

RITCHIE READY TO MEET RIVERS

Champion Lightweight to Battle Mexican Crack July 4.

BOUT SHOULD BE GOOD ONE

Holder of the Title Will Be Forced to Show His Best Form Against Rivers. Experts Declare Ritchie's Long Theatrical Tour Will Affect His Fighting, but Manager Nolan Says Not.

A real championship battle between the lightweights is on the tapis for the Fourth of July in California, when Willie Ritchie, the present holder, meets Joe Rivers, the Los Angeles boy, who has come to the front the past year in great style.

It will be the first battle for the title in over eight months. Ritchie having won the championship from Ad Wogast on the 28th of November last. Ritchie, under the ring rulings, should have defended his title sooner, as six months is the usual limit of time elapsing after a title match before another is fought. Ritchie, however, was tied up with theatrical contracts and could not well get away from them or no doubt he would have fought sooner.

There is always unusual interest in a lightweight championship match, and, coming on the big holiday date, it will create all the more interest among the followers of the game.

The question that is agitating the minds of Ritchie's friends is whether



TWO CRACK LIGHTWEIGHTS WHO WILL CLASH JULY 4.

the stage life he has been following will have any ill effects on his fighting when he gets into the ring again. It must be said to Willie's credit that he is a very model athlete off and on the stage, and he has kept in fair condition all the while by the careful handling of his manager, Billy Nolan.

The latter knows the pitfalls of the stage, and he has steered Willie away from them. Many boxers had their fighting spoiled by stage boxing, getting into the habit of hitting too lightly with the big gloves, but Manager Nolan has overcome this drawback to a considerable extent by inventing a dummy, which Ritchie whalloped for all he was worth. It gave him a chance to cut loose with all his strength and not "pull his blows."

He has met boxers of all styles on the trip, and this, no doubt, has added to his cleverness rather than hurt it.

Rivers by his defeat of Joe Mandot, the southern champion, and Knock-out Brown, with a paper decision over Leach Cross, makes him a very formidable opponent for Ritchie. Rivers is no doubt on a par with the best lightweights and should be able to make Ritchie show his best form to win.

What the fans would like to see, however, is a match between the winner and Freddy Welsh, the British champion, for the world's title, for Welsh is certainly in line for such a match. Freddy has a clear title to the championship of Great Britain and Australia, so it is up to Ritchie to meet him for the world's title.

Cross Country Run Nov. 22.

The annual intercollegiate cross country championship race of the intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America will be held over the Van Cortlandt park (New York) course Nov. 22.

Team entries are expected from Harvard, the 1912 winner; Princeton, Cornell, Yale, Columbia, Brown, Dartmouth, Syracuse and Massachusetts Tech. Individual entries from several of the western universities are also likely.

WHEN MERKLE COULDN'T ANSWER ENRAGED FAN.

One hot day last summer Fred Merkle, the Giants' first baseman, had just scored from first on a long hit. A few moments later, playing first, he chased four long fouls in succession, just missing each one by one step.

As the fifth foul looped up some fifty feet away, dizzy, tired out and all in, Merkle only trotted for it, where he couldn't have snagged it at full speed.

As he picked up the ball he looked up into the red, apoplectic face of an enraged fan only ten or twelve feet away giving this advice:

"Why don't you get in the game, you big stew, and play ball? No wonder the club is in a slump with a lot of loafers like you fourflushing on the job!"

"And I couldn't say a thing," recounted Merkle afterward, "for I saw the fellow was all worked up and on the level. And yet, if he had felt as I did after that fourth foul, he'd have been in a hospital."

WALLACE LAUDS JOHNSON.

St. Louis Shortstop Says Washington Twirler Is Greatest Ever.

Bobby Wallace, the veteran shortstop of the St. Louis Browns, who has been playing baseball for twenty years, says he has never seen Walter Johnson's equal as a pitcher, not excepting old Cy Young, whom he has always considered one of the greatest. In talking to J. Ed Grillo a few days ago Wallace said:

"It is a wonder to me that Johnson ever loses a game. How he is ever hit I can't see, for in as many times as I have faced him I always consider myself mighty lucky when I connect with the ball. No one has any idea of what stuff Johnson has until he faces him. Sometimes the ball goes by you with such speed that you can't see it at all. There is a hop on it. But it is not his speed alone which makes him successful, for he has a good curve ball, and he mixes in a slow one which simply will baffle you. The beauty of his pitching is his remarkable control. It is only on rare occasions that a ball is called. Most of the time it is a foul or a strike.

"It is this fact which makes Walter's work easy. He does not pitch many balls in a game and thereby saves himself. Other pitchers labor and are under a terrific strain, but with Walter it is like sitting in a rocking chair to pitch a game. It is the fact that he always has the ball over the plate which adds to his effectiveness, for he has you hitting all the time. You can't wait him out and stand a chance. Yes, I think he is the greatest pitcher that ever lived."

WHEN HANS WAGNER RETIRES

Pittsburgh Shortstop Would Be Content With Job as Chauffeur.

Members of the Pittsburgh Pirates recently were discussing what courses in life they would like to follow after they have outlived their usefulness on the diamond.

"When I'm through I'm going to go to work in a bank," said Claude Hendrix, the star pitcher.

"Farming for mine," chirped in Babe Adams, also a twirler.

