LIGHTWEIGHTS MEET IN EIGHT-ROUNDER AT S. A. C.

Red Herring Ready To Meet Red Dolan

High-Class Lightweights to Clash Over Eight-Round Route at Southern Athletic Club—Semi-Windup and Preliminaries Will See Good Local Boys in Action.

BY BOB PIGUE.

BOTH RED HERRING, of Memphis, and Red Dolan, of New Orleans, go to the post as favorites in their eight-round mill at the Southern Athletic club Monday night, for Memphis fistic followers have seen both lads in action during the past couple of days and declare that it's a toss-up as to which appears to be the better boy. Railbirds who have kept close tab on Herring and Dolan during their period of training here are of the opinion that Monday night's go is going to be as jamful of action as some of the late engagements on the western front.

Herring and Dolan administered the finishing touches to their training Sunday afternoon at the S. A. C. before a big assemblage of fans. Herring boxed several rounds with a local boy, while Dolan stepped around and did a bit of shadow boxing. Dolan has been at work in New Orleans for the past three weeks in anticipation of his clash with Herring and appears to be in excellent condition. Dolan says he is not worried over the outcome of Monday's mill and that he is counting on carrying off the referee's decision when the eight rounds have been traversed. Herring is of the same confident frame of mind, and everything points toward Memphis fight fandom sitting in at one of the fastest little glove parties of the year.

RED'S FIRST LOCAL GO.

When Herring steps through the ropes it will mark his first appearance in a Memphis arena, and will gratify the ambition of several years' standing to meet an opponent before Billy Haack's club. When Red first broke into the mitt game something like six years ago he was taking on all opponents, regardless of weight, experience or anything else. During his early days as a boxer he met Gene Delmont, Memphis lightweight, who gave him a good sound walloping in eight rounds at Nashville. Since that time Herring has graduated from the dub class into a real battler, and has been seeking a return match with Delmont. So far he has failed to get it.

Red has been anxious to show Memphians that he has the goods, and prevailed upon Promoter Billy Haack to give him a match here. Haack secured Red Dolan as Herring's opponent, and as both boys are about evenly matched they will undoubtedly give Memphis fistic fan colony plenty of good fast milling before the curtain goes down. Herring and Dolan will weigh in at the ringside and have posted forfeits to make 135 pounds. Both boys said Monday morning that they would be down to the stipulated figure at the proper time.

DOLAN HAS THE CLASS.

Red Dolan, who is Red Herring's opponent in an eight-round affair Monday night, is a New Orleanian and one of the leading lightweights of the Crescent City. He has been meeting all comers in New Orleans arenas and is considered one of the headliners among the fighting contingent in the Louisiana metropolis. He is red-headed, naturally aggressive and packs a wallop in both paws, and will not be backward in landing when he squares off against Herring. Dolan has been boxing for several years.

Dolan is touted highly by New Orleans boxing authorities, and is said to be one of the best lightweights in the business. Dolan is a clean-cut, high-class boy, who goes in and gives all he carries in a fistic way and never stoops to anything dirty in the ring. He always can be counted on to step fast and to give boxing fans a run for their money.

BOTH PACK WALLOPS.

Both Herring and Dolan carry wallops concealed in their sleeves, and when they get together in the squared battleground it is certain that a flock of punches are going to be cut loose. Herring has knocked out quite a few would-be maulers in his career, and says he would not be surprised if he added Dolan to the list. Dolan is clever and fast, and has already shown that he can take punishment. His jaw is far from glass and it will take a terrific punch to make him kiss the canvas.

Summing up the whole show it looks like eight fast rounds, with two of the best boys in the country in action. Many tickets have been sold and that the lads will be greeted with a full house goes without saying.

GOOD PRELIMINARIES.

Promoter Billy Haack has arranged some good preliminaries to start the party off.

Two clever negro battlers, Young Peter Jackson and Kid Roux will meet in a six-round bout in the semiwindup.

There will be two four-round affairs between top-notch local boys.

A battle royal will start things off.

THREE SOUTHERN ELEVENS BATTLE FOR DIXIE TITLE

Georgia Tech, Alabama and Mississippi A. & M. Remain in Fight With Rocky Road to Travel.

The fight for Southern football honors apparently has resolved itself, for the present at least, into a battle royal between Georgia Tech, Alabama and Mississippi A. and M., with upsets still possible because each of these elevens are scheduled to play formidable opponents later in the season.

The Alabama team came sharply to the front Saturday with the overwhelming defeat of Sewanee. The heavy Tuscaloosa squad which all season had shown remarkable scoring ability, literally swamped the Tennessee eleven, 40 to 0, showing a powerful line plunging ability and an equally strong defense. The thin Red line has yet to be scored upon this season, and has piled up probably the largest combined score in any Southern squad.

