CREDIT IS GIVEN CHAMPION RITCHIE

Sporting Writer at Ringside Does Not Think Rivers Quit Deliberately.

ABILITY TO HIT DISPLAYED

Victory Popular in San Francisco. Wolgast Now Seeking Return Match but Experts Are Inclined to Laugh at Him.

BY HARRY B. SMITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12.—(Special.)—Willie Ritchie is still king of the lightweights, following his knockout of Joe Rivers last week, but in encompassing the defeat of the Mexican, Ritchie has given the people plenty of topics for discussion.

About half the people in San Francisco are giving Ritchie due credit for his performance. The other half contend that Joe Rivers showed the widest streak of yellow that was ever displayed in a ring and he has been panned mightily for his cowardice.

Some of the radicals go so far as to say that Ritchie couldn't hit hard enough to break an eggshell and that Rivers deliberately laid down to him. Mostly these are the writers who thought that it was a cinch for the Southerner to win and that excuse is their alibi.

To the writer's way of thinking, it would be wrong to detract from the victory of Ritchie to say that the Mexican deliberately quit. At the same time I want to concede that Joe Rivers looked anything but game and that after the fourth round and on, there was every indication that he didn't like the going.

Ritchie's Punch Hard.

"I am of the opinion that the right cross with which Ritchie first of all knocked him down was a mighty hard punch. As Rivers stood on his feet after that knockdown, Ritchie sent in a hard left to the body and once more Rivers was crumpled up on the mat. He was right before my eyes, and unquestionably made a distinct effort to pull himself together and then fell back to be counted out. The writer saw him in his corner not 30 seconds after the fight was ended, and if ever a chap looked dazed, Rivers was that chap. If he was feigning, as some of the critics feel was the case, he is the best actor I have ever seen.

You can hardly take it away from Willie Ritchie that he can punch, and to say otherwise is to show either incompetency or rank bias.

As to the fight itself, it was good to look on and spectacular in spots. For three rounds and a part of the fourth, Rivers was the aggressor and looked all over the winner. He was using his left in great shape and Ritchie, who looked decidedly slow, didn't seem to be able to get away from the punch.

As the fourth round progressed, the betting was suddenly switched, being 2 to 1 that Rivers would win. Ritchie seemed to regain his confidence in the fourth and started after his man, ducking and blocking cleverly and administering considerable punishment.

From that round on, it was all for Ritchie. Rivers brought over a right swing to the back of the neck in the seventh that sent Ritchie off his balance, but the San Francisco lad was up on the instant and came back in good fashion.

He still was the aggressor with Rivers going backward, and even had the fight progressed to a finish, he would have won. Rivers was tiring rapidly and, besides that, didn't like to take punishment.

It was a popular victory from a San Francisco standpoint and the winner came in for all sorts of praise. To my way of thinking, he is the nearest approach to the style of Joe Gans that we have seen in the lightweight division since the Old Master died.

Game to the core, he is cool headed and has a good style of boxing. Further than that, he is equipped with a good head that ought to pull him through many a victory.

Portland Bettors Win.

Portland people must have rejoiced, or at least some of them. From reports, Ritchie's brother-in-law, Charlie Grafe, who attended the battle, brought with him a number of betting commissions, and they were all placed on Ritchie to win.

The champion went into the ring without wagering a one-cent piece on his own chances. He explained after the battle that he intended to have a sentiment bet, but was so busy he neglected to do so until it was too late.

Until the night before the fight Ritchie was a 10-to-8 favorite. Then he went to 10 to 7, and at ringside they were offering 10 to 6 that he would be returned the winner. The Los Angeles backing for Rivers, of which so much was said, failed to materialize and consequently Ritchie was stronger in the pool boxes than ever.

One of the bets that tickled the winner was a $100 wager that was made by his brother, Ben Steffen, of Chico. Ben Steffen is a linotype operator. He arrived the night before the fight, and expressed a desire in one of the downtown hotels to wager $100 on his brother. And who should step up to accommodate him but Ad Wolgast.

