

AL REICH FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF FALEN "WHITE HOPES"

Morris Ends His Aspirations in Two Short Rounds.

FORMER AMATEUR A FIZZLE

Fight Fans Keenly Disappointed at Unexpected Turn of Affairs.

(BY J. P. N.)

Carl Morris is back with us again and he will claim some attention, let me tell you. Al Reich moves away to less warlike climes and we are not likely to hear much more of him. The coming back of the one and the going out of the other came about as a result of a promised ten-round bout between these two worthies at Madison Square Garden last night.

It was short and sweet, and rather surprising for the moment, the sudden termination of the contest. It was about in the second round—early in the second round—when Morris sent a straight right shot to Reich's jaw and Al found a soft spot on the floor where he rested until, in his own mind, he was positive that Referee Joh had counted off the full ten seconds. Even then he remained there, stretched out his full length on the canvas-covered floor, until the kind hands of his seconds half-carried, half-pulled the fallen idol to his corner. Even then Reich would have us believe that he was badly under the weather, for he made funny faces as if just "coming to," and he performed in other ways to indicate, a sudden and a surprising return to consciousness. As poor a fighter as Reich turned out to be a fighter was less a success as an actor, and for the love of the game—for the love of our old friend Mike—don't let him go on the stage. We will even patronize him in the ring again, but keep him this side of the footlights.

The sudden outcome of the battle was not expected, of course, but Morris as the winner had the call before hand. The odds on Carl that he would win were 2½ to 1 and some of the sports were betting 5 to 5 that Morris would beat Reich inside of six rounds. The indications came straight and true, but in those heavyweight encounters, especially when an untried youngster stacks up against a tried-and-found-winning veteran, it is a difficult matter to get an intelligent line on them they sometimes end so peculiarly and so abruptly. The one last night comes under this head, although in the first round it looked as if we might see a slashing good bout. But one round was all, for Reich is not a very ambitious young man.

Reich showed so well for a time

AL PALZER TRAINING IN JERSEY CAMP

At Shifts Quarters to Prepare for Bout With Miller.

OTHER BOXING GOSSIP

Al Palzer has changed his training quarters from Woodlawn Inn to his old camp at Coyteville, where he will continue to prepare for his coming battle with Charlie Miller at St. Nicholas rink next week.

Palzer says that he was never in better condition, and the bout with Miller promises to be a corker. Miller has trained carefully for this fight, and is expecting to make a big name for himself via the knockout route.

Ad. Wolgast has accepted the offer of a ten-round go with Bat Nelson, and the old-time ring rivals will meet at Milwaukee, Wis., on either October 15 or October 27. Wolgast has until Monday to pick the date.

With Frankie Conway and Tommy O'Toole, of Wilkes-Barre, featuring in the final bout at the National A. C., Philadelphia, tonight the patronage of the arena is bound to witness a real interesting glove encounter. Both Jack Murphy, the Englishman, and Jack Keating, of New York, are in crackjack condition for their scheduled six-round bout in the semi-final number. In the other numbers Willie Brown, champion of the navy, encounters the hard-hitting Harry Smith; Frankie Bailey, of Pittsburgh, takes on Billy Pyle, while Jack Toleda, a Puerto Rican, opens the show with Frankie Meyer.

Joe Sherman, the Memphis, Tenn., lightweight, was awarded the decision over Jack Shelton, of St. Louis, after eight rounds of snappy fighting at St. Louis last night. In the semi-windup "Peanuts" Schriber, of Rock Island, Ill., defeated Ollie Bishop, of St. Louis, in eight rounds.

Sapper O'Neil, the English soldier boxer, leaves for the United States on September 24 to meet Willie Ritchie in a contest for the lightweight championship.

The star attraction at the St. Nicholas rink, New York, tonight will bring together Jimmy Coffey, the sturdy Harlem lightweight, and Freddie Hanes, the first ten will see Joe Costello, of Brooklyn, and the Italian featherweight, Kid Ghetto. There will be seven fights preceding the ten.

