

Test Mixed Bout Is Off and Battling Dred Scott Is Deprived of His Fun

Willard's Boxing Has Real Belasco Touch

Realism is the thing, so he suffers punches on the solar plexus.

CHAMP A DRAWING ROOM ACTOR NOW

Months of Affluence and Adulation Have Worked Wonders with Johnson's Conqueror.

By W. O. M'GEEHAN.

Jess Willard showed that he could belabor his training stunts yesterday. At the wind-up of his play bout with Walter Monahan the champion lifted his long arms and let his sparring partner send in four stiff blows to his stomach.

Monahan was not the stiffest that Monahan could send, of course, but he sounded like the thrash of a flail. Then Willard leaned against the ropes and dived into the ring. He was telling the crowd that he would not be hurt by the matter for Francis Moran to hurt him with a blow to the body. Of course, this little bit of pantomime must have been well rehearsed, but it impressed the multitude.

Willard showed again that he learned a great deal from Jack Johnson in that Havana fight. He has even borrowed Jack Johnson's trick of catching his opponent's elbows with the gloves. This renders the other person helpless so far as lashing out is concerned. Jack Johnson did this often when he felt the least bit weary, and he used to grin at his antagonist as he did it. An innovation was sprung upon the crowd yesterday when Willard, in a little siff Hussare, the Tremont, Tumultuous and Terrible Turk, went in for a little boxing wrestling with the champion. Yassif used to amuse himself by tossing the 350-pound Pierre Le Colosse into the chandeliers.

Willard's opponent, the ring a little, suggested Tom Jones. "It's good for him." The Terrible Turk tirelessly tackled the champion and attempted to do some of his well known and justly celebrated piano moving stunts. He nudged and nudged, but he could not move the quarter ton of Kansas beef.

"It can't be done," moaned the Terrible Turk. "I can't budge him." Willard seems gradually to be overcoming the affliction which at first made him a sphinx instead of an idol to the fight fans. In one brief half hour he seemed to show visible improvement. Person after person who first thought that Willard was one of those "cushy" white boxes began to see in him a great boxer as well as a great chunk of brown.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one big gink could gather all his knec.

The confidence that came after the defeat of Johnson probably did it. Willard began to realize that he was the champion of the world. In this lofty eminence he was entitled to certain things and they came to him. Fortified by this confidence, he is twice as dangerous as the man who beat Jack Johnson.

The training stunts yesterday were according to schedule. The champion cranked his feet before the Colonial Hotel and occupied a large section of the drives in Central Park. From the morning of his feet the police at first feared that one of the elephants had escaped from the Bronx Zoo and was moving south toward Brooklyn. But their fears were set at rest when they saw that the object in locomotion was a sweater and was moving on two legs. It is not customary for elephants to dress that way or to use only the hind legs when in a hurry.

Jack Hemple (120 pounds) was the first sparring partner. Willard used that tantalizing straight left on this one. Once or twice he let Hemple reach that floating lower jaw of his with a jabbing right. Whenever it landed Willard grinned sabbily.

Then came Monahan, who apparently punches at a much stiffer rate. One or twice Willard lifted Monahan from the floor with a stiff right jabbing.

Kick-In Boys.

"Come right in and see Willard." Said Jones as he stood at the gate; "Come right in and see Willard." But first drop two bits in the plate."

held far back. Yesterday Willard tried to fight with his head forward, and at times he assumed a semi-crouch. But when his sparring partner would press him he would fall back into his own style of fighting attitude.

He still seemed to have a little difficulty in his breathing. Part of this is due to permanent nasal trouble. Willard does a great deal of breathing through his mouth, and this frequently gives him a fagged appearance. The crowd was somewhat thicker than on the first day, but the box office was not much more opulent, neither did the boxing commission receive much of a take-off. Most of the newcomers were well known Broadway gate-crashers, who have Annie Oakleys to everything concealed in their cuffs.

Battling Levinsky was one of the new recruits. He watched Willard box and then looked very reproachfully at his manager, Dumb Dan Morgan, who had offered Levinsky as a sparring partner to Willard to-morrow. Whether the matter will be on hand for the sacrifice or not he would not say.

Personally we feel grieved to learn that Tex Rickard is contemplating putting the ban on smoking the night of the fight. Tobacco smoke is of the greatest assistance to those who have to describe the battle. How can you get away with the good old, "The struggle of the giants was dimly visible through the thick haze of tobacco smoke," and "A dense pall of smoke hung over the ring," if there isn't going to be any smoke? For the love of old Doc Pease, why spoil the picture?

