

IN THE SPORTING WORLD

A Disagreement Of Richardson's On Present Ball

(By HARDIE RICHARDSON.)

And Charlie Ebbets says baseball is in its infancy! I disagree with him. It was a pretty lousy chick away back in 1885. Why you should have heard the roar that shook the four corners of the baseball firmament when the sale of the "Big Four" leaked out. Talk of excitement! The bottom falling out of Wall street would be a more circumstance. Every fan in the country sat up nights speculating on whether or not the gigantic deal would be sanctioned by the authorities and rival base-ball magnates chagrined at the coup that had been pulled at their expense, fought as hard to annul the transaction as magnates today would fight to prevent any club gathering together Cobb, Lajoie, Wagner and Collins.

One Sunday afternoon in August in 1885 the first wedge was inserted which was eventually to pry the "Big Four" loose from Buffalo. A man whom I had never before seen strolled to the Laclede Hotel in St. Louis and asked to see either Richardson or Dan Brouthers. We happened to be together so he talked to us both. He said he was W. H. Watkins and that he wished to secure our services for Detroit. He offered tempting salaries, so tempting that we decided at once to accept. Then we suggested that White and Rowe be engaged also, to assure the transfer of an entire infield. With a promise from us that we would go to Detroit in case the deal came off without a hitch Watkins departed.

A wire awaited our arrival in Buffalo. It was from Watkins. He said that Frederick K. Stearns and Messrs. Edison and Moore, of the Edison-Moore Co., would accompany him to Buffalo on a certain date to talk business with us. They also requested that Rowe and White be on hand. It didn't take the four of us long to sign up with Detroit. Then the quartet proceeded to purchase the Buffalo club for \$7,200. The Detroit people agreed to run the Buffalo club the balance of the season at their own expense.

After the game next day we settled up so far as our dealings with Buffalo were concerned. A hack was waiting at the gate. We bundled in and hurried to the depot. We arrived in Detroit early the following morning. New York was to play that day. But the news of our capture had preceded us and New York absolutely refused to go on with the game if any of us were in the game.

I went back to Utica, N. Y., and there I received word to report in Detroit at once. On my way to the train I met a letter carrier who handed me a well filled envelope. It was from J. J. Rodgers, of Philadelphia, and it made me sit up and take notice. It contained an offer. When I reached Detroit I found that the Detroit officials were attending a hastily called league meeting in New York. I gave the letter from Rodgers to those left in control at the Detroit office and it was wired to the Detroit magnates in New York. That letter saved the day for Detroit. For Mr. Rodgers, who was chairman of the meeting had declared that he had neither approached nor negotiated with or for players after April 20. The letter was a stunner to Rodgers. It killed his case. He was so flustered he accused Mr. Maloney, who represented Detroit of having robbed the United States mails.

Meanwhile the Detroit people were looking after the entertainment of the "Big Four", all of whom had gotten back to the City-of-the-Straights some how. Judge Durfee supplied us with guns, ammunition, rubber boots and fishing tackle. Truman Newbury placed his handsome yacht at our disposal. The yacht was well stocked and well manned and we set out upon an extended duck shooting and fishing trip. We let the cook do most of the

fishing. But he caught "Particular Ned" if the meals were not ready when the clock struck. It was on this trip that the party danced on the brink of eternity. Also it was one of the few occasions upon which Dan Brouthers waxed eloquent and to the point. Eight of us were across the sea. Clear Flats in a catboat in a blow. There was not room for all to be seated, but standing or sitting everyone had to work like a Trojan to bail out the water to prevent us from being swamped. Those who couldn't find tin cans or buckets took their hats. The waves were breaking in on and over us. This stage setting made Dan Brouthers' speech all the more melodramatic. Said Dan:

"I will sell my life for \$100 if anyone will guarantee to deliver it to my wife." There were just seven more in that boat willing to take the same chance.

Detroit had some ball team after the standing of the "Big Four" was established. In the spring of '86 we took a training trip to Savannah, Ga. W. H. Watkins was manager and one of the best under whom I ever played. We had Charlie Bennett and Hall catchers; "Lady" Baldwin, Larry Twitchell and Gatzert, pitchers; Brouthers, first base; Sam Crane, second base; White, third base; Rowe, shortstop; Ned Hanlon, center field; Sam Thompson, right field and myself left field. We went from Savannah to Atlanta to play three games. We won the first two without trouble. In the sixth inning of the final game the score stood 7 to 1 against us. Purcell was managing Atlanta and about this stage of the game he came to me and said: "Well, we have you today all right." "You can't tell," I replied. "If this bunch ever gets started there is no telling when it will stop."

