James Gordon Bennett Set Pony Polo Styles

Ranged Texas, France and England for Dashing Mounts.

A. BELMONT PURDY RECALLS OLD GAME

H. P. Whitney, in 1909, Scoured the British Isles for Ponies to Lift Cup.

In collecting from Texas, France and England the string of five polo mounts to bear him with dash and courage in the early games of American polo at Jerome Park and Newport, from 1876 to 1879, James Gordon Bennett established a precedent that has been followed ever since by aspiring poloists. This is to range the world over for mounts that will exactly fill the bill. The first string of American polo mounts—then called ponies—was photographed on the sidelines of the Westchester Polo Club, Newport, in 1879, and the illustration is a copy of the original, owned by William Ayrault Hazard, secretary-treasurer of the Polo Association.

Ordinarily Hazard is dubbed "Uncle Billy" by the polo players, and those who will gather as delegates to the annual meeting on Tuesday night at the Racquet and Tennis Club will so greet him. Yet "Uncle Billy" is a junior in comparison with the veterans of the pioneer polo days who still follow the game.

Lord Mandeville, who was Bennett's guest here in 1876, had kindled the fires for the game by describing how it had been introduced at London by the officers who had learned to play at India stations. Bennett sent Harry Blesson, a dapper little Englishman, to Texas to pick out a carload of ponies. They were brought to Dickel's Riding Academy, on Fifth Avenue, where the Union League Club now stands, and Bennett, with the men about town he had invited to join him, played their first polo on the tanbark there.

"When Bennett had selected the least objectionable ones," says A. Belmont Purdy, who was one of the group of polo neophytes, "the others were allowed to take their pick of those that remained at $75 each, which was what they cost." There were forty mounts in the first lot, which had been munching each other's manes and tails during the trip and reached Dickel's as ragged in looks as a worn carpet. Blesson made several trips, but, according to H. L. Herbert, who took up the game at Long Branch that summer, $90 was the upset price on the ponies.

The polo players had their pick at this set price, the others being disposed of in the open market. John Sanford, then a thin-waisted youngster about town and now the rather portly pillar of the Jockey Club, as owner of the Hurricana Stud, at Amsterdam, N. Y., broke up this friendly little arrangement and put polo mounts on the map as a source of revenue to horse dealers and breeders. He staked Blesson on the quiet to a $250 retainer for the first choice of the carloads brought on from Texas, and ever since bargains in polo mounts have been chiefly accidental.

The three middle ponies in the illustration were from the first Texas consignment, and named Pet, the little gray mare; Tommy and Billy. Pet was only thirteen hands, and Bennett, never scant of limbs, had to shorten the stirrups and play with his knees nearly on his chin to use the little mare.

Lilly, the first mare on the line and next to Pet, was a French thoroughbred, nearly fifteen hands, while the gray, Silver, on the extreme end, was an English pony bought at Hurlingham for a long price, the first of countless mounts to come from that haven of the game with the same recommendation. Riding Silver in the 1879 season at Newport once, H. L. Herbert had a bad fall after a collision with S. S. Howland, then popularly known as Sammy, which is one of the reminiscences the sight of this group of ponies will recall to the oldtimers.

The first outdoor polo field, to quote A. Belmont Purdy again, "was a stubble field at the head of the half-mile chute at Jerome Park, mown with scythes and not rolled. There was a stone wall at one end, about twenty feet from the goal, and the carriages were lined up on one side close to the side lines, and society turned out to see the new sport. The mallets, unwieldy implements, made after Lord Mandeville's designs, were never raised above the height of the knee, according to a rule in the Hurlingham Club's book, so that a bunt that drove the ball a few yards over the rough ground was the most that could be accomplished."

Later Bennett rented a house with grounds suited for a polo field, adjoining Jerome Park, and established the Westchester Polo Club, which soon after moved its lares and penates to Newport, which has since been its home.

It would be obvious to state that the game introduced in this informal way and the creation of the first American string of polo mounts have led to a vast aggregate expenditure since for nags to be used in the game. Yet as the needs of the poloist are confined only to the sort of polo he intends to play, there are still ponies to be had at sums within the limit of the boys who are taking up the game so generally in all parts of the country and from whom the players of the future must be drawn.

It is different when an international match is in prospect, for then money must flow like water if the best on the market are to be gathered together as mounts for a challenging or a defending team. Visitors to the great game for the international cup at Meadow Brook will not soon forget the parades of the two strings, each representing an outlay of over $100,000. The total is easily reached when picked mounts are bought for $4,000 and $5,000 apiece.

