

ARE KEPT REVEALED

Britt-Gans Contest Recalls Several Raw Deals That Took Place in Prize Ring.

WHEN FITZSIMMONS LAID DOWN IN AUSTRALIA

How the Public and Even Some of the Fighters Get Fooled by the Unscrupulous Referee—Corbett and McCoy Had Their Little Game.

When fakers fall out, they sometimes put the public wise.

That's a very pretty row now slugging afloat the Pacific horizon between Joe Gans and Jimmy Britt.

The referee in his anxiety to drag the unwilling James into the ring, has squealed, he comes out in open meeting and declares that his fight with Britt was a fake.

Britt raves and warns up under his collar button and comes back after this fashion:

"Gans is a liar. He lies if he says our fight was fixed. I defy Gans, Herford or any one else to prove that fight was a fake. I defy them to prove any collusion on the part of myself or my brother, my father or any representative of mine in arranging to have this battle or any other in which I took part prearranged."

Britt adds that, just for this, he will never, no never, fight Gans. He might have possibly considered a return match before, but now—never.

Gans made the statement that there was an arrangement engineered by his manager, Al Herford, and Willy Britt for Britt to win. Gans was to have the better of the fight until the fifth round, when Britt was to appear to lose his head and hit Gans while he was down.

It looked crooked.

Many at the ringside who can tell when fighters are trying and when they are not were pretty certain when the fight was given to Gans on a deal that there was something crooked.

There was no question in my mind then as now that Gans was far and away Britt's master, says Gans Begley of the New York Mail. My comment at the time was that Gans was so palpably trying to lose by falling down that Britt did become excited and struck him while he was on his knees.

The virtuous indignation of James Edward is somewhat amusing when his battle with Young Corbett is remembered. There are no affidavits with this, but there were many at the ringside who do not only thought, but loudly voiced their doubts, that Corbett was robbed of that fight—robbed by both Britt and the referee, Eddie Graney.

In his reply to Gans, Britt makes this naive statement:

"Gans is a fool or he is being poorly advised."

Other Fake Fights.

Yes, Gans has been a fool. The means by which he sought to force Britt into a fight has certainly been the end. It has now given Britt a pretty good excuse to refuse him a meeting. Britt knows full well, right down in his socks, that Gans can get him any time he wishes.

Whatever small hope there might have been to get this pair together in Frisco has now gone a-glimmering.

The confession of Gans recalls a few other celebrated banks handed to the public.

Bob Fitzsimmons in 1899 laid down to Jim Hall in Australia, in the fourth round. There is no blame attached to Fitz for his, as he knew no better and simply did as his boss, Jim McGe, told him. Fitz showed three years later in this country how easily he could beat Hall by knocking him out in four rounds.

Fitz was the victim of a fake in which even his opponent had no part. In 1896 while Fitz was handily beating Tom Sharkey, Wyatt Earp, a gambler and gun fighter, gave the referee the decision in the eighth round. Earp and some other gamblers had their money on Sharkey, who was the short end of the betting, and Earp, who referred, pulled off the robbery.

Neither Fitz nor Sharkey was a party to the fraud. The year 1900, the last year of the Horton law, was a bloomer for fakes. In the Marlborough Athletic club Joe Walcott was sloughing into Tommy Gans and nearly cutting him in half with a left swing for 19 rounds. The money had gone down on West, and Walcott, obeying orders, quit at the beginning of the eleventh. West knew nothing of it, and was greatly surprised at his victory, as were the victims who had bet their money on "The Demon."

In the big garden, in the same year, Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy made tentative passes at each other for five rounds and then McCoy shut down from a punch that never reached him and declined to get up. And that was a raw one.

Same year, at the Broadway Athletic club, Gans cut cold in the twelfth round to Frank Erne. Until he stopped, Gans had the lightweight champion at his mercy.

About this time at the same club a pot of money led by Gold Dollar Smith, went down on Andy Weller to beat Jimmy Handler. Handler had a piece of taint, and laid down in the second round.