Wolgast Heavy Loser.

Wolgast bet altogether something like $1000 on Rivers, so that he lost quite a bit of change. In addition, at the ringside Wolgast rooted for Rivers in an offensive style and didn't make any friends as the result of his attitude.

Now that it is all over, Wolgast wants a return match with Ritchie, and says that he is prepared to wager as much as $2500 even that he can whip the champion. Some misguided friends have been encouraging Wolgast in this opinion, although as a matter of truth he ought to quit the game for all time. This week he was obliged to undergo another operation on his injured left hand, so the chances are that he would not be ready for action before November.

And by then—well, by then Wolgast could be licked by a second class featherweight.

Nolan Out of Picture.

Billy Nolan seems out of the picture entirely. He came down to San Francisco a few days before the fight and tried to have himself named as one of the seconds for Joe Rivers. Joe Levy wouldn't stand for that and Billy Nolan had to be contented with hanging around the street corners, talking about Ritchie's poor condition. At the fight he was openly pulling for Rivers to win. After the bout his $3000, the money promised him by Ritchie, was given him, and he returned to the ranch. It isn't likely that we will hear from him again. He is thoroughly discredited in sporting circles and simply isn't wanted.

Although the Federal law prohibits the sending of moving-pictures from state to state, the cost has been reduced to such an extent that pictures were taken and will be displayed throughout California. They were put on display in San Francisco last Sunday for one week and they are really distinct and show the fight faithfully. They missed a few of the exciting angles, but for the most part they are interesting and have been doing a good business.

Graney sold out his interests but Ritchie retained a half share and is financially interested in the success of the venture. There is no question but that a fair profit will be made.

BOILLOT WINS GRAND PRIZE

Time for 570 Miles Is 7 Hours 53 Minutes 56 4-5 Seconds.

LONGEAU, France, July 12.—Georges Boillot, the French automobilist and winner of the grand prize at Dieppe in 1912, won today the grand prize of the Automobile Club of France over the Picardy 29-lap circuit of approximately 570 miles, in seven hours, 53 minutes, 56 4 5 seconds.

Jules Goux, the Frenchman who won the recent 500-mile race at Indianapolis, was second in seven hours, 56 minutes, 22 seconds.

The race, apart from the speed attained, was chiefly to decide how small a quantity of fuel was necessary, machines being allowed only four gallons for each 62½ miles.

There were 20 entries, eight Frenchmen, four Britons, three Germans, two Belgians and three Italians, including the noted Felice Nazzaro.

A tire of the machine driven by the Englishman, A. Lee Guiness, burst while passing over a bridge. The car skidded and killed a spectator. The driver was not hurt.

LICENSE GETTING IS EASIER

Lewis County Commission Provides Many Places to Obtain Them.

CHEHALIS, Wash., July 12.—(Special.)—The Lewis County Game Commission has been officially organized under the new state law. H. B. Quick, of Chehalis, is chairman; N. M. Mills, of Centralia, secretary, and Frank Manning, of Chehalis, is the third member of the Board.

Norton Wynn has been again selected as game warden.

It has been arranged so that licenses for hunting and fishing may be secured at a large number of points in the county, as a convenience to residents living at a distance, as follows: Dryad, of Charles Bennett or W. W. Benson; Pe Ell, of Silas Sage; Morton, Morton Hardware Company or Morton State Bank; Randle, Tully & Morse, bankers; Mineral, J. B. Schabel or L. I. Walrath; Riffe, George R. Bright or Blankenship & Co.; Alpha, J. H. McQuary; Silver Creek, G. H. Tucker; Little Falls, G. O. Wade; Winlock, F. C. Schaefer or Roundtree & Co.; Napavine, H. D. MacDonald; Centralia, Al McCorkle, Berlin Bros., or Christensen & Scales; Doty, Dawes Bros.