H. P. Whitney, before essaying the successful campaign at Hurlingham that lifted the cup in 1909, had agents scouring the British Isles for the best mounts that money could buy. It would take some figuring to tell what the outlay cost him, but, as nothing succeeds like success, the results must have satisfied him. It will be recalled, while the Polo Association backed him in every way and many individuals loaned to him the best mounts in their American strings, the initiative was made as a personal venture by the Long Island sportsman. And he never played on a losing team. Some four months ago Whitney brought over Royal Victoria, said to be the pick of the Duke of Westminster's string. This is the brown mare played by Captain Vivian Lockett, on Westminster's challenging team, in 1913. The price paid by Whitney, if it could be ascertained, would fully bear out the fact that international mounts are still worth nearly their weight in gold.

As to the cost of the ponies brought over by the successive challenging teams, those to mount Captain Lloyd's pioneer undertaking were really bought by popular subscriptions from the British poloists of the world through the cup defence fund of the Hurlingham Club. The Duke of Westminster, when he decided to challenge in 1913, took over these mounts and returned, as a sportsmanlike undertaking, the subscriptions to all who could be traced.

All this cost a pretty penny, no doubt, and put money into circulation in many quarters where it did good to many. Lord Wimborne, who financed the foray of 1914 that regained the cup for Hurlingham, wintered his string and players in royal state in Spain before coming to America in the spring. It was a great lot of mounts and sent to the game in the pink of condition. No one will ever know what his fling cost the patrician sportsman, but it is a matter of record that he raised $1,000,000 on land mortgages shortly after his triumphant return.

And there would have been no such great international carnivals of polo but for the zeal of the little band of New Yorkers, led by Bennett, who started the American game, and each of the five oddly-contrasting mounts in the photograph has been a factor in the popularization of the game.

Since the last annual meeting, H. L. Herbert and W. A. Hazard have been compiling from instructions therein passed a registry of polo mounts. A return of the names and descriptions of 1,000 mounts will be reported at Tuesday's meeting. Pedigrees are not considered, for if a thoroughbred the mount is recorded in the stud book, and if a halfbred, as matters go, no one cares much about the breeding. One of the matters to be discussed at the meeting will be the preservation of the register. When a player gets a mount that does not suit him he sells quickly, or trades it away, and the zeal to get together fine mounts is only balanced by the energy displayed in shifting about mounts that fail to give entire satisfaction.

Consequently, the wise poloists expect the list that has been so carefully prepared to be smashed into flinders as soon as active play begins, unless some plan may be devised to preserve it intact. To do the work right, Herbert fears, will require a special office and a staff of clerks. In the meantime, besides the gross total, it is interesting to know that the heaviest club registry is from Myopia, in Massachusetts, and is of 73 mounts. Also that Onwentsia, near Chicago, registers 58; the St. Louis Country Club, 42; Bryn Mawr, Pa., 44, and San Mateo, Cal., with only three members reporting, has a registry of 40. Those most eager to demand the registry have been the slowest to respond to the calls for data, strange to say. Of Long Island clubs, Piping Rock, Meadow Brook and Great Neck have been the most lax in this respect.

Fifty-two clubs, besides the 800 members of the Army Polo Association, have duly recorded delegates.

