Middleweight Champion Wilson Gains Decision Over O'Dowd After 15 Rounds at Garden

Referee Favors Title-Holder After the Judges Disagree

Challenger Makes Savage, Unscientific Effort to Regain Crown, but in Vain; Crowd of 13,000 Cheers Verdict as Italian Is Declared Winner on Points

By Grantland Rice

Johnny Wilson, of Boston, remains the middleweight champion of the world. For fifteen rounds, at Madison Square Garden last night, Mike O'Dowd, punch drunk from the pit of his battered stomach to the top of his badly split head, made a savage, unscientific effort to regain his lost crown, but the wild assault was in vain.

The judges disagreed, Jack Roulet favoring O'Dowd and Tom Shortell voting for Wilson, but the big crowd of 13,000 fight fans bellowed its approval when Referee Johnny McAvoy rightly awarded the championship chaplet to the left-handed Italian, who had a winning lead most of the blood-flecked route.

One of the greatest crowds that ever saw a fight in the Garden watched the two middleweights rush and swing, willing enough, but in no way overburdened with the skill that belonged to such great middleweights of the past, as Bob Fitzsimmons or Tommy Ryan.

O'Dowd, the Irish blond, grim and determined, was the aggressor, but as he charged in the black-haired, swarthy Italian met each charge with a stinging left. It was this left of @Wilson's that kept chugging into the badly hammered pit of Mike's stomach that turned the tide.

O'Dowd a Deep Crimson

Wilson, being a southpaw, led with his right, swinging the left for a punishing series of body blows. In the thirteenth round one of Wilson's savage blows cut a deep trench at the edge of O'Dowd's scalp, directly over the left eye.

From this trench a red stream poured into Mike's optic, and after a few seconds spread over his entire face, so O'Dowd finished the last three rounds a deep crimson from head to waist, a brighter red than a Georgia sunset. The cut may have come from a rim of the gloves or from the lacings, but after it arrived O'Dowd was no part of a beautiful sight.

For the first ten rounds the two slugging middleweights maintained an even pace, with little advantage either way, but at this stage Wilson's busy left began to tell as it played a merry and endless tattoo upon the Irish fighter's stomach. In the ninth round Wilson staggered his opponent with a resounding hook to the pit of the abdomen, but Mike gamely returned the fire, organized a counter charge of his own and promptly staggered Wilson with a right hook to the jaw.

After this exchange the two fighters whirled together into a wild mêlée as the crowd arose upon its hind legs and rocked the Garden with its approving roar. This was the best round of the fight.

O'Dowd Claims a Foul

Another outburst of frenzied excitement came in the twelfth, when O'Dowd staggered and claimed that he had been fouled. Wilson had been hitting dangerously low more than once, but the referee refused to allow the claim.

Mike could not have been badly hurt, for after his claim was turned down he rushed at Wilson with a snarl and swept him into the ropes. In the last two rounds, O'Dowd opend a furious attack in a vain effort to get a right hook across, but Wilson continued to slow him down with that slugging left.

Mike had defense to stop this punch whichwas varied at intervals by a right jab to the features which did no great damage, but held him at bay.

As a scientific exhibition of championship skill it barely came up to the $106,000 which the gathering paid in, but at least no one can say that either man loafed or failed to give the best he had.

Shortly after midnight Dr. W. H. Walker, the club's physician, announced that O'Dowd had been fowled, having been hit below the belt in the left groin. Dr. Walker stated that the proof of this foul blow was plainly in evidence and that O'Dowd's claim in the twelfth round was justified. This proof of Wilson's foul blow will have no effect on the referee's decision, but it will back up Mike's belief that he had not been beaten fairly and will therefore start another bitter argument between the two men and their supporters, but in the meanwhile the middleweight crown remains on Wilson's swarthy brow.

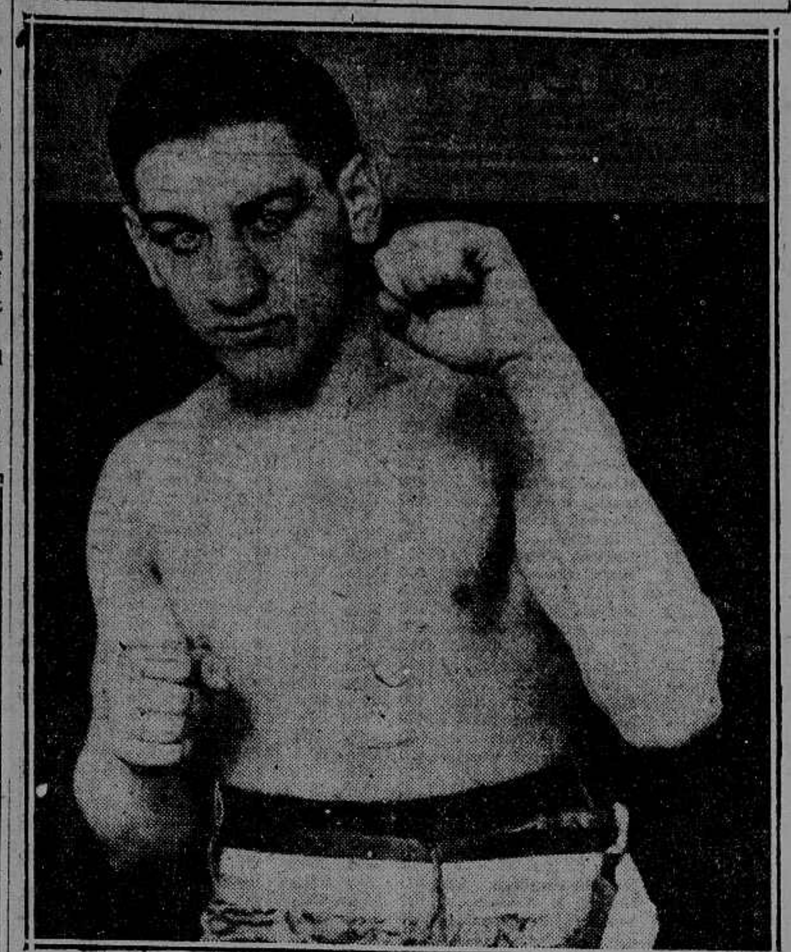
The two men entered the ring late, each arrayed in green trunks, but O'Dowd had, in addition, a green bathrobe decorated with orange harps. O'Dowd was the big favorite with the packed house, which supported every rush the Irishman made with a series of roars and cheers.

