Many Original Plays Are Used When Coaldale Defeats Gilberton on Snow-Covered Field

COALDALE CAPTURES ANTHRACITE REGION GRID CHAMPIONSHIP

Green Team Defeats Gilberton on Field Marked Off by Coal Dust, While Crowd Gets Close View of the Proceedings

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

Mahanoy City, Dec. 9.

NO MATTER what happens in the coal regions from now on, Coaldale has the championship football team. The husky lads who sport the Green on the field of battle silenced the last and most persistent challenger here yesterday when they defeated Gilberton on a slippery, icy field, partly covered with snow. The final figures were 13 to 7, with the champs on the long end of the count.

This game virtually ended the football season up the State. The boys, who are accustomed to playing on hard gridirons with protruding rocks and covered with clinging cinders, have registered a kick against the ice and snow, to say nothing of the cold weather. Therefore, the valises have been packed, the football suits put on the top shelf and nothing is left to be done but attend banquets to the winning and losing teams. This is a great system. Win or lose, they have a banquet.

Coaldale finished the season with only one reverse chalked against it. Leo Conway's Quakers socked them 2 to 0 early in the season. After that a couple of tie games were played, but all of the others resulted in clean-cut victories. Shenandoah, the principal rival, was defeated three weeks ago, and that game more than anything else gave Jimmy Gildea's eleven the anthracite title.

Yesterday's game was hard fought and played under the worst possible conditions. The icy field made it impossible to gain consistently, and the snow made the ball too slippery for many forward passes, but during the entire sixty minutes of play both sides fought hard. The best team won, but many of the spectators believe Gilberton would have had a better chance on a dry field, where their speed would have been more of an asset.

The game was arranged because it was a sort of a holiday up here and the mines shut down at noon. The Gilberton players worked under the ground all morning—and that work is not easy—and stepped out on the gridiron in the afternoon just as fresh and active as if they had been loafing for a week.

* * *

IT WAS a remarkable game of football when one realizes the conditions under which it was played. Several things happened that are new in the gridiron sport.

Lithgow Outguesses Gilberton and Scores

THE first touchdown, which was due to the quick thinking of Lithgow, Coaldale's great quarterback, took all of the spectators and Gilberton players by surprise. The ball had see-sawed up and down the field, and Gilberton, getting the ball in its own territory, punted.

The ball sailed 30 yards and hit the ground. A Gilberton player touched it and then walked away. Quick as a flash Lithgow gathered the oval in his arms and ran for a touchdown.

This play has not happened to my knowledge in any college game this year, because the players were taught how to play it. If a member of the kicker's side touches the ball it does not mean that the ball is dead. It is an offside play, but the other side has a chance to run with it and then decline the penalty. Coaldale did this and scored the first touchdown.

After that the big Green team, using the famous Blue Bonner to crack through the line and Lithgow, Herrin and Gitner to circle the ends and plunge off tackle, carried the ball steadily toward the Gilberton goal line. At the end of the first period the pigskin was on the 6-yard line, and on the first play of the second quarter Gitner plunged through for a touchdown. Garland missed the goal and the score was 13 to 0.

Gilberton seemed to be outplayed. The light backs could not hold their feet and many times were thrown for a loss behind the line. It was only superb punting of Captain Gottschall that kept the ball in Coaldale's territory and prevented more scoring.

The crowd was very much excited and quite inquisitive. They insisted getting a close-up on the play, and no one can blame them for that. Sometimes the spectators formed a ring around the noble athletes and cheered them.

There was no trouble, only once, when two of the players—Honey Boyadins and G. Zuby—playfully threw each other around. This caused parts of both sides to step on the field and give a free exhibition of how to play a football game without wearing soft bandages on the hands.

The exhibition lasted until the performers were tired and they retired to the sidelines to rest up and think of mean things to say at their rivals.

* * *

HOWEVER, it was all in fun, and take it from us, a pleasant time was had by all. The ambulance was not even thought of.

Gilberton Scores in the Third Period

THE intermission was welcomed by the athletes, and after the field had been cleared the game was resumed. Coaldale got the ball, the players shook hands, stepped back and went at it again.

Because of the crowd and the difficulty in having them witness the contest from long range, the players decided to keep on playing and not have an intermission between the halves. This was something unusual and the first time we ever have seen it done. When the second period ended Captain Gottschall went to the referee and said:

"Let's keep on playing. I will receive the ball down here."