On New Year's day Kid McCoy and

Howard & Peterson's

EDITORIAL

As we read the news of the world in The Oregon Journal we do not wonder that we are kept hopping about like a peep on a griddle. All the universe is hopping at this time. It's hop here, hop there, hop everywhere—a regular mass of hoppers. As for ourselves, we are kept hopping orders for new suits and spring overcoats. Our cutter suits this activity is cutting short his existence. The strain is more than he can stand, so we are going to hire an assistant—before he entirely collapses. In the meantime, gentlemen, don't think that we'll keep you waiting till your looks grow white for the order you place with us. These delightful woolen cloth importations must be cut and sewed into men's apparel, and you shall have your suit within "three shakes of a dead lamb's tail"—after you have left your measure. We are not taking sun baths when there are orders on our books.

EDITORIAL

As we read the news of the world in The Oregon Journal we do not wonder that we are kept hopping about like a peep on a griddle. All the universe is hopping at this time. It's hop here, hop there, hop everywhere—a regular mass of hoppers. As for ourselves, we are kept hopping orders for new suits and spring overcoats. Our cutter suits this activity is cutting short his existence. The strain is more than he can stand, so we are going to hire an assistant—before he entirely collapses. In the meantime, gentlemen, don't think that we'll keep you waiting till your looks grow white for the order you place with us. These delightful woolen cloth importations must be cut and sewed into men's apparel, and you shall have your suit within "three shakes of a dead lamb's tail"—after you have left your measure. We are not taking sun baths when there are orders on our books.

EDITORIAL

As we read the news of the world in The Oregon Journal we do not wonder that we are kept hopping about like a peep on a griddle. All the universe is hopping at this time. It's hop here, hop there, hop everywhere—a regular mass of hoppers. As for ourselves, we are kept hopping orders for new suits and spring overcoats. Our cutter suits this activity is cutting short his existence. The strain is more than he can stand, so we are going to hire an assistant—before he entirely collapses. In the meantime, gentlemen, don't think that we'll keep you waiting till your looks grow white for the order you place with us. These delightful woolen cloth importations must be cut and sewed into men's apparel, and you shall have your suit within "three shakes of a dead lamb's tail"—after you have left your measure. We are not taking sun baths when there are orders on our books.

EDITORIAL

As we read the news of the world in The Oregon Journal we do not wonder that we are kept hopping about like a peep on a griddle. All the universe is hopping at this time. It's hop here, hop there, hop everywhere—a regular mass of hoppers. As for ourselves, we are kept hopping orders for new suits and spring overcoats. Our cutter suits this activity is cutting short his existence. The strain is more than he can stand, so we are going to hire an assistant—before he entirely collapses. In the meantime, gentlemen, don't think that we'll keep you waiting till your looks grow white for the order you place with us. These delightful woolen cloth importations must be cut and sewed into men's apparel, and you shall have your suit within "three shakes of a dead lamb's tail"—after you have left your measure. We are not taking sun baths when there are orders on our books.

EDITORIAL

As we read the news of the world in The Oregon Journal we do not wonder that we are kept hopping about like a peep on a griddle. All the universe is hopping at this time. It's hop here, hop there, hop everywhere—a regular mass of hoppers. As for ourselves, we are kept hopping orders for new suits and spring overcoats. Our cutter suits this activity is cutting short his existence. The strain is more than he can stand, so we are going to hire an assistant—before he entirely collapses. In the meantime, gentlemen, don't think that we'll keep you waiting till your looks grow white for the order you place with us. These delightful woolen cloth importations must be cut and sewed into men's apparel, and you shall have your suit within "three shakes of a dead lamb's tail"—after you have left your measure. We are not taking sun baths when there are orders on our books.

Peter Maher met for 25 rounds at the Conspicuous Sporting club. Billy Brady ran the show. The fighters had been guaranteed a purse of \$25,000. It was a bitter cold day and there was only \$15,000 in the old draughty barn when it came time for the fighters to do their best. There was a frame for Maher to win, but when the talk for the purse was up to Brady, he told them how much money there was in the house and asked them if they would fight for that. Of course, McCoy was to get the big end, and the kid put up a big yelp for the twenty thousand.

