Jack Johnson Sadly in Need of Training

So Say Officers of Ship on Which He Sailed to Reach Barbados.

DID NO BOXING FOR FEAR OF AN INJURY

Shipped His Own Hens To Be Sure of Getting Fresh Eggs, and Ate Plenty of Pastry.

Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world, is greatly in need of training. He said so himself when he left the Lamport & Holt steamship Highland Harris at Barbados on February 7, and announced to the ship's officers, who had become interested in him, that he would have to do some tall training when he got ashore.

The Highland Harris, which had been at an anchorage, came up to her pier and began discharging her chilled beef cargo yesterday. Practically the entire crew, who had taken a fancy to the big pugilist, were anxious for news of his arrival at Tampico.

Captain Robinson, master of the Highland Harris, who takes an interest in all sports, especially prize fighting, said that Johnson was in the pink of condition and in his opinion could knock out any man in the world for the next five years.

The chief officer, who also is interested in fighting, said he believed that Johnson would lose in his fight with Willard through lack of training.

It was said on the steamship yesterday that Johnson announced when he boarded the vessel that he would do no boxing or other training on board. He said he had injured his arm while sparring on board the steamship that brought him from Southampton to Buenos Ayres and that he did not wish to take another risk of that kind.

If the champion adhered to this resolve he has had no training for thirty days, for he has been at sea practically for the entire time between his departure from Montevideo, Uruguay, on January 20, and his arrival at Tampico on Thursday.

Although she is a freighter, Johnson decided to board the Highland Harris, as she was the only vessel making Barbados as a port of call, that would land him there in time to get connections for Mexico.

"But he liked our ship immensely," said the chief steward yesterday. "To use his exact words, Johnson said to me when he left us at Barbados: 'Boy, I could not have been better fed or better treated on the finest liner on the western ocean than I have on the Highland Harris.' He is a black man, Johnson is, but he's got a white heart.

"There were six in his party, including his wife, his nephew, Gus Rhodes, Frank Hagney, his sparring partner from Sydney; his chauffeur and a masseur.

"Jack came aboard on January 20, and he was careful to see that the twenty-four choice chickens he had shipped were housed in a proper place. He wanted fresh eggs every day and those hens laid so many that Jack passed 'em around."

"Didn't he give any boxing exhibition for the officers during the trip?" the steward was asked:

"No, sir. He never once put on the gloves. He said he wouldn't on the first day out and he stuck to his word. He was afraid the ship might roll or give a sudden lurch and he said he wasn't taking any chances on being injured. He did absolutely no training during the eighteen days he was with us, but every morning shortly before noon he stripped and was massaged for about two hours. His men worked hard over him."

"How was his appetite?" was the next question.

"Enormous. I ought to know, because I had charge of his meals. For a fighter I could not understand how he could get away with so much pastry. He likes pastry and eats an awful lot of it at nearly every meal."

"He got so crazy about pastry that he often went into the kitchen and cooked it himself. It was pretty good stuff, too. He kept beautifully away from alcohol. He never drank a drop during the eighteen days he was with us, and his trainers told me he never took intoxicants. He didn't even drink coffee, but he drank great quantities of Poland water with every meal and allowed himself one cigar a day."

"Did he do much walking, rope skipping or running on deck?" was the next question, and the steward answered:

"A little, but nothing to speak of. He usually played shuffleboard from 4 p. m. to 6 p. m. Most of the time he loafed in a steamer chair and read, and sometimes he shot at sharks with the captain's rifle. Just before we got into Barbados Jack killed four of the six sharks we caught on February 6. We trawled for sharks, and after we got 'em on a line and hauled up near the surface Captain Robinson and Jack would shoot 'em. We always hauled 'em abroad, chopped off their tails and threw 'em overboard as a meal for their comrades."

Asked why Johnson carried his chauffeur with him, the chief steward explained that Johnson had brought two big touring cars with him from London to Buenos Ayres, but he sent them back and took his driver with him on the trip from Mexico. He also said that Johnson never talked about his fight or about fighting. He would answer questions, but never prolonged the conversation, if the subject was prize-fighting.