Georgia Tech continued its victorious march with an easy victory over Davidson, 33 to 0, notwithstanding the rain-soaked field, a condition which prevailed generally throughout the South. The Yellow Jackets' record for the season is slightly more impressive than that of Alabama and Mississippi for the reason that Heisman's club has met, on the whole, stronger opponents.

AGGIES KILL OFF L. S. U.

Mississippi A. and M. eliminated Louisiana State university, 6 to 0, and continued its string of unbroken victories. This squad has not been scored upon this season. Kentucky and Vanderbilt played a scoreless tie, although McGugin's men were on the defensive nearly all the way.

Auburn's 7 to 0 victory over Georgia gave the Red and Black its first setback of the year. The game was played during a downpour, but the Plainsmen showed more power throughout and the result never was in doubt.

Center College of Kentucky overwhelmed Virginia, 49 to 0, administering a drubbing to the Old Dominion team which rivaled that received at the hands of Harvard a week ago. North Carolina and Tennessee were evenly matched in a scoreless game. Southern university defeated Florida, 7 to 0, and North Carolina A. and E. furnished a surprise by its easy victory over V. M. I., 21 to 0. Tulane had no difficulty in amassing a 39 to 0 score against Mississippi college.

OHIO STATE REMAINS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—As a result of the upsets Saturday in the race for the Western conference football championship, Ohio State is the only undefeated eleven remaining in the struggle. But if the upsets are to continue, Purdue may defeat Ohio State next Saturday, and put the Buckeyes in a tie for the "big ten" honors. This is a possibility, but the strong Ohio eleven appears to have the championship already bagged.

DONIE BUSH AND EVERETT SCOTT FIGURE IN FIRST WINTER LEAGUE TRADE RUMOR

DONIE BUSH AND EVERETT SCOTT.

A Detroit scribe, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith that Donie Bush is to be swapped for Everett Scott, shortstop of the Boston Red Sox.

Scott, it is said, has announced that he will not play in the East next season because he wants to be near his home in Indiana. Mrs. Scott has been wanting him to make the change. Bush was anxious to break away from Detroit last spring, according to rumors at that time, but finally came to terms with the Tigers, and American league fans know that Donie gave Jennings the best he had all season.

THE SPORTING SPOTLIGHT BY Bob Pigue

SOUTHERN LEAGUE BASEBALL MAGNATES, when they meet in Memphis at the annual fall conclave the middle of next month, will very likely take some steps toward the elimination of the spitball, the emery ball, the shine ball and other freak deliveries that have in the past held sway on Dixie diamonds. Other leagues have long ago applied the kibosh to these deliveries, and it is quite probable that the Southern will follow in their footsteps. On the statute books of the Dixie major there is a law to the effect that the shine ball and emery ball are barred, but it was plainly evident throughout last season that the edict was being violated in many instances. The result is that some of the club owners have decided to launch a fight on the present array of freak deliveries.

Charley Frank, president of the Atlanta Crackers, is against the spitball, and last season he made an effort to put over legislation against it. However, he was beaten. President Heinemann, of New Orleans, was in favor of the spitter, owing to the fact that he had Dick Robertson on his ball club, and Dick was one of the best spitball pitchers this league ever saw. However, Robby is no longer a Pelican, and perhaps Heine has undergone a change of front.

There were quite a few shine and emery ball pitchers present last season. Cy Slapnicka, of Birmingham, was one of the most flagrant violators of the rule. Another violator was Hub Perdue, of New Orleans, who went so far as to show how he managed to shine the ball and to emery it. Red Torkelson, Benny Karr and Rube Marshall were also guilty.

This problem will come up for serious consideration at the fall confab.

MAY FIGHT NEW YEAR'S.

The date for the proposed Pal Moore-Pete Herman bantam championship remains unsettled, according to Billy Haack, Moore's manager, who has just returned from Chicago after a conference with Pal.

Haack is now planning to go to New Orleans Monday night to confer with Promoter Tortorich and make an effort to line up the match for New Year's day in New Orleans instead of Thanksgiving or Dec. 15. In case Moore can secure the match for New Year's day, the bout Pal now has lined up for London for the latter part of December will be called off. Moore is scheduled to meet Ledoux, French bantam champion, in London, in 20 rounds for a purse of around $12,000.

Pal is booked to fight Mike Ertle, brother of Johnny, in Minneapolis on Nov. 10, which will be next Monday night.

