

IN THE SPORTING WORLD

Sporting Situation in Charlotte Reviewed Meeting Next Week

The Coming Season And the Men Who Will Play Here--A Talk With Manager Cross

(BY TERRY CLEATON.)

Baseball magnates, the bone and sinew of the Carolina Association, the men who are discussed and "cussed" four or five months each year, will hold a pow-wow in Charlotte some day this week. Among other things they will agree upon a schedule of games for the season. Within all probability the first game will be played about the first of May and the finish will come the first of September.

Many new faces will be seen at the meeting to be held within the next few days. Winston-Salem will send several young men to represent that city. Already the baseball fever is spreading in the Twin City and an association has been formed for the purpose of raising a sum of money sufficient for all needs during the summer months. A committee of one or two, it is thought, will be sent here to look after the interests of the place.

Fuller, who did good work with the Greensboro team as a player last season, will, so good authority says, represent the interests of the Patriots at the convocation. He is slated for the managerial job in Greensboro this year. Rowe Hicks, known to the baseball profession as "Pug," who guided the Patriots a part of last year, will not have the handling of the club again, and it is not positively known whether or not he will be one of the players.

And there will be starting Billy LaVal to speak for Spartanburg. Billy is a southsaw and has been with several teams in the association. He has made good with them all and as a coach has won prestige. There is no reason why he shouldn't make one of the very best managers in the business. At least that is the impression prevalent among baseball followers. Lave Cross speaks in the very highest terms of LaVal. And praise from the veteran is worth something.

Since Tommy Stouch has left Greenville that town will likely be represented here by one of the owners of the franchise. It has not been given out as yet who will manage Greenville this season. Stouch was looked upon there as a marvelous manager. Notwithstanding the fact that they had lost money each year, Stouch always brought the owners out of the hole by selling a player now and then. He developed Joe Jackson, about whom something will be said in another column; he sold Hyder Barr, the greatest first baseman turned out in 1909; and several youngsters owe their presence in fast company to the drilling they received from Stouch. Tommy is now in Augusta and has taken with him the cream of the Greenville aggregation.

Anderson will, of course, send King Kelley here. That Kelley is an Irishman, but no one who ever looked upon his countenance once has to be informed of this evident fact. The map of Ireland is stamped there. Kelley wants some changes in the

schedule and he will be here to ask for the change.

Secretary Todd will issue the call for the meeting on Monday and immediately there will be an added interest in the great national game. Baseball has lost none of its followers here. Charlotte is the most loyal town in the circuit to the home team and Manager Lave Cross is going to put a winner out for the pennant.

Will Spit Ball Have to Go? Beyond the preadventure of a doubt the question of abolishing the spit ball in the Carolina Association for the season of 1911 will be one of the principal subjects of discussion at the meeting of the franchise owners and managers of the different teams to be held here within the next few days. Manager Lave Cross of the Hornets is unalterably opposed to the use of the spit-ball by any pitcher and he declares that he will work with all his might in an endeavor to influence the magnates to place a ban upon its use. Talking to a News man Manager Cross said:

Cross Talks. "The Hornets were badly crippled last year because of the incessant use of the saliva-sphere. One catcher after another was laid up with a broken or smashed finger and our team was crippled so that we could only land second place and that position only after a very hard struggle. I believe the magnates will see the case in the same light that I do and will prohibit any pitcher from using the spit-ball. My plan is to let the umpire decide the question. If a ball takes a peculiar jump and the batter notices it, he (the batter) can immediately call the umpire's attention to the fact. It will then be the duty of the umpire to give the batter a base on balls, even though only one ball has been pitched to him. Yes, there will be some confusion at first, but if all of the managers get together and instruct their pitchers not to throw the ball, it will be easy enough to abolish its use in a little while. Other curves are just as effective. And besides, the spit-ball is a nasty thing to handle. It is unsanitary and no one should handle it."

But while there will unquestionably be some action taken against the moistened horsehide, it is a grave question as to whether it will ever be tabooed. Confusion is certain to be the result of an umpire's decision. Some of the things that might happen were a ban placed on the use of the spitter, sound like these: The catcher would quickly rub the ball on his suit or in the dirt, destroying the spit. The pitcher would deny he had spit upon it, some one would say that perspiration made the horsehide moist; one player would say "you did it" and the other player would mildly (?) inform him that he was mistaken (?).