Wilson's Manager Says Champion Fought With Sprained Hand

MARTY KILILEA, manager of Johnny Wilson, let it be known after the middleweight champion had been awarded the referee's decision last night, that his charge went to the Garden in a crippled condition. Kililea said Wilson's right hand was sprained as a result of a training setto last Sunday with John Lester Johnson, in Boston, and that the conqueror of O'Dowd also entered the ring with a sprained right leg.

Kililea offered to give the names of three doctors in Boston who had taken x-ray photographs of Wilson's right mitt and who had advised his bread-winner to keep away from O'Dowd for the present.

The Winner



Champion Johnny Wilson

Wilson Is Fourteenth Middleweight Ruler

Following are the American champions in the middleweight division and their tenures since a champion was first recognized in 1867:

Tom Chandler	1867-1868	1
George Rooke	1868-1874	6
Mike Donovan	1874-1882	8
Title lapsed till 1884.		
Jack Dempsey	1884-1889	5
George La Blanche	1889-1891	2
Bob Fitzsimmons	1891-1897	6
Title lapsed, Fitzsimmons entering heavyweight class.		
Tommy Ryan, claimant	1897-1907	10
Ryan retired undefeated in 1907.		
Stanley Ketchel, claimant	1907-1908	1
Billy Papke	1908	80 days
Stanley Ketchel	1908-1910	2
Frank Klaus	1911-1913	2
George Chip	1913-1914	1
Al McCoy	1914-1917	3
Mike O'Dowd	1917-1920	3
Johnny Wilson	1920	

Detailed Description of Bout That Drew Record Attendance

Expert Describes Title Contest in Garden; Baird in Thrilling Draw

By W. J. Macbeth

How Wilson and O'Dowd Shaped Up

MIKE O'DOWD		JOHNNY WILSON
25 years	Age	25 years
5 ft. 8¾ in.	Height	5 ft. 9 in.
159¼ pounds	Weight	158 pounds
16 inches	Neck	16 inches
12 inches	Biceps	12 inches
13¾ inches	Forearm	10¾ inches
15 inches	Calf	14 inches
71¼ inches	Reach	72 inches
7¼ inches	Wrist	7¼ inches
37 inches	Chest (normal)	39 inches
39¼ inches	Chest (expanded)	42 inches
30½ inches	Waist	31 inches
22 inches	Thigh	23 inches
8¾ inches	Ankle	8½ inches

They started cautiously, Wilson pawing at Mike, who sent his right to Wilson's jaw as they clinchd. They exchanged lefts and rights without much effect. Wilson seemed uncertain with his right. O'Dowd crowded Wilson to the ropes and hammered him with a half dozen lefts and rights. As the champion covered, Wilson pecked O'Dowd several times with the right, but Mike worked in close and got a stiff right to the champion's wind. It was a rather tame first round, with O'Dowd having a shade the better of it.

O'Dowd, who had appeared nervous at the start, was plainly waiting with the right as they clashed in the second round. They got in close and exchange wallops to the stomach. Wilson whipped four stiff lefts to Mike's wind, and though Mike retaliated in kind, his blows did not have the force of Wilson's. Mike then worked in close and spun Wilson round with a right hook to the jaw. Wilson shot the left to Mike's face, but O'Dowd came back with a left hook to the stomach and a right to the jaw. Wilson found O'Dowd twice with stiff lefts, to the face and then to the body. Wilson looked a little better.

Three times at the beginning of the third round Wilson pecked O'Dowd's face with his right, then he shot the left into Mike's wind. O'Dowd crowded in close and swung both hands to Wilson's face. Wilson jabbed Mike's face twice with the right again, but Mike came back with two stiff hooks to the nose that brought the claret. Wilson was very cautious and was running away, but Mike was wild with his right. Just before the bell Wilson landed a one-two punch to Mike's face, then shot his left suddenly to Mike's stomach.

Mike Goes After Champion

Mike tore after the champion starting the fourth and landed a hard right swing to Wilson's jaw. Wilson held O'Dowd off with his left while he shot his right to Mike's wind. They exchanged body blows, Wilson apparently hitting a little low. Mike then started to walk around Wilson to coax him to close quarters and they exchanged a number of stiff body blows. Wilson straightened up O'Dowd with the one-two punch to the face as this fourth round ended.

So far it was a rather poor championship fight. They fiddled around for several seconds in the fifth, then Mike shot a straight left to Wilson's jaw that shook the champion. Wilson retaliated with a left to the body. O'Dowd crowded in and swung a stiff right to Wilson's jaw.

Mike rushed Wilson in the sixth and landed a right to the face and left to wind. He missed with his right, then crowded the champion to the ropes and cuffed him with both hands to the body. They clinched and stalled for a half minute. Mike, after fiddling around a minute, swung his right to Wilson's jaw. Wilson came back with a left to the wind. They pawed at each other like a couple of Russian women. Mike rushed Wilson against the rope and they were pawing at each other without results when the bell sent them to their corners.