BIG RACE
NEWARK VELODROME
SUNDAY 3 P.M.
Bailey-Kaiser Match
Pro-Mile "Hustle Stakes"—Pro-Mile "Fighting Stakes" Handicap Professional.
Unknown Distance—Pro-Mile Handicap—Amateur.
Five-Mile Handicap—Amateur.
Two-Mile Novice.

ADMISSION 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

that there were whispers around the ring that a "white hope" was finally discovered. He boxed well and he covered well and he knew how to send a punch. He was beautifully built and was fast on his feet. He had the world before him and everything in his favor, but he didn't have the heart. He had none the worst of the opening round and he landed a few good lefts to the body, and one smashing right to the face. As the round neared the end he could be seen that Reich looked rather low to picking himself, which is a bad sign, and the bloody lip seemed to bother him. All in all, though, he did well and there was much praise for him during the minute's rest. There was a strong sympathetic sentiment also in evidence, for Reich is a picture—a pretty boyish face with a build that would appeal to a sculptor. He is 6 feet 2 inches and weighs 209½ pounds last night. If you were to guess you would say he tipped the beam at not more than 180; yet, like the egg of King Solomon's time, all the beauty of figure and beauty of face wouldn't win for him a prize-fight if he hasn't got the heart.

As the second round opened Reich gave evidence of timidity, yet in a rather scared manner he sent a left and right to the head that made Morris shake. Then Carl did a little scrapping on his own hook, but when he let up Al sent a right to the body that hurt. Instantly Morris crossed his right to Reich's jaw, and the handsome youth, who is said to be some shot-dutter and whom we know to be some dither, took the most beautiful fall imaginable. For an instant he didn't know just what to do, for the force of the blow only sent him, on his haunches, but he made up his mind in a hurry, and took a peaceful 15-seconds' sleep. As far as that was concerned, Reich did well, and maybe now that we have gone further into the matter, he might make a not bad actor at all. He is handsome to look at, he is beautiful of build, he falls well, and he might win his way as a matinee idol. Otherwise, we will reserve opinion.

But Carl Morris! You wouldn't believe it. Why, our old friend, the ice wagon, has developed into some boxer, some fighter, some Prospect. Not that he beat Reich, but that he showed evidence of vast improvement and a semblance here and there of class. He looked to be trained, all though he weighed 235 pounds, and he performed as if he had been well coached in several phases of prize-fighting essentials. He can really hit now—hit hard, straight from the shoulder. He has surely learned a lot and he may make it interesting for some of our best "white hopes." He'll get all the work he wants, in a way, and the chances are that the Gunboat Smiths and the Frank Morris won't want to meet him. They, no doubt, will figure that there is nothing in beating Morris, while to be beaten by Carl would mean possible oblivion.

Dave Grupp, of Newark, and Billy Grupp, of St. Louis, boxed ten rounds as a semi-final in the Morris-Reich bout. It was a good, hard fight, and Grupp came out of it a winner. He bested Grupp in all the real clean fighting that was done, although Dave was at a great disadvantage in that Grupp was so tall Kurtz could hardly reach the Western man. Grupp, too, is a rougher of no mean order, and he was allowed to get away with all his foul tactics without a murmur. Later on, though, when Kurtz did a little roughing on his own hook, Mr. Grupp made pitiful appeals to the referee. Kurtz did well and he gave his opponent a good lesson. He might have won decisively, if he had followed up a few of the advantages that came his way. Grupp was bleeding and badly bruised at the end, while Kurtz didn't show a mark. Dave might amount to something if he would only train properly. He was not in the best of shape last night and tired in the last few rounds. If he had been right on edge and strong he would have won his fight in six or seven rounds. But he is like other Newark boys who have had a bright future—tossed it away to the dogs.

WEST HUDSON TO TACKLE BROOKLYN

Soccer Elevens Will Come Together on Harrison Oval Tomorrow.