He pointed to the end of the field which had a coating of ice but no snow on it, and Captain Garland, of Coaldale, kicked off from the 40-yard line, which, like the others, was lined with coal dust.

Then came the big surprise. Gilberton took on a new lease of life and played the open game. They discarded their line attack, which had failed in the first half, and ran the ends. The hip ball was worked better than we ever have seen it worked before. A spread formation was used, with the quarterback, Foulk, behind the center. Marae, the left end, would rush around, take the ball and then pass it to Sheehan for a reverse play.

The next time he would keep on going, but hold the ball in one hand and hide it behind his back. He fooled Coaldale three times in a row and brought the ball to scoring distance. Then Foulk tossed a forward pass to Houliban, who caught it in the field of play and disappeared in the crowd at the goal line. Gottschall kicked goal and the period ended.

Coaldale got the ball in the fourth period and never lost it. They would make a first down and then wait until the crowd left the field. This was repeated several times and the ball was carried to the 4-yard line. Here Gilberton braced and threw Bonner for a loss. Time was getting short, darkness was setting in and the crowd was getting closer.

* * *

IT WAS then that Evans tried to pull an entirely new play, which had originality sticking out all over it.

Self-Passing Play Goes Blooie

EVANS is the center, and a good one. He scored the winning touchdown against Shenandoah, and liked it so well that he was anxious to cross the line again.

Therefore he thought of the new play and tried it out. He passed the ball to himself, ran back and then headed for the goal line. He scored amid cheers of Coaldale and groans from the Gilberton side. He stood behind the goal line, his face flushed with triumph and cold weather and waited for the verdict.

It came. The referee refused to allow it, but before an argument could start Charley McCarty, the umpire and timekeeper, stepped up and said in loud, clear tones:

"The game is over. The score is 13 to 7 in favor of Coaldale."

* * *

THUS the great play went blooie and Evans did all of that original work for nothing.

Great Spirit Shown by Rival Teams Up-State

MUCH has been written about football in the coal regions, but too much cannot be said about the spirit shown by the players. They all are boys who work in the mines and live in the towns they represent. They have no ringers. They are just as careful about the personnel of their teams as the strictest college in the country. Everybody knows everybody else up here, and while there is a keen spirit of rivalry, it is friendly.

They never have a coach. Everything is picked up by the players themselves, and they practice the plays at night under the electric lights in the street. And they have some great players. Bonner, Lithgow, Gitner, Captain Garland, Evans, Melley, Pavik and the others are stars in Coaldale, and it would be difficult to find a better backfield man in the State than Gottschall, of Gilberton. Foulk is a great quarterback and Sheehan and Butts are good halfbacks.

* * *

GILBERTON deserves a lot of credit, even in defeat. The team is light, but very scrappy, and plays the modern game. This is due in a great measure to the coaching of Prof. M. L. Shore, principal of the Gilberton schools. Mr. Shore also manages the team.

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CURTIN IN DEBUT

Irish Knockerout to Meet Nelson at National Tomorrow

Fistic followers in Philadelphia will get their first glimpse of the "Fighting Irishman" of Jersey City, when Johnny Curtin makes his Philadelphia debut at the National A. A. tomorrow night. The boy has sprung a big surprise by knocking out Bobby Dyson in five rounds and is opposed to Joe Nelson, local Italian, in the star match, in an eight rounds.

Curtin has been knocking out his opponents on a 33 1-3 per cent average. Of his long bouts, his record shows that he has scored a K. O. in one out of every three matches.

Joe Jackson, of Southwark, is getting into shape for his meeting with Al Verbecken, of Kensington, in the semi-final. This local match has been hanging fire for some time. There is a lot of interest in the battle.

Frankie Britton and Eddystone Miller, a pair of hard-hitting middleweights, will go on in the main preliminary. In the other matches Young George Chip will tackle Mike Connors and Tommy Wilson will open the show with Eddie Welsh.

PUBLIC LINKSMEN TO HOLD MEETING

Philadelphia Golf Club Has Ticket Which Is "Sure" of Election—Fisher Gets Idea

STRANGE ANIMALS SEEN

By SANDY McNIBLICK

THE recent snow and ice have driven another golf organization to cover. You gotta come to town once in a while, so the members of the Philadelphia Golf Club, which has its headquarters at Cobbs Creek, are taking advantage of the general bleakness to hold a meeting next Monday night.