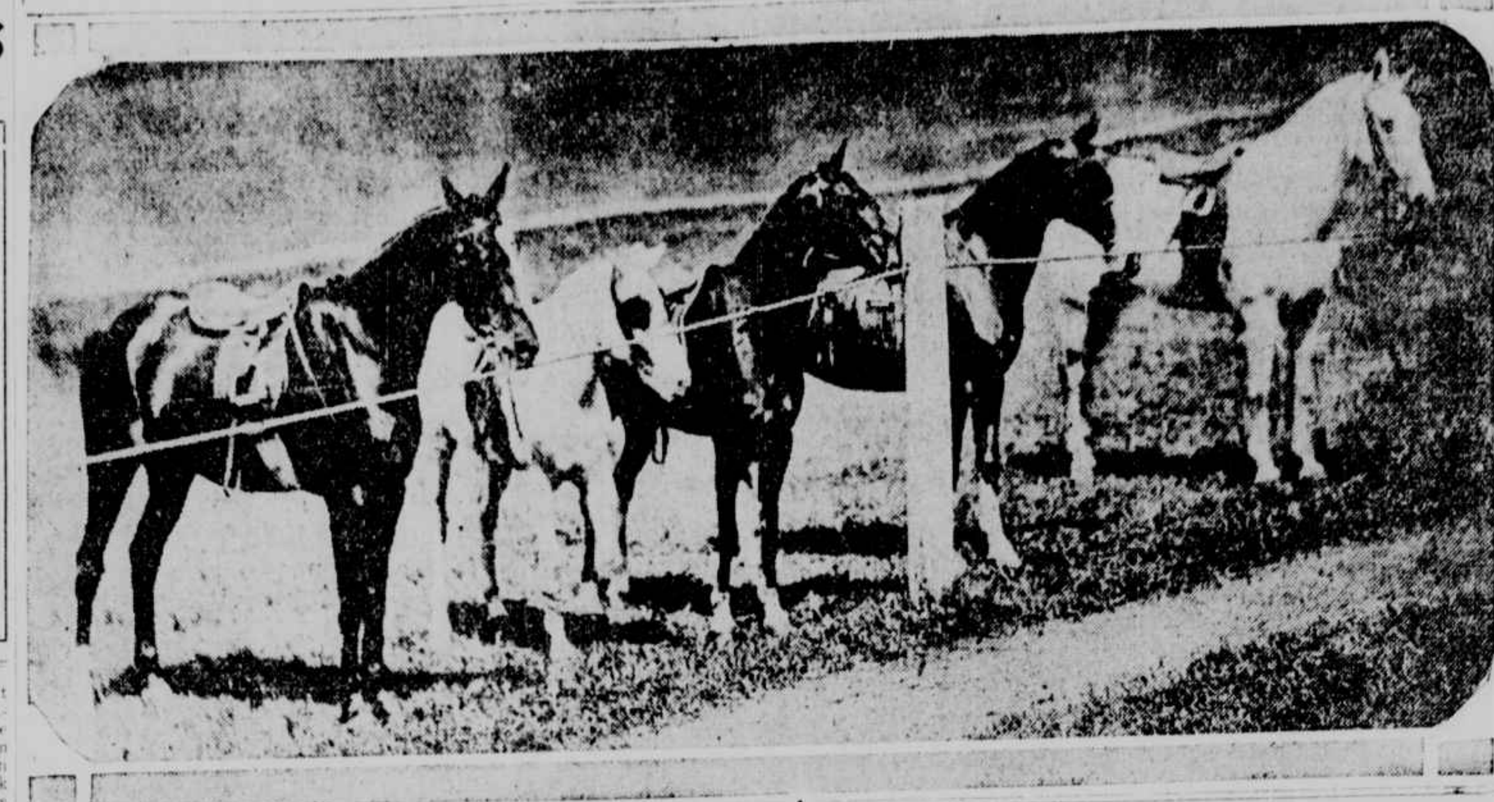
Fisher, of Yanks, Now a Lecturer

Ray Fisher, of the New York Yankees, has added lecturing to other accomplishments. Recently from the platform of the Y. M. C. A. Training College, at Springfield, he addressed the students on the art of pitching.

Fisher assured his auditors that the first requisite of pitching was tremendous speed. "Curves and control may be developed," said Fisher, "but speed is born to the pitcher."

The pitcher said in his opinion the use of the spitball eventually would ruin a pitcher's arm.

America's First String of Polo Ponies, from Old Photograph



Personal Touches Here and There in Boxing

By IGOE

All the way from good auld Ireland comes this bit of comment on the present heavyweight situation. Written by "Carberry," in the CORK WEEKLY EXAMINER, the article contains a lot of things we knew and a lot that we DIDN'T know. For instance, "Carberry" says that Johnson lost his title in a fight with Willard at Mexico, that Moran was a novice when Coffey was a star and that the fight between Willard and Moran would probably be promoted by James W. "Crofforth" or Tommy Burns. It's a long way to Cork, Carberry.

"Followers of heavyweight boxing were looking forward with interest to the second meeting between the two big Irish-bred aspirants for world's championship honors during the week—Frank Moran and Jim Coffey—Coffey, misnamed the 'Dublin Giant,' is a native of County Roscommon, and from being a conductor of a New York streetcar jumped by a series of short-cut victories to the boxing limelight. Starting as a sparring partner to the huge, lumbering 'White Hope,' Carl Morris, the Irishman proved himself very clever with hands and feet, and carried a knockout in either hand. His cleverness for so big a man made him a ready favorite with American patrons, and some twelve months ago was put down by the keenest critics as the most promising aspirant to Jack Johnson's belt.

"In the meantime Frank Moran, little more than a novice, was struggling through third-rate heavy weights in America and England. Awkward to a degree, the red-haired Philadelphian's only claim to that recognition was his ability to take all the punishment coming his way and come back for more. Two years back he visited Connemara and Achill Island—the home of his parents. Many students of ring records smiled when they read of how he told his credulous relatives that he would be 'the world's champion some day.' He was persevering certainly, and his victory over Billy Wells, the English champion, in the ninth round shortly after, set people thinking. He was matched with Johnson at Paris, and, though the black man was voted well past his best day, it didn't look as if his supremacy was threatened. Moran put up a fine fight, and though Johnson was never in trouble the fight went the full twenty rounds. Johnson got the verdict on points, but the Connaught-bred man was going strong at the finish and was confident of final victory had the affair been fought to a finish.

