

BIG FIGHT STAGED MONDAY

Johnson, Cinder Champ, Will Defend Title Against Jess Willard, Hope of White Race.

RINGSIDE GIVES HOPE CHANCE

By RINGSIDE. NEW YORK, April 3.—Monday, shortly after midday, perhaps, we shall have the answer. The answer will be to the much-mooted question: "Is Jack Johnson still the dominating force in the heavyweight division?"

Jess Willard, 265 pounds of sinew and muscle, has contrived to obtain the answer from the big Senegambian himself. Willard has been allotted forty-five rounds to solve the problem; but it is wholly up to himself whether he shall require the entire forty-five rounds to obtain a favorable answer, or determine the matter in a shorter space of time and with less drain on his vitality.

WILLARD HAS A CHANCE

It is the humble opinion of the writer that Willard has an excellent chance of restoring the world's heavyweight championship to the Caucasian race, provided—this reservation goes without prediction—Big Jess has a fighting heart as big—or as small—as a pebble. By this we wish to convey that if Willard possesses any kind of a fighting heart at all he should have, at least, an even chance with the dusky champion.

WILLARD HAS EVERY ADVANTAGE

Willard has every natural advantage in tomorrow's big fight. He is taller, heavier, more powerful, better developed proportionately, than Johnson. Bury Jack will appear like a pigmy when he ranges alongside Willard tomorrow.

ONE MOST IMPORTANT ESSENTIAL

in Johnson's favor is his experience. He has a master fighting brain; is keen to improve his opportunities, and besides he is arrogantly confident on the surface.

Also, a psychological aspect into the controversy. While outwardly Johnson seems cocksure of victory, it is the general belief that in his heart there lurks an heroic apprehension that he may lose his title, and all the excitement accruing therefrom, and thus the source of his easy mode of living will be suddenly and effectively cut off. This is believed to weigh on Johnson's mind more than all other matters concerning the fight.

JOHNSON IS BRAGGING

Willard will be sent by the way gone by all the other "white hopes" that have met me. I will knock Jess on the side of twenty rounds," is Johnson's boast.

But such brazen boasts can scarcely mislead any one who has seen the ridge of superfluous beef around Johnson's waist line.

I can hit harder, and am more clever than Willard, and he'll be a plaything in my hands when I get warmed up," is the gist of Johnson's next statement.

But even this falls to ring true to any one who has noted the continued absence of the champion's celebrated "golden smile" during the arduous training since. There is a great deal of significance attached to the loss of Johnson's "million-dollar grin."

There is no denying that Willard seriously, otherwise he would not have trained so assiduously since being definitely informed that the fight would surely be contested.

The fear of possible defeat is upon Johnson, and if he enters the ring in a nervous state of mind, Willard's chance of ultimate victory will be greatly enhanced. Jack has been so anxious to take precautionary measures to insure his future in case of defeat, as he has threatened to open a hotel in Havana shortly. He merely wishes to know in advance whether the natives would look upon the proposition favorably. Shrewd boy, that Mr. Johnson.

Guarda Title Carefully. Another matter that tended to show Johnson's upset frame of mind was indicated by the deliberation with which he chose the referee. A score of names of prominent arbiters were offered by the Willard backers, but Johnson refused to consider any name on the list, fearing that he was being "jobbed" out of his title. His title means his life to Johnson, and he has guarded it carefully.

It now appears certain that nothing will crop up at the eleventh hour to prevent the match. For a while after Havana had been selected as the site for the battle, it seemed as if it would never be permitted to be held. A faction of rival promoters endeavored to intimidate Jack Curley, Dick Kliegman, et al., into the belief that they would resort to any and every means to stop the bout taking place. But President Menocal has personally approved of the match, and the supposedly Chamber of Commerce can do nothing to hinder the bout, as that body is practically a dead issue on the island.

It was also declared by a prominent ranch owner that the battle between a black and a white would engender racial feeling, and possibly stir uprials, but it is now learned that this statement was made with the intention to create interest in the bout.

So Johnson and Willard will get together tomorrow, and a new heavyweight champion may be crowned. Anyway, it is the best chance in five years that a white man has had to win back the championship from Johnson.

To Hold Townsend Memorial Shoot at Gun Club on July 4

A memorial shoot in honor of the late Billy Townsend will be held at the Omaha Gun Club, July 4. A trophy has been donated by the Townsend Gun company and the shoot will be held each year on the holiday date.

