LOSE GAMES FOR LACK OF PITCHERS

Portland Team Badly Crippled, But McCredie Is Trying to Fill Vacancies.

NEEDS GOOD LEFT-HANDER

With Another Twirler, and Players Recovered From Injuries, Beavers May Again Head Percentage Column.

BY WILL G. MAC RAE.

There is gloom around the smoke joints these days. Portland's failure to keep up its winning streak while away from home has made the fans a bit downcast and, unless the team takes a brace, there will be more than one candidate for a lunacy commission. When the season opened it looked as if Manager McCredie was well fortified with pitchers, but a cog slipped and now he has only a remnant of the staff with which he started the season. No club in the Pacific Coast League can get along with four pitchers, play seven games a week, as they do when the teams are playing in San Francisco and Oakland, and get anywhere in the race.

What McCredie will have to do is to scout around and get at least one more good pitcher. Young Marshall may make good, but it is rather doubtful whether McCredie can make good with Ote Johnson. Ote had something left when he quit the box and went to playing the infield, but he is no longer a youngster and it will take him a month or more to get down to pitching winning ball, and by that time we would be again gracing the cellar. What the team needs is a corking good left-hander. One thing is sure, McCredie will not be able to get along with Garrett, Groom and Kinsella.

Garrett's Shoulder Weak Yet.

Garrett's shoulder is not well by any means and any day he is likely to crack. If this should happen the whole works will be exploded. While Groom and Kinsella are as good pitchers as there are in the league, yet both of them are prone to wildness. This weakness has cost them many a game. Kinsella was not in the best of shape when he left home. He won his last two games at home just because the team was hitting behind him like wild fire, and not because he had his usual stuff on the ball.

Of course the race is too young for the fans to get frightened. The games that we have lost to Oakland, a team that we beat so handily at home, do not lend much encouragement when we consider that we have to face Los Angeles, with a pitching staff that is going great guns now. The Angels were looked upon as the weakest of the four teams in the league. This was true until the pitchers found themselves. It is not nearly as well balanced a hitting team as the men on McCredie's payroll, and the fact that Los Angeles is up in the lead is due to the good work of the slabsters and the good inside baseball that the team plays, a thing that we are just a little shy on.

Several Deals Fall Through.

Manager McCredie realized for several weeks before he left home that he would have to strengthen up his pitching department and he has had his scouts out looking for a couple of good ones. He tried to get Walter Clarkson, but the deal fell through and there was the same result in the case of several other twirlers that he tried to secure. It will not be his fault if he doesn't land a good man, for he is willing to pay the price. The McCredies are just as anxious to give the fans a winning team as the fans are to have one. The team as it stands now, with the exception of its shattered pitching department, is about as good as any minor league team in the country. If Portland had five good slabsters working right up to the handle, Los Angeles would not be riding on top of the percentage column.

Every team in the league has taken its slump, and the worst off in the bunch were the Seals. They toppled from a big lead to the cellar, Oakland followed next, and perhaps it is Portland's turn. We may have a hard time taking games down South, but the fans want to remember that when the three weeks abroad are over, we will come home for five. By this time McCredie will have enough pitchers on hand to put Johnson back on third and Ryan in the outfield. This will give the team the benefit of Johnson's hitting, which was just getting good, and we will have Manager Mac to fall back on in the pinches. Because Johnson was forced to pitch Casey had to go back into the game before he had fully recovered from his illness, and this hasn't helped us much.

NO BETTING ON BOAT RACES

Poughkeepsie Will Restrain College Men's Gambling Enthusiasm.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 20.—Betting on the result of the intercollegiate boat races on Saturday next will be made difficult in this city by Mayor Sague's instructions to the police to prohibit the selling of pools and bookmaking on the races, which has been practiced at previous races.

The Agnew-Hart anti-gambling laws, which recently passed the Legislature, it is held, apply to betting on all contests. The Chief of Police declares that the law will be enforced.

The observation train will run on the opposite side of the river, where enforcement of the law rests with the Sheriff of Ulster County.

Chit-Chat of Sporting World

BY WILL G. MAC RAE.

THAT 15-inning game must have been a lively affair. Babe Danzig had a bad day, messing two shots that helped the Oaks. Jesse Garrett broke a record when he lined out a single that scored three runners. It seems also that all the players were on the prod.