MADDEN BARS HIMSELF

APPEARANCE WITH PELKEY PROFESSIONALIZES BOXER.

Dunne Rules That Heavyweight Policeman Shall Not Appear Again at Amateur Smokers.

Through his appearance at the Lyric Theater as the sparring partner of Arthur Pelkey, Larry Madden, the Police Club heavyweight, automatically professionalized himself. No more will Madden appear at the amateur smokers, says T. M. Dunne, secretary of the Pacific Northwest Amateur Association.

"I am sorry to see Madden a professional," said Dunne. "He was a clever boxer and enlivened many of our recent programmes, and I know that there will be many who will hate to see him turn professional."

"Outrageous," said Jack King, Madden's manager. "That shouldn't professionalize Larry. He has been straight as a die in all his matches and has never accepted a nickel. He has had offers but has never accepted. We were going to the Pendleton Round-Up to enter the annual games staged there. However, if they want to declare him a 'pro' it will mean a little more 'tin,' so it is just as well. The winning of those games would have meant only a little questionable glory.

"Madden will probably go to San Francisco in the Fall to stack against some of the big ones. He has had no sparring partners here, and the chance to learn a little from Pelkey was worth more than his amateur standing."

Patsy O'Rourke's Door Does Not Attract Wolf

Berth With Philadelphia Nationals as Scout Awaits Scrappy Infielder of Venice Club.

WHILE Patsy O'Rourke, Venice outfielder, is having a hard time getting started this year, the scrappy Irishman holds no fear of the world. He can have a nice, fat, juicy job any time he wants it scouting for the Philadelphia Nationals.

And no wonder! For it was Patrick who sent to the Phillies those two remarkable pitching stars, Alexander and Seaton, and likewise the lesser constellations, Chalmers and Dan Howley.

Patsy grabbed "Alexander the Great" a couple of years ago when he was managing the Albany club in the New York State League. His Seaton coup was even more of a beat, however, for he had to outgeneral Cleveland to filch Tom from the Portland Coasters in the Fall of 1911.

The Naps took Buddy Ryan, Roger Peckinpaugh and Bill Steen that Fall, and then, when draft season came along, copped Red Kuhn, too. Seaton also likely would have been turned over in the Winter, as McCredie strongly recommended him.

But Patsy was on the job and Philadelphia put in a draft and secured the curve-ball artist. Now Seaton is up at the top of the heap with a remarkable string of victories.

Incidentally, Cleveland lost Kuhn later when the National Commission ruled that the reinstated outlaw was the property of the Chicago Sox.

O'Rourke's recommendation so far this year is Johnny Williams, of the Sacramento Senators, for whom ten major clubs are angling.

First F. A. M. Tour Starts.

The first motorcyclists to start on the long ride to Denver to attend the F. A. M. convention, July 23-26, left Indianapolis July 6 at 1 o'clock. Indianapolis was the starting point of the southeastern division and the farthest point from which a tour will start. The southeastern tour will pass through St. Louis, where it will be joined by the motorcyclists of that city. From there they will go to Hutchinson and join the Short Grass tour. Riders from Muncie, Fort Wayne and Cleveland went to Indianapolis to take part in the tour. The central tour will leave Milwaukee July 13 and will go by way of Chicago, Des Moines and Omaha, where the riders will join the northern tour from Aberdeen, S. D.

MRS. BATTLING NELSON WRITES OF PUGILISTS' WIVES SHE HAS KNOWN

Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons Not Likely to Remain Mrs. Bob Long—Leach Cross Has "Dear Pretty Wife"—Wolgast Loads Spouse With Diamonds—Mrs. Joe Rivers Noted for Adorable Smile—Nelsons to Live in Portland.

BY FAY KING.
Mrs. Battling Nelson.

THE sporting editor of The Oregonian has asked me to contribute a cartoon and story to his valuable page and I have selected as my subject "Pugilists' Wives I Have Met," thinking that it may be of some interest to his many readers.

