BOB FITZ BEGS FOR CHANCE

Famous Robert Seeks Opportunity to Show Up the White Hopes.

PAST THE HALF CENTURY MARK

Ex-Champ, Notwithstanding, Feels that He Can Show the Youngsters of Today Some Brand New Stuff.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 3.—Many surprises are sprung in connection with pugilism from time to time, but the news that the lure of the roped and rosined platform has unsettled Veteran Bob Fitzsimmons comes pretty near being the premier sensation of the year just closed.

The pity of it is that Fitzsimmons seems to be terribly in earnest about it. In his plea to be given a chance to show what he can do, he does not claim that he is as good as ever, or even advance the argument that he feels he has one good fight left in him.

He simply reasons that the present day heavies are a bunch of incapables and begs for an opportunity to show that he is not undervaluing them.

What causes me to lay special stress on Fitzsimmons' earnestness in this connection is the fact that while other "exempts" among the big fellows have spoken from time to time of getting back in the game they always weakened and made denials when they saw the things they said in print.

This thing of feeling an itch to tread the boards again after years of retirement is a disease and it disappears very quickly when the fellow afflicted with it sees that he has become a mark of curiosity to the public and a mark of ridicule for the critics.

If you don't believe me, ask Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey and a few others.

Tracing Bob Backward.

Fitzsimmons is with one exception the oldest ex-champion of the world in captivity, his senior being John L. Sullivan. Bob has passed the half century mark and recalling his earlier exploits, even in America, smacks of looking back into another life.

The writer saw him in his first bout in this country. That was when he whipped Billy McCarty at the California club, San Francisco, about twenty-three years ago. I saw him win the middleweight championship from Jack Dempsey at New Orleans and the heavyweight championship from Jim Corbett at Carson. I saw him lose his heavyweight title to Jeffries, and I saw him in the return match in San Francisco. I saw him box Gus Ruhlin at Madison Square and even at that time—it was thirteen years ago—I noticed how bunglingly he splashed around in the opening round. He went back to his corner and said to George Dawson, who was behind him: "I don't know what's the matter. I seem to have forgotten all I knew."

"You'll be better when you get warmed up," said Dawson encouragingly and sure enough Bob immediately improved round by round until he laid Ruhlin low with his famous shift in the sixth.

I saw him two weeks later with Tom Sharkey at Coney Island. That time Bob profited by his previous experience, and did his warming up in his dressing room before entering the ring. And Sharkey lasted about a round and a half.

I remember that Bob, flushed with success, leaned over the ropes and beckoned vigorously to Jim Jefferies to come up and be challenged, but Jim merely laughed and shook his head.

After another few years I saw Bob step twenty spiritless rounds with George Gardner in San Francisco and said to myself right then, "My what a lamentable falling away."

Two years later, it was in 1905, I saw Fitzsimmons slide from his chair in a state of coma after completing thirteen rounds with Jack O'Brien, and it occurred to me then that it would be a good thing if there were a law debarring pugilists from following their vocation when they were manifestly on the down grade.

Saddest Picture of All.

It has been the writer's lot to witness several such fights. One was when Peter Jackson crumbled in front of Jim Jeffries and another when Frank Slavin, one of the most rugged and effective fighters of his day, lurched and reeled this way and that under the influence of punches administered by Joe Butler, a negro heavyweight.

But the saddest thing I saw in that line was merely a photograph or such a sceance in far-away Australia. It depicted Bob Fitzsimmons flat on his back in the strong glare of the antipodean sun, his features as strongly marked as those of a dead Indian on a bier, and over him the form of Bill Lang, a man who has been licked by the rag, tag and bob-tail of fistiana the world around.

It is not to reason with a man who is as determined as Fitzsimmons, and who points to the fact that he is prepared to bet thousands of dollars that he is right.

He is asking the New York boxing commissioners to give him a chance to show that he knows what he is talking about and it may be an opening will be made for him. In such case it will be interesting to watch how he acquits himself.