It is more than likely that Moore will meet Jabez White in Memphis at the S. A. C. on Nov. 17 in eight rounds. Promoter Haack is trying to sign White for the mill and expects to close with him shortly.

White has two knockdowns to his credit over Moore and would undoubtedly attract a big gate.

MARTIN'S BIG CHANCE.

Bob Martin, heavyweight champion of the A. E. F., has started on a campaign which he expects will lead him to the tepee of Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the world. Martin, who started his career during the world war fighting behind the lines in France between trips to the front, has placed himself in capable hands, and has already inaugurated his professional career.

Martin has already trimmed two good boys the latest of which was Joe Bonds, Bob administering so much punishment that the bout was stopped to keep him from murdering Bonds. Other matches with leading heavies have bene boked for Martin and if he can wade through them all as did Dempsey, Jack will have no alternative than to meet the A. E. F. star.

And when Martin enters the ring against Dempsey, he'll have a million doughboys backing him. They are strong for Martin and will back him to the limit against Dempsey.

THE HAMBURGER BALL.

It's quite some few moons between now and the time the real citizens of the world—the baseball fans—will assemble once more to cheer the line drive with men on the sacks; to emit a squawk when his Satanic Majesty, the umpire, guesses a third strike wrong; to yelp "Take him out" to the visiting manager when the home crowd gets two blows in a row, and to let out a large, fervent groan when the next batter delivers a terrific pop fly to the pitcher. Yes, all those "signs of the times" will be with us in 1920, but one old friend is going to be listed among those who have taken a trip with three men on each side holding onto a handle. And this friend will be no other than the doomed spitball. The powers that be have spoken.

We are told that the day soon will pass when the old pitcher, engaged in a race with Father Time, can recall the days of his babyhood by strutting to the mound and there slobber on the ball. Maybe we have heard for the last time, that time-honored phrase from Cicero, via the bleachers, "Aw, why the h—l don't you get 'er sprinkler?" If all this dope be true the change will be one long desired by the fans as one tending to quicken the game. Then, too, it should improve the hitting, for any batter will tell you that it isn't the easiest matter in the world to keep the eye on the ball when said ball persists in sailing by and swishing a generous gob of "Brown's Mule" or "Army and Navy Plug" into said eye.

Still another advantage is to be found in the abolishment of the spitter in that the catchers who handle this delivery will not be compelled to take their skulls to the dry cleaners for renovating after each game.

SHINER ALSO GONE.

It is said also that the moguls are going to legislate away the shine-ball. This is a splendid, though delayed move. However, we can only wish they had done this in September before we gambled the price of a pair of highneck shoes against one Hod Eller.

But above all, it is to be hoped the ruling powers will not stop at the above mentioned freak deliveries. There's one that has been semisecretly used in recent years that should go. That is the "Hamburger ball!" Few fans know anything about this delivery, but any ball player will tell you they'd rather face a firing squad than bat against it when the wind is in the pitcher's favor. At least three pitchers in the Southern used it last year and the names of all three will be found near the top of the averages.

CLOTHESPIN NEEDED.

This style of antisanitation delivery is executed by the pitcher securing a piece of cooked hamburger steak and before each pitch the ball is thoroughly saturated in the goo. The pitcher keeps the ball near the batter's head and when the ball whizzes by its momentum and the hamburger generate an odor that few batters can stand, hence they either took three quick swings or popped out in order to get away from the plate. The catchers behind such pitchers always wore a clothespin over their noses. When an occasional whiff did reach the grandstand the congregation, not being on the inside of the trick, just though it was the umpire and passed it up.

Now that the rule makers intend to clean up, let us hope they get the hamburger ball first.

AN INJUSTICE.

Uncle Sam is usually fair and may be counted on to do the square thing by everybody, but it seems that someone connected with the handling of war tax has slipped the baseball fan a solar plexus, at the same time letting the football fan escape without injury.

As things now stand, baseball fans pay 10 per cent war tax every time they step inside a ball park. In football there's no war tax, and grid fans never have to plank down a penny for Uncle Sam's till.

Why this difference is made in the two leading sports is not made clear. Football games draw big crowds and the receipts at some of the bigger grid classes rival those of the world's series.

It's time that baseball was given a fifty-fifty split with football in the war tax matter.

GOOD CADDIE SERVICE.

Having learned that the best way to get good caddie service is to treat the boys like human beings, the Seattle Golf club has gone ahead with plans for improving everything concerned with the lads. They have built new quarters where the boys may assemble between times, and at the recent annual caddie dinner, the club president, Josiah Collins, told the boys that if they continued to "deliver the goods" the club intended to install a luncheon service in which hot soup and rolls would be served during the cold weather. The caddie master threw a light on the boys the other day that showed how the youngsters appreciate what is being done for them. He said that two windows had been broken recently in the caddie house, and instead of looking to the club to replace the broken panes the boys chipped in and purchased the plates of glass. Then they did the glazier's job themselves.

