SPORTS OF THE DAY

KETCHEL PULLS WIRES FOR PAPKE

Conqueror of Jack Sullivan Urges Decisive Battle in San Francisco.

SAILORS HANG TO COIN AND PASS UP HANGOUTS

Jackies Prove Too Frugal to Satisfy Bay City Amusement Promoters Who Have Grown From Fleet's Visit.

By Will J. Slattery.

San Francisco, May 16.—Now that Stanley Ketchel, the Montana whirlwind, has removed Jack (Twin) Sullivan from the path which he is treading toward the middleweight goal, he is pulling every wire to get on with Billy Papke in a long bout at the Mission-street arena. Ketchel realizes that Papke is the man whom he must beat in order to clinch his right to the title. He has practically put the crusher on every one else in his class and should he manage to dispose of Papke, he will have to say farewell to the middleweights and wade in after the heavies.

Joe O'Connor, Ketchel's manager, is at present in Milwaukee striving to bring Papke to terms. They have been at it for three days now and there is nothing startling yet. However, the match is an attractive one and as both men realize that there is a lot of money in it for them no matter which way the tide of victory turns, it looks like an even money bet that they will agree to come together here before many weeks have passed.

Papke has done all his fighting in and around Milwaukee and is very popular there. He likes the 10-round game and naturally, he is holding out for a bout of that kind in the beer city. Ketchel on the other hand likes the long route. He gained a name for himself in California when he fought that memorable 20-round draw with Joe Thomas last Fourth of July. Two months later, he stowed Thomas away in 22 rounds at Colma and immediately became famous.

Since that time Ketchel has done all his fighting at the Mission-street arena. In eight months, he managed to clean up about $10,000 in purses and on bets. He was returned a winner every time and things stacked up nice and easy for him. He knows this is a good meal ticket town for him and he wants it to be the scene of his fight with Papke, which should draw more money than any mill the town has known since Britt and Gans figured in the widely heralded ulna fight at the ball park last September.

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Ketchel and his manager are great fellows for looking after the bonus every time they sign up with an opponent. Not only do they sting the promoters for a bit, but they invariably get a rake off from the man whom Ketchel goes against. For instance, the Ketchel-Sullivan affair drew $12,891 at the door. Of this amount Ketchel received $5,500, while the best Sullivan got was $2,200. Ketchel held Jim Coffroth up for a 10 per cent bonus of the house and after that, he got to Sullivan for a 10 per cent cut of the fighter's share of the coin. Sullivan readily granted this, for he honestly believed that he could stand off and make a monkey out of the Montana man in 35 rounds.

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Both Jack and his brother Mike fell for a bet, each going down into his kick for about $600. The wagering on the mill closed at odds of 10 to 6 in favor of Ketchel and strangely enough it was the wise brigade and not the suckers who were nicked. Such knowing boys as Battling Nelson, Tim McGrath, Colonel Brady, Joe Gans, Benny Selig and a host of others sneaked in piles of their coin on the Twin. Most of them waited till the price had dropped to 6. Then they went at the small fry's money and devoured it. Consequently, there was great hollering and belching from the low down boys when the fight was over. The ones who generally fall for this kind of a layout managed to reason though the odds were false when the records of the fighters were doped out.

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Sam Berger has bobbed up with Abe Attell on his staff for the June attraction. It is the general opinion here that somebody should put the rollers under Abe and allow him to glide away gently. The local sports have seen too much of him since the first of the year. Every month he has been dished up to them in some sort of form and each of the fights proved a bloomer save the New Year's day affair with Owen Moran and the March mill in which he engaged Battling Nelson.

How Berger figures that Attell is going to draw next month, nobody seems to know. It looks like a cinch that the majority of the fight fans will take another look at their $2, $5 and $10 pieces before they give up to watch the artful little Hebrew go again. A fighter gets played out just like an actor or a sewing machine. It is Abe's turn to beat it some place else for the easy pickings, but so long as he sees a chance to gather again, naturally he will go and get the coin.