Doherty to Take Up Lawn Tennis Again

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The report that H. L. Doherty intends to take up lawn tennis again and enter for the championships has excited deep interest in the tennis world. It is true that H. L. proposed to practice the game seriously in order to see if he can recapture that form which carried him to victory so often in the past, but whether he will enter for the championships or not will entirely depend on the result of such a test. A devotion to golf for the last seven years may have had the effect not only of impairing the skill with which in the past he was endowed, but may also have caused a serious loss of that mobility which is so essential in lawn tennis.

Derrick Looks Good to Some.

Even if Claude Derrick did not please Frank Chance while trying to land the shortstop berth with the New York Americans, the Oriole apparently won the admiration of Charles H. Ebbetts of the Brooklyn club, for the Dodgers are hot after the bird. Wilbert Robinson, the new manager of the Brooklyn, is now negotiating for Derrick with Manager Dunn of Baltimore.

Long Pitching Staff.

Clark Griffith will have seventeen pitchers in line when the Senators go south—Johnson, Groom, Hughes, Boehling, Engel, Shaw, Ayres, Bentley, Gallia, Harper, Hedgepeth, Love, G. Williams, Barton, Dawson, Musser and the ancient Mr. Allrock. Griff, by the way, is the first American league manager to claim next year's pennant.

WINTER BASE BALL IS SLOW

Not Many Players Are Rushing Into Print with High Prices.

WERE DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

Some of the Greatest Men that Ever Graced Any League Looked Impossible at a First Glance.

By FRANK G. MENKE.

NEW YORK, Jan 3.—What's the matter with these base ball playing geezers anyway? Don't they know that the winter league is open and that they are supposed to participate in the games? Here we are, more than two months away from the spring training camp days, and not one of the aforementioned geezers has rushed into print with an announcement that he wants a few million kopecks for next season's work.

Not one of them have been sued for breach of promise, figured in an automobile accident, eloped with a chorus girl, or inherited a few million dollars from some entirely forgotten relatives. These certainly be parlous times for the scribbling fellows who are expected to bat over .500 in the news columns each winter. How can a gent hit 'em out when nobody's tossing anything in his general direction?

Stallings and Wagner.

Every time George Stallings, now manager of the Boston Braves, hears the name of Honus Wagner, the great Pirate shortstop, the said George almost weeps. Something like twenty years ago, George, then manager of a major league team, fixed up a deal whereby he was to have the pick, at the end of the season, of any man on the Paterson, N. J., team.

Stallings decided to take an infielder named Heidrick, a graceful limbed athlete.

"I don't want to dictate your choice," said the manager of the Paterson club, "but if I were in your place, I'd take the fellow Wagner. He's a diamond in the rough."

Stallings took one look at the clumsy, awkward person named Wagner and giggled.

"Say, that guy is too clumsy to even mind the bats," said Stallings. "He might do in the minors, but he'll never be any good in the majors. He's too slow and too clumsy."

"All right, Mr. Stallings," said the Paterson manager. "Just suit yourself. Only I think that some day you'll regret that you didn't take this Wagner fellow."

The Wagner referred to was the peerless Honus.

One on Amos Rusie.

When Amos Rusie, regarded by many as the greatest pitcher that ever stepped into the box, became a Giant, he was a country boy, fresh from the farm. This led his teammates to perpetrate many jokes at his expense.

One of the first came about when the team made a trip to Boston soon after Rusie joined.

The trip was made at night on the Long Island Sound boats. Hardly were the men aboard when several went over to and discoursed solemnly on the dangers of the trip.

"Amos," they told him finally, "to protect yourself you must strap two life preservers on you. Do it now. And don't take them off until we're safely tied up at the Fall River pier."

Rusie at once hustled around, found two big life belts and strapped them around himself. He walked into the dining room with them on. He promenaded the decks and walked through the big cabins with the corks strapped around his chest. And he slept—or tried to sleep, with the life preservers belted around him.

The climax came at Fall River. Fearing that the boat might even sink at its pier, Rusie refused to take the corks off when the boat was tying up. He attempted to walk across the gang plank with them on, but was halted by one of the ship's officials.

