

SEVENTEEN HAVE COME TO TERMS

Outlook is Bright for a Strong Team at Greensboro This Season.

GREENSBORO, N. C., March 6.—Manager James McKeitt, of Greensboro's pennant winning baseball team in the Carolina Association, and who will pilot the same team during the approaching season, has been very busy signing players since he landed in Greensboro a few weeks ago. He stated today that the outlook was very bright for a much stronger team this season than last year. He has already received the signed contracts from the following fourteen players who will wear Greensboro uniforms: Catchers—Walden and Bentley; Pitchers—Hammerley, Bertrand, Mereman and Fitzpatrick; Infielders—Ricks, Finney, Simmons and Dook (McKeitt will also play in the infield); Outfielders—Jackson, Sison and Anthony.

In addition to these McKeitt has lined up for several more fast players who will be brought here for a try-out. He has arranged for a number of practice games to be played by the Greensboro team before the opening of the season of the Carolina Association on April 22. The first practice game will be played on April 3 at Burlington, the opposing team being that of Elon College. On April 6 Greensboro will lock horns with Wake Forest at Cone Park. On April 7 Danville and Greensboro will try conclusions on the grounds of the latter. On April 8 the Altoona (Pa.) team, of the Tri-State League, will be here.

This team wants two games, but the locals have already arranged for a game with Catawba College on April 9. It is possible, however, that Catawba can be induced to change dates, and in that event two games will be played with the Altoona team. Three games will be played with Danville at Danville. The dates are April 10, 12-20. Two will be played at Roanoke with Roanoke April 14-15. Two will be played with Lynchburg at Lynchburg on April 16-17. The management of the local club will go to work at once making a number of improvements at Cone Athletic Park, the improvements including the enlargement of the seating capacity, repairs to the fence and scraping and rolling the grounds, and the park will be put in excellent condition by the time of the arrival of the players, who are to report the latter part of March in order to have a month's practice.

SHAWNEES WIN FROM CHEROKEES

In the boys' class games at the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium yesterday the Shawnees had things their way by winning the basketball obstacle relay and the basketball game from the Cherokees by the score of 7 to 2. The teams are doing up in total of points made, the Cherokees having 32.3 and the Shawnees 23.

The Hustlers took the Invincibles into camp in the indoor baseball game by the score of 7 to 6, in a fast and close contest. The standing of these teams, which are tied at present, is as follows:

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Hustlers	6	6	.500
Invincibles	5	6	.450

On Friday night the Fredericksburg College basketball team will play the first five of the Y. M. C. A. in the association gymnasium. This game will be played in place of the game with Randolph-Macon College, which was canceled on account of the disbanding of the team.

Next Saturday afternoon there will be an athletic contest among the senior members of the association for the purpose of breaking some of the association records, which will be sure to be threatened by the set of athletes who will take part in the events. A. J. Saville and H. B. Ruffy are expected to smash the record in the shot-put, the former having taken second place at the Richmond College meet last week against some good weight men. M. College, which was held in New York, threw Pardello once, and Pardello won the second time. Charles Postel won over John Abrahams.

McCormick Defeated.—In the wrestling program at the Chicago Athletic Club tonight Joe Rogers defeated Jack McCormick twice in thirty minutes. Kid O'Neil won twice against the "mystery" wrestler, Jim Gaudin, of New York, threw Pardello once, and Pardello won the second time. Charles Postel won over John Abrahams.

Big Bargains in Old Whiskies, Wines and Brandies.

The Oldest and Largest Mail Order House in the South.

Item	Price
Old Shoe Gin, quart bottle	50c
Geneva Holland Gin, quart bottles	85c
WHISKIES (Bottled in Distillery)	
Congress Hall, quart bottle	90c
Little Straight, quart bottles	90c
Best Quality Sweet Catawba Wine, per gallon	\$1.00
Union Rye, quart bottle	75c
Kenton Valley, quart bottle	75c
Best Quality Sweet Catawba Wine, per gallon	\$1.00
Rock and Rye, quart bottle	85c
WINES IN BULK	
Sweet Catawba Wine, per gallon	80c
Sweet Catawba Wine, per gallon	60c
Best Quality Sweet Catawba Wine, per gallon	\$1.00
Sweet Blackberry Wine, per gallon	60c
Sweet Blackberry Wine, per gallon	80c
Best Quality Sweet Catawba Wine, per gallon	\$1.00
California Port Wine, per gallon	80c
Best Quality California Port Wine, per gallon	\$1.00
Best California Sherry Wine, per gallon	\$1.00
Extra Quality Sweet Cider, per gallon	30c
Extra Quality Claret, per gallon	60c
Put Up in Half-Dram, Half-Gallon, Gallons and Over.	
Rye Whiskey, per gallon	\$1.50
Rye Whiskey, per gallon	\$2.00
Rye Whiskey, per gallon	\$2.40
Rye Whiskey, per gallon	\$3.00

