

LATEST LOCAL

SPORTING

GENERAL REVIEWS

NEWS

TIMELY COMMENTS

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS STARTED AS A FARCE

Of the Right Men to Hold the Title Only Ketchel and Levinsky Stand Out.

Writing regarding the career of Mike McTigue as light-heavyweight champion, W. J. Chipman says: The light-heavyweight division began as a joke, and most of the champions have kept the slate clean. When old Bob Fitzsimmons was matched to meet George Gardner at San Francisco in 1903, the promoters agreed that something must be done. The boys must have an excuse for fighting, so they dug up the "light-heavyweight" title, the jest of a promoter, to encourage the customers. Fitz outpointed Gardner in twenty rounds on November 25th, 1903, and promptly forgot the light-heavyweight title. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien grasped it eagerly after knocking old Bob out in thirteen rounds at San Francisco on December 20th, 1905. The Philadelphia avoided trouble until Stanley Ketchel came up from nowhere to devastate heavies and middleweights. After being saved by the good old ball at the Pioneer Sporting Club, O'Brien went down before the rush of the Michigan Assassin in Philadelphia on June 9th, 1909. The bout lasted three rounds. Ketchel lived and died without realizing or caring that he was light-heavyweight champion of the world. After Ketchel's violent death on October 15th, 1910, the 175-pound championship lapsed. The procedure that was followed in regard to Ketchel's middleweight title reverting it to the last previous holder, was impossible. Jack O'Brien's aging shoulders were too feeble to support the mantle, and the championship became vacant, the only ring title that ever went unclaimed over any considerable period in modern times. Jack Dillon rescued the champion-

ship from the storeroom on May 28th, 1912. Dillon, a strong middleweight, was deprived by circumstances of a chance at the championship in that division in the turmoil that followed Ketchel's death. He needed a title, however, and recalled the example set by Fitzsimmons. Meeting the aged Hugo Kelly in Indianapolis on May 28th, 1912, Dillon advertised the scrap as a "battle for the light-heavyweight championship." The Indianapolis giant killer mowed Kelly down in three rounds and went away with the title. Like other champions in the class, Dillon had a bad memory. The need of the moment having been taken care of, the crown was promptly forgotten. Dumb Dan Morgan, breaking a long silence of fifteen minutes in 1916, let it be known that his man, Battling Levinsky, was fighting Jack Dillon for the light-heavyweight championship of the world, nothing less. Dillon and Levinsky met several times in 1916, though it is open to question whether any fighting took place in some of the bouts. On October 24th, 1916, however, no business arrangements were made for a match held in Boston, and Bat outpointed Dillon in twelve rounds. Did Morgan claim the title? Did he ever miss? If the light-heavyweight ballyhoo had been drowned out by the uproar in earlier years, it more than made up lost ground between 1916 and 1920, with Dumb Dan's strident voice behind it. Times were getting dull again when Georges Carpentier was rising through the ballyhoo for a bout with Dempsey. It was necessary that Carpentier be something more than a mere 175-pound French prizefighter, so they sent for Bat and Daniel. Gorgeous Georges, sad, dreamy, wistful, knocked out the gallant Battler in the Jersey City ball park on the evening of October 12th, 1920. After winning several impromptu affairs with waiters and gendarmes along the Paris boulevards, Siki wisely signed to meet Michael McTigue in Dublin on March 17th, 1923. It seems that early training in Senegal includes nothing about

what the 17th of March means in Ireland.

Not realizing that the best he could expect was to escape from the ring alive, Siki went, or was taken, to his Waterloo. Mike outpointed him in twenty rounds and became the eighth light-heavyweight champion.

With the exception of the Stribling disturbance in Columbus, Ga., last October 4th, peace and quiet has been the rule during the reign of McTigue.

CHESS TOURNEY HAS EXCITING MOMENTS

What World's Championship Contest Really Looks Like to the Visitor.

Writing in the New York Sunday World of the International Congress, Louis Weitzenkorn has this to say: It was Robert Benchley who once wrote that a man might kill two men on a train, put a chess board between them and they'd ride all the way to San Francisco before anyone discovered that the reason they hadn't moved was because they were dead. This remark is funnier than it is true. There may be a long time between moves—and in the chess tournament between the eleven greatest chess players in the world, now raging in the Japanese Room in the Hotel Alamac, there are long waits between moves, but there is plenty of movement. About the hardest thing in the world, to judge from present contest, is the keeping of a chess player seated. A chess game is like a duel between two men whose pistols are on the table in front of them, and both afraid to make a grab. The excitement is purely subjective. In each brain there is a red whirlpool of possibilities. Each man sits and his eyes stare for openings. To an onlooker there seems nothing but an outside calm, a heavy, portentous calm—all motion utterly suspended. It is in the subjective activity that the resemblance to chess is strongest. Chess has been compared to the battle of armies. There are fortifications, cavalry, infantry, objectives and ten million strategies. The player, the great players, such as the eleven men in the Japanese Room of the Alamac, Jose R. Capablanca, of Cuba, world's champion; Dr. Emanuel Lasker, of Germany, former world's champion; Richard Reti, of Czechoslovakia; Alexander Alekhine, of Russia; Dr. Savielly Tartakower, of Austria; Geza Maroczy, of Hungary; David Janowski, Franco-Pole; E. D. Bogoljubow, of the Ukraine; F. D. Yates, former champion of England; Edward Lasker, of Chicago, and Frank Marshall, of New York City, United States champion—all these men hold in their minds hundreds of thousands of combinations and permutations, the bewildering mass that makes up the game of chess. This is where the subjective bloodshed comes in. There is a sudden fall of silence in the tournament room. The scraping of feet over the flowered Japanese carpet ceases. Voices fall to pianissimo. Ten of the giants walk to their chairs. Scruping a soft chorus of "Ready!" "All Ready?" "Ready."

