

THE DISPATCH FOUNDED 1850.
THE TIMES FOUNDED 1884.

WHOLE NUMBER 17,101.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1906.

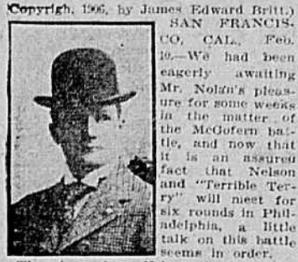
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TERRY'S PUNCH MAY FRACTURE NELSON'S TITLE

Jimmy Britt Says the Dane Figures to Win from McGovern.

PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ACCIDENTS

For Instance, This May Happen if Terry Accidentally Bumps the Battler With One of Those Just- Celebrated Hay- makers.



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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Feb. 10.—We had been eagerly awaiting Mr. Nelson's pleasure for some weeks in the matter of the McGovern battle, and now that it is an assured fact that Nelson and "Terrible Terry" are to meet for six rounds in Philadelphia, a little talk on this battle seems in order.

Though on form Nelson should be the winner, the fight does not look like an entirely smooth sail for the Dane. As has been remarked several times, six round fighting is not his forte. The longer it goes, the better for him.

On the other hand, McGovern has nearly always been a quick finisher. He won the championship in eight rounds and lost it in two. He has always been a great short distance fighter, and the distance in this case is, therefore, in his favor.

Of course, nobody believes that McGovern is now at his best, but he seems to be pretty good. Terry is still the wallop was shown when he dropped that tough little fighter Tommy Murphy in one round.

As long as he has that he will be a dangerous man to mix up with in a give and take fight.

According to the best disinterested information on the subject, Terry is in excellent physical condition. He will be in shape to go six rounds at least at his old-time speed and old-fashioned hurricane style, what means that he will be an interesting problem for eighteen minutes, always allowing for a fairly even division of fighting luck.

The form of the fight, though, is Nelson's.

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ALL ABOUT JOHN J. McGRAW.

Tells Also Why the Giants are the World's Cham- pion Baseball Team.

By GYM BAGLEY.
NEW YORK, February 10.—In repose nothing sticks out from Jimmy McGraw. He is just plain. In his story clothes—and they always are store clothes—you might size him up, if he interested you to that extent, as a bank clerk, or a plumber, or anything that ranged between these peaceful occupations. His figure is neither short nor tall. He is neither thin nor fat. His hair is very dark. The dominant expression of his mouth is amiability; there is no scrappy look. He has not the base-ball eye. Johnny's eye, like his thatch, is dark. The base-ball eye is gray. That is the eye of the marksman, the eye of quickness and accuracy in fixing swiftly moving objects. Eighty per cent. of ball players have gray or bluish-gray eyes.

DOESN'T SHOW IN HIS FACE.

The only feature in McGraw's face that points to his character is his nose. There you have it in all the beauty of its fresh aggressiveness. It is short and upper-cut. It looks straight forward and up. It is sharp at the end, the nose that cuts through doubt and is always inquisitive—the nose that has to be shown.

This is McGraw in collar and hames. He is just in between. In a base-ball suit.

The laziest journeyman, when off duty, are sailors. When there is work to be done, they are the quickest human things that move. They have to be. McGraw is not a sailor, but he is kin to them in this.

In action you get McGraw of an entirely different angle. If you be observant, and have a mind given to analysis, you will readily see why this fellow, who would never be picked out of a crowd as being anybody, is very much somebody.

A REGULAR NAPOLEON.

There is command in every quick, snappy movement. He is the nearest approach to the impossibility of being in two places at once. Were it possible, he would be. There is no lost motion in McGraw. He doesn't think twice. He doesn't allow any one to think for him. If he does make an error of judgment—and he's no tin god on paper roller skates—the error is his. He shares accomplishment and failure with no one. He is the foremost of endeavor. No one may step on his heels.

That is the confidence that makes for a leader of men. And it's that same confidence that compels obedience.

I asked McGraw, what factor, if any one in particular, contributed most to his success as a base-ball manager?

