormous gate in San Francisco or Los Angeles, especially in the former city.

Jimmy Coffroth is already angling for the match, and is likely to stay the bout, although he does not like to do business with Nolan.

If Ritchie takes the proper care of himself he has nothing to fear from any one of the boys of his weight. It may be that he will raise the limit of weight to 135 pounds and will then be good to meet Pacific's McFarland, who is the one to be feared. Rivers and Ritchie will make a great battle, and it would be a close one, but it appears as though the San Francisco lad would lead the verdict.

The new champion will doubtless play a few theatrical stunts in the near future, as this seems to be the rule with winners of a title. It is reported that he has several good offers from eastern managers and will likely accept some of them. He will play his first date in his home town where he is exceedingly popular.

It is to be hoped that he will not go the way of other champions and refuse to battle a legitimate opponent and pick the easy ones for short, no-decision bouts. It will also be a good thing if Ritchie stays clear of the great white way and the advice of his manager, Billy Nolan.

Joe Rivers, by his comeback in his bout with Joe Mandot, proved to the fans he was not at his best when he hooped up with the lad at New Orleans. He was a much different battler from what he was on Labor day, and showed more speed, according to reports, than he ever did in his career. It is to be hoped that he will take care of himself in the future and not enter the ring unless he is in the best of condition.

The day of the booze fighter is past, and a boxer, to make a success in the game, must lead a clean life. It is much different from the old days. Boxing nowadays is a business and conducted on a business basis. The promoters and fans have no use for the rowdy or the boxer who plays the bright light game. Some of them set by for a while, but they do not last long and are soon sent to the discard.

This is the day of big coin for the boxer, and, as the life of a boxer is not a long one, he must take advantage of his opportunities and gather the money while he has the chance. Another matter to be considered is that the boxing game is being put on a higher plane than ever before, and it is up to the boxers and promoters to keep it there. The same must be kept clean and the roughneck boxer eliminated. There are plenty of gentlemanly mannered young men breaking into the game and the boozers and rough ones can easily be dispensed with.

KELLY IS KNOCKED OUT BY BATTLER

Twin Falls, Idaho, Dec. 17.—A large crowd witnessed the boxing bout in Cotton Hall last evening between the "Battling Dane" and George Kelly. The go was by far the fastest and best bout that has ever been staged in southern Idaho. The Dane knocked out Kelly in the tenth round. Kelly outboxed the Dane for the first four rounds, but the latter's aggressiveness soon began to tell and the ninth and tenth rounds were his by a big margin.

Kelly is regarded one of the gamest fighters that has ever stepped into the ring in this part of the state.

The new coast plan of judging by three judges at the ring side was adopted. Darby O'Brien, referee was fast and good and won the approval of the fans.

BASEBALL GREAT FACTOR FOR GOOD

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 17.—Baseball has been the greatest single factor for good among the Chinese, declared President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard university at the students' meeting yesterday.

President Eliot was telling of his recent trip to the Orient. He said baseball is fast becoming popular among the Chinese and already has done much to make them abandon games of chance.

WHEN THE WEATHER IS FINE. These are the days when the editorial writer looks meditatively out of the window, takes a fresh chew of tobacco and pens an editorial on Indian summer.—New York World.



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HORSE RACING IS BY NO MEANS DEAD

With none of the large tracks under the jurisdiction of the Jockey club open in the state of New York, there were 1,159 races run over courses under its direct jurisdiction in 1912. This was almost twice as many races as were run in 1911 and the \$411,581 that was distributed in stakes and purses was almost twice as much as was distributed the previous year on the turf.

These are the figures that speak volumes for the amateur sport for it was really in that division that the increase became possible. Then there was the opening of the racing season at Havre de Grace and the liberality at that meeting helped out not a little in the general total.

Going back to 1907, the banner year of the American turf, and when the horses of James R. Keene earned in stakes and purses \$499,806, there was distributed over the courses of the Jockey club a total of \$2,809,652. In 1908 there was \$1,797,834. In 1909 \$1,012,846 was divided among the horsemen. In 1910, the last year that the

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BOSTON BULL DOG GETS HARD LACING

Kenosha, Wis., Dec. 17.—Packey McFarland gave Eddie Murphy, the Boston bulldog, a harder lacing in a sensational ten-round glove fight here last night than he did at South Bend last February and won by as comfortable margin as any boy who had not finished his opponent.

Before a packed house that cheered him mad the remarkable McFarland cut loose with all he had in the ten round and dealt out punishment that was so severe that it looked for a minute as though the game Murphy would drop to the mat for the count. A wicked right cross uppercut got the Boston boy in this final period. Then, to make it more, Packey butted and opened a cut over the right eye that brought the blood in a stream down Murphy's face.

Eddie was pretty weak at this moment but he came through the storm nicely and finished like the game little Irishman he always has been.

Murphy worried McFarland in but one round—the sixth. He suddenly leaped up after making a defensive flight of it for five rounds. He cut loose with a right hand punch to the chin that shook up Packey, and then pumped off a wicked left hook that sent McFarland reeling across the ring for several feet. In fact, Packey had to put one hand to the canvas to keep from hitting the mat for a real knock-down. Murphy kept after the stock-

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