* * *

When Manager Mac was asked by a San Francisco scribe about the Henderson matter, Mac was as shy and coy as Wordsworth's little maiden. "It's up to the National Commission, sir, he said," and then began to talk about something else.

* * *

Stanley Ketchel is out after Eastern money. He has agreed to meet any middleweight in the game in a 10-round battle. If he meets and beats Hugo Kelly at least one of the pretenders will be out of the running.

* * *

While the fans are talking about the close race in the National and American Leagues, they must remember that we have a good show of our own in the Coast League. Our race is as tight as any of them.

* * *

Officials of the Bennings racetrack at Washington will try to give a betless race meeting this Fall. Hat pools bid fair to become popular among the statesmen during the meeting.

* * *

Some ball players are without a sense of humor. The other day "Germany" Schaefer, of the Detroit Tigers, took a wallop at a Canadian because he had disparaging comparisons to make as to the merits of baseball and cricket.

* * *

The way the authorities have closed in on betting on horse racing should be a warning to the baseball magnates throughout the country. Now is the time to choke off the tendency of betting on ball games, even if they have to use a steel grip. This warning should be heeded right here at home.

At Sheepshead Bay.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., June 20.—Results of races:

Six and half furlongs—Timber won, Sarcinesca second, Far West third; time, 1:20 2-5.

About two miles, steeplechase—Bayonet won, Thistledale second, T. S. Martin third; time, 4:05 2-5.

Five furlongs—Mediant won, High Range second, Casque third; time, 1 3-5.

The Tidal, mile and quarter—Colin won, Dorante second, Stamina third; time, 2:04.

Mile and three-sixteenths—Turf course—Brother Jonathan won, Flavigny second, Sea Wolf third; time, 2:01 3-5.

Mile—The Wrestler won, Rockstone second, Tom Dolan third; time, 1:39 3-5.

At Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, June 20.—Results:

Five furlongs—J. H. Reed won, Admonish second, Lillian Ray third; time, 1:00 4-5.

Five and half furlongs—Direct won, Semproni second, Transform third; time, 1:07 4-5.

Six furlongs—Berwick won, Ellen A. Dale second, Dainty Dame third; time, 1:12 4-5.

Mile—Sir Huon won, Kercheval second, W. T. Overton third; time, 1:38.

VISIT THE ACME PARLORS

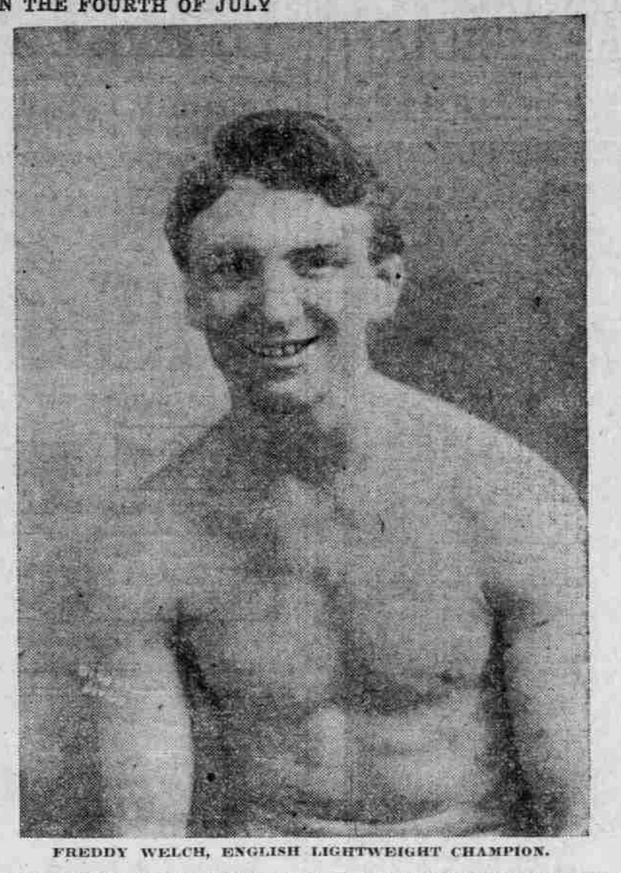
Headquarters for Baseball Returns and Fans.

The Acme billiard and pool parlors, opposite The Oregonian, which have been opened by Brown & McCredie, are the most elaborate in the West and arrangements have been made to have the baseball returns promptly bulletined.