Berger's present plan is to stick Abe and Gans together. Now, with a pair of such educated performers, it is a foregone conclusion that the dear public will get the worst of it. Imagine Abe giving away 15 pounds to the greatest fighting machine alive and expecting to beat him. Nobody will go for anything like that. Still, the local promoters intend to hand it to them. No wonder they are looking to kill the game in this city. It is the only live battle ground in the United States at the present time, but even at that, the penny-wise-and-pound-foolish boys do not know how to get away with it. Wait till the old hen that lays the golden eggs is dead. Then the roar will go up.

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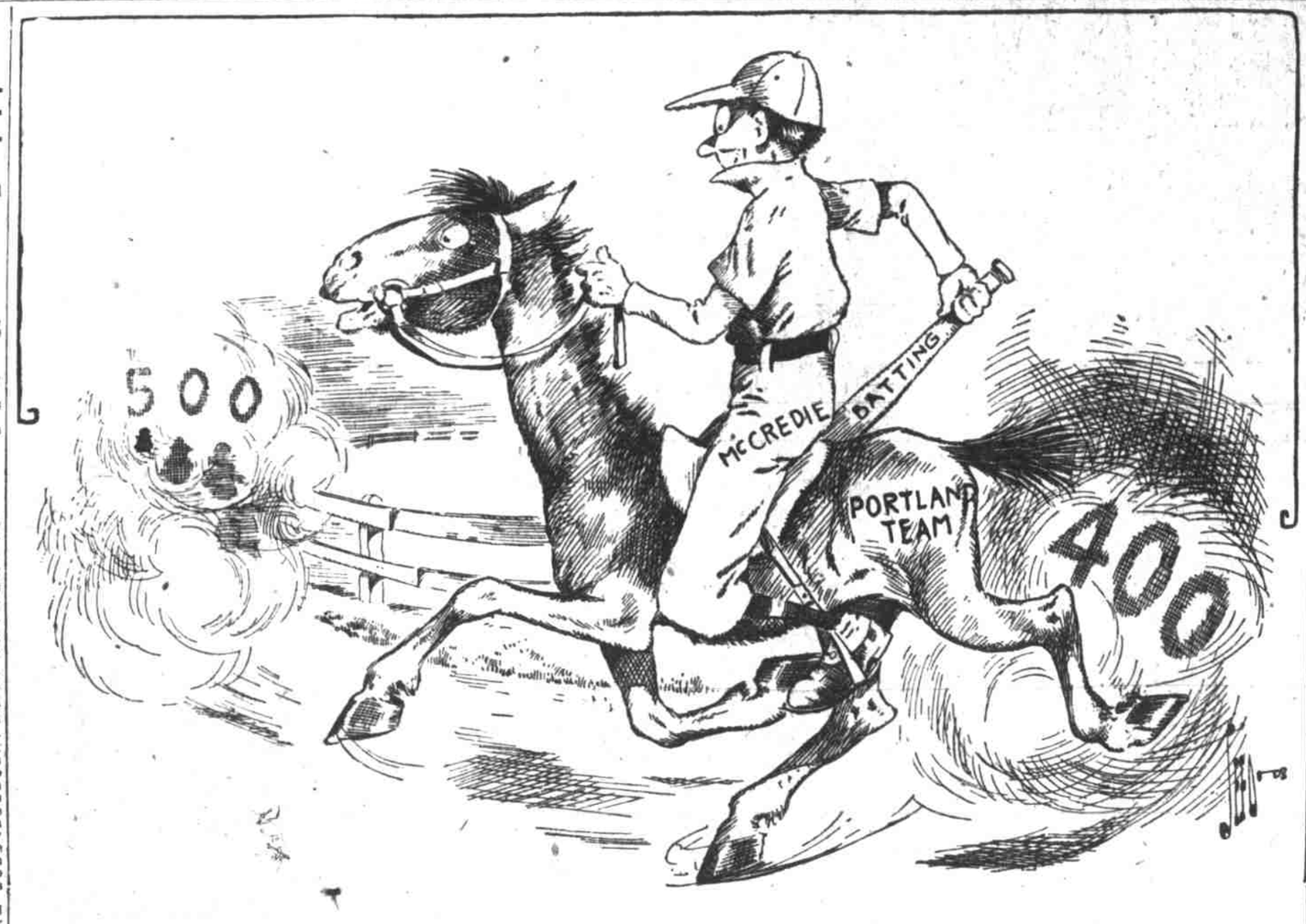
The amusement promoters, sporting and otherwise, who figured on making barrels of money out of the sailors of the big fleet have been doomed to bitter disappointment. Instead of breaking their necks to toss their money away for baseball tickets, prizefight seats and matinee boxes, the tars have gone quietly about their business, taking in the sights of interest in and about the city and forgetting all about our sporting prodigies.