During my newspaper career in Denver I met and interviewed and drew cartoons of all the well-known pugilists who came to Denver, as I was doing the sporting cartoons for the Denver Post.

Among them was the late Luther McCarthy—poor fellow! How happy and confident he was after his fight with Palzer.

Joe Rivers came to Denver for his first trip away from Los Angeles, and after the whole staff had looked him over we thought sure he'd beat Wolgast.

Then Ritchie, the new champion, came along, and our opinions varied as to his ability, etc.

Interest in Wives Great.

But since I have become Mrs. Battling Nelson—and have joined the ranks of the wives of pugilists—I take a keener interest in the wife than the mittologist himself.

Now Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons I have known for some time, having interviewed her long before I ever dreamed of promoting Bat from just friend to friend husband! Unfortunately she and Bob are at outs. Long since has she eliminated him with a kick of her little foot, but she declares she is too busy to cancel him legally just yet.

Of course, remember, she wasn't the first "Mrs. Bob," and probably will not be the last! Ten years is a long time married—and no woman is crazy over freckles. However, I believe Mrs. Fitzsimmons to be a level-headed, talented little woman who knows what she's about.

Cross' Wife Real Helpmate.

There are just two reasons why I am glad Leach Cross won in his battle with Bud Anderson on July 4th. One is a dear, pretty wife, and the other is a baby girl of three, who looks just like a big tousled-headed doll. "Papa Leach fight!" she lisped to me, as Battling and I saw them at the station in New York City, departing for the field of battle.

Ad Wolgast seems to possess about 60,000,000 karats of diamonds—and little Mildred Wolgast, his wife is a dainty little showcase for them. She is literally smothered in them, much to Ad's delight.

Mrs. Joe Rivers is the latest bride. She is an attractive Spanish girl, her husband being of the same nationality. She has a most adorable smile, and I'll wager that when Joe arrived home—even in defeat—she, who has a wealth of confidence in him, met him smilingly, and it must have cheered him up at once. "He'll be champion," she told me, and for their wives' sakes I wish they could all be.

Mrs. Welsh Believes in Husband.

Mrs. Freddie Welsh, wife of the English lightweight champion, is in Portland at present, visiting, and she is positive that Fred could be the world's lightweight champion now, if he could get a chance at the title. The disappointment of Ritchie being substituted for Wolgast when the latter took sick when he was to fight Welsh broke Mr. and Mrs. Welsh's hearts, as Fred was so sure he'd win Ad's title then. But they are still out after it. I say "they," because a fighter's wife fights his battle in her heart.

Willie Ritchie, now lightweight champion of the world, is the one big catch. A good-looking, well-mannered little chap, popular and wealthy! Some lucky miss will be Mrs. Ritchie one of these days, and we cannot help being interested.

Bat Still Able to Fight.

My husband—Bat Nelson—is a fine boy. He fought hard for his ring honors, defended his title often and well, and I think if his hands weren't in the bad condition they are he could give the present youngsters a good run for the money. But Bat has consented to lay aside the Marquis of Queensberry rules and look through bungalow albums with me. We are going to settle down right here in dear old Portland one of these fine days.

Bat and I visited all the large cities on our recent trip, and were royally entertained by Bat's admirers.

We met with persuasion everywhere to choose a home site, but in the shadow of Mount Hood, in rose-scented Portland, is our choice. It's got 'em all beat to a frazzle.

COAST PENNANT RACE CLOSEST IN HISTORY

Less Than Ten Games Margin Separates Leaders and Tailenders—Bud Declares He Will "Come Back"—Passing of Cy Parkin Sad for Fans.

BY ROSCOE FAWCETT.

NOT since the days Happy Hogan helped throw the hooks into Cornwallis at Yorktown has the Pacific Coast League seen so wonderful a race for the flag. With the 30 weeks' season one-half completed today, there exists less than a ten-game margin between the Los Angeles leaders and the tail-end champs.

