The Strangler Has His Scissors Ready to Clip the Wings of One and All To-night

Sport or Thereabouts

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

W. O. McGeehan will write the story of the big fight for The Tribune. We mention this fact with pride because McGeehan is a reporter and not a prize fighter, a ball player or a man borrowed for the evening from a magazine. We hate these journalistic carpetbaggers. Unlike the laborers who came to the vineyard after the heat of the day, they demand not only the usual penny, but four more per word.

The prize fighter and the ball player of course are less objectionable than the magazine man, because they do not write their own stuff. It is true that they usually employ a magazine man for their autobiographies, diaries, ringside impressions or what not, but, strangely enough, the magazine man, posing as a prize fighter or a ball player, does much better than when writing under his own name. As James Jinks, the novelist, he feels that he must give the public a run for its money, and so he is forced to lug in "the abysmal brute" and such like. As Larry Doyle or Kid Broad, he knows that he need not write as well as he can. He may even throw in a little conscious bad grammar and occasionally misspell a word.

"When I arose at 6:30 yesterday morning everything looked happy. After dressing and looking over the papers, I had Monahan and Hemple prepare to accompany me on a jaunt around the reservoir in Central Park." Such a story may not thrill, but at least it is simple. Indeed, the longer and the closer the diary is followed the more simple does it become.

There is a certain note of pathos in Willard's insistence on his eagerness to see the morning papers. Think of the haste with which he must open "The American" to ascertain what he has written. At that moment he is the fellow of Cabot and Columbus.

Willard may or may not get below 270 pounds before the night of the fight, but he will hardly sweat so much from now until the 25th as the man who writes the diary. Once upon a time we knew a man who wrote the autobiography of a world's champion heavyweight. After dashing off the first twenty-five chapters he decided that he ought to see the fighter. He had decided to write something about the boyhood of the great man.

"Jess," said the writer (by a coincidence the first name of the champion was Jess), "do you remember anything that happened when you were a boy?"

"Yes," replied the champion, eagerly. "I had a dog named Spot."

"Fine!" exclaimed the writer. "Well, what did Spot do?"

The fighter shook his head. "He didn't do anything; I just had him," he replied.

Sorrowfully the writer went away to compose the other twenty-five chapters.

There are fighters and baseball players and magazine men who can talk interestingly if the conversation is merely casual and is not definitely pointed toward a story in the paper. Thus Jack Moakley, in talking to a group of reporters more or less informally, said: "I don't think there's any such thing as a quitter." He was led to develop and explain this statement, and in the hands of the reporters it became an interesting half column. Immediately after the publication of this story Moakley decided to write, or have written for him, a series of articles on training. In this we find that "the first lesson a boy will learn when he takes up any event on track and field is that the better his health the better will be his athletic performances."

Here Is a World's Series the Writers Won't Write

But They Will Play, or Play at It, for They Are the Contestants.

Now comes the "world's championship golf-pool series." It just had to be. It was but a natural result of the Manhattan sporting writers' tournament at Jack Doyle's Forty-second Street billiard room, and the Brooklyn series' contests at one of the Brooklyn academies. In order to determine the question of superiority of the talent in the rival "leagues" Doyle has arranged the "world series."

The series will be under the control, supervision and direction of a national commission. This body consists of Jack Wheeler, chairman; Al Steimer and Joe Vila. Wheeler was unanimously chosen for the position because of his marked resemblance to Ban Johnson, not so much in appearance as in habits.

The contesting teams are composed of the following players:

Manhattan: Harry Cashman, Bud Fisher, Ted Dorgan and Al Hedley, with Walter St. Denis, Gene O'Connell and W. Dickinson as substitutes.

Brooklyn: Abe Yager, Lester Rice, C. Hood, John Murray and W. Hicks and Louis De Casanova substitutes.

Conditions of play call for three blocks of matches, each block consisting of four games. The first block will be played to-day at Doyle's, the second in Brooklyn and the third, if the rubber is necessary, on "grounds" to be chosen by the toss of the coin.

The Brooklyn contingent have taken all necessary precautions to prevent a double-headed one being "run in on them." The disposition of the world's pennant will be decided on the aggregate block scores, the team registering the lowest count in the eight or twelve games winning.

Doyle, owner of the Manhattan Club, is going to extreme measures to guard against a "ticket scandal." The only tickets which will be in evidence will be bar checks, and to prevent "scalpers" getting away with these every exit to the grounds will be covered by detectives. The choicest seats will be those nearest the brass rail.