"I had an uncle who owned a mule," he said. "There was nothing remarkable about the mule. It was just a mule. One day the mule took to thinking for itself. Usually uncles did the thinking for the mule. Uncle got a bale stick and began get-



JOHN J. McGRAW Club of FAIR.

Reading On Further, One Learns Relations of Mules to Diamond Stars.

ting the mule around to his way of thinking. A stranger happened along and expostulated with uncle.

"Kindness," said the stranger, "will do more to persuade than corporal severity. My friend, if you will speak gently to the animal, it will more readily obey you."

"Uncle was a man who was always willing to learn. He wasn't one of those porkheads, who know it all. He cut out the stick work, and it was nice work at that, and said to the stranger:

"You try."

"Uncle was a man of few words.

THE STRANGER'S FINISH.

"The stranger patted the mule on the neck and said: 'There's a nice mule. Mule will stop balking and go ahead. Come, now, mule will move. Nice mule!'

"Sure enough, the mule began to move. It moved with startling suddenness. It changed ends and rewarded the stranger's kindness by helping him toward that goal we all hope to reach—toward heaven. As the stranger disappeared across the surrounding scenery, uncle resumed operations with the bale stick and remarked:

"That stranger meant well, but he doesn't know mules."

"And the moral?" I asked.

"I know ball players," replied McGraw. "I'm one myself. I also know base-ball. The captain of a ship would have a high old time getting his crew to work his vessel if he were not a sailor himself. In order to command and obtain immediate and unquestioning obedience, the command must prove a certain knowledge of the thing to be done."

IT'S ALL IN THE SIGNALS.

"When there is a man on third and I want the man at bat to bring him home, and I signal the play to be made, looking toward that end, I know all the possibilities of the men I am guiding. And they know that I know them. They make the play I signal, or at least attempt it. They don't try something else."

"Suppose they did?"

"There is no supposition," answered McGraw. "Each member of the team knows the value, the greatest of value on the diamond, of concerted action. And they know that at critical moments the command to execute a certain play, involving two or more of them, can only come from one. There is no crossing of signals in true team work."

"Then the reason you made the Giants champions—"

"May be summed up," concluded McGraw. "In a thorough knowledge of the material used in the work to be done."

And I guess that's so, Bo.

ATHLETES MAKE FINE RECORD IN TRACK MEET

Deep Chested Collegians Cover Themselves With Glory.

GEORGETOWN WINS MANY TROPHIES

Teams From the Great Washing- ington School Prove Power- ful Opponents—Wood- berry Wins Eight Cups and Two Watches.

Winners.

Fifty-yard interscholastic—Woodberry Forest; prize, gold watch.
Fifty-yard, open for all—Mt. Washington A. C.; prize, gold watch.
Hurdle—Western Maryland; prize, gold watch.

Relay races—Richmond High School, Woodberry Forest, Columbia A. C., Richmond College, Washington School for Boys, Maryland A. C., Georgetown University, University of Virginia; prizes, silver cups to every man.
High Jump—University of Virginia; prize, gold watch.

880-yard run—Columbia A. C.; prize, gold watch.
600-yard interscholastic—Woodberry Forest; prize, gold watch.
440-yard run—Georgetown; prize, gold watch.

Pole vault—George Washington; prize, gold watch.
One mile—Columbia A. C.; prize, gold watch.
Putting shot—Georgetown; prize, gold watch.
Fifty-yard consolation—Columbia A. C.; prize, gold watch.

With something like three thousand people cheering the sturdy, deep-chested collegians as they tore around the slippery course, sailed through the air at dizzy heights and leaped hurdles with the aplomb of a team of Heatherblooms, the first great indoor track meet of the South was held last night in Richmond, enjoying an initial success, unmarred by serious accidents of any sort that promises, if it does not actually insure, a continuance of the contests as an annual athletic event in Virginia life.

In point of everything—attendance, enthusiasm, and events—the evening's entertainment was excellent in a degree that became nothing short of remarkable.

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Was Mitchell-Sullivan Fight In France a Fake?

The Finger of Scandal Even Points at the Once High and Mighty John L.