J. ULLMAN'S SON, 1820-1822 East Main Street
Jugs Packed and Delivered to Depot (Richmond) Free.

AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPION



WALLER J. TRAVIS.

VIRGINIA HUNTS

Castle Hill Hounds—Cobham, Albemarle County: M. F. H., Mrs. Allen Potts, Capt. W. H. Hunt, Jr., Richmond. **Albemarle County Hunt**—Charlottesville: Dr. F. B. Owsley, president; C. W. Hilditch, vice-president; A. S. Craven, M. F. H.; H. B. Jones, secretary and treasurer; Kennels at Greenwood. **Cobbler Hunt**—Piedmont Farm, Marshall: M. F. H., W. C. O'Leary, Capt. W. H. Hunt, Jr., Richmond. **Kewick Hunt Club**—Kewick: M. F. H., Julian Morris. **Lombard Hound**—Leesburg: M. F. H., Harry W. Smith, Kennels, 10 A. M., daily, weather permitting. **Middleburg Hunt Club**—Middleburg, Loudoun County: M. F. H., S. P. Fred. **Warrenton Hunt Club**—Warrenton, Fauquier County: E. H. Hunt, Jr., Leesburg. Hounds will meet Tuesdays and Fridays at Warren Green Hotel, 2:30 P. M., weather permitting.

THE COST OF HUNTING

To the superficial observer and non-hunting man it perhaps never occurs that there is a great expense, much trouble and a sort of annoyance in connection with the keeping of a pack of hounds, maintenance of stables and entertainment of hunting enthusiasts. A master of hounds in a fashionable section has not only to keep anywhere from half a dozen to twenty good horses, to mount himself and his guests, aside from the horses used by the huntsman and whips, pay the wages of stable help and carry a large incidental expense account, but must guarantee to reimburse farmers for all damage done to fences and growing crops, in a galloping country, where hunting goes on three days a week. It is not unusual to find upwards of thirty fast hunters in the master's stables, and all of these animals are high priced, because they are known to have great endurance and are safe. They are mostly weight carriers, but some must be kept of lighter brand, and always must there be several mounts suitable for ladies in the field. Well bred hounds are an expensive luxury, and a pack of hounds is not continuously improved, either by careful mating or the introduction of new blood. It soon deteriorates, so that entirely new stock has to be brought in. Kennel experts and clever whips are few and far between in this country nowadays, and usually the men who have passed to the other side of the pond, go to the States to get a pack of hounds. A master of hounds is expected to subscribe to anything and everything that is popular with the country folk. In this country subscription packs are seldom carried, and only at the few regular clubs are dues demanded. Usually a sort of damage assessment or voluntary contribution toward the expenses is hinted at, and where the best fellows meet payments are prompt, and this, with what the master puts up, easily liquidates all charges for repairs. Where the young farmers join in the sport and understand it thoroughly, there is seldom any trouble about damages, and the greater the number of local enthusiasts invited to participate, the smoother things run through the season.