"Tightest race in history," vouchsafed Happy Hogan last night at the Seward. And Happy ought to know for he is the oldest Coast League veteran in the service. Hap has been in the league ever since it was organized back in 1903.

Los Angeles went into the lead on April 17 and has held to the top tenaciously ever since, but Dillon's pitching staff has been gradually crumbling until his lead has been cut down to practically no lead at all. Outside the twirlers Dillon has a magnificent team, but his slabbing staff was considered weak at the start of the year, and, if it shows the least signs of wavering from its high pitch, then it will be good-by pennant for the Angels.

The tinkering activity displayed by the different managers is the best admission of the tenseness of the struggle for the gonfalon.

Los Angeles has re-signed Jackson, the pitcher purchased from St. Joseph in the Western League and released this Spring because of illness. Jimmy Byrnes has been added to the backstopping corps, because of Brooks' illness, and Dillon is out scouting for new material. Claire Goodwin, the California infielder, is another addition.

Venice has added Pitcher Klepfer from New York, last season with Rochester, and Sterrett, the ex-Princetonian catcher, who signed with New York. Hogan was reported as angling for Cy Parkin, the Oak castoff, but Hogan denied this rumor last night.

The Seals have added Catcher Nig Clarke and Infielder Jerry Downs from the American Association. Downs proved a deep disappointment his first week at San Francisco, but Howard believes he will make good.

The Oaks, in disgust, have released Crisp, Parkin and Gregory, and Pruitt and Lohman have joined the pitching corps. Mitze has others coming, and while the writer has never been able to see the Oaks in a pennant light, they must still be counted important factors in the battle.

Sacramento is standing pat, now that Klawitter has bolstered up the hurlsmith end of the game, and Portland, too, is pretty well fortified. McCredie has been trying to secure Catcher Land from Cleveland, but just at present he could use an extra infielder to better advantage than a backstop, with Derrick, Lindsay and McCormick all on the hospital corps.

Derrick will be ready the middle of this week against the rough-shod Seals, but Lindsay was forced to go to bed yesterday, acting under his physician's orders, and does not expect to be in harness again until later in the week. Lindsay's old groin trouble is back on him.

But, take it from any angle you want, Coast League baseball holds forth no allurements for the "sure thing" gentry this season.

FAR from being a dead one, as the gossips had him last week, Bud Anderson is already planning for a return match with Leach Cross, his Jewish Nemesis.

This from Dick Donald, the Vancouver lightweight's manager:

"Bud was not hurt at all by Cross' knockout wallop. Bud was beaten because he is a green fighter and Cross a veteran, but Bud learned a lot and will stand a good show next time they meet.

"At that he didn't make such a poor showing as might be imagined from the newspaper accounts. He hurt Cross badly several times, and that stall in round six was not so much of a stall as Leach tried to make the public believe. But, Bud never left himself so open before in any fight.

"We would like to get another fight with Cross, of course. But if we fail in that we will be ready to go against Murphy or any of them by Labor day. Meanwhile Bud will recuperate from his operation and enjoy himself in his new automobile."

BETWEEN Alpha and Omega come many funny things and one of these is our old friend Wattelet, owner of the Victoria Northwestern League club.

"For the good of the league" the Victoria owner released Manager Mike Lynch to Spokane, lost both a manager and a slugging outfielder, and virtually put his club out of the pennant fight, and now "Watty" is scouting around again endeavoring to unload Harry Meek, his famous slugger.

Nick Williams has been trying to land Meek for several months. Joe McGinnity would like to have him and so would Tealy Raymond, of Seattle. Raymond offered Wattelet either Wilson or Meikle, but Wattelet wants one of the quartet, Gipe, Dell, Fullerton or Jackson, all of whom look like sale prospects.

But, presumably Wattelet knows his own business, and if Victoria fans will stand for the hippodroming nobody here will lose any sleep.

