

CURRENT GOSSIP IN THE ATHLETIC FIELD

John L. Sullivan's Desire to Re-Enter Ring Is Press Agent Device—Champion Woman Sculler to Row at Fair.

PRESS AGENT BOOST

What the Sullivan-Mitchell Match Means.

DATE IS SET WELL AHEAD

Famous John L. Now Just Three Hundred Pounds of Puffy, and to Call the Bout a Fight Is Ridiculous.

So poor old John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell are going to box 15 rounds! You will have to call this meeting between these two old ring jowls a boxing match, for it would give the imagination a tremendous jolt to think of it as a fight. The skillful press agent who has been booming the ancient champion finally got to the point where he had to make good. He was very careful to set the date of the contest for some time in September, a date that will be satisfactory for both of the contestants and the public at large. It will give the public a chance to forget that they are to meet and a chance for both principals to go home and behave themselves.

Frank Hall has certainly worked his Sullivan-Mitchell fight talk to a frazzle. Reams of stuff have been printed about this match, not alone by the glibble sporting writers, but by the space-killers as well. Some of the writers have grabbed Hall's dope without experience, but there is one writer who evidently got the cold in his effort to digest the Sullivan-Mitchell notices. He is the San Francisco Bulletin man. Just read what he has to hand out:

It has been wisely said in the right quarters that a good press agent is more than half the battle. We have got to hand it to the publicity promoter in tow of old John Lawrence Sullivan for his continuous and earnest efforts to keep the poor old has-been in the print of the country. At that, his work is very, very raw, and looks like about time he was suppressed.

Just at present Sullivan is harnessing up the Northwest with an Uncle Tom's Cabin company or some other equally atrocious institution on a foolish and overcredulous public. Of course it is the business of the aforesaid publicity promoter to get the name of Sullivan in just what brand is being smoked by the party, for some weird efforts are made from every stop.

Since Charley Mitchell has come into the public eye here on the Coast, the irrefragable press agent person has been hurling challenges, which may possibly, but hardly probably, be taken seriously by the principals.

Wouldn't that jar you, to imagine the old tub trying to put up a fight? Anyway, it would if you got a peek at the 300 pounds of mush that is talking, or is supposed to be talking through his press agent about fighting.

It is too silly to think of much less to notice. Sullivan has been free lurching out of the public and his friends' benefits that he has become a public nuisance. He has been staked more times than he has hairs in his head, and has had more benefits than Paroli had farewell performances. No one has been kinder to Sullivan than Charley Mitchell, who has been more than speak the contempt that he undoubtedly feels.

When Sullivan had a big benefit in Boston a couple of years ago Mitchell went all the way from New York to Boston at his own expense and boxed three or four rounds with Jack McAuliffe, who is now in the heavyweight class of size, and in addition to both McAuliffe and Mitchell subscribed money to the benefit fund.

Mitchell is stronger and harder than the majority of men half his age, and could put up a good bout with some good ones, if he wanted to do such a foolish thing as to get into a ring again. Sullivan is nothing more than something like 200 pounds of putty and is liable to topple over from apoplexy at any time. If Jimmy Britt were to land one punch the old man would be out.

It may not sound good-natured to kill the press agent work of Sullivan, but nevertheless it should be suppressed. Sullivan himself is not a bad sort. He has been always a popular idol and he has done things that would have caused the populace to drive him out of the country. Because it was the once mighty John L. who did these things they were promptly forgiven. Sullivan has always been a good, consistent booze-fighter. When sober he is a good fellow and always faithful to his friends. It was this trait in his character that made friends and foes forgive him when he would break loose and rough-house when in his cups. He has squandered a couple of fortunes and he admits himself that the most of his money went to people who worked him while he was in his convivial moments. It can never be said of Sullivan that he ever denied a man a piece of money who was in want. He has also always been on the square and it seems a shame that now, after all the years that he has been in retirement, that he should spoil his record by trying to break back into the fighting game. No one, at least not any of the old fight fans, will go to see this boxing match between Sullivan and Mitchell. They like the old Boston boxer too well to go

TO ROW AT THE FAIR

Champion Woman Sculler Is Coming.

NOW ON HER WAY TO COAST

Exhibition or Match Race Is Now Being Arranged for Mrs. Edward N. Atherton Under Exposition Auspices.