By LEFT CROSS.
NEW YORK, February 10.—I have received several letters asking about the true inwardness of the fight between John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell in England. I did not know that they ever fought in England. They met in Chantilly, France, March 10, 1888. They met once before that in Madison Square Garden, in 1882. After going three rounds, Aleck Williams, then

captain of police, jumped into the ring and stopped the fight. That battle is on Sullivan's record as a win for him.

The fight in France was under London prize ring rules, rules with which Mitchell was thoroughly familiar—in fact, he was at his best there—but which were strange to Sullivan. John had been milling according to the regulations laid down by the Marquis of Queensbury. These compelled the wearing of padded gloves and made the rounds of three minutes' duration, with a minute's rest between.

Under the London formula they fought with bare knuckles, wrestling was allowed, and the round ended when a man was knocked down. Otherwise it went three minutes. Sullivan and Mitchell fought thirty-nine of these rounds, and the battle was then declared a draw.

The fight was in the open air, on the turf. A cold drizzle of rain soaked every one at the ring-side, and Sullivan, in his bare pelt, felt the cold and wet more than anybody else. He had not been used to fighting in the altogether outside. Mitchell, on the contrary, was well hardened to the al fresco thing, and the chilly weather didn't bother him.

These Were Dainty Rules.

The Englishman was a better wrestler than the American, and in the roughing up the clinches Sullivan was frequently thrown so heavily that the jarring he got thereby did him no particular good. For it is permissible in London rules to throw an adversary that you can bring your knee or heel down on his throat or in his stomach, or even stick it in his eye.

In fact, as you are taking the ground, everything goes. Mitchell was an adept at this game, and had Sullivan considerably mused up, while John was trying hard to land one of his wallops and thus make an end to the affair.

In the thirty-ninth round the seconds of both men met alongside the ropes and by mutual consent decided to call the

fight a draw. There was nothing left for the referee, but to so declare it.

Now, what follows here has been the subject of much dispute, and I give it for what it is worth. I do not stand sponsor for either side of the contro-

versy. The fight in France was one I did not see.

Sullivan's admirers on this side of the big span of water—and that meant pretty nearly the entire male population of the country—were disappointed at his showing. The fight was for the championship of the world, and while Sullivan did not lose his title, he failed to whip the Englishman. Patriotism was a much more rampant quality at that time than it is now, and everybody here thought the American champion could lick the world in a punch.

Scandal Even Hit John L.

Just how the story started, no one seems to know, but it soon—that kind of stuff travels on skates—became noised about that Sullivan had bribed one of Mitchell's seconds to agree to a draw.

In detail, Blakelock, who was in Mitchell's corner, was promised \$500 (\$2,500) if he would jump in the ring at the same time Sullivan's handlers did likewise. They were to do this on signal. Such an action on the part of the seconds would make a draw of the fight.

Blakelock was afterward paid the money. Mitchell became aware of the way his second had thrown him down and, hunting up Blakelock, gave that gentleman a terrible beating.

From all accounts of the affair in France, published at the time, it is probable that Sullivan was out of condition, and this, coupled with the chill and the unfamiliar style of fighting, told severely on him and he was beginning to tire. It does seem strange that in thirty-nine rounds he couldn't get one of his wallops over. And one was enough for so comparatively small a chap as the Englishman.

I could never get Mitchell to make

L. Cross Did Not See the Battle, But Asks Why Chawles Beat Up His Second.

any positive statement regarding the matter. And, indeed, I have yet to hear the genial Chawles discuss John L. in any other terms than those of respect and even affection.

Mitchell did admit to me once that he had beaten Blakelock in a London pub. But when I pressed him to tell me why, all he would make answer was:

"Because the bloomink well deserved it."

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WHY CORNELL WINS 'CROSS COUNTRY

At Twenty Below Zero They Chase Over the Hills Bare- legged In Squads of Two Hundred Daily.

Cross country running in the bitter cold of twenty below zero is not a proposition which appeals comfortably to the average citizen, but up at Cornell some 200 students daily take their exercise over the long, winding cinder path that leads out from the university campus to the eastward, and then back again, and leaves the runner to the recourse of a sprint down the main avenue, running through the quadrangle to the armory.

