HOCKEY WAR NOW WAGING MERRILY ON AND SALARIES SOAR

Pacific Coast Teams Making Big Inroads on East, Getting Away Star Players.

CANADIANS ARE BUSY NOW

Wires Have Carried Offers to Players in All Parts of the United States.

By A. P. Garvey.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 20.—While the present hockey war between the Pacific Coast and National Hockey associations, the major leagues of America, has caused salaries to soar to the same height as they did during the first break between the leagues a few seasons ago when midnight raids and a general rush of players in various directions necessitated the magnates paying record prices in order to secure the best talent in the game. Some of Canada's best known puck chasers will be paid fancy prices for their services on the ice during the coming season.

Since the declaration of war was issued from the Pacific coast, the Patricks grabbed a whole N. H. A. squad, wrecking one of the eastern clubs to such an extent that the eastern governing body will be compelled to cut down to five clubs. Wires have carried offers to players in all parts of the country. In the recent raid the Pacific coast collared five eastern players and lost one in the shuffle.

Fight Still Continues.

And the fight for the services of other men still continues. With George Kennedy, the eastern magnate, shouting offers in salaries aggregating $10,000 to Pacific coast players, who, by the way, have turned a deaf ear to all eastern proposals, and the Patrick boys welcoming the stars they have secured in the east, the most exciting of all wars in sporting circles in the dominion continues. The end has been reached, however, with the refusal of the Pacific Coast players to entertain any offers from the effete east and the announcement by the Patricks that, having rounded out their clubs, they will make no further overtures to eastern players.

Sammy Lichtenhein, the owner of the Montreal Baseball club in the International league, who spends the winter months and considerable perfectly good money in operating the Wanderer hockey team in the N. H. A., is out with the statement that the present war was unwarranted and that only the players will make money this season. This is taken to mean that in order to hold their players the eastern clubs have boosted salaries materially. On the coast salaries will be increased and the players will draw down pretty fair wages for the winter's work.

Day of Big Salaries Past.

But the day for $5000 beauties in Canadian hockey and lacrosse is past. No longer will "Newsy" Lalonde, who averaged around $10,000 for a year's work in lacrosse and hockey, be asked to sign at his own price. He may receive a good wage but the magnates, despite the war and the paucity of players of senior caliber, will no longer be so liberal with their money. It's not so long ago that the hockey players, as a whole, averaged $150 per man per game and when you figure that they never engage in over 16 matches during a season, this is pretty good pay for them. With Lalonde the price was usually $5000 for the season in lacrosse, a season of five months, and in hockey he got between $3000 and $5000 for three and a half months' work. Two seasons ago "Cyclone" Taylor, the Ty Cobb of hockey, received $2200 for a season, being the highest priced player in hockey at that time. He will not receive that price this season but at the same time his salary will be about the highest paid in Pacific coast hockey.

Limit Is Reached.

That the limit has been reached in commercializing sport in Canada is the opinion expressed by leading sportsmen and particularly those who have financed organizations in the past. To give some idea of the condition we find sport today as compared with three seasons ago we can take the case of the New Westminster lacrosse team, the best aggregation of stick wielders in the business. In 1912, playing on a cooperative basis and with 18 men in on the split, the world's champions received $1250 per man for the season. That season they played in 18 matches. The next year the same players received $1100, but returns of the season just closed, or at least called off when the attendance fell away, show that the players on the cup team received but $75 per man. This will give some idea of the condition in professional sport in Canada. When it was good the players derived the benefit and the club owners did the work. Now that affairs have taken a different turn and times of depression are on us owing to the European war, the club owners refuse to take any more chances of dropping their money and the players will be paid just what they are capable of drawing at the gate.

This doesn't mean, however, that the players will be forced to work on a small salary. The hockey war has necessitated the general boosting of prices but we haven't heard of any record prices being offered.

Frank Nighbor, star of the Pacific Coast league in 1914-15, is reported to have signed an Ottawa contract on his own terms. Nighbor was anxious to remain in the east and his own terms would probably be about half what he was receiving for a season's work on the Pacific coast.

Coast Scores Heavily.

With the arrival on the coast of five members of the former Toronto club the Pacific Coast has scored heavily in the war. They secured enough players to round out one club, and when you figure that the men they secured all played on the team which won the eastern championship two years ago and defeated Victoria in the world's series, it would appear that the Patricks got just who they went after and as a result of their enterprise and desire to provide good hockey for the coast the cream of eastern talent will perform on the steel blades out this way during the next four months.

