The One Big Start Toward Nerve Is Knowing How. Yes, and Knowing When

Six Day Bicycle Riders Keep Up Their Mad Pace

Wohlrab and Kopsky Try in Vain to Overhaul Leading Teams.

HANSEN HAS SPILL WHEN WHEEL SLIPS

Pete Drobach Wins Bird "in Gilded Cage" After Battle with Oscar Egg.

By FRED HAWTHORNE.

The original field of seventeen teams was still circling the track at Madison Square Garden at an early hour this morning, with thirteen still tied for the lead, although some of these, with their task one-third completed, are beginning to show signs of wavering under the record-breaking pace.

The team of Wohlrab and Kopsky, four laps behind the leaders, made half a dozen efforts to catch up, but never succeeded in getting far away.

Egg brought the crowd to its feet at 10:15 o'clock, when he shot down the Madison Avenue turn and opened up a 20-yard gap. Drobach was after Egg like a flash, however, and the entire pack took up the chase.

In the middle of a terriffic "jam," with more than thirty riders on the track, Norman Hansen's wheel slipped on the Fourth Avenue bank and he crashed to the bottom.

By a miracle, it seemed, the other riders avoided falling over Hansen, and the Dane was rushed to his cot by the track, returning in about half an hour.

Ten minutes later Wohlrab shot away from the pack so suddenly, that before others knew it, Gus was half a lap in the van, when the others sat up and Wohlrab completed his lap. It was then announced that the lap would not be allowed, as Kopsky was on the track at the same time.

It is too early in the race yet to hazard any prediction as to the winners of the long grind, but some of the teams appear fresher than others.

Grenda and Hill, McNamara and Spears, Fogler and Carman and Egg and Dupuy were in good condition last night, and were generally setting the pace for the rest of the field. Unless an accident should occur between now and the end of the race on Saturday night, the above mentioned pairs seem fairly certain to be among the contenders in the final hour of sprinting.

Linard and Seres, Drobach and Corry and young Ray Eaton and Eddie Madden, "the kids," also are liable to make trouble when it comes to a question of splitting up the prize money. Moran and Walthour, the oldest men on the track, while apparently full of riding, are not fancied when it comes to the sprinting that will decide the issue on Saturday night.

"Have you noticed the predominating color scheme in the costumes of the three teams that are last?" asked a grouchy man who had been waiting a long time for a sprint.

The trio of teams bringing up the rear are adorned in orange, orange and black and white and yellow riding suits—the yellow predominates.

Jimmy Johnston, manager of the Garden, went outside the building just before the night crowd started filing in, sniffed the air appraisingly and then boosted the price of admission to $1. His financial acumen was in good working order, for the crowd last night was bigger than on Monday evening.

Madonna made several attempts to place himself and Suter nearer the leaders during the night, but each time the other riders spread out in such fashion that the Italian was unable to get through, although the crowd hissed the leaders for their tactics.

Just before 9 o'clock Marcel Dupuy, from fair France, won a thrilling five-lap sprint for a spectator's $10. Hardly had the men settled back to a normal pace than Oscar Egg, Dupuy's partner, led the field in another sprint for $10.

Liberality seemed to be rampant among the boxholders last night, and at 9:20 o'clock one of the most determined sprints came off.

The cause of the rumpus was a small canary bird "in a gilded cage," offered, Peter Prunty assured the crowd, by Frank's bird store and valued at $20. Peter Drobach and Egg seemed most anxious to acquire the bird and cage and led all the other men in the five-lap dash. Drobach got the jump on the Swiss, however, and won the prize. After dismounting and examining the canary Drobach christened it "Kaiser Wilhelm." The bird is a brilliant yellow in color.

Immediately after Drobach had captured "Kaiser Wilhelm" Jake Magin rushed away into a thirty-yard lead and continued to sprint madly around the track until he was almost half a lap to the good.

Every team in the race hustled out the relief riders, and a great "jam" resulted. Percy Lawrence, Magin's partner, was slow in getting up to relieve his mate, and the pack, led by Fogler, MacNamara and Carman, caught Jake after a half-mile sprint.