The double umpire system will be used. Bert Ignoe, Heywood Broun, Harry Fink and Bill McBeth will see that the quartet named by the Brooklyn contingent count the buttons correctly. If the nineteenth hole is played too often there will be another squad of reserve umpires ready to take the field.

Interest in the series is keen. Every train (B. R. T., Interborough and Third Avenue) will bring special correspondents to the playing field.

Brisk young men generally do their Spring outfitting first—to them March winds are Summer zephyrs.

So it's to these red-blooded young friends of ours that we draw attention to ample preparations made early for their especial benefit.

New Spring suits, overcoats, hats, shoes, furnishings.

Ready now!

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Broadway at Warren | Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

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PULLEN WINS AUTO RACE AT LOS ANGELES

Bob Burnham Finishes Second and Earl Cooper Third.

Los Angeles, March 5. Eddie Pullen won the George Washington Sweepstakes, a 100-mile automobile race, the feature event at the opening here to-day of the new Ascot Speedway. His time was 1 hour, 30 minutes and 42 seconds.

Bob Burman finished second and Earl Cooper was third. Their time was 1:32:42 and 1:32:44 1-5, respectively.

For the greater part of the distance the race was between Pullen and Cooper, with one or the other leading the field up to the eightieth lap, when Pullen forged ahead. Cooper was delayed by tire trouble, and Burman moved up into second place.

McWhirter Breaks Old Skating Record

Chicago, March 5. Roy McWhirter, Northwest Skating Club, made a new world's record for 300 yards straightaway to-day in a skating meet at Humboldt Park between his club and the Norwegian Turner Society when he covered the distance in 25 2-5 seconds.

The previous record was held by George D. Phillips, who skated the distance in 28 2-5 seconds in 1893 at Cortland, N. Y.

Sam Kirkikis Victor in Catholic A. L. Run

Sam Kirkikis, of the Greek-American Athletic Club, blazed the trail in winning the weekly race of the Catholic Athletic League over the Central Park course of the St. Vincent Ferrer Athletic Club yesterday. William Finley, of the Metropolitan Life Athletic Association, furnished stubborn opposition to Kirkikis for two miles, when he began to weaken. The Greek runner held a lead of over 150 yards at the finish. Hal Chatoney, a home club member, finished in third place.

The summary follows:

Pos.	Name and club.	Time.
1—S. Kirkikis, Greek-American A. C.		21:10
2—W. Finley, Metropolitan Life A. A.		21:4[illegible]
3—Hal Chatoney, St. Vincent Ferrer A. C.		22:[illegible]
4—J. Wawanakis, Holy Cross Lyceum		23:[illegible]
5—G. Miller, St. Vincent Ferrer A. C.		23:[illegible]
6—M. Walsh, Holy Cross Lyceum		24:[illegible]
7—T. Ruffin, Graham A. A.		24:[illegible]
8—R. Brown, Presentation Club		24:[illegible]
9—J. Kelly, Graham A. A.		24:32
10—W. O'Leary, unattached		24:[illegible]

Cleveland Fohllies Start Well.

New Orleans, March 5. The Cleveland team of the American League defeated New Orleans, Southern Association, here to-day in the first exhibition game of the season by a score of 9 to 5.

POINT HONORS IN RUN GO TO ST. ANSELM'S

Darby Runs Impressive Race and Is First Across Finish Line.

St. Anselm's Athletic Club had a slight margin in defeating the Aquinas Athletic Association for the point honors in the weekly handicap race of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, which was held over the six-and-a-half-mile course of the former club in The Bronx yesterday.

Runners representing each club finished in close formation, with St. Anselm's colors to the fore by 31 points to 39. Harold Darby, of the Victorian Lyceum, who won the individual honors, set a pace for his teammates to follow, but he was poorly supported and his organization finished in third position, with a count of 52 points.

Four other clubs sent its athletes out for point honors, but failed to complete a team of five members. Icy roads and a strong wind hampered the progress of the runners as they sped over the course. Seven of the forty-two competitors failed to be checked.

Darby ran an impressive race in winning. Allowed the handicap of three minutes, he was off his mark with a burst of speed. In rapid order he passed rivals and at the end of the third mile was fifth.

Passing the turn for home, Darby moved into the lead, and up to the fifth mile was challenged by Edward Dougherty, of St. Anselm's Athletic Club; Eddie Rieger, representing Holy Rosary, and James Byrnes, of Aquinas, who were in the leading pack off the starting mark. However, Darby refused to be checked. He showed an open gap of 1:40 as he crossed the line in a canter. Dougherty finished second, Rieger third and Byrnes fourth.

