

BASEBALL NEWS FROM ANGEL CITY

Reilly's Team Opens the Season.

The National Los Angeles Nine Far Inferior to Morley's Clever Aggregation.

(Journal Special Service.) LOS ANGELES, Cal., April 21.—Charley Reilly's club, the Pacific Nationals, opened the season here last week, playing a fairly good game with the Helena, Mont., aggregation. But if Reilly's men hope to get a share of the local patronage they will have to put up faster ball than they have turned out thus far in the series.

Of the 1,200 people present at the opening game it is estimated that fully one-half that number were there on passes. It is already admitted that Reilly made a mistake building his park close to Morley's diamond, as the fan who gets a high seat in the Morley field can take in the opposition team's playing as nicely as if he had paid Mr. Reilly an admission fee.

However, the Nationals have an attractive home, there is no getting around the fact. The stands are so large as those in Clatsop park and are arranged so as to be closer to the players. The infield is good and the outfield is better. As to the merits of Reilly's players this much can be said: Stricklett is away up as a twirler and unlike many pitchers, he improves from hitting to hitting; Hanson behind the bat is the same "Von Yanson" that he was when with Oakland, Hall at second has proved a disappointment to his friends thus far, but there is no telling what he may do for his country here; the season is well advanced, as to Hollingsworth and Reilly in the infield and Bowman and Walters in the outfield, their work is too well known to call for more than passing reference. Gannon, in right, has proved nothing out of the ordinary so far.

Teams Compared. To compare the Reilly crowd to Morley's stars would be like matching an automobile in a straight race with a jing horse. There is no possible chance for comparison.

The Helens are smaller than the Reillyites, but more active. Thompson is a good pitcher with lots of speed and wide curves. Howitt, the third baseman, is a clever player and the center fielder, Brown, has class. Captain Flannery has been playing short stop when his right place is on third. He hopes to get a good man for short before long. The Helens are badly in need of practice. They were able to get in only about five days good drilling at Bakersfield on account of the rainy weather.

Stonewall Infield. San Francisco has been having a taste of Scraph's opposition this week and at this writing it looks as though Uncle Henry Harris' wonders would go down in about the same fashion as did Seattle, Portland and Sacramento. There is no getting around it, Morley has a "stone-wall" infield. It is impossible for any batted ball to come inside the diamond and not be gobbed by one of the Scraphs sure to be on hand. Every man is quick on the jump, and he plays the game from the time the ball is pitched until the last one is twirled over the rubber.

The Harris men are by all odds the toughest proposition the Morleyites have tackled yet. They are a crew of hitters of the first water and are able to start a batting rally at either end of the line. They seem to be fast fielders and are handy on the bases. Harris has bought his men novel and rather neat uniforms—blue shirts, blue pants with white ticks in the cloth, and red socks. The men look neat and workmanlike.

Ed Hurlbut, Morley's new change pitcher, has arrived. He is a big strapping fellow who looks every inch a ball player. Last year he was with the Athletics and Detroit, while his holding average was .381 and he hit .329. Detroit wanted him this year, but he preferred the Coast. Hurlbut comes from a college team into professional ranks.

FRISCO SPORTING

(Journal Special Service.) SAN FRANCISCO, April 21.—Harry Pollock, representing Willie Fitzgarrald, and Billy Britt, acting for his brother, Jimmy, met at Corbett's last night and selected Eddie Graney to referee the coming contest between the two lightweights. Pollock mentioned Harry Corbett's name, but the latter refused to act, with thanks. Graney's name came up and as he was acceptable to the Britts, he was chosen. Before calling the meeting to a close it was agreed that Graney should have a doctor at the ring-side to assist him in rendering a decision while other men be struck a foul blow.

"Young" Corbett is now on his tour through California and the Northwest. He has selected "Kid" McFadden, the sorrel-topped featherweight, to act as his sparring mate. Before leaving, the champion invited a number of his friends to a "spread" given at the Poole Dog Restaurant, and a pleasant evening was passed. Tim McGrath's wit and humor kept the crowd in good spirits throughout the evening. A speech from Corbett, that was short and sweet, was as follows:

"I am sorry that I must leave, but you can bet that I will soon return. If given a fight here I will not immediately."

