

GOTCH WRESTS CHAMPIONSHIP FROM JENKINS



Gotch Gets Bar Arm and Head Lock Hold.

FRANK GOTCH became champion wrestler of America January 27, 1904, after one of the roughest battles in all the annals of this ancient sport. Tom Jenkins, a rough and ready wrestler of the slam-bang variety, had held the title for six years. He had suppressed all challengers by his rough-house tactics, including Gotch at Cleveland the year previous.

The sting of that defeat and its grueling punishment spurred the young farmer lad to secure a return battle. Jenkins at this time was considered invincible and Gotch, well aware that he could not hope for success except at the price of supreme effort, trained night and day. He ran thirty miles across country every afternoon. Joe Carroll was his handler. Emil Klank, Farmer Burns, Duncan McMillan, Tom Davis and George Kennedy were his trainers and wrestling partners.

The pavilion at Bellingham, Washington, where the match was staged, the largest on the Pacific coast at that time, was packed to the doors and some fans were hanging on the rafters. Seats sold as high as \$25 each. Jenkins, seeing the size of the "gate," held the crowd for an hour, demanding \$250 more in addition to his guarantee of \$1,000, win or lose.

"This match wasn't a scientific grappling contest," said Klank, one of Gotch's seconds and later manager of the world's champion. "It was a rough and tumble encounter. It was the bloodiest battle in wrestling history. If I live to be a hundred years old, I never expect to see a mat struggle the like of that one between Gotch and Jenkins at Bellingham."

When Tom Davis, the referee, yelled "time," Jenkins flew at Gotch like an anger-crazed tiger in an African jungle. Gotch, outweighed by twenty-five pounds, stood his ground and went into the referee hold with the champion.

It was Jenkins' campaign to rush Gotch off his feet and win in a hurry. He knew the young Hawkeye farmer had trained for endurance. So he bored in and put Gotch to the mat, but the youngster went to a sitting posture and was up in a flash. Jenkins charged again and put him down, but try as he might he could not hold the athlete from Humboldt.

Up and down the pair fought and struggled like mad. Gotch had the endurance and the terrific pace began to tell on Jenkins. The champion put Gotch down and tried for a half nelson, then a head lock and other holds. He tried to break Gotch's arm by one of his old tricks, but Gotch was up in a flash.

Maddened at the champion's rough tactics, and tearing into him like fury, Gotch picked Jenkins off his feet and hurled him to the mat. Jenkins rose and Gotch repeated, putting the champion heavily to the mat and giving him a taste of his own medicine.

Jenkins wanted to quit, contending Gotch had fouled him. Jenkins had punished Gotch when the farmer lad was on the mat by pretending to secure a further arm hold and in the motion of doing so striking the nose violently. He also tried to injure Gotch's elbow.

Gotch showed wonderful speed in sidestepping the lunges of Jenkins and the champion tired himself out. Gotch finally rushed in and slammed him to the mat for the first fall, with the half-nelson and crotch. Jenkins' seconds had to carry him to his corner and administer restoratives.

In the second bout, preferring to lose on a foul rather than go down, Jenkins apparently deliberately placed a strangle hold on Gotch. When Gotch extricated himself, Jenkins deliberately aimed a vicious swing at him which had it landed, might have knocked him out. The referee jumped between them but they kept lunging at each other until the ring was cleared. It was the last despairing effort of a beaten tiger of the mat. Gotch was declared the winner, the champion of America, and hauled down \$4,000 in a purse and side bet. Gotch weighed 184 pounds and Jenkins 210.

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CAP ANSON'S GREAT RECORD

Stands Without Parallel in Annals of National Game—With Chicago Twenty-two Years.

In all the annals of baseball there is no playing record to surpass the one that The Grand Old Man of Baseball Adrian C. Anson made as a member of the Chicago National club.

While the national sport was growing up from infancy and Chicago was establishing itself on the baseball map through the achievements of its mighty White Stockings, Anson was building for himself a record that challenges belief even in this day of diamond wonders.

To remain with a club for 22 long years is one thing of no little note; to serve as manager and captain of the club in addition to playing a regular position for 21 of these 22 seasons is an even greater mark of distinction, and to be able to show at the close of that lengthy period the wonderful and grand batting average of .327 bespeaks a feat without a parallel in all the years of the nation's favorite sport.

Nowadays it means a mark of honor to a player to bat over .300 for even a single season, but how many of the modern stars will be able to keep it up for 22 seasons in succession, even though not bearing the additional burden of the management and captaincy. It is doubtful if Anson's record will ever be equaled. It certainly stands out at present in a class by itself, and as a mark for young players to shoot at.

Anson started out as a third baseman with Chicago in the first year of the National League, 1876, and played in the outfield in 1878, and it was not until 1879 that he went to the position in which he was to rank as one of the greatest stars.

During his 22 years of service with the Chicago Nationals Anson played in the remarkable total of 2,250 games, making the wonderful average of .327 in batting and .975 in fielding. In 8,947 times at bat he made 1,665 hits, and out of the great total of 22,



Cap Anson.

945 fielding chances, he missed only 596, the latter being the astonishingly small number of errors he made against 21,278 putouts and 1,071 assists.

Anson managed the Chicago club from 1887 to 1897 inclusive, but he was constantly at loggerheads with James A. Hart after the latter became president of the club in 1892, and in the fall of 1897 the Grand Old Man was released, closing a playing career at Chicago that is without an equal in all the baseball life of that city. Thomas Burns was made manager after the release of Anson.