Sterling performances were also shown by James McEvoy, a clubmate of Byrnes, and Mike Collins, of St. Anselm's Athletic Club, who came home in fourth and fifth places, respectively. Collins leaped away alone from the scratch mark, and although he tried mightily to catch his opponents, the allowances proved too steep.

The summary follows:

Pos.	Name and club.	Handicap.	Actual time.
1—H. Darby, Victorian Lyceum		3:00	31:15
2—E. Dougherty, St. Anselm's		4:30	32:[illegible]
3—E. Rieger, Holy Rosary		4:30	32:[illegible]
4—J. Byrnes, Aquinas A. A.		4:30	32:[illegible]
5—J. McEvoy, Aquinas A. A.		1:15	33:31
6—J. Collins, St. Anselm's		Scratch	31:[illegible]
7—J. Fagan, St. Anselm's		3:00	34:15
8—J. Burke, St. Anselm's		3:00	34:[illegible]
9—H. Chamberlin, Aquinas A. A.		3:00	34:[illegible]
10—T. Dougherty, Holy Rosary		3:00	34:[illegible]
11—J. Burke, St. Anselm's		3:00	35:[illegible]
12—J. Hanson, St. Anselm's		3:00	35:[illegible]
13—J. Walsh, St. Anselm's		3:00	35:[illegible]
14—J. Winston, Victorian Lyceum		3:00	35:[illegible]
15—J. Winston, Victorian Lyceum		3:00	35:[illegible]
16—A. Kirk, St. Peter Alcantara		3:00	37:[illegible]
17—J. Holland, Aquinas A. A.		3:00	37:[illegible]
18—J. Geary, St. Jerome's		3:00	37:[illegible]
19—J. Burke, St. Joseph's		3:00	37:[illegible]
20—J. Casey, St. Joseph's		3:00	37:[illegible]
21—J. Pellechia, St. Anselm's		3:00	37:[illegible]
22—J. Wall, St. Joseph's		3:00	37:[illegible]
23—H. Mack, St. Anselm's		3:00	37:[illegible]
24—A. Morrissey, Victorian Lyceum		3:00	37:[illegible]
25—M. Dollard, Aquinas A. A.		3:00	37:[illegible]

TEAM COMPETITION.

						Total.
St. Anselm's A. A.	1	2	3	4	5	39
Aquinas A. A.	6	7	8	9	10	52
Victorian Lyceum	11	12	13	14	15	59

NICHOLLS CELEBRATES HIS RETURN TO GAME

Returning to his old love, Harold Nicholls, now competing on the Northside Athletic Club, scored an easy victory in the weekly handicap road run of the Harlem Athletic League, held from the clubhouse of the St. Aloysius Lyceum, in Harlem, yesterday. While representing Laughlin Lyceum of Brooklyn, many years ago, Nicholls won many points, but he had forsaken the cinders for four seasons.

He seemed to possess all his former amazing ability, making a running race of it, with more than a full minute separating him from second place. Tom Sullivan, the lad from the Gleason Athletic, who was all play, ran a strong race to take second place, with Eddie Farrell, representing unattached, third.

Point honors again went to the Northside Club with a total of 21 points, with the Harlem Athletic Club second with 41 and Unattached Athletic Club trailing with 45.

The summary follows:

Pos.	Name and club.	Handicap.	Time.
1—H. Nicholls, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
2—T. Sullivan, Gleason A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
3—E. Farrell, unattached		1:00	31:[illegible]
4—J. Lynch, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
5—J. Brown, Harlem A. A.		1:00	31:[illegible]
6—J. Lynch, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
7—J. Miller, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
8—A. Wright, Harlem A. A.		1:00	31:[illegible]
9—A. Kelly, Harlem A. A.		1:00	31:[illegible]
10—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
11—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
12—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
13—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
14—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
15—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
16—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
17—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
18—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
19—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
20—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
21—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
22—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
23—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
24—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]
25—J. Ryan, Northside A. C.		1:00	31:[illegible]

TEAM COMPETITION.

						Total.
Northside A. C.	1	2	3	4	5	21
Harlem A. A.	6	7	8	9	10	41
Unattached	11	12	13	14	15	45

Fifth Ave. Pedestrians Startled by Track Suits

Pedestrians along Fifth Avenue yesterday looked on in bewilderment as runners of the Yorkville Athletic League competed in their weekly run with the Ninety-second Street Young Men's Hebrew Association as its host. The latter club runners romped off with the team honors with a total of 19 points, with the Hungarian-American Athletic Club second, with 36 points, and the members of the Eighty-sixth Street Young Men's Christian Association at their heels, with 75 points.

