

PROSPECTS FOR TITULAR CLASH BETWEEN WILLARD AND FULTON BECOME REMOTE

Fred's Poor Showing Against Billy Miske Checks Nebraskan's Chances to Get Crack at Champion; Joplin Holds All Records for Long Distance Boxing; Downey's Alibi.

By RINGSIDER.

Chicago, Feb. 3.—After a long period during which it seemed Jess Willard and Fred Fulton might be drifting together for a match that would settle Fulton's status as a championship contender, the tide has apparently now turned the other way, and prospects of a Willard-Fulton match seem more remote than ever. The rock on which the negotiations came to grief was the Fulton-Miske fracas at St. Paul last month.

CHANCE IS GONE.

Had Fulton defeated Miske decisively, as most fight fans believe he should have done, it is not unlikely that Willard and the big Minnesota trowel manipulator would have gotten together in Chicago the week of January 20-26 and talked business. Such a conference was planned, but after the fight at St. Paul it fell through.

When Fulton failed to put Miske away or even to make an impressive showing with a man more than thirty pounds lighter than himself, Willard immediately came forth with a statement that he did not understand how Fulton could continue to call himself a topnotch heavyweight. And Big Jess made it plain that he was not desirous of entering the ring with a second-rater.

Mike Collins, the enterprising manager of Fulton, camouflaged his chagrin over the showing of his battler by coming forth with a statement that he did not see any use in talking business with Willard until Willard announced a definite basis on which to negotiate for a championship match. Inasmuch as Willard had repeatedly announced he would fight at any time on one condition that both contestants give their entire earnings for the fight to the Red Cross, Collins' statement appears to be without much foundation.

One Chance Left.

There is one chance still remaining, however, that may bring Willard and Fulton together again. If Fulton should come out a decisive victor in his bout with Frank Moran, at New Orleans, some time this month, Willard might revise his opinion of Fulton's fighting ability. The Moran bout looks like Fulton's chance to rehabilitate himself in the heavyweight ranks.

After reports of the Fulton-Miske fight tend to minimize the showing made by Miske. Although critics agree that Fulton did not fight as he had been expected to, it is also agreed by many competent judges that Miske did not come anywhere near outpointing Fulton. Many sports writers who saw the fight believe that Fulton had a shade the better of it, and that Miske was lucky to stay the full 10 rounds.

Joplin Holds Record.

Fifteen years of continuous public boxing, uninterupted in all that time, is the remarkable record hung up by Joplin, Mo. It is believed no other city in the country has a record equalling it.

In almost every city where boxing has flourished in the last 15 years there have been intervals when the sport was forced to suspend. But Joplin goes merrily on with absolute nothing to halt the even tenor of its pugilistic way.

And in all that time—and this is the most remarkable part—there has been but one promoter in Joplin. He is Jimmy Bronson, and he runs an organization known as the Southwest Athletic club. The club has a membership of 4,500.

Joplin's method of running the game probably could be tried to advantage in other sections of the country. The big business houses of the town support the club. Memberships are sold for a dollar and this money may be applied upon a ticket for any of the entertainments during the year. Of course the prices of the tickets run higher than that, but one must have an original membership card to get in.

Commish Directs.

The mayor appoints a commission of three to run things and the members serve without compensation. Boxing, wrestling and all other sports are out of the state's hands and under the commission's control as far as Joplin is concerned. Tom Douglas, a wealthy mine owner, is chairman and other members are Henry Connolly, a prominent tailor, and Judge C. M. Walden, an attorney.

The city collects a license fee of \$10 for each show and 15 rounds without decisions are permitted.

Bronson says that he has sold as high as 500 memberships at once to business firms, who use them for advertising purposes. They consider it good business and an ad for the city.

Joplin has had some excellent bouts in the last 15 years and boasts of a state record for receipts at a boxing show. The Carl Morris-Jim Flynn match drew \$11,000 and several others have approached that mark.

New Alibi.

Bryan Downey, whom middle western fight fans regard as one of the best welterweights in the country, has a new alibi for losing to Joe Egan of Boston in their recent fight at Milwaukee. Bryan says it was a tooth that lost him that battle and here's his tale:

"Just a few days before I met Egan," says Downey, "I boxed Jack Dempsey, the Pacific coast heavyweight, a few rounds in the gymnasium as a part of my training. Now Dempsey can hit and he outweighs me about 50 pounds. We mixed things pretty lively for a while, and then Dempsey swung one that caught me square on the mouth.

CLASH BETWEEN JOHN PESEK AND TAYLOR IS OFF

Jack Cancels Match When Boils Put in Appearance; May Meet Zbyszko in Lincoln Later.

