

JACK DILLON IS SOME BOY

No Matter How Big They Come Dillon is Willing and Even Offers to Liek Willard.

HE'LL BE A CHAMP SOME DAY

By RINGSIDE. NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—Consider Ernest Cutler Price, E. C. P. by any other name, would fight just the same. As a matter of fact, Ernest Cutler Price fights just like Jack Dillon, the Indianapolis catamount; for E. C. P. and J. D. are one and the identical person.

Ernest Cutler Price came by his nom de guerre in appreciation of a great race horse. And Jack Dillon fights like a thoroughbred too.

Jack Dillon, we shall adhere to this name henceforth, is one fighting young man. What he lacks in pounds he makes up for by his superhuman fighting qualities. At 170 pounds this miniature heavyweight can make the best of the real heavy boys step some in order to finish out a battle with him.

Dillon is a courageous little fighter, as well as a resourceful one. Only the other day he signed himself away to a match with Champion Jess Willard, who when trained down to fighting weight scales a spare 20 pounds. And Jess overtook Jack nearly a foot.

Naturally such an apparently uneven match is not considered favorably. Willard expressed the opinion that Dillon would be a mere toy in his hands.

But what does "David" Dillon say about his proposed match with "Goliath" Willard? Merely this:

"My match with Willard is not such a joke as it may appear on the surface. Do I think I have any chance with him? Well, if I didn't think I had some chance of beating him, I never would have sought the match.

"True, Willard stands about 4 feet 4, and wouldn't it make a pretty picture to see that immense length stretched out on the canvas? I think I can do it, too.

Licked Tom Cowler. "Tom Cowler is a broth of a lad—about 5 by 4 and something like 200 pounds stripped; and game as they come. I tapped him on the chin with an overhand right in the second round and—well, he fell as straight as a rod. He never even quivered while the referee counted him out.

Up to the time I met Cowler I never even broached a bout with Willard. To tell the truth, I was somewhat dubious of my ability to give him a hard fight. The possibility of Jess being able to knock me out never entered my mind, because I do not think any other heavyweight can do it right now.

"But since that Cowler affair I am feeling a bit cocky, and I would not hesitate to enter the ring with Mr. Willard next week."

We concur with Dillon's views. He would enter the ring with Willard any time Big Jess said the word. And fear little Dillon would put up quite an argument, or we guess wrong.

Dillon has a way of handling big fellows. He does not rely wholly upon the old brute force of "pounding them down to his size"; that is, double 'em up with body punches, thus making it easier to reach the jaw. Dillon just propels an overhand right, or left, and somehow or other it reaches the big man's jaw, regardless of the other fellow's size. And how he can hit!

Has Perfect Defense. Dillon also has devised a perfect defensive against opponents who outweigh and outreach him, and also tower above him. He brushes aside their jabs by continually moving his hands back and forth in front of his face; and when they swing Dillon just draws in his head and punches his shoulders, turtle like, and permits the heavy blows to slide over his head. Jack is a wizard at gauging the other man's swiftness, and is a perfect judge of distance.

If Willard goes through with his scheduled bout with Dillon the outcome may prove an astounding surprise. And even if Dillon does not "get" Willard this time he will "get" him in a few short years—if Jess still is champion. We wish to go on record at this early date and predict that Dillon will some day be heavyweight champion of the world. Twenty pounds more added to that compact 170 pounds, and Dillon would be the greatest heavyweight fighter of the generation.

Twenty-Five Years Old. Dillon has only passed his twenty-fifth birthday, turning the mile-post in life just three weeks ago. He is of Scotch and Irish-American extraction, although in the ring he looks typically Italian.

Jack first appeared in the ring in 1908, and has never even been dropped to his knees. His physique is one of the wonders of the roined arena. He started as a lightweight, but gradually outgrew each successive division, including that of the middleweight. His best fighting weight is 160 pounds ringside. That probably accounts why so many middleweights are pestering Dillon with challenges to fight—but only at 150 pounds ringside. Wise bunch, those legitimate middleweights.

