

NEWS OF THE WORLD'S SPORTSMEN

GREATEST BATTLE IN LONG ISLAND

Walcott-Lavigne Fight Several Years Ago.

Sporting Men Claim That It Was Bloodiest Contest Ever Seen in the Ring.

At a Broadway, New York, sporting rendezvous where followers of pugilism are wont to congregate a discussion arose the other night as to what was the best glove contest ever seen in the East. Various opinions were set forth until one man spoke up to the effect that by far the most interesting and at the same time the bloodiest fight he ever had seen was the 15-round battle at Maspeth, N. Y., December 2, 1894. Immediately there was an approving chorus from the crowd, for the fight and its exciting incidents were readily recalled.

Lavigne was then the undisputed lightweight champion and Walcott, who had beaten his way to the front, meeting victim after victim, until he was ready to go out of his class to get on a mill. Walcott, who was under Tom O'Rourke's management, was considered the best weight in the country, but because of his height and general build the matchmakers were soon endeavoring to bring about a go with Lavigne.

After much dinking the men agreed to fight under extraordinary conditions. They were to weigh 133 pounds at 6 o'clock in the evening, three hours before getting into the ring, and the fight was to be limited to 15 rounds with the understanding that Walcott had to knock Lavigne out inside of that limit in order to win. Walcott had to do a lot of hard work to get down to his weight, and when the men jumped on the scales at the appointed time they both tipped the beam at 131 1/2.

They weighed in at the Turkish bath rooms, corner Broome and Bowery, and according to Nick Long, Walcott, when he jumped off the scales, made a race for a large basketful of provender which was in the keeping of his brother, Bluff Walcott, and devoured sandwich after sandwich until the onlookers fairly after the fight. Such a wholesale destruction of food in such a brief space of time had been rarely ever chronicled in Gotham battle circles, Walcott having literally eaten the entire collation.

Three hours later they got into the ring of the Empire Athletic Club, which was packed to the doors. The betting favored Walcott, who as soon as the first gong rang forced the fight. He began with fierce rushes and heavy striking, which the sports believed would soon put an end to the Saginaw lad. But in the first seven rounds Lavigne, though he was on the defensive, held his own so well that the big crowd cheered him again and again. Walcott never allowed the white man to rest a minute, however, and in the eighth round he landed a terrific smash on Lavigne's left eye, which quickly closed, while the other eye drew the blood from the kid's mouth.

Surely, the sports said, the fight was nearing an end, for as Lavigne came up for the ninth round and rallied he did not show his usual special strength. Walcott, who had been grinning all along as if he had a cinch, rushed again with merciless punishment, and swinging his right he landed such a terrific blow on the kid's left ear that it swelled to the size of a baseball before the round ended.

As he went to his corner, Lavigne begged his seconds to lance his ear, as the pain was awful, but they did not have time. Before the 10th round was on Lavigne's ear was swollen so much that it was larger than both his fists put together. Walcott made a mark of it at once, and proceeded to rain a shower of cruel blows upon him.

Lavigne's Ear Breaks.
All of a sudden a tremendous smash broke the ear open and a torrent of gore was spattered over both fighters and those of the spectators around the ring. Another smash seemed to cut the whole ear off, so that it dangled from Lavigne's neck, held by a few bloody tendons. It was such a gruesome sight that even old-timers such as Jere Dunn, Al Smith and Jimmy Kilkenny turned their heads away. But Lavigne, going to his chair, was relieved of the pain and turning to his manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, he said:

"Watch that ear up any old way, Sam, so that I can keep the blood out of my eyes, for I'm going to beat that con before the go ends!"
So Fitzpatrick put some healing preparation on the ear, which turned it jet black and stopped the flow of blood for the time being. But as soon as the lightweight champion got to the center of the ring for the 11th round Walcott was after him hammer and tongs. With a storm of right-hand swings he cut the ear open again and closed up the other eye. Still Lavigne, even though the punishment grew more frightful every moment.

When the 12th round ended it did not seem possible for Lavigne to stay the limit.
"Throw up the sponge, Sam!" cried many of Lavigne's admirers to Fitzpatrick, but the latter only smiled and shook his head. It was in the 13th round when Walcott was trying to put on the finishing touches that the lightweight, crimson from head to foot in his own blood, showed what a wonderfully game man he was.

Standing resolutely up to the shower of blows which Walcott rained on his head and neck, Lavigne finally saw what he had been looking for ever since the mill began. It was an opening for the point of the jaw and the Saginaw pugilist let go his right with the force of a pile driver. His aim was not so accurate as it might have been, for he only got the blow to the upper part of the jaw, but there was force enough in the punch to send Walcott to his knees.