AN EXHIBITION CONTEST

Harrison oval will be the Mecca of the soccer football enthusiasts in this vicinity tomorrow, when the West Hudsons line up against the Brooklyn Football Club, which team is well known because of the calibre of its players. Brooklyn has made great preparations for the league season, and tomorrow's exhibition game will give the followers of the West Hudsons an opportunity to get a line on the Trolley-Doggers, prospects for a championship eleven. Among the players that will wear the Brooklyn Club's "kitties" this season are:

Archibald Fennell, Small and Bob Miller of Teonny; Neil Clark, last year with the True Blues; John McLean, a former Hibernian player; Percy Adamson, who did such great work for the West Hudsons last season; Mannberg, the famous German international player, rated as the finest forward in New York, and Van de Wagon, another clever forward, who assisted the West Hudsons last season. With such a lineup the West Hudsons have a strenuous afternoon's work out for them. Manager Murray has made progress with the work of the Hudsons, and it is a much-improved team that will face the Brooklynites. Andy Lawrie will referee the game, which will start at 3:30 in the afternoon.

Bill Bailey is going to show us again tomorrow his ability as a cyclist, and the stranger from England means to show us well, it appears. He has been training hard during the week and is said to be fit, although he is complaining of feeling laggy, a condition brought about, no doubt, by the change in climatic conditions. However, Bailey seems to have great speed, and Harry Kaiser, his opponent, has never shown sufficient speed to give him a look-in for victory. Yet stranger things have happened—the case of young Outmet, the golfer, for instance.

Donald McDougall, we are told, has been coaching Kaiser, in the hope that Donald will find out just how good Mr. Bailey is. McDougall has been sprinting and doing other stunts with Kaiser, which shows that Donald at least isn't going to give up the ship until he is beaten.

A bit of news that is sure to interest the fans is the fact that some of the boys who were sure that Bailey would "race McDougall's head off" are now not sanguine about it. Before Bailey arrived he was looked upon as a sort of in-a-class-by-himself amateur. Since his arrival, the McDougall supporters seem to have gained courage. It is true that he is praised for Bailey was pounded into the fans' ears that they rather figured the race all over now, for no good reason, though. Donald is believed to have a man's-size chance. To back this up we quote Harold Dibble, an authority, in our humble opinion, about as good as we know of. "McDougall will beat Bailey," Dibble said last night. "Donald will do the last eighth of a mile in 12 seconds and Bailey can't beat that. Yes," said Harold, in his most serious vein, "Bailey is as good as they said he was, but McDougall is a little better."

This is given to the fans, so that they will not become entirely discouraged and think that all is lost; but, as I view the situation, Bailey is a wonderful amateur, and he is too much of a settled man for Donald.

The golfing world is all a-gog. The wonderful play of Francis Outmet, the Boston youth, in the national open tourney at Brookline yesterday, has attracted world-wide attention to the youngster. In tying Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, the great English golfers, Outmet has fairly startled everybody. His masterful performance in accounting for a card of 304 for seventy-holes, exactly the same card turned in by Vardon and Ray, will go down in the history of the old Scotch game as a sure-enough miracle. As a result of his clever work, Outmet, along with Vardon and Ray, will indulge in a three-ball 18-hole medal play round today. Pitted as he will be against two such famous knights of the links, it will be indeed interesting to watch for returns of the match. Surely, no one can hope for a victory for the Boston youth over those two tried and expert golfmen! An amateur of only twenty-two years, it would seem that the American had accomplished wonders already, and would not be equal to the occasion, yet it is said that Outmet displayed great gameness on the last round and held a seven-foot putt for the tying score.

