

SPORTS OF THE DAY

MADDEN HIT BALL ON NOSE

Three-Bagger Brings in Sole and Winning Run for Portland—Bobby Groom Is All the Goods With the Spheroid—Few Hits.

Bobby Groom's masterful pitching and Tom Madden's corking wallop of the first ball pitched to him in the ninth inning yesterday won for Portland by a solitary run in the greatest game ever played here. Inning after inning was reeled off with clock-like regularity. Twice Seals perched contentedly on third, but there they died. Once in the fourth a Beaver found his way to the distant station, but he also went the way of his predecessors.

It was a grand game from every standpoint. With two exceptions the fielding was perfect. The shortstops made an error each, but their chances were difficult, extremely difficult. Seals and Casey—yes, and Kid Mohler—pulled off some stops that were simply marvelous. Half the time that his crowd in the grandstand was ready to come to its feet in the excitement of some spectacular play.

But sifting out the beautiful and getting down to facts. It was Bobby here and Bobby there. He had everything to do with the game. He pitched three hits, but one of them was pretty scratchy, and they were scattered too much to be effectual. Seals, who looked very good, but he had to hug them like leeches. That boy Whalen, who did the backstopping, pegged as true as any spheroid from the Charleston ever did. Little Hildebrand got away once, but he almost had heart failure from the shoving he got. Mohler was in the well and tick around, but Melchior, Zeiler and Piper, that fleet-footed trio, never had a chance to spread their wings on the circuit.

Portland Score.

Portland got her score after this fashion: There had been nothing doing in Frisco's half of the ninth. The pitcher was in the wind and the recipient of a free ticket. But Bobby turned on a secret steam valve and Nick Seals was fanned the air. Then Melchior batted a fly high in the air to Little Basse, who was always on the spot. He caught it. Then Zeiler followed by Rolly Zeiler. Rolly fell for one of Groom's slants, which landed into a fly that Casey looked up again, although it was no clutch the game wouldn't go into an extra inning or so. Then Seals was looking up again, with a pretty single. Whalen sacrificed him to second. Little Cooney, who struck averages in creating his high score, followed with a timely single and Otis galloped over to third. Here Manager Mace sent Madden into bat. Incidentally Madden established himself as a pinch hitter.

Seals Ball On Nose.

Cooney was getting ready to beat it for the keystone on the first ball over. He didn't have to. Jones picked a high ball out of his assortment, which was to be expected. They swung with all his strength. Madden appeared the sphere right on the nose. There was an awful report and then a blue streak. Away out in center field Piper saw the ball coming, hesitated a moment, then turned his back to the crowd and hot-footed it for the angle formed by the corner. It was a clean three-bagger and might have reached the grandstand had it not been for the personal satisfaction that he gets from the swat, there is little glory in the averages, for he can only be credited with a single. It will be something to remember for months to come.

Catch in Midair.

Little Basse was the bright, glittering, glinting satellite when it came to gathering in the flies. He gloved them to the right of him, to the left of him and even to the rear of him. His great running catch in the fifth was a thrilling piece of work. Piper sent a low one that Basse sprang after it. When still several feet away from where it was scheduled to pass, he lunged into the air with a waiting motion and actually caught the sphere in both hands with his back facing the home plate.

Three or four times when it seemed almost superhuman to grab the hard to the right. Seals followed, Basse turned the trick. The little marquis is now about the most popular chap in the ballparks and as a matinee idol he has Donald Bowles on the run.

Pearl Casey was there with the stop too. At the opening of the fourth he caught a single on the sphere on his way from the bat to center field and with a mighty spring he shot high in the air and brought it back to earth with that unerring slanter. By the way that was the first time Pearl pulled off the stunt at home this season. It's a weekly diversion of his.

Kid Mohler grabbed everything coming his way. The foxy kid made ten assists, severed them beautiful ones, and got two putouts. He made the first man from the Bay City stay close to the bases throughout, and working in the bases with roomed but one steal was pulled off successfully.