Walcott Went Down.
The color fighter was only down for a moment or two, but he looked so sheepish that the crowd broke into deafening cheers. As he got up, Walcott wore a sickly grin on his ebony features, but this soon changed to a look of ferocity as he rushed again with all his might. Lavigne met him with powerful blows and smashes, so that when the

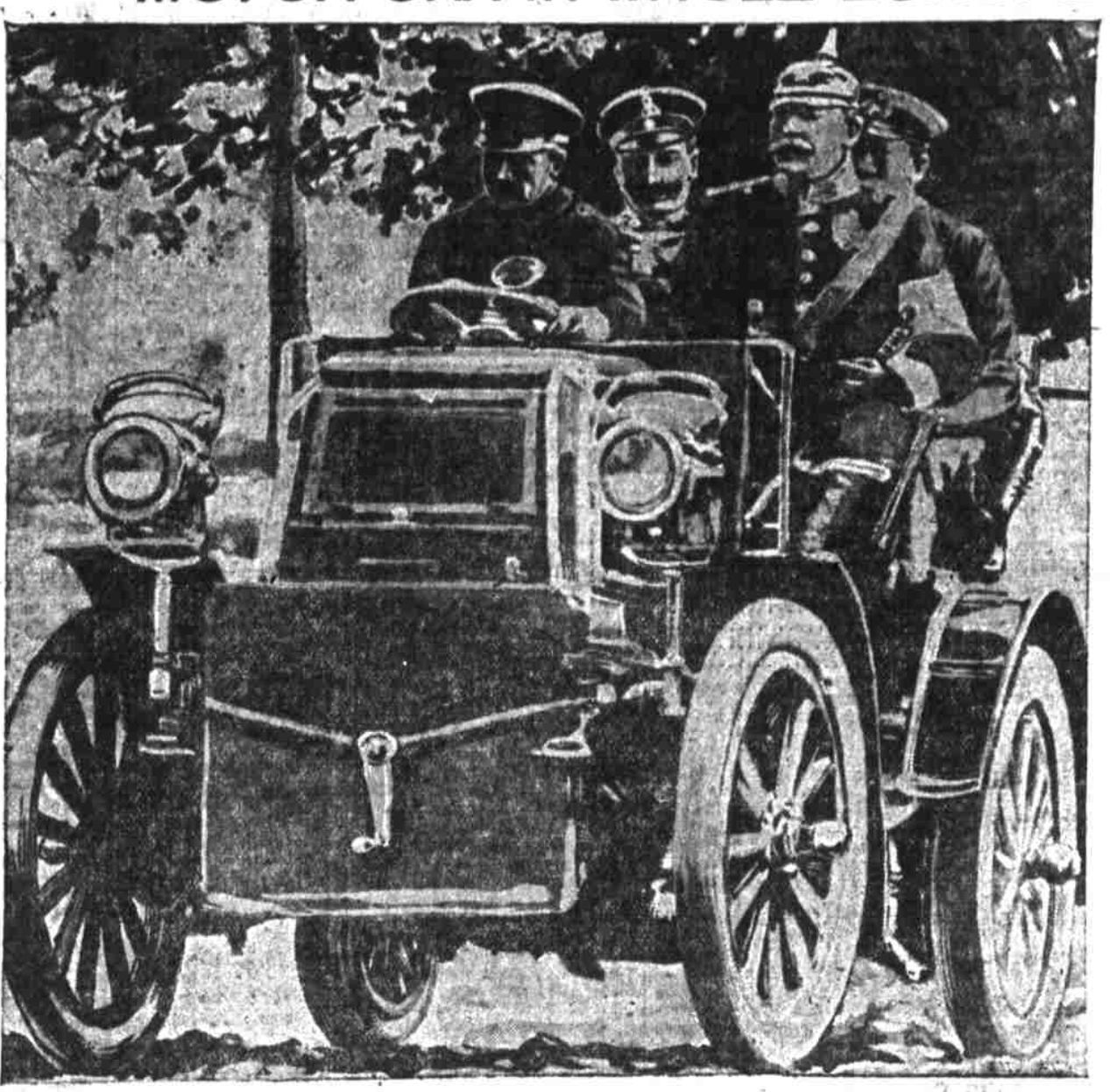
WILL BRITT AND O'KEEFE MATCH AGAIN?

Jimmy Britt and party left for San Francisco last night. They were accompanied to the railroad depot, despite the inclement weather, by a legion of the clever Californian's friends. Britt, ever leaving, signified his willingness to meet O'Keefe again under any conditions, and Willie Britt, the ex-champion's brother, said in connection: "I will personally offer a purse of \$5,000, winner take all, for a return match." Britt's manager also offers a bonus of \$500 to anybody who will induce O'Keefe to enter the lists again with the ex-champion on a winner-to-take-all proposition, in a 10 or 20-round go, Britt to knock out his man or lose decision.