The early morning hours found the riders plugging along slowly and the field was three miles and one lap behind the record at 6 o'clock.

Rudi-Russe, the Austrian, made several attempts to regain some of his team's lost laps, but it proved a costly venture for the pack, roused to action, set a sizzling pace, with the result that the trailers lost more ground.

While behind the best figures by two miles and three laps at 10 o'clock, an hour later the men had gained nine miles and six laps on the record, made by Cameron and Kaiser, at Chicago last month.

This did not mean that an excessive rate of speed had been maintained by the Garden grinders yesterday morning, but that in the Chicago race Cameron and Kaiser, leading the field, had covered only eight miles and six laps between the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth hours, because of the threatened strike of the riders. For this the ringleaders at Chicago were suspended by the governing body.

By 1 o'clock in the afternoon the riders were 10 miles and 3 laps ahead of the record and 16 miles and 5 laps better an hour later.

Oscar Egg started a sprint shortly before 3 o'clock, Hill, McNamara, Linart and Fogler taking turns at the pace. A few minutes later Vincenzo Madonna shot away into a lead of twenty yards, but McNamara and Drobach soon caught him.

Madonna met with an accident just about this time by falling from the top of the banked track at the Madison Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street turn, and crashing to the floor. He was painfully cut and bruised and had to be carried to his cot at the trackside, while the scorers rang the bell, ending the sprint.

At 4 o'clock the sturdy Italian came back on the track to relieve Suter, his partner, and was cheered by the crowd.

Six-Day Race Team Standing

SCORE AT 2 A. M.

Teams.	Miles.	Laps.
Hill and Grenda	1055	5
McNamara and Spears	1055	5
Egg and Dupuy	1055	5
Thomas and Ryan	1055	5
Hansen and Mitten	1055	5
Moran and Walthour	1055	5
Piercey and Walker	1055	5
Drobach and Corry	1055	5
Eaton and Madden	1055	5
Fogler and Carman	1055	5
Hanley and Halstead	1055	5
Seres and Linart	1055	5
Sullivan and Anderson	1055	4
Suter and Madonna	1055	4
Kopsky and Wohlrab	1055	1
Rudi-Russi and Vanderstuyff	1055	1

Drobach leading.

The record for the 50th hour was 1053 miles and 5 laps, made by Caeron and Kaiser in 1915.

PENN MAY NOT ROW ON HUDSON

Poughkeepsie Regatta Left Off Crew Schedule for Next Year.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Philadelphia, Dec. 7.—The biggest surprise that Penn's Athletic Association has sprung in years came after the last meeting of the present board to-night, when the crew schedule announced and ratified for the coming year was minus the usual Poughkeepsie race.

