

Football Season of Nineteen-Eleven Will Live Long in The Memory of Its Followers

(BY MONTY.)

It's passed along upon its way To History, Football's Heaven; But long may it live in memory— The season of 1911.

New York, Nov. 25.—The football season of 1911 is now a thing of history so far as the so-called championship games are concerned. In many respects it has been a most successful season, and there are many matters of congratulation; likewise there are a few for regret. Summarizing—there have been few seasons productive of as many interesting features, and probably none in the annals of football that has held the interest of the public in general as has the one just closed.

Every big game turned up a large crowd—in many instances a record-breaking crowd—and there were more big games than ever before. Whatever the reason or reasons for this fact, it is plainly indicative of a steady growth of the gridiron game into popular favor. Football is more distinctly an American game than any other that we have, despite the prominence of baseball. The trouble with football—and the regret—is that it can only be played during the cold months of the year, and then only about once a week by each team. Taken strictly as a spectacle, it is such a game as would draw forth capacity crowds, but never was

cause for this is the practice of "smothering" the star player of a team, the entire defense of the opposition concentrating its efforts toward stopping him. A singularly striking instance of this was seen in the Harvard-Princeton game. In that contest, the dashing, smashing, unstoppable ground-gainer, Wendell, of Harvard, showed no more conspicuously than his running mates, Huntington and Campbell. Yet, who will deny that Wendell is a more valuable carrier of the ball than these two put together, good men as they are? The reason Wendell failed to cut loose his usual dazzling runs was because the Princetonians had their eye on him. They "laid for him" and hardly ever did he get a chance to go far on a play. Yet, this "smothering" process did not by any means lessen Wendell's value to his team in the game. Most decidedly it did not. The very concentration of Princeton's defense on their objective, Wendell, distracted their attention from the other Harvard backs, and as a result they were able to accomplish much more than if Wendell had been unknown to the Tigers through fame.

Occasionally there will appear a man who can be subjected to "smothering" and prove a star anyway. Such a man was Earl Sprackling, the great quarterback of the Brown team. Without doubt he was half the Brown team and he was watched even more closely than was Wen-

graduate body of the Tiger University, in the issue immediately after the Princeton-Dartmouth game. It will be recalled that Princeton won the game on a drop-kick that struck the ground and then bounded over the goal. It says: "With all due credit to the Princeton team, we cannot say that we deserved to win. Although Dartmouth was not better enough to warrant their winning, they certainly did not deserve to have the game so against them. And when defeat was administered by means of a play that was little short of weird, it seems almost the height of injustice. Any one who witnessed the game could not fail to have been impressed by the sportsmanlike attitude with which Dartmouth accepted the ruling of the officials and with it a defeat which they had no reason to expect." The Princeton student who wrote that exhibits just such sportsmanship as did the Dartmouth team. More power to him and we wish there were more like him.

No More Need for Fido.

The late Mrs. Sue Langdon Vaughan, who originated Memorial Day, had always a great love for humanity and a great contempt for such things as obstructed the free play of humanitarianism.

"Mrs. Vaughan," said a Washington veteran, "regarded lapdogs as obstructions to humanitarianism, and she



WORTHY SONS OF FAMOUS GRIDIRON HEROES.

Two gridiron heroes of 1911, whose fathers were great before them. The upper picture shows young Baker, the speedy Princeton halfback, who starred against Yale, and the lower one is of Walter Camp, Jr., of the Elis. The odd part of the coincidence is that the fathers of these youths played at the same time. In 1881, thirty years ago, they were the stars of the day for Yale and Princeton respectively and the great defensive work of each prevented a score by the other's team, the contest winding up in a nothing-nothing tie. The Camp and Baker of the past season were great, even as were their fathers. Both were good punters, and both starred equally as much on defense as on offense. Both also were halfbacks, just as were their peers.

del. However, Sprackling still did the lion's share in advancing the ball for his team. Thorpe, of the Carlisle Indians, is another who had an experience akin to Sprackling's, when he ran all over, through and around Harvard's second team, although the latter had him "spotted."

Young Camp and Baker.

The season presented one of the most remarkable coincidences ever known when the sons of old time gridiron rivals, Camp and Baker, played in opposing backfields in the Yale-Princeton game. Walter Camp, Jr., lined up at halfback for Yale, and young Baker held down a similar job for Princeton. It was thirty years before, on November 24, 1881, when the fathers of these youths fought for the Tiger and Bulldog respectively in one of the most memorable battles of all. It wound up with honors neither side being able to score, which was due in large measure to the work of Camp and Baker for their respective teams. Each of the younger generation a week ago showed himself to be "a chip of the old block" and the jolly thing about it was that their venerable "daddies" were up there in the stands, with the rooting contingents of their alma maters "howling their heads off" at the valiant efforts of their progeny.