"I'm going to run a string of cabaret shows," said Jack Miller, the first baseman. Then up spoke Honus Wagner: "Well, fellows, when I'm through I'll try to land a job with some rich guy who will treat me decently as his chauffeur. I like automobiles, and as I will not have to work hard after I quit baseball a nice job in a garage will be interesting enough for me."

Nothing was said for a moment, and then somebody piped up:

"By the time Wagner quits baseball he'll have enough money to play around his own garage and drive his own cars." It sounded reasonable too.

JACKSON GREAT HITTER.

Cleveland Outfielder Is Natural Batter. Uses Big Bat.

No player possesses more natural ability as a hitter than Joe Jackson of the Cleveland team. This is conceded by all pitchers who have worked against him, and while Cobb may wind up the season with a higher average than his rival, many of his hits are the result of his great speed. Jackson is anything but a slow runner, but he is not as fast as Cobb and lacks the knack of getting a quick start from the plate.

But there is no comparison between the two when it comes to straightaway hitting. Few of Jackson's hits are scratches. He usually drives the ball through the infield at such terrific speed that infielders cannot cover much ground on it, while any time he raises the ball it is apt to travel far out of the reach of the outfielders.

Jackson uses one of the biggest bats allowed by the rules and, though it is decidedly heavy, he wields it as if it were a toothpick.

Maranville Some Scrapper.

Little Maranville, the Boston shortstop, is a fighter from the headwaters. He believes the Braves can beat any team in the league and can show you how they can win the championship.

Morgan Owes Success to McBride.

Infielder Ray Morgan of the Washingtons says he owes all of his success as a ball player to the patient teaching of Shortstop George McBride.

COBB'S CHATTER HELPED TIGERS WIN.

Tyrus Cobb had about as much to do with the winning of that morning game on Memorial day at Chicago as any man on the team, although he did not get a base hit or score a run, says a Detroit expert. Cobb came up for the first time in the second inning. He took one look at Pitcher Clarence Smith, who was starting his first game of the season.

"So your name is Clarence, eh?" queried Ty, and there was a world of scorn in his tone.

"And where did you come from. Wellesley or Vassar?" continued Cobb.

"Ball one!" howled the umpire, and it was very evident that Smith was neither calm nor collected.

"Clarence?" continued Cobb. "My, what a pretty name! And how is your brother, Reginald?"

"Ball two!" howled Hildebrand.

It was now certain that Smith didn't know where he was. But Cobb was merciless. He joked Smith about his name until the youngster lost all semblance of control. He didn't get one ball near the plate, and Cobb walked.

He just talked and scared that youngster out of a pass. Nor did he cease when he reached first.

He dashed off the bag and then back. He continued to twit Smith until he had Schalk leaping in every direction trying to grab the wild pitches.

When Smith came to he had three balls and two strikes on Veach.

Then Smith, as he prefers to be called, put one square over.

Veach met it fair. John Collins heeled it to deep center, the batter was credited with a hit.

Cobb stopped when he reached third, and Smith was told that it was time for him to quit.

Two runs followed, but it was Cobb who got the "goat" of the young pitcher who put the runners on the sacks.

WILL GET SPECIAL PREP.

French Government to Handle Carpenter, Star Heavyweight.

Georges Carpentier, the nineteen-year-old French heavyweight, the most recent conqueror of Bombardier Wells, is to be schooled practically by the French nation to capture the heavyweight championship of the world.

At the end of this year Carpentier will serve a three year enlistment in the French army, during which time he will be placed in the hands of special boxing instructors and will be brought to a point of physical perfection.

The lines of discipline will be loosened, and he will be allowed to box as often as his instructors and handlers think necessary, and at the end of the three years French army officers who are interested in the fighting game abroad predict that he will be able to take the measure of any heavyweight in the world.

GIANTS AGAIN PROMINENT.

Manager McGraw Has His Team Going at Fast Gait.

The New York Giants are again prominent in the National league race. You have to give it to McGraw. He has a really mediocre team, and yet he gets some remarkable results out of it.

When the Giants were slumping it was believed that McGraw had come to the end of his string, but he kept on hustling, and there are indications that he will still have a contender in his team.

BASEBALL IN SHORT METER

The hard hitting of Gabby Cravath of the Phillies has created one of the sensations of the National league campaign.

It is feared in Washington that Pitcher George Mullin has lost the stamina to go the full nine innings at top form.

Milan of the Washingtons stole twenty-five bases in thirty games. At that ratio he will smash modern records and steal 125 cushions at the least.

Pitcher George Kahler of the Cleveland Naps has rounded into form. Manager Birmingham now declares that he has the best pitching staff in the league.

Jimmy Archer of the Cubs is beginning his third decade of the thing called life. He is a member of the "thirteen club," having been born on May 13, 1883.

Buck O'Brien, who was the Boston failure in the last world's series, is today the most dependable pitcher on the Red Sox, thus illustrating anew that both glory and failure are fleeting things in baseball.

"Tap Myers, anything but a fast man, stole second, third and home in one inning," says a Pittsburgh scribe about one of the beatings of the Braves. Apparently nobody told him that Myers stole 116 bases in the Northwestern league last year.

In the early part of the season Sherwood Magee of the Phillies couldn't get them safe to save his life, while Lee Magee, at St. Louis, was hitting far above 300. Now Lee Magee isn't able to find the ball a little bit, while Sherwood is getting heavily game after game.

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