

LATEST REPORTS AND TIMELY COMMENT

NEWS OF ALL BRANCHES OF SPORT

EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN

ROOSEVELT BOOK HAS NEW STORY OF FIGHT WITH JOHN L.

Prof. "Mike" Donovan, Author, Adds a Chapter About the Great Scrapper.

The Following Excerpt From Prof. "Mike" Donovan's Forthcoming Book, "The Roosevelt That I Know," Relates a Hitherto Unpublished Story.

By Prof. "Mike" Donovan.

IT was in the fall of 1879, after my return from California, I proceeded to Boston to fulfill an engagement at the Houd Athlete Theatre. One afternoon while sitting reading, a young man by the name of John Sullivan known as the Highland Stronk Boy, was introduced to me by a friend. I looked him over carefully, said to him: "You look to be a rugged, strong fellow." We talked a short time about fighting men. He was very modest in his remarks, but seemed to display a grudge against Faddy Ryan, champion at that time. I asked him why, and he said: "It happened to be in the theatre once when Ryan and Joe Goss were boxing. Ryan struck foul and Goss refused to continue. I offered to take Goss's place, but Ryan said: 'You go get a reputa-



DORANDO PIETRI.

Young Corbett Gets His Chance To-Night

Once Lightweight Champion Will Fight Phil Brock at New Orleans.

BY JOHN POLLOCK.

YOUNG CORBETT will have another chance to-night to prove whether he is still able to go back in the business and tackle some of the good lightweights, or has gone back so far that it is useless for him to attempt to continue in the game. He will meet Phil Brock, the husky lightweight, of Cleveland, in a twelve-round bout before the Southern A. C. of New Orleans, at catchweights, and as he is in the best condition he has been for a long time he ought to give Brock a tough battle. Fight fans in this vicinity are all worked up over the scrap, and they are rooting hard for Corbett to win, as they would like to see him get back in the game again.

Baron Long, manager of the Jeffries A. C. of Los Angeles, Cal., is now trying to arrange a fight between Corbett and Jimmy Barry, who should beat Jack Kelly, who is expected to be fought at his club on Washington's birthday after-

Evening World's Expert Figures Out Chances of Runners in Coming Event at Madison Square Garden.

EVER since it has been stated that Tom Longboat has a running stride of six feet, and Dorando Pietri, a stride of four feet, the mathematical experts have been trying to figure out the possible winner in the Marathon race to be run in Madison Square Garden next Tuesday night. On the basis of feet and inches to be covered they have the Onondaga Indian in and the managers figuring out the gate. "This is a comparatively easy matter to reduce the Marathon distance of 26 miles 385 yards to feet, securing as a result the total of 138,435 feet. Dividing this by 6 1/2 gives the number of steps taken in the race by Longboat as 21,299 and by Dorando—4 into 138,435—as 34,608.

But at this point the mathematicians stop and the physical culture experts get busy with their dope in the matter of fitness, which in this case means speed and endurance. So far as the experts can judge from their training, both will be physically fit to run the

race of their lives. Dorando has the previous experience of indoor running on the prestige of a victory over Hayes, while Tom Flanagan, manager of the Indian and his intimate acquaintance for three years, says Longboat was never in better condition. In the matter of speed there are two ways to look at the race. Dorando was easily passed by Longboat in the Olympic Marathon in July, but in turn faltered and fell under the burning sun and severe physical strain and Hayes won the race in 2:58.18. A peculiar feature of this race was that Dorando was out in front with the best runners all the way, although plugging along with his little four-foot stride against such fliers as Heffernan, the South African star. Longboat and some of the others, this peculiarity was also noticed in the recent race in the Garden, in which Dorando led for each mile over Hayes and won in 2:42.

Did He Do His Best? Here was a gain in time for Dorando of eleven minutes, and the question always in the mind of the spectators, "Was Dorando in the lead, forced to his best efforts by Hayes at any time in the race?" Dorando, finished strong, his last mile being done in 5:07.45, or the best time of the last eight. Against this record of Dorando's eleven minutes, the best he has ever made, is that of Longboat, who made the world's record of 2:24.31 in the Boston Marathon ten years ago, finishing the race in a storm of rain and sleet and over rough roads.

So far as the men have shown in their training, Longboat has been reeling off miles in 4:45, while Dorando holds an even pace slightly above six minutes to the mile. Longboat recently ran ten miles in practice in 54.7 on a rough outdoor track, and he finished the last mile in 5:15, with apparently no greater exertion than he had the others.

