

FOOTBALL TEAMS DUE FOR MIDSEASON SLUMP, WHICH IS BEST ALIBI FOR NOVEMBER

FOOTBALL TUTORS CLEAN HOUSE FOR THE IMPORTANT BATTLES SCHEDULED FOR THIS MONTH

Teams Take Breathing Spell After Midseason Grind and Will Prepare for Big Games in Next Three Weeks

EVERYTHING should be calm and tranquil in the football world next Saturday afternoon. The big early-season games have been passed, the anticlimax is only a lingering memory and from now on the leading eleven will prepare for the big drive of the year—meaning the battles which fall due on November 11, 15 and 25.

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There are few important battles on the card next Saturday, as Princeton meets Bucknell, Harvard plays Virginia. Cornell will be revenged on Carnegie Tech, Brown will toy with the University of Vermont, Rutgers mingles with Holy Cross and Pitt will try out a flock of substitutes against Allegheny.

However, the day will not pass without a few thrills, as five combats are scheduled to make things interesting. Yale will have her annual fust with Colgate and should win; Dartmouth meets Syracuse in Springfield, Mass., and if the Green athletes play as well as they did against Princeton another defeat will be chalked up against Hollenback's crew; Penn should triumph over Lafayette on Franklin Field, but both arms of our well-known service—the Army and Navy—have selected tough opponents and will have to play their hardest to win.

Colgate Does Not Seem to Be Dangerous. Colgate looked like a formidable opponent for Old Eli early in the season when the team journeyed West and wallowed in Illinois, but the Westerners also have been trounced by Ohio State, which takes some of the edge off the Easterners' victory.

The miserable showing of Cornell against Harvard still is the chief topic of conversation among the followers of football and it is attributed to two things: the unexpected strength of the Crimson and the glaring errors committed by the Big Red Team.

It is all wrong. The chief booster of Organized Ball admits it. The rumor that several magnates intend to try to oust President Tener is fiction; the latter is the best leader the senior league ever has had; the world's series was a howling success tacked on the howling; and the National Commission is perfect, with harmony prevailing.

President Fultz, of the Players' Fraternity, is again at odds with the National Commission and National Association of Minor Leagues. Fultz claims that the magnates are not keeping faith with the players, his main objection being that many clubs have suspended players without pay because they were injured while on the field of play.

That a boxing commission benefits a boxer as well as and as squarely as a promoter is proved by the decision of the New York body relative to the off-again, on-again, off-again Charley Weinert-Bob Mohr match in Gotham.

The contest originally was scheduled about a month ago and after each boxer had put in two weeks' training, expenses for which, of course, are not gratis, the promoters called off the bout a day before the night of the match.

Had there been any misunderstanding between the boxers from a financial standpoint, weight or any other conditions it would have let the club out, but the principals are having no discussion whatever.

Billy Kramer, of Milwaukee, looks like one of the best boxers of his weight that ever came out of the West. Feldman has Philadelphia fans seen as remarkable a short puncher as Kramer in action.

Joe Woertz Steam-Rolled Into Second Division Without His Consent. Ex-champion Joe Woertz, who won last year's title by bursting out in front of the field and winning the employees' championship of the Huntingdon Valley Country Club over a nine-hole route, which he handicapped was only seven-five strokes, is automatically out of the title play this year.

His aspirations were squelched at one fell stroke of the pen, when he was placed in Class B instead of Class A. Last year Woertz was runner-up in the beaten two of the championship division. He braced his feet against the avalanche that bore him down, but could not stop sliding till he got to the bottom.

Now it's come and they've steam-rolled into the second division the former champion. "Can you beat that?" asked Woertz, who is superintendent of the back door and head ballman. "I've never played such good golf as I'm playing right now," said Woertz today, "and help I ain't got even a show for the championship. They got me down for the championship handicap for nine holes, but I'm going out there and show 'em. Just watch me clean up Class B."

Woertz made a great jump from his last year's total in the qualifying round when he shot the nine holes this year in only seventy-six strokes.