This will be headquarters for the Portland and other baseball teams, and naturally the many local patrons of the game. The Acme has 35 fine pool and billiard tables and the latest equipment to make it the finest in the land.

WILL FIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

PACKY M'FARLAND, WHITE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION.



FREDDY WELCH, ENGLISH LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION.

WITCHING IN PITCHING

HYPNOTISM TRIED ON BATTER WITH SUCCESS.

Lack of Lemon Loses Game—Automatic Phonograph Coach—Sockalexis' Disastrous Drive.

Leon Dieppe, the hypnotic pitcher, has just injected a new and startling feature into the game this season, and, while it is as yet too early to draw any conclusions, still, on the surface, it looks as though hypnotism will play an important part in baseball of the future.

Prof. Dieppe contended that with the spit ball the art of pitching had reached its limit, and it was time to turn from twisting the ball to confusing the batter. He gave a demonstration of his ability in this line last Friday before a large audience, says the Philadelphia North American.

Taking his place in the box, he announced that the best he could do was to throw a straight ball, and not very straight at that.

He then looked the man with the stick straight in the eye, made a few motions with his arms and tossed the ball. The batsman was plainly hypnotized, and, although the ball was a good 14 inches away, he made a jab at it.

In quick order the professor struck out five men. There was only one difficult subject in the lot, and he was so nearly under the baneful influence that he could hit only a pop fly.

Pitcher Harry Landis yesterday lost a game of ball, played on the South Side, through one of the most contemptible tricks ever worked on a diamond.

His team was engaged in a thrilling contest with a Homestead nine, and he was relied upon to win out, being a spitball artist of no mean ability. When in condition he was exceptionally puzzling, and the only thing that prevented him from getting a place in one of the big leagues was the small size of his salivary glands.

Landis, unfortunately, went into the game with little reserve energy, but he knew a trick or two, and he carried in his blouse a fine, large, juicy lime. That is, he thought he carried it.

Along about the seventh inning he felt constrained to aid nature, and he reached for the fruit. Horror seized him, for when he bit into it he discovered that an enemy had substituted a yellow-painted persimmon.

And this took place just at the moment when two men were on bases and the heaviest hitter was at bat. Landis shrieked for a lemon, but no person could hand him one. The other side had bought up every one in town.

In his desperation the pitcher tried a drink of water, but that had been doped with an iron extract. He was foiled and the game was lost.

Unfortunately, Doc Powers, the famous coach, was not able to witness the test yesterday of his patent automaton coach, which, it is predicted by both leagues, will result in the conserving of a tremendous amount of energy among baseball men.

It is a very complicated contrivance, operated by electricity, and it combines features of the phonograph and megaphone. In size it is about as large as a camp meeting organ, which it resembles. A further resemblance is in the keyboard upon which the coach gives his signals.

Instead of this individual wasting his lung power and nerve force by shrieking and standing on his head, he quietly seats himself upon a camp stool at the side line, and, by pressing the keys, causes the automaton to call out: "Play off," "steady," "back up," and other suggestions that are needful. There is one large key which concentrates the entire power of the machine into one terrifying yell—"S-L-I-D-E!"

Powers will be gratified to learn that in the test his machine worked without a hitch. The only unfortunate happening was that a green hand depressed the long lever at a critical moment and a double play was made. However, that is credited up to human frailty and not to any defect in the automaton.

Sockalexis, the famous Indian baseball player, once made a long hit that caused the death of an inventor. The ball did not hit him, but it broke his heart, which, after all, amounted to the same thing.

The Indian was playing with his team in Worcester and when the game was in progress a nice old gentleman who had devised a perpetual motion machine, was in an adjoining lot beyond the center field fence explaining his device to several prospective investors.

He felt safe there. No person had ever got a ball over the fence, and the chances of the inventor's party being broken up were remote.

About the time everything was in readiness to operate the mechanism Sockalexis came to the plate. He caught the ball squarely and it went whirring into the air, high above second base, beyond center field, over the fence, and it dropped right into the cylinder of the perpetual motion machine, smashing it to many bits.

Utterly disgusted, the inventor took to his bed. In two weeks he was dead.

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KETCHEL WOULD BE A CHAMPION

Has Aspirations for Holding Belt That Belongs to Heavyweights.

FIRST IS WINNING BATTLE

Wins From Man Supposed to Be Ahead of Everything in Sight. Learns to Hit Suddenly. Wins All Along Line.