PROMINENT AMERICANS WRITE THEIR VIEWS

President Roosevelt, Nick Longworth, "Chancy" Depew and Other Famous Writers Pen Their Accounts of the National Game.

At a meeting of the literary auxiliary of the Lady Hollermakers' association of New York recently a paper was read deploring the coinage of strange phrases by those who report baseball games for the daily press.

A committee was appointed to gather samples of baseball-reporting from people prominent in important affairs. Through the kindness of the chairman, Miss A. Kisseloff, a stack of these samples is given, says an exchange.

If you care for them they are forthwith given to you:

ASCOT RACE SCANDAL MAY BE DROPPED

At Today's Meeting of Stewards Accused Persons Probably Will Be Exonerated.

(Special Special Service.)

Los Angeles, Feb. 28.—There are no new developments in Ascot's scandal, says the Chronicle. The charges against Manager Brooks and Handicapper Jasper come up before the board of stewards today. From a disinterested view the decision is sure to exonerate both, as about the only evidence that will be submitted is founded on suspicion and hearsay.

According to the laws of the "Unhacking forces," such a battle is bound to be full of action and to draw out vivid pictures of courage that must get its reward in the glory of achievement.

By President Roosevelt.

I liked to see that sturdy example of young American manhood in the person of Brenahan as he stepped to the plate to do his best endeavor for the side on which he fought. He was a typical American youth—the youth that is the bulwark and hope of our country. His limbs were straight and firmly planted. His bronzed skin was clear and his eye was bright. America will always hold her supremacy on the sea so long as it can call upon Americans such as these.

There was no hesitancy on Brenahan's part as he faced the enemy's battery about to hurl a swiftly driven ball in his direction. He met the ball with him with cruel force, might even lame him, but the man at the bat never faltered in his duty. As the ball reached him he struck at it, struck at it with skillful accuracy and his endeavor was crowned with victory.

One of the things that impressed me in this mimic warfare of the ballfield was that both sides to the conflict were attacking forces. Such a battle is bound to be full of action and to draw out vivid pictures of courage that must get its reward in the glory of achievement.

By William Travers Jerome.

Zis-sis-sis, sissom-sissom, sis-sis. The saw was going through the plank hard. Then it struck a knot, but some one came in and put the clothespin back on his legal nose. Opinion on the great national game from the district attorney must share the same silence as that on the great insurance bunk.

By Chasney M. Depew.

I couldn't leave the senate long enough to attend the game, as if I slip my hooks here they might close in on one when I wanted to get back. That's no joke.

Speaking of jokes, I saw a ball game once where they became so mixed up that they reminded me of the dog conducted held shortly after. Noah had landed on Mount Ararat. The chairman of the convention, a fox terrier, who didn't have any tail to mention, got a resolution through that all the other dogs should leave their tails outside the hall until the meeting was adjourned.

After the business had been concluded all the dogs rushed out to again acquire their nether ornaments. But in the confusion that ensued, each dog got some other dog's tail.

That's why, ever since, when two strange dogs meet they immediately look each other over to see if either has the missing tail of the other.

Funny, isn't it?

By George Ade.

Roge tickled the home fan with the face end of his wallop. Pinkie wailed and made dot and began turning the alarm clock. Then he let the spring uncoil and a dizzy shot with its back half standing out straight suddenly appeared inside the Brenahan room.

At first I thought it was going to sink a shaft in Roger's liver, but Roge pushed it out of harm's way, and as it made a parabolic curve atwart the scenery and finally fell in the lap of base hit luxury, Roge was holding Josh converse with the keeper of third.

It was one of those three-soakers that caused the fans to strain their pipes un-til their mouths felt that they have swallowed a motorman's glove. To be plain and terse, it was a bird.

By Charley Barr.