Sig Hart, O'Keefe's manager, informed The Journal's representative that he accepted Britt's terms, and added: "I'll match Jack O'Keefe to box Britt at San Francisco, Portland or Fort Erie, but George Siler of Chicago must act as referee."
The winner's end in the O'Keefe-Britt contest amounted to a little over \$1,000, the San Franciscan receiving \$750.

Dick Fitzpatrick and Jimmy Reilly, who boxed a 15-round draw on the 9th inst., are to meet again before the Fashion Club.
Negotiations are now pending as to the securing of many stellar attractions by the local club, among which may be mentioned Joe Gans vs. Tom Tracey, Jack Johnson vs. Kid Carter, and many others.

FIRST PICTURE OF MOST FAMOUS MOTOR CAR IN WHOLE EUROPE



The Kaiser's soldiers have learned to fear the sight of the famous red chariot, which the Imperial Wilhelm now uses in making his tours of inspection of his troops. The warlike Kaiser sweeps down upon the various sections of his troops when they least expect him. He has great faith in the automobile for war uses. He intends to inspect the next Grand Army maneuvers in his famous war chariot, here shown.

HE SELECTS BRITT.

Jack Herman of the Fort Erie Club today wired Sig Hart (O'Keefe's manager) that the April date at his club is at O'Keefe's disposal. Hart wired back as follows: "All right, any one you select, but would prefer Britt."

HUNT CLUB TO RUN SATURDAY

"Three Post Race" Planned for That Date.

Munroe's Lost Diamonds.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Jack Munroe, the ex-miner, is mourning the loss of five diamond rings. They were stolen from him in Boston by his trusted valet, Jack Morris of this city, a crump-shooter of the Bowery. Morris had been Munroe's valet for several weeks. The ex-miner thought so much of him that he trusted him with his jewelry and money while he was boxing on the stage with Tom "Jabber" Carry. Morris went broke in Boston after a few flings in the dice. He wanted to get back to New York and made Munroe stand the expense, but the ex-miner did not know it. Munroe, as usual, gave Morris his five diamond rings when he went to get ready for his bout. Morris took them and slipped out of the theatre, jumped on a car and went to the railroad depot, where he boarded a train for this city.

Fitzsimmons' Wig.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the ex-champion, lost his wig while in Chester, Pa., the other night. Anxious to catch the train to Philadelphia, the Cornishman forgot to don his wig before leaving the dressing room in the Sixth Regiment Armory Building, where he and Jeffries topped each other for nine minutes.
Fitz missed the wig as he stood at the station waiting for the train. As he lifted his Fedora hat the chilly March wind blew over his bald head. He called Jeffries to one side and told him on the quiet what had happened. A Chester friend was taken into the confidence, and he was told to get the wig and send it to Bob's Philadelphia address on the early morning mail.
"Don't tell the newspapers," he remarked as he boarded the train.

Boxer in Business Venture.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11.—A new sign went up in this city today—

Racing at Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11.—The "talent" received an unlooked-for setback yesterday when Forest King was played from 50 to 1 to 10 to 1, in the fifth race at a mile and 70 yards, and won easily. The horse was carefully prepared and S. J. Jones, his owner, and a number of others played him extensively. The local ring was hit hard yet complicated. There is no specified course. Each racer takes whatever route he may desire, but before returning to the starting point he must register at two other points which have been picked out by a committee in charge, but which will not be announced until the contestants assemble for the run. This makes the general course triangular, but no one is compelled to follow its lines closely. Splendid sport is anticipated.

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PHILADELPHIA, March 11.—A new sign went up in this city today—

LADIES PLAY BASKET BALL

The Rickreall team defeats Dallas College.
(Journal Special Service.)
DALLAS, Ore., March 11.—The Dallas College girls' basketball team, though defeated here by the Rickreall girls' team by a score of 15 to 2, played an exciting game, and considering the fact that it was the initial essay of the college team, they made an excellent showing against the Rickreall team, which is looked on as one of the best ladies' teams in the state.
The individual playing of the Rickreall team was exceptionally good, and was largely the cause of victory.
Misses Ballyantyne and Teats of the College team did the star playing of the evening. The line-up was as follows:
Dallas. Positions. Rickreall. Hattie Teats. Forward. Grace Burch Maude Hart. Forward. Mrs. McDowell E. Ballyantyne. Center. A. Southwick E. Hart. Guard. H. Southwick E. Hayes. Guard. Mrs. McDowell

College Players Busy.

NEW YORK, March 11.—One month hence the collegiate baseball season will have begun in earnest, and those interested in the sport are already looking forward to the first game with keen interest. With the advent of real spring weather the candidates are leaving the cages and are turning to the open field for real practice. Reports from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Pennsylvania and Princeton, and likewise from the numerous smaller colleges and universities throughout the East, indicate that the interest in the game this year is as marked as ever and the race for the intercollegiate championship will be followed with closest attention. From the Middle West comes news of the same tenor, and the teams of Michigan, Illinois, Chicago, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and other large universities have commenced training in earnest.