Johnson told the ship officers that he had a great admiration for Georges Carpentier, the French champion, and regretted that the war in Europe had cut short temporarily the young Frenchman's career. Johnson also expressed personal regret because the war had robbed him of $200,000 in contracts.

It was learned on board the Highland Harris that Johnson had picked up as a travelling companion a wealthy young man named Glen Cummings, who is said to be the son of a banker of Chicago. Young Cummings was making a tour of South America, and after meeting Johnson decided to travel with him on his long and uncertain journey from Montevideo to the battle ground at Juarez.

Concerning Johnson's diet on the journey north the chief steward said:

"Jack usually had for breakfast several chops and a big steak, bread and potatoes and a few eggs. At luncheon he had a plate of soup, some cold meat, bread and pastry. With his afternoon tea he had a few light sandwiches and pastry. For dinner he had an abundance of soup, fish, roast beef, pudding, pastry and nuts. He was awfully fond of nuts. He'd go out on deck eating them. His pocket was usually full of 'em. I never saw a man eat so many nuts.

"When we got to Barbados Jack and his party bade us goodby and he invited us to visit him at his house in London when the Highland Harris made the run to Manchester. He was hailed by a great crowd when he went ashore, and was received with open arms at the Marine Hotel.

"Johnson's first concern was to get a steamship that would take him either to Havana or to Vera Cruz, but there was no vessel at Barbados or one expected to call at Barbados that would get him to Mexico in time. He then lost no time thinking, but chartered a 800-ton schooner to get him to Mexico in time to train.

"If he was afraid to train on the Highland Harris, loaded down to Plimsoll with beef cargo and mighty steady, it's a cinch Johnson would get no training on the little schooner he chartered."

No one on the Highland Harris could get Johnson to give an opinion on the outcome of his fight with Jess Willard at Juarez on March 6. He merely smiled and refused politely to talk shop.

New Foe for Organized Ball

The Federal League has a rival. Not only must the solons of organized baseball beware of the new major league, but also they must shun the smiles and the guiles of the theatrical manager.

There is a theatrical man in Atlanta, so the story goes, who has offered to buy the release of Shoeless Joe Jackson, the slugging outfielder of the Cleveland Naps, and put him at work elevating the stage.

Jackson has long nursed an ambition to get out of baseball, and should hail the golden opportunity. Just what Charley Somers and his confreres will say remains to be seen.

SOUNDS LIKE A DREAM

Rumor in Chicago that Jack Johnson Will Return.

Chicago, Feb. 19.—It was reported in the Federal Building to-day that Jack Johnson, world's champion pugilist, under sentence for violating the Mann act, might appear here in a few days. District Attorney Clyne was non-commital in his comment on the rumor.

"I would not be surprised if Johnson should step into my office any minute," said the federal prosecutor, who immediately declined to say whether he had been notified that Johnson would return to Chicago.

Two indictments under the Mann act are pending against Johnson, in addition to the conviction in the Belle Schreiber case, in which he forfeited his bond by going to Europe.

Winning Number Lives Up to Name

Liverpool, England, Feb. 19.—Sir Thomas Dewar's Winning Number won the Waterloo Cup, the Derby for greyhounds, here to-day, defeating M. G. Hale's Happy Challenge in the final round. Both the dogs in the final were rank outsiders, the betting before the first courses were run being 1,000 to 50 against each hound.

The Golf Widow—His View of It

By BRIGGS

GIANTS RETURN MUCH GOLD AND LOSE A MASCOT

Hard Day for John Foster Who Thinks Football Fans Mad.

CHANCE FOR YOUTH WITH RABBIT'S FOOT

Must Be the Right Kind of Foot and Carry Luck for McGraw and His Men.

These are busy times for John J. Foster, secretary of the New York Giants. He is busy making arrangements for the training trip of the team, issuing instructions to new players who have yet to learn the ropes and performing the various other duties that crop up in the work-a-day life of a secretary.