Seals Fan Air Often.

Gets to Bases but Are Compelled to Hang Close to Sacks.

It was a one-two-three order game for the Seals. Hildebrand, first ball, connected with Groom's first ball with a fly to Ryan. Mohler followed with a hit, but was thrown out by Whalen when he tried to steal. Ryan and Danzig were easy out. Groom pitched with a hit, but Basse made the third out, Mohler to Williams. Zeiler and Piper went out in short order.

For Portland, Johnson struck out and Whalen followed with a fly to Williams. Cooney secured a pretty single, but Groom was shooed away by Otis.

In the third, McArdle was struck, Johnson to Danzig, while Berry struck out. Jones was an easy victim for Cooney, who heaved the sphere to first in time to catch him. Portland's work was a repetition of the southerners', though they did manage to force Raftery around to second base after he had jabbed the ball for a single. Ryan and Danzig, following, were easy outs, as was Casey, who preceded him.

The Seals did better in the fourth and for a moment it looked threatening. Hildebrand singled and went to second on Mohler's sacrifice. Hilde continued on to third, but Cooney came to the rescue with two perfect stops and prevented him from scoring. Portland did nothing in the fourth.

Both sides went one, two, three in the fifth and sixth. But in the seventh inning things looked discouraging to the faithful in the grandstand. Cooney's error allowed Williams to reach the initial sack. Melchior sacrificed him to second, but he died there, as Zeiler fled out to Ryan and Cooney threw Piper out at first.

In Portland's portion of the seventh the gloom gave away to immense bunches of gladness. Johnson was safe on Zeiler's error. But he chafed at the restraint imposed by Claude Berry and tried to break away. Result, out at second. Claude and the Kid, Whalen struck out, but Cooney was safe on a fielder's choice. A moment later he did what Otis could not do—steal. He stole, but the little fellow pulled it off. O. K. Groom made the third out.

In the eighth McArdle led off with a base on balls and was sacrificed to second by Berry. Jones was safe on a fielder's choice, but McArdle was caught between the bags. Groom chased him up and down for a spell, after which he threw the ball to Cooney. Cooney whipped it back to Johnson, and chances of scoring were glimmering again. Hilly flew out to Ryan.

Both Casey and Ryan made singles in Portland's half, but there was nothing doing. Casey got to third, but died there when Danzig and Basse were thrown out.

Mohler got a ticket to first in the ninth, but Williams' fanning bee, followed by files by Melchior and Zeiler, ruined any scoring chances. Portland's work in this period is history now.

Danzig has recovered his batting eye, having made two hits yesterday. Little Cooney also made two. The assists tell how hard each team worked to prevent the other scoring. The score:

SAN FRANCISCO.		PORTLAND.				
AB.	R.	H.	PO.			
Hildebrand, lf.	4	0	2	0	0	0
Mohler, 2b.	4	0	1	2	10	0
Williams, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Melchior, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Zeiler, ss.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Piper, c.	3	0	0	0	0	0
McArdle, 3b.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Berry, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Jones, p.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Total	28	0	3	25	15	1

SCORE BY INNINGS.	
San Francisco	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Hits	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0
Portland	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3
Hits	1 1 1 0 0 1 0 2 3

SUMMARY.

Struck out—By Groom 3, by Jones 4. Bases on balls—Off Groom 2, off Jones 1. Sacrifice hits—Mohler, Melchior, Hildebrand, Cooney. First base on errors—San Francisco 1, Portland 1. Left on bases—San Francisco 4, Portland 3. Time of game—1 hour 30 minutes. Umpire—Perrin.