Frankie Neal and Monte Arrol, the two best bantams on the coast, will probably be the opening card for the Reliance Club's show. These lads have been anxious to get together and a big side bet will go with the meeting, if arranged. Monte is a better fighter than the now-named Abe Attel, and is a promising youngster. Since entering the professional ranks he has never met defeat.

The Olympic Athletic Club will endeavor to pull off a big amateur show next month. The main-matter will attempt to bring the best available men against the best available men of their weights. Eddie Toy is seriously thinking of going to Butte, Mont., and arranging a contest with Aurelio Herrera. He is confident that he can take the Mexican's measure. Bob Turner, the crack lightweight of Sydney, will come to America in a short space of time and look for trouble. Turner has engaged in 20 battles and is 21 years of age. His last battle was with Tim Hegarty, whom he defeated in 11 rounds.

HYPNOTISM ON THE DIAMOND

City of Famous Brews Hires a Pitcher Who Will Charm Batters.

The Milwaukee American Association Club, according to the latest news from that city, was made famous by the kinds of beer, is planning a surprise of vast magnitude for its opponents in the coming campaign, and is incidentally about to start what may prove a complete revolution in the science of the game. It threatens to sign one Blott, a pitcher who is also a hypnotist, and the duty of Mr. Blott will be to exert his mesmeric power upon the hostile batsmen. Mr. Blott, it is authoritatively stated, can so deceive a batsman that the unfortunate, after one glance at the mystic eye of Mr. Blott, will see a wide out-curve coming when the ball is an in-drop. The unhappy one at the plate will reach for a high slow toss when a lightning fast shot is whizzing past his knee, and will stand perfectly still, seeing balls way off the plate, till the umpire's call of "Three and out" rouses him to a consciousness that every ball was right over. Mr. Blott can be used in nearly every game, for his arm will not be overworked. He will not have to break his shoulder-joint getting up steam, for even a ball rolled along the ground from the hypnotic hand of Mr. Blott will be just as effective as the fastest pellet. Blott, ever shouted through it, may be possible, of course, that some batsmen will be impervious to Mr. Blott's mesmerism, and will paste him far ahead, but what of that? The next batter, no doubt, will be Blotted out, and the side retired. Even should a wild pitch sail by with a man on third Mr. Blott will only have to make the proper passes, and both the runner and the batter would imagine that the ball was sticking firmly in the catcher's jaw.

A Large Field. What a wonderful field opens up for the hypnotist! In a few seasons if Mr. Blott starts the fashion successfully, we will have the hypnotic umpire, who can make the most vicious kicker see everything with unpriced eyes, and send both the players and the spectators home in the best of humor. We will have the hypnotic batsman, who can charm any pitcher—always excepting Mr. Blott—into handing him a slow, straight ball, waist-high, under the impression that he is sending in a terrific snooker curve; we will have the hypnotic base runner, who can make the second baseman stand like a statue, but in hand, while the runner dashes by, and we will have the hypnotic infielder, who will make the runner stop dead still until the ball has been slammed down upon him. Occasionally, of course, there will be a conflict of hypnotists. Professor Lajoy and Professor Keefer will meet half way up the base path. Professor Lajoy will wave his hands, with the remark: "You are out, you know you are out—turn and walk to yonder bench!" Professor Keefer will make the needful passes, and respond: "I am safe, I must be safe—drop that ball!" They will stand thus, making passes, until the hypnotic umpire shouts: "You are both under the fixed impression that you are jackasses. Stand on your hands, kick out your spikes, and say: 'How now, how now.' On nothing to it—the era of hypnotism in baseball is surely near at hand.

Albina Team Won. The Albina baseball team defeated the Conductor nine on Sunday to the score of 14 to 2. The line-up was:

Albina—J. Franck, pitcher; F. Gilroy, catcher; T. Turley, first base; G. Boogs, second base; Blinn, third base; E. Pifer, shortstop; J. Gilroy, right field; J. Amey, left field; G. Robinson, center field. Conductor—G. Ryan, pitcher; Hook, catcher; Denver, first base; D. Ward, second base; W. Crater, third base; G. Lewis, shortstop; Burwick, right field; Hopkins, left field; Martin, center field. Umpire—Neilson.