Dillon makes no pretense at being a middleweight. He is content to be designated as light heavyweight champion. Weight is no object to Dillon so long as his adversary doesn't outweigh him 100 pounds or more. Height bothers Jack a trifle, he admits, but so long as he can reach the jaw with one of those trip-hammer wallop—"Bring 'em on," shouts Jack.

Pirates Grab Star Fed from Pa Rourke

The Pittsburgh Pirates grabbed the only Federal league player Pa Rourke has had his eye on this spring. The ex-Fed is Harry Moran, a southwester pitcher, who was with the Newark outlaws last year. Moran was on Harry Sinclair's list and Rourke made an offer for him, as Moran is a youngster who, it is said, is bound to be a big league star in a year or two. The Pittsburgh club evidently figured Moran a major leaguer already and they boosted the kid.

MORAN HAS ONE ADVANTAGE OVER WILLARD IN FIGHT

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—A fighting authority says there is one detail in Frank Moran's favor. He has been fighting, and thereby soaking up experience and the proper sort of training. Willard has fought one fight in two years. At the end of his first championship season his record is the weakest ever known to a champion. It is hard to see how he has improved to any extent through the medium of one fight, and there was the widest sort of room for improvement. He bulk more than any other factor makes him formidable. He will have to improve 100 per cent in the battle of March 2 to prove that he belongs with Max Baer, Jeff and the others.

WESTERN LEAGUE MAGNATES AT SCHEDULE MEETING AT LINCOLN—Top row, reading left to right: Marty Krug, Omaha; John Savage, Topeka; Frank Isbell, Des Moines; Ed Hanlon, Sioux City; W. A. Rourke, Omaha; Mills Ebright, Wichita. Bottom row: George Stone, Lincoln; Ducky Holmes, Lincoln; President Frank C. Zehrung; Jimmy McGill, Denver; Jack Holland, St. Joseph.



PLESTINA TO MEET PETERS

Omaha Wrestler Accepts Offer from Emil Klank's Man and Go is to Be Held February 23.

JOE ROGERS GETS COLD FEET

Marvin Plestina's offer to wrestle Charley Peters has been accepted by the Omaha grappler and the date for the match has been set as February 23. The go will be staged at the Auditorium by the Omaha Athletic club.

Plestina stepped in Friday and offered to mix with Peters when Joe Rogers, who was challenged by Peters, took a fast train out of town. Something happened to Rogers when he entered the ring with Joe Stecher last Tuesday night.

Until the huge Buffalo man went into the ring he was considered quite a wrestler. But somebody evidently left one of the windows of the Council Bluffs Auditorium open and the breeze chilled Joe's pedal extremities.

The result was that Rogers acted like a man in a trance when Stecher grabbed him. He was duck soup for the Dodge lad. Also when Charley Peters came to bat with a challenge to him Rogers' feet got still colder, and he didn't wait to bid Emil Klank, his manager, goodbye.

Better Man Than Rogers.

Klank had Plestina in Omaha with him so he offered to substitute Plestina for Rogers. Plestina is some wrestler and is even thought to be a better man than Rogers.

He holds a decision over Stranger Lewis and that is even more than Stecher can boast for Lewis proved to be a better foot racer than Joe when they met in Evansville sometime ago. Plestina also has dumped Paul Martenson who was recently flopped by Peters.

It should be a good, fast go and Peters will have to show a lot of speed to trim the Chicago grappler.

Rourke Has Only Constitution of the Western League

The Western league magnates were in session at the schedule meeting at Lincoln last week. A matter of importance came up and the magnates found it necessary to refer to the league constitution.

"Who has a copy of the constitution?" came the query from President Zehrung. "I have," said Pa Rourke, owner of the Omaha club, "but I left it at home."

None of the other magnates had a copy. In 1905 the constitution was written and printed, but every copy except that owned by Rourke has long since disappeared.

So that the moguls would not violate the constitution, Rourke telephoned to Omaha to Brother Dave to send the copy to Lincoln. Brother Dave dispatched a messenger with the precious copy with special orders to give it to Pa and nobody else.

The messenger spent three hours looking for Rourke when he arrived in Lincoln. All of the other magnates could be found but the messenger wouldn't give the little booklet up to anybody but Rourke. He finally found the Omaha magnate about 11 o'clock at night.

