

RUSSIA BENCHED; NO MORE WEAK HITTERS

For those who hit home runs each day that baseball scribbles might make a story, Have joined the greater sporting fray—Pinch hitting now for glory.

... And faithful fans who always came Once more shall seek their favored places; But they shall miss, throughout the game, Those old familiar faces.

BASEBALL HEARS A CLINK OF SILVER

War Gives Everybody but the Fans a Cause for Jubilation

BUSHERS LIKE NEW RULINGS

Tax on Tickets Allows Managers a Chance to Make Fans Foot all Bills

Back home the baseball war is raging. It is all about money. Sitting here in our Sanctum Adrian 3,000 miles away from the swat-festers' Brest Litovsk, some of the terms in our cable correspondents' communique puzzled us a bit. But one note is clear throughout—and that's the clinking of silver. The players are grasping for their share and the managers are not behindhand. Meanwhile, the fans snik—for they must foot the bill.

The big leaguers have admitted a delegation of bushers to the high conference, and certain constitutional rights demanded by ball players—particularly among the minors—have been conceded after much hot parley. Major league players are to have ten days' notice when unconditionally released. When minor leaguers are given their walking papers, they are to have five days' notice. Major leaguers are to be paid all expenses from their homes to the training camps.

Bushers Sure of a Home

Players purchased from Class AA leagues may remain with minor clubs until the end of the season, thus preventing the down-trodden bushers from suffering financial loss while the championship season is open. All this, of course, is heralded by ball players as a long sought victory.

How to make the price of admission tickets cover the war tax without riots at the gates is another matter of great concern to the much-harassed high commissioners. On big days the fractional sum required by the tax bids fair to cause large difficulties in making change to purchasers. The plan to raise the price to a "round sum" suits the managers but isn't so popular with the fans.

Ebbets Sticks the Fans

Charlie Ebbets of Brooklyn, who never is slow in the matter of hitting the ante, comes out with the announcement that he will stick the ticket purchaser ten percent.

Along with all this discussion, the conferees of the National Commission are trying to find time to revise the rules again, and to settle the old debate about the spit ball.

PENN BANS BEAR STORIES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14.—The days of the training camp "bear" stories are ended, at least at the University of Pennsylvania, where Graduate Manager Pickering has established an all-around censorship bureau through which all correspondents must submit their stories before sending them to the press. The reason given for adopting the censorship of athletic press was that in the past the impressions given by the stories had not been accurate and had injured rather than aided the athletic organizations.

Most of the large universities in the United States have encountered this difficulty, and it is believed that others will follow the lead of the University of Pennsylvania and allow the manager or coach to see the sport stories before they are published.

TRACK PROSPECTS BRIGHT

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Latest developments in inter-collegiate athletics show that prospects for a good year in track, rowing and baseball are far brighter than a few weeks ago. It will be remembered that when America entered the war and the first training camps depleted the athletic organizations, only a few of the big universities stood fast and decided that so far as it was possible athletic schedules should be maintained. A little later when President Wilson's message to the college presidents urged that athletics be kept up, other colleges joined the few which from the beginning had voted for the continuation of athletics, and at this date, it appears that with the exception of Harvard, all of the larger universities and colleges have arranged inter-collegiate schedules.

PROMISE OF BOAT RACING

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Yale and Pennsylvania will meet on the water in the first inter-collegiate dual race on May 11. The event will take place on the new Housatonic River course, which is recognized as the ideal two-mile stretch of America. Princeton, Columbia, and the Navy are the other entries in the events for the coming season. Cornell has not yet announced if she will compete. The Navy program of races has been completed, and Yale will row against all colleges.

U. S. A.

Fighting Carol of Hdrq. Co., 320 Inf., N.A. (Tune of "Tannhauser")
U.S.A., U.S.A.
With bayonet and shot and shell,
We will give the Kaiser hell;
U.S.A., U.S.A.
Jab 'em, jab 'em,
Shoot and stab 'em;
U.S.A.

U.S.A., U.S.A.
With rifle bullets flying fast,
We'll nail the Kaiser to the mast;
U.S.A., U.S.A.
With bayonet and shot and shell,
We can lick 'em;
U.S.A.
G. H. H. B.

JOHN L.

So, John L., they've done you in! One more champion is past; One more standby of the ring Gathere'd to his peers at last! Had you forgotten, we know Pays the toll of waning years, One more sporting gentleman Quits this mortal vale of tears!

Well you fought, and honestly, Always hit above the belt Square and handsome—as shall be Aye the glory of the Celt! Had you forgotten, we know You would surely have been here. Dealing out your valiant blows— For you know not breath of fear!