Hard on Umps. It will be an interesting proposition for the umpires. Oh, those unfortunate indicator-holders! Of all the men beneath the skies, the umpires are the most despised, is a lyric of A. Big. Place this extra work upon the men who call balls and strikes and they will have but little happiness. Yet an umpire gets accustomed to all of that and maybe they can stand the part better. For what's an umpire for, if not to be "cussed" at? In the meantime, however, the fans are just simply sitting serenely in the boat and wondering what will happen next.

Some Coming Hornets. Of the players who were with the Hornets in 1910 about the only ones who are sure of being given a try-out the first of this season are: Pitchers Hankey and Duvie, of Pennsylvania and Ohio, respectively; Spong, the catcher from Charlotte who made a favorable impression last year, and a fellow by the name of Rudersell, or some name that sounds like that is spelled. Lave doesn't know how to spell it. He says sneeze good and hard and Rudersell will answer. Anyway, he's from South Carolina. (That may account for the appellation.) Cross will be at the second station. The two McMullans, twin brothers, will be in the outfield. Tom was here a little while last year. John is to come with Tom this season. Archie Roth of Allentown, Pa., will be in right garden. Wilson, from Shamokin, Pa., will handle the fast ones that roll to the short territory. All are good stickers and fast men on the bases. After the meeting of the magnates there will be more talk of signing players. The club will carry thirteen men. The salary limit will remain as it is, thirteen hundred dollars, not including the manager.

Joe Turner Returns. Fresh from a splendid victory in Bristol, Va., Tenn., over Oscar Sampson, who aspired to championship honors on the mat, Joe Turner, the Washington wrestler who is making his home in Charlotte and who has made many friends here by his clever grappling work, returned to this city last night and is ready for another match. He is negotiating for an engagement with Cyclone Burns, who is a world's champion and who may be seen here within the next week.

In the meanwhile friends and admirers of Turner (Young Hackenschmidt) are pulling the wires for an engagement some time soon with a wrestler named Ghering of Cleveland, O. This Ghering is said to be a glutton for hard work and the man who pins his shoulders to the mat will have to work hard and rapidly. Turner thinks he can turn the trick and is anxious for the engagement. It should prove to be one of the best matches ever pulled off in Charlotte.

Heavyweight Fighting Men Back in Limelight



(By W. W. NAUGHTON.)

San Francisco, Jan. 21.—The germ of activity is manifesting itself again in heavyweight circles and unless all signs fail there will be a contest for the championship during the present year. So much is easy enough to foretell. To say, however, where the ring will be pitched would require the gift of prophecy in a marked degree.

The boxing industry has spilled its blood for the universal and for capable ring men there seems to be big money everywhere. The next tussle of the heavyweight fighters may take place in this country. Then again the men may fight in England, in France, or in Australia.

Johnson, of course, is the key to the situation. He must of necessity be one of the combatants when the championship question is being decided.

Who will be the other? Barney Clifford's recent attempt to justify Jeffries' claim of being drugged in Reno has caused a certain suspicion to arise. Barney says that the Jeff of today can defeat Johnson and that the Oldfield money is ready for investment on just such a basis.

Some people see in this an intimation of Jeff's desire to get a return match with Johnson. I don't regard it as a nightmare to Jeffries, and that he is leaving no stone unturned to bring the public to a way of thinking that his defeat was brought about by foul play. In my opinion Jeffries has not the remotest idea of fighting again.

The search for a "White man's hope" is certainly becoming worldwide. This country has several brand new candidates for the championship. England has a few; Australia has Billy Lang, and now word comes that Larry Foley, Nestor of the boxing situation in Australia for many years, has located a likely novice.

The youngster's name is Colin Bell. He is raw-boned and tall, as most up-

country Australian youths are. He has been consigned to Foley's tender mercies by a rich land owner named Warby, of Bell's home section, to wit, Moree, New South Wales. Foley thinks well of Bell, and to have Foley's endorsement surely means something, for it was Larry who developed Peter Jackson, Slaving, Fitzsimons, Jim Hall, and a few others.

Cyclone Johnny Thompson has offered himself as a trial horse for Bell, and when the last mail steamer left Australia it looked as though a Bell-Thompson match would be arranged.