When Brenahan hove to at his moorings Flank bore down on him wing and laid him along as a shot from his for'ard battery. But Brenahan had his weather eye cocked to the high side and got under way handily. He didn't want to cat his look, but slipped his cable, and getting the weather gauge, had Flank's shot under his lee.

Then, with the wind a poon for'ard of beam, and the sheets singing with the strain, he kept her full and by for the first stake boat. He luffed around and turned her on her heel, with only seconds between full and full, and lifted sheets for the second mark. This was a reach and he made it with the ball hull down away to leeward.

He had to fetch up at the third turn as the ball got a slant, and would have winded him on the run home. But his jockeying at the start showed he knew the feel of the spoke.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Hit and the world hits with you, Strike and you get it alone. There's many a hitter who doesn't hit And never gets away from home. Too bad he doesn't, but that's the way—'Een a player's life is a fate—He means all right, but 't's so may hap That he gets there just too late.

By Bernard Shaw.

Though somewhat a mixed metaphor it is nevertheless true that grasping the psychological moment releases us—Brenahan's success in hitting the ball at the proper time resulted in his obtaining what he sought—what is known as a base hit.

I believe the one effort in that direc-

WOMEN QUIETERS 'ABROUS' SLANG

Literary Auxiliary Sets Disapproval Upon the Coinage of Strange Baseball Phrases.

PROMINENT AMERICANS WRITE THEIR VIEWS

President Roosevelt, Nick Longworth, "Chancy" Depew and Other Famous Writers Pen Their Accounts of the National Game.

At a meeting of the literary auxiliary of the Lady Hollermakers' association of New York recently a paper was read deploring the coinage of strange phrases by those who report baseball games for the daily press.

A committee was appointed to gather samples of baseball-reporting from people prominent in important affairs. Through the kindness of the chairman, Miss A. Kisseloff, a stack of these samples is given, says an exchange.

If you care for them they are forthwith given to you:

ASCOT RACE SCANDAL MAY BE DROPPED

At Today's Meeting of Stewards Accused Persons Probably Will Be Exonerated.

(Special Special Service.)

Los Angeles, Feb. 28.—There are no new developments in Ascot's scandal, says the Chronicle. The charges against Manager Brooks and Handicapper Jasper come up before the board of stewards today. From a disinterested view the decision is sure to exonerate both, as about the only evidence that will be submitted is founded on suspicion and hearsay.

According to the laws of the "Unhacking forces," such a battle is bound to be full of action and to draw out vivid pictures of courage that must get its reward in the glory of achievement.

By President Roosevelt.

I liked to see that sturdy example of young American manhood in the person of Brenahan as he stepped to the plate to do his best endeavor for the side on which he fought. He was a typical American youth—the youth that is the bulwark and hope of our country. His limbs were straight and firmly planted. His bronzed skin was clear and his eye was bright. America will always hold her supremacy on the sea so long as it can call upon Americans such as these.

There was no hesitancy on Brenahan's part as he faced the enemy's battery about to hurl a swiftly driven ball in his direction. He met the ball with him with cruel force, might even lame him, but the man at the bat never faltered in his duty. As the ball reached him he struck at it, struck at it with skillful accuracy and his endeavor was crowned with victory.

One of the things that impressed me in this mimic warfare of the ballfield was that both sides to the conflict were attacking forces. Such a battle is bound to be full of action and to draw out vivid pictures of courage that must get its reward in the glory of achievement.

By William Travers Jerome.

Zis-sis-sis, sissom-sissom, sis-sis. The saw was going through the plank hard. Then it struck a knot, but some one came in and put the clothespin back on his legal nose. Opinion on the great national game from the district attorney must share the same silence as that on the great insurance bunk.

By Chasney M. Depew.

I couldn't leave the senate long enough to attend the game, as if I slip my hooks here they might close in on one when I wanted to get back. That's no joke.

Speaking of jokes, I saw a ball game once where they became so mixed up that they reminded me of the dog conducted held shortly after. Noah had landed on Mount Ararat. The chairman of the convention, a fox terrier, who didn't have any tail to mention, got a resolution through that all the other dogs should leave their tails outside the hall until the meeting was adjourned.