The summary follows:

Pos.	Name and club.	Time.
1—Arthur Fonticoba, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		27:[illegible]
2—E. Dutka, Hungarian American A. C.		31:[illegible]
3—J. Brown, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		31:[illegible]
4—A. Kapper, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		31:[illegible]
5—M. Feldman, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		31:[illegible]
6—A. Samuels, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		31:[illegible]
7—H. Van Gelder, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		32:[illegible]
8—D. Zimerman, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		32:[illegible]
9—S. Perecsi, Hungarian American A. C.		34:[illegible]
10—L. Zimmerman, 92d Street Y. M. H. A.		34:[illegible]

POINT SCORE.

						Total.
92d Street Y. M. H. A.	1	4	6	8	9	19
Hungarian American A. C.	2	11	16	18	19—2	36
86th Street Y. M. C. A.	3	7	10	15	17—2	75

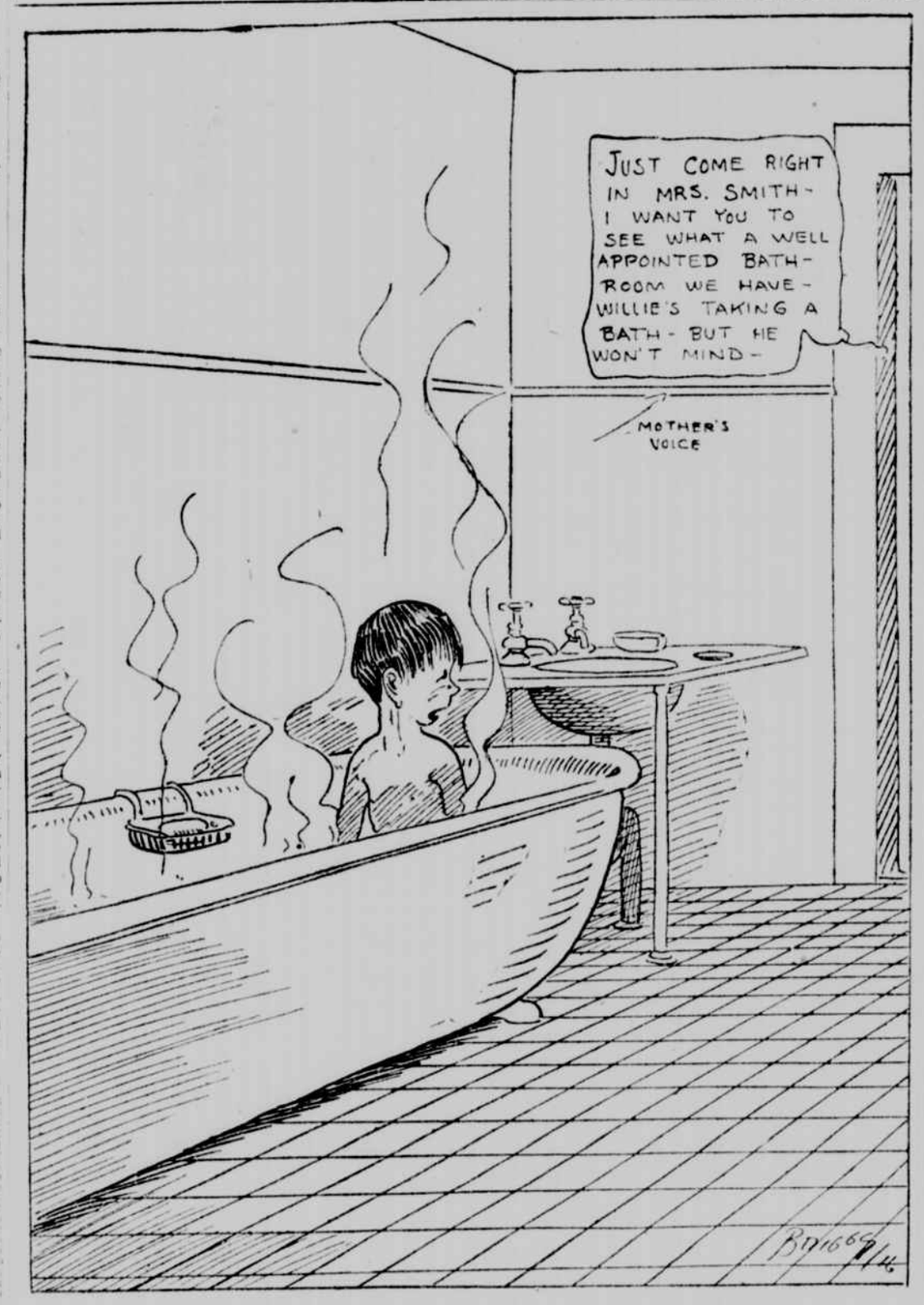
Silverstein Wins Run in Greenwich Village