The idea of Thompson offering himself as a sacrifice to aspiring heavyweights will cause some of Cyclone's friends in this country to smile, but it is made to appear that the Australian climate has so affected Thompson that he has become big enough to

fight anything that walks upon two legs. If he carries with him into the heavyweight division the same endurance and pugnacity which marked his operations as a lightweight, he will prove a tough trial horse at that.

Carl Morris, of Sapulpa, is the most promising hope this country has produced. So far, in fact, he is only muck-rum in a field of toads-stools. His defeat of Marvin Hart was, of course, his most pretentious performance, but this much can be said of him: He has defeated everyone he has been sent against.

Morris, it is said, is ambitious to get a whack at Kaufman and from the way things are shaping themselves Kaufman will be compelled to hark-on to the Sapulpa man's challenge or else so deeply into explanation.

Tommy Burns is coming back into the lists again, the very latest being that he has accepted Hugh McIntosh's offer of \$2,500 to box Bill Lang of Australia in London. We all thought that the injuries he received in La-Crosse games and street accidents, had put him permanently out of the ring, but Tommy's willingness to oblige McIntosh is the best proof that he still has faith in himself as a fighter.

Lang is improving and his fight with Burns will be in the nature of an elimination bout. There will be one man less to hurl challenges at Jack Johnson.

While Lang and Burns are preparing to settle the question of supremacy in England, why cannot Carl Morris and Al Kaufman arrange a match in this country? If this were done the new "Hopes" would be reduced to such an extent that it would not be hard to select the man who has the best right to challenge Johnson.

Sam Langford will, of course, complain that he is being left out in the cold. Maybe if Sam makes noise enough it will be no easy task to turn a deaf ear to his clamor. The public would like Langford to be worked into the new championship scheme somehow.

T. Derrick, B. T. Evans and Charles Irwin. In attendance at the meeting today were Harry Matthews and J. K. Iray, of Albany, Ga.; R. D. Thompson and Fred Calverder, of Columbia, S. C.; Charles E. Walton and F. G. Lumpkin, Columbus, Ga.; E. D. Ransick, Charleston, S. C.; N. J. Etheridge and J. H. Young, Macon, Ga.; Nick Corish, Savannah; H. H. Morris, Augusta, Ga.; J. H. Dart and W. E. Gullett, Jacksonville.

—Mr. B. J. Summerrow who went to Newton Friday to attend the funeral of his brother, Mr. Lee Summerrow, returned yesterday. Mrs. Summerrow, Misses Nancy Lee and Elizabeth Summerrow will return tomorrow.

Racing Game In Florida Having An Awful Time

By BERT E. COLLIER.

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 21.—The first gun, in the forthcoming fight against horse racing and its attendant ones, in this state, was fired recently when it was announced that the hotel keepers on the Florida East Coast, and a particularly strong factor in a political way, had arranged to send a personal representative to the governor. In the hope of having the anti-betting bills, which passed the legislature two winters back, take effect immediately. In addition, the reform element, which has a healthy wave sweeping over the state at present, has been supplied with data, and augmented by the business men of Jacksonville, has been stimulated to fresh action.

Moncrief Park, against which the present move is directed, and which is presided over by Querley Brown, was the latest racing venture to bob upon the horizon, and in view of the fact that the sport was just then battling for its very existence, it was acclaimed as a great feat.

The banner meeting of this "association," was held last winter, and the promoters profited handsomely;

some say \$500,000 found its way to the right side of the ledger. On the other hand the officials claim the amount distorted and point to the fact that the "association" only paid a 25 per cent dividend. The horse owners too made money, due primarily to the fact that the handbooks and pool-rooms throughout the country and not the players at the track were larrupped. The wise money was bet in Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh and St. Louis, and it did seem that every time a certain clique set in the kale, you could hear the rank and file exclaim: "Well the 'Dynamites' put another one over the plate." In fact so strong was the "work" that a gigantic scandal grew out of the famous or infamous, Jane Swift—Col. Ashmeade betting coup. One boogie who was "stung" on the parlay, welched for \$10,000, while several others dictated their own terms before settling. Both horses were from the stable of R. D. Williams. Rumor of the short weight, which if true, would involve track officials, then permeated the air, with the result that the manipulators found it extremely difficult to place their commissions. Curley Brown, the manager of the track, was

Some of The Old Baseball Men--By Richardson

One of the Best Known Players of the 80's.