Two years ago such a score would have given him a net card of one stroke. Last year he played in the eight-hole round and broke the course record by making it in 250-odd strokes. The exact count has been lost.

Charles Mohr, the head waiter at the Noble Club, had a good chance to equal this mark this year in the qualifying round, when he turned 9 holes in 127 strokes.

His card follows: Out... 17 19 15 12 11 15 17 11—127. His card was run a frantic second by the cook, Alex Wain, who tore off his white apron, pushed his chef's bonnet into his pocket and went after the golf ball with all the enthusiasm he puts into the concocting of a tureen of soup.

Wain looked like a world-beater when he hung up a par 4 on the first hole, but after that he went slightly wobbly, as his card for the 9 holes will show: Out... 4 8 24 8 19 10 14 11 10—122. His 24 on the third hole will surely stand the assaults of time.

"I couldn't get across the creek," sighed the cook. "Every time I hit the ball it went in the water. When I did get across the ball hit the tree and came right back to me."

FORMER CHAMPION JOCKEYED OUT OF EMPLOYEES' TITLE

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WAS PLAYING FINE GOLF

By SANDY McNIBLICK

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THE TIGER AND BULLDOG NOW YEARN FOR NOBLE FEAST, WITH PERCY HAUGHTON THE VICTIM

By GRANTLAND RICE

The Tiger is a regal beast; The Bulldog's grip is fixed as Fate; Each yearns now for a noble feast With Haughton brought in on the plate; But as each awaits forth to his bag The juicy prize, avoid the fray, The shadow of a crimson flag Still falls across their right of way.

The Bulldog's appetite is keen, The Tiger, too, is poked to strike; But something seems to come between Their reaching fangs and what they like; Each creeps out from his chosen lair With head erect, in kingly pride, And then—a shot rings on the air As Haughton bags another hide.

Year after year the Blue guard swings Across the field to the attack; Year after year the war cry rings Above the Orange and the Black; Alas! It is a cruel world, A bitter one and unrelenting; For each finds when the charge is hurled That Haughton has the highway mined.

Wakeful Watching. THESE are serious and thoughtful days upon the campuses that surround Princeton and Yale.

For some time the rumor has been prevalent that Haughton and Harvard this season were in the blighting throes of an off-year, with no great hopes of emerging this placid autumn.

But it appears, according to the testimony offered from Ithaca, that the rumor grossly was exaggerated. If Harvard is indulging in an "off-year," the word "off" doesn't mean what Cornell thinks it does.

So it happens in the wake of this Cornell affair both Princeton and Yale are taking very little stock in the alleged Crimson slump. In place of looking for fairly easy picking, they are beginning to wonder if there is any chance at all of getting safely by.

One of the Best. There is very little doubt now that Haughton, within another two weeks, will have a machine about as powerful as any he has sent to battle. He hasn't a great

line, but he has a good one, and with Robinson, Casey, Horween, Bond, Flower and Hitchcock he has a rare wealth of backfield material to carry on a hardy and prolonged attack. Haughton has better backfield material than Princeton, beyond a debate, and a greater quantity than Yale, despite the worth of La Gore. With a capable quarter of Robinson's caliber, with a punter like Horween, a broken field runner of Casey's ability and two men to help such as Bond and Flower are, P. D. has the ammunition for a smashing and versatile assault.

He has the advantage over Princeton in the running game and the advantage over Yale in the kicking game; an advantage that will be vital unless these two come forward at imposing jumps in the brief space that still is left.

Princeton's Chance. Princeton has a good line and a fine punter in Driggs. But Rush can't put driving power into backs unless the driving power is there. And no coach is enough of a genius to build up a formidable attack unless his backfield has the punch.

The difference between the drive in Princeton's and Dartmouth's backfield was very great. A Gerrish or a Thielacher would be as welcome in Nassau town as the electoral votes of New York, Ohio and Illinois would be to Hughes or Wilson.

Pittsburgh Again. It is now what some original cuss has labeled "a foregone conclusion" that Pittsburgh University again will be in a position to claim a share in the football championship spoils.

