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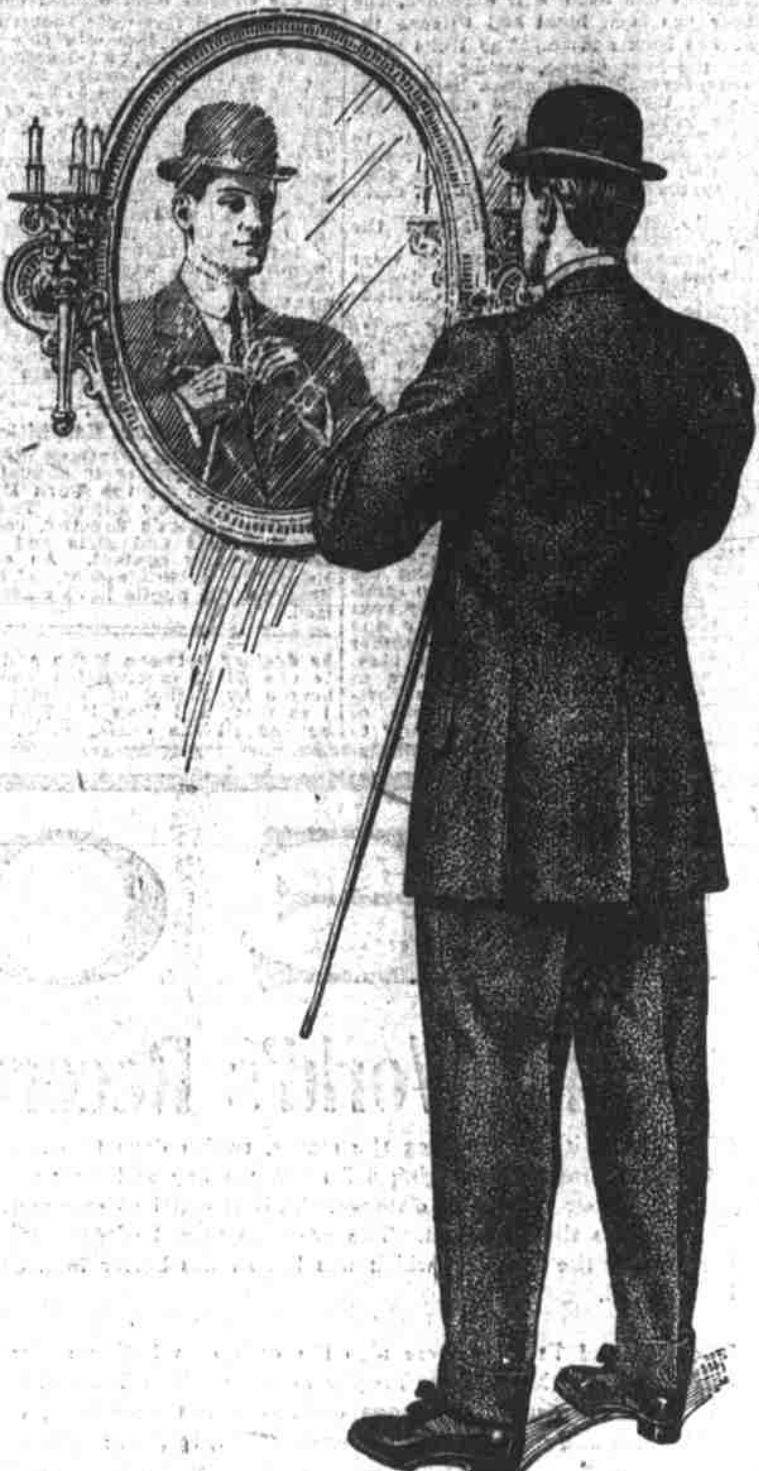
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KETCHEL WINS FROM J. "TWIN" SULLIVAN

Had to Bring All His Ring Generalship Into Play to Encompass Defeat of His Stubborn, Hard-Hitting Opponent.

