

AFTER BEATING CORNELL, PENN CAN CLAIM CHAMPIONSHIP OF ITHACA AND POINTS NORTH

CORNELL FIGHTS HARD BUT LOSES TO PENN IN THE FINAL GAME

Inability to Cover Forward Passes Responsible for 24-to-0 Defeat—Penn Team in Good Form. Bert Bell Is Star of Contest

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

CORNELL came down here with a football team yesterday, played a game with Penn on Franklin Field and lost by the score of 24 to 0. The official count would lead one to believe that the Red and Blue had an easy time of it and romped away with a lopsided victory. But such was not the case. The big Red team from Ithaca proved to be anything but a cinch and disputed every advance. The visitors did not look like an eleven which lost four out of the last five games.

Penn won because Captain Bert Bell was smart enough to switch his attack when close to the goal line. After one experience in the first period when the ball was lost on downs on the Cornell 2-yard line, Bert decided to use something else besides plunges into the line. In the second period Bud Hopper grabbed a forward pass and slid over for the first score, and Hobey Light dashed around the end for another in the third. Heine Miller carried the ball over in the final quarter after receiving a long forward pass. That made three touchdowns, and Bruner added three more points when he booted a goal from the 25-yard line.

Folwell's team played good football yesterday because it had to. Cornell also was in excellent shape and in the first half there was considerable nervousness in the south stand. Instead of running all over the guests, the glove was on the other hand. Cornell had a wonderful defense for line plunges and once took the ball on downs when it was one inch from the goal line. The Ithacans played like demons when in the shadow of their own goal posts. Had they been more adept in covering forward passes the score might have been smaller.

However, Penn deserves all of the glory, because the team was in better shape than at any other time this season. This no doubt was due to the presence of Joe Straus in the backfield. Joe added the necessary speed and in addition played a grand game. He ran hard with the ball, tore off many substantial gains and was the big surprise of the day. Bruner also was good, and Light, Harvey and McNichol performed creditably.

LEW LITTLE and Bud Wray stood out among the lineups and Hopper played the best game at end. It took some time for Heine Miller to get warmed up, but after he got started his work was high class.

Bell Ends Career in Blaze of Glory

BUT the real hero of the afternoon was Bert Bell, captain of the team, who played his last game for Penn. Perhaps there have been better players, better field generals and better all-around athletes, but you will have to go a long way to find a better leader. Although panned and roasted unmercifully all season by the fans, he was very popular with the players and every man was happy to carry out his orders without question.

Give credit where credit is due. Captain Bell played his valiantly on Franklin Field, and not only put up a wonderful game but also proved he was game to the core. In the second period two of his front teeth were pushed back into the roof of his mouth, and although the pain must have been excruciating, he allowed Doctor Hancock to try to pull them out or break them off. Remember, that was in the second period. After that, instead of trying to save himself, he played all the harder and took his turn at running with the ball.

He ploughed through the line and dashed around end for good gains, but when the goal line hole into view he stepped out of the spotlight and allowed some one else to get the glory and honor of making a touchdown or kicking a goal from the field. That is something Bell never has been given credit for. Few realized he was willing to make any personal sacrifice for the good of the team.

In the second period, when Penn had the ball three inches from Cornell's goal, Straus was given the ball twice and failed to carry it over. This might have looked like poor headwork, but Bell had a reason for trying that play. It was Straus's last game and his captain wanted him to make the score. When Bert handed him the ball he yelled: "Run wide! Run wide!" Joe, however, crashed into the center and lost out.

Throughout the game Captain Bell did wonderful work at catching punts and running them back. He did not miss one, although at times four or five Cornell men surrounded him. He took lots of punishment and never faltered. His generalship was good. He covered himself with glory in his last game.

WE HOLD no brief for Captain Bert Bell. To us he is the same as any other player on the field. But when a man proves beyond question of doubt he has the goods, takes a beating with a smile, uses wonderful judgment in directing his team, takes himself out of the game voluntarily so Rex Wray can play, it's about time to hand the boy the best he deserves. He gave everything he had in that final game, so those away the hammer and buy a horn.