But he had an added burden yesterday in returning money to football fans who have already applied for tickets for the Army-Navy game which will not be played until November 27. Foster said that if half the applications received were honored the grounds would be pretty well sold out.

Returning money, however, was not one of the tribulations of the genial secretary. Far more important to him was the fact that Jimmy Ford, mascot of the team, has given up mascotting and gone to work.

The high cost of living has affected even the sunny dispositioned, sorrel-tufted James, and he announced yesterday: "Next summer I must walk for me livin'. But I'll be pulling for the old team." Jimmy will serve in the offices of W. A. Read & Co., bankers, as office boy and general utility man.

The defection of Ford opens an avenue for some b ight youngster who is the seventh son of a seventh son, possessing a foot (the left hind foot, it must be) of a rabbit killed in a graveyard at midnight by a cross-eyed, white-haired negro, in the light of the full moon.

Davey Robertson, admitted to be one of the best veterinary surgeons in organized baseball, has received his degree, bid farewell to his Alma Mater and will be ready to report at Marlin Springs with the first of the recruits. Davey is quite proud of his first case. He was called to attend a horse which was suffering intense pain. After taking one dose of the medicine prescribed, the horse ceased to suffer.

The farmer bought a new horse the following day.

Robertson assured Foster that he was in tiptop condition and expected to hit close to .300 during the coming year. He also expects to be a regular outfielder.

Tilly Shafer is still browsing around this city, but he is giving the club offices a wide berth. He is firm in his intention not to return to the game apparently, and after looking up old friends will return to his California home. A number of baseball writers ventured the opinion that when Shafer went West it would be to Marlin, but Foster said there was no such luck in store for the Giants.

The baseball fans are quite sure now that Eddie Collins is one of the busiest men playing the national game. While his old pals, the Athletics, are training in Louisiana, Eddie and his new-found pals, the White Sox, will help open the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to-day. Having attended to his duty, the White Sox will repair to Paso Robles to train for two weeks, when the schedule of exhibition games will open. Practically every important city on the Pacific Coast will be visited.

Arthur Irwin, former scout of the New York Yankees, is a game man. Word has been received that Irwin has bought a one-third interest in the Lewiston club, of the New England League.

BEARS FOR SPORTSMEN

Three "Babies" on View at Show Opening To-day.

The interior of the Grand Central Palace is fragrant with odors emanating from 5,000 fir balsam trees, in which environment are three baby bears, with their eyes not open. During the continuance of the Sportsmen's Show, which opens this morning at 11 o'clock, it is expected that the bears will get their eyes open.

An attraction that has always proved of special interest in the shows of by-gone years were the guides, with their woody talk, mannerism and apparel. In the 1915 exhibition there will be more guides than were ever assembled in the past. Among those in the extensive exhibit which represents the State of Maine will be Waldo Nash, in charge; B. Carroll of the Spring Lake camps, and F. E. Grose. One of the many picturesque items of this exhibit will be a log cabin, with camp accessories from the Dead River region.

To-day will be an eventful day with trap shooting, fly casting and the schoolboys' rifle-shooting tournament on the programme.

THE YOUNG GIANTS FULL OF AMBITION

Insist They Be Taken to Marlin at Once—"Message" from Rube.

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

St. Louis, Feb. 19.—Richard Kinsella, scout, discovered to-day that there was no curbing the enthusiasm of the young Giants. A number of the more recent additions to McGraw's forces gathered here for a conference with Kinsella and insisted that they wanted to go to Marlin immediately.

The scout explained to them that under the rules no National League club may begin training before March, but when he saw the disappointment of the youngsters he invited them to be his guests at the resort and look the place over. Of course they will not train.

The squad, which will leave here to-morrow night, consists of Erikson, Huenke, Cools and Ritter, pitchers; Marshall, Johnson and Smith, catchers; Holke, first base; Kores, third base, and Dyer, shortstop. Other guests will meet Kinsella at Marlin. The scout was greatly agitated early in the day by receiving the following telegram:

"Meet me at station at 8 o'clock to take care of baggage. Have taxicab waiting. Rube Marquard."