When you scrapped, you scrapped by rule. Scrapped for glory and for prize: Those we fight with know no law Save madman monarch's cry— Hit in clinch, send them foul. Hit a man when down—in sooth, Naught they know of sportsmanship. Naught have they of reck nor truth!

Called you cruel, did they? Why? Thought your sport a brutal thing? All our vict'ries, by the bye, Come by training in the ring: Sport is for fighting men Sport is to train them for the fray— Sport that you made what it is. Sport that mourns your loss today!

Rest you, fighting gentleman. From your life of battles fierce: May no discord from below Your well-earned repose e'er pierce! May we, with our battles done, Meet you in Valhalla, when 'Froud we'll be to be acclaimed Kin to you—clean fighting men!

STAR SHELLS

By Sgt. Stuart Carroll, of G.M.C. A PLEA.

A homely versifier, I, An honest journalistic gay, And born in old Mizion: I'd like to dip my pen and write From milky morn till naughty night Such stuff as this for you.

But when ye autocratic ed With accent military, said: "I need some sporting chat," What could I do except salute, For 'im a buck and he's a lieutenant. A deuntione lieutenant at that.

So here we go, and you who read May see that we don't go to seed By making it your biz To send us all the sport you know— Then watch the wicked wrinkles go Forever from my pliz!

When Grover Cleveland Alexander claimed that the Cubs weren't offering him a sufficient salary, he probably had the notion that his earnings in one year should equal the sum paid by Uncle Sam, in years gone by, to another Grover Cleveland for serving eight.

By Cobb asked exemption from the draft, asserting that he had dependents. While it is universally understood that animals do not come under the head of dependents, the draft board no doubt has an unallotted spot in its heart for Tigers.

And the fans over in the States are worrying about the announcement that there may be a war tax on baseball tickets. Oh, well!

The taxes that bloom in the Spring, tra-la, Will burn the Huns in the Fall.

Closing the pool halls for two days a week and every night at ten o'clock puts an awful crimp in home billiard circles. We can picture Benny Allen and Jawd Kling, way out in Kansas City, closing the shuffles on Twelfth Street, and the former Cub catcher complaining to his partner, "But Benny, it's only the shank of the evening."

Is it a circus you're wantin'? Jess Willard is closing out his aggregation of living miracles. We suggest that the Tank Service purchase the elephants for mascots.

UNCLE SAMMY IN THE BOX

Oh, just watch me when it's Springtime and the sun shines on the bleachers. When the Big Game starts, my laddie, See the grin of joyous rapture sneaking o'er my classic features. As I'm thinking how Our Boys will win the bacon and the beer, Tho' the Gothas play a savage game and lately they've been winning From some pitchers not in training and who couldn't stand the knocks, You will hear 'em shouting "Kamerad!" about the second inning. When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

Oh, I almost see the old horsehide as o'er the plate it's curving. To greet the chinless Kronprinz, who misses it a mile. And the Hun bench-warmers wonder, "ot der hell is 'em's serving?" But the pitcher slams 'em over with a tantalizing smile. He can give them any brand of ball and any place they want 'em. Around their neck one minute and the next around their socks— You can bet your mess-kit, bunkie, that I'll be right there to taunt 'em When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

When it's over in the Springtime, there will be some gay parading. Through the laughing streets of Paris Uncle Sam will lead his band, And I shouldn't be surprised if there's a bit of serenading Ere we say "adieu" to la belle France, the Tiger-lily land. They'll march aboard a transport for the jaunt across the ocean, And we'll tell 'em how to Kaiser Bill we swiftly set the blocks— Oh, I wish 'twere Spring to-morrow; there'll be doins—I've a notion— When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

With slender prospects in view for a good schedule during the coming season, the Montreal club of the International league is rapidly selling its high salaried players. Their action on the part of the club seems to indicate that the Northern league may be disbanded.

ARMY FIELD SPORTS; WHO WILL TRY THEM?

Track Meets of Military Events Should Uncover Real Hun Killers

Spring, the season for field sports, is slipping upon us. Back in the States the schoolboys are beginning to timber up for track meets.

Why can't we of the A.E.F. plan some meets of our own—something in the line of military field sports? Every regiment certainly has the material for a team; or a regimental team might be organized by competition between company or troop, battalion or squadron teams.

Because of a variety of difficulties it is suggested that the old program of dashes, runs, jumps, vaulting, and weights be eliminated and that all of our track events be of a strictly military nature, events actually useful in

prove interesting and might lead to a satisfactory method of adjusting these articles to the American calf. Or, an "ante-reveille" dressing contest—from pajamas (?) and bed socks to blouse, overcoat, hat, boots, and putts, with blankets folded, too, would undoubtedly develop into a popular event, since every organization has its snappy dresser. The pie-eating contest? Ah, oui, to be sure. But we suggest that gentlemen from certain parts of New England be heavily handicapped.