TUCKER'S ACTION IS A SENSATION

(Continued From First Page.)
look from him two diamond earrings and one diamond ring valued at \$2,000. Tucker, who is a resident of the city, was said to be lost are set out as follows:
January 21, 1918, \$1,000; February 6, \$2,000; March 2, \$3,000; May 8, \$1,000; October 9, \$200; October 31, \$1,000; December 23, \$800; December 24, \$1,100; December 30, \$1,000; January 8, 1919, \$1,000; January 12, \$1,000; February 6, \$500.
All diamonds went, Tucker claims he lost in the poolroom in the Commercial Building, and further alleges that the two diamond earrings and the diamond ring were lost at the same place. He claims that various poolroom devices were installed in the room, but were of an order that would permit a lousy get-away in case the police should have swooped down upon the building.
That Alvey, learning of the pending suit, was attempting to move his property away was the claim on which Tucker bases his plea for an attachment. Alvey's accounts in the German Bank were attached, and all his property is being held to secure any possible judgment the court may award Tucker.
When asked concerning possible police action, Colonel Jacob H. Hauger, Chief of Police, said that the police have driven Alvey from several downtown locations during the last few months, and the style of rooms run by him in the business sections of the city are on the "fly-by-night" order. He said that Tucker will be asked to come before the grand jury today to give any information concerning Alvey's poolroom, with a view toward vigorous prosecution of any cases which may be made out by him.
Ed Alvey is probably the most widely known race gambler in the United States. For years he has operated various poolrooms in and about this city, and has had many "run-ins" with the police.
Bob Tucker is a turfman known on every circuit in the United States. He acquired a reputation as a plunger, though he has always been known among sportsmen as a "square gambler" and was never before known to wretch on money lost in the racing game.

Noted Woman Automobile Driver

MRS. EVELYN M. BUCKMAN.
Mrs. Buckman, who is as well known in England in automobile circles as Mrs. Cuneo is in this country, is considering a trip to America this spring with the object in view of trying conclusions with some of our noted women drivers. Such a race, with its international color, would no doubt attract wide attention, and would be well worth going miles to see.

ATELL ANXIOUS TO FIGHT AGAIN

Lure of Lucre Will Probably Get Him Another Chance With Driscoll.

BY JEFF THOMPSON.
NEW YORK, March 6.—Poor Joe Atell, it is back to the has-been class for him. His recent bout with Hugo Kelly leaves practically no doubt of this. Once he was among the best of the middleweight division and looked like a comer for a time. But if the bout with Kelly is to be taken as his best, he has lost punch and cleverness to say nothing of fighting heart, which, after all, is the one thing for a fighting man. Kelly did not show up so awfully well at that, but there was steam behind his punches.
That there will be another fight between Atell and Jim Driscoll is certain, and the next time it will be over the long route and for the title. As I have before said, while the Englishman had the best of the last bout it did not affect Atell's championship claim, as there was no decision, but it undoubtedly tarnished the title, and Atell is determined it shall be cleared up as possible. Driscoll is now in England, and there are a few who claim will bring him back, and Atell will then have his chance.
Atell wants to take on Moran for ten rounds at one of the local clubs. In the case of Moran Atell might be induced to let the Briton come in at a pound or two above the featherweight limit. The National A. C. is trying to arrange this go. The fair-weights will also make a strong bid for the attraction.
Al Neil, one of the greatest welterweights the Pacific Coast ever produced, knocked out Kyle Whitney, the colored wonder, in fourteen rounds recently at the Mission Athletic Club, of Frisco.
Since Neil returned to the ring he has beaten all the best men around Frisco, and most of his victories have come with knockouts. Neil has a punch, and there are a few who claim show him anything. He Rafael will try and bring him here for a few bouts.
Nothing would suit Young Corbett better than another bout with James Edward Britt. I understand the little Denverite is now planning to go to London with the idea of getting a match with Frisco's favorite son, The conqueror of McGovern seems to have come back in good shape, and appears to be keeping straight these days.
There is another prospective heavy-weight champion in our midst. Matt McGrath, the New York Athletic Club's giant weight-lifter, has been making several times a week for some little time past learning the many art of self-defense, and expects before many more hands have passed to bludgeon the boss of the amateurs. If he ever does win the amateur title there is no telling what might happen.
He does not say that he will set sail after professional honors, but there are many who imagine that he might make it if his work among the amateurs would seem to warrant it. McGrath is probably the only one of all the giant athletes now in competition who would make good as a heavy-weight fighter. Ralph Rose has been mentioned as one who might make it interesting for Jim Jeffries, but while the husky Californian has strength enough for three or four, he is not and never will be a real fighter. McGrath has everything but youth in his favor. He is one of the most powerful men in the country, surprisingly fast on his feet, and so his reputation has it, one of the worst men to mix with in a rough and tumble that ever laid an opponent out.
The Pennsylvania Peace Society has passed resolutions denouncing prize-fighting, and particularly "society bouts," which have recently been held in this city.
Jim Stewart has signed to box Jack Rowan, of Philadelphia, ten rounds at the National A. C. in Brooklyn, on March 13.
A match has been made between Al Kubank, the Michigan heavyweight, and Sandy Ferguson for twelve rounds, to be decided in Boston on March 9.