Lichtenhein says, in a communication to the writer, that the only solution to the existing trouble between the east and west is to organize a commission and adopt uniform rules. This was what the Patricks suggested two seasons ago. To this the N. H. A. agreed and after drawing up an agreement they were the first to ignore it and this led to the present war. When the N. H. A. can show that they are sincere in their desires to foster and promote the game along proper lines they may find the coast magnates in a receptive mood. Until then the commission can be considered as standing adjourned sine die.

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It Will Keep You Young and Healthy

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Henry Lehman, R. E. Franklin,
Proprietor. Manager.

HOCKEY LINEUP OF PORTLAND ROSEBUDS GIVEN BY MANAGER

First Real Practice of Local Men Will Be Held in This City Next Thursday.

SAVAGE NOW ENCOURAGED

Opening Battle of Season Will Be Played Against Vancouver, B. C., Team December 7.

In his mind, Manager Savage, of the Portland Rosebud hockey septet, has a pretty good idea as to how his players will line up in the opening battle of the season, to be played against the Vancouver septet in Vancouver, B. C., December 7.

The probable line-up is:
Goal—Murray.
Left defense—Johnson.
Right defense—Laughlin.
Rover—Oatman.
Left wing—Harris.
Center—Dunderdale.
Right wing—Marples.
Spares—Tobin, Barbour and possibly Irvine.

The first real practice of the local septet is scheduled for next Thursday, following the arrival of Dunderdale, Murray, Laughlin, Marples and Irvine. Portland will have but 11 days in which to prepare its players for the opening of the season, and Manager Savage is planning to put his players through many hard practice sessions.

Savage has received many encouraging reports about the new players he has secured and it appears as though Portland will have a crackerjack team this season. Much time will be spent on combination play this season.

Two youngsters, Charley Uksila and Goheen, who played amateur hockey around St. Paul for several seasons, are working out with the Rosebuds, and they are showing up in great style. Goheen is a husky youngster and has lots of speed.

Portland's first home match will be against the Vancouver team December 10.

Manager Lester Patrick has his septet pretty well lined up and according to reports from Seattle, Pete Muldoon has his squad practically ready for the opening of the season. Manager Frank Patrick, of the Vancouver team, is scouring the east for more players.

Close Finishes at Races at Ice Rink

The weekly Saturday morning races at the Portland Ice Hippodrome for pupils of the grammar and high schools were very exciting and brought out some good sprints. Some 400 children and spectators viewed the races. Results:

220 yards—George Storey, Davis, first, time :40; Robert Farrell, Couch, second.

220 yards—Paul McCusker, Couch, first; time :28; Sharles Cook, Chapman, second.

440 yards—Russell Kaufman, Lincoln, first; time :46; Walter Cofoid, Irvington, second.

220 yards—Margaret McCormick, St. Marys, first; time :34; Stella Riggs, Lincoln, second.

Couple's race, 220 yards—Stella Riggs, Lincoln, first; time :40; Russel Kaufman, Lincoln, second.

Sons of Spanish War Veteran's race—Douglas Farrell, Washington high, first, time :38; Francis Apiterson, Franklin high, second.

Wisconsin Wins in Cross Country Meet

Madison, Wis., Nov. 20.—(I. N. S.)—Wisconsin won the western cross-country meet here in one of the hottest contests ever staged. Captain Watson of Minnesota took first place with a new conference record of 25:45:2. Mason of Illinois came in second with 26:14. Schardt, Felton and Benisch of Wisconsin finished third, fourth and fifth, respectively. Ames of the Missouri valley conference finished second with 52 points; Ohio state third, 108; Minnesota fourth, 112; Illinois fifth, 120; Purdue, 123; Kansas, 140; Iowa and Chicago.

All-Nationals Win Shutout.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 20.—(I. N. S.)—The American All-Stars could do nothing with Vaughn's delivery today, the National All-Stars winning the first game of the series here, 2 to 0. Vaughn allowed but four hits, while Harper was touched up for nine. A single and a double by Killifer of the Cincinnati Reds forced in both runs.

Score—	R.	H.	E.
Nationals	2	9	1
Americans	0	4	2

Batteries—Vaughn and McCarthy; Harper and Cady.