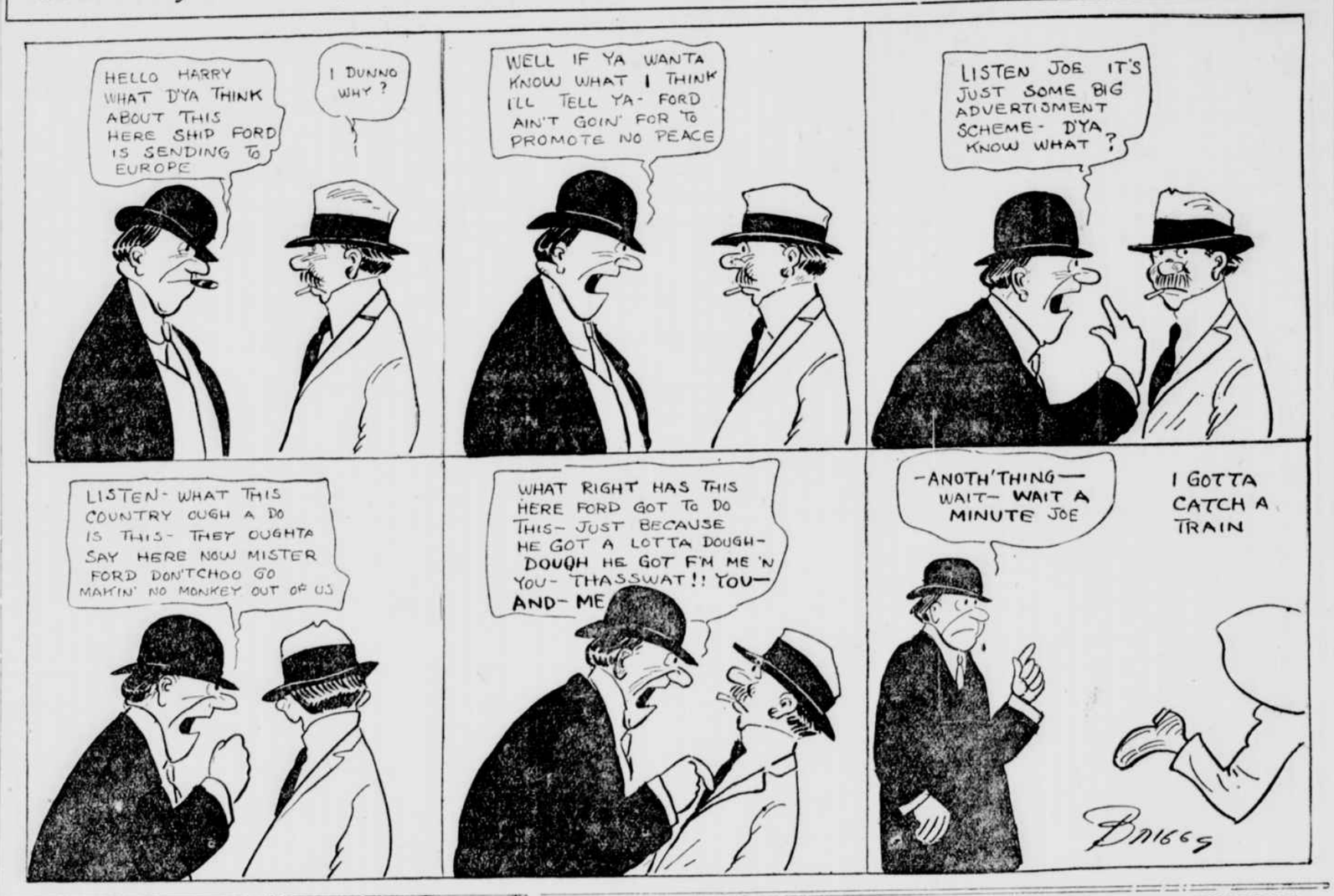
For years the Red and Blue has sent three crews to Poughkeepsie to meet Columbia, Cornell, Syracuse and some of the Western eights, but this season promises to see the Red and Blue sweeps missing from the starting line when the shells line up for the big race of the year.

It is just barely possible that Penn's Athletic Association may later see fit to restore the date of the Poughkeepsie regatta on the crew schedule, but since the schedule was ratified to-day it is thought that Penn will drop out of the rowing competition at Poughkeepsie until the athletic association gets on its feet financially and the crews warrant the expense of the costly trip to the Hudson.

It is believed that the reason for leaving the date of the Poughkeepsie race out of this year's schedule is due to the cut of at least $1,000 in this year's crew appropriation, which even necessitated that the fall crew work be dispensed with.

Another surprise came when it was announced that the triangular race for the Child's Cup would be held this year on May 13 on the Schuylkill instead of on Lake Carnegie at Princeton, as in previous years. The schedule contains only two other races, one with Yale at Philadelphia, on April 22, in which both the 'varsity and junior 'varsity will row, and one with the Middies at Annapolis, on May 6, when it is likely that the freshmen will go along in place of the junior 'varsity eight.

Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life . . . By BRIGGS



Personal Touches Here and There in Boxing

By IGOE

Jess Willard has left Los Angeles in a dreadful huff. On Monday night one week ago the big champion attended a show at the Orpheum in that city and hid himself in the balcony. Houdini, the handcuff king, was on the bill, and the audience did not know that Jess was in the house until Houdini, as is usual in his act, stepped to the footlights and asked that a committee of gentlemen come up on the stage to see that the Oregon boot specialist had nothing up his sleeves to deceive a gullible public. Ten good men and true meandered up to the stage, and then Houdini said:

"Now, I need three more gentlemen up here. There is a man here to-night who does not know that I am aware of his presence. He will be enough for three ordinary gentlemen if he will serve on this committee. He is Jess Willard, our champion." Taken by surprise, the audience remained silent for a second or two and then broke into tumultuous applause. Cheers and shrieks for Willard filled the house. Houdini looked up in the balcony where Willard was seated and said:

"I will leave it to the audience, Mr. Willard. You see they want to see you."

A fresh outburst of applause went up for Jess.

"Aw g'wan with your act," growled Willard when the applause had subsided a bit. "I paid for my seat here.'

"But, Mr. Willard," broke in Houdini, "I"—

"Give me the same wages you pay those other fellows and I'll come down," said Willard sullenly.

By this time the audience had become quite still.

"Sir, I will gladly do so," returned Houdini hotly. "Come on down—I pay these men nothing."

"Aw g'wan with the show," roared Willard. Then the audience took a hand. Beginning with a few hisses, a general demonstration against Willard was launched in a flash. Houdini held up his hand for silence. It was readily granted.

"Jess Willard, I have just paid you a compliment," began Houdini dramatically. "Now, I want to tell you something else. I will be Henry Houdini, Jess Willard, when you are NOT the heavyweight champion of the world."

A roar of applause greeted Houdini's remarks. A deep rumble in the gallery indicated that Willard was trying to make some sort of reply, and the cheers for Houdini suddenly veered to groans and hoots. "I made a mistake," continued Houdini. "I asked gentlemen, and only gentlemen, to step up on this stage."

In the uproar that followed, Willard beat a hasty retreat, and his seat was empty during the remainder of the performance. The next day Willard packed his trunk and set out for Wheeler Springs. He was to have refereed some four-round bouts at the Venice Athletic Club that night, but he didn't wait to express regrets at not being able to appear at the club.

Up at the Olympic Club on Monday night Marty Cross had just boxed Frankie Wagner ten hard rounds. Marty escaped without a scratch, thanks to his natty style of boxing. Not so with Francis. His proboscis had been barked, and two indigo eyes were his trophies of the encounter. Cross had dressed, and in this complete disguise he looked more like a bank clerk than a child of the ring.

As he went out into the hall he met Wagner. Frankie had had only a ring acquaintance with Leach's brother. "Hello, Frankie," said Marty, holding out his hand. "How do you feel?" "Hello! Hello!" said Wagner, quickly. "I'm feeling all right. I know you, but can't place you for the life of me!" And Wagner passed on with a puzzled look on his battered face.

The Boys' Club, down on Avenue A, held a general celebration yesterday. And they had a reason, too. Hadn't Knockout Brown come back the night before? Yes, indeed! Down there at that club Brown is their idol. He learned to box there, and he has never yet entered a ring to fight without the emblem of the club stitched on the side of his tights. Brown's fight after such a long lay-off was a remarkable exhibition. True, the little Dutchman has outgrown the lightweights a little. His poundage was given out as 138. He hit better on Monday night than at any time during his career. His long swinging left to the body will bother the best of them if he decides to resume fighting for good.

Dan McKetrick writes that St. Paul has gone just naturally loony over the coming Ahearn-Gibbons fight. Writes the little Legion of Honor man:

"The club has built 4,000 extra seats inside its arena and if the requests for seats continue they will have to swing a balcony from the rafters. From the interest that is being shown one would think that this is the only fight that the world ever saw. Ahearn is in a winning frame of mind and he advises me to have all the boys get aboard Friday night. We all feel sure that he will knock Gibbons out. I know that that is something of a contract, but just think it over. When has Mike met a man of Ahearn's cleverness and all round fighting ability? We will troop back to Broadway with a pretty good grip on the middleweight title. Remember that."

Mike Glover has refused to meet Ted Lewis again. He was offered a return bout to be fought next Tuesday, in Boston, but Mike declined. Soldier Bartfield will take Mike's place. Lewis has a contract on his hands when it comes to whipping the hardy soldier. Besides being a hard man to gauge because of his awkward style, Jake is a good stiff puncher. It wouldn't be surprising if Lewis found him a much harder customer to tame than Glover.

