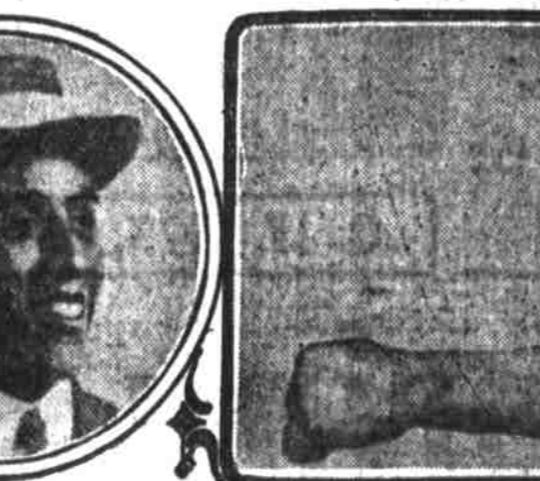
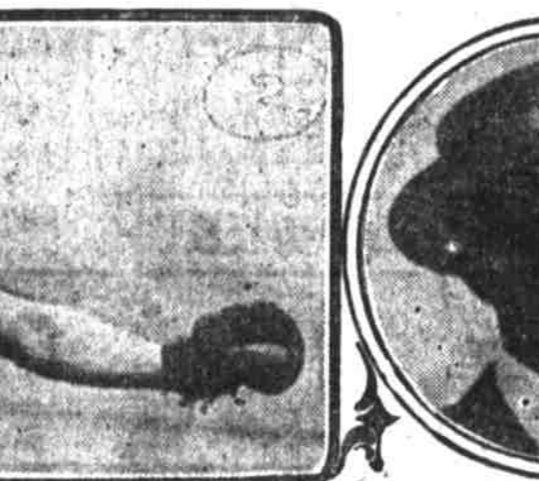




WHICH FIGHTER IS YOUR CHOICE FOR LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION TO SUCCEED JOE GANS?



KETCHEL WINS IN LESS THAN ROUND

Four Punches Knock Sullivan Out in Minute and Eighteen Seconds.

CLEVER RING FEINTING GIVES THE OPENING

Referee Roche Thought Mike Twin Dead as He Lay Motionless on the Floor Inadvisably Breathing From Effects of Terrible Punch.

By W. W. Naughton.

San Francisco, Feb. 22.—In one minute, eighteen and a half seconds from the time the clang of the starting gong vibrated on the smoke-laden air at Coftro's arena, Mike T. Sullivan of Boston lay under the ropes of the ring as motionless as a log. His eyes were closed and his lips were stained with blood. A few feet from him on the mat was the gold crown of a tooth which had been knocked from his mouth by one of Ketchel's wicked punches. In the middle of the ring stood Ketchel of Michigan awaiting results. Ten seconds later they were moving Sullivan's head in its socket and yanking his arms to hasten his return to consciousness. The fight will be viewed from different standpoints. To some it will rank with such sensational victories as that of Dal Hawkins over Martin Flaherty at Carson and Tommy Burns' triumph over Squires. To others, who prefer to regard it as a more miserable exhibition than the one Squires, the Australian, made with Champion of the World Burns, Aside from its brevity, it was a vicious, sincere, honest battle.

Ketchel landed Mike T. Sullivan in a more workman-like manner than Joe Gans did and Gans is supposed to be the embodiment of all that is neat and knowledgeable in the sport of pugilism. It took Gans a few rounds to knock Sullivan's curves. Ketchel seemed to know his man like a book from the moment the chairs were whisked from the ring and dealt with him accordingly. Four Punches Landed. There were just four telling punches landed. Ketchel was behind them all. First he tumbled the Bostonian with a left on the chin. This blow virtually settled the fight, for Sullivan was a limp, wobbling piece of humanity ever after. Next a right hander caused Sullivan to crumble. Then he arose he was bowled over with another right and even as he fell a savage right left as the pit of the stomach knocked the wind completely out of him. He fell on his side and Referee Roche stood over and watched closely as Timekeeper Harting tolled off the few brief seconds of respite that the Queensberry rules allow a fallen gladiator before sentence of defeat is passed. A look of alarm came into Roche's face and well it might, for Sullivan had seemingly ceased to breathe. It was purely a matter of cause and effect, however. He was in a plight similar to that of Jim Corbett when Fitzsimmons gave him that solar plexus thump at Carson. There was this difference, however. Corbett was alive to his surroundings. His air pumps would not work, and he gasped in a distressing way. Sullivan was numbed from the crack on the jaw preceding the "punch in the pit." It might read like grim humor to say that he was unaware that his lungs were not working, but anyhow he did not suffer as keenly as Corbett did. "My goodness, he's dead!" muttered Roche with a look of genuine horror, but Sullivan was only dead to his surroundings. When the first aid to the injured corps took hold of him after the decision had been handed down, he revived quickly as all the clean-living fellows of the prize ring do. "Afterwards, in his dressing room, Mike T. said: "I suppose he caught me just right. I didn't remember anything after the first punch. It's all in the game, and I have no excuses to offer."