Coasters in Western League.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 20.—(P. N. S.)—Bill Malarkey and Joe Tobin, both former Coasters, have been signed up for the Wichita Western league club by Ham Patterson, who watches out for the Kansas team's interests here.

Chemawa Beats O. A. C.

Chemawa, Or., Nov. 20.—The Chemawa Indian school football team defeated the Oregon Agricultural college freshmen eleven yesterday, 13 to 0. Shemawa plays Albany college Thanksgiving.

QUARTET OF STARS OF HARVARD AND YALE FOOTBALL ELEVENS

Of this collection the only one who did not play in yesterday's game between Harvard and Yale was Enwright, the promising backfield man who was declared ineligible to play on account of a class condition. Scovil formerly played with Dartmouth and is taking the place of Harry LeGore, who was barred from Yale football for playing summer baseball for his board.

Carpentier Courageous Airman Famous Fighter Tells of Dangers Hundred Shots Fired at Fighter

By George R. Holmes.

New York, Nov. 20. — Georges Carpentier, the sensational young French boxer who before the war was looked on as the most logical man to uncrown Jack Johnson, lost his first "bout" in the world war. Carpentier is now a sergeant" aviator in the French flying corps, and has seen extensive service in the air.

In letters to friends here, Carpentier describes his adventures and mournfully depicts the loss of his first brush with the enemy, but he says there will be another battle, and when it comes it will be to a death decision —no throwing in the towel, nor faking.

Carpentier relates that he got his pilot's license after only two months' apprenticeship. He was given a new Maurice Freeman 130-horsepower biplane and was employed in reconnoitering over Alsace.

Couldn't Catch the Taube.

One day he was assigned to patrol duty, and while he paced his "beat" high in the clouds a German aviator, or "aviatik," came into view.

"I immediately gave chase," he writes, "but the Boche's machine was much fleeter than mine and—rue the day!—he outdistanced me. I can only describe the feeling by saying it was like going into the ring against a man many stones heavier than yourself. I have fought and whipped many adversaries under similar handicaps, but, alas! I could do nothing."

During the chase Carpentier's machine was hit twice by the German, who fired over a hundred shots at him, but he himself was untouched.

Georges has had many narrow escapes during the war, but with one exception has come through unscathed.

One one occasion, he relates, his motor stopped dead while he was 1800 meters (6000 feet) above the earth.

Never So Near Out.

"In all my ring battles," he writes, "I never was so near out, mentally and physically, as then. There I hung suspended high in the clouds. There was an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach. And there was none of my seconds to toss up the sponge so I could sink away into sweet oblivion. Bombardier Wells, you remember, almost had me out once, but it was nothing compared with this.

"But I brushed the cobwebs away, tion of the levers, if I do say it myself, I managed to glide down. The Vosges country, though, is very rough and hilly, and I hit with a crash!

"The shock of meeting the ground threw me headlong. I was stunned spread my feet wide apart and hung on for the ball. By skillful manipulafor a moment, but came round nicely long before the referee started counting, and when I took stock of myself in my corner found I had a bad gash in the head and a sprained ankle. Quite wonderful, isn't it, that I should escape so easily, when poor, brave Pegoud (famous French aviator) was killed?

Wants to Meet Another.

"I was found by some of my countrymen and taken to the hospital. I was only there a few weeks, and am now out and looking for another chance to sign up with one of the Boches, or a dozen, for that matter.

"It is quite posible that by the time you receive this I shall have achieved my ambition, and really brought down a Boche aviatik."

Carpentier is of the opinion the war is a lot nearer to an end than most people imagine. He compared the Germans to a boxer who piles up a big lead of points in the first 10 rounds only to be knocked out by one stiff punch in the eleventh. It is not impossible that the young Frenchman had in mind the present allied offensive when he prophesied that the allies still packed a kick in one paw.

The part aviation is playing in the war is tremendous, he says.

"My American friends cannot imagine the grandeur, the magnificence of seeing a field of 50 soaring birds sail out into the sunlight bound for some hated camp of the Boches. No one can. I used to think a ring battle was the most grandly spectacular thing imaginable. But, pooh! it is nothing beside feeling yourself soaring in the clouds after a real enemy —not one you have knocked down and you can help to his feet and shake hands.