They fiddled around for a minute without striking a blow in the seventh round. O'Dowd missed several well meant right swings and got as many left cuffs in the body in return. Then three times in short order O'Dowd hung right swings on Wilson's jaw. They exchanged a series of body punches. O'Dowd backed Wilson into a neutral corner and hit him twice on the jaw with wide right swings which didn't have much steam behind them. They fell into close quarters then and exchanged a series of short arm jolts without apparent damage.

Eighth Round Is Lively

Wilson came up for the eighth pawing uncertainly with his right hand. O'Dowd straightened him up with a right to the jaw. Wilson worked in close and put a stiff left to the wind. Mike spun Wilson around with a right that brushed his chin, but the champion tucked two stiff lefts to the stomach in return. Mike again found Wilson's jaw with his right and ducked a wild left. They exchanged lefts and rights at close range. Wilson jarred O'Dowd with a left to the stomach, then he spun Mike with a left to the jaw. They worked in close, each finding the body, Mike with the right and Wilson with the left, as the round ended.

Wilson cuffed Mike with his right as they met for the ninth and then shot two stiff lefts to the wind. Mike staggered Wilson with a right to the jaw and only the ropes of his own corner saved the champion from falling. They played for the body, then Mike put three stiff rights to Wilson's heart. The referee warned Wilson for hitting low. Wilson whipped three wicked rights to Mike's wind. They exchanged stiff body punches at the bell. The crowd was in an uproar, for it was the first round of real fighting so far in the much-touted championship match.

Mike kept crowding through the tenth round, with Wilson giving ground as usual. The champion would take no chance. O'Dowd shot a straight right to Wilson's face. Wilson answered with two hard lefts to the jaw. Then he hooked Mike twice with right-hand shots. Wilson wouldn't take a chance on leading, but took advantage of every opening Mike left. O'Dowd smashed a wicked right to Wilson's jaw, but got a stiff left to the wind in return. They both missed leads, then Mike put the right to Wilson's ear. Wilson scored heavily with short arm lefts and right to body as the round ended.

O'Dowd was short with a wicked swing as they met for the eleventh. He feinted Wilson into position, then swung a hard right to the jaw. Wilson held O'Dowd off with his right and swung with his left, but Mike ducked. Wilson hit O'Dowd six inches low, but the referee did not see the foul blow. Wilson jabbed O'Dowd three times with his right. Mike jarred Wilson with a right swing to the jaw. Wilson scored with a right to the body. O'Dowd ducked a wicked left swing as the round ended.

Mike traded his right for Wilson's left as they met in the twelfth. Wilson hooked a right to Mike's jaw, then rocked him with a left to the jaw. Wilson was hitting low all the time with his left hand. They mixed it furiously, Wilson pounding Mike's body with hard lefts. Mike knocked Wilson against the ropes with a right to the jaw. Wilson came back with a left to the wind which was evidently low, but Mike's claim of foul was unheeded. They stood head to head, hammering away with both hands at close quarters, while pandemonium ran riot through the arena. This was another whirlwind round and by far the best fighting they had shown thus far.

They were at it like bulldogs again in the thirteenth. Mike whipped a hard right to Wilson's jaw, but took three stiff lefts to the wind in return. Mike had great difficulty in avoiding Wilson's right. Wilson opened a deep cut over O'Dowd's left eye with a right swing and in a few seconds Mike was covered with blood from head to foot. Wilson kept peppering the spot with his right. Mike seemed much distressed.

Wilson kept up the bombardment against the wound in the fourteenth round. O'Dowd, however, got his right to working and four times in rapid succession swung stiff rights to Wilson's jaw that set the champion back on his heels. Wilson put in several stiff short-arm lefts to Mike's wind. O'Dowd staggered Wilson with a wicked right to the head, which the champion fortunately got inside of. O'Dowd was wild with his right and missed several swings, Wilson ripping lefts into his midriff. Each time Wilson was taking advantage of O'Dowd's blind side.

Wilson jabbed Mike with a right after they shook hands for the final round. Mike worked in close and shot a right hook to Wilson's body. They stood at close quarters pounding away with both hands for half a minute. Wilson caught Mike with a stiff left to the wind then he peppered his bad eye with the right. Wilson hooked his right to Mike's jaw. Mike shot a stiff right swing to Wilson's face but got a right on the bad eye in exchange. Wilson jabbed Mike's face three times with the right and Mike retaliated with a right to the wind. They stood head to head flailing away with both arms to the last ten seconds.

Lieutenant Earl Baird, of Seattle, and Joe Gorman, of Portland, furnished one of the greatest ten-round featherweight battles the old town has known since George Dixon was in his prime. There wasn't a moment wasted from the opening bell until the final gong. Though the majority of the critics at the ringside believed Gorman clearly earned the decision, the judges again failed to agree and Referee McAvoy declared the contest a draw.

Through the first round Gorman worked away with both hands and any number of times had the wee Lieutenant rocking like an oak in a gale. Both boys were possessed of the well known wallop, both carried a real kick in both hands. Gorman caught Baird with a right hook while the latter was boring in and raised him several inches off his heels. Then he landed the one-two punch that forced the lieutenant to cover and clinch.

Through the second round, too, the little gladiator from Portland continued to carry the battle to the army man. But Baird has a square, heavy set jaw and the best meant hooks and uppercuts turned off the point like water off a duck's back. Baird was content, it seemed, to take two blows any time in order to trade one in return.