True Sportsmanship.

What we regard as the most commendable exhibition of true sportsmanship that has ever come under our observation is seen in an article that appeared in the "Daily Princetonian," official organ of the under-

there a man who could play football every day and live. The game this year was more strictly "football for the spectator" than ever before. The limitations placed on the forward pass and on interference, as well as the cutting up of the game into four periods proved of great benefit to the game as a whole this season, as the coaches and men had been given a full year to adapt themselves to the new conditions. It is likely that next season will witness a further advance along the line of scientific football. One thing is to be noted with pleasure is the rise of the smaller colleges in the football world. Brown, by virtue of its victory over Yale the previous year and its defeat of Pennsylvania in the early season, proved one of the greatest drawing cards of the year in the games Harvard and Yale, although the Providence aggregation proved the under dog in both these contests. Penn. State rushed into the limelight by thrashing both Cornell and Pennsylvania. Georgetown sprung its big surprise by being the Army, conquerors of Yale. Lehigh entered the "dark horse" class by tying Princeton. Carlisle, always in the spotlight, presented a wonderful eleven this year, experiencing probably the most remarkable career of any Indian eleven in history.

Crop of Heroes.

This year has its crop of heroes just as have its predecessors, but it is to be lamented that some of those who deserve the most credit do not stand out so prominently as more fortunate ones. Probably the great



KNOCKOUT T BROWN

"Knockout" Brown, the well known New York lightweight, who has had an exceptional ring career, and has proved a formidable antagonist, has been matched to fight Ad. Wolgast, the lightweight champion, for the lightweight championship at San Francisco on Christmas or New Year's day. Brown has been after Wolgast for a long time, and now that they have been matched fight fans all over the country will be eager as to the outcome of this long sought for bout.

Yale And Princeton Had Best Backfield Of The Big Four

(By W. S. FARNSWORTH.)

New York, Nov. 25.—Yale and Princeton have shown the best backfields of the Big Four this year. One is a great defensive set and the other a powerful ground-gaining team. Penn's backfield is a first-class player, Mercer alone being a first-class player, and Harvard's has been forced to rely entirely on Wendell.

Yale's backfield in the big games showed marked improvement in every line. When the season first started every critic roasted the men behind the line at New Haven to a turn, but they developed fast and today are much better than the combinations at Cambridge and Philadelphia. It is a toss-up whether the Tigers are any stronger. But, as I said before, Yale's backfield is so different from Princeton's that it is hard to compare them. The Tigers possess the ground-gainers, while the Bulldog has a secondary defense that is the equal if not superior of any eleven that ever wore the mole skins.

In Pendleton, Sawyer, Baker, Penfield, Vaughan and DeWitt the Jungletown college has the most powerful backfield in either the east or west. They have adapted themselves more for fast end running than line plunging. The open field running of all these proved a big factor in the Harvard, Dartmouth and Yale games.

In the matter of defense, the Princeton backs lack the strength displayed by the New Havenites. Relly, Anderson, Freeman, Camp and Spalding are all corking defensive backs. Relly perhaps is the greatest defensive back in the country.

Vaughan's work in the Harvard and Dartmouth games in backing up his line called much praise from the Princeton coaches, but DeWitt, Sawyer and Pendleton all showed a tendency to be "sucked in" by the opposing backs, especially on the delayed passes as worked on them by the big Dartmouth team.

wonderful form in all departments. He weighs about 195 pounds, is over six feet tall and has a whirl of speed in getting down the gridiron under hoists. Avery, his running mate, while not equal to Bomelsier, is above the average. He has one fault that needs correcting badly; he doesn't follow the ball as well as ends should. On the defense at times, he has allowed the man with the ball to get outside of him, too.

Avery has another fault, also, and that is his eagerness to get in and smash the play before it has fairly started. This has proven very costly at times this fall. But it shows that he has the fighting spirit and he can be schooled.

Dunlap, the Tigers' wing man, also has the same fault. He is a hard man to circle, but he is over anxious at times.

Opposite Dunlap, Princeton has White, whose great work in the Harvard and Dartmouth contests has practically assured him of a position on Walker Camp's All-American team. This player follows the ball at all times, as an end should, and has been boxed but few times this season. He is an eleven-second man and covers his kicker's hoists perfectly.

While comparing the Yale and Princeton men behind the line it might be well to speak of their best forwards. Captain Hart, of the Tigers, has developed into the best tackle in the country. Coach Roper should have placed him in the line long before this season. While he was a good back, he was not playing his proper position. Tackle is his right berth.