"There is no handshaking in this ring!

"To my many American friends, au revoir, and wish with me that I may clinch my match with my adversary—and get the decision."

That Kick of Payne's Beat Rest 63-Yard Goal Recalls Others

Mark Payne fractured all existing records by kicking a goal from field from the 63 yard line, but you haven't heard much about it simply because Mark doesn't go to Yale, or Princeton, or Harvard.

Payne's accomplishment is the most wonderful in football history; yet, his marvelous feat has been almost overlooked, because some persons regard him as a "minor leaguer," simply because he footballs for Dakota Wesleyan, instead of for one of the alleged "higher institutions of learning" in the east.

What difference does it make what team a man plays with if he performs such an amazing stunt? Isn't it just as hard for a man on a small college eleven to boot a ball 63 yards as it is for a player on a big eleven?

Nothing Flukey About Kick.

It was in the Dakota Wesleyan-Northern Normal game in Aberdeen, S. D., on October 16, that Payne, dropping back to the 63 yard line—some say it was the 65 yard line—caught a perfect pass of his center, poised himself, dropped the ball even as enemy linesmen were hurling themselves at him, met it on the rebound with a swing of his mighty right boot and sent the ball soaring over the cross bar of the enemy's goal.

Payne's daring trick surprised every person who saw that game. When he dropped back of the line, it was figured that he might try a forward pass or a punt. A drop kick? No, he never would try that. The distance was too far, the wind was against him, but Payne tried and he succeeded, and by his success he has carved for himself in football's hall of fame a noticeable niche.

Payne's Kick Beat O'Dea's.

Payne's kick beat by one yard that memorable boot executed by Pat O'Dea, the great Wisconsin player, the man who ranked as one of the most wonderful kickers in the entire history of the game. It was made on November 25, 1898, in the game against Northwestern. Some who saw that boot claimed that it was only a 60 yard hoist, but the officials ruled that the ball dropped on the 62 yard line, and O'Dea got credit for a 62 yard drop kick, which remained as the record for 17 years until quiet, unassuming Mark Payne, the "minor leaguer," made it 63.

On November 30, 1882, J. T. Haxall of Princeton kicked a 65 yard goal from placemeht in the game against Yale, but placement kicking and drop kicking are entirely different matters.

J. P. Davis of Dickinson got second place in the list of goal-from-placement kickers by shooting the ball over the bar from the 58 yard line on November 25, 1905, from the 58 yard line.

Other Famous Kicks.

Payne's trick puts him first in the list of drop kickers, placing O'Dea second and leaving third place tied by J. V. Cowling and J. E. Duffy. Cowling, playing for Harvard in a game against Princeton, November 17, 1883, made a drop kick from the 55 yard line, and J. E. Duffy of Michigan tied that mark when he kicked a field goal from the 55 yard line in the game against Cornell, November 21, 1891.

The best drop kicks during the past few years, with Payne's excluded, were executed by Harold Pumpelly of Yale, 49 yards against Princton, November 16, 1912, and Hobey Baker of Princeton, 43 yards against Yale, November 15, 1913.

Carl Woodward of Tulane university tops the list of modern goal-from-placement kickers. On November 1, 1913, in the game against St. Louis university, he kicked a goal from placement from the 48 yard line; against Harvard on Nov. 1, 1911, R. J. Brown of Rochester kicked from the 47 yard line against St. Lawrence; October 7, 1911, Charley Brickley of Harvard made a placement kick for Harvard against Princeton; November 2, 1912, Hobey Baker kicked from placement for Princeton from the 46 yard line against Holy Cross.

Writers to Decide Best.

Southern sporting writers will decide the winner of the trophy offered by the Birmingham Press cup to the champion gridiron eleven of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic association.

Welker Cochran, the Iowa boy billiard expert, is 19 years old.

FIGHTERS ARE OFTEN PLUCKED TO FINISH BY THEIR MANAGERS

Boob Battlers Easy Prey to Financial Methods in Many Cases Today.

MANY INSTANCES CITED

Fair Manager Is Satisfied With 25 Per Cent Commission on Earnings of His Protege.

New York, Nov. 20.—The next crop of American millionaires will be harvested from the army of prize fight managers—the persons who have discovered how to get rich quick with the least exertion.