"Say, you can't get away with those corks—put 'em back," ordered the purser.

He grabbed Rusie, but big Amos broke away, rushed down the gang plank and on to the pier. Then and only then—did he unstrap the corks.

"Here's your darned old preservers," he yelled, throwing the corks back at the purser. "I don't want 'em anymore. I'm safe on land now."

How Ham Hyatt Helped.

This is a tale of how Ham Hyatt, the Pirate pinch-hitter, became a hero because he did a little cussing.

Mike Mitchell, Max Carey and Owen Wilson, who constituted the Pirate outfield at various times last season, never use profanity. One day a fly ball was driven between Mitchell and Wilson. Somehow they got their signals crossed and the ball landed safe. Carey rushed over to back up the play and fooled the ball as it bounded toward him.

As a result, two runners crossed the plate. When the ball finally was thrown back to the pitcher's box the trio of outfielders stood looking at each other, purpling with rage, filled with disgust and with their lips forming words that the non-profane lips dared not utter.

Just then Hyatt, hustling from the club house passed by.

"Hey Ham, oh, Ham," yelled Mitchell, "you saw what just happened. We can't say what we'd like to, but we think the situation justifies some remarks. Would you mind, Ham, saying a little something to relieve our feelings?"

Ham did—and did it well, too.

Klem and Catfish.

One of the mysteries of base ball is: "Why does Bill Klem, National league umpire, object to being called "catfish?" Bill never has vouched an answer, but the fact remains that its almost as much as a civilian's life is worth to mention the word "catfish" with Bill in the neighborhood, while as for a call player, well—

Last summer in New York, a member of the visiting team after Klem had made a decision against him, looked in the general direction of Klem and murmured something about "catfish." Klem whirled around, pointed his finger at the player, and roared:

"You to the club house."

This irritated the teammates of the chased player, so they set about heckling Bill. In their dugout they began a conversation in which one faction declared it was very fond of catfish and the other stated that catfish weren't fit to eat. Louder and louder grew the catfish argument until it reached Klem's ears. At once he halted the game, walked over toward the bench, glaring at two of the players who just then were debating loudly on the catfish question. Bill snarled:

"Hey, you two—the club house, for you," and then looking at the rest of the men on the bench with a cold, fishy eye, Bill said:

"You fellows keep that talk up another minute and you'll go to the club house, too."

The Shamrock IV in Ocean Rig

The Shamrock IV, isn't built yet, but as Sir Thomas Lipton himself sent out this picture of her the sketch may be taken to be fairly accurate and reliable. The big racer is shown with short masts and small sails, such as would be used if she crossed the ocean like her predecessors. These masts and sails would be removed on the American side and she would then be fitted with tall, tapering steel spars and an enormous spread of canvas.

The shape of the hull of the newest Shamrock is being kept very secret. Sir Thomas even employs no married men, because he is afraid they might confide in their wives. Meanwhile four American boats are building. One of these, the victor in the elimination trials, will meet the Lipton craft in American waters next September.

FOOT BALL DOCTORS BUSY

Each Has a Remedy for the Betterment of the Game.

ADVANCE VARIOUS THEORIES

Would Abolish the Punt-Out, Goal Kicking and Would Keep All Players Numbered During Contests.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Tad Jones, former star quarterback at Yale, has made a suggestion to the foot ball rules committee for consideration when that body convenes here early this year to consider the playing code. Jones' suggestion relates to the kicking of a goal after a touchdown has been made, and he advances good reasons for a change. He argues that the ball should be kicked from a spot directly in line with the place where the ball was downed when the touchdown was made. In other words, he would remove the privilege of a punt-out, which is so popular when the touchdown is not made close to the goal posts.

Jones contends that the punt-out is not competitive and hence it should have no place in foot ball. There is practically no defense for it, and it depends entirely on a very slight amount of kicking skill on one side, the other team being unable to prevent the kick or the catch. As a goal, following a touchdown, occasionally decides a game, Jones figures that the team which can put the ball behind the posts has no more chance than the team which scores near the sideline, the punt-out putting the teams on even terms for the try for a goal. Thus there is no premium placed on getting the ball over the line at what should be the most objective point.