Jack Taylor has called off his match with John Pesek scheduled to be held at Shelton, Neb., Thursday night.

On the same day he met and defeated Warren Miller at Lexington last week, two boils appeared on Taylor, one on the middle of his back and the other on his hand.

Despite the boils, Taylor made short work of Miller, who was heralded as a world-beater and a coming champion, but the next day they became so painful that he deemed it wise to cancel his bout with Pesek for the time being, at least.

"I will wrestle Pesek," declared Taylor. "But I know how tough John is, he's a lot better than most of the Omaha fans think, and I'm not going to wrestle him unless I'm in perfect condition. Pesek, I believe is as tough as Caddock and I wouldn't say more think of trying to wrestle him when not in the best of condition than I would in tackling Caddock under similar circumstances."

"As soon as I can get rid of these boils, I'll sign for a match with Pesek immediately."

May Meet Zbyszko. Taylor may wrestle Wladek Zbyszko at Lincoln February 22. Lincoln promoters are preparing for a big match for that holiday date and they would like to pit Taylor against the big Pole who meets Caddock Friday night. Taylor is willing and has informed the Lincoln men that he will sign articles any time. It only remains for the Lincoln men to get Zbyszko's signature on the documents.

Taylor, who has gone into permanent training in Omaha, declares he will wrestle anybody who wants a match.

Eklund Returns South. Clarence Eklund, who now is a world's champion, didn't tarry long in Omaha. Clarence came to Omaha the other day from Texas, where he beat Pet Brown and acquired the lightweight title of the world.

No sooner had he arrived than Waco, Tex., promoters got in touch with him regarding another match with Brown and Clarence hit the trail for the south.

John L. Sullivan Dies After Attack Of Heart Disease

(Continued From Page Nine.)
choke, so help me God." He never took another, but kept up his fight for temperance by lecturing occasionally on the evils of drink for those who have athletic ambitions.

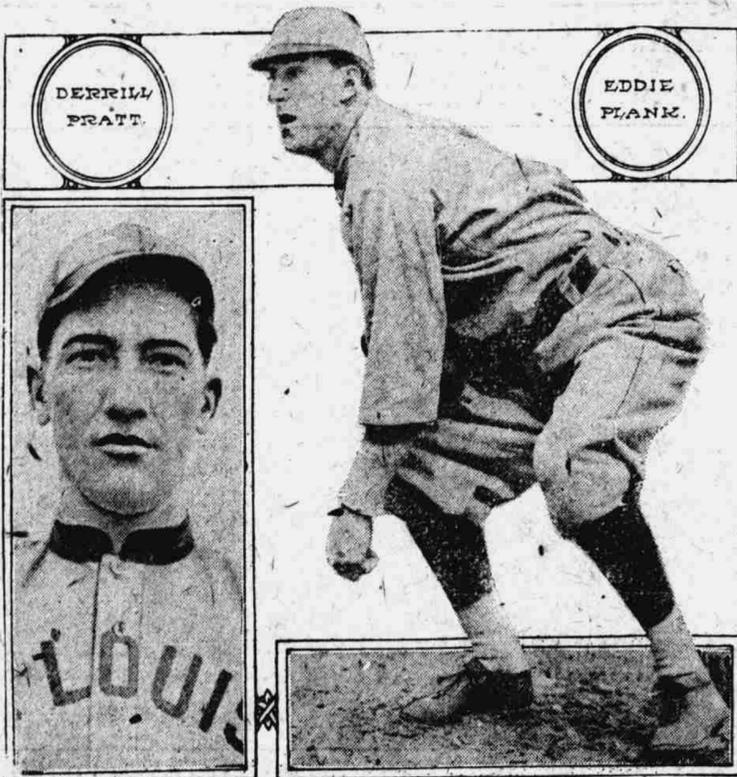
He was born in Boston October 15, 1838, and passed the later years of his life on a farm which he owned near West Abington, Mass. He was twice married. His first wife was Annie Bates, of Centerville, R. I., whom he married in 1862, but with whom he lived a few months and from whom he obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion after 26 years. At 51 years of age the former champion took as his second wife Kate Harkins, of Roxbury, who was his sweetheart years before when he was "The Boston Strong Boy."

Service Notes in World of Athletics

Outfielder Bill Wilcox, well known in several minor leagues, has been made a corporal of the marines. He is on duty in Boston.

Middle Murphy, young infielder, who played with Portland in the Eastern league last season, but who belonged to the St. Louis Browns, has joined the army aviation corps.