The unlearned in pugilistic methods are possessed of the idea that the fighter gets the bulk of all the hugo purses that are hung up for battles in these frenzied finance days. The unlearned has the wrong idea. It's the so-called "managers" who grab off the hugest share of the gold tinted mazuma.

A good manager very often helps a fighter to get near the top in the pugilistic heap—but there are few good managers in this era. The fair and honest manager is satisfied with a 25 per cent share of the fighter's income as payment for his efforts in boosting his man and guiding him along the financial pathway, but the trouble with the pugilistic game is that many unscrupulous persons have grafted themselves onto fighters and act like leeches—they suck out of the fighter nearly every dollar he earns, and in the end, the fighter has nothing and the manager everything.

Many Managers Like Leeches.

A New York sport writer recently made the rounds of the fight managers' offices in Gotham and marvelled because many of them occupied regal suites in some of the biggest office buildings in the town. That don't seem strange to us. The only marvelous thing about his discovery, in our opinion, is that he didn't find a bunch of managers occupying—and owning—the whole building.

The softest way of gathering in big money these days is to manage some boob battler—a guy who knows how to fight and knows little or nothing about the financial end of the game. That class of fighters—and they are in the majority—are easy prey for the human vultures who term themselves "managers."

Whenever a youngster rises in the pugilistic world there's a mad scramble among the "managers" to grab him off and put his financial affairs under their control. They scent prey and they are like wolves in pursuit of it.

The "managers" usually sign up the boob battler to a contract that is lopsided; one that is iron clad as far as the fighter is concerned but can be broken any time the manager desires. The "manager" has nothing to lose and everything to gain. If the fighter develops into a real drawing card the "manager" can hang onto him until his usefulness is over. If the fighter should prove to be a flivver the manager can cut loose.

Earns $9000, Gets $8000.

One battler who recently cut loose from his "manager" told us that in a trifle over one year he had earned $9000 in the ring, but that all he got out of it was $1000.

"I should have received nearly $7030," he said, "but my manager got the big bulk of the money. He was to get 25 per cent of my income for managing me. Well he got nearly 90 per cent. And what happened to me is happening to other fighters right along. They are being trimmed by their managers. A fighter doesn't know much about the fighting game. He leaves that up to his manager. If the manager is a square one the fighter gets a square deal. But if he isn't, the fighter is trimmed.

"I once fought for a $1200 guarantee. That amount of money was turned over to my manager by the promoter. Out of that I should have received $900, but when it came to settling up my manager gave me $65. He said that was all that was left. I made a howl but he explained that he had to pay out $100 for press agenting me, $50 for something else, another $75 here, and so on.

Other Instances Cited.

"I investigated all these expenditures he said he had made and I found that he actually paid out only about $35. He gave me $65, and he pocketed $1100. That was the way with most of my fights."

That case is only one of many. One fighter who earned over $130,000 in five years is said to have received only about $30,000. His manager got the bulk of the balance.

One of the most prominent heavyweights in the country today said he earned over $14,000 for three fights—and he never got a dollar. It went to the manager. A featherweight was guaranteed $500 for a fight. That sum was paid over by the promoter, to the manager, but the battler — the man who worked and suffered—got $40. A once-time champion told us recently that various managers have drained him for over $30,000 before he decided he'd do his own managing.

It's a great little get-rich-quick-without-unnecessary-exertion game, isn't it?

Dupont for Ducks

THE duck season's here. The bays are black with these toothsome game birds. There's plenty for all. Get your gun ready! If your aim is true and your load's dependable you'll get your share.

DU PONT

SMOKELESS SHOTGUN POWDERS

Dupont Ballistite

are the powders that win. Bulk or dense—each has its good points and each has its friends.

Du Pont Powders—the choice of 80% of American shooters, are loaded in all standard shells or sold in bulk at your dealer's.

Write for booklet.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company
Wilmington, Delaware

WASHINGTON DEAF WALLOPS OREGON, CLINCHING TITLE

Fierce, Clean Play Marks Game at Vancouver; Score 57 to 6.

Vancouver, Wash., Nov. 20.—In a game marked by fierce, clean playing, the Washington State School for the Deaf today clinched the coast title for schools of its class by defeating the heavier Oregon State school, 57 to 0

By a series of bewildering trick formations the locals kept scoring with painful regularity. Time and again the 182 pound Washington fullback would hurl his big bulk through the air, never failing to make yardage. Two linesmen were laid out attempting to stop the human catapault.