Baird Comes Back Strong

Baird came back in fine shape in the third round and scored a number of clean, hard, short-arm jolts to the body that shook up Gorman no little bit. In this round repeatedly the two stood toe-to-toe, both arms flailing away with the regularity and force of locomotive pistons. One of Baird's straight left jabs raised a mouse under Gorman's right eye.

They went at it hammer and tongs through the fourth when Gorman accidentally butted Baird, cutting a gash over his own left eye. Gorman in this round seemed to be slowing just a trifle as if arm weary through hammering away at Baird.

The fifth was another corking chapter, in which Baird rallied and handed out a number of damaging short arm jolts, but the sixth simply set the big crowd mad with excitement. For the first two minutes of this round Gorman made a veritable chopping block of Baird. He slugged him all over the ring, changing his point of attack from head to body and back again with such rare generalship that Baird was completely befuddled.

The milling slowed a bit then. None could stand such a pace more than six rounds. But the gamecocks were only resting momentarily to recoup their waning strength. In the ninth they cut loose again with all the reckless abandon of the earlier passages. A dozen times Gorman's damaging short-arm jolts rang off Baird's jaw or sank deeply into his midriff, but Baird simply wouldn't go down. The tenth had as much fireworks crowded into it as any two of the preceding rounds combined.

Gorman hit Baird with everything but the water bucket, but still Baird refused to give way an inch. He simply shook his head and tore in all the harder. The crowd was a raving Bedlam at the final bell, and it was five minutes before order could be restored to permit Joe Humphreys to make an announcement.

Yale Graduates Plan Athletic Association

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 17.—Members of the graduate departments at Yale have taken up the question of organizing a graduate athletic association. They held a mass meeting to-night, at which representatives of the graduate law, medical and divinity schools appeared. It was pointed out that the art, music and forestry schools were eligible to membership.

The proposal was discussed of forming athletic teams of these purely graduate departments, especially in baseball and football. Other teams can be organized as the material develops, it is felt. Sentiment favors forming a baseball nine this spring and arranging games with Harvard and Princeton graduate departments. Under rules adopted four years ago, persons with an academic degree are ineligible for membership on varsity teams in any of the universities

Monroe Puts K. O. on Mandot

Red Monroe, of Yonkers, knocked out Phil Mandot, of the Bronx, in the third round of a scheduled twelve-round bout at the Columbus Sporting Club of Yonkers last night. Monroe weighed 123 pounds and Mandot 125. In the semi-final of ten rounds Tommy Sullivan, of Tarrytown, quit in the second round, claiming that he had broken his wrist. The referee awarded the bout to Soldier Hinner, of Bayonne.

100 to 7 Shot Wins Classic

LIVERPOOL, March 17.—The Liverpool Spring Cup of 1,000 sovereigns, at one mile and three furlongs, run here to-day, was won by H. E. Steel's Sprig of Orange. P. F. Heybourn's Trespasser was second and Money Glass, third. The winner was quoted at 100 to 7 in the betting, Trespasser at 6 to 1 and Money Glass at 7 to 1. Fifteen horses ran.

College Mat Tourney Begins This Afternoon

PRINCETON, N. J., March 17.—Princeton will be the scene this Friday and Saturday of the intercollegiate wrestling and gymnastic championships for the first time in a number of years. The representatives of Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Lehigh, Penn State, as well as the Princeton teams, will take part.

The gymnastic events will take place to-morrow afternoon. The grapplers will start hostilities at the same time, but the final bouts will take place Saturday afternoon. Penn State, which won the wrestling title last year, hopes to retain it, but Princeton and Lehigh may have something to say before the Blue and White team gets the trophy.

Munroe Still Detained

WASHINGTON, March 17.—An application for the entry into the United States of Jack Munroe, former pugilist and now manager of a Canadian mine, had not reached the State Department to-day from Ellis Island, where he is detained following his arrival from Europe without a passport. Officials expressed the view, however, that there would be no difficulty about his admission.

Freak Shot by Golfer

BELLEAIR HEIGHTS, Fla., March 17.—O. W. Johnson, of Chicago, played the most remarkable golf shot of his career to-day. In fact, it was the strangest ever seen here. He was playing a niblick shot when the club got loose and the blade, after scooping the ball away, came up and hit him on the bridge of the nose, taking out a good-size divot.

Vernon Easily Beats Cubs

LOS ANGELES, March 17.—The Chicago Cubs were outplayed by the Vernon Pacific Coast Leaguers to-day, 7 to 2. Weaver and Jones pitched for Chicago.

$40,000 Check Made Wilson Look a Winner

Mike Amuses Himself by Stretching His Legs While Champion Fondles 'Paper'

By Heywood Broun

Giovanni Francisco Panica defeated Mike O'Dowd to top off St. Patrick's Day at Madison Square Garden last night. Biovanni, who goes under the fighting name of Johnny Wilson, looked a winner from the moment he stepped into the ring, for while Mike was stretching his legs, bowing to the cheers of the crowd and performing the usual traditional preliminaries, Giovanni sat in his corner looking at a small piece of brown paper.

It was a check for $40,000, the champion's share of the purse. Giovanni did did not even get up to bow when his name was cheered not too loudly. He was too busy translating $40,000 into lire. It makes a great many lire. So many that Giovanni set himself to the job of assuring himself that there should be other slips of brown paper in the months to come.

Accordingly he fought with great caution, but with wisdom, too. Every time he hit Mike O'Dowd on the nose he mentally credited himself with 1,000 lire. Indeed, he punched the face of his opponent with much of the precision and calm of a man working on an adding machine.