NEW-YORK MAGNET FOR THE BOXERS

Stanley Ketchell Drops Off in Metropolis, Looking for Further Honors.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, March 6.—New York is a magnet for all the crack pugilists just now because of the successful revival of the boxing game. The latest arrival is Stanley Ketchell, middleweight champion of America. If not of the world, who dropped off the Twentieth Century Limited at the Grand Central Station this morning.
Ketchell hails from Montana, and is a natural-born fighter. He has never visited New York before, and as a result, fight fans are anxious to see him put up his hands. Ketchell is a pleasant-looking young man with a powerful physique. He is not inclined to talk much about his prowess in the ring, but there seems to be no doubt that he can fight. Moreover, there is substantial proof that he can hit like the kick of a mule. Possessing a reasonable amount of science, Ketchell does not believe in fancy boxing, however, for he has shown that his long suit is the heaviest kind of slugging. In a word, he is a fighter who relies almost wholly on the delivery of "one punch," a swing or jolt on the point of the jaw.
He fears nothing.
Ketchell can be described as a rugged, game fighter, who fears nothing and is willing to take a lashing so long as he can have a chance to knock the other fellow out.
He possesses the bull-dog courage of a lawyer, coupled with the real fighting methods of a Jeffries or Fitzsimmons. Ketchell has the right to be called middleweight champion because he has beaten decisively such men as Paque, Hugo Kelly and John Thomas, and while the title was being by Tommy Ryan, when he went into retirement. He weighed 175 pounds when he began training for the last fight with Paque and scaled at 155. But he is not anxious to make that weight in future, and has declared repeatedly that he will soon enter the heavy-weight division. His first venture in that class will be a ten-round bout with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien at the National A. C. of this city, on March 26.
Jeffries indulged in some light gymnasium exercise recently. When asked what he intended to do if Kaufman, upon his arrival here in a few days, renewed his challenge to boxer, forty-five rounds, the big fellow looked amused, but would say nothing. Kaufman should take on Langford if he wants a show that he possesses championship caliber.

The Lost Golf Ball

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
PINEHURST, N. C., March 6.—It was the Western golfer who spoke, and his story is a story that has attracted the group in the hotel lobby.
"Knowing just how you fellows will regard this," he began, "I hesitate somewhat to add this incident to the long line of historical facts connected with the famous tenth hole, but on the other hand, a sense of duty compels me to speak.
"My connection with the affair was a matter of fortunate accident. Having laid a much-prized ball in the pond, I wandered over in the moonlight, in the hope of finding it, and incidentally, to enjoy the stroll. The search was useless, and I sank down on the bank to enjoy the weird fascination of the night oblivion for a time to all else.
"Presently I was conscious of a ripple in the centre of the pond, and, fixing my eyes upon it, noted that it was drawing rapidly nearer. A few minutes later a monster bulfrog clambered out on the shore a few feet away, cleared his eyes of water with a lazy blink, and then, turning upon me, he simultaneously queried: 'Jug-o-rum?'"
"Entering into the spirit of the occasion, I replied facetiously that it was not a jug-o-rum, but a lost golf ball that I wanted, and quick the response came: 'Jug-o-rum!'"
"That's all very well," I continued in gay humor, "but, candidly, I believe you are more or less of a joker, and, picking up a small pine chip, I siped it slyly at the frog."
"I show-um," he ejaculated delightedly, and, jumping quickly to one side, he picked up the chip, leaped forward and dropped it at my feet.
"I love, old fellow," I continued, "you stand fair to be useful; but it's not jugs of rum or pine chips that I want, but lost golf balls—golf balls—do you understand?"
"Mr. Bull Frog," I said, "I believe you are more or less of a joker, and, picking up a small pine chip, I siped it slyly at the frog."
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