Some precious is the Western league constitution and Rourke thinks the Western ought to employ a watchman to see that the only copy in existence isn't swiped.

CONNIE MACK SIGNS ONE MORE RAH-RAH ATHLETE

Connie Mack has signed Walter Whitaker, a pitcher of the Tufts college team, who will report after school closes in June. He is a right hander. It is reported his pitching mate on the Tufts team, Kieppa, also will join the Athletics after the college year closes.

M'GRAW ADMITS ONE DEFEAT

Giant Leader Declares the Worst Panning He Ever Got Came from Dummy Taylor.

DID IT VIA THE SIGN ROUTE

By FRANK G. MENKE. NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—"The worst 'panning' I ever got," said John McGraw, recently lapsing into a reminiscence mood, "was given to me by 'Dummy' Taylor, who used to pitch for the Giants some years ago."

"A 'panning' from Dummy?" queried the incredulous. "Why, he was dumb—couldn't talk at all."

"You're quite right—and so am I," answered McGraw. "Dummy was dumb, and, therefore, couldn't talk words—but he certainly could talk with his fingers—and with his face, and his arms, and his legs, and his eyes. Aided and abetted by the above conversational equipment, 'Dummy' sure could hand out a lacing whenever he wanted to."

What, is Cause. "What caused 'Dummy' to 'pan' you?" McGraw was asked.

"A \$10 fine was the direct cause, but if I'm going to tell the story, I may as well begin at the beginning," bespoke John.

"Despite the fact that he was dumb, Taylor was one of the best coaches I ever have known. He was a born comedian. His antics on the line could send a pitcher up in the air quicker than anybody who ever played base ball. In addition to this, 'Dummy' was mighty brainy and he used his head when coaching. He couldn't yell at his man, as other coaches do, but he wigwagged understandable signals to him."

"On the particular day in question we played on the Polo grounds. Just as the game began it started to rain. The rain increased and we were becoming drenched gradually. We pleaded with Bob Emale, who was umpiring, to call the game, but Bob was in one of his obstinate moods that day. He made us play."

Dummy Does Boats. "Along about the middle of the game we got a runner on first. I sent 'Dummy' Taylor to coach him and then an idea came to me. I signalled 'Dummy' to come in and hustled him to the clubhouse. There we borrowed a pair of long boots from the ground keeper and 'Dummy' had slipped into them. I sent him back to the coaching line."

"'Dummy' sloshed up and down in the mud in the coaching box. He faked that he was sinking into the mire and frantically waved for help. He lifted his cap above his head and held it like an umbrella, all the while sloshing up and down in the even increasing mire."

"Strangely enough, Emale didn't notice 'Dummy's' foolery until the crowd began to roar with laughter. But when 'Bob' turned around, saw 'Dummy' making a 'side for life' with his rubber boots, Bob gasped in amazement. He immediately halted the game, walked over to 'Dummy,' fixed him with a terrible glance, waved him to the club house with one hand, and then raised the other in the air, opened it, closed it and then opened and closed it again."

"That meant a \$10 fine for 'Dummy.' 'Dummy' Couldn't See Joke. "After the game was over 'Dummy' grabbed me and moped that he didn't intend to pay the fine, pointing out that his offense had been committed in following my orders."

"You pay the fine—see," signalled 'Dummy.' "It had been my intention to pay the fine, but I decided to kid along 'Dummy' for a few days. I wigwagged back that I wasn't going to do it—that he had to pay the fine."

"And then 'Dummy' got mad. "With fingers, feet, eyes, legs, arms and lip movement, he proceeded to flay me. He called me all sorts of names. He left unsaid nothing that could be said by a deaf mute. In sign language 'Dummy' consigned me to the hottest place he could think of—and he didn't mean St. Louis."

"Finally, I broke away from 'Dummy,' still muttering. I wouldn't pay the \$10 'Dummy' lay in wait for me the next day and renewed his tirade. For one solid week 'Dummy' devoted his leisure to 'panning' me—and what a 'panning' I did get. Other persons have panned me before and since, but none equalled in intensity that of 'Dummy' Taylor."

"Did you finally pay the \$10?" queried a bystander.