JUDGE BOOTH LEAVES OFFICE

Crook County Jurist Retires From the Bench.

(Journal Special Service.) SALEM, April 21.—County Judge W. A. Booth, of Crook county, has filed his resignation with Gov. George E. Chamberlain, to take effect May 1st. The Judge is a Republican, and as the vacancy will have to be filled by the Governor, his successor will be a Democrat.

MARION IMPROVES ROADS.

(Journal Special Service.) SALEM, April 21.—The Marion county court has purchased a steam roller, and this, with the rock crusher purchased last year, gives this county a full set of machinery required for road building. The steam roller purchased was tried on a new piece of road recently south of this city, where crushed rock had been spread for this purpose, and the results attained were so satisfactory that the court promptly purchased the roller for \$2,000.

SALEM REPUBLICANS.

(Journal Special Service.) SALEM, April 21.—Tonight the first run of the Congressional campaign in Marion county is to be fired by the Republican when the Salem Republican Club holds a meeting in response to a call issued by the president of the club, Hon. Claud Gatch, and Hon. Binger Hermann, the party's standard bearer, will be in attendance and address the meeting.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

(Journal Special Service.) BATON ROUGE, La., April 21.—Baton Rouge is entertaining the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose annual convention opened today with delegates in attendance from all the chapters of the state. The formal opening took place this afternoon, when there were addresses of welcome and responses, the appointment of the usual committees and other business of the nature. Tonight there will be a brilliant reception, the first of a long list of entertainment features arranged by the local chapters. Two business sessions will be held tomorrow and Thursday, interspersed with social features.

HOW JAY GOULD GOT KEENE'S SCALP

Years ago a newspaper writer who knew both James R. Keene and Jay Gould wrote this:

"The last time I called on Jay Gould, at Forty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, he pointed out to me a magnificent painting on the south wall of his parlor. It was one of Rosa Bonheur's—not her 'Horse Fair,' but her next best picture. Shaking his long, bony finger at it and sneering horribly, he said: 'There hangs the scalp of James R. Keene.'"

"Among the purchases that he had made when in the heyday of prosperity Keene reckoned the Rosa Bonheur as one of the most valuable. He had paid a fabulous price for it, and it was the pride and admiration of his household. This, along with other valuables, had to go to make good part of his enormous losses to Gould, whose brokers had wiped Keene off the face of the financial earth. The broker who got this grand masterpiece of art promptly turned it over to Gould, who had it hung on the south wall of his Fifth avenue home. 'There hangs the scalp of James R. Keene,' Gould loved to point to the picture and gloat over it. 'He came here to take my scalp, eh?'"

Newspaper writers of a later day have chronicled the fact that James R. Keene, after Gould had died, lived long enough to rechristen the Rosa Bonheur, to buy it back at its later owner's price and to rehang it on his own wall.

Jay Gould's Retort.

It was in August, 1876, that Mr. Keene came to New York, and, postponing his trip to Europe, decided to remain a while. The Wall street atmosphere had fascinated him, and he had been able to sell short 10,000 shares of New York Central at 110, and it netted him something like \$250,000 profit. Whether or not Mr. Keene ever said anything of the kind, Wall street credited him with having said that he had come from California with a parlor car of cash to drain Jay Gould and take his scalp. Then the gossip had it that Gould had curtly retorted: 'Well, he may have some hair, but I'll send him back on a gravel car.'

Major J. R. Selover had met Keene in the west, had admired his bold audacity as an operator, and was credited with having done much to persuade the California trust to get out of the sphere. It is likely that Mr. Keene did not need much persuasion after he had made his first \$3,000,000. He had risen to the honor of president of the San Francisco Exchange, before he left there. His ideas had broadened and California no longer appeared to him a promising field for operations. It is likely enough, too, that the fame of Jay Gould was the flame that drew this Western moth toward the Wall street candle.