Brown Stars Go to New York Yanks



DERRILL PRATT.

EDDIE PLANK.

Derrill Pratt and veteran Eddie Plank are the latest additions to the New York Yankees. They were rescued from the St. Louis Browns after a long period of imprisonment and will be used by Miller Huggins in his attempt to make the Yankees championship contenders. The change will no doubt improve the playing of both men, as playing with an habitual tail end club is bound to take the pep out of any man. Pratt will plug the hole in the Yankees' infield at second base,

which has been one of the main reasons the Yanks never were contenders. Plank may also bolster the pitching department, although it is said that "Gettysburg Eddie" is about to retire, after being in the harness for more than 18 years.

FIRE TRUCKS ARE CINGH FOR GLEASON

Getting Run Over by One That Weighs Only 5,000 Pounds Is Nothing in His Young Life.

Brother Bill Gleason, shortstop of the old St. Louis Browns when they were in the habit of winning pennants back in the '80's, recently was run over by a 5,000-pound fire truck in St. Louis and picked up for dead. He came to and is now on the road to recovery. Despite his 50-odd years he has a constitution like a cement foundation.

Friends called on Bill to offer condolences and prepare for the wake if necessary. They found him with both hips crushed, but talking about getting out in a few days.

"A little thing like being run over by a fire truck is nothing in my life," said Bill. "Why I've had as much happen to me on the ball field as this and would be back in the game next day, but of course I'm a little older now and not so tough."

"Why once in Hoboken a gang of them Jersey rough-housed me as bad as this and I stilled long enough to help old Chris Von Der Ahe save the gate receipts."

"You see, it was this way: We were playing in New York and along came a Sunday. We players had planned for a day at the beach, but old Chris up and schedules an exhibition game across in Hoboken for our Sunday off. We were sore at that, so we planned to give the Hoboken people plenty. I was selected to do the heavy work and we arranged to spill the beans when I came to bat."

"Up I come in the third inning and I got a base on balls. I started for second, after laying the first baseman out with my fist. I dug into second, cut down the second baseman, got up and made for third. We met. I put the third sacker to sleep and started home, meaning to run for the club house. But that Hoboken crowd beat me to the plate."

"And then we had it. We beat 'em off with our bats, and got on our bus and made our getaway. I had my eye cut up, one ear torn loose, one eye black and a thumb dislocated. Some of the other boys were beat up pretty much, too."

"We were cussing Chris for our trouble when we got to the hotel. And who was there when we went up to the room but old Chris, and he had a pile of money stacked on his bed and was counting it."

"Oh, boys," he said, "you for did you make that riot? I hear 'em coming and I shud had time to stuff the money in my pockets and get me a galloping cab for der hotel. But I feel like Jesse James, taking the money, while you fellers was beating them out of der pall game dey paid for. Now vat should happen mit me if we all got arrested."

"We told Chris we would leave him in Hoboken if he ever booked another Sunday exhibition and he promised, but he didn't keep the promise, and I think we had to pay our own doctor bills."

"That's only a sample of what we used to meet up with. Getting run over by a two-ton fire truck is nothing in my life."

TOUCHES OF HUMOR ALONG THE SPORTING-PIKE

TWO golfers were playing the after effects at the nineteenth hole. The man from Vermont said in reply to a question, "Yes, you have a pretty hilly course, but you really ought to see some of our links in the Green mountains. In some places the fair green is so steep your left foot is from two to three feet higher than your right."

"How do you keep your ball from rolling down backward?"
"O," casually replied the man from Vermont, "we put chains on 'em, just like you put on automobile tires to keep them from skidding," after which one by one the audience silently melted away.

Not Him of Course. Jim Rice, coach of Columbia's crews, tells a story of a foot ball player in an eastern college who was pressed into service as an oarsman.

The first day the embryo oarsman reported for practice it seemed that everything he did was wrong. He had been assigned to row No. 5 in the boat, and all he heard from the coach during the afternoon was:

"Hey! No. 5, you bonehead—Don't hold your oar like that!"
"No. 5, how many times do I have to tell you not to place your feet like that?"
The following day he was moved down one position in the boat, but didn't do any better, and the coach nagged at him continually. That night a friend asked him how he was getting along with his rowing.

"Well," he replied, "I had a tough time the first day and got hawled out a lot, but did fine today. I feel sorry for No. 4, whoever he is, because the coach rode him to beat the band today."

Case Happy Anyhow. Charley Case, the old Pittsburgh right-hander, who has done more time in the minors than anywhere else, possesses a very bald head. In fact, his knob is utterly devoid of anything resembling hair and the athletes on every team with which Case ever played were continually having fun out of the veteran pitcher because of his missing tatch.