Jawn the Bee was made to strut before the boxing commissioners yesterday to answer to a complaint made by Harry Tenny, the manager of Packey Hommey, who claimed that J the B had signed a contract to have Hommey box Ad Wolgast at the Harlem Sporting Club on December 10. Jawn did not like the match after he made it and decided to toss it to one side and put on Leach Cross and Wolgast a little later. The commissioners told Jay that he would have to go through with the Hommey-Wolgast match, and the good barber promised that he would put it on Friday night.

Boxing Bouts for the Week

FRIDAY.

New Polo A. C.—Amateur Show.

SATURDAY.

Fairmont A. C.—Young Rosner and Willie Asto, Allie Nack and Jimmy Duffy, Frankie Daly and Johnny Fisse.

Clermont A. C.—Zulu Kid and Jeff Smith.

Sharkey A. C.—All-star card.

Trotting Board Doles Out Many Suspensions

M. E. Sturgis Gets Purse Won by His Horse in Futurity Last September.

M. E. Sturgis, of this city, gets a Christmas present of $2,500, the amount won by his horse Humfast in the Columbus Futurity, on September 29, as the result of a ruling handed down by the board of reviews of the National Trotting Association, at its yearly meeting, in the Murray Hill Hotel, yesterday.

The purse was held up on the protest of Lou McDonald, of Indianapolis, who charged that Thomas W. Murphy, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who drove Humfast, was the trainer of two horses in the race, which is against the rules.

Murphy satisfied the board that Bondella was not in his care on the day of the race, and the association was directed to pay the money to Mr. Sturgis.

When the meeting was called to order shortly after 10 o'clock those in attendance were: John C. Welty, third vice-president, of Canton, Ohio; W. H. Gocher, secretary, of Hartford, Conn.; F. O. Beal, of Bangor, Me.; Horatio O. Bain, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Carlos M. De Garmendia, of Tuscarora, Md., and A. P. Sandles, of Ottawa, Ohio. President P. P. Johnston, of Lexington, Ky., was in the chair.

J. O. Winston, of Richmond, Va., was elected a member of the board in place of Samuel Walton, of Falls Mills, Va., who died recently, and Thomas S. Griffith, of Spokane, Wash., in place of John C. Kirkpatrick, of San Francisco, who also died within the year. Mr. Winston took his place on the board after his election.

At the conclusion of the meeting the secretary made the following announcement:

B. L. Roberts, of Worcester, Mass., has been suspended until the unlawful winnings of Carrie R., formerly Pauline Girl, 2:21¾, are returned for distribution. He said the mare raced out of her class five years ago at Brockton, Mass.

Henry Hall, of Millsboro, Del., was expelled for starting Marendes Boy out of his class as Clifford H. eight years ago in Maryland.

S. R. Taylor, C. E. Scranton and George Wininger, all of Madison, Conn., were expelled for starting Lawton, 2:11½, out of his class and under the name of F. A. M. at Brooklyn, Conn., and Amherst, Mass., in 1914. The winnings were small. The horse, which has changed hands, is suspended until the return of the winnings for distribution.

Albert Delay and William E. Russell, of Waterbury, Conn., were expelled for starting Edna L., 2:09¾, alias Six Lady Sinclair, at Youngstown, Ohio; McCafee, N. J., and Belle Vernon, Penn.

J. B. Jones, of Chicago, and the bay mare Caroline were suspended until the unlawful winnings for starting out of her class at Cranwood, Ohio, are returned for distribution.

The meeting will continue at 10 o'clock this morning.

ABERG TOO STRONG FOR DR. ROLLER

Russian Wrestler Pins American to Mat After Hour's Battle.

Dr. B. F. Roller put up a stubborn fight before he yielded last night to the strength of Alex Aberg, of Russia, the Græco-Roman champion, in a finish bout of the international wrestling tournament. With an arm and wrist lock the shoulders of the American were pinned to the mat in 1 hour 4 minutes 8 seconds.