Most of the runners, as they wind their way up and down hills and around sharp turns, over bridges spanning deep gorges, are protected, in addition to their regular running suits, by light jerseys and tights for their legs, but the strenuous exercise obviates any necessity for ulsters, fur mitts, ear warmers, or even "soul warmers" and "heart warmers," says Trainer Mookley. He who runs cross country and fills his lungs with the keen wind that sweeps down the length of Cayuga Lake and survives, can never need the stimulus of the above two named liquid articles.

Cornell is, perhaps, better situated for cross country running than any other college in the country, and it is here, under the direction of Trainer Jack Mookley, that Cornell has developed it to a greater extent than any other college. Since the very beginning of interscholastic cross country running in this country, Cornell has held first place almost undisputed.

This year the under-class race had fifty-three starters in it and was one of the most hotly contested races in the history of cross country running at Cornell. Colpitts, the winner, taking first honors by only two feet, after a sprint for almost the entire distance of three miles.

MEMPHIS GROUNDS BEST IN THE SOUTH

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, February 10.—The itinerary of the spring tour of the world's champions has been completed. The men will be requested to report at Memphis on March 1st, where they will stay until March 20th. According to Manager McGovern, the base-ball grounds in Tennessee's capital are the best in the South. The diamond is the best in the South, and the entire ground is so well drained that if a heavy rain were to fall in the morning it would be in a fit condition to play on in the afternoon. In the event of the grounds not being in condition to be used, a large gymnasium, equipped with all modern apparatus, showers, etc., has been arranged for the players. Donlin and Gilbert will leave this week for Hot Springs, Ark., while the other players will go direct from their homes to Memphis. Manager McGovern proposes to put in considerable of the time between now and the start of March in skating at the St. Nicholas rink, an exercise which, he

FAMOUS OLD FIGHTER PASSES AWAY IN LONDON

Joe Vickers, Once Skillful Prize Ring Man, Honored My Kings and Queens.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
LONDON, February 10.—The death is announced of Joe Vickers, the old-time fighter, and later well known as the maker of portrait watches. For many years Vickers kept the Old Wheel Inn, Coventry, but a couple of years back he removed to Leamington. In his prime Vickers was a game and skillful fighter under prize-ring rules, and in 1866 he frequently challenged all England at 7 stone 3 pound. He was about 60 years of age.

To the late Queen Victoria, to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, to the late Sir Henry Irving, Vickers sent watches and portraits which were accepted, and in return he received acknowledgments which were highly prized.

Vickers flourished when prize-ring rules governed the majority of fights decided. So far back as 1862 he fought and defeated George Read with bare fists in forty minutes, at catch weights. When Mr. Ben Hyams was running his mammoth boxing tournament at the Agricultural Hall some seventeen years ago, Joe took part in the veteran's competitions, and was beaten in the second series by the ultimate winner, the celebrated Jack Hicks.

One of Joe's sons was in the motor car trade, and at one time chauffeur to the King. He is now filling the same position to the Khedive of Egypt.

HANLON WILL REST AND RE-ENTER RING

Hard Luck Fighter Takes a Hitch in His Belt and Will Try Again.

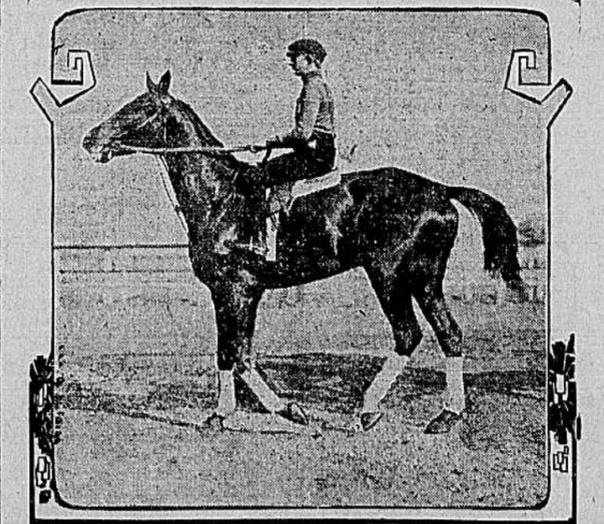
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., February 10.—Edward Manlon, the local lightweight, has reconsidered his determination to quit the ring as his health is improving rapidly.

