QUESTION OF HOUR IN PUGDOM, HAS BAT COME BACK?

Encounter With Owen Moran Will Tell; Matter of Frame and Heart With Bat; if O. K. He Has Chance to Remain.

By Max Balthazar.

San Francisco, Nov. 25.—Has Battling Nelson come back? The question that has been asked by fight followers the country over since the ex-champion announced that he was as good as ever, following his long rest and outing in Yellowstone Park, will be given a definite and final answer tomorrow afternoon, when he will meet Owen Moran, the great little Englishman, in a 20 round contest in this city.

This encounter will be the supreme test and if Nelson wins decisively all doubt that he really has come back will have been set at rest. If he makes only an indifferent showing—well, it can mean nothing more than that one of the greatest fighting machines the ring has known is worn out beyond the possibility of repair.

In Moran the Dane will meet a rather cleverer man than Antone La Grave, with whom he fought a draw a few weeks ago. A seasoned veteran, a clever boxer, game to the core, with a thorough knowledge of all the finer points of his profession, and exceptionally strong for a man of his inches, Moran is a foeman worthy of any boxer's steel, and if Nelson gets by him, Wolgast can no longer hide behind his alleged injuries to avoid a return battle. Nelson ascribed his poor showing with La Grave to the fact that he had not boxed enough to true his eye and to the fact that the Frenchman outweighed him about seven pounds. There is some justice in the latter claim, but if his judgment of distance can be bettered is a question that only his showing against Moran can answer.

Nelson did not show that he had come back, in his fight with La Grave. No excuse that he can offer will alter that palpable fact. But if he disposes of Moran he will have convinced us that the beating Wolgast gave him has not sent him to the pugilistic graveyard, and will emphasize the fact that his is the most wonderful body in pugilism's history.

After all, Nelson's frame and heart have been his principal stock in trade. He has never been accused of being a fox and admits himself that his superior endurance, enabling him to outrough his opponents, brought him to the top of the heap.

Washington's Flag.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another valuable relic of Washington has been recently added to the Valley Forge Museum of American History. This is Washington's headquarters flag. His marquee was purchased by the museum last fall at a cost of $5000, after having been exhibited for years in the National museum at Washington. It was his first headquarters here, and was used by him throughout the war of the revolution.

Now, through the courtesy of Miss Frances B. Lovell, a descendant of Betty Lewis, the sister of Washington, the flag of the commander in chief of the armies of the patriots is exhibited with the famous war tent.

For years the flag has been a treasured heirloom in Miss Lovell's family, and few have known of its existence. Upon her father's death she became its owner. It was known to the family as "Washington's headquarters flag."

"That it is the unidentified flag of Peale's portraits there can be no doubt," says Rev. W. Herbert Burk, founder of the museum and who obtained the treasured relic. "The flag of one picture," says Rev. Mr. Burk, "is a blue jack with 13 stars. The flag now in the museum here is a light blue silk jack with 13 stars, the blue faded and the stars yellow with age."

The flag is 36 inches long and 28 inches wide. The heading is of homespun linen, with three eyelets worked with thread. The stars are six-pointed, double-stitched, and the silk back of them has been cut out to show the stars on both sides. The stars are not arranged in a circle, but in lines following the crosses of the British flag, which, Rev. Mr. Burk says, seems to have been the earlier arrangement.

Rev. Mr. Burk, in speaking of the way in which he came into the possession of the flag, said: "A few weeks ago I was telling some visitors to Valley Forge Museum of American History the interesting narrative of Washington's marquee, when one of the number said she had recently seen the flag that belonged to the tent. The clue thus given was quickly followed. The owner, Miss Lovell, recognized the advantage of exhibiting the flag with the tent, especially when so carefully guarded as at the museum. She readily agreed to loan the flag, and for this purpose had it framed."

Birthplace of Greeley.

From the New York Tribune.

Amherst, the ancient capital of New Hampshire, celebrated the 150th anniversary of its legal existence recently. The feature of the day was the addresses appropriate to the occasion, the principal one being delivered by Colonel William R. Robb of Milford, N. H., who reviewed the history of the town from its first settlement down through its organization as a township, the days when it contributed 206 out of its total of 218 citizens over 16 years of age to the ranks of the continental army, and the time when it was the seat of the state government to the present day.

