



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, and Kid Mohler, pulled off some stops that were simply marvelous. Half the time that big 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 but Seals were ignorant of. They made three hits, but one of them was pretty scratchy, and they were scattered too much to be effectual. Seals, Groom and Casey, but they 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 shock of his error. Melchior, Zelder 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 had to look for the pitcher of the other team. Bobby turned on a secret steam valve and the crowd was in a wilder mood than when Melchior batted a fly high in the air to Little Seasey, who was always on the spot. Casey took a third strike, but he was followed by Rolly Zelder. 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. The pitcher had to look for the pitcher of the other team. Little Conney, who pitched very well, was followed with a timely single and Otis galloped over to third. Here Manager MacIntyre saw Madden into bat. Incidentally Madden established himself as a pinch hitter.

His Ball On Nose. Conney was getting ready to beat it over the keyhole on the first ball for. 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 wrenched the first base from the side of 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 hit. He is something to remember for months to come. Catch in Midair. Little Seasey 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 reaching catch in the fifth was a thrilling piece of work. Piper sent a low one that Seasey 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. Little Seasey turned the trick. The little marquis is now about the most popular chap in the ball park, 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 pitched a single out of the box and with a mighty spring he shot high in the air and brought it back to earth with that unerring aim. By the way that was the first time Pearl pulled off the stunt at home this season. It is a weekly diversion of his. Kid Mohler grabbed everything coming his way. The foxy kid made ten catches, severed them beautiful ones, and got two putouts. Johnson at the third station accepted the Seal thirderman, did not have a chance.

Whalen Warm Up. Whalen made his first appearance yesterday and impressed the fans very favorably with his work. He is playing very hard in his playing, but he showed no trace of it. He has a good whip and shoots them down with that unerring aim. He made the last 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 OPTEN. Gets to Bases but Are Compelled to Hang Close to Sacks. It was a one-two-three order game for the seals. Hildebrand, first, took a fly to Ryan. Mohler followed with a hit, but was thrown out by Whalen when he tried to steal. Williams was an easy out. Groom to Danzig. Casey, the first Beaver to the plate, hit around the bases, which was taken in by Williams. Raftery worked Otis Jones for a base on balls, but was thrown out at second on a fielder's choice. Ryan came to bat. Danzig fol-

lowed with a hit, but Bassey made the third out. Mohler to Williams. But the second, Melchior, Zelder and Piper went out in short order. For Portland, Johnson struck out and Whalen followed with a fly to Williams. Gooney 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 Conney, 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. Hildebrand continued on to third, but Conney 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. Conney's error allowed Williams to reach the initial sack. Melchior sacrificed him to second, but he died there, as Zelder fled out to Ryan and Conney threw Piper out at first. In Portland's portion of the seventh the groom gave away to immense numbers of gladness. Johnson was safe on Zelder's error. But he chafed at the restraint imposed by Claude Berry and tried to break away. Result, out at second. Claude to the Kid. Whalen struck out, but Conney was safe on a fielder's choice. A moment later he did what Otis could not do. 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 Conney. Conney 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 Bassey were thrown out. Mohler got a ticket to first in the ninth, but Williams' fanning bee, followed by files by Melchior and Zelder, 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 Conney also made two. The assists tell how hard each team worked to prevent the other scoring. The score:

Table with columns: Team, AB, R, H, PO, A, E. Rows for SAN FRANCISCO and PORTLAND players.

PORTLAND ROWING CLUB'S SENIOR CREW



FIGHT FIASCO IS NETTLING FANS

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

DISGRUNTLED SAY NEW TRUST IS BAD AS OLD

Boer Unholz, Strangest Craft That Ever Sailed Into San Francisco, Is in for Awful Trimming at Hands of Joe Gans.

Tommy Sullivan collected his bet, \$1,200, 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. To 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. Luke Marisch, the man who promoted the alleged fight, had always been a great enemy of Atwell'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. Atwell was guaranteed \$2,000 for his bit of the house with the privilege of a certain percentage of the receipts provided they went over \$4,500. 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 Atwell always demands an ace in the hole before he starts. Since the first day of the present year when Atwell 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

street for a while. He can afford to stick around now and watch the other fellows. It does not seem likely that Abe will figure in any more fights around this village in the near future. He has been against all the dead ends in his class and unless a new graveyard is discovered shortly, Abe will be forced to take to the bush country or the east where he still believes he can wade in and grab off some coin in the six and ten-round affairs, though he played these off the boards three or four years ago when he started out on his career of fame.