Here are the boys who aspire to the lightweight championship now held by Joe Gans. The two youngsters in fighting pose are Battling Nelson at the-left and "Poor" Unholz at the right. The picture at the extreme left shows the "Terrible" Dane's famous fighting face. In the center is a photograph of Joe Gans, the lightweight champion, and at the right is Packy McFarland, the hard-hitting Chicago boy, who is in line for the championship.

effect, however. He was in a plight similar to that of Jim Corbett when Fitzsimmons gave him that solar plexus thump at Carson. There was this difference, however. Corbett was alive to his surroundings. His air pumps would not work, and he gasped in a distressing way. Sullivan was numbed from the crack on the jaw preceding the "punch in the pit." It might read like grim humor to say that he was unaware that his lungs were not working, but anyhow he did not suffer as keenly as Corbett did. "My goodness, he's dead!" muttered Roche with a look of genuine horror, but Sullivan was only dead to his surroundings. When the first aid to the injured corps took hold of him after the decision had been handed down, he revived quickly as all the clean-living fellows of the prize ring do. "Afterwards, in his dressing room, Mike T. said: "I suppose he caught me just right. I didn't remember anything after the first punch. It's all in the game, and I have no excuses to offer."

When I boxed Joe Thomas," said Ketchel, "I was leary of him. He was a number one fighter. He knocked me out and that it was necessary to be on guard at all times. I got the idea into my head that Sullivan could not hurt me and I went right at him. That's the whole story."

Jack T. Sullivan, who was Mike's principal seconds had this to say: "Mike stood too straight. He should have crouched more. I told him what a great swinger this fellow is and I coached him at his training quarters, but what's the use? He held himself as straight as a flagpole and he got it into his head that he could beat Sullivan. Jack T. certainly did all he could to pave the way for a Sullivan triumph. He was the first man into the ring and later referee Roche came in from the ring and Billy Jordan took hold and introduced the principals as well as a number of pugilists who will be seen in action in and around San Francisco during the next few weeks. Among them were Johnny Murphy and Cyclone Tompkins, who are to box for Coffroth. Abe Attell and Eddie Kelly, who will be Jack Gleason's headliners at the Dreamland show next Friday night. When the fighters were fitting their gloves there were men moving around among the spectators offering 2 to 1 on Sullivan, who are to box for Coffroth. Money in sight for this form of investment, but some bets were made at odds that Sullivan would last 20 rounds.

When the middleweights stood forth to be photographed, each of them wore loosely flapping fighting breeches. Ketchel's were green and Mike's light blue and the costumes were so different from what ring men generally appear in that these fellows might have been taken for a couple of college sprinters. Ketchel More Imposing. Physically, Ketchel was far the better specimen of the human fighting whack with his big hammer hands and built for strength. In places his flexor muscles caused his sun-tanned skin to dapple. His eyes were clear and his spine is generally one of confidence and alertness. Mike, as usual, looked pale and solemn. He was trained to the minute, of course, but he is of the kind that look alike whether conditioned or unconditioned. With his bald head, his long neck, his sloping shoulders, his pallid complexion and his sad face, he looked anything but the genus pug.