The infantry skirmish line lost its beauty when they trotted out the smokeless powder. And now they want to treat these reports as they treated any news while he was a reporter, with silent content.

The Boxing Commission did not summon Rickard, Metracken, Willard and the others to appear before it yesterday. "I do not see how such a story could have gone abroad," said Mr. Wenck. "I am going to Willard's training quarters, though."

Could it be that Rickard and McManis are plotting to put the Boxing Commission, thereby putting one over on Mahomet, who fell down on a simple little stunt such as making a mountain pay him an afternoon call?

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John is going to make one more plea to the flinty-hearted Boxing Commission, which left him flat on the rear chair by taking away his license for thirty days. The sorrowful tonorial artist is quite sure that fifteen days would be severe enough, and asks that the sentence be commuted to that time. The strain on the wailer has made him pale, and he fears that if he loses the St. Patrick's Day date the health of his roll may be permanently impaired.

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THOSE who love the thud of the real wall-puncher will get it when the fireman Jim Flynn, of Pueblo, meets in a return match with Jack Dillon, at the Manhattan Sporting Club, March 7. Every now and then we have suggested that the aged fireman do a Leach Cross before they carry him out of the ring feet foremost. But back comes the fireman for more. Flynn is one of those who really love their art. He probably would fight just as hard if they did away with the box office.

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It Happens in the Best Regulated Families



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The tennis men discussed the development of the game for a long time with Ward. It is probable that Davis will offer a championship cup similar to the international cup, to be played for each year by park teams representing the cities of this country. It is planned to hold the first matches in St. Louis, where the game was boomed tremendously by exhibitions given last year by national champions William M. Johnston and Miss Molla Bjurstedt. Maurice E. McLoughlin and others.

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OLE THAM JUST COULD NOT BE CRUEL TO CLEVE

So He Let Him Stay the Limit and Has Nice, New Meal Ticket.

By JAMES S. O'NEALE

A new member was added to the Colored Heavyweights' League last night. Sam Langford let Cleve Harkins, the "black wolf of Canada," stay for ten rounds at the Long Acre Athletic Club. Later Sam and Cleve will draw another and a better horse, and then Cleve and Sam McVey will fight, too.

It was a tough job for Samuel to keep the Canadian wolf in the ring. Often Sam was tempted to shoot him through the ropes, but he thought of the scarcity of pork chops since he knocked out Wills in a fit of temper and he was gentle with the wolf at the critical moment.

Wild Burt Kenny, who was to have appeared with Battling Levinsky, did not appear. He was practicing a swing in a gymnasium and shot his arm through the ropes. He is deliriously cruel, when he wants to be, and the Battler. He would send a lightning bolt into Driscoll's face, then dart away and grin. Driscoll swung wildly and floundered all over the ring in his attempts to land on the Battler, but he could never come within a yard of him.

By the end of the third round Driscoll's face was a sight, and the crowd began to clamor for Referee Florie Barnett to stop it. Barnett finally refused to let Driscoll come up for another round.

When Sam Langford stepped into the ring in his bright green singlet, he began to thump and shout: "Hey, Sam, make it the first round and let us go home."

"No, sah," replied Sam, with a sad grin. "Ah'm getting too old to do that thing any more, and besides, there's only a few of us left. Ah got to save them."

The Canadian wolf was dark enough when he first came into the ring, but as the night proceeded he got paler and paler. By the end of the go he was of a light chocolate shade.

Twice Sam dropped Cleve once in the fourth round and once in the sixth. Every time he did this Sam would back away and give the wolf time to recover. "Fo' the love of Glory, man, discompose yo'elf," Sam seemed to say. Also, Sam would stick out his jaw and grin. "You could make a showin' now and then."

But Cleve never forgot himself and never tried to land too hard on Sam. This was the mistake made by the late Mistah Wills, who got fresh so fresh that Sam knocked him out and pretty nearly killed the Colored Heavyweights' League.

Molla Bjurstedt Seems to Have Heights Casino Crown Safe.

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BLUE RIBBONS GO FAR AFIELD IN PHILADELPHIA

Opening Day of Dog Show Sees the Prizes Well Scattered.