It was a sore spot for Chuck, and as was to be expected, the fans made life miserable for him as soon as they discovered he was sensitive about it.

One day during a game in a minor league city, Case got a base hit, and was unusually proud when he landed on first. The next batter followed with a single and Chuck set sail for second. He was digging up the turf

and working steam in all cylinders, and was Dan Patching it in great shape.

Just then his cap flew off. With his naked pate to the wind, Chuck threw in his emergency, applied his sand, choked his engine and came to a full stop. He then whirled while the populace wondered at his astounding conduct. They thought Chuck had lost his mind.

But Case paid no attention to the yells of his mates, and instead, he drove up alongside his cap, picked it up, placed it upon his glistening cupola, and then walked to the bench, as the outfielders had already played the ball to second for the fourth out.

Chuck had thrown a monkey wrench into the home team's rally when he had chatted his teammate out of a base hit, but did he worry? Not a whit.

He had kept his sacred dome from the cruel gaze of an unsympathetic and jeering world and he was satisfied.

It All Depends. Jack Sheridan, veteran sport writer of St. Louis, who says he has seen 27 managers come and go in St. Louis and never a one of them to win a pennant, tells this story as an incident of John J. McCloskey's administration of the Cardinals:

McCloskey needed a pinch hitter. He had only one man on the bench and that player had been shelved for weak hitting. In desperation McCloskey, however, sent him up for a batter.

The first one over was a strike. McCloskey buried his face in his hands, refused to look at what was going on and cried disconsolately:

"Oh, the dirty ———! I knew he would strike out!"
The pitcher put over another strike and the pinch hitter watched it float by.

"Aw-w-w! Oh, the dirty ———!" cried McCloskey, his face buried in his hand. "Oh, why did I ever send that ——— to bat. I knew he would do it!"

Over came the third one. Crash! Bat met ball, and the sphere went careening to the farthest corner as the bases were cleaned up and the game was won.

"Wah, Aw-wee! Oh, what a hit!" shouted McCloskey, leaping from the bench and running to the playing field. "Oh, me boy! Oh you! I knew you could do it! I knew it!"

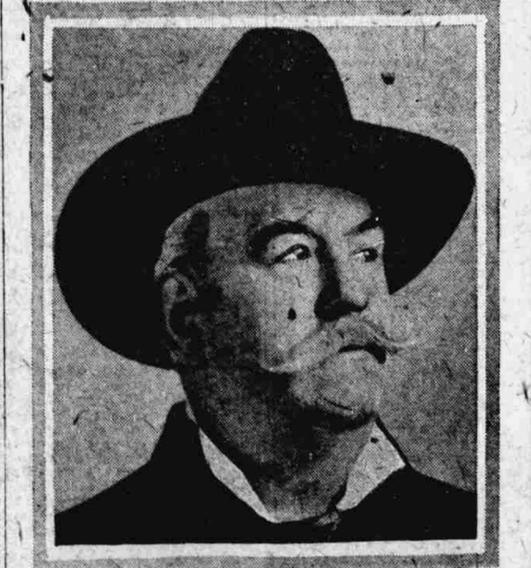
Fraze After Washington Players for the Red Sox

And they say President Harry Frazee of the Red Sox is not done, but that he now is after Rya Morgan and George Dumont of Washington. Frazee wanted to put in a bid for Derrill Pratt, recently traded by the Browns to the Yankees, but report has it, Jack Barry talked him out of the idea. Second Baseman Barry can't see Second Baseman Pratt, it seems.

Reds Lease Concession.

The refreshment privileges at the Cincinnati ball park, which always have been operated by the ball club, have been leased out. There's not much in serving soft drinks and peanuts to a Cincinnati crowd. It was different in the old days when beer was sold.

Latest Photograph of Former Ring Champ Called by Death



JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

DODE PASKERT WINS FRAY WITH OLD DADDY TIME

Outfielder Traded to Cubs Retains Speed of Youth Despite Thirty-Six Years on Earth.

By JACK VELOCK.

New York, Feb. 2.—Dode Paskert, recently traded to the Cubs by the Phillies for Fred Williams, is a marvel among outfielders of the major leagues.

At the age of 36, Paskert still ranks as one of the speediest gardeners in the big show, which is unusual for a player of his years.

The average outfielder begins to "lose his legs" after he passes 30. The nimbleness that enabled him to cover "acres" of ground when he first won his spurs begins to disappear, and he shows plainly that he is slowing up.

