

SPORTS IN THE DOORS

FAILED TO SHOW UP

ROONEY IS NOT MATCHED WITH HERMAN SMITH'S UN- KNOWN

MAY SIGN ARTICLES TODAY

Much Speculation as to Identity of the Unknown Challenger—"Terrible" Turk's Arm Was Badly Sprained.

Rooney, the giant wrestler, failed to make his appearance yesterday afternoon to sign articles for a match with an unknown, backed by Herman Smith. Smith was present at the designated place at 1 o'clock, the hour set, but after waiting for half an hour Smith informed the members of the Coliseum committee that he felt sure Rooney would not come. He said that there was no hurry about the signing of the articles, but that the date of the match had not yet been decided upon. It is not at all improbable that the weather conditions will have something to do with this, as there are a great many people who would gladly attend the match who would be deterred by the prospects of sitting for a couple of hours in a cold building.

Rooney agreed orally to meet Smith's man immediately after the match last Saturday night. When the challenge was made on the mat, Rooney said that he would not consider any proposition that was blind, but he evidently changed his mind.

As soon as the giant grippman walked into his dressing room, Smith said to him: "Well, Rooney, it seems to be up to you and me."

Rooney asked him what he had, and was informed that he had a man that was fast on the mat.

"All right, I'll meet him any time. The sooner the better. Bring him to St. Paul and let us have a good match. The only stipulation that I make is that he must be a white man."

Smith informed him that his man was a Caucasian, and Rooney appeared satisfied. Smith said that the match might be brought off next Friday night, and Rooney agreed to remain in St. Paul until the arrangements were then made for the signing of the articles yesterday, at which event Rooney was not present, either personally or through a representative.

The Terrible Turk No. 2, who received so thorough a drubbing by the Chicago grippman, spent a bad night Saturday yesterday had not been over the effects of the contest. His right arm, which Rooney had in his merciless grip, is badly sprained, and the "believer" is out of the wrestling game for some time to come. Neither he nor his manager was to be seen yesterday, and it was generally supposed last night that they had left for other fields to conquer.

Rooney, at his hotel, showed not the slightest sign of the contest he had been through. He spent a good part of his time in the lobby, apparently putting a black cigar of considerable dimensions, in direct violation of every known rule of athletic abstemiousness.

Speculation is rife as to the identity of the man whom Smith is backing against the big Irishman, but Smith is saying nothing about this important feature of the affair. The only clue given out by him is that the man cannot be ready for nearly two weeks yet, and this does not give a great amount of definite information to the public. Then there are some who have in mind Tom Jenkins, who is now the credited champion of the world at the wrestling game. One argument against this guess is the little interest displayed by Rooney, who naturally would feel a little worried at the prospect of having Jenkins on his hands.

Smith announced Saturday night that as soon as the articles were signed he would announce the name of his man.

NEW BILLIARD STAR

CURE OF PARIS WILL MAKE THEM ALL GO.

"This new billiard champion of France, Cure, is one of the greatest living experts," said William H. Catton, of Chicago, yesterday when asked about the defeat by Cure of such famous French players of the billiard game as Maurice Vignaux, widely known in this country; Gibson and Fournell. Catton has not been playing billiards for some time, and a few days ago closed a substantial contract with the Cure of Champagne company to act as one of its Western agents.

"But, while I am in the wine business, if any opportunities come up for a suitable match at any sort of a billiard game I will rise to the occasion," Catton continued. "But you want to know something of Cure. Well, he's one of the most skillful billiard players I ever saw. I remember him well, because when I first went to Paris there was a fine place open in one of the academies there. Cure and I were candidates for it and a game was arranged, the winner to take the position. Think of it, he averaged thirty-one against me, but, at that, just beat me by a narrow margin. They rung in a big ball on me, too, and there is

no telling what would have happened but for that.

"Cure is a handsome man of great size and has a dashing style of the Schaefer order, but usually plays the more open game used by me. He does not pay much attention to line nursing, going for shots all over the table. And an executor? Well, you ought to see him. He makes the most difficult shots perfectly, has a champion's idea of position, and, besides, is a great money player."

BETTING ON BIG RACES.

O'Leary's Books Receive Many Big Wagers on the Classics.

CHICAGO, March 16.—The following are principal wagers on the American Derby, Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps in O'Leary's books during the past week:

American Derby—

Suburban—\$5,000 to \$500, from Memphis.

Alban-Dale—\$5,000 to \$400, from Memphis.

Arian—\$10,000 to \$200, from Chicago.

Arionche—\$15,000 to \$100, from Lexington.

Bessie Spahr—\$5,000 to \$200, from Chicago.

Blues—\$5,000 to \$100, from Chicago.

Blenneworth—\$7,500 to \$150, from Chicago.

Black Secret—\$15,000 to \$150, from Chicago.

Escalante—\$12,500 to \$250, from San Francisco.

Homestead—\$5,000 to \$200, from San Francisco.

Hythen—\$15,000 to \$500, from New York City.

Investor Shea—\$15,000 to \$200, from Chicago.