Don J. Cable, of the Montreal A. A. recently broke the Canadian javelin mark by hurling the javelin 141 feet 5 inches, breaking his former record by nine feet.

Babe Can Hit, But Don't Forget Ed Delehanty

Jack Egan, veteran pitcher and umpire, who is now business manager of the Providence Eastern League club, did not see Babe Ruth's final homer of the season in Washington, but when he read the description of it as "one of the longest hits ever made in Washington," he shook his head.

Not wanting to take any glory from Ruth, but Egan opines that the longest hit ever made in Washington or anywhere else was made off Jack Egan, and by Ed Delehanty. Anyway, Egan says he heard the echoes of it ten years after.

"It happened back in 1894," says Egan. "I made the mistake of laying one in for Delehanty, and, oh, how he hit it. It went over the fence in left, far beyond the bunch of trees that skirted the fence and the ball went even farther than the trees. It landed beyond the hospital which was even beyond the trees. Left field on the Washington grounds is some wallop, while the right field wall is not such a distance. I am not saying this to take any glory from Ruth. Not me. Babe is one hitting fool, as they say, but in this instance I think Delehanty's clout was the longer. And if you want verification, just write to Jim O'Day, the groundkeeper at Washington. He'll tell you. He told me every time I entered the park after that, even as an umpire. Yes, sir, Delehanty was some clouter, don't forget it."

TAD'S TID-BITS

THE GREATEST FIGHTER.

Al Lippe, who has managed many a bruiser and watched many other box. picks as his greatest fighter Abe Attell.

"There's a kid that was born a boxer," said Lippe, warming up. "He started in at Alec Greggain's club in San Francisco without ever having taken a lesson. He worked as a messenger boy in the daytime and did his fighting at night. He licked every amateur of his weight in 'Frisco, then came East and startled the world with his cleverness.

"He had a build like a lightweight, but was a very light featherweight. He not only beat all of the best feathers, but he took on the best light and welterweight fighters as well. Didn't he fight Forbes at 118 pounds one night and the same week beat Buddy Ryan, who was the boss welter? Can you name me another boy of his weight doing that? The best McGovern could do was to get Erne at 128 pounds. Abe Attell let the lightweights come in at 133 pounds. He didn't drag them down to skin and bone before he faced them.

"They talk about Joe Gans outpointing Abe in a private bout one day. That's a joke. Gans was training to fight Nelson and Abe agreed to give him a four-round workout at San Rafael. A big mob went over to see them and, of course, Gans had a little the better of it, but wait.

"Joe had just had an operation on his nose and asked Abe to lay off the smeller during the go. Of course, Attell agreed. Can you imagine Abe boxing without using a left to the face? That's about the same as tackling a mule when you make the mule agree to fight only with his front feet.

"Show me one fighter who has fought as often as Attell did with as few defeats. You can't name one. He was the leading lady of the feathers and the star of the pugilistic show, you can take it from me."

Tiv Kreling, one of the old-timers in 'Frisco, gave Marion Salazar an interview the other day and during the chatter, panned the old-time fighters to a crisp. Here's some of the things that Tiv said:

"They're all the time talking about what happened at the old California club—about how Corbett and Peter Jackson boxed 61 rounds.

"Know what Corbett and Jackson really did? Just stood and looked at each other for six and seven rounds at a time—until Mr. Fuldo ordered Hiram Cook to stop the thing and throw them out.

"Great fights they had at the California club! The fights were so interesting that the spectators would go out in the middle of them and eat ham and eggs.

"Sure they did! Used to go across the street and buy drinks—at the Charter Oak saloon, at Cully's, at the Grand Hotel bar and at Sashman Doyle's.

"Tom Sharkey was a fine fighter with his little short arms and bull neck and muscle bound to boot.

"All Tom had as a fighter was a ship on his chest and the two best press agents in the world—"Spider" Kelly and Tim McGrath.

"That's all the old-time fighters had—press agents. The fighters nowadays have managers.

"When you wanted to see a fighter in the old days you had to go to Harry Maynard's or to some other saloon.

"Now when you want to see a fighter you go to a hotel and send up your card.

"The fighters of the old days not only didn't know half as much about fighting, but they didn't lead the clean lives that fighters now do.

"George Le Blanche, the marine, landed a back-hand swing and stopped Jack Dempsey.