O'Dowd Always on Offensive

For a time the crowd was grossly deceived as to the trend of the fight. O'Dowd never lost the offensive attitude. It was he who kept tearing in and Wilson, the champion, who gave ground. But Wilson did not neglect to give punches as he retreated.

The pursuer was constantly harassed by the straight right-hand jab of the champion, who is a southpaw and frankly fights from the reverse angle. Wilson also was exceedingly successful in reaching O'Dowd's stomach with his left.

Each time the Irishman would wince and once he claimed a foul, in which he was loudly supported by the crowd, but the referee would not allow it.

Suddenly, late in the fight, one of Wilson's blows cut O'Dowd over the eye, and from then on Mike bled profusely. Immediately the crowd changed sides and began to cheer for Wilson. This trait of humanity to get behind a winner is not a pretty one. Samuel Johnson once commented on a somewhat similar occurrence in a letter which he wrote to Lord Chesterfield, who had failed to buy any considerable number of copies of a book which Johnson had dedicated to him.

Johnson remarked that Lord Chesterfield was a person who would calmly watch a man struggling in the water, and once he had reached the bank encumber him with aid.

Fight fans are made in the Chesterfieldian mold. But it didn't bother Wilson. He fought exactly the same fight in the early rounds, when the Garden rang with shouts of "Cheese champion!" as he did when the same rooters suddenly began to scream "You can do it! He don't like 'em down there! Let 'im have it!"

As a matter of fact, the advice of a crowd with its "He can't hurt you!" and all the rest of it, isn't of much use to a fighter. Wilson kept his mind constantly on the lire and not on the cheers. After all he didn't need anybody to help him to the bank. He was battling his way to the receiving teller's window with both fists from gong to gong.

A Cheese Champion, Perhaps

Probably Wilson is not much of a champion. Certainly, he is not an impressive fighter, in spite of the fact that he is one of the most beautifully built men who ever stepped into a ring. He was gorgeously trained last night. His skin was a perfect fit. But he doesn't keep going in and after his man as a champion should. It was O'Dowd who had all the charging, glowering, battering manners of a title-holder.

Even in the last three rounds, when his face was covered with blood, he kept up his rushes. Still he hardly lived up to the tradition set by Henley. His head was bloody and also bowed, but only for the purpose of ramming Wilson in the stomach. O'Dowd's spirit was admirable, but his condition was not so good. He had a little too much of the white man's burden around his waistline.

Moreover, in spite of the air of ferocity with which he fought, there was not much snap to his blows. Even before the blood came too many of his rushing attacks were blind. Again and again he missed like Babe Ruth swinging at a wide one. Wilson was a dancing man, who kept stepping aside and out of reach. And always the Italian kept thrusting his right hand out and letting the charging man run into it. He might have been a matador.

He didn't need a red flag to infuriate his opponent. Giovanni Francisco Panica, calling himself Johnny Wilson, and holding the middleweight championship of the world, was enough to make any O'Dowd see red on St. Patrick's Day. And as the rounds went on it was a constantly redder world to O'Dowd.

Probably Giovanni Francisco Panica is not a world beater. Nobody had ever heard of him up to the night when he first beat O'Dowd in Boston. He was a fourth rater who fought for $60 purses. He has never beaten anybody of consequence—except O'Dowd—since.

But he never seemed in doubt for a moment as to his mastery last night. Like the man who drank the barrel of beer before making his bet he was fortified by the strongest asset of confidence. Of course, he could do it. He had done it. There should be no doubt by this time that whatever his other failings, Johnny Wilson is the champion of Mike O'Dowd.

Redskin Pitcher for Pirates

PITTSBURGH, March 17.—The batting of Tierney and the pitching of Yellowhorse, the Indian moundsman, featured the first practice game staged by the Pirates at the Hot Springs camp. Tierney, playing at second with the regulars, connected with two home runs in three times at bat. Chief Yellowhorse went to the mound for the regulars, pitching three innings. The Indian allowed no hits, issued no passes and struck out one man.

Slugger Joins White Sox

WAXAHACHIE, Tex., March 17.—Practice at the White Sox training camp was given added zest by the arrival of Earl Sheely, champion hitter of the Pacific Coast League in 1920. Sheely's workout at first base brought smiles of joy to the face of Manager Gleason. Last year Sheely batted .373, with 33 home run and 51 doubles.

Cobb Ready to Cut Squad

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 17.—Manager Ty Cobb of the Detroit Tigers to-day indicated his first cutting probably will come in a few days, when he plans to release John Bogart, former first baseman with Ludington in the Central League, and Ben Smith, pitcher, who came up from the Rock Island Three I League club.

Mrs. Cole Is New Contender For National Tennis Crown

Former Anne Sheafe Gets in Semi-Final; Mrs. Mallory vs. Miss Zinderstein

By Fred Hawthorne

BOSTON, March 17.—Mrs. Benjamin E. Cole, of North Andover, which is one of the numerous principalities of Boston town, occupied the center of the stage to-day in the playing of the annual women's national indoor championships lawn tennis tournament on the Longwood covered courts at Chestnut Hill.

The speed and power of Mrs. Cole's game amazed the spectators not only when she was competing in the fourth round of the singles, but likewise in the first round of the mixed doubles. It would not come as a great surprise to me were the former Miss Anne Sheafe spring the sensation of the tournament on Saturday by winning the national indoor singles title, notwithstanding the fact that she will be facing either Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, the national turf court champion, or Miss Marion Zinderstein, the clay court title-holder.