Nearly all the speakers referred to the fact that Horace Greeley was a native of the town, and spoke of him as its greatest son. It was here that Mr. Greeley was born, February 3, 1811, in a house still standing as one of the landmarks, to which the citizens point with pride. Here also, before he was 10 years old, he laid the foundation for his later career by ransacking the neighborhood for such books as were owned by the citizens, which he carefully read.

Mr. Greeley was the orator of the day 50 years ago, when the town celebrated its centennial. Today the citizens got out and examined the letter which he sent them at that time returning the pittance that they had sent him to defray his expenses on his trip to his native town. The Civil war, in which he was to play so prominent a part, was only a few months away, and he was busy with the exciting affairs of the day, but he left them to talk to his old neighbors.

"I am so terribly driven," said Mr. Greeley in his letter, "between writing and speaking, that I have not, till today, found time to fill out the notes of my remarks at Amherst. But I have done it now, and shall inclose you a fairly printed copy between this and morning. I know that my chirography is awful.

"On full consideration I have decided to return you the $20 that you sent me for the expense of my journey. I need money badly enough, but I will not allow that $20 to go on the town books of Amherst against me. I never cost the old town anything, and, having obtained a settlement elsewhere, trust I never shall. So please see that I am put right on the books, so that it shall not hereafter be said to my prejudice that I charged my native town for speaking at her birthday celebration. Greater falsehoods than that have annoyed me ere now. So good night, and God bless you!"

Washington Likes Hughes.

From the Washington Times.

Washington has had its first real man-to-man look at Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York, the man who the country believes will be the next chief justice of the United States supreme court, and Washington likes him.

The governor came here house hunting. He had no state secrets to keep and no important information to give out. He was just Mr. Hughes of New York, rather than the militant governor and the justice of the supreme court.

Lots of Washingtonians had their first close view of the governor. All of them had seen his pictures, which look like those of a Russian grand duke, and all of them had heard of his relentless warfare against bad government and rotten business methods. Many had the impression that the man was cold-blooded and calculating, that to approach him meant a freeze-out.

But they were wrong. They have found that the light blue eyes can flash with a smile as well as with a reproach, and that the lips behind that marvelous beard can laugh as well as denounce. They have found that the autocratic-looking individual has a sense of humor, for he was more amused than anybody else over the pursuit of him by the Washington real estate agents.

These agents didn't let go for a minute. They all realized that to have a justice of the supreme court, and perhaps a chief justice, occupy a piece of property would add materially to its value. They refused to allow the governor to breakfast in peace. They permitted him to lunch undisturbed only for the reason that he was taken out to the exclusive Chevy Chase club.

But with all the pulling and hauling there was no trace of impatience. The constant ringing of the door bell by the ubiquitous agents and the everlasting jangle of the telephone disturbed him; they did not irritate.

At the clubs where the governor was lunched and dined, the Washington elite, long used to contact with greatness and near-greatness, found the visitor affable and approachable. They looked him over, exchanged time of day, and agreed among themselves that he would find a warm welcome at the capital.

Dr. Johnson's Home "To Let."

From the London Chronicle.

Dr. Johnson's house in Gough square is "to let," and there is an opportunity for an admirer to live in the place where the dictionary or most of it was actually compiled.

The doctor resided at Gough square from 1748 to 1758, and we know that the dictionary was begun a year before the first date and published in 1756. At the top of the house, which is a large one, he had a room fitted up for his five or six assistants, whom he kept constantly under his eye.

An interleaved copy of Bailey's Dictionary in folio he made the basis of his work, and he enlarged his authorities by incessant reading, his constant being to score with a black-lead pencil the words he selected.

The house has many melancholy memories. Here Johnson's wife died in 1752 and left him more than ever a prey to his natural gloom. And here he was arrested for a paltry debt of $24 and taken to a spunging-house in the neighboring Cursitor street.

But it was here also that his struggles met with their reward, and when in the last year of his tenancy Johnson began "The Idler" he is described as being in "as easy and pleasant a state of existence as constitutional unhappiness ever permitted him to enjoy."

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