It was only through his cleverness that Roller succeeded in holding off the champion for such a long period. On half a dozen occasions Roller was in the throes of dangerous holds, but he successfully broke them or worked himself free. Aberg was on the defensive at times, but Roller found him too strong to down.

Demetrius Tafalos, of Greece, won a quick victory over Herman Schilling, of Germany, at the Græco-Roman style with a neck and body hold in 3:56. "Strangler" Lewis and Albert Cutler, the American, wrestled a 20-minute drawn match at catch-as-catch-can.

Billy Gibson Posts $200 for Leonard-Mandot Bout

Billy Gibson posted $200 last night as forfeit to guarantee the appearance of Benny Leonard at the Harlem Sporting Club on December 17 in a ten-round bout against Joe Mandot, the Chicago lightweight. Tommy Walsh posted the same amount with Jack Curley by wire from Chicago.

Charley White, the crack Chicago lightweight, will prepare Joe Mandot for the bout with Gibson's protege, and will come on here with Mandot to second Joe.

ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY FAVORS BASEBALL

Hope Expressed That Big Nine Will Not Abolish Sport.

Chicago, Dec. 7.—Hope of athletes that baseball will be retained as an intercollegiate sport in the Big Nine conference grew to-day with the news that at four of the institutions there was strong sentiment against its abolition, as suggested by the faculty committee at its meeting last Saturday.

The University of Illinois, through its senate, went on record as favoring the retention of the game. Sentiment at Chicago, Ohio State and Wisconsin, according to stories here, indicates that these three institutions may refuse to follow the faculty committee's suggestion.

Illinois's veto forces a reconsideration of the vote by the conference committee before the universities themselves act finally on it.

TWO MONTCLAIR MEN WIN THEIR SQUASH GAMES

Waldron Eliminates Riley and Seller Proves Too Much for Poole.

Two representatives of the Montclair Athletic Club remain in the round before the semi-final in the handicap squash tournament of the Yale Club as a result of yesterday's matches. John G. Waldron, with a handicap of 5 plus aces, 1 hand, proved that he must be considered a dangerous contender for the highest honors when he eliminated Anton W. Riley, the Princeton Club captain, in a match in the upper half.

Playing from scratch, at minus 4 aces, Riley was beaten in two straight games by the scores of 15—6, 15—8. Both contests were exceptionally fast. Waldron showed that he was equally as strong in his dead "kills" as Riley, who played a brilliant game, although defeated.

Frank A. Seller was the other Montclair man to score a victory, winning from Beresford Poole, of the Englewood Field Club. Poole was driven out of position time and again by the masterly placement shots of his opponent. Seller captured the initial game at 15—9, but in the second match his rival was the steadier, winning at 4—15. In the third game Seller jumped away to a big lead.

Charles M. Bull, the Heights Casino player, who is also ranked at minus 8 aces, was more fortunate than Riley. He easily outplayed Livingston Platt, of the Yale Club, who had a handicap of plus 1 hand, by the scores of 15—8, 15—6. As Bull is drawn to meet Waldron in the fourth round this afternoon, it will be seen whether he is able to overcome the generous allowance allotted to the Montclair Club player.

J. C. Tomlinson, of the Yale Club, could not take the court against A. J. Cordier, of the Heights Casino, owing to a slightly sprained ankle received on Monday. However, he hopes to decide the third round match this afternoon.

The summary follows:

National handicap tournament (third round; upper half)—J. G. Waldron, Montclair A. C. (plus 5 aces, 1 hand), defeated Anton W. Riley, Princeton Club (minus 4 aces), 15—6, 15—8; Charles M. Bull, jr., Heights Casino (minus 8 aces), defeated Livingston Pratt, Yale Club (plus 1 hand), 15—8, 15—6. Lower half—F. A. Seller, Montclair A. C. (plus 1 hand), defeated B. Poole, Englewood Field Club (plus 1 hand), 15—9, 4—15, 15—11.

Regulars Win Day in N. Y. A. C. Election

The seven candidates on the regular ticket were successful in the election of the nominating committee of the New York Athletic Club held last night. A total vote of 1,467 was cast.