As a matter of fact the only passengers were three baseball reporters from New York, and Kinsella is of the opinion that the note was not genuine. But the taxicab was there.

Wild Bill Donovan also is in town. He held a conference this afternoon with High, the young Detroit outfielder, but the player has not yet signed a contract with the Yankees.

WIG'S DIARY FEB. 20. 1911

(A TRUE DIARY BY A BOY)

IT SNOWED ALL NIGHT AND MORNING SO WE ONLY GOT ONE SESSION IN SCHOOL AFTER LUNCH I WALKED OVER TO JUT'S HE CAME OUT SOON AND WE MADE A PATH BY DRAGGING THE SNOW PLOW. WE HAD A LOT OF FUN TUMBLING AROUND IN THE SNOW LATER WE COASTED ON HIS SLED DOWN THE FIELD BUT CHANGED TO HITCHING AND LATER TO BALCH'S AUTOMOBILE AROUND THE BLOCK. AT 4 O'CLOCK WE WENT UP TO THE PLAY REHEARSAL. JUT AND I ARE IN THE MINUET PART BUT DID NOT REHEARSE

MISS HYDE VICTOR ON FLORIDA LINKS

New York Player Reaches Final Round by Defeat of Miss Rosenthal.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Palm Beach, Fla., Feb. 19.—Miss Lillian B. Hyde, of the South Shore Field Club, New York, won one of the most exciting matches of her golfing career to-day in the semi-final of the women's golf championship of Florida. She defeated Miss Elaine Rosenthal, of Chicago, 1 up, in nineteen holes, after a match marked by low scoring and brilliant play. More than five hundred persons followed the match.

Miss Rosenthal led by 2 up at the eighth hole, but Miss Hyde squared the match at the next two. So it went to the end. The extra hole found Miss Hyde on the green 200 yards distant from the tee and Miss Rosenthal just short. Miss Rosenthal's ball hung on the edge of the cup for a 3, and Miss Hyde ran her short one down for the match.

HARVARD FRESHMEN WIN

Easily Defeat Yale in Annual Hockey Match.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Boston, Feb. 19.—The Harvard freshman hockey team swamped the Yale youngsters by a 11 to 4 score to-night. In the first half the Crimson players secured a 5 to 1 lead, and showed even more speed during the remainder of the game, in spite of the fact that Armour, the New Haven centre, was able to get in three pretty goals.

The line-up follows:

Harvard, '18 (11).	Position.	Yale, '18 (4).
Gwathney	G.	Paradise
Gardiner	P.	Jacob
Thacher	C. P.	Leisenring
Morgan	L. W.	Griggs
Condon	C.	Armour
Percy	R.	Gould
Taylor	R. W.	Davison

Goals—Percy, 4; Taylor, 2; Derham, 2; Condon, 1; Armour, 3; Gould, 1. Referees—Osgood, Boston A. A., and Fynan, Boston Arena. Goal umpires—Clechler and Carlton. Timers—Brown and Woods. Time of periods—Twenty minutes.

Substitutes—Harvard, De Rham for Condon, Rice for De Rham, Pratt for Gardiner, Folsom for Taylor, Martin for Gwathney, Dickey for Martin. Yale, Clark for Griggs.

YALE SQUASH TEAM BOWS

Veteran squash tennis players of the Princeton Club beat the Yale 'varsity team in a series of matches yesterday by a score of 6 to 1, on the former's courts.

S. V. Cooley was the successful representative on the Yale team. He beat K. G. Stern, a Princeton tennis star, at 3—15, 15—11, 17—16. W. D. Cunningham, the Yale captain, was beaten in straight games.

The Princeton victories follow: A. W. Riley beat J. Walter, at 15—8, 15—13; John Taylor beat W. D. Cunningham, at 15—4, 17—14; W. M. McCoy beat J. S. Stillman, jr., at 15—9, 14—17, 15—9; Harold Tobey beat T. Hopgood, at 15—4, 15—9; W. B. Chamberlain beat B. Adams, at 15—12, 10—15, 15—9; R. Catlin beat W. C. Taylor, at 15—8, 15—8.