"Just imagine the chance that a man would have of landing a sucker swing like that on a modern boxer.

"The one thing I remember about Le Blanche is that for three days after he stopped Dempsey he was driven around in a cab with his feet sticking out the window.

"Jim Griffin thinks that Jim Jeffries was the greatest of all champions because after each of his fights Jeffries made a bee line for Griffin's saloon.

"I remember Jeffries fighting Gus Ruhlin a 20-round draw and coming out of the ring with his head as big as a barrel from the punches he stopped.

"But think of an old-timer just after winning a fight making a long trip, as Dempsey did after he whipped Willard to drop some money into the apron of his mother. Or thinnk of them telephoning their mothers, as Benny Leonard did from San Francisco to New York.

"No, they couldn't have telephoned—but they could have telegraphed or written.

"George Dixon wasn't much. He looked like a little colored jacked, and Johnny Kilbane could have pecked him to pieces.

"Peter Jackson would have stood as much chance of whipping Jack Johnson as I would.

"The old-timers boxed like they were catching butterflies."

O'LEARY ALL READY.

Artie O'Leary, the clever lightweight, is ready to meet Willie Jackson in a return match as soon as the latter says the word. Jackson is trying to arrange a match that will bring him into the ring with Benny Leonard, but O'Leary's manager thinks that Jackson should tackle Artie for a second time before he obtains a match with the champion. Jackson and O'Leary fought about two months ago and the contest, which was held in Jersey, went eight rounds. Although Jackson had an advantage of six pounds in weight he was forced to travel at top speed to win on points. O'Leary is so confident he can take Jackson's measure now he is willing to make substantial concessions to get a return match. O'Leary is also ready and willing to meet Lew Tendler, Johnny Dundee and Frankie Britt.

AILEEN GOING SOME.

Miss Aileen Allen, of Los Angeles, several times national diving champion, is winning laurels in a new field. During the last few weeks she has figured prominently in swimming races. Her latest achievement was to finish a close third in a half mile open water event, in which competed the foremost mermaids of Southern California.

Attaboy!

By Coyle Shea

REVERIE OF A COMMODORE.
(Suggested by the surprisingly poor luck of the 1919 Vandy eleven.)

I wandered back to Vandy, Tom, to watch the gold and black—
To see the old eleven roll some rival on its back.
Alas, the disappointment, Tom, for none was there to show
The dynamite in Vanderbilt—a few short years ago.

It's true I saw McGugin, Tom, the same old clever Dan —
But not the same old Commodores, forever in the van.
Aye, there was no Ray Morrison to lead the wild attack—
No Costen, Stone or Blake, Tom, to help the gold and black.

I saw Kentucky hold 'em, Tom, and then amid the haze
I thought about the old machine of now long vanished days,
When Johnny Craig was in his prime 'twas fifty yards or so
Each time the old gang had the ball, a few short years ago.

Remember, Tom, the old machine that played amid the gore?—
That crippled up a pair of ends and killed a dozen more?—
That ran the Tiger off its feet beneath the autumn glow?
I wish we had the men we knew a few short years ago.

As the whale remarked to Jonah, "You never can tell what a guy will cough up." There is, for instance, the interesting case of the 1919 Commodores, who are experiencing any number of tough Saturdays this rainy season.

In early September all signs pointed to an old-time Vandy machine—fast and snappy, keen, alert, dashing and victorious. The outlook was more than pink, for with a bale of old stars back the dope indicated a smashing attack and an impenetrable defense, fully up to the McGugin standard. But something happened.

The result has been found in the final returns. Tennessee expected to be slaughtered and emerged with a 3-3 tie. Tech looked for a tough game and cleaned up by 20 points. And Kentucky State, for years a joke, stepped up Saturday and delivered the Commodores a 7-7 deadlock. No wonder they're blue on Dudley field.

C. B. C. FADES OUT.

C. B. C. faded out of the city series Saturday when the Purple and Gold eleven was eliminated in the mud by Normal by a margin of 27-0. This leaves Normal, Central High and M. U. S. still in the running. M. U. S. was idle through the week-end and Central High was held to a tie by Little Rock High in the City of Roses.

The victory of Dick Campbell's array occasioned but little surprise, as the ex-gob has instilled plenty of pep into fine material in the two weeks that he has been Sultan on the Throne.

Frank Hays, the C. B. C. coach, is not disheartened at the setback absorbed from Normal. He fully expected to be trimmed to a frazzle, for with green lads the best he could hope for was a beating. This is only the second game of the year for his youngsters, no two of whom had seen seen a football before in their blithe young lives. Hays is taking his time in 1919 and is merely working for better results for 1920, when he intends to play a most prominent part in the fall returns.