The nominations for officers have been made, and after a careful study of the ticket to be submitted, it will be seen that nobody can be defeated.

Here it is: President (vote for 1), Theodore P. Bennett; vice president (vote for 1), Harry Levy; secretary (vote for 1), Ed Mendell; treasurer (vote for 1), I. Goldberg; Board of Governors (vote for 2), H. L. Nolan, T. C. Leutze; Membership Committee (vote for 4), George C. Galena, R. C. Edwards, Norman MacBean and John Lord.

A Success

The demon nomad ex-president-to-be, Howard Thornton, will make a speech in which he won't care who knows that the Philadelphia Golf Club has had a successful season, both in its own events and through the Quaker City tournaments.

Many tilts were staged on the Cobbs Creek slopes. Jack Burns won the Memorial Day Cup, donated by Frank Lewis; J. J. Campbell won the presidents' Independence Day Cup, presented by T. C. Leutze; Frank L. Lewis won the Philadelphia Golf Club Championship, a trophy given by Howard Thornton, and Tom Trullinger won the Labor Day Tournament Cup, presented by some one (ignominious) here because we can't read the writing.

* * *

Several players of this municipal club entered some of the big invitation tournaments and made a name for themselves. Among these were Joe Cobb, Frank Lewis, Mike Tobin, Leo Boyle, J. J. Campbell, George Galena, I. Goldberg, H. E. Posey, John Lord, Pete Kearney and C. Culver.

* * *

Stags and Stag Dinner

Barney Fischer gets his inspirations in weird ways, but you can't hate him for that. He gets 'em.

Anyhow, Barney had his little nose pressed against the window pane the other day out at Roxborough while it was snowing, softly sobbing because he couldn't get out there and play golf. Suddenly Barney rubbed his eyes. He saw a couple of animals trot across the golf course.

"Ostriches!" exclaimed Barney, whose imagination never failed him.

"No, wild horses," he murmured to himself after another look.

"Oh, deer," he reflected as they came nearer. "I'm still wrong. They're stags!"

"Stags, stags," the demon field secretary of the club whispered. "There ought to be a story in that or an idea for a joke."

"Ah, I know!" and the intrepid publicist clapped his hands for joy. "We'll have a stag dinner. Further, we'll let them all horn in for one buck." (Tut, tut!)

With these comical thoughts Barney set to work. The result is that on next Thursday Roxborough will hold a stag dinner at the clubhouse. The following have kindly consented to speak: Colonel Struse, on "Why I Remember Harry Vardon"; Bill Keely, "When I Taught Ted Ray How to Use a Mashie Niblic"; Fred Lord, "How I Outdrove Abe Mitchell"; E. L. Carleman, "How I Won Florida Championship."

Stanley Hern denies the rumor denied that he is going to Atlanta to investigate the Klenglers down in those parts. Stanley left yesterday to establish a branch office of the St. Mungo Golf Company.

A **"scratch"** medal round will appeal to many of those with the golfer's itch. It is the par score of the course plus a certain number of strokes, not exceeding six, to compensate for the severity of the hazards and general difficulties in making the addition of these strokes. That's a "scratch score," according to the latest ruling of St. Andrews.

Wilfred Reid has not played golf for a couple of weeks. The reason is that he has been confined to his bed by a severe attack of sensibility. "Glad it came during the snow," said Mister Reid to Missus Reid.

Charlie Doelp has donated a bam tree to Lu-Lu, which will be strategically placed for hungry members. It will be well fed and mustard vines planted nearby so as to make it complete.

Frank McCracken cares naught for sentiment. He has handed back the tie that binds.

Y'S KRAX

FOOTBALL ruling—No, a forward pass isn't a "failure" when it goes into the "hands of a receiver."

* * *

Watching our football games gave Marshall Foch an idea where Americans get their fighting spirit.

* * *

How to spell success—H-U-S-T-L-E.

* * *

"Six Armed Men Rob Bank," says a New York paper. Guys with six arms ought to be able to grab an honest living, in a museum or something.

* * *

Don't be absurd, Phyllis. Of course, Cell U. Loid ain't a brother of Harold.

* * *

Falk says every man on the Penn golf team is square except, of course, Round.