The Sullivan-Ketchel fight, which promoter Coffroth and the other wise boys figured would draw out a couple of thousand jackies, pulled about 200 instead. All of these went for the gallery seats and they did not become very greatly worked up over the exciting fray either. It was the same at the Gans-Unholz contest.

The truth is that the sailors are not so easy with their coin as the populace figured some weeks ago. Most of the people here believed that Jack would come tearing ashore with his hands full of glittering ones to toss to the birds. But instead, the coin supply was limited and the sailors proved frugal. They spent what little they had very judiciously and the men who expected to get rich off them are only better off in wisdom.



WHIPPING UP TO CATCH THE LEADERS

GRAMMAR RELAY EVENT SATURDAY

Large Number of Grade Schools to Run From Oregon City.

The Y. M. C. A. relay committee has now completed arrangements for the Oregon City-to-Portland grammar school relay race on Saturday, May 23, in which teams from a large number of the Portland grade schools have already signified their intention of competing. Owing to the interference with the race caused by the Multnomah field drill and the Rose Festival entertainments, it is believed that the number of schools entering, will this year be somewhat below the average, but if the enthusiasm displayed by the entrants be any criterion the contest will be one of the best ever held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. boy's department.

The only conditions extracted are that every entrant must be registered with the secretary of the relay committee at the Y. M. C. A., for which a nominal fee of five cents is charged, and that he must have attended the school for at least four weeks and maintained a passing grade of scholarship. Thus it is impossible for any team to enter the race without the sanction of the school principals. Every team is expected to select distinctive colors and to provide each runner with a track suit, bathrobe and blanket.

The course consists of 13 one-mile relays, each of which will be carried by one boy from each team. The contestants will be started from Oregon City by Mayor Canfield and received at the Portland end by Mayor Lane. Each member will carry a cylinder inclosing a letter from Mayor Canfield to his brother executive at Portland, and this cylinder will be passed from man to man by each team till the final relay bears the important message to the Portland association building.

Start at 3 o'Clock.

The start will be made from Oregon City at 3 p. m., but all contestants along the line are expected to be at their posts 30 minutes ahead of the clock. Starting from the Oregon City bank and down Main street, the course lies along the main road to Oswego, then via Macadam road and Macadam street to Hood, thence via Water and Columbia to Fourth and along Fourth to Yamhill.

As some encouragement to the men a handsome silver trophy has been presented by Rodney L. Glisan, Dr. Weatherby and Secretary Stone to be competed for and this will be presented to the winning team by Mayor Lane, acting in his capacity as chairman of the judges' committee.

Physical Director Larimore says he has every expectation of seeing last year's time beaten to a finish, as judging by the condition of some of the men he has seen in training, they are in a far superior condition to what they were last year.

Whether the weather be good or bad the race will be run as but few of the contestants look as if a little Oregon mist would do them any harm. Mr. Larimore prophesies that the race will be made in but a few minutes over the hour.

No Sunday Dancing.

There will be no dances at Merrill's hall Sunday nights. Wednesday and Saturday are our nights; polished maple floor; splendid music. Charles Berry, manager.

JACK SLATTERY IS COAST SENSATION

CATCHER ANOTHER MIKE DONLIN

Jack Slattery, the Oakland catcher, continues to be the sensation of the Pacific coast baseball world and the way he has been and still is tearing the cover off the ball has put fear in the heart of every pitcher in the league. At the present time, Slattery is clouting the ball at just about a .410 clip. Not since the days when the artful Mike Donlin played with the old Santa Cruz team of the California league has any batter been known to line 'em out like Slattery. He sure looks like the grandest sticker we ever saw here, for he hits all kinds of pitchers to every field. If they play in close, he lined them over the outfielders' heads for doubles. He never makes triples or home runs for the reason that he is the laziest base runner in the league and always seems content to let the long ones go for two baggers.