Manhattan Five Defeats Rutgers

New Brunswick, N. J., Feb. 19.—Manhattan College had an easy time defeating the Rutgers College basketball team here to-night by a score of 40 to 19.

The end of the first half found Rutgers trailing by a score of 26 to 6, but its playing was better in the second half. Suarez caged seven goals from the field for Manhattan.

The Sportlight

by Grantland Rice

When Denton Tecumseh Young, familiarly known in intimate baseball circles as Cy, won his 508th major league victory and shortly afterward retired from the game, the opinion was freely offered that he had set a pitching mark for all time.

"Over 500 big league victories in the box—it will never be touched," was the comment of the time. And perhaps the comment was properly conceived.

Young a Marvel.

Old Cy was undoubtedly a pitching marvel. To begin with, he lasted 22 years as a big league pitcher. He won 291 games in the National League and 217 in the American.

After pitching 16 years he had had seasons in 1905 and 1906, and every one set him down as being through—a grand old veteran and such, but a member of the Has Beens at last. Then in 1907, his nineteenth season, he jumped out to another good year, and in 1908, his twentieth campaign, he did even better, with 21 victories and 11 defeats for an average of .656. And he was 42 years old when he established this mark.

His Sole Rival.

There is still one man in baseball with a chance to equal or tie Young's mark. The name is Mathewson, the premier of the Giants.

Matty has served 15 campaigns in the big league, counting 1900, when he worked three games and lost them all.

This is his sixteenth year, and he is now 35 years old. If he can last seven more seasons he will equal Young's 22-year stand and still retire from the game two years younger than Cyrus was when he ceased firing at the old plate. So it isn't impossible. For Matty is also a big man physically, with a world of vitality and a canny brain that understands how to protect an arm and conserve natural pitching resources.

Matty's Mark.

So far Mathewson has won 352 ball games with the Giants, his only home under the Big Tent. This record should count as 14 years' work, as Mathewson only worked three games in 1900 without achieving a victory. To show how closely the two have travelled, Young at the end of 14 years had won 354 games, just two beyond the Giant star's present total.

To equal Young's record Mathewson now has 156 victories to accumulate. This means that he must stick in active harness at least six more seasons and be able to average 25 conquests a year through this length of time. It means that he must pitch at the same average for six more seasons—the same average he has maintained since the joined the Giants.

His Chance.

Just what chance Matty has of plugging along six or seven more seasons is beyond any guess.

He is now in fine condition and apparently far from being all in. He has taken wonderful care of himself in every way and has developed the rarest knack in the game of saving his arm and drifting easily when not under pressure.

But after 35 there is no way of forecasting the date when something will suddenly give way and the old stuff will be only a memory. It is easy enough to say that Matty will be a great pitcher as long as he can get a ball up to the plate, only it isn't so. He will be a great pitcher as long as he can get the ball up with enough stuff to puzzle the batsman. After that he will not be a great pitcher any longer.

His Last Year.

Matty is supposed to have drawn a bad year last season, but it was only a bad finish after his mates had faded out and hit the chutes. At one stage of the battling he had won 16 games and lost only 4. He finished with 24 victories against 13 defeats, a percentage of .650—his lowest mark since 1906. But when his mates were out hustling and playing a bit of baseball he looked as good as at any past stage of his career. For over two months he boomed along at an .800 jaunt. Then the Giants buckled up like a cheese ship struck by a torpedo and Matty dropped nine of his last seventeen starts.

For 1915.

No pitcher in the game is in better condition than Matty is now. Through October and November he played golf three days a week, resting the others. He eased off from Christmas to mid-January to keep from getting overtrained and then left for Cuba, where he has put away 36 holes a day for the last month.

At Marlin it will be merely a matter of working out his arm, and what Matty doesn't know about unfolding the old wing can be told in a brace of syllables.