"The negro met his Waterloo next time out, for in the finish fight at Mexico with Jess Willard, the young six-foot-four Texican cowboy, Jack Johnson was put away for the first time in his career. Johnson held the world's championship for almost eight years against all comers, and was nothing like fit when he met Willard. People who have seen the pictures of his last two fights cannot have failed to notice his swift decay. The big wrinkles of fat around his loins and waist at Mexico last summer told their own tale of indifferent preparation. Whatever his private history, Jack Johnson must go down in ring history as the brainiest and most capable defensive heavyweight the modern world has seen. None of the present day white men could have hoped to live with him in his prime—say when he crushed Tommy Burns at the Sidney ring on Boxing Day of 1908.

"Jess Willard has yet to defend his title, and the fans, as they say in Yankeeland, were of one voice in declaring that his first serious opponent should come from either the Coffey or Moran 'stables.' So the pair were brought together, and some six weeks ago the big Irishmen crushed. Coffey, far the better boxer of the pair, had the best of the early exchanges, but Moran was the stouter man, and put his man out with a terrible right to the jaw in the third session. It was thought that Coffey was unlucky, and the pair were matched again. At New York on Friday last they met for the second time, when Moran definitely established his superiority, winning in the ninth round. Coffey's long rumored want of 'bottom' has put him out of the championship running, and it is pretty certain that Moran and Willard will clash in March under the promotion of either Jim Crofforth or Tommy Burns. Neither are clever boxers, but they are both dour, determined, hard-hitting men, and a great struggle ought to result."

Frank Moran will train at Dal Hawkins's place, out in Westchester, for his fight with Willard. Frank said last night that he wouldn't think of changing his camp for quarters in the New York Athletic Club.

"The little old Hawkins farm has been my lucky camp, and no amount of argument could get me to leave Dal's place," said Moran. "It's been my lucky spot, hasn't it, and I'm not going to take any chances with bringing down the wrath of the leprachauns on my fair head."

"And what are leprachauns, Francis Charles?"

"The Irish fairies," said the big Pittsburgher. "They are supposed to be running around in the Irish woods. No one has been lucky enough to ever catch one or even see one, but you mustn't disturb them when they're being kind to you. That's why little Frankie will finish off his work at Dal Hawkins's camp after he comes back from Saratoga air."

How could a fistic chronicler go wrong with Dan Morgan? There isn't the slightest possibility, not the slightest. Daniel Boone doth send this open letter to all the merry wags who argue afterward as to whether it was a RIGHT UPPERCUT or a LEFT HOOK that brought down Kid Whoozthis in the thrilling battle with Batling Whatchamaycalum. Dee writes:

"Dear Sir—If it is possible for you to make it, come over and see Battling Levinsky whip Jack Dillon at the Broadway A. C., in Brooklyn, next Tuesday night. Dillon is the only heavyweight that can give the Battler a fight. Levinsky has only lost two decisions in his last ninety-one battles, and when he lost the decisions he was not feeling well. In the last bout, at Indianapolis, between Levinsky and Dillon, Ed Smith, referee, declared for a shade decision in favor of Levinsky, after one of the greatest ten-round bouts ever seen in the West.

"Although no referee's decision was given from the ringside, it was the private opinion of Mr. Smith that Levinsky had whipped Dillon. All of the other heavyweights are afraid of the man killer, but not so with the Battler. He fears no man, black or white, and that means that Jack Dillon is in for a drubbing on February 8."

Had Jack Curley succeeded in convincing Tom Jones that a Dillon-Willard match would have been the proper caper, the chances are that Dillon would have got into a peck of trouble with the Broadway Sporting Club, as the management of that fight emporium had Cowler signed for their next fight in case of victory. Dillon's chances went sky high, as he will now live up to his agreement and meet Levinsky Tuesday night. Cowler? Ah, but he lost. Though Tom did hit the boards pretty hard, there are plenty of bouts in sight for him if he will get down to serious training. Rumor has it that the big Englishman has been training on laughing gas or some such silly concoction. He wasn't right in Boston and he wasn't right in Brooklyn, and nobody knows it better than Cowler himself. He has made a wonderful discovery. He has "FOUND BROADWAY," all by himself. What is it like, Tom? We never heard tell of it.

Golf and the Newspaper; 20 Years Ago and Now!

Magazine Article by H. L. Fitzpatrick Opens an Interesting Line of Comparison.

By FRED HAWTHORNE.

An article in last month's "Golf Illustrated," by H. L. Fitzpatrick, on "Early American Golf Reporters" serves to show the difficulties under which the golf news chasers labored twenty years ago, and opens an interesting line of comparison with the manner in which the daily newspapers treated the Scottish game then and their attitude toward it at the present day.