After the business had been concluded all the dogs rushed out to again acquire their nether ornaments. But in the confusion that ensued, each dog got some other dog's tail.

That's why, ever since, when two strange dogs meet they immediately look each other over to see if either has the missing tail of the other.

Funny, isn't it?

By George Ade.

Roge tickled the home fan with the face end of his wallop. Pinkie wailed and made dot and began turning the alarm clock. Then he let the spring uncoil and a dizzy shot with its back half standing out straight suddenly appeared inside the Brenahan room.

At first I thought it was going to sink a shaft in Roger's liver, but Roge pushed it out of harm's way, and as it made a parabolic curve atwart the scenery and finally fell in the lap of base hit luxury, Roge was holding Josh converse with the keeper of third.

It was one of those three-soakers that caused the fans to strain their pipes un-til their mouths felt that they have swallowed a motorman's glove. To be plain and terse, it was a bird.

By Charley Barr.

When Brenahan hove to at his moorings Flank bore down on him wing and laid him along as a shot from his for'ard battery. But Brenahan had his weather eye cocked to the high side and got under way handily. He didn't want to cat his look, but slipped his cable, and getting the weather gauge, had Flank's shot under his lee.

Then, with the wind a poon for'ard of beam, and the sheets singing with the strain, he kept her full and by for the first stake boat. He luffed around and turned her on her heel, with only seconds between full and full, and lifted sheets for the second mark. This was a reach and he made it with the ball hull down away to leeward.

He had to fetch up at the third turn as the ball got a slant, and would have winded him on the run home. But his jockeying at the start showed he knew the feel of the spoke.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Hit and the world hits with you, Strike and you get it alone. There's many a hitter who doesn't hit And never gets away from home. Too bad he doesn't, but that's the way—'Een a player's life is a fate—He means all right, but 't's so may hap That he gets there just too late.

By Bernard Shaw.

Though somewhat a mixed metaphor it is nevertheless true that grasping the psychological moment releases us—Brenahan's success in hitting the ball at the proper time resulted in his obtaining what he sought—what is known as a base hit.

I believe the one effort in that direc-

The Message of the Wabs Circle

Literary Auxiliary Sets Disapproval Upon the Coinage of Strange Baseball Phrases.

PROMINENT AMERICANS WRITE THEIR VIEWS

President Roosevelt, Nick Longworth, "Chancy" Depew and Other Famous Writers Pen Their Accounts of the National Game.

At a meeting of the literary auxiliary of the Lady Hollermakers' association of New York recently a paper was read deploring the coinage of strange phrases by those who report baseball games for the daily press.

A committee was appointed to gather samples of baseball-reporting from people prominent in important affairs. Through the kindness of the chairman, Miss A. Kisseloff, a stack of these samples is given, says an exchange.

If you care for them they are forthwith given to you:

ASCOT RACE SCANDAL MAY BE DROPPED

At Today's Meeting of Stewards Accused Persons Probably Will Be Exonerated.

(Special Special Service.)

Los Angeles, Feb. 28.—There are no new developments in Ascot's scandal, says the Chronicle. The charges against Manager Brooks and Handicapper Jasper come up before the board of stewards today. From a disinterested view the decision is sure to exonerate both, as about the only evidence that will be submitted is founded on suspicion and hearsay.

According to the laws of the "Unhacking forces," such a battle is bound to be full of action and to draw out vivid pictures of courage that must get its reward in the glory of achievement.

By President Roosevelt.

I liked to see that sturdy example of young American manhood in the person of Brenahan as he stepped to the plate to do his best endeavor for the side on which he fought. He was a typical American youth—the youth that is the bulwark and hope of our country. His limbs were straight and firmly planted. His bronzed skin was clear and his eye was bright. America will always hold her supremacy on the sea so long as it can call upon Americans such as these.

There was no hesitancy on Brenahan's part as he faced the enemy's battery about to hurl a swiftly driven ball in his direction. He met the ball with him with cruel force, might even lame him, but the man at the bat never faltered in his duty. As the ball reached him he struck at it, struck at it with skillful accuracy and his endeavor was crowned with victory.