BILLY SUNDAY IN BATTLE

Has a Flat Fight and Describes It For the Papers

When a disturber with a gas mask sneaked over the top at a recent Billy Sunday meeting, intending to whip the evangelist, several things happened. Billy thus describes the ensuing fight in a wire to the New York Evening World: "It wasn't much of a battle. Those loyal, hot blooded Southerners took it out of my hands before I landed many times. I hadn't much more than gone into high on my sermon. Just happened to

retire to his farm. Said farm, or rather ranch, has been in Tex's possession for quite some time. Why he bought it when he did Tex confesses he doesn't really know, unless it was a sort of base to retire to in case he was forced from his front line position at the ropes. But he hasn't been forced from the ropes—not by a jugful! His voluntary retirement is the real thing, and therefore not at all in the same class with the "voluntary withdrawal" in Belgium last autumn.

The Llama's Nature

As time wore on, that ranch of his, which is down Paraguay way, got on Tex's mind. Then it got on his nerves. It became a sort of "Now that you got it, wacha gonna do with it?" proposition. Finally, Tex, being hardly what you might call a passive soul, hitched up his galuses, dug in his jeans for a steamer ticket and marine insurance, had himself rugged and the result pasted on to his passport, and made tracks for the regions below the equator.

So, amid the waving pampas grasses instead of amid the waving fight fans, Tex will take up his new abode, and start his new occupation as a lammer of llamas instead of an abettor of lamers. Llamas are fuzzy things that are a sort of a cross between a goat, a sheep, a camel, and Lord knows what, and while they are usually easy to herd they are not infrequently as temperamental as champs. Tex, it can readily be seen, will be right in his element if they get frisky and want bigger guarantees or anything.

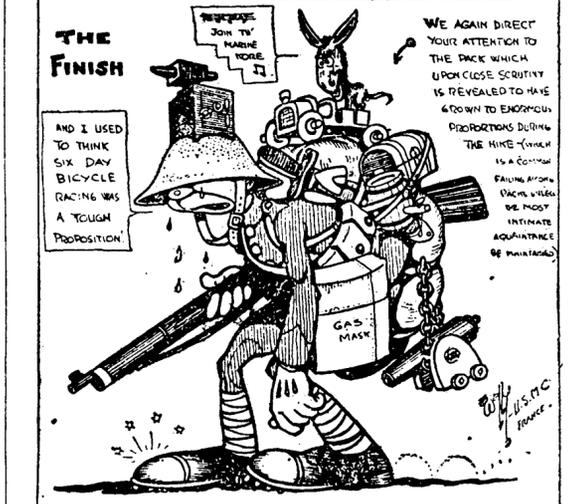
We'll All Eat Llama

Llamas can be fleeced, just like some humans; also shorn. Likewise they are good to eat, after they have been killed and cooked. It's a safe side bet that all of Tex's friends—which means a fair majority of the great American people, will be eating llama meat as regularly as an army eats beans, once Tex gets things going down there and properly organized. And llama meat, to judge from Mr. Hoover's reports, will be mighty welcome as a change from the whale blubber and corn pone diet upon which our great nation is now said to be subsisting.

KICKHEFER DEFEATS DE ORO

The new three cushion billiard champion of the world is August Kickhefer. In a match this week in Chicago, he smothered away Alfredo de Oro's rubber-tipped scepter—51 to 20 tells the story.

A CROSS-COUNTRY EVENT



All-Around Champs, Step Up!

In the American track meet there are usually from twelve to sixteen events on the program. A dozen events immediately suggest themselves which might be used in a military meet, and in which any man with a few months in the army should be fairly proficient:

1. One hundred yard dash in heavy marching order—field shoes, pack, rifle, etc. (This has been done in 14 seconds on a typical French road.)
2. Shallow trench digging, for speed.
3. Hand-grenade target contest. Distance fifty feet.
4. Blanket-roll contest—started with contents of roll on ground. First man to stand at attention, completely equipped, to be adjudged winner.
5. Pup-tent pitching contest, for speed, with two men teams.
6. "Bayonet-boxing."
7. Hurdle race over military obstacles, such as trenches, stand-bag piles, wire, hedges, etc.
8. Padded-lance jousting, or bayonet vs. man, with padded lance, stationed back of stabbing dummy.
9. Dismantling and setting up (a) machine-guns, (b) automatic rifles, (c) one-pounders, contestants blindfolded.
10. Rifle match.
11. Pistol match.
12. Relay race for runners, or "agents de liaison," distance to be determined later.