Hugo Bezdek Outwits Glenn Warner

HUGO BEZDEK and his Penn State eleven smothered Pittsburgh yesterday and stepped into the front rank of football teams in the East. A victory over Pitt by the score of 20 to 0 at this time of the year is SOME accomplishment and State MUST be good.

The game was won, according to reports, in the first two minutes of play, when one of the craziest stunts imaginable was pulled off successfully. Pitt carried the ball down to State's 6-yard line soon after the kick-off and lost the oval on downs. State called a kick formation, Hess standing behind his own goal line. It was a million to one that State would punt, but the dope was crossed when Hess tossed a forward pass to Higgins and Captain Bob ran 90 yards for the first score. It was a daring play, something which never has been tried before in a big game. According to our very best coaches, a forward pass attempted behind one's own goal line is very bad form, and the guy who tries it should be shot.

But everything worked smoothly and Hess, instead of being a bum, is a hero. That one play evidently ruined Pittsburgh, for after that no one could tell what was going to happen. In the second period a fake place kick went big and Robb was able to carry the ball within scoring distance.

If any team has a claim to the championship this year it is State. Coach Bezdek has a wonderful machine, which did not get going until a couple of days before the Penn game. Dartmouth beat them early in the season by the score of 19 to 13, but the Green team would not have a chance now. State has a well-coached, powerful eleven.

West Virginia came through with flying colors, winning from Washington and Jefferson by the score of 7 to 0. A forward pass, Rogers to King, was responsible for the only touchdown of the game, in the first period. W. and J. was in position to score several times, but could not penetrate the defense of the Mountaineers.

West Virginia had a peculiar team this year. When expected to do big things it fell flat, but when it was counted out the Southerners always put over the big surprise. After losing to Pitt, Princeton was handed a beating, and the next week Center College defeated them easily. After this reversal in form, West Virginia comes back and wallops W. and J. You never can tell in football.

ONCE more we must inflict some of that comparative score stuff. West Virginia beat Princeton and Princeton tied Harvard and beat Yale. Syracuse beat Colgate and Pitt, Washington and Jefferson beat Syracuse, West Virginia beat Washington and Jefferson and Center College beat West Virginia. What's the answer? You'd be surprised.

Philadelphia Will Have an Army-Navy Game

THROUGH the courtesy of William F. Baker, president of the Phillies, football teams from Camp Dix and League Inland Navy Yard will play at the Phillies' park tomorrow. Mr. Baker gave the grounds free of charge.

In addition to the football game, there will be boxing and wrestling bouts and details of the Army and Navy game in New York will be announced. The football game will be well worth seeing, because the teams always put up a hard battle.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE



FRANKFORD BEATS EWING A. A., 8 TO 7

Suburbanites Fight Way to Victory in Closing Minutes of Exciting Game

DICK WHEELER THE STAR

Frankford A. A. and Ewing A. A. battled a thrilling encounter, with the Frankford team emerging the winner by an 8 to 7 score. The game was played on Community Field with more than 7000 fans in attendance. With six of the star men out of the line-up, Frankford clearly outplayed the Ewing team throughout the game, but the coaching of Jimmy Moore, the former Haverford School star, who averaged sixty yards for Ewing, protected Ewing's goal line. Frankford scored two points when Moore was thrown back of his own goal line in the first period. Ewing scored six points on a blocked kick in the second period. The goal was kicked and for two periods it looked as if this break would give the visitors the game. With three minutes to play in the last period and the ball on its own forty-yard line, Frankford began a march toward Ewing's goal. Ewing's players delayed things as much as possible. With less than a minute to play, the ball on the 4-yard line the Ewing men began an argument. One of their men blew a whistle signifying the game was over. He was not an official. Bainbridge saved Frankford's chances by calling time out. When the crowd, which had swarmed on the field, moved back, the stop watch of the timekeeper showed that there were still thirteen seconds to play. Dick Wheeler, playing his first game in the backfield for three years, carried the ball over for a touchdown and the game. The goal was not kicked. Billy Knauer, playing his first game for the winners, starred at quarterback.