Cheers greeted the boy when he had finished his stroke on the final green, and it was known that he had equalled the cards of Vardon and Ray. Not only cheers were in evidence, but shouts of delight arose from the multitude of Americans, who were proud of the young man's efforts. Some of the more timorous and the more enthusiastic surrounded the youth and fairly threw him on their backs and marched off with him—the king—to the club-house. The boy was agitated with joy-fright, as he hung on for dear life. It was an unusual occasion on a golf links, where finger-tip applause is the true and genuine applause. For Outmet, though, the bounds of everything were overstepped. It was so, we take it, because the performance was so unusual—so wonderful. Here was a boy playing golf with the same rare skill of two of the greatest exponents of the game in the world. The demonstration, the honor, he was entitled to all. He saved the U. S. A. from a most ignominious defeat. He jumped into a breach and filled up a gap left open by our best professional men. And a wee, thin, but not bad-looking simon-pure novice, tyro, anything you will—came through at the crucial time. The praises we might have heaped on Jack McDermott, the famous home-bred golfer, if he had won the championship, now go out double to Outmet.

The tourney, on the whole, attracted unusual attention and the play was about the best ever seen in this country. Our boys didn't do so well, and outside of the marvelous Outmet we have little to crow about. He might have done better if he had not foolishly insulted the English visitors. It is the belief all around that his famous speech to Vardon and Ray had a tendency to interfere with his game. Jerome Travers, our amateur champion, finished well down the line, but he was not surprised at this. Travers isn't a medal golfer, by any means, but at match play he has few superiors, even among the pros. He would have been beaten most likely, whether or no, but Travers shooting for holes and Travers shooting for strokes are two and distinct persons. Louis Teller, the Frenchman, gave an excellent account of himself, finishing in a tie with four others for fourth place.

Ty Cobb for the New York Yankees is not as wild yam as some of

Today, of All the Days, Is the Day We Must Root for the Home Team

All things, we are told, come to the good and the deserving. That's why Newark is going to win the International League pennant in this year of Our Lord 1913. Of course, it isn't cocksure just yet, but it is so close to it that nothing short of a miracle will rob us out of the flag. It is all up to us—up to the team—up to the fans to go down to the ball park today, weather permitting, of course, and root and shout and pull and squeeze for the boys on whom everything depends.

That's what it is; it's up to us, and let's see how nobly we will respond to our duty. Because the outlook today looks a thousand times brighter than it did yesterday is no good reason why the fans, the good old fans who have supported the team all year, and the poor old fans who quit when the clouds hung low, the good fans and the bad fans—all the fans, we say, go down today, if you never so another day, and do your level best to bring the Tigers home a winner in at least one game, which will mean, of course, victory. That's what we want—victory. That's what Newark wants—victory. The pennant will do the city a world of good—more good than a large number might think. So it is up to everybody to get on the old job today and bring home that much-needed game and put Rochester out of her misery.

As remarked before, only a miracle could beat us out of the championship. There are two ways we can lose the pennant. One is for Newark to be beaten in all their remaining games, and for Rochester to win her two games. The other way would come about if it rained today in Newark and the Tigers lost both games tomorrow and Rochester would win both games today. In that event we would lose the flag by one point. But if Rochester loses one of its two games today we can drop all three games and then be the champions. So, it looks hunky dory, doesn't it, fans, for which all should be duly grateful. The real way to show your appreciation, though, is to go to the park today and cheer for the boys. Don't you think they won't notice it, and don't you think they won't feel good because of it, when the strain of the race is over and when the players themselves are more at themselves, and are able to give the whole affair serious thought. They will feel that we were with them when the pinch came, and they will want to come back again next year and fight just as hard for the flag. Instead of knocks, they'll have a good word for the town, and every good word is a mighty big word when the boosting is done in a strange land.

The defeat of Rochester by Toronto in the second game yesterday put a different aspect on affairs all around. Even the scandal-mongers were disagreeably quiet. Those who have been saying right along that Toronto was "laying down" to Rochester, and that Providence "laid down" to Newark, and that Jersey City was going to "lay down" to Newark, were strangely not in evidence anywhere. It seemed, last night. Those who have a bright, clear mind, and do not look upon the world with distrust, and upon the people as dishonest, are sure that the game of baseball is honest to the core, as it should be. But the gamblers and the crap-shooters and the rather objectionable citizens withal are still saying, under their breath, that everything is fixed. Well, we are glad we know the source of the cry, and we are glad it has been proved that the game is honest in the way it came about yesterday—the defeat of Rochester by Toronto. This is not from a selfish viewpoint, either. In that the defeat of the Hustlers helped the Tigers, but simply to show those who are yelling have nothing to yell about. The honesty of baseball has been attacked before, but the great national game always bobs up serenely with a wide-open book and an indisputable alibi to prove it. That's why baseball is baseball—why it is the greatest sport in the world.