By Stanley Ketchel.

It was a good fight but I think I could have put Sullivan out sooner if it hadn't been for the way he kept appealing to the referee in the earlier rounds, claiming a foul. After that I made up my mind that I had to put him out with a blow to the jaw, otherwise there was a probability that I would be disqualified for flogging. I did not hit Sullivan low at any time intentionally. He made me mad during the middle of the fight and I didn't care whether it was a punch to the head or the stomach that would put him out and I told my seconds that I would get away with him before the twenty-first round was over. I saw the opportunity and took it. Sullivan gave me a tough fight and he is a hard fighter. I do not know whether I will take on Papke right away or rest a while. All arrangements of that nature are in the hands of my manager.

By Jack (Twin) Sullivan.

I am not a gutter and don't want to be considered such. I think that my fight today proves that I'm not. The crowd occasionally called me to get up and fight when I was knocked down but Ketchel's punches to the stomach really hurt me. After the first two or three rounds he had about taken all the fight out of me. I think I fought him back and proved that I was game. I thought I could finally get Ketchel by wearing him down, but I was always afraid of that body punch and he finally got me. He is a strong fellow.

By Referee Billy Roche.

There was talk that the blow which put Sullivan out was a foul one. That is all nonsense. It was as fair a blow as was ever struck and was well above the belt. Sullivan fought the best he knew how, but to me it was only a question of time before Ketchel finally put him down. The Twin put up a game fight but he is not as sturdy as he was, and no match for the husky young Michigander. It was a good fight.

San Francisco, May 9.—Young Ketchel defeated Jack (Twin) Sullivan in the twentieth round of their fight at Coffroth's arena today. He had to bring into play all of his hitting force and his entire knowledge of the ring game in order to encompass the Bostonian's downfall. It was as savage and at the same time as interesting a boxing bout as any ring follower could wish to witness. It was superiority in more than one hard blow that won for Ketchel. After a few rounds had been fought it could be seen that Ketchel was the stronger of the pair. As long as Sullivan's strength remained intact he baffled Ketchel completely. That Sullivan felt his chances slipping away was shown by tricks he resorted to. Twice during the contest he fell to the floor and gave an imitation of a man enduring the agony resulting from a foul punch. When he heard the voice of Referee Roche urging him to get up and fight he did so. Incidentally it might be said that Ketchel did strike several unfair blows, but whether by intent or through Sullivan's changing the directions of the punches with his guard the writer is unable to say. I only know that Sullivan was not felled when he wished the crowd and the referee to believe that such was the case. Just before the finish came in the twentieth round Ketchel used one punch that landed on Sullivan's thigh. A second later he drove a hard right

into the pit of the stomach. The blow caused the Bostonian to curl up and fall. **Fists Distress Signals.** His lips were parted and his eyes were rolling, and from the look of distress he bore he seemed as though he would be unable to gather himself together. He was up, however, just as nine seconds were tolled off by the timekeeper. He waited for Ketchel's advance and caught the Michigan middleweight on a weak right-hander on the mouth. Ketchel then dealt him a savage right smash just under the heart and there was no doubt of the result this time. When Jack fell, his legs were bent, but when half the count was over he straightened them out, a sure sign that there was no hurt left in him. Referee Roche waited until the 10 seconds had expired and then turning and pointing dramatically at Ketchel said: "You win!" Ketchel tore around the ring, receiving congratulations from his seconds and friends, while poor Sullivan, limping, was borne tenderly to his corner. So far as the details of the rounds is concerned it may be said that the contest was such a one as was promised it should be. Ketchel said he would carry the battle to his man from the start and win just as soon as he could. Sullivan told his friends that he would try and baffle Ketchel for 10 rounds and then wear him down. Ketchel was always the aggressor. He began in his old style, namely,