Unless some hitch should occur in the present plans one of the unique features in the Exposition's calendar of sports will be the appearance of Mrs. Edward N. Atherton, of Hartford, Conn., champion oarswoman of the world. Mrs. Atherton, better known on Eastern waters under her maiden name, Miss Tillie Ashler, is now on her way to the Coast and will remain in Portland during the fair. Mr. Atherton, who is in Portland at present, is arranging with Manager of Athletics H. W. Kerrigan for a race for Mrs. Atherton during the Exposition regatta. It is the hope of all parties that a contest can be pulled off between Mrs. Atherton and some other woman sculler, but failing in this, the woman champion will probably row an exhibition race. It is possible, too, that since Mrs. Atherton is anything but faint-hearted and not at all averse to meeting any competitor, she may row against some of Pogliani's crack men.

Mrs. Atherton's love for the water is shown in not only her rowing, but in swimming as well, being an adept in the

Two of the most notable events of the season in athletic circles will positively take place at the Twenty-fourth and Vaughn-street grounds this afternoon, commencing promptly at 2 P. M. The first contest to take place will be the baseball game between the strong Schiller and University Park clubs for the championship of the city. There has been a \$200 purse hung up for the winners, and the fans can expect a battle royal. Commencing at 3:15 P. M. the star event of the day, namely the much-touted lacrosse game, will take place. This game is very important, as the winner will represent this city during the season in the Lewis and Clark Exposition games. The ball teams will line up as follows:

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Schiller | University Park |
| Slavin-Bredemer | Brook |
| Stuber-Lillis | F. M. |
| Haynes | Williams |
| Johnson | 2B |
| Patterson | Houston |
| Higginbotham | Gray |
| A. Parritt | LP |
| A. Parritt | LP |
| Oliver | RP |

On Horseback From Tacoma.

Among the sportsmen of the week to Chauncey R. Winslow, the Portland and San Francisco rubber shoe magnate, who proposed to ride his new mare, Maudie from Tacoma to Portland, and his friends along Front street have just discovered that the most pleasant part of the journey was in the steamer Kellogg, by which Mr. Winslow and his mare were brought from Kelso to this city. It is said that the mare got tired before Mr. Winslow did. At first Mr. Winslow calculated that he would ride on horseback from Tacoma to Portland in about a week's time, and take in the scenery and rustic pictures at his leisure. However, his friends are congratulating him that he arrived here several days ahead of time. After Tacoma, the roads were puzzling, so much so that at the start, May 13, the most alluring of them led ultimately into sawmills. But the road became better, and Maudie justified all the good things her previous owner said about her. Portland was reached last Wednesday.

Columbia Loses to Willamette.

SALEM, Or., May 20.—(Special).—Willamette University gave Columbia her first drubbing this season in a fast game this afternoon. The visitors went up in the air in the fifth and eighth innings, and when they came down the score was 11 to 2. The locals ascended in the sixth and let in four runs. McKenna sent the ball over the fence and scored the other in the fifth.

Both pitchers were in good form, but Germania had the better of Mangold and kept hits well scattered. Neither pitcher reached third until the fifth inning, and in the last of the game Germania fanned out the visitors as fast as they came up, and let in four runs. McKenna sent the ball over the fence and scored the other in the fifth.

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MRS. EDWARD N. ATHERTON, CHAMPION WOMAN SINGLE SCULLER.

latter sport. She is easily in the 12:30 class for a mile and a half in rowing and has made the quarter in 1:35. Mrs. Atherton was born in Christiania, Norway, coming to America with her father, a fisherman, while a mile of a girl. She early showed a predilection for the water and received her first instructions in pulling an oar in her father's cumbersome fishing-boat. Her father prophesied that by constant work she would some day be the champion oars-

this I am ready for work in the cedar shell. I take this out in the morning for a paddle of a mile and return. In the afternoon I enter another row at a mile and a half and return with spurs at intervals. Later I go to the mile and a half under time, but row only once a day during this period.

"HIT HARDER," SAYS MACE

Venerable Pugilist Spars at a Benefit in London.

During the opening stages of a highly select, though mixed, variety and boxing entertainment at the Horns, Kennington, says the London Express, in a recent issue, there sat in the front row an elderly gentleman of such entirely benign and comfortable and grandfatherly appearance that one's gaze was instinctively and sympathetically turned upon him.