Mike Lynch, by the way, fell into a pretty soft snap when he lit in Spokane. Mike had a $2200 contract for the season at Victoria, and, according to Newt Colver, of Spokane, will receive $1500 from July 7 to September 29 for his efforts to pilot the Indians out of the cellar. That puts his stipend on a $3000 per annum basis or nearly $550 a month, which is more than Portland pays its new Commissioners.

WHEN Oakland slipped the tinware halter over Cy Parkin's head the other day and led him out into the barren pastures of oblivion, the Pacific Coast League lost another of its fast disappearing comedians.

Patterson, of the Oaks, and Rapps, of Portland, made their exits in 1912, and the field is now clear to those two Venice vaudeville artists, Happy Hogan and Patsy O'Rourke. They are both prime favorites all around the circuit, for a little of the funmaking stuff helps to keep up interest in baseball.

Comedy must come naturally and the places of the Devereaux, the Hogans, the Pattersons, the Parkins will be hard to fill when Father Time finally delivers the third strike to the surviving representatives of the species.

YOU'VE got to hand it to Nick Williams' Northwestern League Colts. The Portland boys have been ploughing along at a terrific clip the past month despite the loss of Bill Speas, a .300 hitter, and the absence of Harry Heilmann from the lineup.

The Colts are playing bangup ball and Williams and Mohler are to be congratulated on their showing.

RULES HURT ANDERSON

VANCOUVER MAN THINKS BUD SIGNED AWAY CLINCHES.

Agreement Barring Hitting in Clinches Believed to Have Given Cross Chance to Win.

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 12.—(Special.)—Frank Dupuis, of this city, oldtime trainer and sparring partner of Bud Anderson, of Vancouver, who was recently defeated by Leach Cross, in California, is of the opinion that Bud signed away most of his chances to the fight and that the first blow Cross struck Anderson won the fight.

"Most people do not realize what a disadvantage Bud Anderson was under during the fight," said Mr. Dupuis tonight. "When you bar a blow from a fighter or a hold from a wrestler, he is much handicapped. There are times in a contest when the opportunity occurs a man will attempt to use the blow or hold barred, and by the time that he thinks, checks himself and saves himself from fouling his opponent on account of the barred blow, the opponent has taken advantage and got in a telling blow.

"I really believe that the first blow Cross hit Anderson won the fight. This often happens. Luther McCarty was killed by one blow in the beginning of the fight, and there are chances against a man any time. I know Cross is a great fighter, and he was shrewd enough to get Dick Donald to sign away the blow that Bud was best at, the fighting in the clinches."

Motorcycle Helps Cupid.

A motorcycle recently came to the aid of a Wellington (Kan.) couple in escaping their friends, who wished to help celebrate their wedding. Walter W. Thompson and Letta Wood rode Thompson's motorcycle to Caldwell, where they expected to get married. When they arrived there they found a crowd of their Wellington friends waiting for them, supplied with rice, old shoes and horns. As soon as Thompson caught sight of the merrymakers he turned on full power and sped his machine through the town without making a stop. They then rode on to Wichita, where they secured a license and were married, while their disappointed Wellington friends returned home.

Motorcyle Wins a Bride.

A motorcycle has won a bride for Captain Glen, of Cleveland. The future Mrs. Glen did not know the Captain personally, but had seen him riding and greatly admired the manner in which he handled his two-wheeler. Shortly after they were introduced Glen was taken to the hospital and there he was nursed by Mrs. Glen. A few weeks ago they were married.

DREYFUSS ON GRILL

Pittsburg Paper Blames Pirates' Downfall to Owner.

TEAM IS DISORGANIZED

Barney's Mad Desire for Money Said to Make Winning Club Impossible—Refusal to Buy Up Good Players Is Cited.