And in the seventh it did start. A base on balls was followed by three home runs, five triples and any number of singles and doubles scattered in. On my third time at bat in that inning, Killy, who was pitching for Atlanta, said: "Don't you fellows want any one to make a living but yourselves?"

Had Thirty-seven Weddings at Once

Paris, Jan. 28.—Thirty-seven very picturesque weddings were celebrated simultaneously a few days ago in the old church of Ploagastel, in Brittany.

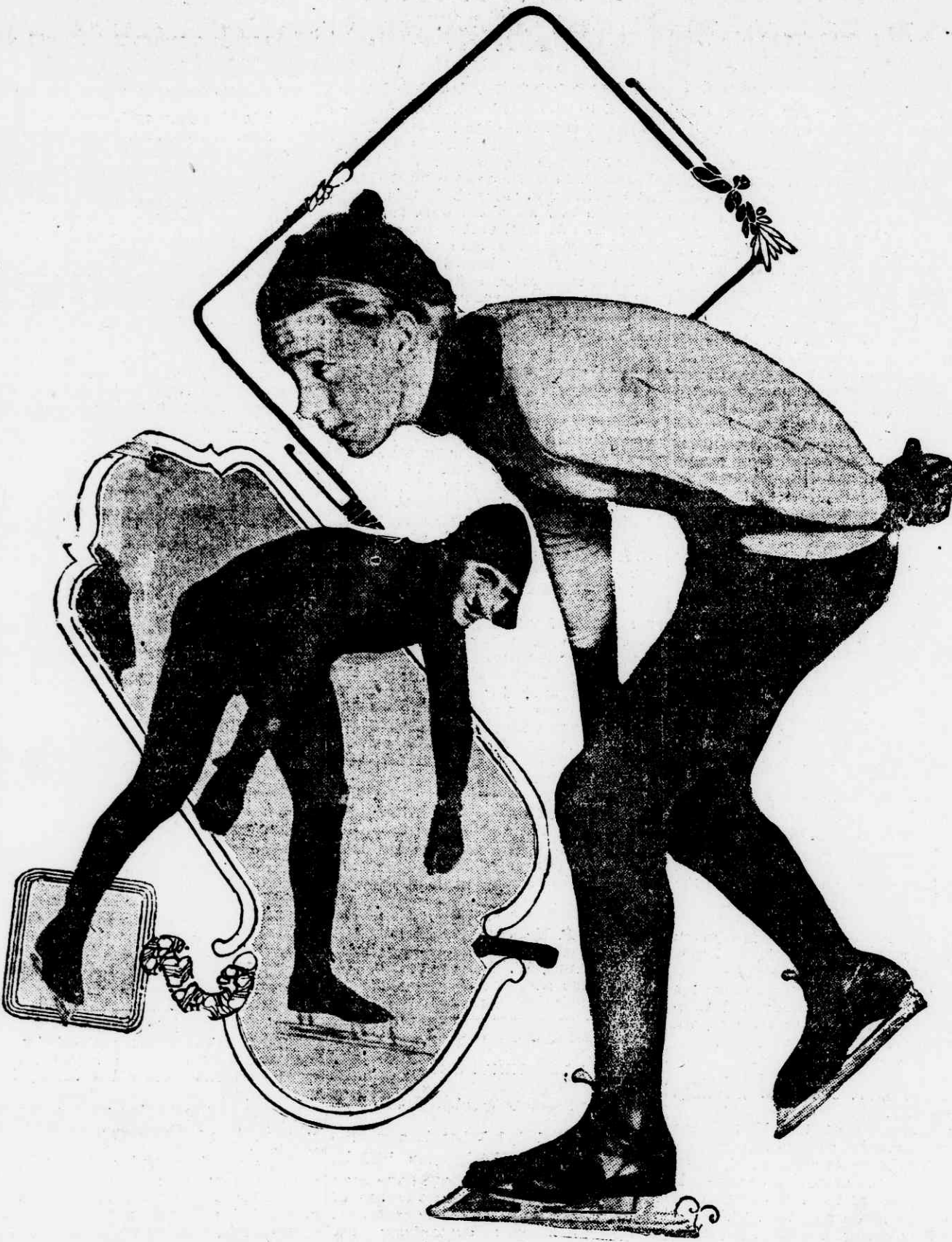
The brides and bridegrooms all wore Breton dresses—the husbands in purple jackets, rich with embroidery, three waist coats (white, green, and red), with silver buttons, worn one above the other, and black cloth breeches of the "bloomer" type round their waists they wore silk scarves of brilliant colors, and on their heads the broad Breton hats with velvet bows and silver clasps.