The supervisors have been asked to make an investigation of the present so-called "right trust," composed of the three clubs who now receive fight permits in rotation. The fans who have recently been stung and the opposition forces working against the promoters—Gleason, Marisch and Berry—say that the ring now in control is working just like the old-time Granev-Coffroth trust and that the game will get worse and worse as the months pass by unless something is done by the authorities.

Somebody has put a bug in the ear of Chief of Police Biggy and he has started a quiet little investigation on his own accord. Biggy is one of the busiest citizens the city has ever known. All you have to do is to whisper to him that something is stirring and he is right on the job with the gun-shoes. He has a couple of sleuths working now and they have been instructed to get the low down on the affairs of the fight trust and report back to Chairman Stafford of the police committee of the supervisors, who has been ill of late and therefore out of the running. There may be some doings this time and there may not. Many things have been started lately, but nobody ever carried them through to a finish.

Unless he has a whole lot more than he has shown in training, Boer Unholz is in for an awful polishing when he goes against the old master, Joe Gans, next Thursday night. The Boer is the funniest looking thing that has ever drifted into this city. He stands just a trifle over 5 feet in height and is constructed on the lines of a ripe dill pickle. He has a large head and larger feet. He walks like a wheelbarrow and boxes like a codfish. Those who have watched him generally turned their heads away and smiled a sad smile when they reflected a bit and figured out what should happen to such a unwieldily looking thing when he faces

the greatest fighting machine in the world today. Fearing that the coming set-to may be framed in some way or other, Gans' well-wishers have warned him to go in and fight and not allow Unholz to stay. Gans seems to realize that the only chance he has to collect some coin around here is to be perfectly on the square. He has therefore assured his advisers that he will go after Mr. Unholz from the moment the bell taps and keep after him. Unless the Boer is the wonder that he claims to be he is in for a cleaning that will be second to none ever known here.

Jim Jeffries, the man who licked 'em all and then had to get out of the fighting game because there was nobody left to fight him, is in the promoting business for fair now. He has the sweetest clubhouse in the country, about two miles outside Los Angeles, at a little station known as Vernon. He dedicated the pavilion the other night when Mike Sullivan and Jimmy Gardner went 25 rounds. Though it was first week in Los Angeles and everything looked prosperous, Jeff drew only \$800 at the gate. The big fellow is not at all discouraged, however, and he is going after the heavy fish. He promises to make his new pavilion the great battleground of the country if the authorities do not interfere with him. So far Jeff has been beating the city ordinance very nicely. He is just outside of the city limits and as there is no county law against a 20 or 25-round mills he is all right for the present at least.

Johnny Frayne, the local lightweight, made good the other night in his 15-round mill with Fred Landers and now he is right in the limelight. Frayne showed such class that the expert fans concede him a chance against Picky McFarland or Battling Nelson. His only weakness is over-anxiety when he has his man going. He could have finished Landers as early as the fourth round, but at the critical moment he invariably made a bloomer and allowed his chance for a clean and decisive victory. Frayne has offers to go to Los Angeles and meet Phil Brock before Jeff's club. He is also wanted around Philadelphia and Milwaukee in some of the short distance fights. If Frayne sticks around here long enough he can improve to improve as he has been improving he should experience but little difficulty in picking up big money with the live ones.

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 following 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 tough speedies. The third paper chase of the club was held yesterday afternoon. Starting at Clarendon tavern the hares, Don Tarpley and Jay Coffey, laid a course over five miles of hill and dale which brought up at the German

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 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 of the tournament committee are: F. H. V. Andrews, A. B. McAlpin, Walter A. Goss, W. K. Scott, Richard Wilde, 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 Oakland, and outside of one inning, had the Angels just as puzzled as Dellin on Friday. He should have been credited with a shut-out. Score: LOS ANGELES.

AB. R. H. PO. A. E. Onkes, cf..... 4 0 1 1 0 0 0 Wheeler, 2b..... 2 1 1 2 1 0 0 Dillon, 1b..... 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 Brasher, rf..... 2 0 1 1 1 0 0 Jud Smith, 3b..... 4 0 1 1 6 0 0 Ellis, c..... 4 0 0 1 0 0 0 Nagle, ss..... 4 0 0 1 0 0 0 Easterley, c..... 4 0 0 4 0 0 0 Hosp, p..... 2 0 0 1 2 1 0 Total..... 31 1 5 24 13 1 0 OAKLAND.

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 6. The game was well played. The college team had 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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