In 1894, when the second amateur championship tournament of the United States was played over the course of the St. Andrews Golf Club, in Yonkers, four newspapers sent men to cover the story.

The sporting editor of "The Morning World," according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, figuratively turned up his nose at the idea of wasting an otherwise perfectly good reporter on such a newfangled fancy as golf, and that newspaper was not represented at St. Andrews on the opening day of play.

What a contrast to-day! Last year, when the amateur championship was played over the course of the Detroit Country Club, in Michigan, several hundred miles from New York, almost every newspaper in this city had at least one man on the grounds. These men were selected because of their particular qualifications for describing what they saw, and they kept the telegraph wires humming from the close of each day's play until well into the night.

Some of the newspapers spread the daily recital of the progress of the amateur championship over two or three columns. Special photographers were also assigned to snap the players as they sat on the clubhouse veranda, as they sauntered about the grounds and in the act of driving off from the first tee or digging a ball out of a deep sand trap.

Some of the golf reporters even availed themselves of the use of special scouts or couriers, whose business it was to follow certain matches over the course, and, in case something unusual happened, to hasten back to the clubhouse and report.

"Marston is 2 up on Travers at the twelfth and is going like a streak!" was the word that came from across the rolling hills at Grosse Pointe on the second day of match play on the Detroit links. Hardly had the courier delivered this startling message than everybody began a trek over the links toward the thirteenth green, where Travers and the slender Marston were holding out in one of the most heart-breaking struggles ever staged in the amateur championship.

Several hundred persons formed a living wall about Marston and the open champion as the two fought their way to the seventeenth hole, where the Baltusrol man sent Jerry down to defeat by a 2 and 1 margin. Hardly had Marston sunk his last putt, the putt that removed Travers as a contender for the championship, than the telegraph wires that stretched like a giant cobweb from the Atlantic to the Pacific began to flash the news of Marston's feat to morning and afternoon newspapers.

Brokers hurrying home from their Wall Street offices read the bulletin reports and discussed the result with the man in the next seat. It was talked over during other matches on a hundred different links, and sent a thrill of enthusiasm through members of the Baltusrol Golf Club, at Short Hills, N. J., where a special ticker had been installed to follow the play in Detroit hole by hole.

Quite a difference twenty years makes in the status of golf in this country, and the end is not yet, for each passing year sees whole regiments and divisions added to the enormous army of players.

When Francis Ouimet, a twenty-year-old amateur, came home ahead of Harry Varden and Ed Ray, the greatest of Britain's golfing marvels, in that memorable play-off on the Country Club of Brookline course, in 1913, he set the whole golf world agog. The youth's exploit was talked about in every quarter of the civilized globe that boasted a golf course. The telegraph wires flashed the news over all this broad land and the cables carried the details of Ouimet's exploit under the Atlantic to England and all Europe.

In India, in the Philippines, even in Darkest Africa, the American amateur's name became a subject for discussion and the time-worn argument as to the difference in prowess between the mightiest of the professionals and the best of the amateurs on the links.

The sporting editor of "The World," had he been told twenty years ago that any such worldwide interest would be taken in a drive, a putt or an approach shot, in 1913, would probably have done something very drastic. He would either have ushered his informant out of the sporting sanctum, or himself resigned his position and taken up some profession less wearing on the nerves.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his article, shows how the newspapers were quick to realize that golf had come to stay, and treated it accordingly in their columns. He was present at St. Andrews in 1895, when Willie Park, jr., the famous British professional, played a match with Willie Campbell, and was reporting the game for "The Sun."

Paul Dana must have been a golfer at heart, for from Old Point Comfort, where he was spending the summer, he sent a wire to Fitzpatrick: "Report each hole as though it was a round in a prize fight," and Fitzpatrick did, substituting strokes for blows and having a very complete story in "The Sun" next morning.

As the army of golfers grew in number, so did the chroniclers of their feats, and Mr. Fitzpatrick and the other veterans were gradually joined by younger men, who learned the secret of sending correct accounts through the valuable advice and assistance of these pioneers in the art, the "Old Guard" of golf reporting.

Phil Carter May Reap Rich Harvest in Golf

Sure To Be a Factor This Year in Play for Titles, Big and Little.

By GRANTLAND RICE.

Is 1916 the year that is to establish young Phil Carter in a championship role? The nephew of Dutch Carter, one of Yale's greatest, has been on his way toward the throne for some time, and if he doesn't land this season in some championship capacity it will be only because the break of the game has been against him. Young Carter won four or five big tournaments last season. He was not permitted to enter the National by his father, but there will be a change this season with the amateur played in the East, and close to New York at the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia.