Volumes have been written about Pitcher Charlie Radbourne. But why should that prevent me singing the praises of the greatest man who ever stepped in the box? There is no doubt that Radbourne was a great little man as ever wore a uniform. I knew, for I knew him perhaps better than anyone who played with him or against him in the old days.

Really I do not believe anyone had better opportunity to penetrate the reserve of this unassuming little fellow than myself. I spent one whole winter with him near Bloomington, Ill. We were together almost continually, hunting or knocking about the open country. But I soon realized that the more I was associated with him the less I knew him. But to return to Radbourne, the pitcher.

Radbourne was a man who never despaired of victory no matter how the tide of fortune flowed. He did not know the meaning of the word "quit." Why I recall a time when he set a record that has never been approached. In one week he pitched five games and won all of them.

Three of these were victories over Buffalo and in the three games he pitched 27 innings altogether. Twice he beat Detroit though it took him twenty-eight innings to do it. Just think of what that meant?

Sixty-five tough innings or more than seven ordinary games for one pitcher in a week. Where could you find a pitcher today who would even warm up five times? But Radbourne thought nothing of it.

Two games in which the "Old Hoos" worked. I remember well. It was in 1890, during the brotherhood days. In the first contest Radbourne

all this time doing the starting, and it is a strange coincidence, yet nevertheless a fact revealed by the form charts on the races, that many of these in fact a majority of these heavily backed good things, were off to a favorable start, while in not a few instances the "melons" were racing at the barrier when the rubber was released. Of course this was only a coincidence.

The anti-betting bills that passed the legislature in this state read to take effect May 1, 1911. However, according to the statute of the state, the bills should become effective on the first of the year. According to legal opinion, every pencil at the track has been leaving himself liable to arrest. They are leaving themselves liable in this way, should the books not be controlled by the association, they are liable to arrest. But should the association not control 25 books doing business in the ring at Moncrief Park (and the "association" does not) would then leave the bookmakers now working here at the mercy of the law of the state. Racing as conducted here, cannot be expected to thrive.

The people are alive to the parasites' cry and subterfuge "for the good of the sport and the improvement of the breed of the thoroughbred." They have awakened to the fact that while the racing association may make a hue and cry of hanging up a huge sum of money to be contested for, they are also very much alive to the fact that the "association" never was and probably never will be philanthropists, and that while a vast sum is "hung up," they now know who pays for the purses and they also know who it was that contributed the gigantic sum credited as earnings—over and above the "huge amount" hung up in purses and stakes." They know that the dear old public, overcharged, maligned, and treated to things that would make Capt. Kidd's work pale into the infinitesimal, pay the fiddler.

Will there be racing in Florida in 1911-1912? There will be if the "association" can buy the Florida state legislature and this is not probable.

Buffalo in 1882, we were stopping at the Bay State House in Worcester, Mass. At the dinner table one day Galvin and Dolan got into an argument as to the proper way to cook fish. At first their conversation was mild but after a while the fish cooks got excited. Each wished to talk all the time to defend his theory. It finally dawned on Galvin that argument was useless. So, jumping in, he grabbed Dolan by the nose and gave a strong pull. Then he went for Dolan himself as he argued himself with a knife and fork. Row saw him secreting his tools for a little joke he told off the head waiter that Dolan was a splotchman. The waiter tipped the clerk and the clerk tipped the house detective. The house detective got a real "copper" and the first thing we knew Dolan was in a fair way of going to jail. The hotel people did not appreciate Rowe's sense of humor and it took a lot of hot argument to keep Dolan from being taken to the Bastille.

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TOMMY BURNS.

Tommy Burns, former champion heavyweight of the world, who has broken his retirement to accept a challenge from Bill Lang, of London, to fight Sydney, N. S. W., on April the 17th. Beside his Sydney engagement Burns has accepted an offer to fight the winner of the Lang-Langford fight in London. Tommy Burns will leave Seattle for Sydney about March 1st, and will have a gymnasium fitted up on the steamer. He expects Langford to defeat Lang, and therefore counts on fighting Langford in London. Both bouts are under the auspices of Hugh McIntosh, the Australian promoter.