We have talked over our likes and dislikes all week and you will remember we came to the conclusion to forget them. I could write a most beautiful paragraph about my friend "Wisney" Solomon, but what's the use. Some of the fans, perhaps, could tell me some bitter tales about Charley Ebbs for taking away Aitchison and McCarty and Collins and do you know I heard one man—only one man, mind you—say an unkind word about Harry Smith. When I heard that I knew something was wrong, and I said kind of dubiously to myself: "Maybe they're all right. Maybe Solomon is a prince and Ebbs is a king and the McKeevers are baronets bold. Maybe the earth is square and it doesn't revolve and Jack never jumped over the moon. Conjecture anything you will and make it fit anything you want, but I simply lost my bearings when the knock came for Harry Smith."

With victory for the Newark team is to come a big time in the way of honoring the players. To show what the big citizens and the little citizens—all the citizens can get in if they want to—think of the men who have proved worthy to be called champions, a celebration of no mean magnitude is planned. This was settled at a little meeting of the sporting editors of the Newark papers, in conjunction with George D. Smith and James M. Reilly, held at the Board of Trade rooms in the Globe building yesterday at 4 p. m. During the meeting several suggestions were made as to a means of celebrating the winning of the pennant, if that very likely thing came to pass. One thing, Mr. Reilly, who is taking the matter up with avidity, and who is hustling diligently to give it a big send-off, promised to give the affair as much of his attention as possible. That means that the celebration is sure to be a success.

As a starter, Mr. Smith, who consented to act as temporary chairman until Monday afternoon, when a big meeting of citizens will be held in the Board of Trade rooms, along with Mr. Reilly, mailed about 200 letters to prominent citizens yesterday afternoon, asking them to become interested in the proposed celebration and attend the first formal meeting Monday at 4, when specific plans are to be formulated. Several requests have been made by leading citizens for a place on the committee, and it is understood, that they will be accommodated. It is to be a case of one for all and all for one—and all in all for Newark. As soon as matters are settled and the members of the committee know just where they are at the fans will be told all about it. But rest assured, the doings will be big. The plan now is to present each and every player who has had a hand in bringing the consolation to this city a solid emblem of some sort. A raised baseball cap, with the word "Newark" diagonally across the front, and the words "International League Champions" around the outer edge, has been spoken of for the design. On the obverse side around the outer edge will be "The Board of Trade of the City of Newark, N. J." and in the center the inscription, "Presented to," with the name of the player filled in. There will be a baseball game and a field day at the ball park a week from today, and the players will come in for everything.

Now, it is right up to the boys—up to the players. They are doing the city a good turn if they win the pennant, and the citizens are going to show their appreciation. If "Newark Knows How" let Newark show how at her very best on the occasion of the celebration for the championship baseball team.

The fans seem to think. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if "Old Ty" were to play the outfield in New York next season. Manager Chance would welcome the great better and better Ty would be just as well off without him, as Cobb is sick and sore on the Michigan tour.

Here's a fan that is sticking: J. P. N.: "Cheer up, fans! Even with Rochester one and a half games behind 'don't give up the ship,' applies to the followers of our home team. Being in a kind of a slump does not mean losing the pennant. With a corps of nine pitchers—Lee, Bell, Barger, Britton, Enzmann, Holmes, Hall, Schacht and Curtis—performing suitably these days, only errors and not hitting in the pinch keep us back. With Chief Harry Smith injured, the Newarkers are out for revenge. We have not yet begun to fight. We will give Harry support because he built up for Newark a winning team. We will nail that pennant to the pole at Widenmeyer's Park, or bust."