One of the things that impressed me in this mimic warfare of the ballfield was that both sides to the conflict were attacking forces. Such a battle is bound to be full of action and to draw out vivid pictures of courage that must get its reward in the glory of achievement.

By William Travers Jerome.

Zis-sis-sis, sissom-sissom, sis-sis. The saw was going through the plank hard. Then it struck a knot, but some one came in and put the clothespin back on his legal nose. Opinion on the great national game from the district attorney must share the same silence as that on the great insurance bunk.

By Chasney M. Depew.

I couldn't leave the senate long enough to attend the game, as if I slip my hooks here they might close in on one when I wanted to get back. That's no joke.

Speaking of jokes, I saw a ball game once where they became so mixed up that they reminded me of the dog conducted held shortly after. Noah had landed on Mount Ararat. The chairman of the convention, a fox terrier, who didn't have any tail to mention, got a resolution through that all the other dogs should leave their tails outside the hall until the meeting was adjourned.

After the business had been concluded all the dogs rushed out to again acquire their nether ornaments. But in the confusion that ensued, each dog got some other dog's tail.

That's why, ever since, when two strange dogs meet they immediately look each other over to see if either has the missing tail of the other.

Funny, isn't it?

By George Ade.

Roge tickled the home fan with the face end of his wallop. Pinkie wailed and made dot and began turning the alarm clock. Then he let the spring uncoil and a dizzy shot with its back half standing out straight suddenly appeared inside the Brenahan room.

At first I thought it was going to sink a shaft in Roger's liver, but Roge pushed it out of harm's way, and as it made a parabolic curve atwart the scenery and finally fell in the lap of base hit luxury, Roge was holding Josh converse with the keeper of third.

It was one of those three-soakers that caused the fans to strain their pipes un-til their mouths felt that they have swallowed a motorman's glove. To be plain and terse, it was a bird.

By Charley Barr.

When Brenahan hove to at his moorings Flank bore down on him wing and laid him along as a shot from his for'ard battery. But Brenahan had his weather eye cocked to the high side and got under way handily. He didn't want to cat his look, but slipped his cable, and getting the weather gauge, had Flank's shot under his lee.

Then, with the wind a poon for'ard of beam, and the sheets singing with the strain, he kept her full and by for the first stake boat. He luffed around and turned her on her heel, with only seconds between full and full, and lifted sheets for the second mark. This was a reach and he made it with the ball hull down away to leeward.

He had to fetch up at the third turn as the ball got a slant, and would have winded him on the run home. But his jockeying at the start showed he knew the feel of the spoke.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Hit and the world hits with you, Strike and you get it alone. There's many a hitter who doesn't hit And never gets away from home. Too bad he doesn't, but that's the way—'Een a player's life is a fate—He means all right, but 't's so may hap That he gets there just too late.

By Bernard Shaw.

Though somewhat a mixed metaphor it is nevertheless true that grasping the psychological moment releases us—Brenahan's success in hitting the ball at the proper time resulted in his obtaining what he sought—what is known as a base hit.

I believe the one effort in that direc-

Advertisement for K C Baking Powder. Features a large 'K C' logo and text: 'BAKING POWDER For Healthfulness, Purity and Efficiency excels all other Baking Powders, and those too, that cost three times as much 25 ounces for 25c'. Includes a testimonial from a grocer and a list of all grocers.

SPORTING GOSSIP. A collection of short news items related to sports, including baseball, horse racing, and boxing.

BIG LEAGUE MAGNATES MAKE PREDICTIONS. Eastern, National and American League Presidents See Bright Season Ahead. A section where league presidents share their outlook for the upcoming season.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE. Advertisement for the March 1906 issue, featuring articles like 'THE BUILDERS', 'THE PEOPLING OF THE PRAIRIE', and 'THE PASS'. Includes subscription information.

THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY. 829 Park Ave., New York City. Contact information for the publisher.