Playing against Mrs. Frank H. Godfrey, of Boston, this morning, Mrs. Cole forced the latter to bow in defeat at 6—1, 6—3, and be it known that Mrs. Godfrey is far from being a mediocre player in any company.

Tilden on Winning Team

Following this Mrs. Cole, paired with Irving C. Wright, of Boston, faced Mrs. Mallory and William T. Tilden, 2d, world's singles champion, in the opening round of the mixed doubles. Although defeated by a score of 6—3, 5—7, 6—3, Mrs. Cole was the outstanding star of this match, her driving carrying so much pace that the big gallery was continually moved to outbursts of applause.

Miss Zinderstein won her way into one of the other semi-final brackets in the singles by defeating Miss Martha Bayard, of Short Hills, N. J., by a score of 6—2, 6—3. The clay court queen played brilliantly at times, but still did not show all the tennis of which we know she is capable.

Mrs. Mallory, who will meet Miss Zinderstein in the lower half of the semi-final bracket at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, came through to-day by defeating Miss Florence Ballin, of the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, by 6—2, 6—0. The national champion appeared to play with more snap and keenness than on Wednesday and overwhelmed Miss Ballin by sheer speed.

The fourth semi-finalist is Mrs. Walter H. Trumbull jr., of Boston, who gained her place by vanquishing Mrs. S. T. Crawford, at 6—2, 6—1. She and Mrs. Cole will meet in the upper semi-final brackets at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. The final round for the championship will be played at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Wightman Competing

The women's doubles reached into the semi-final round, Mrs. Mallory and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris gaining the top bracket through their victory over Miss Ballin and Mrs. David C. Mills, by 6—3, 6—4, while six other pairs went into the round before the semi-final, among these being Mrs. Wightman and Miss Zinderstein; Miss Bayard and Miss Ceres Baker, Mrs. T. H. Cabot and Miss Edith Sigourney, Miss Leslie Bancroft and Miss Phyllis Walsh and Mrs. Godfrey and Mrs. Cole.

An interesting feature of the mixed doubles was the appearance of Rear-Admiral Cameron McR. Winslow, retired, U. S. N., and Miss Nathalie Winslow, his daughter, against Mrs. Bernard Stenz and Mr. J. H. Morse. Although defeated, Admiral Winslow proved that he smacks a mean service, and he and his daughter earned the applause of the gallery on several occasions by bringing off spectacular shots.

In both her matches to-day Mrs. Cole brought into play the fastest, most severe, forehand drive to be seen in women's tennis in this country, and I say this with due regard for Mrs. Mallory's favorite shot. The national champion still uses the forehand drive as her chief forcing weapon, and it is one of the great shots in American tennis, and wonderfully controlled, but it has not the snap and sting of Mrs. Cole's battering ram.

The Boston girl's backhand is also a powerful asset and overhead she is correspondingly severe. She should defeat Mrs. Trumbull without difficulty to-morrow, then, no matter who her opponent in the final round, she seems certain to make a sensational battle for the honors.

Miss Bayard Plays Well

Miss Zinderstein's tennis against Miss Bayard was a bit streaky; however, not so much but that a little stedaying down to-morrow will bring her into the struggle with Mrs. Mallory in top form. Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Bayard for her great showing against the clay court champion and had she not tired badly in the last set the score would probably have been closer. The schoolgirl's footwork was almost faultless and her court generalship very good. Superior strength and greater experience defeated her.

There was little fault to be found with Mrs. Mallorys game, and if it comes to a driving game from back court to-morrow she will probably conquer Miss Zinderstein again. The latter's great opportunity (and it has never seemed brighter) lies in forcing the net and mixing up her pace. Along that path lies victory.

The summaries:

WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES

Fourth round—Mrs. W. H. Trumbull jr. defeated Mrs. S. T. Crawford, 6—2, 6—1; Mrs. Benjamin E. Cole defeated Mrs. Frank H. Godfrey, 6—1, 6—3; Miss Marion Zinderstein defeated Miss Martha Bayard, 6—2, 6—3; Mrs. Franklin I. Mallory defeated Miss Florence A. Ballin, 6—2, 6—0.

WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES

Second round—Miss Florence Ballin and Mrs. D. C. Mills defeated Mrs. J. L. Bremer and Miss Rosamond Newton, 6—1, 6—1; Mrs. Franklin I. Mallory and Mrs. L. Gouverneur Morris defeated Mrs. Huntoon and Miss Willcox, 6—2, 6—0; Mrs. T. H. Cabot and Miss Edith Sigourney defeated Mrs. Bernard F. Stenz and Mrs. W. H. Pritchard, 6—4, 6—2; Miss Martha Bayard and Miss Ceres Baker defeated Mrs. P. D. Campbell and Miss Anna Fuller, 6—2, 6—0; Miss Leslie Bancroft and Miss Phyllis Walsh defeated Miss Martha Carey and Miss Gretchen Ginn, 6—1, 3—6, 6—3.

Third round—Mrs. Franklin I. Mallory and Mrs. L. Gouverneur Morris defeated Miss Florence Ballin and Mrs. David C. Mills, 6—3, 6—4.

NATIONAL INDOOR MIXED DOUBLES

First round—Mrs. T. H. Cabot and J. H. Wheelwright defeated Miss Anna Fuller and Mr. Pratt, 6—3, 6—4; Mrs. S. M. Felton and Burnham Dell defeated Mrs. Frank H. Godfrey and L. B. Rice, 6—4, 4—6, 11—9; Miss Phyllis Walsh and Harry C. Johnson defeated Mrs. Huntoon and Mr. Vose, 6—0, 6—0; Miss Edith Sigourney and A. N. Reggio won from Miss Ruth Yerxa and Mr. Marks by default; Mrs Franklin I. Mallory and William T. Tilden 2d defeated Mrs. Benjamin E. Cole and Irving C. Wright, 6—3, 5—7, 6—3.