Major Selover, at least, did much to spread broadcast the belief that Mr. Keene had come east with his sun-baked face for Gould. Keene at first made his headquarters at 107 Broadway, then at W. Bowcock & Co., No. 30 Broad street. There he met "Sam" Ward, the famous bull vivand, for whom he formed a strong attachment. Curiously enough, the same address was held by the late Richard D. Webb, the great speculator. Major Selover wrote this one for the columns of a Boston newspaper:

Major Selover, who had been all along a reverential follower of Mr. Keene, had a terror which he struggled with for months in the effort to get out to say, "Great man, Jim Keene; great man!" The parrot was a profane bird, who learned all sorts of wicked things with the utmost ease and rapidity. Selover finally got his parrot to spit out a little piece about his friend from the Pacific slope. Then, in great delight, he took his friend up to his rooms. Several times he gave the bird his eye by exclaiming, "Who taught Mr. Keene how to do that?" and finally, in a fit of the habit of profanity as a factor in his general conversation, how to tell the difference between champagne and cider, how to dispose of his hands when he wore a dress suit, in short, it was everywhere understood that Ward was Keene's instructor in deportment. In return for this service Ward had a credit at Bowcock's, where Keene's buying and selling were done, and whenever the millionaire set into a particular good thing Ward had a chance at it.

Whatever were the Californian's intentions toward Jay Gould or Gould's animosity toward him, the rivals operated in New York for eight years before Gould took the Keene scalp and hung it with the Rosa Bonheur painting on his parlor wall, and during those eight years the Rosa Bonheur was always, had his ups and downs, he got materially hurt to his fortune before the turn in the tide came that again left him bankrupt.

In 1877 the great railroad strikes depressed stocks tremendously. Mr. Keene, while many investors knew how much he had lost, got out of the market and sold his shares at a heavy loss. So far from being engaged in open hostilities, Mr. Keene and Jay Gould for a time conducted certain operations jointly and in seeming harmony. That was notably in their Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph and Western Union stock manipulations. Their relations remained amicable, apparently, until 1878, when there was a serious break in the alliance. Major Selover, still a warm friend of Keene, assaulted Jay Gould on Exchange place as the little wizard of Wall street came out of the office of Henry R. Smith. Major Selover as-



Masatora Yamatoga and His Niece, Kaoru Yamatoga. The pretty Japanese girl who recently ran away from Seattle because the United States officials wanted to send her back to Japan. The man pictured with her is her uncle.

serted that Gould had betrayed the Keene party in a joint deal in Pacific Mall, of which "Buck" Houston was then the president.

This opened a breach which was never healed. Gould and Keene became implacable enemies. But in his first two years in Wall street, Keene had added \$300,000 in profits to his previous capital largely through the rapid advance of the railroad securities he had bought at their lowest ebb, in 1877.

Millions Lost in Wheat.

Now his fortunes began to wane. A terrible squeeze he received in wheat marked the beginning of his downfall. Infatuated by his successes, Mr. Keene made the mistake that other shrewd men have made before and since, of going into a syndicate scheme to corner the wheat supply of the world. He sent \$5,000,000 to Chicago for the purpose. He bought wheat, pork and other commodities lavishly, and under his deft manipulation before the crash came, he saw what he got up from less than a dollar to \$1.39 a bushel.

At the phenomenal price the farmers were willing to eat hay with their live stock and rush their wheat to the market. More wheat was offered than Keene and his associates had counted on. They had to keep on buying to maintain prices. Then, if report be true, Jay Gould, who saw his opportunity to humiliate his rival, sent out broadcast over the country by the Western Union wire orders to sell wheat. Keene and his associates tried to unload gradually without breaking prices too seriously. But the grain was hurried in upon them in an avalanche. Keene always maintained that he was betrayed by certain of his associates and his brokers. However, that may be, the avalanche overwhelmed him. The corner was broken. The market slumped. Wheat went down, down, down, and the best Keene could do was to sell out at less than ninety cents a bushel. Every dollar of the \$5,000,000 he had sent to Chicago was soon buried under the wheat deluge.

Readers who have read Frank Norris' masterly novel, "The Pit," will recall the graphic climax of that story, where Curtis Jadwin, the multi-millionaire operator, after a series of phenomenal successes, goes down to disaster in a precisely similar effort to hold back the relentless advance of wheat hurried in upon him to break the corner, which provident nature herself had decreed should no longer be maintained. Such was the situation James R. Keene had to face. Jadwin, in the story, was left financially ruined and mentally broken.