Would Abolish Kicking.

Some have advanced the radical theory that the goal kicking feature should be abolished, but Jones holds no such view. He believes in the kick, but under more difficult conditions than have ruled for several years.

The question of decreasing the value of the goal from placement or the drop kick has again been brought forward, but no change is likely to be made. The growing tendency to score in this manner led first to the value of the kick being reduced from four points to three, so two kicks would not be worth more than a touchdown and goal following. Then the value of a touchdown was raised so that two kicks would not be worth as much as one touchdown and a goal. With the safety counting two points it would be unfair to reduce the value of a drop kick without employing fractions, as a drop kick is certainly worth more than a goal after touchdown. Thus a just arrangement of the scoring possibilities necessitates a field goal counting three points. The present system of scoring six points for a touchdown and one point for a goal has been more popular than either the four-and-two or the five-and-one point system which preceded the present rating, and no change in this feature is desired.

Welcome Number Test.

That the numbering of players will again come up for discussion at the rules committee meeting is an assured fact. Last year the foot ball "doctors" held a long conference on this point, and though the majority voted against making it a rule, all agreed that a test would be welcomed. Dartmouth made the first move among the big elevens of the east, and spectators at the Polo grounds, when the Green eleven played the Indians, were most agreeably surprised at the results.

Parke Davis, Princeton's representative on the rules committee, spoke strongly in favor of the system at the last meeting, and is still a strong advocate of the plan. In the west and south the plan was tried out by some of the leading elevens and the results were the same as in the case of Dartmouth in the east. The agitation in favor of numbers was so strong during the last season that it seems only a question of a year or two before the plan will be universally adopted. The rules committee has the task of popularizing the game even more than at present, and nothing will add more to foot ball's popularity than the numbering system.

DRIVES COLE MANY MILES WITHOUT CHANGING GEARS

With no more apparent effort than it take to maintain a comfortable pace over a smooth, level highway, a Cole four-cylinder touring car was driven from Indianapolis to Terre Haute last week without the driver once shifting from high gear. The trip, made at a speed consistent with the changing character of the roads, consumed slightly less than three hours.

There is nothing particularly startling in the fact that the seventy-two-mile drive was made in less than three hours. But there is a significance in the fact that the driver, H. Anderson, kept the car in high gear from the minute he left until his destination was reached.

Who's Who in the World of Sports for Year Full of Brilliant Deeds

Track and Field Athletics—John Paul Jones, Hannes Kolehmainen, James E. Wendell, Abel Kiviat, Leo Goehring and Donald Lippincott, who set new world's record.

Thoroughbred Racing—Whisk Broom II, which won the three big spring handicaps and set world's record of 2:00 for one mile and a quarter; Iron Mask, which ran six furlongs in 1:10⅘, and Frogtown, which covered one mile and twenty yards in 1:39.

Base Ball—The Philadelphia Athletics, who won the world's championship for the third time in four years after a five-game series with the New York Giants, winners of the National league pennant for the third successive season; Ty Cobb, leading batsman of American league; Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Hans Wagner, Jake Daubert leader of National league at the bat; Eddie Collins, Frank Baker and Joe Tinker, who was sold to Brooklyn for the record price of $22,000.

Lawn Tennis—Maurice E. McLoughlin, R. Norris Williams and Harold H. Hackett, who regained the Davis cup; McLoughlin, who won the national singles title for second time and retained title in doubles with T. C. Bundy; Miss Mary Browne, winner of women's national singles title, doubles with Mrs. R. A. Williams, and mixed doubles with W. T. Tilden.

Clay Court Tennis—John Strachan, who won the singles championship and with Clarence Griffin won the doubles championship.

Golf—Francis J. Ouimet, who startled world of sports by winning national open championship, defeating Vardon and Ray; Jerome D. Travers, winner of amateur, metropolitan and New Jersey titles; Miss Glady's Ravenscraft of England, winner of the women's championship.