* * *

Babe Ruth has been asked to join the Ancient Order of Motormen and Conductors of the Frankford L.

* * *

Uak Russell wants to know how the football team of Electoral College made out this year.

* * *

Joe Tinkis says he would sure like to play golf, only he can't ride a horse.

* * *

Babe Ruth has not written the story of his hardest battle. He says he will let Commissioner Landis be the judge.

* * *

Baseball bugs read with interest how three R's were stung—meaning Babe, Bob and Bill.

* * *

Penn officials were pleased with the net receipts of the tennis rally last night.

* * *

Bill Hart's wild and woolly stuff is all off now. He's married.

* * *

Bill's bride is popular among the movie folk. She has won their Hart.

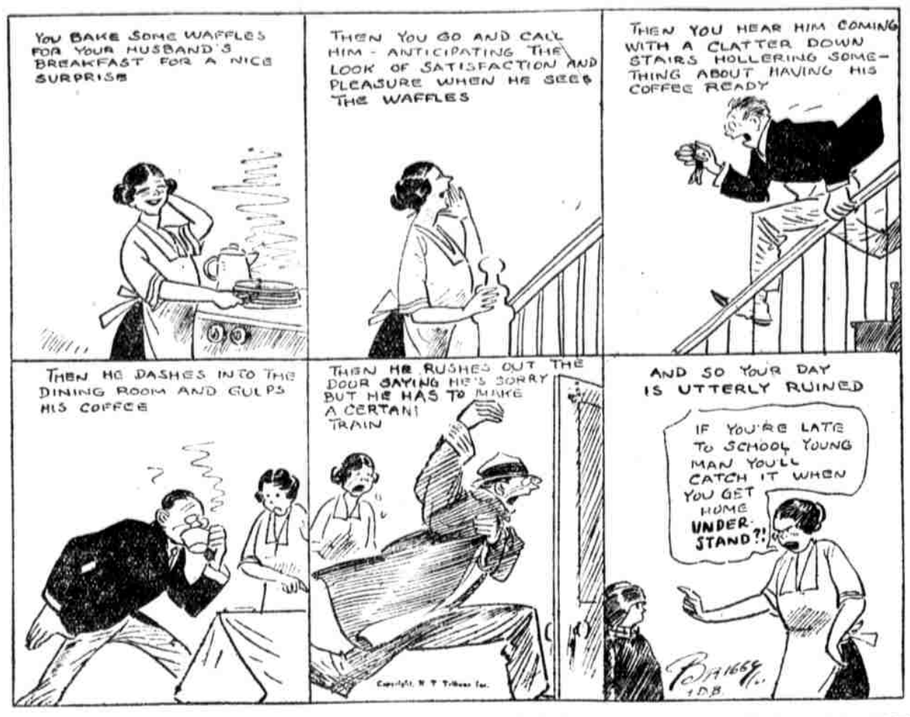
* * *

Rolling fall will help wrestling, says referee. It needs help.

* * *

All Ayk.

HOW TO START THE DAY WRONG



Good Golfer Should Roll, Not Drag, Putts—Guilford

If Putter Strikes Ground After Ball Is Hit, It's a Drag; Best Shot Between a Drag and Half-Top

By JESSE P. GUILFORD
Amateur Golf Champion of the United States

WE HEAR a great deal during championship contests about putting being the feature which loses and wins matches, and during those times we wonder if we should not pay more attention to our putting than to any other stroke in the game.

There is no doubt that the putting stroke is the most simple, but it is also the most treacherous, for coupled with the necessity to judge distance accurately one must have ability to sense the lay of the land, so to speak.

This would bring us to the conclusion that if the stroke is so simple it must be the outside factors which make the shot so difficult.

Utopian Greens

If putting greens were absolutely level, and the greens uniformly slow or fast, then we would all be good putters, for all we would have to do would be to gauge the distance. Every six-foot putt would be hit in the same way, every three-foot putt would require a uniform stroke, and in this way not only would the putting stroke be simple, but putting itself would be a cinch. But fortunately the greens are not flat, and weather conditions change a slow green into a fast one overnight, so that the good golfer must learn to take these factors into consideration.

In England last spring the American golfers found much difficulty on the putting greens, and it brought home the fact that we were in a fair way liable to be considered poor putters. The greens were extremely fast, and I wondered at that time if more practice on putting would not enable us to take strange conditions more as they come and go.