Invaded Russell Sage's Camp.

Keene's fate was less hard. He had lost heavily, but his faculties were unimpaired. He was a rich man, but he had gone too far to let go, and he would not have let go if he could. He slumped in wheat caught him at a time when he was "long" of the stock market. When Gould's novel idea of what he had lost, he had lost his position upon him at every point. In Jersey Central alone he was said to have lost another \$2,000,000. Whatever turn he made, the Gould brokers seemed to meet him and checkmate him. At last the Californian began to realize that a power stronger than his own was fighting him to the death.

Along in 1882 Mr. Keene sought to retrieve his losses by invading the territory of "Pitts" and "Straddles." Russell Sage, the power in that branch of the business, invited the intrusion and, forming an offensive and defensive alliance with Mr. Gould, he too, began to turn the screws under the shifty Keene. Gould and Keene were driven to move Mr. Keene made seemed to end disastrously. The star of his fortunes appeared to have set forever. All privileges on the market sold by him resulted in losses and his efforts to offset them were unavailing. Gradually he got the remnant of his great fortune dwindled to a mere shilling, and on April 30, 1884, the "street" was startled by the announcement that "Jim" Keene had failed for \$3,000,000. This was the card he issued.

"After paying out millions of dollars in cash in the last few months in my effort to protect my privileges on a falling market, I have finally determined today to call a halt in the interest of those with whom I have business."

Kept His Promise to Pay. In the hour of the disaster Mr. Keene promised that others who had lost

through his failure should not be permitted to suffer permanently. That promise he has kept. While he never scrupled to flay others through the shifty game of stock gambling and to drain them remorselessly of all they had risked, Mr. Keene made it a point of personal honor to indemnify all to whom he was personally indebted through his failure. Indeed, had he not done so he could hardly have risen again to power and prestige in the "street," as he has done.

"LITTLE DEMON" HAS BODY GUARD

Otto Ziegler's Wife Threatens to Shoot Him.

(Journal Special Service.) SAN JOSE, April 21.—The marital troubles of Otto Ziegler, former champion bicyclist of the world, are multiplying. Incidental to his wife's divorce suit the "Little Demon" is now threatened with bodily injury.

Mrs. Ziegler, who charges her husband with cruelty, goes around the town paying with a pistol and breathing threats of dire vengeance against her husband. She declares that she will blow the top of his head off at the first good opportunity that presents itself. In view of this new danger, Otto has hired a body guard and is side-stopping his wife's advances.

MORE POSTAL CHARGES.

(Journal Special Service.) WASHINGTON, April 21.—Since the announcement that Postmaster General Payne would personally assume charge of the investigation of postal frauds, there has come a perfect deluge of charges against various officers of the department. A. W. Machen, the superintendent of free delivery, is still the center of the hot fire that is being directed against the department. What the experts have discovered will not be officially known until the entire report is ready for submission to the President.

HANNA TO MAKE KEYNOTE SPEECH.

(Journal Special Service.) COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 21.—The Nell House was today the Mecca of Republican politicians from all quarters of Ohio, the occasion being a meeting of the State Central Committee for the purpose of naming the date and place and otherwise arranging for the holding of the state convention. There were numerous informal talks during the forenoon, and the day was considerably advanced before the committee got together behind closed doors and began the real work of the meeting. There is a well-defined idea among the party leaders here that the committee will select Columbus as the place, and the second week in June as the time for holding the convention. It is likewise considered probable that Senator Hanna will deliver the keynote speech as temporary chairman of the convention, and that Senator Foraker will be chosen to act as permanent chairman, following out the compromise arrangement that has been made at previous conventions of the party.

WOMEN WRITERS MEET.

(Journal Special Service.) TOPEKA, Kas., April 21.—The parlors of the Capeland Hotel were well filled this morning at the opening of the thirtieth annual meeting of the Kansas Woman's Press Association. Mrs. W. A. Morgan, president, called the gathering to order and, following an invocation, a quantity of business was disposed of by the members. Mrs. R. E. Rice presented a paper on "Woman's Newspaper Work in the Sixties" and after luncheon a number of other interesting papers were read and discussed.

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