In Saturday's splash, played knee deep in the mud, Campbell again found that in Rollin Wilson and Bob Berry he has two stalwarts to be depended upon against all conditions.

Wilson, at quarter, has again demonstrated the fact that he is in a class above par as a prep general, and Berry is no more dangerous at end than a python. With this pair supported by a fine cast, worked into a smooth machine, the collegians were choked from the start.

The Normal triumph brings added interest to the city race, for Campbell has proven that his eleven must be considered seriously for the title. High and M. U. S. haven't the affair sewed up by a number of dusty or muddy leagues—depending upon the weather.

Normal is far from a joke, and when she starts against either of her two rivals fur and fuzz will cover the field.

After absorbing the snappy details Saturday, fans were willing to lay a kopek or two that a knockout blow delivered by Normal to either M. U. S. or High would not cause a mild flutter. Not even a touch of surprise.

HERMAN'S SCHEME.

Pete Herman's desire to postpone the titular bout with Pal Moore from Thanksgiving day to Dec. 15 is fully in keeping with the champion's efforts to dodge the local entry as completely as possible.

It has been no more difficult to match these two lads than it would have been to draw together the well-known poles. And it is getting high time that Herman defended his laurels against a true contender.

No-decision contests have stripped the game of much of its old time popularity and have aided in no little way to lengthen a champion's reign. This is as true of others as it is of Herman. But the main thing is that after signing for the match, Herman should be as good as his signature and go through with it.

Herman has made an effort to postpone the bout until Dec. 15, at which time Moore will be in France preparing for his affair with the French champion, Xmas day, or thereabouts. Under the circumstances it would be a physical impossibility for him to be in both countries at the same time. And as he is tied up in the French agreement it will mean that he will lose the New Orleans date unless Herman changes his mind.

YEGGMEN MUST BLUSH.

The tactics persued by some of our illustrious title-holders would make a yeggman blush for shame. The fault is not wholly in the game, as it is in the minds and souls of those who constitute its personnel.

Like Hindenburg and the kaiser contracts are worth no more to them than the paper on which they are written—and most times not half that much.

It is quite true that a boxer consecrates the best of his life to the game and deserves high pay, but not as high as he demands. In their feeble minds they have confused promoting with philanthropy and the more they ask for the stiffer is the jolt absorbed by the gluttonous fan. But as long as he is willing to be the suckee and cough up with the usual delight, just so long will high prices prevail.

To the sane business man, boxers are worth just what they can draw at the gate. Not one penny more.

A NEW WRINKLE.

Out in the far Northwest an alert promoter has solved the situation and is making money out of a most novel arrangement.

Tired of being stung by ham-and-eggers he has instituted a plan of the free gate variety, with a donation later on. No tickets are sold for the matches and all boxers work for a percentage of the house.

Before the main bout a hat is passed and the fan tosses in his donation—at whatever figure he deems fit. No doubt many get by as neatly as possible, depending upon the honesty or littleness of the individual. But in the main it has been successful—which is all that can be desired.

Speaking of donations recalls the praiseworthy fact that Memphis fans are as generous a lot as the game can produce. Their kind-heartedness and willingness to assist a deserving cause has been demonstrated on many memorable occasions.

It has been no uncommon sight to see them toss $50, $100 into the ring to aid a wrecked game or better still to peg $200-$300 to the Goodfellows club. Not once but many times. Great stuff? You bet!

GOLF FOR ALL AGES.

Golf is an old man's game if only the number of old and young men playing the game is taken into consideration. Viewed from the other angle, of the difference in the golf and the number of matches and championships won, it is decidedly a sport for the young.

Of the 325 players who entered the district tournament at the Detroit Golf club, probably more than 80 per cent of them were more than 40 years old, well past that mark, too.

Yet when the reckoning came for the match play, out of 16 in the championship flight 14 were under 40 years, all but one or two of them in the twenties.

And T. Worden Hunter, who won the championship is only 22 years old, one of the youngest, if not the youngest, to enter the tournament.

Youth must be served.

Though Jack Dunn trained his Baltimore Orioles at home so well last spring that they won the 1919 pennant in the International league, he's going to take them farther South next spring and already has his club secretary scouting around in Dixie for a suitable camp.

M. A. A. SOCCER

DE SOTO LEAGUE.

STANDING OF CLUBS:

	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Y. M. I.	1	0	0	2
Royal Rubber Roofing	0	0	1	1
Wade Flours	0	0	1	1
Smart Millinery Co.	0	1	0	0

Sunday's Results—C. B. C. Campus:
Y. M. I. 2, Smart Millinery 0.
Wade Flours 1, Royal Roofing 1.