Sam Silverstein's machine-like stride carried him to an easy victory over a fast field of runners in the weekly race of the Villagers' Athletic Club, in the Greenwich Village section, yesterday. The former Sherman Athletic Club athlete went into the van at the end of the first mile of the three-mile course and was never headed thereafter. He won easily by fifty yards. Mike Nicastro, representing the Graham Association, gave futile chase to Silverstein in finishing second, one 150 yards in advance of James O'Meara, of the Irish-American Athletic Club.

The summary follows:

Pos.	Name and club.	Time.
1—S. Silverstein, unattached		16:[illegible]
2—M. Nicastro, Graham A. A.		16:[illegible]
3—J. O'Meara, Irish-American A. C.		16:[illegible]
4—H. Lamb, Morningside A. C.		16:[illegible]
5—J. Del Ponte, Morningside A. C.		16:[illegible]
6—J. Harrison, Harlem A. C.		16:[illegible]
7—R. Kelly, unattached		17:[illegible]
8—W. Potter, Central Club		17:[illegible]
9—J. Kelly, St. Joseph's Y. M. A.		17:[illegible]
10—E. Finn, Chelsea A. C.		17:[illegible]
11—E. McMillan, Villagers' A. C.		17:[illegible]
12—J. Anderson, unattached		17:[illegible]
13—J. Devlin, Murphy A. C.		17:[illegible]
14—J. McGuinness, unattached		17:[illegible]
15—J. McCabe, unattached		17:[illegible]

When a Feller Needs a Friend . . By BRIGGS.



Heard at the Sign Of the Cauliflower

By W. O. M'GEEHAN

BENNY LEONARD, the Harlem lightweight, is a busy little hatter these days. On Wednesday night he is scheduled to meet Johnny Dundee, one of the most promising of the bona fide lightweights. On St. Patrick's night he is scheduled to meet the lad with the shamrock-spangled name, Shamus O'Brien. If he should dispose of this pair with anything like effectiveness it is up to one Frederick Welsh to say something definite or forever hold his peace.

Now Gibson is now certain that he has in Leonard the coming lightweight champion of the world. This somewhat consoles him for the sudden death of Jim Coffey just as the Roscommon lad began to look like heavyweight championship material.

William is somewhat hurt because the excitement over the coming Willard-Moran fight has turned the eyes of the fight fans from the meteoric career of Benny Leonard. He implores us to look over the list of Benny's victims and to tell him whether or not Leonard should not get at least honorable mention, even in these days, when no fighter under 200 pounds on the hoof can be seen through a telescope.

"Look them over," pleads William; "Dundee, Mandot, Bloom, Murphy, Rocky Kansas and a score of others. All of these Benny went through like a streak, and three of them did not last ten rounds. I suppose when Benny flattens Shamus O'Brien on March 17 the town will wake up to the fact that it has in Leonard the lightweight champion of the world. Mark my words, when the Willard-Moran scrap is over the followers of the sport will go wild over Leonard."

Now that we have permitted William to get this out of his system we expect to hear from Scotty Montieth, asking us reproachfully when New York is going to show the proper appreciation for that other favorite son, Johnny Dundee. It is a sad condition of affairs when a city like New York fails to show the proper pride in a pair of prospective lightweight champions. We hope, for the sake of the peace of mind of Billy Gibson and Scotty Montieth, that the Gothamites will quit the pursuit of Mammon, or whatever may be dulling their appreciation of higher things, and pay the proper tribute to Dundee and Leonard. Jimmie Johnston earnestly hopes so, too. The boys will battle for him at the Garden Wednesday night.

SOMEHOW it seems to us that Jimmie Johnston settled the question as to who was welterweight champion by electing Kid Lewis to the place by a popular vote of himself and Lewis. Yet we are in receipt of a letter from one John E. Reddy, who asserts that he is manager of the welterweight champion and that the welterweight champion's name is Mike O'Dowd.

Now, we have no animosity to the name Mike O'Dowd. It is a name that might well be worn by the welterweight champion of the world. As a monicker it is at the same time musical and impressive. But we cannot recall how Michael came into possession of the welterweight championship.