Putt-Spinning a Fine Art

Then, too, there should be other events of a less martial character, so that the program may not become too technical for an average spectator. A race in winding spiral puttees should

SOME COLLECTION

Here, according to one of the officers at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., is a list of the equipment an officer is now supposed to bring with him to France:

- Two typewriters. One mahogany bar.
- One kitchen range. One brassiere.
- One slot machine. One 1908 Ford.
- One manicule set. One chiffonier.
- One morris chair. One saw horse.
- One 24-foot ladder. One chafing dish.
- One bass violin. One clothes dryer.
- One variety box. Two clothes bins.
- One fly ride. One 4-inch hawser.
- One paper hanger's outfit.
- One case of dominoes.
- One nice work bench.
- One Chicago directory.
- Four dozen pairs suspenders.
- Four good Persian rugs.
- One tooth brush with Evinrude motor attached.

TEX RICKARD NOW A LLAMA LLAMER

Famous Boss of Lammer Takes to Tall Grasses of Paraguay

Tex Rickard is out. Not knocked out by the over-fervid caresses of any of his former pug proteges, but just plain out of the fight-promoting game. Tex is going back to South America.

At first thought the possibilities of a fight promoter of Tex's undoubted ability being let loose in that vast area, which in its day has been shaken by so many revolutions, seem dire in the extreme. But not so. Tex isn't even going in for bull-fight booming. He is going to leave South American fight-promoting to Old Clip Castro, the stormy petrel of Venezuela, and other people who care for that sort of recreation. Tex, like Cincinnatus, is going to retire to his farm.

Said farm, or rather ranch, has been in Tex's possession for quite some time. Why he bought it when he did Tex confesses he doesn't really know, unless it was a sort of base to retire to in case he was forced from his front line position at the ropes. But he hasn't been forced from the ropes—not by a jugful! His voluntary retirement is the real thing, and therefore not at all in the same class with the "voluntary withdrawal" in Belgium last autumn.

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A FIGHTER'S GAME

"Our soldiers in France are the best bow throwers among the Allies. Why? Because of their baseball training. I think we should do everything to encourage a game which makes good soldiers of our young men."

This is the introduction given a bill in New York by Assemblyman Owen Kiernan. The bill provides for Sunday baseball, both amateur and professional, the contests to be played after 2:30 in the afternoon.

"I don't think a man who goes to a baseball game after 2:30 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon is any less of a Christian," says Kiernan, "and I believe that enthusiasts over the state will give the bill their strongest support."

Among the prominent men to appear before the legislative committee in favor of the Kiernan measure is John J. McGraw, of the Giants.

CABLE FLASHES

The Harvard varsity hockey team broke even with the Boston Wanderers in an ice-scrap, each seven scoring one goal early in the game.

Boston College beat Boston University on the rink, its puck-propellers slamming home three goals to the loser's one.

Lehigh University was floored in baseball by the Crescent quintet recently, the tallies being 11 for Lehigh and 22 for the quarter-moon contingent.

A national Class C billiard champion is Ferdinand Unger of Montclair, N. J., who won his title after defeating Augustus Gardner by a score of 150 to 125. There was another game still to be played in the series at last reports, but its outcome cannot change the result of the match.

Syracuse University's crew coach opposes the cancelling of the inter-collegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, as advocated by Pennsylvania and Cornell. Yale will keep to rowing this year, and plans for three varsity crew races with Penn, Princeton and Harvard, although the events have not yet been officially sanctioned by the Yale Athletic Council.

That all-powerful body insists that the races must be without the old-time glamor and expenditures—such as viomers for the lady guests in the observation cars, and drinks for the gentlemen guests at the Griswold and "Moheke," no doubt.

Ted Lewis, the welterweight champion, got the decision in a six round go over Johnny Tillman of Philadelphia, scoring a knockdown with a left hook in the final round, and thus making the jugglist from the Sleeping City feel perfectly at home. Jack Britton, the former champion, will meet Lewis again in Providence on February 25, to go twelve rounds to a decision. They have

ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

DON'T WASTE GOOD FOOD

Reports have been received G.H.Q. that waste has been observed coming from messes of organizations of the A.E.F. Mention is especially made of waste of bread.

As a result, orders have been issued that organization commanders are responsible that messes under their control are operated so as to avoid any waste. "Waste of food materials," says the order, "is a very serious matter at a time when the people of the United States, as well as the Allied peoples, are reducing their food rations in order to economize food supply and tonnage."

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

THE CENSOR SAYS YOU CAN MAIL The Stars and Stripes HOME

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