NAVY POST TO PLAY DIX

Legionaire and Soldier Elevens to Clash Tomorrow World-war veterans will flock to the National League baseball park, Broad and Huntington streets, tomorrow afternoon, recalling days in service, when an army navy football game will be played between an army team from Camp Dix and an eleven from American Legion Post No. 197. The Legion eleven will be composed entirely of navy men, as the post is entirely a navy post. Many of the players played with various ship elevens while in service. The manager of the team is Harry Silber, chief yeoman at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. President Baker, of the Phillies, gave the grounds free.

Greenleaf's Dad Will See Him Play

A large delegation of Wilmington billiard fans will journey here to witness the game in which Rainy Greenleaf, the youthful billiard marvel, competes in the National Amateur pocket billiard championship tournament, which opens Monday at 2 p. m. in the Parkway Building. Among them probably will be the boy's father, who has believed in his son's ability to take the title sometime for a very long time. The Wilmington player is reported to be at his best, and there is no reason why he should not finish at the top of the list when the game he has been showing in practice.

TENDLER, 132 POUNDS, SCORES ANOTHER K. O.

Under Lightweight Limit. Philadelphia Ace Re-deems Self by Stopping Noye in Two Rounds

LEONARD "BOOED"

By LOUIS H. JAFFE LEW TENDLER, Philly's lightweight ace, stepped on the scales, proved himself a legitimate contender for the championship by weighing 132 pounds with his shoes on, entered the ring amid a lot of cheering intermingled with a little "razzing," poished off a visiting bimbo from the West, Johnny Noye, by name, in less than two rounds, and then hopped from the platform a pugilistic hero. All of this occurred in the supposedly stellar scrap of the special Thanksgiving matinee at the National Club. The Philadelphiaite is referred to as a pugilistic hero, because he had redeemed himself. More than a month ago this same Noye fellow was returned a victor over Tendler on a foul in three rounds. Ring-side experts at that bout, which was staged in Denver, were unanimous in their opinion that a legitimate body blow had knocked out Noye. He wouldn't have it that way, and started a howl that echoed throughout the country. Claims Title—Laughter On the strength of this questionable foul victory statements to the effect that Noye was the legitimate 133-pound champion were tossed to the four winds. But Noye's claim to the title went up in smoke as he went down to defeat in the second round yesterday afternoon. A "murderer" Tendler left flopped off Noye's chin, and he flopped to the mat. Noye almost rolled out of the ring while taking the count. Then with the aid of ringside spectators Noye scrambled to his feet at "Pop" O'Brien's count of nine, but one of the visitor's seconds had jumped into the squared-off enclosure, and Tendler was a technical knockout victor. Another walk-up to the head might have resulted seriously for Mr. Noye. When Noye entered the ring he showed the effects of his Monday night celebration in Cleveland against Cal Delaney. Both of Noye's eyes were blackened and his entire features were a sorrowful looking spectacle. The westerner must be given credit for not attempting to stay the limit by clinching, for he did try to hit Tendler. From the outset, though, even Elwood Me-

Claskey could see that Noye was out-classed by far. While Tendler was showing his class as a real boxer, even though his demonstration was being made against a

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third-rater, Benny Leonard, from whose brow sparkles the lightweight diadem, was being booed, "booed" and defamed by a packed populace at the Olympia arena—so they tell me. Leonard's opponent was Soldier Bartfield, the rugged welterweight, and according to George Simpson it was only a sixth round rally that enabled Benny to evacuate the ring a winner.

A majority of the spectators at the Leonard-Bartfield bout were greatly disappointed—which explanation is very mild, compared with opinions of lots of fans. A bad taste was left in their mouths, maybe from what the fans had to say about Leonard, but, obviously, mostly because of the contest itself.