James Johnston tried to throw a little light on the great welterweight championship title. "It belongs to Kid Lewis, of course," chirruped James. "We claimed it first. Nobody seemed to know that there was such a thing until we located on the claim and filed the first papers."

WHEN he heard that Billy Papke was contemplating a comeback the soul of Willie Lewis, trainer of Frank Moran, became fired with ambition. He, too, would come back.

"I can lick a lot of these bums yet," Willie confided to Moran. "I long to hear once more the slap of the padded mitt. I will get into condition and there will be two champions in this camp."

Moran spoke encouragingly. "Why, certainly, William," he said, "but first we will find out if you are really there. We will now do a little boxing."

The rest is best told in the picturesque language of Willie himself: "I was boxing beautifully. I felt full of nep. I could see myself wading through all of the middleweights and the welters. Then all of a sudden Frank let go at my jaw and missed. I laughed. I felt that the old eye was still there. But when Frank missed he whipped back with the right and caught me backhanded on the point. I commenced to feel a little woozy. I reached down. It seemed that the floor was rising up to meet me. I thought that I could reach it, but when I stuck my hand down it was not there, so I just naturally went down flat. The worst of it is that I taught Frank to bring that hand back that way when he missed.

"After that the old ambish went flooey. I said to myself: 'Nix, they are not going to beat up little Willie any more. Adieu, girls, Little Willie is all through.'"

SAMUEL McVEY is due to loom up, a dark and ominous cloud, at the Willard training quarters to-day. It seems that in a moment of loquaciousness Tom Jones announced that the champion was ready to spar with all heavyweights. He neglected to specify that the heavyweights must be lily white. So Samuel, who is emphatically a heavyweight, declared that he would accept the kind invitation to-day.

But the Barber of Kewanee declares that he will yank in the latch string and cut it off should the outposts of the Weather Bureau report the approach of the dark cloud. Samuel may pay his quarter at the gate, if he wants to, but under no circumstances will Mr. McVey be permitted within reaching distance of the champion.

FIGHT LOG.

TO-NIGHT.

Olympic A. C.—Pal Moore vs. Allie Nack.

TUESDAY.

Broadway S. C.—Sam Langford vs. Harry Willis.

Pioneer S. C.—Sam Williams vs. Spike McFadden.

WEDNESDAY.

Madison Square Garden—Benny Leonard vs. Johnny Dundee.

FRIDAY.

Manhattan A. C.—Jack Dillon vs. Jim Flynn.

Cardinals Get Revenge.

San Antonio, Tex., March 5. The St. Louis Cardinals, defeated yesterday by the San Antonio team of the Texas League, turned the tables to-day and won the second game of the exhibition series by a score of 11 to 9.

The score follows:

	R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	11	16	2
San Antonio	9	11	3

Batteries—Worley, Williams, Lamline and Snyder; Potts, Friede, Harding, Hagner, Huntress, Albers and Burch.

MORAN BEGINS HIS FREE SHOWS UP IN BRONX

Aspirant for Heavyweight Title Will Do Light Sparring To-day.

Francis Charles Moran starts his series of at homes at Dal Hawkins's chateau, in The Bronx, to-day, while Jess Willard will resume his interesting but slightly expensive social functions at the Pioneer Sporting Club. Both gladiators spent the greater part of yesterday doing some very earnest resting.

With the battle less than three weeks off, the students of condition, those wise appearing birds who haunt training camps and offer sage observations, will have a busy time of it. Of course, it is their duty to themselves and to society to keep circulating between the two camps in order that their observations may be authentic.

There is some chance, though, that the Moran camp may be the more popular point of observation. There is no uniformed gate keeper there to exact the merely nominal but slightly irritating sum of 25 cents, the quarter part of a dollar.

There is great competition now among the promoters of small fights to get Moran and Willard as guests of honor at the ringside. Every promoter has assured us that the two contestants have promised to appear at their shows and that no extra charge will be made for a peek at Willard.

Numbers of the wise ones are criticising Willard for "loafing on the job." But there is something in what Tom Jones says at that. Willard is the one who will suffer if he does not get into condition. So his methods of training are nobody's business but Willard's. Still, there is that nominal sum of 25 cents. A person who has kissed a quarter goodby at the gate feels that he has the constitutional privilege of "panning the show" if he feels that way.

Moran will begin with some light sparring. His training methods are decidedly his own affair, he feels. Later he will collect a couple of sparring partners of Willard-like altitude, but for the present he will content himself with some fast work with Willie Lewis.