prodding at the stomach with a straight left while crouched. He has disarranged many an opponent's defense by this method and has put in a knockout punch after bringing his man's guard down. Jack the Twin is too old a bird to be caught by chance. He covered carefully when Ketchel pecked and stabbed, and between times he sent in tantalizing jabs with the left. Pretty soon Ketchel straightened up and cut loose with full range punches. And this was the style of fighting he put up from first to last. Sullivan's defense was really marvelous and there were several rounds in which Ketchel must have missed four out of every five punches that he attempted. His best effort in the clinch fighting was a left rip to the stomach and he missed oftener than he landed with this even. Until very near the end of the contest he did not catch Sullivan a right hand body punch that inflamed damage.

Waits for Ketchel. Whenever Ketchel twined his right enouler and drove in a hard straight right for the heart Jack's left elbow dropped to the guard position as naturally as possible and intercepted Stanley's best meant punches. As the fight went on it seemed to dawn upon the crowd that if Sullivan was up to be whipped it must be with one of the terrific rips that the Michigan man kept sending bodyward. The left and right hands of Ketchel landed on Joe Thomas' head were harmless assaults so far as Sullivan was concerned. As a rule he blocked these high swings and if one did land it seemed to roll harmlessly across the Twin's bald scouce.

Sullivan in pursuance of his antebellum statement, certainly confined his attention to defensive work. There were times when he engaged in short rallies and he always scored cleanly. When he battled with Ketchel's right eye closed, his nose and mouth bleeding and his face puffed generally.

Michigan Boy Falters. Just once Ketchel falter. That was in the sixteenth round. Sullivan, who seemed to put all his strength into the effort, clipped him with rights and lefts and the Michigan boy's head jerked from side to side. He was confused for a few seconds, but he soon struck his gait again and kept up the forcing tactics he had employed from the beginning. The proof that Sullivan's punch was not to be feared was found in the seventeenth round, when he struck Ketchel's head with a straight right to the head and as Ketchel's fist shot out Jack smashed his own right against the Michigan man's mouth. By the manner in which Sullivan's shoulder twitched, it could be told that he had put all his strength into the blow, but the result was a punishment was concerned was literally nothing. In the eighteenth round Ketchel showed up a bit and the Twin seemed to freshen. There was a suspicion at all times for that matter that Sullivan was simply feigning weakness when he appeared distressed, but the way his defense became impaired toward the end, showed that he was a very tired pugilist. In the nineteenth and twentieth rounds the Michigan middleweight fought at full speed and the pace reached Sullivan a fit subject for the two finishing punches.

The Fight by Rounds: **Round 1.** They shake. Ketchel is aggressive, sends two hard left rips to body. He repeats, coming into clinch, and they rough it out about center of ring. Ketchel missed hard right swing. Sullivan laughs. **Round 2.** Sullivan put right left to body. Clinch. Both landed right uppercuts. They exchange left awats to body. Ketchel misses right cross, but lands left uppercut on nose, which starts the claret. At the gong Sullivan hooked hard left to jaw. **Round 3.** Ketchel lands right to head and left to body, and came back with right to head. Sullivan puts right left to body. Sullivan is against the ropes and Ketchel lands two hard rights to body and a wicked left to jaw. Sullivan raised Ketchel completely off his feet with a terrific right uppercut. Clinch, in which Ketchel