ELLIS A. HAHN, 6A, Charlton Street School. What say all of you. Freddy Welsh is going to claim the world's lightweight championship, so he says, for the reason that Willie Ritchie, who holds the title, has refused to meet him. That is all right, but no one will pay any attention to Freddy. It is the novel way he is going to come into the championship

for him, and all together these circumstances are against him." For my good luck she was satisfied with the answer, and I was sure. Suppose I was the sweet, little, inquisitive young girl and would ask you the same question, what would you answer, for the benefit of us admirers and readers of your "Sport Topics" be?

Did you see "Quo Vadis" at the Newark Theatre? Then you have lost "half your life." My father extends to you his congratulations for your "Sport Topics," which are getting every day more and more interesting and instructive. SNOOKEY OOKUMS.

You did nobly. No one could hope to do better under the circumstances. You did so well, in fact, it is not for me to improve your reply. You have the right dose—too much worry, worry to get home, worry when you set there and worry how to get out again. This is a bachelor's interpretation of it, anyway.

J. P. N.: I saw in last night's paper that Clark thinks Kramer is not the world's greatest six-day rider. Just put this in the Star so Clark can see it. I think Kramer is the greatest all-around rider that the world has ever seen and in reference to Kramer being all in when he rides five, ten or fifteen miles is true, but only late when in bad form; but he is the boy that can show any man how to ride a bicycle. If Clark thinks he is so well why didn't he win from Grenda and McNamara? Why? Because he was all in, too. So fit for that. That shows he cannot always be right there, either. I am sorry he lost his dog again, but he ought to keep him chained to a large pole, so no one can take him. All his troubles come at once, so he better not think himself too much after this when he wins a few little races. It would be swell to see that team ride in the six-day (Kramer and Clark), but it would be a big honor, too, for Clark, eh! Yours in sport.

COLLEGE FAN. You mustn't talk about "Poor Little Jackie" like that. He is a great rider, but he will have to go a long way before he will ever be as great as Kramer. As regards the six-day race, Kramer and Clark would surely make a strong team, but as Jackie doesn't want any "dead ones" working on him why will he have to let it go at that.

J. P. N.: How can I get to Haines Falls, N. Y., by rail, and what arrangements for baggage can I make if going by the Citizens line or Hudson River Railroad Company?

READER. You can board a train at the New York Central's Grand Central station, New York, at 11:15 a. m., arriving at Haines Falls at 4:55 p. m. "The Citizens" line does not touch at Haines Falls. The only steamboat lines that will allow you to take a car to Haines Falls are the Catskill evening line and the Hudson River Day Line. On either of these you must change at Catskill and take the car to Haines Falls. You can check your baggage with your ticket on boat or train.

J. P. N.: A bet that Patsy Kline was knocked out by Johnny Kilbane. B. claims Kilbane was awarded the decision after twenty rounds. E. T. Right? B. is correct. Kilbane met Kline at Vernon, Cal., July 15, 1911. The referee awarded the fight to Kline, who points after twenty rounds, although the majority of the spectators loudly hissed his decision. Kline knocked Kilbane to the mat in the early part of the fight, the bell, only, saving Johnny from a knockout.

J. P. N.: Who is the Junior A. A. U. champion at 440 yards? ZEKKE. C. B. Haff, of the Chicago A. A. Time, 11:15 seconds. This record was made at Chicago, July 4.

J. P. N.: Give me the locations of the Ozark Mountains, Death Valley and the Mammoth Cave? R. ST. The Ozark Mountains are located west of the Mississippi river, in Arkansas and Missouri, extending northeast and southwest between the Arkansas and Missouri rivers, and partly in the Indian territory. Death Valley lies between the Amargosa Mountains on the east and the Panamint Mountains on the west. It is a place of 150 feet below sea level. It is a gloomy desert, the water of the Amargosa river, which flows into the Colorado river, is said to be the water of the Amargosa river. Mammoth Cave is located in Edmonson county, Kentucky, is near Green River, six miles from Cave City and about twenty-eight miles north of Bowling Green.