Matty vs. Young.

Matty, like Young, is not only physically built for a long jaunt, but he has the same even temperament. Worry is no part of his system. Last summer when the Giants were skidding and Boston was just jumping to the front, Mathewson failed to indulge in the pessimism which struck the rest of the bunch. He had the proper philosophy to back up the occasion.

"We've had our share," he said, "and it will be a good thing for baseball if Boston wins. I'm working as hard as I ever did because I can still use that $3,000 extra we'll get in the world's series, because I'd far rather win than lose and because I'd like to see Mac get his four straight pennants. But if we don't I fail to see any reason for committing suicide. There will be other seasons and other pennants."

So here is a pitcher at 35 who looks as young as he did at 25—and who is travelling still at the same clip. A pitcher with a fine physique, a fine temperamant, a fine brain and a clean mode of living. Certainly if any man in the game is to beat Young's great record, Mathewson is the man. And while he may not have an even chance to last six or seven years longer as a pitcher of first rank, he has a good fighting chance, and no man in the game has carried any more "fighting chances" on through a laurel crowned conclusion.

HARVARD RELAY TEAM IN DEFEAT

Quakers Win in Stirring Race at Naval Militia Games.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 19.—Dartmouth won the greatest number of points—35—at the fourteenth annual indoor games of the Second Division Connecticut Naval Militia at the State Armory to-night. Yale was second, with 24, Williams third with 12 and University of Pennsylvania fourth, with 6.

Other colleges finished in the order named: Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 5; Trinity, 5; Bowdoin, 5; Syracuse, 5; Harvard, 3, and Fordham, 3.

The feature of the meet, which brought the spectators to their feet, was University of Pennsylvania's spectacular defeat of Harvard in a mile relay race. Harvard held the lead until the last mile, when Cauffman, of Pennsylvania, passed Capper. Then began a seesaw race between Bingham, of the Crimson, and "Ted" Meredith, the crack Red and Blue runner. Bingham made a powerful spurt toward the finish and lost only by inches at the tape. The race was so close that many spectators thought Harvard had won.

Dartmouth had a well balanced team and was hard pressed only by Yale.

The summaries follow:

One-mile relay—Bowdoin (Balfe, Crosby, Pierce and Wyman) defeated Massachusetts Agricultural College (Babbott, Norstram, Pratt and Russell). Time, 3:42.

One-mile run (intercollegiate)—Won by Meyer, Dartmouth; Shriver, Williams, second; Holden, Yale, third. Time, 4:26.

Seventy-five-yard dash (intercollegiate)—Won by Ricketts, Yale; Coakley, Dartmouth, second; Revell, Yale, third. Time, 0:08 1-5.

One-mile relay—Williams (Hubbel, Hays, Van Colt and Brodie) defeated Amherst (Cole, Thayer, Robinson and Hanneman). Time, 3:38 4-5.

One-mile relay—Trinity (Young, Crehore, McKay and Furnivall) defeated Worcester Tech. (Cleveland, Ricker, Russell and Warren). Time, 3:43.

25-yard high hurdles (intercollegiate)—Won by Willetts, Yale; Sheddien, Yale, second; Des Frenholm, Yale, third. Time, 0:10 2-5.

300-yard dash (intercollegiate)—Won by Coakley, Dartmouth; Driscoll, Williams, second; Allison, Dartmouth, third. Time, 0:35 1-5.

1,000-yard run (intercollegiate)—Won by Tucker, Dartmouth; Loveman, Yale, second; Safford, Williams, third. Time, 2:22 3-5.

One-mile relay—Yale freshmen defeated University of Pennsylvania freshmen. Time, 3:29.

One-mile relay—Dartmouth defeated Fordham. Time, 3:34 1-5.

One mile relay—Pennsylvania (Lippincott, Lockwood, Cauffman, Meredith) defeated Harvard (Willcox, Pennypacker, Capper, Bingham). Time, 3:24 1-5.