The brides each wore four petticoats of brilliant colors, beautifully embroidered blue silk aprons, and an immense white Breton cap.

After the weddings a banquet for 400 guests was served in the public square and dancing to Breton bagpipes and mandolines went on till dusk.

Not the least curious thing about the thirty-seven village weddings celebrated altogether is the fact that most of the brides and bridegrooms were related. There were eight Kervallas married today, six Corves, five Le Galls, five Kordoncuffs, four Vigonroux, two Cannes, two Pages, and two Brillants.

The sorrier you can be for something you have done the better it would be if you had been sorry before you did it.



TWO PROMINENT EASTERN SKATERS.

The large photo is that of Phil Kearny, of Pittsburg, the Eastern all-round champion; and the small picture is that of Edmund Lamy, America's champion amateur ice skater. In the short dashes and the quarter mile, half mile and two mile events, Lamy has repeatedly displayed his superiority over other skaters.

Turf Writers Get Revenge on Moncrief Park

(By BERT E. COLLYER.)

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 28.—The turf scribes who have dared to tell the truth about racing and its conduct at Moncrief Park, and as a consequence have been persecuted, and more recently subjected to a most infamous "kangaroo," experienced a twinge of satisfaction during the past week, when it was learned that the turf governing bodies throughout the United States had returned the "authorized report" of the secretary of that bright, omnipotent, immaculate organization, the S. J. C. One turf body, it is said, did not even dignify the ruling with an answer.

Aside from the fact that the action of the race solons throughout the country has made pertinently plain the correct status of the "one man power" on the racing horizon, the action also tends to relieve the minds of the poor horsemen, many of whom claim, they have been unjustly ruled against under the Curley Brown regime, and who until now were of the belief, that such rulings would be taken cognizance of elsewhere.

Of course the attitude of the Canadian Racing Association toward Brown and his confederates, was never in doubt, because it is a well known fact that when Brown made overtures to the Canuck organization, one year ago, for recognition, he was met with cold, dignified and sphinx-like silence. This left but one inference, that Brown was persona non grata in Canuckland. That this percolated well has been borne out in the rulings at the local track, the most recent of which was the attitude towards Jockey Wilson, whose case was passed upon by the executive of the Canadian Racing Association and who sustained the lad. The local officials evidently saw otherwise. That the Canucks never did attempt to curry favor with the local magnates was well illustrated when Foss, Brown's partner, was heavily fined at Windsor, for participating in a serious contravention of the rules of racing.

Jockey McCahey, whose splendid horsemanship is just now the talk of the course, has supplanted Bell as the leading winning rider. The latter is at present out of the saddle with a broken collar bone. Jockey Butwell who will go abroad in April to ride for Count de Lazeroff, the Russian turfman, is second on the list. Butwell has grown heavy of late, and this has militated against his chances of accepting many mounts. Butwell's Russian engagement covers one season from April 15, to Nov. 15, inclusive. Goose is another lad that has shown good horsemanship during the meeting. The latter is a bang-up fourth. Musgrave, generally characterized as the "king of money riders," has done considerable ground duty of late.

Speaking of Butwell's engagement

brings to mind that Vincent Powers, also Bell, and probably one or two other riders will seek fame and fortune abroad during the forthcoming season. Bell, will, it is said, accompany James McCormick to Germany where the latter is chief trainer of the extensive Weinberg establishment. In the penny postage, McCormick has undoubtedly engaged the biggest find since Walter Miller. Possessed of that that very rare quality, in these days, "a fine pair of hands," the youngster succeeds in getting more out of an unwilling horse than any one since the peerless Sloan. What is more, Bell has the happy faculty of being capable of whipping with either hand, and is one of the strongest finishers at this track.

Powers is probably the most doubtful quality of all. The latter experienced a sunstroke while "on the road" at Empire City, July 4, last, from which he has never fully recovered. The lad, who is at present with his parents in New York, attempted to get into riding shape during the



EUGENE B. ELY.

Eugene B. Ely, the Curtiss aviator who alighted in his aeroplane on the deck of the United States battleship Pennsylvania in San Francisco harbor the first time the feat has performed in the history of aviation.

Many Negroes To Fight For Championship

By W. W. NAUGHTON.

San Francisco, Jan. 28.—"Lest we forget" a good deal has been written and said lately about "hopes" of the white race in the pugilistic line. It all comes of the over-weeping desire to locate a pale face capable of subduing one Jack Johnson, and it almost looks as though those who wish to see the supremacy in fist-cuffs restored to the caucasian race are overlooking the fact that Johnson is not by any means the only dark sheep in the fighting fold. There are enough colored heavyweights in sight to form a drill corps or tour the country as a Georgia minstrel show if boxing should fall into disfavor.