Swimming—Duke Kahanamoku of Hawaii, who set new world's records for 50, 75 and 100 yards; Perry McGillivray of Illinois Athletic club, who established records for 500 and 800 yards; D. B. Goodwin, New York Athletic club, made records at 900 and 1,000 yards and one mile.

Trotting—Peter Volo, which established new world's record of 2:04¼ for a 2-year-old colt.

Automobiling—Jules Goux, who won the 500-mile international race at Indianapolis, and George Boillot, who won the Grand Prix, in France.

Foot Ball—Harvard, which won the eastern championship without the loss of a game; Charles Edward Brickley of Harvard, who almost single handed, defeated Yale by kicking five goals from field. Chicago, which won the western conference championship, and Nebraska which won the Missouri valley championship.

Boxing—Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion, although Frank Halls Sam Langford as the new king; Willie Ritchie, lightweight champion; Johnny Kilbane, featherweight champion; Johnny Coulon, bantamweight champion.

Rowing—R. Dibble of Don Rowing club, Toronto, by virtue of victory over Edward B. Butler, in the senior single sculls over the regulation National association distance of one mile and a quarter. College varsity eights, Syracuse; varsity fours, Cornell; freshman eights.

Cross-Country Running—Abel R. Kiviat of the Irish-American Athletic club winner of the national championship, and Hannes Kolehmainen of the Irish-American Athletic club winner of the metropolitan championship; R. St. B. Boyd of Harvard, winner of intercollegiate championship, and Cornell university, which won the team title.

Polo—"The big four," Harry Payne Whitney, Larry Waterbury, Monty Waterbury and Devereux Milburn, who successfully defended international cup.

Bowling—William J. Knox of Philadelphia, who rolled a perfect score in American Bowling Congress tournament; Flo d'Kniefels of St. Paul, who made a record of 1,009 for five-man team in three games.

Chess—Jose R. Capablanca, brilliant Cuban winner of international, and Frank R. Marshall, winner of Cuban tourney.

Yachting—Morton F. Plant's schooner Elena, winner of Astor cup, among other trophies; Ralph N. Ellis' Iroquois, leading winner in fifty-foot class, and A. G. Hanes's Josephine, winner in the P class.

Motor Boating—E. Mackay Edgar's Maple Leaf IV, winner of international cup for England, setting world's record of 39.38⅘ for 32.4 miles.

Racquets—Lawrence Waterbury, winner of national amateur championship; Jack Soutar, winner of world's professional title and national championship.

Court Tennis—Jay Gould, winner of national amateur championship; Jay Gould and W. H. T. Huhn, winner of national doubles championship.

Billiards—Willie Hoppe, holder of world's championship at both 18.1 and 18.2 balkline; Joseph Mayer, winner of national amateur championship.

Pocket Billiards—Benny Allen, holder of professional championship; I. Howard Shoemaker, holder of amateur title.

Squash Tennis—George Whitney, winner of national amateur championship; Josiah O. Lowe, winner of national amateur handicap.

MANY AFTER THE DAVIS CUP

Seven Nations Will Likely Enter Tennis Race.

WILDING AND DOUST IN LINE

In All Probability They Will Be Chosen to Battle for England in Effort to Land World's Honors.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Seven countries entered for the eliminating competition for the Davis cup last year. It is scarcely likely that the field will be smaller this year. Reports to hand from South Africa and Canada already reveal wide interest in the event and a determination to advance the international position of the respective countries. Challenges from England, Australasia, France and Germany may be taken for granted. Belgium is likely to compete again, and the return of Austria to the contest may be anticipated with some confidence. The draw does not take place in New York until early in March, and between then and now the various countries will be able to take stock of their resources and review the situation.

We already know that Messrs. Wilding, Brookes, Dunlap and Doust will in all probability be available for Australia and though it is possible that the stamina of Mr. Brooks is not so good as it was six years ago when he was last in Europe the strength of Australia in singles is undeniable. Whether Mr. Brooks will partner Mr. Wilding or Mr. Dunlap in doubles in not likely to be settled until near the beginning of the season.