Not so with Paskert. He has always ranked as one of the fleetest of outfielders, and though he is several steps slower than he used to be, he can still cover ground with the average fielder.

Many base ball writers gave Fred Mitchell the laugh when he made the deal for Paskert, allowing a young player like Williams to get away from the Cub fold. But Mitchell contends that he profited by the swap, and if Paskert has a good year he will probably be vindicated.

Needed Right Hander.

Mitch needed a right-hand hitter for the Cub outfield, and there are few fielders with Paskert's ability and experience who could do the Cubs more good.

Paskert began playing professional base ball in 1914 with the Dayton club of the Central league. After three years at Dayton he spent a season at Atlanta and then came to the Cincinnati Reds in 1907. He was a member of the Redville aggregation for four years and has worn a Philly uniform for seven seasons. That he is still good enough to attract the eye of a manager who is stretching every point to assemble a championship club is a tribute to his staying qualities.

Mamaux Glad He's Traded. Mamaux, who figured in the recent trade between the Pirates and Dodgers, is glad to become a member of the Brooklyn club. He was quoted recently as saying that he felt sure of having a good year, and expressed the hope that "Uncle Robby" will send him against the Pirates as often as possible.

Mamaux was the lowest ranking pitcher in the National league last season in the matter of effectiveness, but he is only 24 years old and has many years ahead of him as a pitcher.

Kansas City Players Are Hard Hit by Hickey Fines

President Hickey of the American association has issued an interesting statement of fines assessed on association players last season. Kansas City players were hit hardest, the total assessed for misbehavior being \$205. Coeheim and Wagner were hit for \$50 each. Louisville paid fines of \$170 and \$150 of this was assessed against Manager Bill Clymer. Joe Tinker was stung for a similar amount. The four men named were in fights on the field and that accounts for their heavy penalties. Three clubs went through the season without a player being fined. They were Indianapolis, Toledo and Milwaukee and yet Bresnahan and Hendricks were two of the "lightnings" managers in the league when it came to demanding their rights.

Butte Exhibits No Interest In New Pacific Coast Loop

Though Butte has not shown any great amount of enthusiasm over the tender of a franchise by the new Pacific Coast International (Northwestern) league, the promoters of the league hope that Bob Brown as their missionary to the Montana city has done his work so well that Butte will reconsider. Butte always has stood with Great Falls and the action in denying a franchise to the latter city causes criticism. Spokane also is not so certain to go through with the league in its plans, according to reports. It is said the eastern Washington city favored laying off for a year, with Butte, letting the league be a four-club circuit, but representatives of the other cities insisted that would not do.

Magnates Are Not Keen To Carry Many Players

There is nothing to indicate that any American league club, in spite of the lifting of the player limit, is keen to enlarge its roster. The most of them, according to all reports, will take less men than the law permits to training camps. Even Miller Huggins of the New York Yankees, who was supposed to want to look over a lot of players, is said to plan reducing his squad before the training period opens. He worked successfully with a low limit in the National league and thinks it can be done in the American.

New Angle to Division Of Coin May Make Trouble

Under the new plan of dividing post-season receipts second division clubs engaged in a series do not have to contribute to a pot. Under such an arrangement a Chicago series might net more coin to the participants than the teams in the world's series would get for their work. There has been a lot of palaver about clubs working extra hard to get into the first division. Some of them might, possibly, wish to loaf so they could stay in the second division, if one wants to consider all the angles.

Weeghman Pays High So He Wants to Sell High

President Charley Weeghman talks in big figures, whether he is buying or selling. For instance, he offered Rookie Leslie to Portland for the mere pittance of \$2,500 and now it is stated that Los Angeles' proposal to buy Harry Wolter has been blocked because the head of the Chicago club wanted too much money for him. Just because Weeghman has a million or so behind him he seems to think every other magnate is similarly supplied.

Hendricks Howls Lustily For a Good Second Baseman

"Oh for a good second baseman," sighs Jack Hendricks, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. "I have Pamlette on first, Hornsby at short and Baird will do at third; but may the gods send me a second sacker." The Cardinal candidates most considered are Red Smyth and Bruno Detzel, neither of whom has yet proved that he is a real major leaguer. Hendricks wants a man of poise and experience and he thinks he may have to go to the American association old man's home to get the kind he seeks. Steve Yerkes is the man he has in mind, in spite of denials.

Tub Spencer Again Coaches Santa Clara Diamond Squad

Catcher Ed Spencer of the Detroit Tigers is acting as coach of the base ball squad at Santa Clara university, in California. This is his second year at such work and he made a winner out of the Santa Clara team last spring.

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