Billy Townsend's name will be entered in the list of shooters and a vacant peg before the traps as the squads line up will mark the place Townsend so often occupied in shoots of the past. The shoot will be entirely a club affair and will be the annual commemoration by the club of the man who had so much to do with advancing the sport of trap shooting in this city.

Lanika Does Well. Not finding golf strenuous enough, President Lanika of the Red Sox has joined his own in base ball practice at Hill Springs. He particularly likes to watch Babe Ruth when the youngster is at bat.

SUNNY SOUTH IS NOT SUNNY

Menke Makes Trip to the Training Camps and Discovers Ball Players' Lot Not Easy One.

HOTELS BAD, COOKING WORSE

By FRANK G. MENKE. Don't envy the ball player because he lingers in the south for a month or so each spring. It sounds like a picnic for him—but it isn't.

The "sunny south" in March is sunny enough, but the sun seems to lack heat. In that swing we recently made from Texas across the Florida and then up to North Carolina, we found only one day in which an overcoat wasn't a necessity. The weather in the south during last March is the representative weather for March in the south. That's what the natives told us. The being in the case it seems that the base ballers might hold out better in the north because in March there are more warmer days in the northern cities than we struck in the three weeks in the "sunny south."

Only a few of the southern hotels are fully equipped with steam heat and on nights when the thermometer shoots down around 35 and 40 the occupants of the nonheatable rooms feel the cold keenly. Their rooms, except when under blankets, are uninhabitable.

But that isn't all that the athletics have to put up with. A change in cookery is another factor that makes their lot in the spring-time undesirable. Some of the southern hotels use a preparation made from cotton seed oil for cooking, which doesn't agree with the digestive apparatus of the northerner.

Some of the larger hotels in the south have excellent cooks. Some of the smaller ones haven't.

In the south the American plan prevails. The choice of foods, therefore, is somewhat limited—and not up to the northern standard.

Sunday Hard on Athletes.

The training camp ball player deserves genuine sympathy for their lot on Sunday in the small southern towns. Everything—except the churches—is closed tighter than a drum. Even the "movie" shows do not open, and the players are hard put to amuse himself on the first day of the week.

At one of the camps we visited we discovered that some of the ball players were going to church three times on Sunday. Startling, isn't it? The players went to church so often not because they are extremely religious, but more because church attendance made a change in the dreary monotony of chatting among themselves on the street corner or doing the same thing around the open grate fire in the hotel lobbies.

Cards? Yes, the players indulge—but not as often as in other years. One or two games a week—that's about all they care for. Even card playing takes.

Of course, there are some camps where the Sunday blue laws are not so rigidly enforced. But these camps are few. In the south they've become almost as strict concerning the proper observance of the sabbath as they are in New England.

Some of the camps are located near some lakes that team with fish.

Some Go Fishing. The angler-ball players spend Sunday in fishing—if the law doesn't prevent it. Another form of diversion is coon and possum hunting. That is done at night. Saturday night is about the only night for hunting because the hunters rarely return until between midnight and 1 a. m., and the managers won't let their men hunt if they have training work to do the next day.

To spend a month in the south "under the warm sunshine in a balmy climate." That sounds good. But that isn't what the ball players' press agent, we sawing from Texas through Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida. And we're most awfully glad that we took along our winter togs. We needed them, although we visited the south during the month that the south climate brings to it the very nicest weather of the year.

Trainer Tuthill Declares Pitcher Should Hustle More

DETROIT, Mich., April 3.—Harry Tuthill, who trains the Detroit base ball club and also the Army foot ball team, has some ideas which are apt to make him very unpopular with the pitching fraternity in general. Tuthill thinks that pitchers have too much of a "snapp" nowadays. He says they would do much better work if they were forced to pitch twice a week and play three other days in the outfield, like the pitchers used to do in the old days.

Tuthill points back to the numerous examples of ancient pitchers who used to consider themselves neglected unless they pitched three times a week and played in the outfield on other days. The trainer remarks that pitchers are the most luxurious class of men in the world, with only one day's work a week and on the other six days nothing but a life of ease.

"Modern pitchers are an entirely too much pampered," says Tuthill, "and they get slow and heavy as a result of too much idleness. They are not able to perform in their best manner when called on. Some of the greatest performances in history are credited to pitchers who pitched at least every other day, and sometimes had to pitch every day at long stretches at a time."