Snow-white curls rippled from beneath his glossy silk hat, and a diamond pin of dazzling splendor in the buttonhole of his crimson tie. A long fawn overcoat covered a pair of massive shoulders and half-concealed his immaculate white flannel trousers. The elderly gentleman seemed to have an object in life but to smile in a kindly way upon the world.

Presently he arose and walked with somewhat aged footsteps onto the stage and passed through a little door. Anon he reappeared, and so changed was he that one could scarcely recognize him.

Like the old blacksmith in Conan Doyle's famous pugilistic tale, "Rodney Stone," the elderly gentleman stood forth, stripped, with a gnarled neck and long, strong arms upon which the muscles stood out like whipcord. But he still smiled in a most benign and grandfatherly way. As a matter of fact the elderly gentleman was Jem Mace, who, after nearly 50 years of peaceful and secluded life, stepped again into the prize ring at the age of 74. Not that Jem Mace is 74 years old in spirit. He is still a boy at heart, and his youngest daughter was born only a few weeks ago.

Nearly half a century ago the name of Jem Mace struck a note into the hearts of average men. Tom Sayers, perhaps the best-known prize-fighter in the history of the ring, gave up his belt to Jem Mace sooner than meet him.

Jem Mace sparred April 4 last at the benefit organized on his behalf with Wolfe Bendoff, who some years ago, backed by Barney Barnato, fought in South Africa for the biggest stakes on record—£4000 a side.

The smiling and white-haired old gentleman led off with a lusty left, and then skipped nimbly out of punishment upon a pair of feet that once were the pious of "leg work" in the prize ring. The first round was brisk and full of hitting. But it was not brisk enough to suit the septuagenarian, who between his smiling lips was muttering: "Hit harder, boy! Hit harder! I've a hard old nut and a hard old heart. Hit harder!"

So in the next round big Wolfe Bendoff hit harder, and the sprightly, slipper youth of 74 hit harder still. The assembled sportsmen of Kennington and Camberwell cheered loudly.

At the beginning of the third round the boxing grandfathers came up gamely and smiling more benignly than ever. The gnarled old arms flashed and twinkled, and hit and parried and countered with the swiftness of a motor car and the strength of a traction engine. Blows fell upon the grand old arches' chest, but Jem Mace did not seem to feel them, and at the end of the final round he shook hands with his opponent, blew kisses with his gloved hands, and then skipped off the stage with the air of a kitten that has been toying with a mouse.

Afterward, amid an admiring circle of pugilists at least three generations younger than himself, he said he did not want to fight any more, but by Jingo! if he did. And he threw out a challenge to the whole world. He was prepared to fight any man of any weight 20 years his junior.

Fortunately for Jem, his exhibition was given early in the evening, for after his rounds with Bendoff the police interfered. The management had brought down a real boxing ring, with the orthodox crimson-colored posts and ropes, but for reasons of policy this had to be hidden away behind the grand piano. A batch of well-known boxing champions had gathered to demonstrate on sparring. They stripped, but the police would not allow them to put up their hands.

There was George Bowker, who the other day knocked out "Pedlar" Palmer; Dixon, "the colored wonder," who has fought more fights than any man in the world; and Stanley, the eight-stone two-pound champion.

Whispering in their boxing kit they were paraded on the stage, when the manager of the establishment announced that the police would not allow the sport to proceed. Upon this there were some cries of "Give us our money back!" from gentlemen in the gallery of the hall, but the resourceful management immediately launched upon the stage a young and beautiful damsel in pink tights, who danced the objectors into a softer mood.

Thereupon Jem Mace went below to quaff a humble glass of ale and issue his challenge to the 34-year-old manhood of the globe.

MacLeay Wins Blyth Trophy.

The scratch medal of the Waverly Golf Club, the Blyth trophy, was won on the links yesterday by Frederick L. MacLeay with a score of 52.

RIVALRY IN LACROSSE

Local Teams Will Struggle for Supremacy.

OPENING OF SEASON TODAY

Portlandians Will Meet the Shamrocks. Teams of West Will Later Compete for Championship Honors.