Stanley Ketchel, middle-weight champion of the world and according to pugilistic wiseacres, coming heavyweight champion of the universe, is the latest exponent of the athletic superiority of the Irish-American. Stanley was born in Grand Rapids, Mich. He is of Irish descent, and from his earliest youth he has been inoculated with the fighting germ, says the New York World. It has only been in the last year that Ketchel has come into the limelight as a great fighter, but for more than five years a coterie of rough and ready Westerners have been confidently predicting that Ketchel would some day be the greatest fighter on earth.

Some seven years ago, when he was a lad of 14 years, Ketchel decided that there was nothing new under the sun and that all of the greatest things in engineering and other scientific pursuits had been cornered by the high-browed gentry of the country. Hence Stanley left school, rebelling against the strictness of too rigorous mental training and determined to become a cowboy. He became one of the most proficient cowpunchers on the ranch and still bears the marks of his early vocation, for he drawls along with a loose kind of a walk, as if he were trailing his spurs along the ground and the unmistakable intonations of the cattle chaser still have their place in his speech.

For a time he worked as a mule boy in a mine in Egypt, Southern Illinois. One day J. H. McManaman, who was then superintendent of the mine, discovered a hilarious bunch of the miners carrying the mule boy on their shoulders and vociferously hooraying and throwing their caps in the air. McManaman inquired the cause of the unwonted celebration, and was vociferously told by the enthusiastic miners that "Tubby, the Mine Terror," had been "licked" by young Stanley, the mule boy.

Was a Great Battle.

An eye witness of the battle declared afterward that it was the greatest fight ever fought before witnesses. "Tubby" was the bully of the mine, and had thrashed nearly every man in the place. Ketchel was a mere boy, scarcely more than 17 years of age, but he was big for his age, and his already well-developed muscles were hard as steel. On that particular day he had had a "rush in" with Tubby, and the bully had taken the unpardonable liberty of "swatting" the sturdy mule boy. Ketchell had resented the insult by "swatting" back, and only a thrashing would teach him that he had been guilty of an enormous sacrilege in laying violent hands on the person of "Tubby, the Mine Terror."

That afternoon the two squared off in a ring formed by pitying miners, who had vainly advised Ketchel that he was inviting suicide by matching himself against the bully. But when the fight began they quickly changed their minds. It was in this battle that Ketchel learned his trick of hitting so suddenly. As soon as he stepped up before his opponent out shot Ketchel's left, and down went "Tubby." He arose, and for five minutes both whaled away at each other, until finally the bully arose and was unable to rise. It was Ketchel's first fight, and soon after he left the mine and went into the ring.

Here his success was remarkable, but he did not seek to win the championship through newspaper notoriety. He fought and won, until his victory over Joe Thomas, heralded as the greatest of welter-weights, started him with a rush to the top. Since beating Billy Papke, Ketchel has been spoken of as the coming conqueror of Tommy Burns, and it is probable that Tommy is quaking in his boots when he contemplates the rapid rise of the young Ketchel star in the pugilistic firmament.

Ketchel Wants More Honors.

Ketchel himself is not satisfied with the middle-weight title. He wants more glory. He devoutly believes that he can beat any man in the world, and from now on will bend his efforts to securing the heavy-weight title.

He has already beaten one of the best heavy-weights in the business, the same being Jack "Twin" Sullivan. Now he has his eyes on Jim Barry, the Chicago heavy-weight, who has been winning fights with great regularity. Al Kaufman, of San Francisco, is another likely-looking opponent for Ketchel, and the young Michigander is after a match with either of these men.

Sam Langford is another candidate for a battle with Ketchel. But the new middle-weight champion will do well to let the dusky Sam alone, for a while, at least. Langford is probably the most dangerous man in the prize ring today. He has spoilt many aspiring pugilists' dreams of success. Langford played with Jimmy Barry in several of their fights, and when he saw that a battle between them would not "draw" any more, he promptly settled the question of supremacy between them by knocking out the Chicagoan.

But if Ketchel waits one year, he will be ready to fight any of them, no one barred.

YALE MEN TAKING ON FAT

Forecast of Harvard-Yale Rowing Events on Thames.

Yale and Harvard have delayed their time work on the Thames till the last, and just a week remains before all the crews here stop their speed trials for their regatta. Rough water has held the oarsmen back the last week.