"Yes," answered McGraw. "It came time for 'Dummy' to pitch. I wigwagged him to that effect, and 'Dummy' promptly refused. I decided the joke had gone far enough and waved my handkerchief in 'Dummy's' face as a token of surrender."

The Hypodermic Needle

By FRANK S. MURPHY

ESSAYS ON SPORT. No. 4—Wrestling.

This is a family newspaper. An essay on wrestling in a family newspaper is a difficult matter, indeed. In describing and explaining wrestling as it is, and those who are in it, one is tempted to call out that part of his vocabulary which is considered de trop in the best circles and therefore not calculated to please those who read a family newspaper.

The object, aim and desire of the wrestling game is to separate the well known public by fair means or foul, mostly foul, from all its earthly possessions. A con man or a stickup is a good, kind guy as compared to a wrestler. The original get-rich-quick guy was a wrestler.

The qualifications of a wrestler are few. It is only necessary to have a neck as big around and as thick as a Washington fir, and a spine, that meets itself coming back. Joe Stecher is not a wrestler. Joe Stecher has a reputation for being on the square and no guy with such a reputation can get into exclusive wrestling circles.

A wrestling manager must have a shape like a corkcreeper so he cannot lie straight in bed. He must never tell the truth even to himself, and he must never play square with anybody. He must be an expert in the art of the double and also the triple cross. The more the cross the better the manager.

A wrestler or a wrestling manager must be so good he is barred from membership in the American Federation of Allied Crooks. No self-respecting porch-climber or yeoman will vote for a wrestler or a wrestler's manager.

To be specific a wrestler or his manager must be—oh, well, what's the use, it can't be done in a family newspaper.

SPEAKING OF WILLARD AND ALL THAT DOUGH HE WILL GET FOR FIGHTING ONE

By MORAN. When Carley cops his share, And Jones draws out his bit, Ah! all the other helpers theirs. The manager's share still zero nil.

Les Darcy, 'tis said, trains in a gar-house. One would think Darcy was a manager, not a fighter.

SOME PO THIS BO

Call out, For bout, Oh, yes, Big Jess, Will fight, Some night, Ten pounds, Which sounds, Great stuff, But bluff, To get, Ya bet, The dough, Oh, he

Frank Moran is developing his leg muscles preparatory to his bout with Willard. For what? Huh? Preparedness? Yes?

ST. LOUIS CARDS REFUSE TO BUY WINGO FROM CINCY REDS, WHO WANT TO SELL HIM

"He do not want I Wingo," "Twas Miller Huggins sings, "I can't use him by Wingo, So where will Ioy Wingo.

WE NOW BAWL OUT THE MOTOR SHOW

A fool there was and he packed his grip. Even as you and I; To old Omaha he took a trip. Even as you and I; And he straightway hiked to the auto show.

With never a thought to go it slow. This poor old fool who didn't know. Even as you and I; He entered the door of the autoshow. Even as you and I; He displayed a roll of the magic dough. Even as you and I; And was quickly caught in the awful crush.

Of the terrible charge of the salesman's rush. And was knocked out cold by the flower-stush. Even as you and I; "Buy a Rambler, it's the world's great car. She rides right along without a bump or a jar. An agent threw into high. 'He is lying to you, the Trip is the car. 'It will go any place he is near, be it far. Said another one standing nearby.

"Where'd you get that? Those hacks are all junk. 'The car for you, Mister, is the Perfectus Punk. Another one horned in the game; 'My car is the Speeder, it cannot be beat. 'She'll pass any thing you see on the street. Eallyhoo Bill made his claim.

From booth to booth, the fool went his way. Even as you and I; 'I intend to all, had nothing to say. Even as you and I; 'Learned of the Frighten and Pricem and Slidem and Slippem and Sticem and Str. Till his head whirled 'round and his mind was quite nix. Even as you and I.

And as he hiked for the open door, Even as you and I; Homeward bound to return no more. Even as you and I; Ran into the arms of a selling man, Heard the yarn of the Oldtimean. Bought the thing and straightway van. Even as you and I.

A moral there is in the tale of this fool. Even as in all tales; A moral you never will learn at school. Even as in all tales; If ever you go to an auto show, Your entire roll you will have in flow. 'Twill happen to you or I.

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