Much Money in Racing.

The money subscribed to the Tattersall sweepstake of the Melbourne cup horse race in Australia in 1912 totaled \$875,000; on the Metropolitan race \$375,000, and the Caulfield cup, \$250,000. These are all important Australian horse races. The Tasmanian government reaps in stamp duties 8 pence in every \$5, in addition to a 5 per cent dividend tax on the prizes. On the 1912 race the Tasmanian government derived \$293,750, and Tattersall's nearly \$375,000 in commission, the total amount contributed by the public being \$3,875,000. This development has no connection with racing. In India and Australia only it reaches important proportions.

Basket Ball Violent Sport?

The athletic council at Sage college has decreed that the women students at Cornell cannot play basket ball with other colleges. Dr. Esther Parker, the woman's medical adviser, said that the nervous strain is too great. Basket ball is the most violent form of exercise, next to rowing, in the girls' college, she says, and she will permit the game between local classes only.

New Ice Mark for One Mile.

At Dufferin Park, Toronto, Royal Grattan, owned by J. E. Gray and driven by Nat Ray, won the first heat of the 2:30 pace in 2:13 1/4, reducing the world's record for a mile in a race on ice on a two-lap track by 1 1/2 seconds.

OLDFIELD LOSES HIS TITLE

Track Speed Champion Loses Last Two Heats After Setting World's Record in First Event.

There's a new world's track speed champion. Teddy Tetzlaff now holds the title which for years was the exclusive property of Barney Oldfield.

Before 10,000 persons at Los Angeles Tetzlaff won the two remaining heats of the championship match with Oldfield, who had captured the



Teddy Tetzlaff.

first heat the day previous and established a world's mark of 36 1-5 seconds in doing it.

Tetzlaff's time for the two last laps was 38 seconds for the first and 41 for the second. The marked difference in time of the Oldfield record made the previous day was largely due, officials explained, to the comparative slowness of the latter day's starts.

MANAGERS OF THE BIG LEAGUE TEAMS FOR 1913

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Cincinnati—Joe Tinker.
New York—Johnny McGraw.
Chicago—Johnny Evers.
Pittsburg—Fred Clarke.
St. Louis—Miller Huggins.
Philadelphia—Charley Doolin.
Boston—George Stallings.
Brooklyn—Bill Dahien.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Boston—Jake Stahl.
New York—Frank Chance.
Cleveland—Joe Birmingham.
Chicago—Jimmy Callahan.
Washington—Clark Griffith.
St. Louis—George Stovall.
Detroit—Hughie Jennings.
Athletics—Connie Mack.

GOSSIP AMONG SPORTS

Joe Cantillon had Ty Cobb and Rube Waddell as guests at his hunting camp recently.

If Tinker gets Kling, Brown and a few more former Cubs he may feel safer at Cincinnati.

Bill Demetral has an idea that he can defeat Zbyszko and is out scouting for the big Pole's scalp.

Luther McCarty's championship doesn't seem to be as remunerative as he thought it was going to be.

Frank Gotch wears the crown all right, but his head does not rest uneasy over challenges from Zbyszko.

McCarty has a monkey for a mascot. Then he goes out and tries to make monkeys out of his opponents.

Ice hockey is a noble game. It used to be played with a tin can, the battered edges of which cut like a knife.

The training quarters of the Detroit Tigers will be at Gulfport, Miss. They will leave for that spot about Feb. 20.

Muggsy McGraw clamors that the Reds will not finish lower than third next season providing they get a good catcher.

Bobby Byrne of the Pirates and Larry Doyle of the Giants, two great pals, got into a friendly quarrel which wound up with a wager on the 1913 race. It's for an overcoat, suit, shoes and hat.

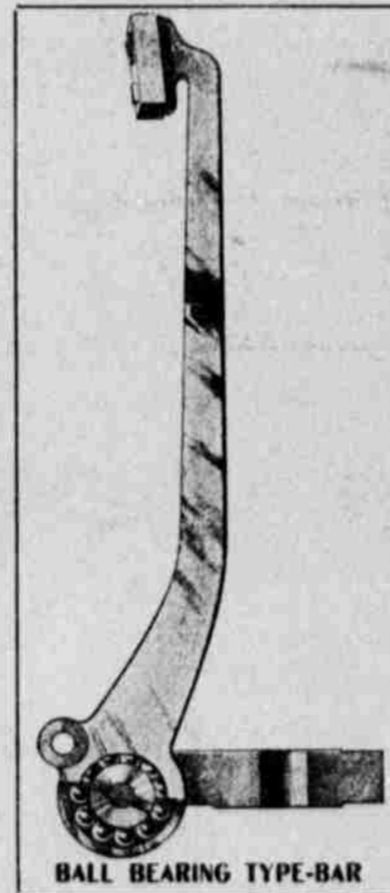
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- F. B. DAVIS, Alliance
- COUNTY CLERK (2), Oshkosh
- COUNTY JUDGE, Bridgeport
- COUNTY CLERK (2), Mullen
- C. A. RHOADES (2), Scottsbluff
- FIRST NAT'L BANK, Chadron
- R. McKINNEY, Mullen
- A. A. SPRADLING, Mullen
- WASHBURN & RICKELL, Broken Bow
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- W. H. HARDING, Gering
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