Philadelphia, Feb. 28.—Blue ribbons were awarded in the opening judging of the 6th annual dog show of the Kennel Club of Philadelphia today at the Hotel Mead. The show, which is a benefit for the Child Federation, which gives personal service in the best interests of babies and children. There was a fashionable and large attendance, many from New York. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Herrmann, Mrs. J. Edgar Hoover, Mrs. W. Ross Porter, Edgingham Lawrence, Walter T. Stern, Mrs. Roy A. Ralston, the Misses de Copet, Miss Hydon E. R. Bloodgood and his son-in-law, May Wilcox, who nearly won the great prize in cocker spaniels; O. Carley Harman, John G. Bates and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graydon, who cut out the Garden of Eden in the dog show, and the winners of the Philadelphia dog show, which includes one of the rare black and white "Landseers" for exhibition here.

The Scottish terrier classes, judged by F. H. Lloyd, the dean of the breed, are the most popular of the show. The New York entries of Walter T. Stern, who, aside from the successes of his puppies, has to be content with reserve in winners, with Glynis, a beautiful and beautiful Olive to the great prize owned by Miss Jean R. Crawford, of Chicago—Conqueror and Capton Beatrix.

Mr. Lloyd also gave New York entries the winners' honors in West Highland white terriers, bitches, which went to Miss Phelps's Walpole Wick. Winners, dogs, captured by a Rye Mawr entry, A. Nalle's Longhouse Top of Shantier, both results of the dog show of the Philadelphia dog show, which includes one of the rare black and white "Landseers" for exhibition here.

Dr. J. E. De Mund, of Brooklyn, worked hard with brilliant success in the "all round" judge. He found two homebred Russian wolfhounds free from the suspicion of weakling traits that would make them poor for a wolf instead of a dog. The pair, placed first in winners, were Gintar' Nacmen, owned by Mrs. C. H. Raymond, Bedford, Ohio, and Valerio of Tatiana, from the Tatiana Kennels, Erie, Penn.

There were many interesting incidents in both the French bulldog and Pekinese classes, which were well and quickly judged by A. McClure Halley, of Orange. Haworth Perry, a puppy, made a good early start in the dog show classes, but winners in the Frenchies was won by Robert A. Scott's Garden victor, La France Model, who also gained winners' honors in the Frenchies class. The winner in the Frenchies was Mrs. L. W. Hall's Nauching Paul, the victory making him a champion and winner, bitches, was Mrs. Arthur M. Hunter's Arden Fairfax Teen Nah.

A wonderful home bred dog, King of the North, captured the King of the North class and the American bred for dogs in Airedales. These classes, judged finely by W. L. Barday, were the strongest in numbers and quality of the show. The new comer, John M. Williams's Crack Shot, had a close call to beat Theo O'Farrell's York Master Key and Vickery Lodestar in the American bred class, the latter being the winner last week at the Garden for John J. O'Donohue, of the Watchdog Hunt, Plainfield, repeated to-day. Winners, dogs, sent to the Canadian Kennel Club, were the King of the North, owned by Norman Mackenzie, and the American bred for dogs in Airedales, these classes, judged finely by W. L. Barday, were the strongest in numbers and quality of the show.

Colonel Jacob Buppert swept off the chief honors in St. Bernards with his Lady Lyndon and the newly imported smooth coated Boy Blue. Beagles, judged by Richard A. Gamble, of Newport, R. I., master of the Vernon Place Hunt, who made his first appearance in the class, were unusually strong classes. Two New Yorkers, Louis Lee Higgins and George B. Post, with packs kennelled respectively in Kentucky and New Jersey, captured several best of breed honors in the country for their Scotch terriers. The new imported smooth coated Boy Blue.

The best tennis was exhibited by Fred C. Inman, New York, in his afternoon match with H. G. Gray, New York. Inman showed the benefits of his two weeks' practice and played almost perfect tennis. His shots were well placed and carried a great amount of power with them. He dropped but one game in the two sets.

F. T. Frelinghuysen, New York, defeated A. E. Kennedy, New York, 6-4, 6-1. Frelinghuysen was off his game at the start, but after warming to it he got going well and had no further difficulty.

ROGERS PLET COMPANY. Broadway at 13th St. The Four Corners. Broadway at Warren. Handmade Scotch cheviots, rainproof. "Scotch Mist" overcoats are good in any weather.

BOXFORD WITH THE OVAL BUTTON HOLE. THE NEW STYLE IN Lion Collars. BOWLING ALLEY, BILLIARD & POOL TABLES. ROGERS PLET COMPANY.

LEWIS HAS AN EASY TIME WITH BUTLER. SINCLAIR IS HAPPY; DONE WITH DIAMOND. Lewis, in a Rage, Challenges the World. Toronto to Train in Jersey.

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