* * *

In my last article I hinted that I did not believe that putters are born and not made. I think that if a person takes that view of the why and wherefore of putting he is sure to be a poor putter.

* * *

PUTTING, like everything else, takes practice before efficiency can be guaranteed, and because putting looks so simple we feel that we are wasting our time to put in an hour or so of putting.

Some of the leading professionals, when commenting on their own poor putting, will say that there is no special way to teach it. They say putting is an art, that it is the one stroke in golf where individuality is licensed, and consequently if they have a pupil who is putting fairly well, but in terrible form, he is not corrected, which in all probability causes his game never to improve.

Reformed Putter

James Braid is always mentioned as an example of a reformed putter. He is now considered one of the finest putters, but at one time he enjoyed the reputation of being a very poor putter.

It was not until he had been shown the fallacy of dragging his putts that he reached the distinction of being such a good putter. Braid now rolls his putts, and if he benefited through the result of a change in his style, surely some of the lesser lights in golf would do to learn by following his example.

* * *

The simplest way by which I can explain what it is to drag the ball in a putt is to say that if after the ball is hit the putter goes into the ground you are guilty of dragging.

* * *

IF THE putter is too high up in the hitting of the ball it causes the ball to be half topped, but of the two—the dragging or the topping—I believe that it is easier to correct the golfer who habitually tops.

Here we have on one hand the ball which is hit too high, causing a top, and the ball which is hit too low being dragged, so half way between should be the correct way. In putting I am just conscious of the sole of my putter touching the grass, and this, I believe, causes the ball to roll.

In Same Spot

There is another point to bear in mind in relation to putting accurately, and that is that the ball should be addressed and hit with the same part of the putter.

I address the ball with the putter so that if the swing is true the ball will be hit almost with the center of the putter, or I might say a little nearer the toe than the center of the cutter.

* * *

If the ball is addressed with one part of the putter and hit with another part, even though it be just a little bit off, the ball is not hit truly and it will deviate from the imaginary line upon which it was sought to roll.

* * *

IF THE putting is indeed the feature of the game which wins and loses championships, then we should all give it the serious thought which it deserves. I do not in any way want to underrate the importance of the putt, or exaggerate the importance of the drive or approach, but I firmly believe that championships are not won or lost on any one feature of the game, and that the man who loses cannot put the blame wholly to his poor putting.

The man who wins does not win through one brilliant streak, such as putting, approaching or driving, but by playing every feature of the game up to the championship qualifications.

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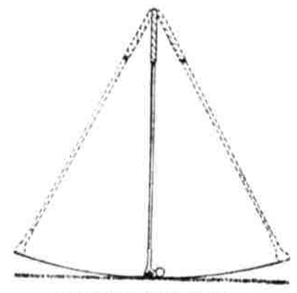
My Monday's article will be "Practicing."



PUTTING FOR ROLL

QUAKERS TO HOLD SECRET PRACTICE

Heinie Miller's Eleven Will Bar Visitors From Phils' Park at Final Workout

PENN STARS TO PLAY

Heinie Miller, captain of the Philadelphia Quakers' football eleven has decided to bar every one from the Phillies' Ball Park this afternoon except the players who are to participate in the game against the Frankford Yellowjackets tomorrow afternoon.

The uptowners are out to win this game in particular and Miller is just as anxious that Leo Conway's club will retain the title of city champions. The two teams met several weeks ago and the game resulted in a 0-0 tie. The game on that occasion, however, was played in a sea of mud.

The Phils' gridiron has been all fixed up by Sam Payne, who has had a corps of assistants busy working every day since the storm of last Sunday, and it is very likely that with clear weather the game will be played under better conditions than any of the previous Frankford-Quaker contests.

Howard Berry, Harry Rosetsky and Carl Thomas, former Penn gridiron luminaries, are among those upon whom the Frankford A. A. Yellowjackets are relying to lower the colors of the Quakers. Thomas has been practicing all this week and Rosetsky will make his initial appearance with the Yellowjackets today.

Berry, who is in good condition because of his coaching duties in Northern New York, also is expected today. Manager Bowker and Coach Johnson had some difficulty obtaining his contract, but no further hitch in the arrangements is expected. Fred Eble, a utility man at Franklin Field several years ago, also will play with the Northeast squad.