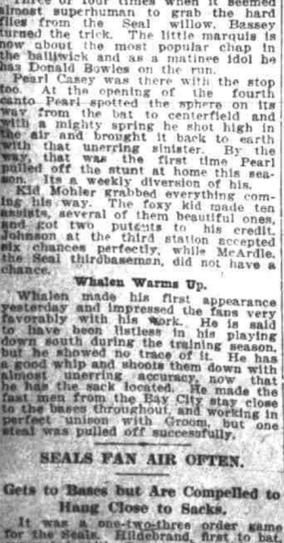
HUNDRED YARDS IN TEN FOR HUSTON

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Eugene, Or., May 9.—In the tryout today for the eastern Washington trip, Huston won the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds. Moon and Reid followed closely. Both track and weather were excellent. Those who will take the trip are: Huston, Moon, Reid, Roberts, Kuykendall, Lowell, Dodson, May, Downs, Slevers, Zacharias, Moulton, McIntyre, Gardner. The team will leave Monday night.

Tomorrow, the 11th, positively the last day for discount on west side gas bills. Remittances must be received before discount period expires. Portland Gas Co.

MEMBERS OF PORTLAND'S YOUNGEST RIDING CLUB

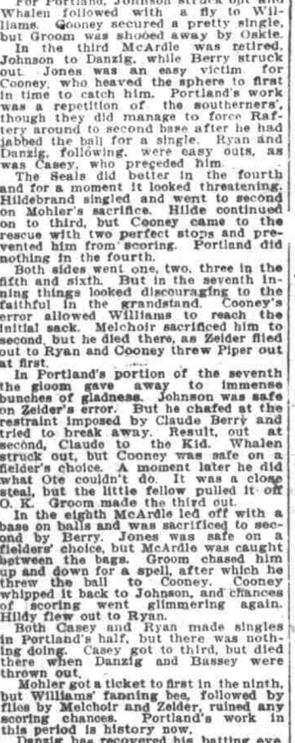


Picture of the Junior Hunt club, an organization composed of the young sons and daughters of prominent families, who seek their Saturday amusement on the back of pretty though speedy ponies.

The third paper chase of the club was held yesterday afternoon. Starting at Claremont tavern the hares, Don Tarpley and Jay Coffey, laid a course over five miles of hill and dale which brought up at the German town road. The winners were John Douglas, on Midget, Alexander Lanthicum, on Johnny, and Leo Baruh, on Tommy, who finished in the order named. There were seven or eight jumps.

Reading from left to right the members of the club in the picture are: Hoyt Colgate, Hugh McGuire, Archie Kingsley, Richard Carney, Ernest Crichton, Leo Baruh, Alexander Lanthicum, Albert Holman, Don Tarpley, Ethel Eaton, Frank Ransom and Florence Bentley.

OARSMEN MURPHY THINKS ARE FASTEST IN AMERICA



PORTLAND ROWING CLUB'S SENIOR CREW

FIGHT FIASCO IS NETTLING FANS

Tommy Sullivan collected his bet, \$1,250, and beat it to St. Louis fast. He heard rumors of the anxiousness of the vigilance committee and he was wise enough to take the tip before he was rough-housed. It was a nice, soft piece of money for Tommy to get his mitts on—more than he will see in many a long day to come. He knew it was good policy to let well enough alone. In these figures Abe had just \$2.25. The fans are crying "stung again," but it is nobody's fault save theirs for patronizing such a show.

Raw Deal Handed Out by Attell and Sullivan Starts Chief Biggy.

Luke Marisch, the man who promoted the alleged fight, had always been a great enemy of Attell's up to the time the blowoff came. He turned against the little fellow slightly at that minute, but it remained for the next day for Marisch's real displeasure to assert itself and for Abe to show his cheapness in a very small way.

DISGRUNTLED SAY NEW TRUST IS BAD AS OLD

Attell was guaranteed \$2,000 for his bit of the house with the privilege of a certain percentage of the receipts provided they went over \$5,500. According to these figures Abe had just \$2.25 coming over and above the \$2,000. That he was not strong for overlooking any bets was shown when he turned up on the job at 10 bells the next morning and called upon Marisch for the paltry sum.