Messrs. Brookes and Dunlap are a sympathetic pair who have a very fine record in Australia; they only lost one set during the visit of the British team in 1912-13. But the opposition then arrayed against them was not quite of the highest caliber, and we are inclined to think that, at Wimbledon at all events, Mr. Brookes will find the present champion a stronger partner. Mr. Wilding is not only quicker about the court than Mr. Dunlop, but his return of service is more penetrating; and though he is not quite so reliable or so resourceful overhead nor uses the lob volley so delicately his volleying generally has become much firmer and more decisive in the last two years. Messrs. Brookes and Wilding, it may be recalled, won the doubles championship at Wimbledon in 1907.

It is not inconceivable that when the trial of strength comes Mr. Brookes, who will presumably captain the Australasian team, may decide to reserve himself exclusively for singles. He has never borne the strain of five-set matches with perfect composure.

Wilding and Doust Likely.

Should the ex-champion stand down from the doubles it is possible that Messrs. Wilding and Doust might be the combination selected. They are at present holders of the covered court doubles championship, and, as was shown at Queen's club last spring and subsequently at Deauville, are a team of great ability and power. Indeed, it would be difficult to name at the present time any couple who could with confidence expect to beat them. We should even doubt the capacity of Messrs. Brookes and Dunlop to achieve that result. There is no pair in England or on the continent who would be quite their match. Messrs. McLoughlin and Bundy, the present American champions, might possibly succeed in their own country.

Except that the challenge round will be decided in America, probably either in New York or Philadelphia, we can know nothing definite about the scene of next year's international matches until the draw has been made. That the majority of the eliminating ties will take place in Europe is a reasonable supposition. Should Australasia draw Great Britain in the first round, or should the two come together in the second round, a deeply interesting match may be played at Wimbledon. Incidentally, we should see Mr. Parke opposed to both Mr. Wilding and Mr. Brookes on the center court. Of course, it is possible and may be be deemed practicable for more than one of the challenging teams to come to New York and there decide the question as to which shall oppose America. Canada, for example, would naturally prefer to determine her fate on the courts of her next door neighbor.

Says Automobile Should Run Many Thousand Miles

What should be the life of an automobile?

While the man who can afford to follow fads, fancies and styles cares nothing for value received would answer one thing the average motorist, regarding his automobile as a utility, would answer quite another. He believes in wearing out the old before taking on the new, and expects years of service at a good average mileage.

According to the experience of a gentleman in Santa Ana, Cal., an automobile ought to run 250,000 miles and then some. This man is H. Clay Kellogg, and he bases his opinion on the service he has secured from a model H, four-cylinder Cadillac, bought seven years ago, and still running. Mr. Kellogg's car has rolled up 160,000 miles. Sometimes Mr. Kellogg is asked when he is going to buy a new car, and he retorts, "Why should I? In spite of its great mileage, the car is still running as well as ever, and I see no reason why it should not continue. In fact, I expect to total more than 200,000 miles."

Yes, Everybody Remembers It.

W. A. Phelton says that the Giants lost the world's series because of the bad breaks. The New Yorks did make some horribly bad breaks at that, if we remember correctly. We have a vague remembrance of Merkle having done something in the way of "breaking."

RENO FIGHT MARKS CHANGE

Big Fiasco at Nevada Metropolis Has a Far-Reaching Effect.

LOOK AT IT DIFFERENT NOW

Winners of Bouts Are Not Condoned of Their Faults and Accorded Respect that Fans Used to Give Them.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The generally accepted idea that present day white hopes do not begin to compare with the old line of heavyweights seems to be rather far fetched upon looking over past performances. A careful consideration of all the facts indicates that it is the point of view regarding pugilism that has changed rather than the quality of brawn and muscle.