Brower Elected Leader

HANOVER, N. H., March 17.—James P. Brower, 22, of Arlington, Mass., was this afternoon chosen to captain the Dartmouth hockey team for the 1922 season. Brower has played coverpoint on the Green ice team for the last two seasons. He was also one of the leading backfield men on the Dartmouth eleven last fall.

Salaries of New York Boxing Commissioners Reduced in Budget

ALBANY, March 17.—The State Boxing Commission is one of the departments in which the state will effect a saving this year.

It was learned to-day that the Legislative Budget Committee, in the annual budget submitted to the Legislature this week, has made provision for salaries of $4,000, instead of $5,000, for the three members of the commission—Joseph Johnson, Walter G. Hooke and Edward W. Dittmars.

The committee also has eliminated one position in the commission, making provision for only three deputy commissioners. The pay of the deputies also is reduced. This year they will receive $20 for every day they are employed, not exceeding 110. Last year they were given $25 a day for every day they were engaged, not exceeding 120.

Big Boxers Clash In Feature Bouts Here This Evening

Capt. Roper Battles Homer Smith at Pioneer Club; Levinsky in Brooklyn

The "beef trust" will come back into its own to-night as in the old days when the public was seeking a white hope to uncrown—or rather crown—Jack Johnson. White hopes or heavyweights are likely to be spilled all over our boroughs. The Pioneer Sporting Club, in East Twenty-fourth Street, and the Flatbush Sporting Club, of Brooklyn, will both feature the chapter of the piano juggler's union.

Over in Flatbush our old friend "Bat" Levinsky is to hook up for fifteen rounds with Charley Weinert in the main event in Brooklyn.

Just how good Weinert is nobody can tell. The Newark Adonis hasn't fought in a long time. His press agent has him fit and ready. If Father Time's clock could be turned back four or five years this would be a bout well worth a journey to Flatbush.

Roper Product of Army

Bob Roper, who tackles Homer Smith at the Pioneer Club, was supposed to be one of the best heavyweights produced by the American army during the war. He was seen here once before in a bout with Al Roberts. He lost the decision. Unless he improves his fight against Levinsky, Smith should not prove unusually tough for Roper. There is an object for the latter to finish off the boy from the celery belt as speedily as possible. On his showing depends matches later with Bill Brennan and Tom Gibbons.

In the semi-final of the Pioneer, middleweights Vic McLoughlin and Walter McGirr will box ten rounds. There will be other bouts of four and six rounds, respectively.

The semi-final at the Flatbush club, which brings together Abe Goldstein and Jimmy Burns, of Jersey City, assures at least one bout of action, for Goldstein always gives the spectators a run for their money.

Jack O'Brien is giving a matinee at 2 o'clock this afternoon at his Madison Square Garden gymnasium in honor of James J. Corbett, former heavyweight champion. Eugene O'Brien, Lou Cody, Bert Lytell and Conway Tearle have promised to strip for the occasion in special athletic tests. George Walsh will box Philadelphia Jack in "full dress" costume.

Keyes and O'Gatty Again

Jimmy O'Gatty and Oakey Keyes will box fifteen rounds in the wind-up of the Pioneer Sporting Club show to-morrow night. These lads battled last week, when O'Gatty flattened Keyes. The latter claimed it was purely a "slip" and not a knockdown and stakes his reputation on the result of the return engagement. Barney Snyder will box tweleve rounds with Benny Bedoud. Patsy Bogash and Johnny Lewis meet for ten.

The boxing season at Madison Square Garden will close Monday night with a benefit for the poor of Ireland. Besides the twelve-round final between Willie Jackson, the East Side lightweight, and "Rocky" Kansas, of Buffalo, Tex Rickard has arranged these three ten-round bouts: Jack Sharkey vs. "Midget" Smith, Sammy Sieger vs. Artie Root and "Kid" Norfolk vs. Jack Ward.

The New York State Boxing Commission yesterday afternoon issued 114 additional licenses, as follows: Referee, 1; physicians, 2; judges, 3; managers, 10; boxers, 62; seconds, 36.

The Broadway Exhibition Association has invited both Mike O'Dowd and Johnny Wilson to be its guests at the Soldier Bartfield-Italian Joe Gans mill next Monday night.

Equitable Trust Five Wins

The Equitable Trust basketball team, by defeating the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, 32 to 15, won its sixteenth victory without suffering a setback in the Bankers' Athletic League series this season.

Stewards Give Trainer Feustel Secret Hearing

Jockey Club Board Fails to Tell Why License Was Laid Upon Table

Though he appeared before them in secret in this city Wednesday night at his own solicitation, the stewards of the Jockey Club maintain a discreet silence as to the case of Louis Feustel, trainer and developer of Man o' War, the greatest sensation the American turf has ever known. The Jockey Club admitted yesterday that Feustel had attended a star chamber session the previous night, but absolutely refused to divulge anything that had taken place.

Feustel's application for a renewal of his trainer's license was laid on the table at the last regular meeting of the stewards of the Jockey Club. This fact was announced publicly, though there appeared no good reason why the incident should have been published broadcast unless the powers had cause for complaint against the trainer. The implied stigma has set tongues wagging and all sorts of gossip and rumors as to the cause of the action have been launched.

The Jockey Club, which arrogates unto itself the most autocratic powers, would naturally take its own time to put Feustel at rights with the public, even if he were able to make a satisfactory explanation. It is believed the tabling of his license was a move to make him "turn copper" on another prominent trainer. Perhaps something will develop at the next meeting of the Jockey Club.