J. P. N.: Are you looking for a slogan for your city? What is the prize offered for the one who hands in the one they adopt? L. N. The suggestion was made, but nothing definite as to starting the contest, etc., has been done as yet. What's yours?

J. P. N.: What is the fare from Newark to Springfield, Mass., and also the best route?

S. R. The fare from Newark to New York Grand Central Depot is 35 cents, and from New York to Springfield is \$3.85. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad runs to Springfield. You had better look up their schedule of wrecks before leaving.

J. P. N.: When did the steamer Olympic, of the White Star line, make her maiden voyage? M. O. She made her first trip June 14, 1910, from Northampton.

J. P. N.: Give me a good method of training a soccer football team.

TRAINER. You can purchase a book on soccer football at any of the sporting goods stores which will furnish you with complete information.

J. P. N.: What is the fare on the New York Central from New York to Geneva, N. Y., one way? H. M. M. The fare one way is \$7. Toot! Toot!

J. P. N.: What is the fare to Hartford, Conn., by railroad. From what pier do the boats for Hartford, Conn., leave? MARY.

The fare via the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is \$4 if you want to take the car. The Hartford line boats leave Pier 20 East River, daily, except Sunday at 5 p. m.

J. P. N.: In case of a fire and engines are coming down Springfield avenue, must all traffic, such as car, stop until the engines are past? F. P. Yes, on Springfield avenue or any other avenue, Harry.

J. P. N.: Was Abraham Lincoln a Hebrew? May anyone but a Protestant become President of the U. S. A.? When a criminal is being tried, must he be answer all questions pertaining to the

case if thought proper by the judge? Can said criminal sit in court and simply keep silent? F. H. S. Abraham Lincoln was an American of English descent. For the 4,828 time, anyone who gets the nomination and votes, can be President. A man on trial can keep silent if he desires.

J. P. N.: Is the play "The Lady of the Slipper" coming to Newark? ROSEY. The play will probably be seen at the Newark Theatre later in the season. No definite arrangement as to its appearance has been made as yet, though.

J. P. N.: How can I address a letter to the chief of police of California?

M. F. S. You can address a letter to the chief, care of police headquarters, in the city desired.

J. P. N.: Can you give me any information about the proposed golf course at Weequahic Park? W. R. B. Weequahic is being laid out now and will be ready for use next season. Any further information you desire, apply to the Park Commission office, 800 Broad street, city.

J. R. W.—Space forbids an answer to your question. You might get this information from Mr. Kelsey, handicapper of the N. C. A.

J. P. N.: Is Mel Brownell Jewish or gentile? If a Chinaman is born in this country has he the power to vote, when of age? A few days ago we hinted that your first question was rather too personal, this time we must again gently, but firmly, refuse to answer on any person's private affairs. Yes.

J. P. N.: What is the value of a large copper penny dated 1839? J. C. In round figures, one cent, Julius.

J. P. N.: I want to go to Europe not with a steamer. How can I get there? How much will it cost me? AND R. P. As there is no bridge, and you bar the conventional steamer, you have only the following modes left: Swimming, motorboat, rowboat, sail boat, submarine and airship. You can take your choice. Probably your life.

J. P. N.: You would kindly tell me where I can secure a book entitled "The Bikes and the Planarians," by Mrs. James Sadler. H. J. Try the book stores, Hen.

J. P. N.: What is the distance from Newark to Gettysburg? Will the Central Railroad run any more excursions? Can a girl fourteen years of age go for half fare? Was Jackie Clark ever a bike champion? How is his penmanship? H. A. S.—BEN. The distance is 220 miles. No more excursions. Twelve years of age is the half-fare limit. Clark was champion of Australia A. C. Your penmanship is fair. Don't be afraid to use ink.