Referee Roche called the men to the center at 2:49 and after a short confab it was announced that if either man used his elbows in such a way as to injure his opponent the offense would bring disqualification. A few seconds later Timekeeper George Harting hit the metal disc a resounding knock and the fight was on. The pugilists stalked to the center for the first and only round. Mike said beforehand that he would not care to fight Sullivan, but he would go after his man from the first. Each of the fighters tried to knock the other out. Ketchel followed Sullivan backed around the ring, watching his advancing adversary. The old English school, a boxer of the old English school, Ketchel followed him, crouching low and waving his hands. The Michigan middleweight pawed at Mike's stomach in a tentative way, but Mike kept backing. He made the circuit of the ring once with Ketchel

Statement by Jack Twin. "My name is up and Ketchel can have a fight with the \$2,500 side bet at 158 pounds. I can't make 154 pounds, but will take him on at the middleweight limit, and will increase the side bet to \$5,000 if he wants that amount. Mike was careless, or Ketchel would not have landed that left to the jaw in the first lead he made."

Statement by Mike Twin. "I have nothing to say in excuse for my showing today. My brother Jack says that I was careless, and that I should have kept away and felt Ketchel out for the first round or two. Maybe he is right, and it may be that I should have taken a few more seconds after I was knocked down the first time, but the blow jarred me, and I did the best I could. Ketchel has a hard punch and is a very fast fighter."

Here are the boys who aspire to the lightweight championship now held by Joe Gans. The two youngsters in fighting pose are Battling Nelson at the-left and "Poor" Unholz at the right. The picture at the extreme left shows the "Terrible" Dane's famous fighting face. In the center is a photograph of Joe Gans, the lightweight champion, and at the right is Packy McFarland, the hard-hitting Chicago boy, who is in line for the championship.

EDDIE KELLY IS COMING CHAMP

Experts Think Eastern Feather Will Beat Attell in Their Battle.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS SENT FIGHTER WEST

Furnished Money to Defray Expenses and Billy Nolan Finally Does the Rest—George Wheeler and Charles Irwin Slated for Toboggan.

By Will J. Slattery. San Francisco, Feb. 22.—Abe Attell will have to hustle more than a bit in order to make good and retain his title when he meets little Eddie Kelly, the Buffalo whirlwind, on the last night of the month at Dreamland pavilion, in this city. Kelly is looked upon by experts as the coming champ. For the last three months he has been hanging around this city and Los Angeles, begging for a match with some live one, and not till Billy Nolan, Nelson's former manager, came to his rescue could the little fellow do anything. Now he is to be given the chance and if he does not win, he says he will not accept a cent. He has been camping on the trail of Attell for the last two years, but shifty Abe considered him too hard a nut to crack and also figured that he did not have sufficient reputation to figure as a box office attraction. From the form the little fellow has shown in his workouts, he should give Attell the most interesting time he ever knew in his long career. Every day in the week at his training quarters at San Rafael, the little Buffalo feather has been knocking out men weighing 10 and 15 pounds more than he does. He effects the Terry McGovern style of wading in and slamming with both hands. He has taken the sports of this city by storm and he will have many a faithful backer when he goes against Attell.

COLUMBIA "U" WINS WITH INDEPENDENCE

Columbia university, near champions of the Portland interscholastic league, went down to Independence last night and succeeded in winning a basketball game only after playing off a tie after the end of the second half. The score was 25 to 23. Columbia played the very best game of which she is capable and when she does that there is no beating her. Gleason shot more baskets than any of the other boys, but aside from that no difference could be seen in the playing. Independence played a cool game and tried hard to win. Wann and De Ormonde were her stars. The lineup was as follows: Independence. Gleason (C).....F.....O. Byers (C).....Jolley.....G.....Walker Smith.....Walker.....G.....Byers.....McDonald.....G.....Wann.....

Mount Angel Beats Indians. (Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Chemawa, Feb. 22.—Mount Angel college defeated the Chemawa Indians this afternoon by two points after the hardest kind of a game. When time was called the score was a tie, 13 to 13. In the play off Mount Angel secured two points. The game was played on Chemawa's own floor.