Yale needed the practice to get the oarsmen into tiptop condition, but is grieved because members of the crew have taken on fat promiscuously. The Harvard coaches have not been so sorry because their eight came here still a little under the weather from the Cornell race, in which they rowed themselves to pieces to get a lead of a dozen lengths in a two-mile race.

Until the time rowing closes next week forecasts on the annual regatta cannot be conclusive, but it is an easy task to predict at this early date that Yale has a cinch in the varsity four race, and that Harvard is the logical winner of the freshman event. Harvard has a muddled four-oared varsity crew and more changes are expected in it the coming week. Yale's is easily the best four ever brought here, and with good water on race day it should cut down the Thames record.

Yale's freshman eight is the slowest the Elis have brought here in years and Harvard's is easily the best. The result of the two minor events is, therefore, a foregone conclusion, barring accidents to shells.

Coming down to the varsity eight it is easy to see that Harvard has one of the fastest octets which ever raced on the Thames. Yale is just about equal to its last year's form. Not till Yale tries the course, next Saturday night, will her followers know whether the 15 seconds needed has been made or not.

MOTORBOAT RACES TODAY

Over Thirty Entries for Contests Among Speedy River Craft.

Lovers of motorboat racing will have their innings this afternoon, for the Motorboat Club will hold one of its regular race meetings. Over 30 entries have been made, and because of the much-talked-of speed of a new boat called the Wolf considerable interest has been added to the races.

The starting place of the races will be at the foot of Ellsworth street, and the bluffs along the river at that point will be a good place to watch the racers. The course will extend down the river and pass under the Madison and Morrison-street bridges. The Brooklyn streetcar will carry passengers close to the starting point. All the boatowners seem to be afraid of the scratch race, and this is the only event that is shy on entries. The owners are waiting to see what their flyers will do in the other events before entering them in the scratch race.

Following is the complete list of entries for all the events:

Alamo, owned by Beeman-Spalding-Woodward; Preble, owned by Ted W. Preble; May, owned by J. Michaels; Venus, owned by Fred W. Herman; Shell Lake, owned by J. T. Dillon; Judge, owned by George J. Kelly; Spert, owned by G. E. Phillips; Sunny Jim, owned by James R. Welch; Ruth, owned by Edgar Stone; Silver Heels, owned by Allan Burdick; Alta, owned by Harry Siegfried; Laddie, owned by Dr. C. E. Walker; Mercedes, owned by Henry Larsen; Lonesome, owned by R. H. Jameson; Flirt, owned by Lacy; Vixen, owned by John Wolf; The Wolf, owned by John E. Wolf; Floedha, owned by E. J. Ammer; Honey Boy, owned by R. S. Carroll; Sapho, owned by W. V. Spencer; Van, owned by B. VanDatta; Kitty, owned by Charles B. Mathiot.

Ambition to Excel His Father.

NEW YORK, June 20.—Martin Sheridan was scheduled to take part in the Pittsburg games today, but he cut out the engagement so that he could appear in his native county's games in Celtic Park tomorrow. Sheridan is a Mayo man and he is in training to beat the discus throw that his father made at the Westport athletic sports three weeks ago, when Sheridan, Sr., sent the Greek plate 142 feet 4 inches. That beats Dearborn's hurl about three feet. Dearborn took the American record from Sheridan two weeks ago.

AIRSHIP MAN IN COURT

Bruised and Battered Inventor Is Arraigned for Fraud.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20.—J. A. Morrell, the airship inventor who is alleged to have declared to prospective stock buyers that he "would still say that his airship, the 'Ariel,' would navigate the air and cross the Atlantic in one day, even if he lost every friend he has and spent the remainder of his life in prison," limped into Judge Lawlor's court today and listened to an indictment against him charging him with making false representations to stockholders. He is alleged to have said that his airship will carry 500 passengers, 40 tons of freight and have fine accommodations for everybody.

His airship failed to navigate the air recently, and when it came down during its trial trip in Berkeley, several of the 20 persons aboard were severely injured, himself among them. He now has one foot in a plaster cast.

The case was continued for one week and the defendant will plead next Saturday.

Auxiliary Bishop for Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 20.—The Rev. Paul C. Rhode, of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Church, South Chicago, received official notification from the legation at Washington yesterday that he had been appointed auxiliary bishop of Chicago. The communication was from Mgr. Falconio.