Right now Moran is almost at the weight at which he will enter the ring. He weighed 204 pounds the last time he stepped upon the scales, and he does not expect to take off much more. He believes that all the weight he can carry comfortably will help him in the fight.

Willard has not had a public weighing since the cruel Boxing Commission dragged him screaming to the scales. But it looks as though the superfluous tonnage which had accumulated at various points on his vast acreage had begun to dwindle.

Al Reich, the Manhattan Adonis, joins the Willard retinue Saturday, and he probably will give Jess a little real work. Until that time there will be no decided change in the Willard programme. There probably will be a punching bag at the Pioneer Club, but the champion is by no means graceful at this game, and does very little bag thumping.

Scooters Race on the Ice.

Two scooters—the Penguin, owned by James O'Brien, and the Walrus, J. W. Aikers's boat—raced over a ten-mile course on the ice in Manhasset Bay yesterday for a special prize offered by the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. The Penguin won by 1 minute 15 seconds.

Donovan Is Not Worried Over Baker's Condition

Injury to Right Hand, He Thinks, Is Greatly Exaggerated.

YANKEES MAY HAVE FASTEST OUTFIELD

Magee, Maisel and Gilhooley Are Streaks—Pitcher Love Impresses Camp with Speed.

By GRANTLAND RICE.

Macon, Ga., March 5.—John Franklin Baker is supposed to shake the dust, mud or snow of Trappe, Md., from his number tens to-night and join the Yank colony late Monday evening. Baker has written that his right hand was hurt, but he failed to say how badly, so both Manager Donovan and Captain Huston are anxious to see how their $35,000 worth of baseball flesh looks.

If Baker is out two or three weeks, as one report had it, he will have a hard time getting back in shape for any early April opening. For with a bad right hand he will be unable to bat or throw, two fairly important details of a modern ball game. Donovan, being an optimist at heart, believes the injury exaggerated and is confident that John Franklin and his batting eye will be able to get going within a few days.

Outside of the Baker proposition things are moving merrily. In that first Saturday test no heavy hitting was reported, but to offset this Donovan discovered some great early season pitching and more speed than any Yank squad has ever shown. In the outfield Maisel, Magee and Gilhooley put on an exhibition of speed that is still the talk of the camp.

These three should form the fastest outfield in either league. They are faster than Speaker, Hooper and Lewis on straight speed, or than Cobb, Crawford and Veach. They are three gray streaks in action, with the very strong probability that all three, if used as regulars, will bat between .290 and .310. Last season in three different leagues they pilfered 141 bases, an average of 47 to the man, which is something like 20 bases above the individual base stealing count.

The more one sees of Lee Magee the more one is impressed with his all around ability. Here is a man twenty-seven years old, experienced, ambitious and fast. He can throw to beat seven of a kind, he can hit that ball and he is equally good for outfield or infield play. These are rare features. They should be quite enough. But, above even these major points, Magee is an aggressive hustler of the Evers type—one who is constantly battling for every point that means progress, one who has his head up and his eyes open, one who loves to win and hates to lose far beyond the normal type. As things look now, it is impossible to relate the full value of this ball player to the Yankee club.

Another influence that is bound to be of value to the Yanks is Germany Schaefer. Schaefer is a dispeller of gloom, a joy producer of the highest type. There is no chance for any sogginess or dreariness or moodiness to assail a squad with Schaef injecting the old pep into the situation and loosening up the laugh. The presence of Magee and Schaefer alone in New York will give home town fans a new sort of ball club to look at daily—the sort of ball club all home town fans like to watch.

Some one passed Cap Huston the query as to why the Yanks waived on Catchers Ainsmith, Agnew and Wingo "simply because," said the Cap, "Donovan believes that Nunamaker and Alexander, with Walters and Schwert in reserve, are all the catchers he needs."

Nunamaker, who is already in good shape, expects to catch 115 games this season, and if any accident besets Leslie G. there is a first class ale in Alexander, lifted last season from St. Louis. Donovan isn't worried a trifle about his catching strength, and Donovan is in a position to know above any one else.

A few athletes, led by Colonel W. A. Hanna and Bob Shawkey, spent Sunday at the Idle Hour Country Club, where golf is the main order on the menu. Shawkey is the best golfer in camp, ranking, with Eddie Collins, as the best in the American League, now that Charles Albert Bender has moved over to the N. L.

Slim Love, the six foot seven inch spiral in human form, made quite an impression with his pitching Saturday. Love opened and closed with a fine outburst of speed, and the ball came over fast enough to baffle all opposing bats completely. If Slim gets his curve working and proves that he can handle bunts there will be no question about his remaining.