Keynote—\$11,250 to \$150, from Philadelphia.

Blues—\$5,000 to \$100, from Philadelphia.

Larry Young—\$10,000 to \$200, from Little Rock.

McChesney—\$5,000 to \$500, from New Orleans.

San Nicholas—\$12,000 to \$200, from Denver.

Wweeth—\$12,500 to \$500, from Chicago.

Brooklyn Handicap—

Blues—\$5,000 to \$100, from New York City.

Corbett—\$7,500 to \$500, from New York City.

Advance Guard—\$5,000 to \$400, from Boston.

Dr. Barlow—\$7,500 to \$500, from Providence.

Suburban—\$12,000 to \$400, from Pittsburgh.

Carbuncle—\$15,000 to \$300, from Washington.

The Regent—\$5,000 to \$200, from Kansas City.

Sadie—\$5,000 to \$200, from Baltimore.

Blue Girl—\$12,000 to \$400, from Chicago.

Kamara—\$8,000 to \$200, from Baltimore.

Chilton—\$10,000 to \$250, from New York City.

Pontecost—\$15,000 to \$500, from Louisville.

All Gold—\$7,500 to \$100, from Kansas City.

Content—\$15,000 to \$100, from Philadelphia.

YANGER-LENNY TO CLASH.

Clever Youngsters Will Box in Chicago Tonight.

CHICAGO, March 16.—Benny Yanger is to meet Eddie Lenny, of Philadelphia, in a contest at the American Athletic club tomorrow night. For the first time in the local box ring, two youngsters will meet, and both youngsters look upon the personification of a scientific boxer. Up to date Yanger is still looked upon by many critics and the public as a rugged little fellow with an unlimited amount of strength, courage and stamina, but that is as far as they care to laud the Italian's fighting abilities. In his many local contests it has been frequently remarked that Yanger knows little or nothing about protecting himself, that it has been more through good fortune than anything else that someone has not found a vulnerable spot in his anatomy long ago, and that it is only a question of time when he will meet a featherweight who will "box rings around him."

Lenny brings a reputation from the East which must incline one to think he is "some shucks" in the boxing line. Those who have seen him in action aver that there is not a featherweight in the business that can outspeed the Philadelphiaan, especially in six rounds.

CANTILLON IS WILLING.

Well Known Umpire Ready to Work for American League.

CHICAGO, March 15.—Umpire Joe Cantillon denies that he has considered or even received any offer to take a managerial berth with any Milwaukee or other baseball team. He says that he has not seen President Johnson, of the American league, about terms, and does not know as to the plans of his chief, but that he (Cantillon) has made no plans that would interfere with his continuing his duties as an American league umpire.

Cantillon was the best man on the American league staff last year, and will undoubtedly be retained by President Johnson before the actual playing season begins.

TUOHY GOT THE AD AND THE MONEY.

George Tuohy, manager of Charles Wittmer, the Cincinnati heavyweight wrestler, had a novel experience in Muncie, Ind., last week. He had Wittmer matched to meet a well known Western wrestler, and a good guarantee was offered by the athletic club which had the match in hand.

However, there was a dispute over the

of several managers, who had promising preliminary bouts, caused by the jealousy they wished to put before the public. A quarrel was the result. While trying to figure out the tangle, Tuohy was approached by a man who sneeringly said:

"So you're the kind of a man who likes to make money off other men's ability. You manage prizefighters and you manage wrestlers. I'll tell you one thing, if you were my manager I would make you go out and show a little work with the gloves or on the mat myself or shake you."

"Oh, you would? Well, whenever I fall low enough to take a chance at managing a bum like you, then I'll let you do the dictating," replied Tuohy.

This made the Muncie man half crazy, especially as he was gazed by his rivals, who stood about laughing at his discomfiture.

"Well, I'm as smart as you are, anyway, and what is more, I think you are a bluff and never could wrestle."

"I never said I could."

"I'll bet you \$25 you can't throw me in ten minutes," said the Indian.

"Not on your life," said Tuohy. "I'm not a wrestler, I told you."

"No, you're a big bluff, and that goes."

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

He kept up his tirade of abuse and taunts until Tuohy, looking at the match from a box-office viewpoint, and knowing the advertising would bring more than the \$25, finally agreed to try and throw the stranger. The money was put up in a well known newspaper man's hands.

Years ago it appears Tuohy was quite a wrestler at that. But in fifteen years he had never taken part in a match. However, he took a chance, and strange as it may appear, fully as much of a surprise to himself as anyone else, he succeeded in downing the stranger in seven minutes and ten seconds.

After the match, and when dressing, the stranger approached Tuohy and said in a whisper:

"Of course you know that \$25 was only a bluff. I wanted to help out the show."

"Oh, you did? How kind of you?"

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town.

"When will I get it back?"

"The day that Terry McGovern knocks out Jim Jeffries," replied Tuohy with a grin.

"Don't I get it back?"

"Well, hardly. It is in my inside pocket now, and it will remain there for some time to come," said the Easterner, and he remained there until Wittmer and Tuohy departed from the Indiana town