One mile relay—Syracuse defeated Carlisle Indians. Time, 3:41 2-5.

600-yard dash (intercollegiate)—Won by Riley, Dartmouth; Minot, Harvard, second; Dorsey, Pennsylvania, third. Time, 1:17.

One mile relay—Georgetown University defeated Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Time, 3:38 1-5.

Shotput (intercollegiate)—Won by Spears, Dartmouth; Collins, Fordham, second; Glendenning, Yale, third. Distance, 52 feet ¾ inch.

RACQUETS TITLE TO PELL AND MORTIMER

Postponed Match with Davis and Wear Goes Seven Slashing Sets.

Philadelphia, Feb. 19.—C. C. Pell and S. G. Mortimer, of New York, won the national doubles racquet championship here to-day by defeating Dwight F. Davis and J. W. Wear, of St. Louis, at 4 sets to 3. The scores were 8—15, 18—17, 15—7, 16—15, 11—15, 9—15, 17—14.

The match was postponed three weeks ago because of an injury received by Pell in the final round of the tournament for the championship. Davis and Wear won the title last year.

McKetrick and Boxing Stable Back from Cuba

Now Aims to Match Young Ahearn Against Middleweights of the World.

Dan McKetrick, Willie Lewis, Young Ahearn and Herman Moss arrived in this city from Havana last night. They brought some enthusiastic stories of the future of boxing in the island republic, and a bale of money as well. McKetrick said that, contrary to all statements, the bout was well received, and that Ahearn was lionized upon leaving the ring. He declared, furthermore, that, unlike the American crowds, the Cubans cheered Lewis, who fought well while he lasted, but failed to last long. McKetrick, contrary to belief, did not manage Lewis. Moss attended to that.

Now that all are safely returned to this country, McKetrick intends to send Ahearn out on a fresh campaign against all the middleweights. He insists that it is his intention to try to force Mike Gibbons into a match for twenty rounds, and is willing to risk a side bet of $1,000 on the result.

By the time McKetrick had quieted down Moss took up the running. He insisted that Lewis is far from finished as a fighter, and then, waving a bill in the air, offered to bet that Lewis could beat Larry Williams or Kid Wagner in three rounds. No one in the place had enough money to cover the wager.

Scotty Montieth was another arrival in the city. He and Johnny Dundee got in from New Orleans last night. They will leave for parts West almost immediately. Johnny will box Knockout Mars in Cincinnati on March 2 and Mickey Sheridan in Grand Rapids on March 4, and then they will take a few days off and go to Juarez to watch Jess Willard and Jack Johnson battle for the championship. Memphis, Tenn., will be the next port of call, and Frankie Callahan will be Dundee's opponent there. Thence to Kenosha, where some good lightweight will be secured for a ten-round battle on March 17.

Scotty said that New Orleans was not the best place in the world for boxing. Tommy Burns, Tom McCarey, Dominick Tortorich, Lew Rose and Gene Lutz are bidding against each other; and then, too, there is the Orleans A. C.

Louis de Penthieu; the French lightweight, who recently returned to this country from Australia, is on his way to France to join the army. De Ponthieu cancelled his boxing engagements in the Antipodes and hurried home to answer the call to the colors.

Soldier Bartfield is anxious to meet any welterweight in the world. He has met the best and has had little trouble in holding his own. He takes a special delight in picking on Al McCoy.

The bouts to-night follow: Frankie Conifrey vs. Young Drummie, at the Fairmont A. C.; Young Weinert vs. Porky Flynn, at the Broadway Sporting Club; Young Dyson vs. Sailor Daheny, at the Elm Park A. C.; Joe Harmon vs. Kid Queens, at the Queensboro A. C.; Chick West vs. Fighting Fitzpatrick, at Brown's Gymnasium; Jack Dillon vs. Frank Mantell, at the Federal A. C.

SOME folks are mighty lonely when they have only the comp'ny of their thoughts. But the man that *has* thoughts can make 'em a lot better comp'ny by sweetin' them with good pipe smoke.

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