The men who were elected and their vote follow: Colonel Hugh O'Donohue, 859; Charles J. Warner, 830; Dr. W. Evelyn Porter, 799; William Van A. Creighton, 815; Dr. James B. Clemens, 786; Robert Weld, 781; Carsten E. Platt, 816.

Newtown High Five Wins in Last Minute

Newtown High School scored two goals from the foul line in the last minute of play in defeating Far Rockaway High School in a Queensboro championship basketball game at Juniper Hall, Maspeth, Long Island, yesterday. The score was 30 to 29.

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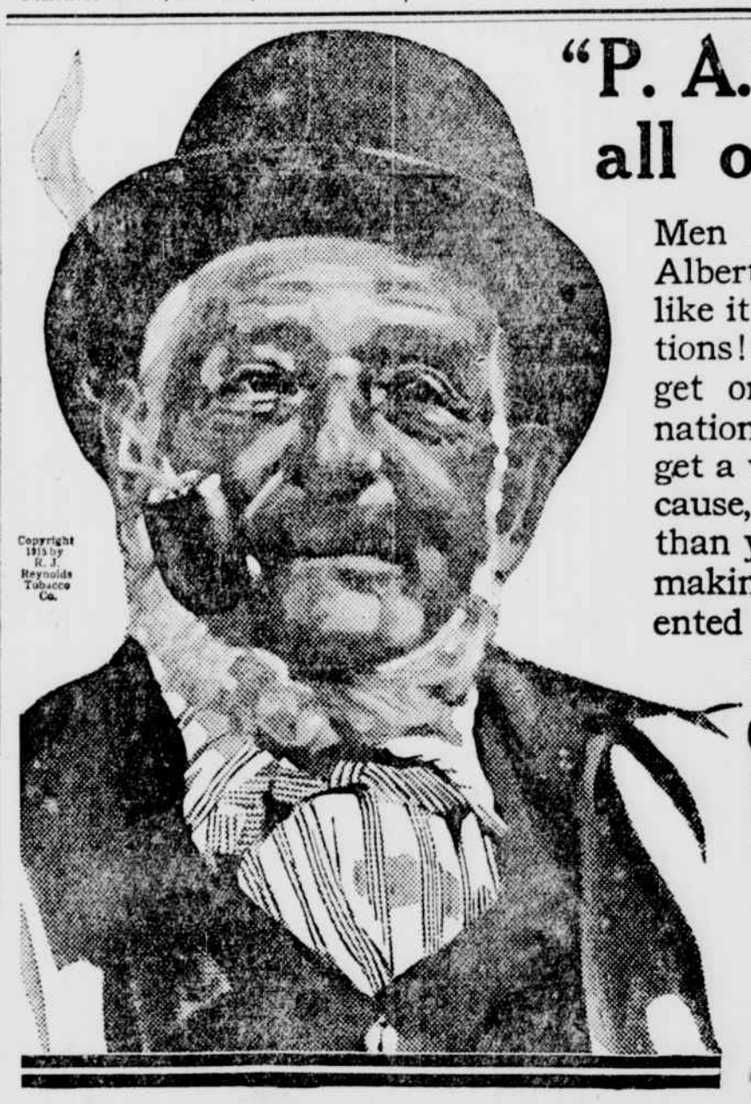

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Can you sit-tight and get that P. A. aroma from somebody else's friendly old pipe or rolled cigarette? Can you pass up pleasure that's *due* you, and *coming to you* quick as you jump that fence into the Prince Albert pasture? *Come on out* and be a regular fellow who's game to take a chance for what ails his smokeappetite division!

Here's the latest member of the "old-time jimmy-pipers" club. It's a fine likeness of John E. Bach, 101 years old, of Newark, N. J. He has been a pipe smoker for 80 years. Mr. Bach, who enjoys his smokes every day, gives this idea of a long life: "Smoke all you want, eat all you want, sleep all you want—and don't worry!"

P. A. is sold everywhere in toppy red bags (handy for cigarette smokers), 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with the sponge-moistener top that keeps P. A. bang up.

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