pounds Jack's kidneys. They rough it in a prolonged clinch. Sullivan hooks Ketchel with a long left. Lefts for body exchanged. Jack cleverly blocks Ketchel's right and left, starting at the finish. Ketchel has a shade. **Round 4.** Ketchel lands stiff right to face and crosses hard right to jaw, and repeats it a moment later. Jack's not hurt. Ketchel again catches him with hard right and they clinch. Sullivan blocks Ketchel's right and left lefts for jaw. But Ketchel sinks terrific right into Jack's mid-section. Both miss left swings. **Round 5.** Ketchel missed with right for head and they clinch. Sullivan is blocking wonderfully. He hooked Ketchel on nose with hard left in clinch. Ketchel plants two wicked lefts upon body. Ketchel backs Sully around the ring, but misses with both fists. At gong Jack misses wicked left swing. Again Ketchel. **Round 6.** Jack misses two tries with left and blocks Ketchel's left to stomach. Ketchel lands stiff left to stomach and crosses Jack hard with right swing. Clinch. Jack fiddled Ketchel out of position. Clinch. Sully puts hard left to kidneys. Ketchel catches Jack hard right and left on body. Ketchel lands straight left to face, but misses right swing to body. Sully laughs as Ketchel misses another wicked left to body. In tight-clinch at gong. Even honors. **Round 7.** They exchange lefts for face. Jack chops Ketchel with right and left to face. Ketchel misses left with stiff right to jaw and left to body. Both miss right to face. Ketchel plants light left on Sully's right eye. Ketchel swings his head in clinches and out-generals Ketchel in the rough stuff. Sully catches Ketchel with lightning uppercut, catches him with hard left on face as they break. Sully lands left body punch as they clinch at gong. Sullivan's round. Ketchel sends Jack back with straight to face. They clinch. Ketchel misses hard right to body. They exchange lefts to face. Ketchel blocks Sully's two lefts to body. Ketchel pounds Jack over kidneys in clinch. Jack stings Ketchel on nose with left, but takes hard left in body. More claret. Jack staggered Ketchel with two lefts on face and later put hard right to jaw. Ketchel misses left to ear and repeats a moment later. Ketchel roughs Jack about in a clinch and lands right and left. Sully's round. **Round 8.** Sully puts left left to body, left to body. Later makes Ketchel miss stiff uppercut. Ketchel puts hard left to body, but misses right for head. Later he crosses Jack with right and wallops him hard with left. Ketchel swings himself off his feet with a try at right swing. Sully lands right to face. Clinch. Sully misses left for body. Clinch. Ketchel misses right cross, but lands left uppercut on nose, which starts the claret. At the gong Sullivan hooked hard left to jaw. **Round 9.** Sullivan swung a left on the cheek. Ketchel got in a left on the stomach, and Jack came back with a straight left on the mouth. Ketchel pinned Sullivan against the ropes and let go both hands and made glancing punches of them. Sullivan backed around the ropes and suddenly stepped in and dealt his opponent a choppy right on the jaw. Ketchel trying every kind of a punch, but the only blow he scored were left rippers on the body in the clinches. Ketchel