In the metropolitan championship at the Nassau Country Club Carter will be a big factor. Nassau is his home course, and the golfer who beats this youth there will more than likely have to give Par a beating at the same time. Few appreciate how close this young golfer came to winning the metropolitan last season. In his semi-final round against John Anderson he had a five-foot putt to end the match at the twenty-first hole. He had been holing putts from this distance hole after hole, and John G., of Siwanoy, concluded then and there that the match was over. But the putt just slipped by and Carter lost at the twenty-third green, where Anderson holed a 2 against Carter's 3.

Carter started 1916 with a rush. On the first day of the year he beat Buck Whittemore, a veteran golfer, in the Pinehurst final. It isn't often a golfer starts the new year with a first flight victory, and this looks to be a hunch that by next November young Phil will have more tournaments to his credit than any other golfer in the country. For he is one of the best.

Like Travers and Ouimet, he has not only the shots, but the temperament. He is a first-class putter, and even in his hardest matches is never caught showing any flurry on the greens.

Carter wastes little time fussing with a putt. After getting the line he steps up and taps the ball in a firm, decisive way, and, like Travers and Ouimet, his putts are seldom short of the cup. This is the main test of a fine putter. When you observe a golfer whose putts, even though not going down on that occasion, are always slipping past the cup, you can take it for granted that he is a good putter. Carter isn't quite as fine a putter yet as Travers, Travis or Ouimet. But he isn't far behind, and by the end of this season may have drawn up alongside.

That Pinehurst Record.

Carter's 66 over the No. 2 course at Pinehurst will stand as one of the season's greatest golfing rounds, no matter what happens. The previous record was 68, while anything below 75 around this well trapped course with over 140 traps and bunkers was always considered fine work.

Many of the best golfers in America have played this course and have always considered 75 or a trifle better a good day's work. The list includes such fine amateurs as Ouimet, Guilford, Travis, Kirkby, Kerr, Topping and Evans, while most of the leading pros have had their shot at the mark.

The Seven Waggles.

Carter's iron play and his putting rank above his work with the wood. In all long shots he has one peculiar freak of form—that is, inability to swing a club until he has taken seven preliminary waggles or wiggles, as you will have it, the list embracing four long ones and three short ones. This preliminary waste gives the idea of extreme nervousness, but it doesn't seem to affect his game.

He says that he has tried to break himself of this habit, but that he finds it impossible to swing his club until he has performed these peculiar rites.

All this wasted preliminary work with the wood and full iron shots is all the more remarkable when compared with his method of putting, which is carried through almost as swiftly as Alec Smith putts.

In addition to the various championships this season, Carter expects to enter most of the leading tournaments held in the East, so that he will be able to maintain standard form and gather in additional experience.

In the Metropolitan Amateur the Nassau Country Club gets one of the best tournaments ever played in the East. Mention already has been made of Phil Carter's outlook, but the field this June will carry too much class for any one man to be listed as favorite.

We happen to know that Jerry Travers would esteem it more than average bliss to win the tournament this year. Jerry hasn't won a Met since 1913. In 1914 he was abroad and last year he was beaten by Walter J. Travis in what probably will be their final meeting on the ancient green. Honors would then be even, for at their first meeting, nearly twelve years ago, 1904, Travers won from the "Old Man" at Nassau in one of the most memorable matches ever played in this country.

Walter J. was then American and British amateur champion. Travers was a kid, sixteen years old. The two met in the Nassau final, and at the thirteenth hole Walter J. was 2 up. But Jerry won the fourteenth, and the seventeenth, halved the others, and finally bagged the match by running down a ten-foot putt for a 3 on the twenty-first green.

Last spring, at Apawamis, Mr. Travis figured in his match with Jerome D. that this would likely be their last official meeting. So the victory that followed was one of the most pleasing of his long career.

There are others who have their eyes firmly fixed on Nassau. Max Marston keenly desires a metropolitan championship to hang up with his Jersey title, and Max, with the experience he gained last year, will be one of the most formidable candidates in the field.

Still another to be watched will be Oswald Kirkby, who landed the metropolitan title in 1914, and who was only overthrown last year at Apawamis by one of the most remarkable rounds played in the tournament.

John G. Anderson, who was runner-up both in the metropolitan and in the national amateur, will try to get one step further. These mentioned are by no means all of the field. Good golfers are developing with great rapidity around New York, and when the spring campaign opens the best golf, on an average, ever played in the East will be seen.

KILBANE AROUSES CHANEY SUPPORTERS

Calls Off Proposed Match—Conditions Named for New Bouts.

Cleveland, Feb. 5.—New developments in the controversy between featherweight champion Johnny Kilbane and George Chaney over their proposed title match for fifteen rounds at Baltimore March 17 came to-day when Kilbane posted a forfeit of $1,000 with a local sporting editor to meet Chaney in two matches.