Besides scoring four touchdowns himself, Geer enabled Motula to make three, using his bulk to brush aside all obstructions. Kotula's runs for touchdowns of 53 and 62 yards were secured either by aid of the deaf behemoth, or by a triple concealed pass that puzzled all observers.

For Oregon—Fromm, Tussing and Shannon starred. For Washington—Sanders, Seipp, Kotula and Deer did the most noticeable work.

Before the game the Washington students in Mardi Gras costumes met the visitors at the ferry, parading a huge goat dressed in Oregon colors. The parade was not a success, his goatship insisting in halting traffic, and incidentally dispersing spectators and paraders, every two blocks.

In the preliminary the W. S. D. "Brownies" won the 93-pound city championship from the Arnada grammar school, 7-0.

The line-up:

Washington	Position.	Oregon.
Kelly	L. E.	Fowler, Shannon
Durant	R. T.	Crow
Fransen	R. G.	Walker
Sanders	C.	Harm
Gillis	L. G.	Derry
Johnson	L. T.	Shannon, Stewart, Seward.
Hagen	L. E.	Fromm
Sepli	Quarter	Tussing
Kuhn	R. H.	Thaper, Capt.
Kotula	L. H.	Tell
Deer, (Capt.)	Full	Peters

Referee, Parris, Chicago; umpire, Lutt, Benedict, West Point; linesman, Clarke, St. James. Time of quarters, 15 minutes.

Touchdowns—Deer 4, Kotula 3, Kuhn 1, Sanders 1, Fromm 1. Goals from touchdowns—Deer 1, Kuhn 2.

After Cross Country Events.

Newark, which will hold the 1916 National Amateur Athletic Union track and field championships, is also desirous of staging the organization's cross-country races next year. The contests would be staged in Weequahic park, where the athletic events will be run off.

Sloman at Corvallis Meet.

Frank Sloman will be among the Olympic club of San Francisco athletes who will compete in the Pacific coast indoor championship meet at Corvallis, Or., February 7 and 8. Sloman may set a new quarter mile record.

British Soldiers Race.

The Southern Counties Cross Country association, in whose territory are many of the training camps in England, had arranged up to the first of November more than 50 races for the troops, in which over 10,000 soldiers participated.

Honolulu to Have Races.

Honolulu may soon witness horse racing under the auspices of the Hawaiian Polo and Racing association. A 15 year lease has been secured on Kapiolani park, which will be fitted up for polo and horse racing.

COFFEY WAS VICTIM OF HASTY DECISION, SAYS HIS MANAGER

Manager Admits Protege Was Groggy When Declared Out in Fight With Moran.

MIGHT HAVE WON OUT

Loser's Mind Would Have Cleared and Victory Might Have Come to Him, It Is Claimed.

New York, Nov. 20.—A squint down the long, winding lane of pugilism convinces one that, after all, there may be a lot of justification for the wail that Billy Gibson let loose when his protege, Jim Coffey, was declared out while still on his feet in the third round of that recent bout with Frank Moran, the red-headed heavyweight.

"When Referee Brown stopped that fight, I'll admit that Coffey was groggy," said Gibson, "but the grogginess was temporary only. In another minute or two his brain would have cleared and he surely would have recuperated, given Moran a battle all along—and won out in the end.

"I think Brown's ruling was a hasty one—and I'll always think that way. His ruing puts a black mark on Coffey's record and for the time being has killed Coffey's chances of meeting Willard.

"Those who have followed the ring game for many years know that there are hundreds of incidents where a fighter, groggy and seemingly on the point of dropping to the mat, has recuperated and won out."

Gibson pointed to the Tommy Ryan-"Mysterious" Billy Smith bout, staged in Coney Island years ago, as one instance to support his claim that a groggy, almost helpless fighter can "come back" and win.

"Ryan was hanging onto the ropes, a pitiful looking object," said Gibson. "Smith rushed in and shot a blow to Ryan's head. He intended it to be a finisher, but instead that blow cleared Ryan's brain and he came around instantly, fought like a wild man—and won.

"The Bombarder Wells-Al Palzer fight, fought in New York a few years ago, is a more recent instance," continued Gibson. "Wells gave Palzer a terrific beating in the first round and in the second Palzer was in such shape that the crowd begged the referee to stop the bout and prevent a murder. In the third—well, in that third round Palzer came out of his daze, shot a terrific wallop to Wells' stomach—and Wells went down for the complete count.