Newsboys Sent Kelly West. There is a pretty little story connected with the coming of Kelly to the Pacific coast. His expenses were defrayed by the newsboys of the state of New York. Eddie is the grand president of the Newsboys' union of the Empire state and he always points with pride to his working card which he invariably carries in his pocket. "You see, it is this way," explains Kelly. "I was always a poor kid doing the best I could to sell my papers and pick up a little side money fighting now and then. I could not devote all my time to the fighting game and therefore I never got prominent like a lot



MUST PROTECT FISH AND GAME

Oregon Needs Association Patterned After That of California.

WARDENS ALLOW GAME SOLD IN RESTAURANTS

Officials Characterized by Sportsmen as Incompetent, Unreliable and Worthless—Farmers Should Know Value of Fowl and Fish.

By Will Lipman.

Nowhere in this glorious United States is there a section of the country more favored for a sportsman's paradise than Oregon. In her mountains big game roams in great numbers, in her streams are found trout, black bass and salmon, famous the world over, in her valleys game birds of many varieties flourish, and in the basin of the Columbia and along her coast line ducks, geese, snipe, plover and swan abound. But today, in the midst of all this plenty, you can see on all sides unmistakable signs of extermination of game and fish due to poor game laws and non-enforcement of such laws as we already have. What we need in Oregon is an association like that of California, of which Mr. Henry T. Payne is president. The California association has worked for the preservation of game and fish laws and in seeing to their enforcement, as a consequence shooting and fishing today is more abundant in California than it has ever been. That state has now \$30,000 collected from the gun license tax for the preservation, propagation and restoration of game. That is what we need the Oregon legislature to do in its next session, to devote the entire gun tax for the identical purposes that California has seen fit to do. If we do not do this, then we can never hope for results, as the sum now provided for the enforcement of the game laws is ridiculously small.

PROMOTE LOCAL MOTOR BOATING

Willamette Club Gets Prominent Members and Permanency Now Certain.

Now that the Willamette Motor Boat club has been organized, motor boating will be promoted in Portland to a degree never before known in the Rose City. One of the earliest works of the club was securing a beautiful location on the east side of the Willamette river, immediately south of Ellsworth street, which will assist materially in bringing the club forth prominently as a permanent organization. There are several hundred motor boats on the river, nearly all the owners of which have signified their intention of joining the club. The location on the river outnumber any other kind of small river craft, except row-boats, and up to the present time have been moored at various places along the water front. It is the purpose of the club to bring all these together, provide suitable clubhouse, lockers, reading-rooms, and other club conveniences, also to provide safe and convenient moorings, and have attendants to take care of repairs to have a general place on the river, in short to provide every facility and convenience for the motor-boat enthusiast in nearly all cities of importance such a club has been formed, and in order that Portland may not be behind these cities, the club's intention is to petition to do its part in the approaching river carnival, during the Rose Fleets. Wesley Ladd, secretary of the club, president of the German-American bank, Mr. Keats of the Keats Automobile company, and other representative men have extended their encouragement and aid and have joined in the undertaking which insures its permanency and success.

One of the main objects of the club is to create a feeling of civic pride among the water front dwellers to the intent that the water front may be beautified. Its efforts along these lines so far, has resulted in the snow-dwellers' committee to paint their houses clean up the premises and burn and otherwise dispose of unsightly matter. A visitor to the water front, at the present time will be surprised and actively shown, by the otherwise listless snow dweller in the way of cleaning up his premises. Present efforts by the club along these lines will show great changes for the better along the water front.

The next meeting of the club will be held at the T. M. A. hall, over Lape-Davis' drugstore, on Third and Yamhill street, today at 2 o'clock. A general meeting motor-boat enthusiasts or boat owners and all those interested in cleaning up the water front are invited.

IRONMOULDERS TO GIVE BIG BOXING TOURNEY

A boxing tournament has been arranged by the Ironmoulders' union to take place Friday, March 6, which promises to furnish some great sport for the boxing fans. The entries have not been announced yet and in fact all the events have not been filled, as entries are still being received at room 408, the Stearns building. Five gold medals have been hung up for the events. The contest will be in the Merril hall at Seventh and Oak streets. These pictures are from the first photographs received in this country of the wrestling match between Hackenschmidt and Rogers. The picture at the left, "Hack" is shown using the leg hold. In the panel at the right the Russian lion is shown using the arm hold.

(Continued on Page Three.)