Kilbane and his manager, Jimmy Dunn, have been striving to secure a postponement of the Baltimore fight and a change in its arrangements, contending that the present promoters and the man picked to referee, Billy Rocap, of Philadelphia, are favorable to Chaney. Dunn also wished to accept dates for other fights prior to meeting Chaney and for that reason wants the March 17 bout put off. These proposals have brought a storm of protest from Chaney's backers and a charge that Kilbane was afraid to meet the challenger.

In putting up his money to-day Kilbane assumes the prerogative of a champion by naming the new terms under which he will meet Chaney. These are that Chaney meet Kilbane in Philadelphia in a six-round go prior to the fifteen-round match at Balimore; that the Baltimore fight will be put off until late in May or June; that it be under the auspices of Al Herford, former manager of Joe Gans; that Henry Bletzer and Sam Harris, who had booked the March 17 battle, retire, and that Chaney weigh in at 122 pounds, ringside, for both engagements.

Baltimore, Feb. 5.—Henry Bletzer, manager of George Chaney, challenger for the world's featherweight championship, gave out a statement to-night in which he said that Kilbane's manager, Jimmy Dunn, in the presence of Cleveland newspaper men, had dictated all terms and signed the articles for a title match here on March 17, "in what every one supposed to be good faith."

"As to the selection of the referee, every one who attended the Cleveland meeting knows Dunn selected William Rocap," Bletzer said. "At my meeting with Dunn in Philadelphia Rocap agreed to withdraw, but Dunn insisted that he wanted him to officiate. I certainly expect Kilbane and his manager to make good their signatures to their contract with the American Athletic Association."

YALE ATHLETES TOSSED ABOUT

The Prudential Committee Turns Eligibility Question Over to Athletic Solons.

New Haven, Feb. 5.—The cases of Pumpelly, Easton, Rhett, Le Gore and Milburn, the Yale baseball players whose disqualification for playing summer baseball has now become history, took a new turn this afternoon when they were brought before the prudential committee of the university corporation.

This committee refused to exercise jurisdiction over the athletes, insisting that the corporation passed a vote late last fall giving sweeping authority in athletic matters to Messrs. Robert Corwin, Henry Hobson and George Parmly Day. It referred the cases of the five athletes to this committee of three for final action and decision.

This action by the prudential committee makes it likely that final decision will be reached in the cases of the five athletes some time the coming week.

Following the meeting of the prudential committee, at which there were present the following members: Henry B. Sargent and Eli Whitney, New Haven; Otto P. Banard and Clarence H. Kelsey, New York City, and the Rev. James Wesley Cooper, of New Britain, this statement was given out:

"At a meeting of the prudential committee of the University Corporation to-day a letter was read from Professor Robert N. Corwin, chairman of the athletic committee, setting forth the desire of the association that the committee should take under consideration questions pertaining to eligibility of athletes.

"In answer to this communication the prudential committee called attention to the resolution which was adopted by the corporation November 15, 1915, which provided that 'Messrs. Robert N. Corwin, George P. Day and Henry W. Hobson, the members of the executive committee of the Yale University Athletic Association, be directed to assume jurisdiction on behalf of the corporation in all matters of policy of the association and the protection of the good name of the university, and specifically in the making and enforcement of eligibility rules, the appointment of coaches and the conduct of negotiations with other universities and colleges until a plan has been submitted satisfactory to the corporation by which these matters shall be permanently safeguarded in the constitution of the Yale Athletic Association.'"

The prudential committee further stated that as no such plan had as yet been presented pertaining to athletic matters at Yale, all questions relating to athletic matters are in the control of the three graduates named in the foregoing resolution, and that their decision in any such matter when rendered is to be regarded as final.

Philip Carter

PHILLIES LED N. L. IN FOUR-PLY DRIVES

Otherwise Moranites Were Generally Outclassed in Hitting.

CARDS FINISH SIXTH; LEADERS IN HITTING

McGraw's Giants Lead in Five Important Branches of Aggression.

By FRANK O'NEILL.

The New York Giants finished a dismal last in the National League pennant race last year, while the Phillies plunged on through to victory until they encountered the Boston Red Sox in the world's series. Yet in the cold black type of Spalding's record books McGraw's men, offensively, were better than the champions. Indeed, Philadelphia established its supremacy in only one department other than that it managed to win the greatest number of games. The Phillies laced out 58 home runs, with C. C. Cravath contributing no fewer than 24 of these, the Cubs ranked a bang up second in the home run producing industry, with 53 to their credit. The Giants and Pirates tied for third honors with 24 circuit cinchers.