"When a manager gets hold of a good hitter it would do no harm to have him work in right field, where there is little to do. Outfielding is not arduous work as a rule. Sometimes an outfielder will go through a whole game without having to touch the ball with his hands. Pitchers of today have a bad habit of thinking that there is something the matter with them. It is all imagination. Some of them sit through a whole season by thinking up different aches and pains. Whenever they are called on to pitch there is something the matter with them. I tell you they are too much pampered."

Rowland Fines 'Em, But Gives it Back

Max Rowland of the White Sox is a stickler for discipline. Yet he is strongly opposed to fines.

"When I have been compelled to fine a player," says Rowland, "I have placed the fine on him, but as soon as he showed me he was trying to get it back, I got his money back again."

"Innocent Campbell, who starred with the Reds last season, was one of the players once fined. It was for loafing on the bases. I fined him \$50. That season he stole ninety-seven bases, when the best he ever had done previously was seventeen. Of course I remitted the fine."

Ban Johnson Agrees with Fultz It Will Be Hard Year for 'Bushers'



BAN JOHNSON and DAVE FULTZ.

CHICAGO, April 3.—Ban Johnson, president of the American league, agrees with Dave L. Fultz of the Base Ball Players' Fraternity, that this will be a hard season for "bushers," players in minor leagues.

Fultz suggested that an arbitration board be appointed of members of various leagues, including the Federals, to adjust matters in the base ball war.

Johnson favors abandonment of the spring training camps, and believes the teams should be organized in the spring just before the season begins.

"There will be hundreds of ball players on the market in a short time, and who can afford to pay them?" he asks. "Not the minors; they are strapped; the majors have from 250 to 300 more men than they need; the National commission has claims for back salaries from hundreds of minor league players who were unable to collect from different clubs last year. If the owners could not pay last year the chances are they won't be able to pay this year. I advocate the closing of many of the parks for at least a year if the war keeps up."

ENGLISH CARS TO RACE HERE Sunbeam Company of London Writes Omaha Speedway for Applications to July 5 Event.

DEUSENBERG ALSO TO ENTER The Sunbeam Motor company of London, England, has written the management of the Omaha Speedway for entry blanks to the first 200-mile race to be held on the local track, July 5. Two Sunbeam machines will be sent over from England to race in American classes this year, and the request for applications leads to the belief that the Omaha event has been selected as one in which the Englishmen will drive.

Chassagne, probably the greatest English driver, not even excepting Darius Rest, will pilot one of the Sunbeam machines. He never fails to provide thrill after thrill when piloting his high-powered machine around the oval and his entrance here assures that at least one man will show the brand of driving that so appeals to the spectators.

COBB HITS PICKANINNY AND CAVES IN HIS FACE

Ty Cobb was with the Tigers two days when he did something sensational. In an exhibition game at Mobile, he hit a ball over the fence for a home run. The ball in its flight beyond the ball yard hit a pickaninny in the mouth, caved in his face and caused a commotion in Blackville. The larger boy, however, as soon as he recovered and learned what had hit him was ticked almost to death and will never tire telling of the event in his life.

Lawyer-Hurler on Lincoln Club Signs Up and Will Report

Earl Morse, Lincoln pitcher during the fall end of the 1914 season and budding lawyer of Marshall, Minn., has concluded that he would be delighted to pursue the pastime with the Tigers this year. Earl had a hunch a few months ago that he would quit the sport, so he wrote a letter to Hugh Jones demanding his release and returning the contract tendered by the Lincoln manager. Boss Jones admitted he was too dull to comprehend just why the Minnesota youth should have release papers merely for the asking, so he placed the spurned contract on file and awaited results. The latter came today in the form of a letter in which Earl states that he is willing to sign at the figure originally offered. Hugh has the matter under advisement, but if the contract is again forwarded to the youthful Minnesota twirler it probably will provide for a salary reduction, in conformance with the new custom in base ball to penalize the holdouts.—Lincoln Daily News.

Larry McLean, Rube Marquard and Chief Meyers

MARLIN, Tex., April 3.—How many of the old-timers are going to survive the pruning made necessary by the new twenty-one-player limit law in the New York club? That is the question that the regulars are worrying over here on the eve of their departure north. It seems as though mighty few of the old familiar faces; few saythere near secure about continuing as such at the polo grounds in New York.