This is a red-letter day in Oregon lacrosse. For Portland believes that she at last has lacrosse boys who have a fair chance of landing at the Exposition the coveted lacrosse championship of the Pacific Northwest. Harby, experienced players have flocked under the Portland banner from the North, and they are as good at stickwork as you will find anywhere in this country. So why should not Portland have a chance?

This afternoon at 3:15 o'clock, rain or shine, the first struggle for lacrosse supremacy begins at the baseball grounds. Twenty-fourth and Vaughn streets, when the Portlandians will face their bitter rivals, the Shamrocks, also of this city. Whoever wins the match will represent this city in forthcoming tournaments at the Exposition. Besides, attack men have old scores to pay, met with during practice, and the match is certain to be lively. The Portlandians pin their faith to Stacy, Jack McDunnell, Marshall, C. A. Stewart, Shaw, Watson, Walls, Horban, Hague, McNicholl, McDougall, Tommy Burns and others. The Shamrocks are just as confident of winning. Their names are Porter, Hawes, Campbell, Beckwith, Hamilton, Sanderson, Lawrence, A. McDougall, Wilson and others. It's a toss-up, and may be the best team win. Both have worked hard.

From personal observation, there is no doubt that Portland has very much stronger teams than last year. Strict attention has been given to training. This is a great contrast to last season, when in the opening game against Seattle the one Portland team was tired out at the end of the first 20-minute play.

Portland this year is after championship honors in lacrosse. There are now two teams in the city, and prospects of another are being formed. As against the fact that the hardest games will be against British Columbia teams, the locals are instituting a special style of play, as used by northern players. This consists of short, swift passes, as against the long runs used by Eastern teams. This style was first introduced by the once famous New Westminsters, who toured the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast, sweeping everything before them. The Westminsters are back in the league this year. They started the season by defeating Vancouver, B. C. last Saturday, and are captained by George Oddy, last year's captain of the Portlandians. Very few lacrosse players are better than Oddy, but Portland this year has a number of players who are at least the equal of this player, and Portland may be a factor in the championship that the northern towns are overlooking.

Letters have been sent to all the leading teams of this country and Canada, regarding the world's championship games to be held at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Vancouver, B. C. last Saturday, and are captained by George Oddy, last year's captain of the Portlandians. Very few lacrosse players are better than Oddy, but Portland this year has a number of players who are at least the equal of this player, and Portland may be a factor in the championship that the northern towns are overlooking.

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American Is Disqualified.

LONDON, May 20.—In the international cycling races at the Crystal Palace today, F. L. Kramer, American, finished first in the mile (scratch) event. Schilling, of Holland, Mayor of Germany and Privet of France, followed in the order named. Later it was announced that Kramer had been disqualified for boring, and that Schilling had been awarded the race. The time was 2 minutes 15.3 seconds.

In the quarter-mile race, Mayer was first; Kramer second, and Schilling third; time, 25.3 seconds. Kramer won the half mile; Schilling second and Mayer third; time, 1:32.25.

Johnson and Cove Matched.

TACOMA, Wash., May 20.—(Special).—Bobby Johnson, the Coast featherweight who has championship aspirations, has been matched to meet Percy Cove before the Tacoma Amateur Athletic Club early in June. Cove has defeated every man he has met here, in hollow style, and this match will be a real tryout for Johnson.

Lowers Auto Record.

NEW YORK, May 20.—At an automobile meet at the Morris Park track today, Louis Chevrolet lowered the world's record for a mile, flying start, by covering the distance in 53.4 seconds. The previous record of 53.5 seconds was held by Barney Oldfield.

"A WORD TO THE WISE" IS UNNECESSARY

As a matter of business advertising we are giving away a \$250.00 Gold China Cabinet and Silver Set. You get 1 coupon with each 50c purchase. Phone or mail your orders and your coupons will be sent to you. If you don't want the China Cabinet you can exchange it for House Furniture to the value of \$175.00, and have the \$75.00 Silver Set besides. This makes the handsomest present ever offered by a Portland business house.

OUT-OF-TOWN TRADE We will send you four (4) big full quarts of our famous six (6) year-old Stubble Rye for \$3.25 and prepay all express charges. Mail us your order. Your money back if you don't find Stubble Rye the best value you ever had. REFERENCES: MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK WELLS-FARGO EXPRESS COMPANY