In five of the main branches of offensive baseball the lowly Giants showed the way to their exalted brethren of the City of Brotherly Love. They finished third in club batting, with an average of .251, while the Cardinals, who came home sixth in the pennant race, led the league, hitting with a mark of .254. The Phillies finished fifth in club batting, with a mark of .247. McGraw's men made 1,312 hits for a total of 1,715 bases, while the Phillies, with Cravath shooting the ball over the fence time after time, could get only 1,670 bases out of 1,216 hits. The Giants clouted out 68 triples to 39 for the champions, and pilfered 155 bases to 121. The Phillies had a lead on the local team of 7 runs, gathering in 589 to 582, and they had more sacrifice hits than the Giants. The totals in this last named department were 181 for the Phillies to 122 for New York.

But where the Giants fell down in aggressiveness there were other teams to harry the hold of Pat Moran's stalwart lads, and in the coalition the Phillies were pressed backward. As told previously, St. Louis led the league, and the Reds, who landed in seventh place in the race, were second with .253, with the Giants third and Brooklyn fourth, just one point in advance of the Phillies. The Cardinals scored more runs than any other team in the league, getting 590, but they made only one more than the Phillies. The Braves and Giants were tied for third honors, with 582 runs, while the Cubs made 570.

It remained for the Cincinnati Reds to make the greatest number of hits, picking out 1,323, while the Giants were second with 1,312. The Chicago Cubs got only 1,246 hits, but they made the most of them in point of number of bases. Bresnahan's men got 1,749 bases on their drives, which included 212 doubles, 66 triples and 53 home runs. The Reds were second in total bases, getting 1,730 out of their drives. The Boston Braves, who ranked last in club batting, topped their competitors in the matter of two-baggers. They poled out 231, and the Cubs were second with 212, while the Phillies were third with 202.

The Cardinals took up the running when it came to three-baggers, and poled out 92, which gave them a scant lead over the Pirates, who got together for 91. The Reds were third with 85 and the Superbas fourth with 75. The Phillies got only 39 triples. The champions, however, came into their own in pounding out the frolicsome home run. They gathered in 58, while the Cubs were next with 53. The Pittsburgh Pirates just naturally refused to be kept out of the lead in one branch of the game. With Max Carey leading the league in base stealing, the other members of the team did their share, and the Smoky City band pilfered 182 bases. The Cubs were second with 166, St. Louis third with 162, while the Phillies were tied for the booby prize with the Braves, with only 121 to their credit.

Consider the strange case of Bob Fisher, who was released by the Chicago Cubs to the Kansas City team of the American Association. Fisher led all the shortstops in both the American and National League at the bat last season by a comfortable margin. In 147 games he clouted .287, and led the veteran Hans Wagner by 13 points. Ray Chapman stood third to Fisher, leading the American League with an average of .270.

Not only did Fisher lead the shortstops, but he led his team in hitting, ranking above such acknowledged stars as Heinie Zimmerman and Vic Saier. Yet he has been relegated to the minors, and Mike Doolan, a notoriously weak batter, who hit only .206 in the Feds last year, and who, though a graceful fielder, has seen his best.

Defensively Fisher did not do so well. He ranked sixth in the list, with an average of .933. He had 277 putouts, 414 assists and made 51 errors. Fisher, however, was more valuable than many men who turned in better cards. He is of that type which plays the game and lets the average take care of itself. Fear of an error never prevented him going after a grounder or fly if it was anywhere near him.

The batting averages of the shortstops in both leagues last year follow:

NATIONAL.

	Games	Batting
Fisher, Chicago	147	[illegible]
Wagner, Pittsburgh	156	[illegible]
Herzog, Cincinnati	155	[illegible]
Bancroft, Philadelphia	153	[illegible]
Fletcher, New York	150	[illegible]
Butler, St. Louis	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hornsby, St. Louis	18	[illegible]
Maranville, Boston	149	[illegible]
O'Mara, Brooklyn	149	[illegible]

AMERICAN.

	Games	Batting
Chapman, Cleveland	154	[illegible]
Weaver, Chicago	148	[illegible]
Bush, Detroit	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kopf, Athletics	[illegible]	[illegible]
Peckinpaugh, New York	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lavan, St. Louis	[illegible]	[illegible]
McBride, Washington	[illegible]	[illegible]
Scott, Boston	[illegible]	[illegible]

The Federal League has come and gone, but it made itself felt. There are some players who declare that the erstwhile outlaws were a blessing to the game, while others will aver that they were a scourge. Certain it is that the Feds were responsible for raising the salaries of some of the stars of the majors, but it is also true that they played havoc among the minor leagues. This fact is driven home with staggering force by the figures issued not long ago by John H. Farrell. Mr. Farrell said that in 1913 he issued approximately 10,000 contracts to minor league players. This does not mean necessarily that that number of men played all season, but it does mean that for a while at least they did. These players were divided among forty-nine minor leagues. In 1915 only 4,500 players approximately played in twenty-six minor leagues. So it would seem that the league which worked for the good of a few worked to the detriment of many.