James Henry Smith, a recruit, has been working behind the bat real often of late, and John McGraw smiles serenely and contentedly as he watches the lad nail a straight one to second base. If Smith maintains the batting eye, he has been using he is expected to give Big Chief Meyers a hard run for the possession of the catcher's mask. Smith can take the delivery of Teague, Matty and Marquard like a veteran, and works well with Ed Ferritt, the "new boy" from the Cascades. It looks like had news for Lane Larry McLean.

Somehow the Rube, Marquard, does not seem to be living up to the form he said he had concealed on his person when he arrived to train. The Rube is not strong on training, anyway, nor on shaving, either, for that matter, and he shivering avoided the razor for ten days before his wife arrived in Marlin. His friends thought he contemplated raising a beard and mustache and doing a "Billy Sunday act," as they put it. Rube has wished himself out of the eddies of the "second team," in which he was cast in the tentative lineup. But with the twisting staff reinforced with Ferritt, and with Messers Schauer and Schupp delivering broadsides like the Queen Elizabeth, Rube cannot but admit to himself that he has no sinners.

The Hypodermic Needle

By STOTA COKE. HAVANA, Cuba, April 1.—(Special Correspondence to the Needle.)—The stage is all set for the terrific battle scheduled for Havana for April 5. Said stage has been braced with extra beams so that it will not break through when Jack Johnson, who is not an ounce overweight, steps upon it. Tom Jones is making himself very popular with the newspaper boys. He is buying round after round of drinks and never fails to be host at all three meals each day. Johnson has announced he will not accept the \$20,000 guarantee unless the gate justifies it. "I do not want to see the promoters lose money," said Jack. Jack Curley refuses to make any statement. "Please do not use my name," said Curley. "I want no publicity. I have nothing to say." The gate receipts are expected to be \$25,000 and everybody will make money. Tom Jones announced today that if Willard wins the fight he will not make a trip of the theaters in the United States, but will insist all comers as fast as they appear. "We have no desire to make money by merely showing Jess at the theaters," said Jones. "Jess will fight all and defend his title against everybody in the world. And he will engage in no ten-round no-decision bouts, but will fight nothing less than forty-five rounds. Havana is wildly enthusiastic over the fight. Great crowds gather to see Johnson and Willard work. The crowd watching Willard today was severely hurt when he tripped over a punching bag lying on the floor. It is said that the newspaper men here are disgusted and will send no more press dispatches longer than twenty words. Also the flock of fighters here have decided not to send out any expert articles written by newspaper men under their names. "That is fooling the public," say the fighters.

If you will glance at the top line you will see the above dispatch is dated April 1. Correct.

Jack Johnson is said to have wrestled a bull while training last week. We didn't suppose Curley would be lending his pet animal to Jack like that.

GREEDY PUG TO BE JOLTED

Boxing Commissions and Promoters Tiring of Efforts to Gather Golden Egg Without Labor.

ONLY CHAMPS LIKE TANGOS

NEW YORK, April 3.—Those champions of the fistie realm who are gathering golden eggs by the bushel with no particular regard for the poor old goose are to get an awful jolt ere long. All the great boxing commissions and organizations of the world are to combine in an effort to compel every world's champion boxer to defend his title in a decision bout at least once a month.

Frank S. O'Neil of the New York State Athletic commission is the man who is fathering the idea. He said: "We who have the interests of the game at heart feel that the time has come when something must be done to keep up the interest in the many art. Unfortunately the game is being run into the ground by several champions whose only aim seems to be to collect personally all the money in the world without giving the man who shoves his money through the box office window a chance to see anything worth while."

"I have been working on this plan to compel champions to defend their titles in a decision bout once in thirty days at least, and all of the boxing organizations are with me. I have communicated with Paul Rousseau, president of the National Federation of Boxing Clubs of France, and he will back me up in my efforts to make these men do something that is worthy of a champion. Rousseau is on the editorial staff of 'Le Temps' and he will swing that paper in line when it comes to putting our efforts into effect. Victor Bryer is with us too."

Eugene Corri of the National Sporting club of London will lend his aid also. He is England's first man in boxing. I have been in touch with him and he agrees that a man should risk his title in decision bouts. Mr. Baker of Australia has promised to join us in a world's governing body. The state commissioners of very Wisconsin and Montana are strenuously in favor of our plan and will join us in an endeavor to make boxing what it should be. There isn't a big promoter or a club in the land that won't welcome this plan.