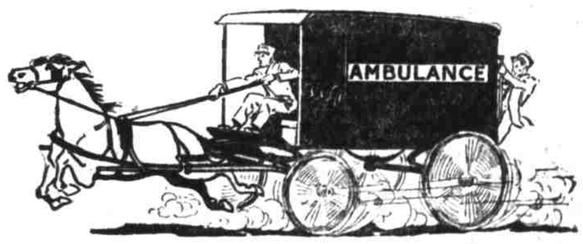
"Years ago Kid McCoy and Tom Sharkey met. The kid started off by landing a punch on Sharkey that was so terrific that the big Irishman went down like an ox. Sharkey couldn't get up but the bell at the end of the round saved him. Throughout the early rounds, McCoy cut Sharkey to ribbons, but Sharkey recuperated—and won.

"Joe Wolcott made a chopping block out of Kid Lavigne in the early rounds of their wonderful fight. The crowd insistently pleaded with the referee to stop the 'slaughter' of the white man. But he didn't—and the 'Kid' came back and won.

"Peter Maher knocked Bob Fitzsimmons flat, but Bob won out in the end. Maher won from Choynski after the wonderful Jewish lad had made a punching bag of him in the early fighting. Terry McGovern was in an almost helpless condition during one stage of his fight with Oscar Gardner, yet Terry won the fight.

"When Coffey fought Al Roich, he was groggy in the first round, but he won by a knockout. Jim Flynn, Arthur Pelkey and Jack ("Twin") Sullivan had Coffey dazed and seemingly helpless, but Coffey came back and beat each of them—and with a knockout punch.

"I know that Brown did what he thought was fair and honorable, but I always will feel that if the fight had continued, Coffey's grogginess would have disappeared and that he would have beaten Moran decisively."



Don't Let Your Truss Make Operation Necessary

Operation for rupture would hardly ever be heard of if it weren't for the mischief done by elastic and spring trusses.

Mighty few people ever have to be operated on when first ruptured.

But wearing makeshift trusses year after year is sooner or later almost sure to make work for the surgeon.

You know that from your own experience—you know you're worse now than a year ago—probably getting worse all the time.

If you keep on that way, how long will it be before you'll have to undergo a dangerous and expensive operation?

Aren't you willing to let us prove—by a sixty-day demonstration—how you can save yourself from all that?

Especially when you can make this sixty-day test without having to risk a penny?

60 Days' Trial To Prove How Good It Is

Here is something—a guaranteed rupture holder—which has saved thousands of people from ever having to be operated on.

It has so thoroughly proved its merits that we are willing to send it on 60 days' trial.

We'll make it especially for your case—make it to your measure—and practically lend it to you just for a test.

If it doesn't keep your rupture from coming out or from bothering you in any way, then you can send it back and it won't cost you a single penny.

Don't Send Any Money

Simply write for our free book—that will tell you everything you want to know.

It shows how our guaranteed rupture holder is made on an absolutely new principle. How it instantly and automatically protects you against every strain so your rupture can't possibly be forced out. And how in addition it provides the only way ever discovered for overcoming the weakness which is the real cause of rupture.

The book tells how our guaranteed rupture holder—the famous Cluthe—is so beneficial that physicians in all parts of America now recommend it instead of advising operation. How it has completely cured thousands of people whose cases seemed almost hopeless. How it does away with the curse of belts, leg straps and springs. How it is perspiration-proof and water-proof and will hold in the bath. How you can try it sixty days without having to risk a penny and how little it costs if you keep it.

This Free Book Is Full of Facts Never Before Put in Print

This book sums up all we have learned about rupture during forty years of experience.

Shows just why elastic and spring trusses are the ruptured man's worst enemies.

Exposes the humbug "appliances," "methods," "plasters," etc.

Explains why operation is nearly always a needless gamble with death—and why, even if you manage to live through it, you may have to keep on wearing a truss.

It shows why sixty-days trial is the only safe way to buy anything for rupture and how the Cluthe is the only thing you can get on such a long trial because the only thing good enough to stand such a test.

Don't fail to get this book—don't put it off—the minute it takes you to write for it may free you from rupture troubles for the rest of your life.

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