Meanwhile the Jockey Club has instituted an innovation which should do racing a world of good and eliminate the rough riding that has been a disgrace for some years past. Hereafter there will be an extra steward, known as the starting steward, on the job. He will accompany Starter Mars Cassidy to the post and take his station within a short distance of the barrier, so that he may see everything that happens at the post and for the first furlong or more of the race.

He will report to the presiding stewards immediately after each race. This additional official, with the patrol judges, should be able to dsafeguar every yard of the course and to prevent the rough riding that has been in vogue in the early running of races, and more especially in two-year-old racing through the chutes.

Belle of Elizabethtown Carries Off Big Race

HAVANA, Cuba, March 17.—Belle of Elizabethtown, with Jockey Hoffler in the saddle, took the St. Patrick's Day handicap at Oriental Park to-day, defeating Different Eyes, American Ace, Riverside and Furbelow. The mare ran a fast five and a half furlongs, stepping the distance in 1:06 4-5. The surprise of the race was the poor performance of the favorite, Riverside.

The results:

First race (purse, $700; two-year-olds; four furlongs)—Pacifier, 112 (Pickens), 6 to 2, 7 to 10 and 1 to 4, won; Elias O., 122 (McDermott), even, 1 to 4 and 1 to 8, second; Trumpet Call, 112 (Kelsay), 2 to 1, 1 to 2 and 1 to 4, third. Time, :48 1-5. Naomi K., Emma W., Don Manuel and Athgarven also ran.

Second race (purse, $700; three-year-olds and upward; claiming; six furlongs)—Flying Frog, 108 (Collins), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even, won; Molinero, 93 (Penman), 9 to 2, 8 to 5 and 4 to 5, second; Eddie McBride, 102 (Smith), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even, third. Time, 1:14 1-5. Talent, Al Porter, War Tax, Le Balafre, Eranium, Durella and Redland also ran.

Third race (purse, $700; three-year-olds and upward; claiming; five and a half furlongs)—Stepson, 112 (Kelsay), 8 to 5, 1 to 2 and 1 to 4, won; Jacobean, 94 (Penman), 4 to 1, 7 to 5 and 7 to 10, second; Peasant, 111 (Pickens), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 3, third. Time, 1:06 4-5. Norfolk Belle, Just Fancy, Second Cousin, Cavan Boy and Honest George also ran.

Fourth race (St. Patrick's Day Handicap; purse, $1,000; three-year-olds and upward; five and a half furlongs)—Belle of Elizabethtown, 115 (Hoffler), 5 to 1, 2 to 1 and out, won; Different Eyes, 109 (Pickens), 7 to 2, 6 to 5 and out, second; American Ace, 127 (Kelsay), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and out, third. Time, 1:06 4-5. Furbelow and Riverside also ran.

Fifth race (purse, $700; three-year-olds; claiming; one mile)—George C. jr., 109 (Smith), 8 to 5, 1 to 2 and 1 to 4, won; Helen Lucas, 96 (Lowe), 30 to 1, 10 to 1 and 5 to 1, second; Cigale, 101 (Penman), 2 to 1, 7 to 10 and 1 to 3, third. Time, 1:41 4-5. Scotty, Felix M., Joe Whipple and Flew High also ran.

Sixth race (purse, $700; four-year-olds and upward; claiming; one and one-sixteenth miles)—Hush, 104 (Penman), 3 to 1, even and 1 to 2, won; Rhymer, 105 (Lowe), 4 to 1, 7 to 5 and 7 to 10, second; Emma J., 104 (Fields), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, third. Time, 1:46 3-5. Lenora P., Discord, Bounding Through, Fly Home, Misericorde and Semper Stalwart also ran.

Havana Entries

First Race (purse $700; three-year-olds and upward; claiming; five and one half furlongs)—Scintillate, 101; Ascutney, 103; Dixie Flyer, 110; San Diego, 112; Frank Burke, 115; Shasta, 115; Trentino, 115; A. Middleton, 115; Golden Red, 115.

Second Race (purse $700; four-year-olds and upward; claiming; six furlongs)—*Janice Logan, 100; *Ben Butler, [illegible]; *Finis, 103; *Driffield, 104; Willie W[illegible], 109; Juanita 3d, 109; Tim J. Hogan, 109.

Third Race (purse $700; three-year-olds; claiming; six furlongs)—*Miss [illegible], 95; *Lotta Speed, 98; *Ravanna, [illegible]; *George W., 103; Peggy Rives, 103; [illegible], 103; *Tosca, 105; *Voorin, 107; [illegible] Dear, 108.

Fourth Race (purse $700; four-year-olds and upward; claiming; six furlongs)—*Orleans Girl, 100; *Aigrette, 102; [illegible] May, 105; Elizabeth M., 107; [illegible] Seven, 107; May Rose, 108; Whip[illegible], 109; Top Rung, 112.

Fifth Race (purse $700; three-year-olds and upward; claiming; mile and [illegible] yards)—Seven Seas, 97; *Homan, [illegible]; Second Cousin, 105; *Pickle Fancy, [illegible]; [illegible]cranna, 110; Jose De Vales, 113; [illegible] Stalwart, 115.

Sixth Race (purse $700; three-year-olds and upward; claiming; mile and [illegible] yards)—*Ava R., 100; *Big Idea, [illegible]; *Litholick, 105; Jake Feld, 107; *O'Ma[illegible], 110; *American Eagle, 113; Red La[illegible].

*Apprentice allowance claimed.

Weather clear. Track fast.