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They are beginning to retrench in Oakland. Yesterday afternoon the blue envelopes were slipped to Pitcher Eddie Quick and Catcher Dasher Dashwood. Quick is a good pitcher and really did not get an even break this season. He only twirled 13 innings, invariably going in to relieve some pitcher who had already lost the game. It is likely that Quick will go to work for the Angels. Hen Berry likes his style and as he is in need of a pitcher, he may sign Quick up when the southern team returns to this city.

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Berry had a chance to sell Dolly Gray to the Boston Americans for $4,000 last week. They wanted the big Angel southpaw or in fact any big southpaw so badly back in the hub city that they are willing to give up most any old price. Fred Lake, the Boston scout, was sore when Berry refused to part with Gray, for he figured that the Angel magnate would jump at the chance to sell him.

"I'll get him anyhow," retorted Lake, "for I will be right on the job when the drafting season opens and I'll draft him if I never draft another man in my life and I don't care whether he makes good or not."

"All right, go ahead and draft your head off," responded Berry. "Gray is going to work for me till the season is out. Then if I lose him, I will go into the bushes and dig up a better southpaw. They raise the likes of Gray all along the beach near San Diego.

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It looks as though the six-club circuit will be the one next season. President Ewing has already granted Ed Kripp, the Sacramento sporting man, the option on the Sacramento franchise. So confident is Kripp that everything will be all right that he has gone ahead and signed contracts for the grading and fixing up of a tract of land in the heart of the Capital City which he proposes to transform into one of the swellest baseball parks that California has ever known.

Kripp is very wealthy and for this reason he is not asking the league for one cent. He is a live one. He owned the old Sacramento club when it won the pennant in 1899 and 1900 and ran second in 1901, the last season that San Francisco ever got away with the flag. Kripp developed such well known stars as Truck Eagan, Charley Doyle, Mike Donlin, "Silent" Harvey, Charley Graham, Jimmy Whalen, Bill Hanlon, Jay Hughes and a host of others. He knows baseball and if he gets in right, he will make the game hum in Sacramento.

Of course, there is no chance for Sacramento to break in unless some northern city is added to the list. Ewing and his followers still hope away down in their hearts that they will be able to coax Seattle back into the fold. Though they will not admit it, all the wise fans know full well that Ewing is working overtime right now to bring about this deal. Many a lively scrap will follow if the present plans of the campaign are carried out, but in the event that everything goes right, a fine six-club league will be formed and then the Pacific coast will have a circuit that will do it justice.

IRVINGTON RACQUET WIELDERS WORKING

Tennis Enthusiasts Preparing Tournaments Which Will Settle Dispute.

Plans for the tennis season this year are rapidly coming to fruition and it is expected that by the middle or latter part of this week the chairmen of the tournament committees of the Irvington and Multnomah clubs will have completed the outlines for the season's playing.

The bad weather of last week put all the clay courts in such soft condition that playing has been out of the question. While the actual work of wielding the racquet has suffered, the committees have been hard at work and have nearly completed the dates for the northwest and state tournaments.

The first tournament of the season will be the Irvington club handicap open to members of the club, which will begin Saturday, May 30, and will take about two weeks to run off. There will be first and second prizes in each event, although the usual consolation prize will be omitted this year. The events of the tournament are: Ladies' handicap, singles; ladies' handicap, doubles; men's handicap, singles; men's handicap, doubles; mixed handicap, doubles.

The men's handicap singles carries the Wilbur cup won in 1906 by W. A. Goss and in 1907 by R. R. Benham and must be won three times to become the permanent property of the holder.

The northwest tournament, the event of the season, will be started with the Multnomah club Friday, July 14, and the entries will close the previous Saturday. The opening will be played on the Multnomah courts.