Harvard, Dartmouth and Yale all found him the hardest playing tackle they face all year. He is a fast, sure and hard charger and raised havoc with the opposition in the three big battles. The big captain's ability to check his man on punts and then get down the field is remarkable.

Agitation Against Boxing Game Has Arisen In Australia

(By W. W. NAUGHTON.)

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 25.—Agitation against the boxing game has arisen in Australia. Parenthetically, it might be explained, there is always a demonstration of some sort from the opponents of pugilism when anything pretentious in the way of a ring event looms up at the Antipodes.

The trouble blew away, as a rule, like the smoke of a wood fire, and it may be that the present disturbance is merely a casual whiff of remonstrance at what someone has dubbed, "the sport of men."

In the present case the affected area is wider than usual. The opening gun was fired in the city of Melbourne when Rev. F. C. Spurr, pastor of a Baptist church, approached Dr. Wright, prime of Australian, "with a view of instituting a movement for the suppression of prize fighting in Sydney."

In defining his position, the Rev. Spurr said: "My prime object is to bring pressure to bear on the government with a view to preventing the fight between Johnson and McVea, which is to take place at the Stadium, Ruscomb's Bay and of fact, to place an embargo on all boxing contests FOR MONEY."

While at first glance it looks as though the gentleman of the cloth is discriminating, it is evident just the same that he intends the movement to be a thorough one. Such boxing contests as are not FOR MONEY are not much of a menace to the public morals.

Members of the Evangelical and Baptist councils of New South Wales have ranged themselves behind Rev. Spurr in his work of reform and the war between the "Fros" and "Antis" is on.

It is freely intimated that, if Sydney had not been converted into a stamping ground for the world's most notorious negro bruisers, and if a Johnson-McVea fight had not been scheduled as a climax to the Ethiopian invasion, these who dislike boxing might have been content to suffer in silence.

The agitators think that the name "White Australia," which was conferred upon the county on account of its aversion to all men of color, irrespective of race, should be lived up to, but the threatened Johnson-McVea fight is the last straw. The vehemence of the opposition is such that an irreverent Australian scribe has dubbed the reformers "the society for the abatement of the smoke nuisance."

So far the parties who favor boxing have scored better than their adversaries. In Sydney a reporter interviewed no less a personage than F. Day, inspector general of police, and elicited the gentleman's views on the subject. Here is what the inspector general of police said:

"I do not profess to be able to give an exposition of the law, but I always view glove contests this way: If there be a fixed number of rounds and the contest is to be decided on points, it is not a prize fight. This, I believe, is the accepted law. I am not saying that contests such as we have in Sydney are, or are not, prize fights. I am simply giving the generally accepted idea. The police always attend these contests and they have instructions to stop a fight at the slightest exhibit-

tion of brutality and, I may add, the chief secretary is in accord with that instruction. It is also within the power of a contestant or his second to bring the event to a close at any moment."

The inspector general was told that one of the church representatives claimed the government had the power to prohibit the charge made for the entrance to boxing exhibitions.

"That is not so," he said. "So long as a limited number of rounds is stipulated, the authorities can not interfere." This is particularly interesting as it shows the way glove contests are viewed by the men in authority in Australia. In addition it is quite refreshing to hear of an official who has the courage of his convictions and who expounds his views candidly and without fear of consequences. If there were such a thing as an inspector general of police in Milwaukee, say, and he was asked the question the Sydney reporter asked Day, the chances are he would reply: "I refuse to answer for fear of jeopardizing my political future."

Of course, Hugh D. McIntosh, the Australian promoter, was heard from. Said he: "I can only say that the clerical gentlemen are laboring under a misapprehension. There is no such thing as prize fighting in any part of the world today."

McIntosh explained that the contests held in the Stadium are simply in line with the glove displays at Oxford, Cambridge, Eton and Harrow and other English public schools where boxing is included in the curriculum.

At the scholastic institutions names, according to McIntosh, the public are invited to go for admission and the events are arranged and carried out on exactly the same lines as the stadium events. He makes the plea, that, if boxing were degraded and brutal, it would not have such champions—meaning, of course, outside champions, as Lord Roberts, Sir Harry Rawson, Sir Malcolm Fox, Sir Claude Crespiigny, Lord Lansdale, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and many others of prominence in the world of art, literature and music. This somehow seems to take in Jimmy Britt.

With a grand flourish of confidence in his position, McIntosh invites the agitators to attend his stadium some night and witness a modern boxing contest. The invitation may not be accepted, but if the searchers after truth become the guests of the promoter, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the cause Mac represents, that it will not be a Carl Morris—Jim Flynn fight.

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