"We are not aiming at any particular champion, but we all feel that the get-rich-quick campaigns being conducted by some of our present day titleholders tend to ruin the game because of the very element of commercialism that surrounds these campaigns. The least we can do for the sake of boxing is to try to do away with this golden no-decision idea with which all our champions seem to be obsessed."

When Willie Ritchie was told of Mr. O'Neil's plan to force champions to box decision bouts periodically he almost jumped out of his shoes with joy. "That sounds almost too good to be true," he said. "Do you think they can force that fellow Welsh to step out and give me a chance to prove that they robbed me of my title? It should be done. What does he care about the public? Not a tinker's rap tak, I tell you. He's money mad, barnstorming and doing everything he can to ruin the game."

"It's the man with the little \$5 bill who must be considered. When you drive him into seclusion with these everlasting, nothing-doing, bloodless, stupor, no-decision bouts you kill the sport absolutely. I fought Joe Rivers, the toughest man you could find for me, in my first bout after winning the championship. We were on the floor half the time. It was anybody's championship. That's what they want, that's what stimulates boxing and it's the only thing that will go to save a great American institution."

Phantom Gibbons Offers to Take On All Long Route

NEW YORK, April 3.—If M. F. Gibbons doesn't get back soon and do some of his very fine fighting around these parts he'll lose some friends. But in losing them he will have none who will detract from his ability. Mike is a fighter and fit to wear the crown of champion.

There are those who think that Mike is a dandy ten-round battler, but they doubt his capacity to get along for twenty rounds. On this matter Mike has in the last few days expressed a few remarks

They pay 60 cents to see Willard train at Havana. And yet we thought chumps who kicked in to see wrestling matches were the biggest fools.

Roger Coker, in a fit of carelessness last week, took on Clyde Cochran one evening. "The only reason I lost five games," said Coker, "is we only rolled that many."

We beseech you, Mr. Willard, if the fight you wish to win, when Johnson starts a short-arm jab, Don't block it with your chin.

Providing Willard wins the fight, when he will give Johnson another chance, asks a subscriber. About the same day we inherit \$18,000.00.

Willard declares he will wait until the twentieth round before taking the aggressive, providing he is not knocked out before. Probably Willard intends either to lose or win the fight.

THE SONG OF THE ROOKIE. Twinkle, twinkle, little star, You who knocked the hits so far, But who since the boss did jar, How I wonder where you are.

Tip to friends unable to procure dope: Read the training stuff from Havana.

Stehm has started spring foot ball practice at Lincoln. Pretty soon we will hear that he fears Kansas, Notre Dame and Aime.

B. H. Serkovich, who says he has a pull with the police and knows, declares an investigation has been started as to why our Needle still continues to shoot 'em out. Why, because we have a pull with the government.

Rubinsky of April 23. Somehow we have a awful hunch, That opening day will bring A day of cruel winter. And that of gentle spring; That rain will drop from all the clouds, Or else the snow will fall. It always happens just the way On the opening day of ball.

that must establish him a champion without fear. Here's what he said: "I am placed in a peculiar position since I am handling my own business," said Mike, "and I am forced to make statements that cannot sound anything else but epistolical. However, having dispensed with a manager, whose duty it is to shout the praises of the fighting member of the party, I am forced to blow my own trumpet. "In the first place I want to know whoever said I uttered a statement professing to be afraid of McGorty? I have defeated both McGorty and Clabby over the ten-round route, and although it may sound unbecoming, I can beat both of them over the long distance route. And what's more, I intend to beat them both over the Marathon center just to convince them and the world in general that I know what I am talking about. Why should I fear McGorty in a long bout? And furthermore, if I did entertain any fear, why should I make a chump out of myself and solicit the publication of such a statement? "Just to show where I stand, I don't want to meet either McGorty or Clabby in another short bout. If either man is ready to fight me over the twenty-round route, and a club offers a financial inducement worth the time, I will talk business, and the sooner the better. If I am going to go along claiming the world's championship title I might as well clean up the class thoroughly, and if Jack Dillon can make 150 pounds I will be happy to take him on. My brother Tommy can beat the average run of these middle-weight aspirants and he has shown his quality by knocking out Buck Cruise and beating Billy Murray. If Lichtenstein of Wales wants to talk business they will find me a willing listener."



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