A big crowd of sports was hanging around the promoter's saloon and they all purchased several rounds of drinks while the little champ was passing out a bunch of talk and signing his receipts for the nine-twenty. Abe took a drink of water every time. When he had the money safely in his mitt he tucked it away in his back pocket, said farewell to the boys and swung through the front door without buying. No wonder Marisch swears that Attell always demands an ace in the hole before he starts.

Since the first day of the present year when Attell boxed Owen Moran, the little Britisher, at the Mission street arena before a \$16,000 house, the tiny champion has been one of the principals in every fight the city has known each month. His share of purse money for the last five months has been slightly over \$15,000. Pretty mushy picking for a man who, though a champion, never got more than \$2,000 for a fight in all his long ring career before he came back to bunk the fans of the city where he was born and raised and learned all the fine arts of the boxing game.

Though Abe has left a pretty penny over at the track during the winter he still has plenty to keep him on easy

IRVINGTON TENNIS CLUB PLAYS IN JUNE

Final Arrangements Being Made for Local and State Racquet Tournaments.

The Irvington Tennis club is making arrangements for its annual summer tournament which will formally open the tennis season. The club tournament will take place early in June at the club grounds and the state tournament begins July 13. Final arrangements for both will be made by the committee which meets tomorrow night.

The president of the club, Jay S. Hamilton, appointed a committee of eleven last week which intends to make this the most successful of Irvington's tournaments. Their tennis festivities have gained a reputation for the club that will be hard to beat. The entries always reach a high number. The official end of the tournament is always taken care of by the women of the club who try to make it equal to the competitive end. This year special efforts will be made to entertain visitors to the state tournament. Probably a ball will be given them and outside excursions will be arranged. A big affair will be made of tournament week.

The members and outside excursions are: F. H. V. Andrews, A. B. McAlpin, Walter A. Goss, W. K. Scott, Richard Wilder, James Shivers, Sydney Caverton, D. S. Bellinger, Frank Wickersham, Irving Rohr and W. F. Woodward.

OAKLAND SWIPES ONE MORE FROM ANGEL SET

San Francisco, May 9.—Oakland 2, Los Angeles 1. Only for the liberality of Cooke, who was recently converted into a shortstop, Henry Berry's pennant chasers would have been blanked at Recreation park again today. Southsides Killian was on the mound for the Oaklanders, and outside of one inning had the Angels just as puzzled as Dellair on Friday. He should have been credited with a shut-out.

LOS ANGELES.		OAKLAND.			
AB.	R.	H.	PO.		
Oakes, cf.	4	0	1	0	0
Wheeler, 2b.	3	1	1	2	1
Dillon, 1b.	4	0	0	0	0
Brusher, rf.	2	0	1	1	0
Jud Smith, 3b.	4	0	1	1	0
Ellis, p.	4	0	0	1	0
Nagle, ss.	4	0	0	1	0
Easterley, c.	4	0	0	4	0
Hosp, p.	2	0	0	1	2
Total	31	1	5	24	13

SCORE BY INNINGS.	
Los Angeles	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0
Base hits	1 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0
Oakland	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2
Base hits	1 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 5

SUMMARY.

Two base hits—Van Halgren, Sacrifice hits—Wheeler, Altman. First base on called balls—Hosp. 4; Killian, 3. Struck out—Hosp. 2; Killian, 7. Time of game—1:50. Umpire—O'Connell.

U. of O. Wins at Albany.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Albany, Or., May 9.—The University of Oregon baseball team defeated the local team from Albany college yesterday afternoon by the score of 11 to 4. The game was well played. The college team led the university team at the beginning and had five to their nothing in the early stages of the game. Fireworks on the part of the Eugene team pulled them out of a difficult position and a three-base hit gave them the game without the possibility of the locals recovering.

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