Pittsburg, the team that perhaps seven out of ten baseball fans thought would win the National League pennant this season, is at the head of the second division right now. The poor showing of the Pirates has been attributed to hard luck, the "breaks" in baseball and many other things, but the Pittsburg Leader, in a lengthy article written recently by "One Who Knows," blames an entirely different state of affairs for the existing conditions. Without mincing matters the writer says that there is entirely too much Barney Dreyfuss. It is not a jinx or hard luck that has been following the Pirates, but the mad desire for money and the entire obliteration of sportsmanship of Dreyfuss that are held responsible.

Clarke Is Handicapped.

On paper Pittsburg has as good a club as any in the National League, but among other things Dreyfuss is charged with being entirely incompetent to handle a baseball club. Fred Clarke is considered a competent manager, but he is not permitted to handle the team with a free rein. The Pittsburg players, it is declared, are the poorest paid of any club in either of the major leagues. There is little incentive for the players to put up their best efforts, as exceptional talent is not recognized, and consequently they are not doing the best for the management at all times.

Dreyfuss has generally been credited with furnishing the brains that has made Pittsburg one of the most successful teams in the National League, but the Leader takes exception to this statement. It says that with the departure of Will Locke, who left Pittsburg to take charge of the Phillies, the fans have learned that Locke and not Dreyfuss had the brains of the Pittsburg aggregation.

Players Are Dissatisfied.

As an example of the methods employed by Dreyfuss to fatten his own bankroll to the exclusion of all other things, it is said that in a recent exhibition game played in Cleveland in opposition to the opening of the Federal League, Dreyfuss pocketed Pittsburg's share of the gate receipts without splitting with the players, as is customary when games of that nature are played on off days. The Cleveland players who opposed Pittsburg in the game are said to have shared in the gate. This immediately brought dissension in the ranks of the Pirates. At any rate it is a strange coincidence that right on the heels of this game Pittsburg went to Boston, lost four straight to the Braves and followed it up with a disastrous Eastern trip. Six times in a row Pittsburg lost by a single run.

Fred Clarke, it is said, has repeatedly suggested to Dreyfuss trades with big leaguers involved which would boost the Pirates in the percentage column. Recently Dreyfuss added four new names to the payroll, three of them college recruits and the fourth a man without any big league experience.

Dreyfuss Eager for Money.

The sacrificing of Tommy Leach to the Cubs because of a small personal matter between the owner and player has not cheered the Pittsburg fans any, as Tommy is playing sensational ball for Chicago. Hendrix, the twirler who led the National League last season, was placed on the blacklist when the present season started over a matter of a few hundred dollars. He was denied the advantages of Spring training and as a consequence was in no shape to start when forced back into the game. Jack Miller, first sacker, was in the same class with Hendrix. A matter of $300 is said to have made the trouble. Miller, one of the best first sackers in the business, is said to be receiving $3000 a year, when any other clubowner would doubtless be glad to get him at a thousand or more a year advance.

Fans Find Cause to Complain.

The Pittsburg fans are paying higher prices for seats at the games than anywhere else on the circuit, but Dreyfuss recently considered it necessary to cut down the staff of ushers, making it necessary for the patrons to find their own seats.

Only high-priced reserved seats can be bought down town. The average man, who thinks 75 cents is plenty to pay to see an ordinary ball game, has to go out to the grounds, stand in line in the hot sun and wait his turn to contribute to Barney.

Asked one day why he did not provide a covering to protect the waiting patrons from the sun, Dreyfuss is alleged to have said that if they didn't like being roasted they could put up another 25 cents and get out of the sun.

New Zealander Would Swim Niagara

Unless Arthur Cavill gets to Niagara in a hurry, a New Zealander may beat him to his proposed swim across the Niagara rapids. The swimmer is Harry Hoey. He is now on his way to England, where he will swim the English Channel. When this feat is accomplished, he will come to America in company with Jabez Wolffe and the two will attempt the swim at the point where one of those who made an attempt went under.

RUSSIAN VISITORS SEE GAME

Interpreter Explains Game to Women Who Ask Why Men Chatter So.