There is also a similar physical difference in the runners. Longboat weighs 160 pounds in weight over Dorando, the former standing five feet 10 inches and weighing about 185 pounds. The Indian has a very deceiving appearance, as one, seeing him in an overcoat and street clothes, would never believe he was a well developed athlete. He is put in a griped like Bob Fitzsimmons, measuring 32 inches over the chest and tapering down to a fine pair of legs. He has immense lung power, and has quit only once in a race from physical break down, this being in the Olympic Marathon, when he ran until, he says, he saw two roadways, and felt exhausted. Dorando is a sturdy little chap, full of pluck and endurance, and confident that he can beat Longboat as easily as he did Hayes. Betting is at even, which indicates that the race will be close, although both contestants believe it will be faster than that of the "Cubs" last season.

The Marathon track in the Garden is ten feet wide, which means that in the race when going at his full stride—and a runner changes very little in the matter of stride length—the Indian will circle it in 88 steps, while Dorando will circle it in 100 steps, a difference of 12 strides, and if you can figure and physical endurance you may be able to judge the winner. The race will be an Evening World tip to go even money and draw straws for a choice.

CITY COLLEGE HAS HOT MEET WITH COLUMBIA. C. C. N. Y. has developed a gymnastic team that will be hard to beat this year. Quite a large array of talent came out to try for the team, and out of the squad coaches Palmer and Hansen picked: Kenyon, Gleich, Leiber, Moore, Bherdunkar, Gluck, Duch, Weber, Bherdunkar, Bherdunkar is a full blooded Indian, taking a regular course at C. C. N. Y., and whose spectacular work has entitled him to a place on the regular team. Manager Bherdunkar has arranged the first match with Columbia, which will be at the City College Gymnasium. The coaches have been steadily at work drilling into the team all the old tricks and putting them wise to some new street game. Phinizis keeps the team hustling every afternoon, and they all will be fit and prepared for one of the great exhibitions ever seen in New York City.

AMUSEMENTS. JOE WEBER'S... ANNIE RUSSELL... ASTOR... BIJOU... WALLACE'S... MARIK CAHILL... KEITH & PROCTOR'S... GABRILOWITSCH... WÜLLNER... METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE... Grand—MERRY WIDOW

UMPIRES HAVE NO CHANCE TO THROW BASEBALL GAMES

NOW that we find the umpires charging that fans or gamblers attempted to bribe them, it might be interesting to know just how a bribed official could earn his money. In the game in question—that between New York and Chicago—there was no possible occasion by which the decision could have changed the result. If Klem and Johnstone had been picked to throw that game to the Giants the brothers would have made a bad deal. There would have been "whipped," losing both ways. Of course, an umpire might be able to manipulate balls and strikes so as to put men on bases, but that would be too raw, if repeated often, for them to get away with it. No decision by an umpire can change the effect of a line hit with men on bases.



TOM LONGBOAT.

There was only one questionable decision in the great game between the Cubs and Giants, and that was Mike Donlin's two-bagger down the right field line, the Chicago players made a slight kick, claiming that the ball was foul. Even that, as it happened, had no effect on the result of the game.

There are anxiously awaiting the names of the persons who are said to have approached the umpires. The committee will not give them out until

a game, except when one or two drop decisions can decide it, bring to mind the erroneous idea some people have that a pitcher could "throw" a game if he desired. It is almost impossible for any one player to "throw" a game, because it is sure that he has such an opportunity. No pitcher can make a batter hit the ball safe. His only sure method of crookedness would be to lose control, and give his opponents bases on balls, and if he did that the manager would take him out of the game.

Of course, it would be silly to assert that any player or an umpire could not help to lose a game, but the argument against it is based on the idea of making it a certainty. No bribe would go into such a deal unless it was an absolute cinch, for they are not of the kind that will take even the slightest chance. Baseball always has been and always will be an honest game. Aside from the natural desire of all concerned to keep it clean for its own preservation, if dishonesty was attempted it could not always be effective.

ROZEMAN BULGER. Reilly and Dasher Fight Draw. SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 12.—Bennie Reilly, of Baltimore, and Jimmy Dasher, a local lightweight, met in a fast fifteen-round bout before the Southern A. C. last night. Referee Dennis called the match a draw after Dasher had carried the fight to Reilly from the first. Reilly was the favorite in the betting.

AMUSEMENTS. HIPPODROME... LYRIC... MAJESTIC... DE WOLF HOPPER... CASINO... LULU GLASER... DALY'S... WM. FAVERSHAM... HEMMERTON'S... CIRCLE... ATLANTIC... MADISON SQ. GARDEN... BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS... EMPIRE... ALHAMBRA

600 Schoolboys Enter for Elementary Track Meet

Basketball Contest To-Night Will Be a Very Interesting Event.

Matched for Bare Knuckles. When well again I made an engagement to return to Boston to box at the Houd Athlete Theatre, to fight George Rock for the middleweight championship with bare knuckles. The fight was to be held in Canada. In Boston I was to box Tom Drone nightly during the week. Tom was a very good local boxer.