"In the midst of life we are in death," some one has said. Word came to-day that Charlie Frank, of Atlanta, and Bill Smith, of Richmond, were on their way campward to inspect a number of promising youngsters, and as at least twenty-two must go there is a widespread feeling that the grappling hook will be employed at stated intervals after the next week.

From now on the Yanks in practice will bat nothing but first class pitching until they break camp. None of the old clinky-clank that usually features the early part of a spring trip. At least fifteen of the twenty pitchers now are ready to uncover speed and mix this up with a curve ball. This means the batting corps will have a month to get accustomed to facing rifle fire of the right type, the type that gives good preparation for what will follow later on, when the blankets at last are lifted and the barrier moves up.

Ritter Puzzles Dallas and Giants Win Again

Four Thousand Fans Watch Diamond Battle Down in Texas—Cole Makes a Sensational Catch.

By FRANK O'NEILL.

Dallas, Tex., March 5. Bill Ritter demonstrated that it will be some job to keep him out of the line-up of the Giants this season. He was the outstanding star of the second game between the National Leaguers and the Dallas Grays here this afternoon, which New York won by a score of 9 to 2. It was not the mere winning of a game which impressed the 4,000 fans who saw the game, but the workmanlike manner in which Bill performed his stint.

In six innings the Grays made just two hits, both of which, however, were clean and healthy. Shepner made a heroic effort to knock down one of the drives, but he just managed to get his glove on the ball. It was quite beyond human power to make a play on it. Ritter gave several bases on balls, but it was not due to any wildness.

Bill tried to work the corners for all they were worth, but in this country it would seem that every ball must be in the groove to receive notice from the arbiters. There were speed, curves and all that should be in the repertory of any major league pitcher.

When Ritter stepped down off the mound Ray Kramer took up the task of preventing hits, and he, too, was a puzzle. He was found for a lone scrate's hit in the ninth inning and gave a base on balls while trying to shoot them over the inside corner to a right-handed batter. He drew his marksmanship a bit too fine and lost out as a result.

The game was played along conservative lines for a couple of innings, with Adams, a youngster, giving a fair account of himself in the box for Dallas. Soon, however, the Giants became restive, and proceeded to gather five runs unto themselves in the third frame. Everybody took a crack at the ball. Adams dispensed several bases on balls which were cashed at the plate for runs. Cole proved himself a nervy chap in this frame. He came up with the bases filled and no one out, and after getting two strikes waited and walked on four balls.

Cole, indeed, made the most spectacular play of the afternoon. He gathered in a line drive with one hand while rushing pell mell toward the left field fence. Milt Jacobson was in the thick of the fight and got in a smashing wallop, while Shepner proved his worth in no uncertain manner by lacing out a couple of singles.

Martin and Babbington played beautiful ball around second base. Martin had nine chances, while Babbington handled seven in bang-up style.

Landry was one of the Dallas pitchers, and he did right well. It is interesting to know that eight of the Dallas squad are college boys. They act like it, too. Every time a mate makes a good play or a hit they all applaud and pat him on the back upon his return to the bench. It is the right spirit, and one which will win many ball game.

BILL RITTER.

The score follows:

NEW YORK.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.	DALLAS.	ab.	r.	h.	po.	a.	e.
Cole, cf	4	1	1	3	0	0	Adams, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Burrell, rf	4	1	1	1	0	0	Shepner, 2b	3	1	2	2	3	0
Jacobs, lf	4	1	1	2	0	0	Jacobson, lf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Kelly, 1b	4	1	2	11	0	0	Martin, ss	3	1	1	2	4	0
Babbington, 2b	3	1	1	3	6	0	Babbington, 1b	3	1	1	10	0	0
Martin, ss	4	0	1	2	4	0	Landry, p	2	0	0	0	2	0
Shepner, 3b	4	1	2	1	0	0	Kramer, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wendelle, c	3	1	0	6	1	0							
Ritter, p	2	1	0	0	2	0							
Kramer, p	1	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals	35	9	12	27	13	0	Totals	27	2	5	27	9	0

*Batted for Ritter in the ninth inning.

New York	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	4	9
Dallas	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2

First base—New York, 7; Dallas, 1. Left on bases—New York, 7; Dallas, 4. Bases on balls—New York, 4; Dallas, 4. Hits—Off Ritter, 2 in 6 innings; off Landry, 5 in 2 innings. Struck out—By Ritter, 4; by Landry, 1; by Kramer, 1. Wild pitch—Landry. Umpires—Bigler and Lang. Time, 1:50.

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