That horrible fiasco at Reno had more far reaching effects than has been realized. For one thing, it brought about a great change in the manner of treating boxing on the sporting pages. Whereas formerly all was to glorify the boxer and glaze over his faults, the pendulum swung to the opposite extreme following the shock and disappointment that resulted from the boosting of Jeffries out of all proportion to his merits.

With the laudable intention of enlivening his column, some sporting paragrapher recently hit upon what might be termed a verbal slapstick form of humor. This form of getting laughs, requiring less mental effort than any other, has been widely copied. It merely requires a victim for a few sarcastic remarks, and the white hopes, providing ready material, have suffered in consequence, often justly and often unjustly.

The obvious excuse for hitting every head in sight is, of course, based on the alleged fact that the present day boxers are a lot of hopeless incompetents when compared with the old timers. But this idea, when followed to its logical end would indicate that the Anglo-Saxons have changed to a race of weaklings overnight, a conclusion that is manifestly incorrect.

Are a Fair Average.

That the white hopes are an incompetent lot may be true enough, but on an average they are no worse than some of the old timers whose names will live in pugilistic history.

Practically all the present set of "hopes" had their counterparts ten years ago. To compare William with Jeffries is held to be a ridiculous proceeding, but it can be done with rather surprising results. For instance, could Jeffries shoot a straight left with more speed, force or precision than Willard can? He could not. Did Jeffries have a better uppercut or straight right than Willard has? There is nothing to show it. Did Jeffries have better footwork or any footwork at all, for that matter? Not when he fought Sharkey and Corbett at any rate.

Willard's one fault is that he lacks aggressiveness, but Jeffries was little better. When he met Sharkey he planted himself in the center of the ring and never moved from the spot save when Sharkey's rushes forced him back. Towering a full head over his opponent, Jeffries allowed his chunky little antagonist to make all the fight. He hardly risked a lead in the whole encounter.

And Sharkey, showing less intelligence than the poorest of the "hopes," dashed himself on the giant's fists in wide open style. A more boneheaded proceeding could hardly be imagined. If a present day heavy were found guilty of such fool tactics he would be laughed to scorn. Yet Jeffries could not knock Sharkey out, showing that he was not a wonderful hitter by any means, for Fitzsimmons had stopped Sharkey with one punch.

Smith Has Big Chance.

Again, when Jeffries met Corbett at Coney Island, he showed all the aggressiveness of a cow chewing her cud in the pasture. For over twenty rounds Jeffries was deaf to the tearful pleading of his seconds to do a little fighting. Finally, by a fortunate circumstances, he caught his opponent unprotected, and the extremely fragile Corbett crumpled up a la Bombardier Wells. For this Jeff was hailed as the wonder of wonders.

For Fitzsimmons we now have Gunboat Smith. In comparing these men it must be remembered that Fitz was probably the greatest fighter not only of his own, but of all time. Smith little more than Fitzsimmons, yet he can drop the Ed Dunkhorsts of today with as little ceremony as Fitz wasted over such matters. It took Fitzsimmons years to develop his cunning generalship. At Gunboat's age he had no such record as Smith can boast of.

In place of Chevnski we now have Levinsky. The latter runs a poor second, but it is doubtful of Walcott could have knocked him out. And Levinsky is young with his future all before him.

Maher and Rodel resemble each other in that both have sought the floor when gloves arrived too fast for their liking. Rodel has no such wallop as Peter carried, but he can box as well, if not better.

Gus Ruhlin made some noise in his time, but he would not be invincible if alive and at his best today. The second and third raters of the two periods offer no basis for comparison, but without doubt there is no difference between them.

Cole Due to Make Good.

King Cole, drafted by New York from Columbus last fall, is expected to make good in the American league next season. Though this remains to be shown, it is said that there are several clubs willing to pay a good price for the privilege of taking Cole off Manager Chance's hands.

Exhibition Games.

Two exhibition games will be played by the New Yorks with the Philadelphia Nationals in Philadelphia on April 8 and 9. The New Yorks' game scheduled for April 8 with the Brooklyns has been canceled and April 7 has been substituted. The New Yorks will play in Baltimore on April 10.

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