pressed Jack around the ropes and put in a fierce shift on the stomach. **Round 9.** They exchanged lefts to face. Ketchel chases Jack about ring, trying with lefts and rights with little success. Ketchel catches Jack with hard right to jaw and two straight lefts to face. Ketchel lands hard with both hands and keeps Jack retreating about ring. Sully laughs. In a corner Ketchel wallops Jack with hard left but Jack comes back with same old punch. Sully puts two light lefts to jaw. Ketchel raps Jack with hard left to jaw. They exchange lefts to face. Ketchel lands two wicked left hooks. Sully swings wildly. Ketchel slips to the floor. Jack staggers Ketchel hard left at bell. It is Ketchel's round. **Round 10.** Opens with prolonged clinch. Ketchel lands vicious right swing upon point of jaw and puts hard left to body. Both miss right crosses. Ketchel puts right to jaw and two straight lefts to face. Sully lands three hard lefts to body. Sully bleeds like a stuck pig from Sully hard lefts to body. They exchange light lefts to jaw. Ketchel lands hard right on Sully's head. Ketchel breathes. Jack makes hurricane finish and outslugs Ketchel at end of round. Ketchel, however, has a shade. **Round 11.** Jack misses twice with left to face. Ketchel hooks right to jaw. Both fight back fiercely but gets hard right to nose. More claret. He stings Ketchel with straight lefts but is forced to back away. In a clinch Ketchel plants hard left on body and wicked right to face. Jack went to knees from body punch and claims foul. **Referee Roche laughs at Jack, however. Ketchel peppers him with hard rights and lefts to jaw. Jack comes back with hard right to jaw. Ketchel reaches Jack with two hard lefts to uppercuts. At gong Jack lands three wicked lefts to Ketchel's jaw.** **Round 12.** Sully puts left to jaw, and same fist to body. Sully comes back with two hard right crosses to face. Ketchel, in a furious rally Ketchel pounds Sullivan with the hardest right and left he can throw. Sully comes back with hard right and left uppercut. Both boys are bleeding profusely. Ketchel puts two hard lefts to body. Sully puts two hard lefts to body. Clinch. Both put lefts to body. Sully lands two uppercuts in clinch. With both hands Ketchel reaches Jack to his corner weak at the end of the round. Ketchel's round. **Round 13.** They fight into a clinch. Ketchel forces the fighting. After a prolonged clinch Ketchel gets there first. They swap right and lefts to body. Sully stalls and blocks and plants two light lefts on Sully's right eye. Ketchel swings his head in clinches and grabs his groin, as though fouled. Just as the timekeeper called "1-2" he was up, fighting hard. Ketchel rouses him about the ring and they exchange lefts to face. Jack is palpably stalling when he claims foul, for he is fighting back strong at the gong. **Round 14.** Sully lands hard left to jaw. Clinch and repeat. Ketchel roughs Jack around ring, landing series of lefts but cannot faze the Boston lad, who fights as though he were un hurt. In a mild rally Jack outboxes Ketchel. Sully tapped Ketchel upon jaw with right uppercut in clinch. They swap rights to head. Sully hops around with a great show of ginger and puts hard left on Ketchel's nose. They fight for body in clinch. Three times Jack caught the Michigander with straight lefts on nose. Even honors. **Round 15.** Sully blocks three left leads and hooks Ketchel with hard left. Ketchel catches Jack with left to body. Ketchel lands stiff body punch and Sully again goes down, claiming foul. He got up, at the count of nine, fighting as though un hurt. They fought into a clinch. Ketchel beats Jack over the kidneys. Clinch—longer now. Jack aims two hard lefts to jaw. Sully misses vicious right swing, but stings Stanley with fierce right and left upon jaw. Fight-

ing hard as round ends. Ketchel's round. **Round 16.** Both reach with hard lefts and wrestle in long clinch. Ketchel lands hard right on eye. They exchange stiff right crosses. Sully shows his class in another long clinch. Ketchel peppers him with right and left to jaw and body but Jack seems good as ever. Sully hits Ketchel hard right cross and outboxes Stanley easily at long range work. They slug in mid ring and finish the round in a clinch. Ketchel's—by a shade. **Round 17.** Ketchel started the round as though he meant to win, lands right on body, but Jack avoids the most vicious ones. Sully aplies hooks Ketchel with left. Clinch. Ketchel misses with both hands. Sully catches Stanley on jaw with hard left. They clinch and again Ketchel misses with both hands. They are fighting more slowly now. Sully puts light left to jaw and low left to body. Both miss right crosses. Ketchel clinches Jack when bell rang. **Round 18.** They exchange rights to face. Clinch—Sully holding hard. Ketchel misses right and left swings to head Ketchel again. During the clinch Ketchel pounds two hard body blows to Jack's mid-section a moment later. Both miss lefts for body. Sully jumps into a clinch. Ketchel puts hard left to body in clinch. Sully has a bit the better of the light-hitting rally. Both miss rights for body as the round ends. Even honors. **Round 19.** Ketchel forces Sully around the ring. Roche stops fight for a moment to wipe resin off Sully's glove. They fight into a clinch. They break and clinch again. During the clinch Ketchel pounds Jack over kidneys. Ketchel misses with both hands. Jack grinning as he dances away. Ketchel reaches Jack with two hard lefts to jaw. Ketchel's round. **Round 20.** They riddle about in the ring. Clinch. Sully puts light left to body and they exchange rights to face. Ketchel sends stiff right to body and Jack holds on. Clinch twice—no damage. Ketchel puts light right on body catching Jack with low left in mid-section. Jack went down and took the limit. Again Sully goes down after a series of swift rights and lefts. A fierce left to body finishes the Boston boy. Ketchel wins.