Indian Girls Win.

SALEM, March 11.—In the Chemawa basketball game, the Indian girls' team defeated the Albany College girls by a score of 21 to 5; and the Chemawa boys' team defeated the Albany High School boys, the score being 10 to 4. The Chemawa girls have met numbers of good teams this winter and have never been defeated.

Ryan and Fitzsimmons.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., March 11.—While boxing with Joe Gans at the gymnasium of the Whittington Club, Tommy Ryan fractured a bone in his right wrist.

MANY BOUTS AT PHILADELPHIA

Interesting Events Told by Sporting Writer.

Some Promising Boxers Who Will Soon Be Looking for Matches.

The following letter from a sporting writer of Philadelphia was received today by Nick Long of The Journal:

Have not written you for some time. Been quite busy. Boxing is good in Philadelphia just at present. McGovern and Maynard drew \$4,300—McGovern got 45 per cent, or \$1,935. Maynard got \$1,000 guarantee. McCoy and McCormick drew \$2,900. McCoy received one-third, or \$966. McCormick \$726. The Ariel is drawing in, drawing around \$1,000 to \$1,500. Bally at Broadway draws the capacity every week. His is a popular priced club, 25 and 50 cents. Nothing higher. He never draws less than \$800. The National always draws good crowds. There are but four regularly running clubs here now. The Washington Club, Broadway, Ariel and National. Fitz and Jeffries show at the Washington tonight.

Cole is to meet Larry Temple at the Washington Club within the month. His bout with Walcott in Boston has been called off twice—by Walcott both times. Denny Dougherty meets a good "Kid" Johnny White (who, by the way, is as black as the ace of spades) at the Ariel next Friday night. Cole meets Mader and Mexican Pete Everett at the Washington Sporting Club next Monday. Everett will win. Cole matched with Mader and Pete crawled out of him. Gus Gardner is floundering around town. Cannot get a date at any of the clubs. Do not know why. He has a national reputation, but they don't want him.

There is a crackjack kid here, named Timmy Levine. Bally is a good boy and can give out ten of the best men in the country. He can scale at 112 pounds or 116 rinds. There is nothing around here that can beat him. There is a big black fellow being developed here. He is a corner. He calls himself "Black Bill." He has knocked out every man he has fought save Charley Stevenson. Stevenson held him even. You remember Stevenson. He gave Denver, Ed Martin a terrible battle at Cape Island. It was the same night that George Cole knocked out Tony Drew and George Byers knocked out Charley Strong. It was a free "bogie" show. This "Black Bill" is only 15 years of age and scales 135 pounds. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall. Grand specimen of muscular development.

New talent is scarce in Philadelphia. None being developed at all. I am having a lot of work getting men to take Cole on. I offered to have him weigh 145 at the Ariel. He has a national reputation. Rube Ferns, Tom Cowbig, Charley McKeever or any of those fellows, but the matchmakers say these fellows do not want any of him. They offer me dates with George Gardner, Peter Mader, Joe Chynski and the like. Pretty healthy, but he has defeated every one of the men he has met, but I am the least bit leary of running him against Gardner. If he accepts, I will give Denver, Ed Martin a terrible battle at Cape Island. It was the same night that George Cole knocked out Tony Drew and George Byers knocked out Charley Strong. It was a free "bogie" show. This "Black Bill" is only 15 years of age and scales 135 pounds. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall. Grand specimen of muscular development.

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PEACE ANTICIPATED
Baseball Managers to Meet in San Francisco.

(Journal Special Service.)
SEATTLE, Wash., March 11.—D. B. Dugdale, manager of the Seattle baseball team of the Pacific Northwest League, has left for San Francisco, having suddenly been called there by President Lucas of the league, who is trying to settle his troubles with the Pacific Coast League. Dugdale got out of town so quickly and so quietly that no one had a chance to ask him what he was going for. It is believed, however, that something big is up, and before he returns to Seattle the trouble threatening the game in the Northwest will be amicably settled.

Pacific Coast Golf.
(Journal Special Service.)
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 11.—The annual Pacific Coast golf tournament opened today on the Presidio Links and will continue during the remainder of the week. The tournament is to decide the amateur championship title, now held by Walter Fairbanks of the Los Angeles Country Club. Judging from the auspicious manner in which the play began and the promptitude of officials and players, the tournament will be one of the most successful ever pulled off by the association.
Commissions on California Races Accepted at Oakland Club, Calif. 130 Fifth street. Direct wires from tracks. Sporting news, Tracy & Denny, 105 4th.