He intends to take a rest and then re-enter the ring. When he fought Herman, he was suffering from catarrh. It bothered him badly, but he is now under the care of two specialists and is rounding up to form.

"I have certainly been a hard luck fighter," said Hanlon yesterday. "You see, I lost the first with Corbett when I really licked him. Just think what it would have meant to me if I had won that fight. I would have been champion of the world at 17. My showing was so good that eastern theatrical men offered me \$1,000 a week and a three months' contract. I don't know why I did not accept that offer. Perhaps I was badly handled. At any rate that was not my only piece of hard luck. In my fight with Nelson I also had a poor break. Just when I was fighting hard, my second tossed the towel into the ring. Now I surely would have gone the distances in that fight had I been let alone. I was much stronger than my seconds imagined."

"In my recent fight with Herman I couldn't get going at all. Catarrh bothered and vexed me, so that it took all the steam out of me. My seconds were greatly surprised at my lack of ginger, and in the second round 'Spider' Kelly was heard to say, 'I can see where we run second to-night.' Had I been anything like myself I would have won."

This Thoroughbred Southern Champion.



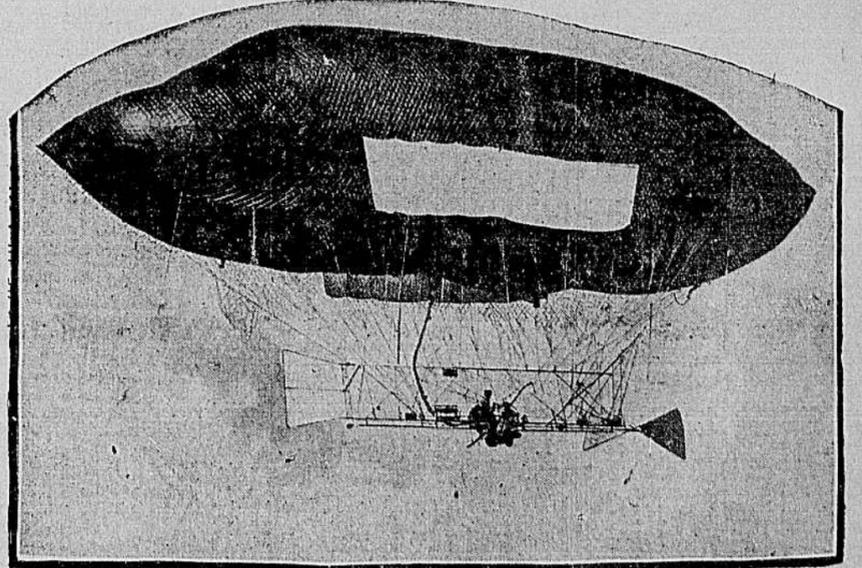
PHIL FINCH.

The best horse at the Crescent City track, New Orleans, is unquestionable. Phil Finch.

Phil Finch is now regarded as one of the best horses that ever raced in the South. He has improved steadily all winter, and last week did something that the great McChesney, so-called champion of the West, was unable to do—pick up the weight stated above and win a race at New Orleans.

He has won handicap after handicap this winter until he is now regarded as many pounds superior to any other horse at the Fair Grounds track.

Major Miller Purchases Airship of Lee Stevens.



THE STEVENS MACHINE IN FLY-AIR.

Major Charles J. S. Miller, of Franklin, Pa., has purchased Lee Stevens's airship. The inventor has contracted to deliver the airship to Major Miller before March 1st. As soon as it can be floated Major Miller and Mr. Stevens will start in it from New York for Franklin.

The balloon will be able to make fourteen miles an hour against the wind, and at that rate the trip will require about thirty hours. Danger is reduced to a minimum in Mr. Stevens's airship. The purpose of the gas bag is to counterbalance the weight of the equipment, and should it suddenly become deflated it would form into a parachute and permit the passengers to make an easy descent. The basket will hold two people. The ship will be equipped with a powerful searchlight.