TO CLOSE GRID SEASON

Holmesburg Reserves Will Meet Frankford All-Stars in Final

The Holmesburg Reserves will close the 1921 football season tomorrow afternoon on Crystal Field, Rhawn street, east of Frankford avenue when they play the Frankford All-Stars, a team composed of players and ex-players of the Frankford High School. Considerable rivalry exists between the teams.

The Reserves, according to manager W. C. Shissler, have enjoyed their best season, winning all eight games played. The team is coached by J. Eavis, a brother of H. Eavis, who handled big teams for years.

The reserves have so far outclassed all their opponents that manager Shissler does not hesitate to say that he thinks his team can give many of the so-called representative eleven in the city a good battle if the same could be arranged.

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HOCKEY SATURDAY NIGHT
Quaker City vs. Red Rovers
Admission $1.00, Including Skating
BOXING
Tuesday Night, Dec. 13
BOBBY BARRETT vs. GEORGE EAGLE
FOUR OTHER GOOD BOUTS

OLYMPIA
Broad and Bainbridge
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 12
MATTY DECHTER vs. BOBBY WOLGAST
BILLY DEVINE vs. BENNY BASS
KID WAGNER vs. BOBBY BURMAN
DANNY KRAMER vs. JIMMY MENDO 8 Rounds
JOE BENJAMIN vs. HARRY (KID) BROWN 8 Rds.
Seats on sale, Schott's Cafe, 12th and Filbert Sts. Phone, Locust 4996.

LATEST K. O. SENSATION
will appear SATURDAY at the
NATIONAL CLUB
Eleventh and Catharine
Johnny Curtain, who stopped BOBBY DYSON, in five rounds,
vs. Joe Nelson—8 rounds
Al Verbecken vs. Joe Jackson
Frankie Britton vs. Eddystone Miller
Two Other Crackerjack Battles
Res. Seats, $1.50, $1. Adm., 50c
Get Tickets Now at 33 South 11th St.

FOOTBALL
Philadelphia Quakers vs. Frankford Yellow Jackets
Saturday, December 10
PHILADELPHIA BALL PARK
PRICES, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00
Tickets on sale Conway's, Gimbels, Spaldings

Men's and Young Men's
SUITS and Overcoats
$11.80
and see our 16 windows
Peter Moran & Co.
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BIJOU 8TH & RACE STS.
In Conjunction With the BIG BURLESQUE SHOW
Tonight—Amateur Boxing
10—First-Class Bouts—10
Under the auspices of A. A. U. Finals in various classes. Beginning new classes. When they go on here—they fight.

CAMBRIA ATHLETIC CLUB
KENSINGTON AVE. AND SOMERSET
FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9TH
5—CRACKAJACK BOUTS—5
2 EIGHTS AND 3 SIXES

BIG LEAGUE SOCCER
Saturday, December 10, 2:30 P. M.
PHILADELPHIA vs. FALL RIVER, (Mass.)
CAHILL FIELD, 20th & Clearfield Sts.
Reserved Seats, 75c. Admission, 50c.

ROLLER SKATING
TONIGHT at Rains Rink
Res., Broad and Wharton Sts.

BOXING HAS PRODUCED BIGGEST SPORT GATE

All Past Admission Records Broken at Dempsey-Carpentier Fight—Football and Baseball Rank Back of Glove Game

By GRANTLAND RICE

DEAR SIR: I have had several arguments lately as to what single sport was the best drawing card of the game. There seems to be a big difference of opinion as to whether it is baseball, boxing or football. At least these three sports seem to be well in the lead. Is there any way of showing by the figures which game can draw out the largest crowd? L. L. F.

TO JUDGE by actual performance, boxing has produced the greatest crowd and the biggest gate. When 91,000 people paid in $1,500,000 to see Dempsey rumple up Carpentier, all past admission and receipt records were smothered. Against that it might be offered that something like 200,000 applications were turned down for the Army-Navy game, whereas there were practically no applications turned down for the Rickard show.

The Big Three

BOXING, baseball and football might be classed as the Big Three of sport, in the way of drawing cards, with racing well up in the list.

No matter what the seating capacity, we doubt very much that 91,000 would ever pay out as much as $1,500,000 to see any one football or baseball game.

A big heavyweight international boxing championship would outdraw any other single program beyond question.

Yet football would give even this feature a hard run. Suppose Yale and Harvard came to some season where they stood out as the two greatest football machines of the country.