In addition to Johnson we have the two Sams—Langford and McVey, Joe Jeannette and the new man, Hank Griffin. And that looks like an ace-high spade flush.

Of this bunch, of course, Johnson is best. For second choice Sam Langford would probably receive the popular vote, although from the way the light-heavy, Hank Griffin, is coming on, it looks as though Sam has a formidable rival for the distinction of being the next best in the colored phalanx.

Sam McVey is big and muscular and when he left the hospital shores was not regarded as the possessor of any particular degree of class. He has, however, gained a world of experience and the confidence which is born of experience, by years of milling in the French capital. It stands to reason that he must have improved to a considerable extent and that he would prove a hard nut to crack for any of the budding hopes of the white race.

Joe Jeannette, who is a much lighter man than McVey, once bested big Sam in a contest in Paris; and as Jeannette has been defeated a couple of times since then by Sam Langford there is justification for classing Langford higher than either McVey or Jeannette.

When all is said, the colored heavies present a big front and if they were to form a union for the purpose of preserving the championship of the negro race the bravest of our "hopes" would admit that the task of recapturing the title is not quite as easy as it might at first appear.

A glance at the pugilistic band of hope as it is at present doesn't warrant the belief that a white man is to stand for the champion in the very near future. With Tommy Burns doubtful as to his ability to take up the game again, Al Kaufman is the one on whom the sporting public places the most reliance. Al, however, has not displayed any symptoms of world-beating capacity after six years of professional fighting. He is big, brave and bony, but as a boxer he is anything but brisk. We could get a better line on him probably if his long threatened match with Sam Langford could be brought to a head and carried through.

Tommy Burns is anxious to take up the activities of the ring again, but he is the proprietor of a game knee and is not sure as yet whether his crippled leg will stand training. Burns was always a conscientious worker, and by the same token, a capable fighter, and if he decides it is safe to go ahead with his plans for re-entering the ring he will probably prove that he can hold his own with any of the other whites who have designs on Johnson's laurels.

It may be thought that Burns will never be quite as good as he was before he lost his title to Johnson. After that affair he fell into flesh and it is a notorious fact that very few ring men have ever got back to their original form after taking off the weight that accumulates during a long period of idleness.

Bill Lang, by whom promoter Hugh D. McIntosh places such store is not thought extra well of by the sportsmen of this country, while Jack Lestler the

novice who has been taking in hand Tommy Burns, is little better than a middleweight.

Carl Morris, the Oklahoma giant, who is cutting somewhat of a swathe, has not been put to any serious test as yet. While his work so far may be considered satisfactory even those who believe that the future looks bright for him think it would be folly to send him against Langford or Johnson at this juncture.

For that matter, every manager who has in hand the development of a "hope"—and there are quite a number of them—is possessed of the idea that his new heavy-weight must be sent to the front slowly and not asked to attempt too much in the beginning. It is a wise precaution probably, but it causes one's mind to revert to the stout-hearted novices who did not require babying.

Take Tom Sharkey, for instance, or the smooth from the first day and was fighting champions the next. In a measure Jim Jeffries experiences was the same, and so it was, too, in the case of Gus Robin.

These huskies had to take the rough from the smooth from the first moment they embarked in pugilism and they rounded their corners in good shape, even though they were not initiated into the mysteries of the black game by the feeding bottle route.

The main purpose of this article is to show that as the fighting situation stands there is need for every white man's hope that can be located. Comparison between the white and the black will make it appear that dusky-skinned heavyweights at present before the public are not inferior to the whites.

Transfer Mail.

Tampa, Fla., Jan. 28.—Just before his associates who have been in control of the local racing association, this morning made formal transfer of the property to Sam Stephens & Co., which is composed of well known western racing men. The new management will take hold Monday, the same officials and stewards remaining. The reason for the change was the desire of some of those in control to retire.



NOTED BASKETBALL COACH.

Harry A. Fisher, whose abilities as a basket ball coach have earned him a nationwide intercollegiate reputation, Fisher is a former Columbia basketball player, and was considered one of the greatest forwards in the country. For several years he has been coaching the Columbia squad, which, under his guidance have never finished lower than second place in the Intercollegiate League.



PACKY Mac FARLAND.

Packy MacFarland, the clever Chicago lightweight, who recently knocked out Jack Goodman, of New York, in the fifth round of their 10-round bout before the Fairmont Athletic Club, of New York. MacFarland clearly outclassed the New York boy, and in the fifth round put over the sleep producer with a right to the jaw.

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