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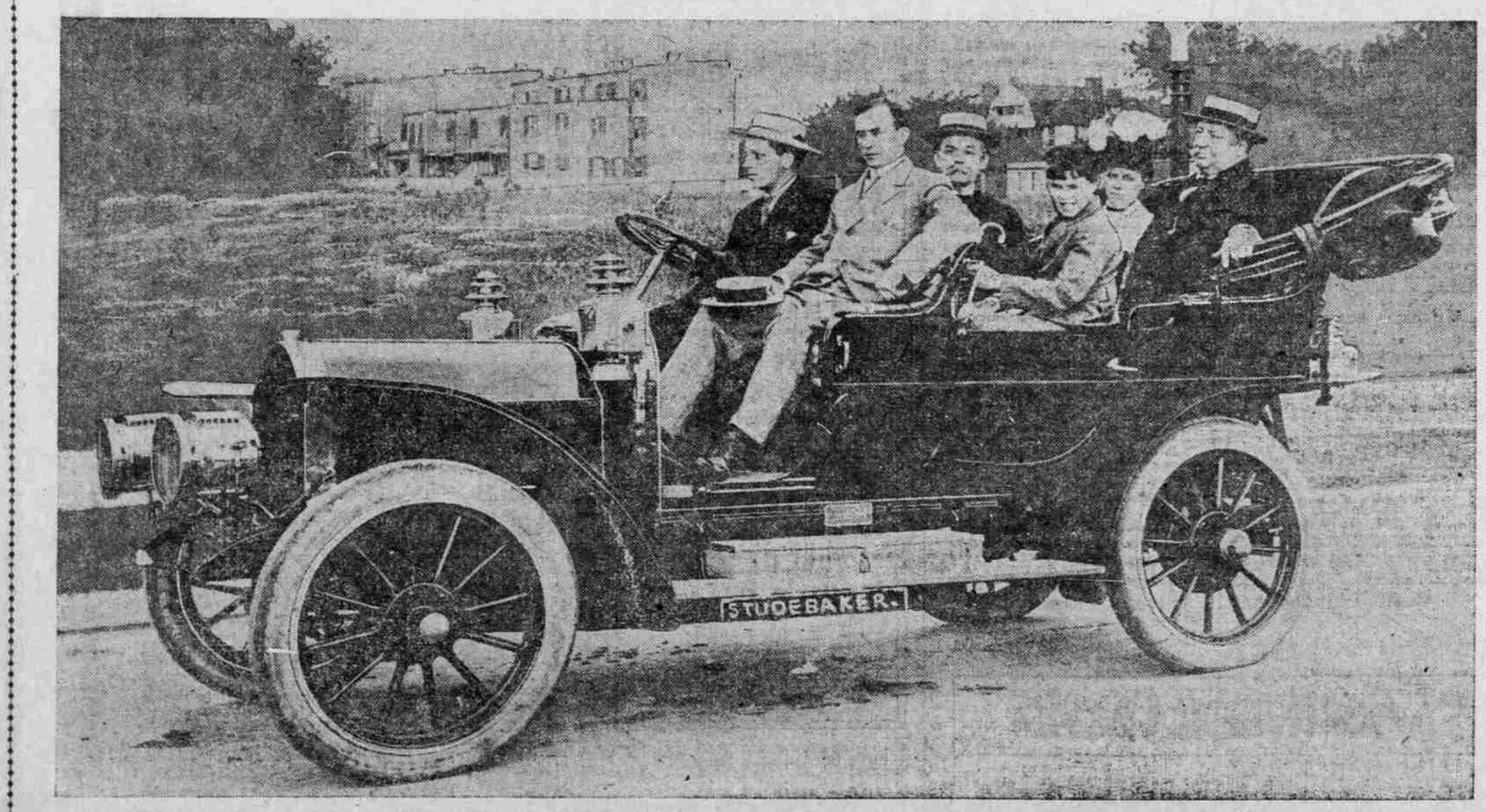
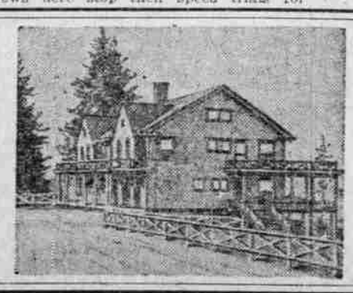


SECRETARY TAFT, WIFE AND SON AND UNITED STATES SENATOR WARREN, CHAIRMAN MILITARY AFF AIRS COMMITTEE, IN MR. TAFT'S OWN STUDEBAKER 30.



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