NEW YORK, July 12.—Baseball circles today enjoyed stories of the experiences yesterday of the 60 visiting Russian teachers, who lately arrived in New York, and who attended the ball game between Chicago and New York.

The Russians sat up late the night before to hear their interpreter lecture on the fine points of the great American pastime. The interpreter, Dors Marchusses, during the game sat in the midst of the party at the Polo Grounds and explained the plays. His compatriots seemed to enjoy themselves greatly. One young woman wanted to know why the players "chattered" all the time, putting the question as she pointed to a New Yorker who was coaching on the side lines.

Another woman teacher, seeing one of the players run back to second when the ball beat him to third, wanted to know if it was not considered disgraceful for a man to retreat from his goal and fall short of his ideal in sight of everybody.

Defeat of Bud Is Terrific Calamity to Medford

Tragedy Stalks Streets on Fourth of July When Returns of Twelfth Round Arrive.

BUD ANDERSON'S defeat at the hands of Leach Cross was to Medford as the earthquake to San Francisco. This from Arthur G. Perry, a newspaperman, to a Portland friend:

"Bud's defeat was a terrific calamity. I put 18 bones down on him and Leach knocked it into the grasping mitt of Frankie Edwards. However, I borrowed $15 of it back, which Frankie says is no percentage at all for a Market-street man. He won about $500 on the result, and he seemed to have a good 'hunch.'

"Tragedy stalked our streets when the twelfth round came in. Leon Haskins was all in and it took everybody to console him. Court Hall branded the Western Union wires false and Dr. Emmons fainted. In falling he grabbed Tom Fuspn by the vest, ripping all the buttons off the same. Bob Kerr was so put out that he had a re-attack of the rheumatism.

"Guernsey swore, and when I asked his opinion he said it was just another piece of 'economic injustice.' Judge Kelly said he had a dream that it was going to end that way.

"I read the returns at the Page Theater, and Kelly yelled so loud that I thought he was trying to get Dick Donald at the ringside at Vernon to confirm the sad report.

"A gloomier day never dawned in the valley of the Rogue. It was pathetic, aye, tragic, and had Gabriel blown his horn the surprise could have been no greater."

BOXING BRIEFS

Ritchie has announced that he isn't going to be a stage champion but that he will be ready to defend his title on one of the September holidays. He says that theatrical work is hard and that he can make more money fighting. Also he avers that he doesn't want to pick his opponent and that it is altogether a question of how much money he is offered for his services.

Several of the New York promoters have been after him for 10 rounds, but Ritchie has replied that it is too hot just at present in the East and that he will not be ready for that game until well into the Fall.

* * *

Robert Springer, the Vancouver, B. C., promoter, wants Ritchie to go against Freddy Welsh, but so far has not announced any guarantee, preferring to give Ritchie 50 per cent of the receipts.

Jack Britton, Leach Cross and Tommy Murphy are also being considered as opponents and the chances are that one of the three will be named when it comes time.

* * *

It was a bitter pill for Jimmy Coffroth when Bud Anderson was knocked out, as he had intended sending Murphy against Anderson in August and then to give the winner a date with the champion. Now all that programme is changed. Cross isn't the biggest card in the world because of the way he was knocked out by Fighting Dick Hyland several years ago, and the promoters realize that fact.

3000-Mile Motorcycle Tour Starts.

Professor H. U. Smith, of the Glen School of Chisholm, Minn., and Professor Musschl, of the Stevenson School of Hibbing, are taking a 3000-mile motorcycle journey to the Coast. They are delivering lectures en route on iron mining, and have prepared a number of slides of mining views showing the process of mining until the ore reaches the finished product. The riders expect to pass some time touring the Yellowstone National Park on their two-wheelers.

Ex-Champion's Brother Traveler.

E. P. Larned, brother of the ex-champion, is a confirmed globe trotter. At the present time he is obeying the "call of the wild," being abroad and out of reach of the mail service.

Paper insulation on exposed electric wires has withstood 23 years' service.

See Powers' Rummage Sale Ad

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