Moran Impresses We saw Eddie Fitzsimmons win his bout from Tim Doney in four rounds, Lou Grimson showing excellent judgment in stopping hostilities owing to a badly cut eye suffered by the Lancaster boxer. Fitz did not make an impression of being a terror as he has been painted. Phil Moran made an impressive debut even though he didn't win, as he was up against one of the hardest right-handed punchers in the game, the same being Willie Jackson.

That boxing is a popular sport in Philadelphia was proved by jammed houses at all four clubs holding special afternoon shows. There were a few empty chairs at the Olympia National Auditorium and Cambria, but at each club there were more fans standing than vacant seats. It is estimated that 15,000 people attended the four boxing shows.

COLMIE'S O.—Jack Perry knocked out Al Doty, sixth. Calgary, Can.—Tommy Gibbons defeated Mick King.

"Raise You Five" London, Nov. 28.—Another boxing promoter, "Healey," has offered a prize of \$100,000 for a match between Dempsey and the winner of the Beckett-Carpenter contest.

CASEY AND HARLEY STAR BROKEN-FIELD RUNNERS OF SEASON

Few Players Excel During the Season Who Combine Dodging Ability With a Mixture of Speed, as This Combination Is Rare—Mahan and Ames Heroes

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BROKEN-FIELD running comprises a mixture of speed and dodging ability, where those who excel through a season are extremely few. There are not many number who can carry away for a long run now and then, but there are not nearly so many who carry the various requirements needed to round out this art. A good broken-field runner must have speed. He must have the ability to stop and to start with extreme quickness. He must be able to use his hip and his feet in a sudden shift when tackled.

HE MUST have power in his legs to keep going and break from a half-tackle. And he must at all times possess rare coolness and judgment.

SNAKE AMES, of Princeton, as far back as 1888 was a master of broken-field play. The Tiger star not only had the speed and the knack, but he also had the patience and the determination to practice and develop the art of eluding tacklers.

Yale and Harvard haven't forgotten him yet. McClung, of Yale; Dibblee, of Harvard, and Osgood, of Pennsylvania, were other broken-field stars. Heaton and Coy depended more upon driving power than elusive tactics when under headway.

One of the best that ever played was Jim Thorpe, who had a rare faculty of shifting his right or left hip away from the tackler at the vital moment. Mahan, of Harvard, had no superior at this game. Mahan was extremely fast. He could stop while at full speed—and get going again in a step. His most baffling process was to offer the tackler one of his feet and then take it away as the opponent dived. Once in the open, he was almost impossible to overhaul or bring down.

ELLERY HUNTINGDON, of Colgate, was another fine broken-field star of the same period.

THE two star broken-field runners of 1919 were Eddie Casey, of Harvard, and Chick Harley, of Ohio State. Both completed their final contests on Saturday. Harley was a marvel at shifting and ducking. Moving at top speed, he could come to a sudden stop—and then hit the highway again without slackening his stride. Harley also had the knack of shifting feet and hips, and, like Casey, he was a hard man to bring down, even when cornered.

BOTH were carefully watched and guarded all the year by one or more opponents, but given any sort of a chance and they were on their way to glory.

The Golfer's Mandala I am tired of waiting longer on these gritty paving stones. And this chilly winter drizzle wakes the fever in my bones; Though I play on frozen fairways and I put on frozen greens, I had rather take a moshie where a warmer sunlight leans.

Two Types HERE are two types of backfield stars: Tremble, Princeton (145); Harley, Ohio State (155); Casey, Harvard (155); Wray, Penn State (145). Average weight, 150. Rodgers, West Virginia (108); Gillo, Colgate (102); Hastings, Pittsburgh (180); McMillan, Center (175). Average weight, 188. Take your pick.

IT IS now only a matter of four or five days before J. Beckett attempts to plaster G. Carpenter in order to settle the European rights for a Dempsey engagement. In this age of international complications, a mix-up between the heavyweight champions of Europe and America would be something of a sizzler, even though all indications pointed to a three-round finish.

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