Each man takes his seat beneath the coat of arms of his country, over which his name is painted. Bogoljubow is under the sickle and hammer of the Soviets, Alekhine beneath the imperial eagles of the Caar, Frank Marshall's coat of arms looks like a barber's advertisement, but alas, it is the idea of the red and white minus the blue in his shield. The last "All Ready" is whispered. The men who have the white pieces are entitled to the first move—the attack. At the side of the tables are two-faced clocks; they look like alarm clocks—Siamese twin alarm clocks—for a bar connects them and when this bar is pushed one clock stops and another starts, so that each player is timed and must make fifteen moves an hour. The "white" players start their clocks; the silence is broken by the ticking.

Not a Woman There. Nothing happens. The duelists are staring at the boards. Two rows of white pieces face two rows of black. It seems to be nothing, but for the hushed, trembling chess fans it is as if the gray lines of the Confederacy were drawn up again on Seminary Ridge, while across the battlefield of Gettysburg the ranks of Union blue waited. This is the subjective bloodiness of chess. The battlefield is quiet. Not a motion, not a sign of the metaphorical cannonades, charges and counter-charges that seethe behind those faces. Then, for the ignorant something imponderably small happens. A player of the white pieces pushes forward a little pawn and on the side lines the fans begin whispering of such things as "the Ruy Lopez," "the King's Gambit," "the Queen's Gambit" and "the French defense" and "the Sicilian defense." Moves come rapidly in the beginning and then one piece is placed and with a smile of satisfaction the player rises and begins to walk up and down, examining the other games around, slanting a glance at his own board and the pondering opponent to whom he knows he has given a problem. Young men, like stock boys in a brokerage house, list the plays on dummy boards hung beside each table and the whole room can take in any game at any stage at a glance. The whispering becomes continuous and the atmosphere is not unlike the room in which a corpse lies in state for a long time. There must be talking and the talking is in cathedral secrecy. It is a motley crowd that sits and stands watching this very minimum of motion; a crowd that holds in its collective brain excitement that is actually terrific. A baseball game, a prize fight, are limited. A ball is hit, caught, or missed. There are certain few tricks—"strategy." A prize ring reduced to the ultimate is four fists flying at two bodies. But a chessboard, with sixty-four squares and thirty-two pieces upon them, can give up a series of different combinations that runs into hundreds of millions. That crowd knows hundreds of these combinations, and the masters who play know thousands—they have memorized them—yet one move throws the game into an utter novelty, just as the soldier, firing into the dawn, may kill Stonewall Jackson and turn the destiny of a cause. The crowd—Jesuit priests, Jewish intellectuals, mathematicians, lawyers, doctors, writers, journalists, serious looking small boys, men with portable chess sets following the moves of the Lasker game or the Capablanca game. Everything is there—except one—there were no

FROM THE OUTSIDE—LOOKING IN.

"The batteries for to-day are—for Kingston, Bennett and Rice—Legon now batting for Peterboro." Say, is this a junior league or a senior or what?

The Kingston Amateur Baseball League—more familiarly known as the City League—is busy just now looking out for the matter of sending a delegate to the meeting of the O.B.A.A. in Toronto on Saturday.

Up in Hamilton the other night they gave a boxing decision against Johnny Buff that even the home fans thought was a raw one. Dr. Percy Whythe, formerly with Queen's, was the only judge to decide in Buff's favor over Lear, but he had the entire crowd with him.

"We finished seventh a year ago. We were the bunk—and I orter know; But our pitchers are going great this spring. We're there with the punch and everything; We'll cop that pennant without a fuss." The baseball manager says to us, "We'll take the jump on opening day—" Howinelldotheygetthatway?

Awrey will coach Hamilton and everything is shiny up there—the players are leaving Ottawa and everything is gloom—Montreal expects to see Flanagan as M.A.A.A. coach and another hope is forthcoming—Argonauts will grab everything in sight as usual—and Queen's are saying nothing and too busy with exams, to think of rugby. There's the spring football review.

Up at the Soo the Algoma Steel Corporation employees built a huge steel replica of the Allan Cup weighing five tons and presented it to the Greyhounds on their arrival. Now some curious bird is trying to find out who had the job of "filling" it.



JACKIE COGGAN,

After receiving a few pointers from the lightweight champion, Benny Leonard, dons the padded gloves and whips a fast one over on Benny's chin.

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