The DeSoto league got off in their championship race at the C. B. C. campus Sunday afternoon with the Y. M. I. being the only victorious team of the day. The first game resulted in a win for the Y. M. I. over the Smart Millinery team by the score of 2 to 0. The second game went to a 1 to 1 tie between the Wade Flours and the Royal Roofing team.

The first game was a contest where experience cast the deciding vote. The Y. M. I. team has a strong lineup. The Millinery team which is balanced well with the smaller and larger players have a nifty outfit and with a few minor changes which only played games can develop the club should make an interesting contender. Hanna, Joyce and the O'Brien brothers played well for the winners, while Reams, Scruggs, Coburn, Hale and Mead looked well on the losing club.

Goals—O'Callahan and McBride.

The second game was an uphill contest for the Royal Roofing team which sent in the tie goal shot just before the last of the last half. Both sides played acceptable soccer with the Wades showing a gang of younger, yet capable, players. The Wades are sure to be heard from as their players are playing daily and should perfect improved team play. Manager Fitzpatrick expects to bring around a good combination with some player changes he has in mind and with the team properly uniformed next Sunday a good game can be expected.

Goals—G. Wade and Martin.

CHICKASAW LEAGUE.

Standing of Teams.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Floyds Candies	2	0	4
Jefferson Cleaners	3	0	4
Kupferschmidts	0	2	0
C. B. C.	0	2	0

Sunday's Results—Hodges Field.
Floyds 4, Kupferschmidts 2.
Jefferson Cleaners 1, C. B. C. 0.

The Chickasaw league staged two games on a rain-soaked playing field at Hodges field Sunday afternoon, and both of the winning clubs won their second straight game of the season. In the opening contest the Floyds were able to down the Kupferschmidts by the score of 4 to 2. The second game was a closer contest and resulted in a win for the Jefferson Cleaners over the Christian Brothers college team by the narrow score of 1 to 0.

In the first game the Kupferschmidts started as though they were going to run away with the affairs, sending over a goal before the game had gone 15 minutes.

After this goal had been registered the candy boys seemed to take the matter seriously to heart and started a real offensive which ended in three goals being registered before the half was over. The game tightened with the resumption of play and despite desperate efforts to even the count it could not be done, however each side scored a goal ending the game 4 to 2 in favor of the candy boys. Senior, Wildash and Webb played well for the Floyds while Raney starred for the Kupferschmidts with Hays, True and Dohogne showing in nice form.

Goals—Webb 3, Dohogne, True and Senior.

The second contest was the closer affair and was won by the Jefferson Cleaners after a hard contest. The goal which they shot in was really one of those lucky affairs as an intended pass was allowed to go by unhalled and Halley quickly shot goal which proved the only one of the game. Shinnerer played a brilliant game of defense at goal for the Jeffersons, however. Halley and Powell played nice socces also with Craft doing his bit in his usual clever way. Best starred for the C. B. C. boys while McHugh also played well and Walsh continued to show a decided improvement.

Goals—Halley 1.

Dempsey Says He Is Ready To Defend Title

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Nov. 3.—Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of the pugilistic world, entertained here Sunday by a fraternal organization, declared his readiness to enter the ring to defend his title at any time when the right kind of an offer is made. He said that thus far no proposals for a match had been made him that were satisfactory. Jack Kearns, his manager, accompanied him here.

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BOYS' SHOES

ATHLETICS LOSE 400 BALL GAMES

Since Breaking Up of Mack's Great Baseball Machine.

In these dull days the most popular form of indoor mania appears to be the unveiling of baseball dope and the fabrication of the records incident to the period of hysteria that is petering out with the approach of the early frosts. In this respect it might be thought that the calm and placid community of Philadelphia would be left flat on its municipal back, but don't kid yourself with superficial observations.

In the frenzied rush to grovel at the feet of those who have obtained a temporary toehold on the light pinnacle of baseball fame, those more or less intelligent and perspicacious persons whose duty it is to herald the glad tidings broadcast through the columns of the public press appear to have entirely overlooked the fact that 1919 puts on the finishing touches and completes a record that stands unequaled in the entire history of baseball.

Knowing the proper direction in which to look for something that we may have accomplished, we have succeeded in digging up the fact that the last four playing seasons the Athletics lost a total of 400 games. Here is the record:

Year.	Lost.
1915	109
1916	117
1917	98
1918	76

Losing an average of 100 games per season is a record that defies the most feeble flock of pop-eyed produce and this 1919 season makes the average even higher.