Pitt isn't going to be beaten this season, for the simple reason that no one has the stuff to beat her with. As to whether Pitt is champion of the East or West we leave for the geographical experts to decide.

We put the query up to a Pitt man, and his answer was prompt: "Both." Keeping a Haughtonzoid baseball team out of the pennant is one job. Keeping a Haughtonzoid football team away from the top is another assignment.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

Johnny Moloney has benefited greatly by his short lay-off. He starts training in a few days for a match in two weeks. Knockout Al Wagner will be the former amateur champion's opponent, if the weight is made at 130 pounds.

Three bouts in a month is the record held by Jimmy Pryor. The smiling person, never was kept as busy in his entire career, and he is more enthusiastic about boxing than ever. Pryor is a clever tactician for his weight. He can make any of 'em hustle, but he needs plenty of work to keep in shape.

Philadelphia will get their first fine-styled gladiator of Bill Brennan, the knock-out heavyweight who has been shipping around New York at the National Athletic Club. Brennan is promised a busy season for eighteen months—maybe less—as his opponent will be Homer Smith.

Johnny Nelson needs Charley White at the Olympia next Monday night. The Chicagoan tackles a rugged opponent in the Kenoshaonian, who proved his toughness against Benny Leonard. White will have to step at top speed to win.

Harry Smith, the Louisiana, is waiting patiently. While Louis is hoping the Kid will consent to a match with him, Smith is waiting a crack at a new Tondor. Tondor means no Harry's death. It goes for Benny Kaufman, Louisiana, Al Shubert or the champion, Williams.

Rumor has it that for the first time since technically winning the middleweight crown, Hans will defend his title in a decision match. He is said to be booked with Jimmy O'Hagen at Martville, N. J., for a fifteen-rounder. Ten thousand dollars, the same rumor has it, will be the financial consideration. That's a lot of money, Moloch.

George Decker's wind-up at the Lincoln Club Friday night will have Tommy Jamison and Grover Hayes as participants. The veteran has been fighting well out of town and the young smitten southpaw may have trouble connecting.

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Evening Ledger Decisions of Ring Bouts Last Night

NEW YORK.—Tom Cowler defeated Bill Brennan, Fighting Joe Brown, knocked out John Tim Callahan, fourth; Benny MacFarland, fourth; Young McDonald beat Jimmy Powers, Eddie Nugent won from Young Carpenter, Young bolts outstaged Young Joe Rivers.

BOSTON.—Al Shubert defeated Frankie (Young) Britt.

ing with his bayoneter. In the other bouts Bettington meets Mike Fair, Paddy Manly faces Leo Weber; Young Lowrey opposes Jack Clarke and Young Sanford boxes Young Monroe.

A match which should interest Philadelphia fans will be held at Camp Cotton, Pa., next Monday night, when Tommy Liverston and Jimmy O'Fools, of Plymouth, Pa., meet. Liverston has been losing all at the different corners' champions. He will return home the latter part of the month.

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PETEY. D'YE KNOW BILL I AINT A TALL SATISFIED WID THE CRUB DEER PEOPLE HANDED OUT TO US. HEIDER AM I RED, AND DESE CIGARS IS PUNK—NOT HALP AS GOOD AS DE VAN ICICLES GUV US. SAN IM GOING TO CLEAR OUT THOSE BUMS YOUVE BEEN FEEDING. WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA ANYWAY? OLI PETEY DEAR YOU DONT UNDERSTAND YOU SEE BY MAINTAINING A LITTLE CHARITY LIKE THAT WE GET OUR NAMES IN THE PAPER AND I SPOSE ILL BE KILLED IN THE ATTEMPT BUT IM GONNER CHASE EM—THEYLL STICK AROUND FOR YEARS! OH DEAR. GOV HER—WE BEG TER BID YER GOO BY—IN PACK WE LEAVE YOU PLAY—YOU TRIED HARD TO DO FOR US AS IS RIGHT BUT FAILED TO DO FER US AS WE HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED. YOU SAID IT RED DESE HOOVO REESH PEOPLE AINT IN IT WID DE REAL THING LETS GO BACK TO DE VAN ICICLES.