Suppose this game was recognized as a championship test, the winner to be proclaimed ruler of the gridiron from Berkeley to Cambridge.

At $3 a seat, open to all comers, this game would undoubtedly draw 250,000 spectators.

No single baseball game would ever draw this great crowd—especially at $3 a head.

If one ball game should happen to decide a pennant race between New York and Chicago, and the arena was large enough, 125,000 might flutter in through the turnstiles at normal prices.

But baseball, as a single gauge card, is now below football, with its dash, color and deeper appeal.

Boxing vs. Football

A HEAVYWEIGHT championship fight that gave prospect of being a whirlwind affair at $3 per non-combatant would fill any stand that would leave a view of the contest.

But a championship football game between Harvard and Yale, or the Army and Navy, would do about the same.

It would be a neck-and-neck affair between these two. Either would fill up the combined seating capacity of the Yale Bowl, Harvard Stadium, Princeton Stadium and the Polo Grounds.

If you don't believe that football part of it, ask the ticket managers of West Point, Annapolis, Yale and Harvard.

BIGGER stadiums and stands are coming. For sport is not a fad. It keeps its grip and spreads its appeal. And this appeal is spreading throughout the world. It is well possible that wars of the future will give way to the athletic meetings of rival nations, with international sport showing where supremacy belongs.

Another Entry

THERE is still another possibility to consider that might go beyond the drawing-card possibilities of both boxing and football.

Suppose England had elected to send over her greatest three-year-old to meet Man O' War, when this marvel of the turf was at the top of his racing career?

It is easily conceivable that such a meeting at a $3 admission might draw 500,000 spectators, provided there was room to accommodate any such multitude.

As it is, the English Derby goes far past all other drawing cards.

Nothing in sport has yet touched this feature. The attendance has run as high as 1,000,000.

Last June it ran above 600,000, many of whom started walking for Epsom Downs over two weeks ahead of the test.

There has never been a crowd spectacle to touch this sight of from 600,000 to 1,000,000 turf fans packing every highway.

WITH sport riding such a wave, attendance accommodations have now become a joke. At many of the biggest features only the lucky and the so-called elect have any chance to get by. Thousands upon thousands are turned away, and even greater numbers never try, knowing the slight chance they have to get a ticket. Of course, there are many who would never go if tickets were easy to get. For these the main thrill is bagging the elusive admission card, no matter what the price. But these are in the minority. Crowds build crowds.

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Boots and Saddle

Goodheart appears best in the feature race for two-year-olds at New Orleans today. Plunella and Brush Boy may furnish keen contention. Horses will be placed in other races are:

First race, Perhaps, Thomas F. McMahon, Back Bay; second, Paul Connolly, War Pennant, Brown Check; fifth, Incog, Sea Cove, Sikhim; sixth, Louis Wynne, Marie Rappold, Old Faithful; seventh, Anna Gallup, Young Adam, Ettabe.

At Havana—First race, Cletile, Cortex, Tricolette; second, Cortez, Sea Rose, Sir William Johnson; third, Haran, Parol, John J. Riley; fourth, The Boy, Cherry Tree, Fitzboodle; fifth, Sea Urchin, John J. Casey, Harry Glover; sixth, McAdoo, Mildred, Zoon.

Frank Brown's good colt Hephaistos by Vulcaine—Neva W., by Rey del Sierras, which will be a three-year-old next season, and promises well on his Maryland autumn form, is well housed at Jamaica. He is in the same barn as the Black colt Morvich, this year's juvenile champion, and Mawrocon, which won all his three closing races in the Black colors this fall. Brown's other colt, Tamaus, by Rock View—Belgravia, by Brush, is also in the same barn with the Black pair and Hephaistos for the winter.

Five carloads of horses, participants in the recent Bowie meeting, are on their way to Mexico City to prepare at Condesa for the meeting to begin there January 14, under the auspices of the Jockey Club Internacionale de Mexico) and be directed by James F. O'Hara, of Baltimore. This shipment, which proceeded directly from Bowie, will go into Mexico from Laredo, Tex.

Omar Khayyam, whose first band of weanlings has been under the eyes of horsemen this fall, is achieving a rare popularity already among the younger stallions of the country, according to Arthur B. Hancock, proprietor of the Claiborne stud near Lexington.

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