Plans are on foot for the erection of a spacious $300,000 natatorium in Los Angeles. It will be of Roman architectural design and will be a city center of aquatic activities.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS ON ALL GRIDIRONS

At Memphis—West Tennessee Normal 27, Christian Brothers College 0.
At Atlanta—Georgia Tech 33, Davidson 0.
At Birmingham—Alabama 40, Sewanee 0.
At Columbus—Auburn 7, Georgia 0.
At Knoxville—Tennessee 0, North Carolina 0.
At Lexington—Vanderbilt 0, Kentucky 0.
At Starkville—Mississippi Aggies 6, Louisiana 0.
At Camp Pike—Camp Pike 20, Camp Travis 6.
At Georgetown, Ky.—Georgetown 56, Chattanooga 0.
At Fayetteville—Kendall 63, Arkansas 7.
At Lynchburg—Washington and Lee 3, Virginia Poly 0.
At St. Petersburg—Southern College 7, Florida 0.
At Greenville—Furman 21, Citadel 0.
At Bristol—Roanoke College 19, Tusculum College 0.
At Charlottesville—Center College (Ky.) 49, Virginia 7.
At Portsmouth—Wake Forest 33, Navy Yard 3.
At Norfolk—Hampden Sydney 7, William and Mary 3.
At New Orleans—Tulane 39, Mississippi College 0.
At Roanoke—North Carolina A. and E. 21, Virginia Military 0.
At Richmond—Richmond College 27, Randolph Macon 7.
At Jonesboro—Jonesboro Aggies 14, Ouachita 13.
At New Haven—Yale 34, Maryland 0.
At Cambridge—Howard 20, Springfield 0.
At Princeton—West Virginia 23, Princeton 0.
At West Point—Army 24, Tufts 13.
At Annapolis—Navy 20, West Virginia Wesleyan 6.
At Hanover—Colgate 7, Dartmouth 7.
At New York—Columbia 0, Union 0.
At Philadelphia—Penn. State 10, Penn. 6.
At Ithaca—LaFayette 21, Cornell 2.
At Providence—Syracuse 13, Brown 0.
At Bethlehem—Pittsburgh 13, Lehigh 0.
At Washington—Georgetown 46, Delaware 7.
At Princeton—Princeton Freshmen 22, Yale Freshmen 0.
At Pittsburgh—Carnegie Tech 9, Allegheny 0.
At Lewisburg—Bucknell 27, St. Bonaventure 0.
At Philadelphia—Penn. Freshmen 9, Virginia Freshmen 3.
At Lafayette—Perdue 13, Michigan Aggies 7.
At Middletown—Wesleyan 16, Williams 0.
At Indianapolis—Notre Dame 16, Indiana 3.
At Cleveland—Oberlin 48, Western Reserve 0.
At Berea—Heidelberg 15, Baldwin-Wallace 0.
At Detroit—Detroit 28, Kalamazoo 0.
At Swarthmore—Swarthmore 13, Ursinus 12.
At Carlisle—Gettysburg 7, Dickinson 0.
At Haverford—Haverford 10, Franklin and Marshall 7.
At Baltimore—Johns Hopkins 20, Lebanon Valley 6.
At Urbana—Illinois 10, Chicago 0.
At Madison—Minnesota 19, Wilconsin 17.
At Ann Arbor—Michigan 16, Northwestern 12.
At Iowa City—Iowa 28, South Dakota 13.
At Norman—Missouri 6, Oklahoma 6.
At Austin—Texas 32, Rice 6.
At St. Louis—St. Louis 3, Valparaiso 0.
At Lawrence—Kansas 16, Kansas Aggies 3.
At Lincoln—Iowa 3, Nebraska 0.
At Waco—Baylor 20, Southwestern 0.
At Dallas—Southern Methodist 41, Austin 0.
Colorado College 7, Colorado School of Mines 3.
Colorado Aggies 33, University of Denver 3.
Utah 66, Montana State 0.
Oregon 24, Washington 13.
California 21, Oregon Aggies 14.
Creighton 6, Haskell Indians 6.

ARMSTRONG LEADS.

BISBEE, Ariz., Nov. 3.—R. B. Armstrong, of Fort Worth, was the leader last night in the first half of the transdesert automobile road race from El Paso, Tex., to Phoenix, Ariz. He arrived at Bisbee, the overnight control, at 12:51 Sunday afternoon, his running time being 6 hours 49 minutes, and his average speed 41.9 miles an hour. Fifteen other drivers had piloted their cars here up to 7:40 last night.

Read News Scimitar Wants.

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