It was customary at that time to give the star a benefit on Friday night. I had to look around for some good man to box with me on that special occasion, and I thought of Sullivan. I went to him and said, "Sullivan, you have told me that none of the big fellows will give you a chance to show what you can do. If you will box with me on Friday night and make a good showing, I will take you to New York with me during my training for Brock, and after my fight with him is over I will match you with Faddy Ryan or any of the big fellows." He jumped at the chance.

Friday evening came and Sullivan was in the ring. There was news about it that it was a fight worth seeing, and a big house was built for the event. I kept looking at Sullivan and I said to myself, "I can't see how he can be so good. He is so small and so light, and I can't see how he can be so strong."

Knew He Was a Fighter. The main purpose was to beat him in the start and to intimidate him, if possible, but in this case I did not have to wait. As time was called Sullivan, like a fighting bull, came at me with a rush, which I will admit disconcerted me for the moment. I instantly discovered that I had a fighting man before me.

We mixed it up for a time, but I soon felt that such a course would be a dangerous one for me to pursue, as he did it quick as a cat and very strong. In fact, he was the strongest man I had ever met, and I had never seen a man of reputation up to that time. Faddy Ryan included, and at that time I was considered the greatest man in the ring. Well, I suppose if I hadn't been, my guess would have been cooked that night for me to pursue, as he did it have to do such clever ducking and sidestepping. I proved my cleverness by avoiding a knockout blow in the first round.

Sullivan Slowed Up. After a hard round he slowed up, being somewhat tired from the tremendous fast pace he had gone. Of course, most of his blows went by me, but I mark, and you can rest assured that the mark in question was my head. I felt very tired and fought the second round rather cautiously, but kept him busy, however, by feinting and drawing his punch, each time sidestepping and

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try to get to him out, which I succeeded in doing. We fought four rounds and never before in all my life did I feel so exhausted. He was so strong and so fast, and as big and strong as Sullivan was, he seemed as tired as I, of course, he was a great fighter, and his strength was more than I did. I did by his great efforts. I broke the first round with my right hand in the third round, and also knocked my thumb out of joint. These injuries bothered me very much during the rest of my bout. However, I still thought I had him, as I felt that he was rapidly tiring.

When the fourth round came I kept jabbing him in the face with my left. He used his right hand as a blacksmith would use a sledge hammer rounding out a piece of iron into shape. He hit me on the top of the head several times, and his blows made me see many stars of different colors. Only one who had a like experience could appreciate my feelings at that moment with a broken hand fighting a man comparatively unknown and with a reputation at stake. The fourth round ended with honours even, although I had a reputation slightly the best of it. As I lay in bed that night and thought it over, I did not feel satisfied with the result. I had not felt that I had just fought the coming champion of the prize ring.

Others have claimed to have brought him out, but the man who tries a man out and risks his reputation in so doing is entitled to the credit. I am sure Sullivan would vouch for anything very reference to the fact that it was after his bout with me that he became a great card, and every one caught up in it.

Sutton Coming East to Play Match With Slosson

GEORGE SUTTON, world's champion at 8 1/2 ball game, will be in New York on his way East, and on his arrival here some steps will be taken to close arrangements for the match game.

BIG ENTRY LIST IN SEVENTH'S MEET

A large crowd will witness the running of the fifty-fourth games of the Seventh Regiment this evening, and the meet promises to outdo any previous event in every way.

In the ranks of boys are Blackledge, Peabody, Verneken, Ezyck, Terry, Pilgrim, Storms, Hayward, Higgins, Scoville, and Andrews. The track and field events will call all of these flyers into action. A novel feature race handicaps—the only event of its kind to be seen at any armory this winter.

Twenty youngsters will struggle for novice supremacy in the half-mile run, scratch, for the honor of winning the Officers' Cup, the classic prize of the Seventh games. In all, over two hundred entries have been turned in.

MUSICAL. MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE... GABRILOWITSCH... WÜLLNER... METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE... Grand—MERRY WIDOW

CHANCE SAYS HE MAY QUIT BASEBALL

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 12.—"I may never play ball again." This was the statement made by Frank Chance, captain of the Chicago Cubs, here yesterday.

"There has been friction between Mr. Murphy and myself for quite a while," he continued, "which had its origin in disputes over the management of the Cubs last season.

"Unless I am left in absolute control I shall quit baseball for good. The whole matter is of very little moment to me, anyway.

"I have about closed a deal whereby I take over an extensive orange grove in the county of Pasadena. I figure that will give me a yearly income of \$10,000. That looks a great deal better to me than wrangling with managers and baseball players."

AMUSEMENTS. NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE... LIBERTY... NEW YORK... HELD MISS INNOCENCE... THE TRAVELING SALESMAN... BROADWAY... BELASCO... STUYVESANT... HACKETT... COLONIAL... ALHAMBRA

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