

# Sports of the Times

By JOHN KIERAN.

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**T**HINGS are beginning to move fast. The heavyweight elimination tournament is showing some results. Babe Ruth and Colonel Ruppert are about to stage their famous financial debate, John McGraw is making threatening gestures toward Giant holdouts, Connie Mack has claimed the American League pennant, Walter Hagen finally defeated Gene Sarazen at match play and a round robin 18.2 billiard championship is about to start in the unsuspecting City of Washington, D. C.

## In Perfect Harmony.

George Herman Ruth, bound eastward from the Coast, expresses himself as perfectly confident that he will be in the Yankee training sector at St. Petersburg within a short time. Colonel Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, says the same thing in different words.

Now that that's settled, there's nothing to debate except the amount of money that the Babe will get. Ruth is willing to make it a public debate, but Colonel Ruppert craves privacy. He thinks the public is not interested in Babe's pay check, a supposition which is open to question.

According to reports from the western front, here is what Ruth earned in various ways since this time a year ago: Yankee salary, \$52,000; world's series and post-season exhibitions, \$20,000; vaudeville tour, \$65,000; movie contract, \$75,000; syndicate stories, \$10,000; incidentals, \$10,000.

Some of these figures may be open to suspicion, but the total of \$232,000 can be scaled down considerably and still leave enough to arouse the envy of the ordinary wage slave.

## The Giant Situation.

The Giants have a few holdout problems of their own toward which John McGraw is adopting his usual attitude. The usual McGraw attitude toward a holdout problem is to ignore it.

Jack Scott, Bill Terry and others tried the holdout game with McGraw in recent years, and there wasn't a red cent in dividends in it. Scott wandered around Sarasota, a homeless outcast, until he had the choice of signing up with the Giants or giving up that delightful daily luxury known as eating. And Jack Scott always liked to eat. He surrendered.

McGraw is the Old Guard. He never surrenders. What, never? Well, hardly ever. Only when he really needs the player who is holding out.

## The Point of View.

There seems to be a considerable difference of opinion over what really happened at the Garden on Friday night, when Paulino and Knute Hansen met in the ring. A good many capable judges of things pugilistic welcomed Paulino with a whoop and pronounced him a colorful entrant for the Tunney tournament.

There are others, however, who are convinced that, as a heavyweight possibility Señor Paulino is excessively unimportant. They admit he can "take it." And did. But on that basis a log of wood is the logical heavyweight champion of the world.

There were even some scoffers who went away from the Garden in the firm conviction that Knute Hansen had the better of the collision. These observers, doubtless, based their conclusions on the fact that the meet-

ing was advertised as a boxing match, and Paulino proved that he didn't know a thing about boxing.

This is no private argument. Anybody can get into it.

## Taking Shots at Hoppe.

There's this to be said for a billiard champion—he earns his laurels and then has to defend them every moment he is wearing them. He can't take a three-year vacation like Jack Dempsey and still hold his title.

It seems only a few weeks ago that Willie Hoppe regained his 18.2 crown from Eric Hagenlacher and now Willie is about to plunge into a round robin tournament in Washington against Jake Schaefer, Eric Hagenlacher, Welker Cochran, Edouard Horemans, Felix Grange and Kinrey Matsuyama.

This line-up includes the present champion, two former champions and representatives of five different nations. Six men will be shooting at the seventh man's crown, but they will also be sniping at each other. If Hoppe survives this barrage of billiard shots he will be allowed three nights off before defending his title again.

## Almost Square.

That was a man-sized defeat Walter Hagen handed to Gene Sarazen at match play recently, and there's an odd angle to it.

It was frequently said of Hagen that his attitude toward his opponent at match play was a potent factor in deciding the contest. Hagen played his opponent just as much as he played the shots. And Hagen's personality, not to mention his golf, was too strong for most of his opponents.

Sarazen was one, however, who fought Hagen with unbounded confidence and unusual success. Gene said he never let Walter "get his goat."

A month or so ago an article appeared in a periodical under the signature of Gene Sarazen, and in that article Sarazen was made to say some rather harsh things about Hagen's methods of match play at golf.

Sarazen denied that he had authorized any such printed statements, but one result of the story has been that Hagen stepped out and handed Gene that 8 up defeat over 72 holes on three different courses.

Evidently "The Haig" got fighting mad.

## The Return of the Native.

So Gil Nichols won the Florida West Coast open golf championship. There's something for the younger generation to laugh off. Fifteen years ago Gil was as good as the best. A little over ten years ago he won the metropolitan open championship for the second time, and in those days the metropolitan title was only second in importance to the national open.

But after that the genial Englishman's game began to slide and the last sight one spectator had of him in a Shawnee tournament indicated that Gil would never reach the eighteenth green. He was observed at the fourth hole and had already thrown away most of his clubs. Always an impulsive fellow, when he felt the urge to throw away his clubs he didn't hold back at all.

Gil is a picturesque player, and, if he holds his form, he should be a popular figure once more in the tournament field.