J. P. N.: Where is the Brown A. A. boxing club located? What is the quickest route? What is the fare? Where is the St. Nicholas A. C.? What is the best route and how much is the fare? Who can I consult regarding bouts there? MANAGER. The Brown A. A. is located on Twenty-third street, near Sixth avenue, New York city. Take Park place tube train, which by changing to the Broadway-Jersey City, will take you to that corner. The fare is 34 cents return. The St. Nicholas Club is located on Sixty-sixth street, near Columbus avenue. Take the subway to Sixty-sixth street, at Park Row. The fare from Newark and return would be 40 cents. Jimmy Johnston is the manager of the club.

J. P. N.: Kindly inform me through your column in the Star the proper way of writing the sentence, "There are three two's in the English language." Also, whether the drama, "Damaged Goods," will play in Newark this season. H. L. There are three two's is correct. Why not say there are six and be done with it? No definite arrangement has been made as yet.

J. P. N.: What subjects would a person have to pass to enter the New Jersey Law School or West Point Academy? When will the next postal clerk examination be held? J. L. You are required to pass ten subjects, namely: Grammar, composition, orthography, geography, arithmetic, bookkeeping, physiology, civics and American and general history.

J. P. N.: Who owns Morocco, Africa? Does France or Germany, or is it an empire? H. HOLMES. The kingdom of Morocco is independent. The sultan is absolute. Try some other place.

C. S. F.—We refer you to the Free Public Library for complete information on your queries.

BLACK SOX COMING HERE

Manager Flynn has booked the Richmond Black Sox as the Newark Athletics' opponents for Sunday afternoon at the Roseville Oval. The Richmond have been putting up a great game this season, they having won the last eleven games.

The Athletics will be strengthened at short stop by Marty Cavanaugh, who is signed to play next season for Detroit. The Richmond will have Pope Green in the box and Benny Johnson, of the Philadelphia Giants, at the receiving end. Manager Flynn will depend on Scotty Watson to do the pitching and Kelly will do the backstop work.

Manager Flynn has booked the Richmond Black Sox as the Newark Athletics' opponents for Sunday afternoon at the Roseville Oval. The Richmond have been putting up a great game this season, they having won the last eleven games.

The Athletics will be strengthened at short stop by Marty Cavanaugh, who is signed to play next season for Detroit. The Richmond will have Pope Green in the box and Benny Johnson, of the Philadelphia Giants, at the receiving end. Manager Flynn will depend on Scotty Watson to do the pitching and Kelly will do the backstop work.

The fare via the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is \$4 if you want to take the car. The Hartford line boats leave Pier 20 East River, daily, except Sunday at 5 p. m.

J. P. N.: In case of a fire and engines are coming down Springfield avenue, must all traffic, such as car, stop until the engines are past? F. P. Yes, on Springfield avenue or any other avenue, Harry.

J. P. N.: Was Abraham Lincoln a Hebrew? May anyone but a Protestant become President of the U. S. A.? When a criminal is being tried, must he be answer all questions pertaining to the

FOOTBALL BEGINS ITS REIGN TODAY

Carlisle Indians First of Big Elevens to Get Into Action.

NO IMPORTANT CHANGES

GAMES TODAY

Carlisle vs. Albright, at Carlisle. Gettysburg vs. Bloomsburg, at Gettysburg. Maine vs. Fort McKinley, at Orono. Western Maryland vs. Vassalla A. C., at Westminster. Hampden-Sidney vs. Richmond Blues, at Hampden-Sidney. Marietta vs. Alumni, at Maryville.

Football enters the limelight in earnest this afternoon. The first clashes of the gridiron season will take place this afternoon, the smaller colleges, as usual, being the first to get into action. Carlisle is the only "big" eleven to play. It will be nearly another week before the "big six" don the red and white for the first game of the season. In the meantime, practice goes merrily on at the other colleges, and they are fast rounding into shape. Yale and Cornell open the season Wednesday, and Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania on Saturday. The changes in last season's rules are infinitesimal.

Coach Warner Pleased With Carlisle Pigskin Warriors

CARLISLE, Pa., Sept. 20.—Opening the football season