JACK TARS EAGERLY FLOCK TO RINGSIDE

(United Press Leased Wire.) Ringside, Ocean View, Cal., May 9.—Graced by the presence of many officers and enlisted men from the fleet, Stanley Ketchel, the sturdy Michigan boy, and Jack (Twin) Sullivan, the balding wonder from classic Boston, met in Jim Coffroth's arena this afternoon to decide who shall be one of the contestants in the next battle for the world's middleweight championship. The sky was cloudless but a strong northwest wind, with quite a chill to it, was making overcast desirable. A big wad of Ketchel money was poured into the arena an hour before the fight began and as a result the odds tumbled to 10 to 6, with Sullivan on the short end. Several private bets were made at 2 to 1, but the suspiciously inclined, as usual, saw something sinister in the odds and not without justification. On the dope, Sullivan looked to be as good as an even money proposition, if not better. The men were almost evenly matched, with Ketchel slightly the stronger, an advantage offset by Sully's superior cleverness and ring generalship. The festival of fists was opened with a six-round collision between Jim Hayward, an ex-cavalry smoky person, with a pugacious jaw and low brow, and Frank Burgess. **Personal Dose Sops Up.** But Nelson's usual soft to Gene to fight six rounds, or to a final was flung out. Gene accepted the challenge

but insisted that Nelson must bet \$5,000 real money on the side. Nelson retorted that his \$5,000 is up already and the crowd went wild. The bronze champion said little but smiled grimly.

MILLET FIELD AT CHEHALIS OPENED

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Chehalis, Or., May 9.—With the largest crowd that ever attended a baseball game in this city's history, Millett field, Chehalis' new athletic park, was dedicated to public uses today. The grounds are located in the south end of the city about 7 blocks from the business center. By the expenditure of between \$1,500 and \$2,000 a fine baseball ground has been donated to the public by the Chehalis Land & Lumber company and by Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Millett. The ball game opened at 2 o'clock between Chehalis and Centralia. At 2 o'clock there was a public parade in which a large number participated and on proclamation of Mayor West and an understanding all around that the occasion was to be a public holiday, almost every business-house and factory in Chehalis was closed from 3 to 5.

Chehalis, Wash., May 9.—The baseball score at the opening game on Millett field today was: Chehalis 4; Centralia 2. The batteries for Chehalis were Quick and Ruff; for Centralia, Solder Thomas and Hanson.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

By James J. Montague. The baseball reporter was slowly and directing his steps through the gathering gloom. Intending thereafter to slumber securely and dream pleasant dreams in his far Harlem home. A beetle-browed footpad crept softly behind him. And tapped with a sandbag, the back of his head. The embarrassed reporter resigned him. To pillage and murder and death then and there! Fear not gentle reader, there flowed not a gore. He said gently: "Say, will you de score?"

So joyously onward the baseball reporter. His course toward the night-riding subway addressed. He peered up the cabin, preferring a shorter. And under route to his haven of rest. The local he took made a frantic endeavor. To pass an express that was switched on its track. The motorman, though he was gifted and clever. Succeeded but poorly, and perished. But as he succumbed, he was heard to exclaim: To the baseball reporter, "Say, who who won the game?"

Tomorrow, the 11th, positively the last day for discount on west side gas bills. Remittance must be received before discount period expires. Portland Gas Co. **L. A. WHITE, Chief of Staff** **"GENTLE DENTISTRY"** **EAST** **DETS**