The committee on tournaments for the Irvington club, which includes F. H. V. Andrews, chairman; Dan I. Ballinger, Ernest Cawston, W. A. Goss, A. B. McAlpin, Irving Rohr, W. K. Scott, James Shives, B. Wickersham, R. Wilder and N. F. Woodard, will meet tomorrow to arrange for the state tournament and expect to complete all the details for the summer playing during the week. The committee will meet Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

According to Mr. Andrews the outlook for a successful season has never been better. There are an unusual number of good players in both the Irvington and Multnomah clubs this year and the interest in tennis has never been greater—it has apparently more than regained its old place as the most fashionable of games. Owing to the continued bad weather of the spring months the season has been backward and the players have been able to get but little practice work in so far. A few good days, however, would place all the courts in excellent shape for playing.

Reduced Rates to Seaside.

For the occasion of the passing of Uncle Sam's battleships off Seaside, May 20, the Astoria & Columbia River railroad has provided the following additional train service:

No. 24, leaving Union depot Tuesday 19, 6:00 p. m., runs through to Seaside, arriving 10:40 p. m. In addition to regular train No. 22, leaving Wednesday 8:00 a. m., special excursion train will leave Union depot 7:00 a. m., arriving Seaside 10:40 a. m.

Fare round trip going Tuesday, returning within 30 days, $4.00; fare round trip, going Wednesday, returning same date, $3.00.

PORTLAND SHOTS OFF TO TOURNEY

Local Trap Experts Expect to Win Individual and Team Trophies.

The advance guard of trap shooters who will represent Portland at the Northwest Sportsmen's tournament, which opens in Walla Walla Tuesday for a four days' meeting, left the Rose City yesterday. Frank Howe departed on the morning train for Pendleton, where he stayed last night, and W. E. Carlon, W. W. Caldwell, J. E. Cullison, Mose Abrams and F. W. Wagner left last night for the Garden City. Others may decide to go at the last minute but out of these will be selected the quintet to contest for the Northwest Team trophy.

It is a matter of general regret among local sportmen that A. J. Winters of this city, cannot go to the tournament this year. This veteran medal winner will be obliged to stay behind on account of business obligations.

No shooter in the northwest is better known than Mr. Winters. During the last 23 years he has been among the foremost marksmen in the country at a hundred different tournaments. He won the blue ribbon event of the shooting world in 1895, when he captured the Globe trophy. The same year he won the high average championship at Portland and won the Oregon championship medal at La Grande.

Winters won the high average trophy of the Portland Rod and Gun club last year and is present holder of the R. D. Inman trophy. He won a specially deserving victory in this event as he was pitted against "E. E. Ellis, the champion shooter of Seattle, beating the sound man by one bird. His score was 48 out of a possible 50.

It is the opinion of all who have seen Frank Howe shoot this year that he is in better form than he has ever been before. His friends confidently expect him to carry off the individual championship medal at Walla Walla next week. Frank has been training for this tournament for some time and his work at the traps has surprised even those who know him well.

Howe made a score of 97 out of 100 in practice last week, shooting at birds sprung from unknown angles and he broke 25 straight in the reverse pull. Mr. Howe has not been eligible to the amateur class until this year so he has been kept out of the trophy shoots.

Fred E. Wagner is an old trap shooter who has some creditable performances on his record list at eastern traps. J. E. Cullison, Mose Abrams, W. W. Caldwell and W. E. Carlon are shooters who will never be found below the 90 per cent column in the general average record.

From these men five ought to be selected to make up a team from Portland that should have little difficulty in taking away the team trophy from Wheatville. The present team trophy is held by Spokane.

With the Portland shooters also went C. H. Hayte and C. H. Collier of San Francisco, who are making the long trip north to represent the Golden Gate city. Mr. Collier will make his headquarters hereafter at Portland, where he takes the place of Bill Hillis, of the People's Powder company.

This Day in Sport Annals.

1889—At Minneapolis: In a game between the Minneapolis and Milwaukee clubs Jantzen, of the former, made three clean home runs.

1893—At Philadelphia: Hamilton, of the Philadelphia team, opened and concluded a game with the Washingtons, by home run drives, the last bringing in the winning run in the tenth inning.

1894—At Pittsburg: William Clearwater scored 100 to 0 in a pool contest with Frank Munsey.

1904—At San Francisco: Dick Hyland knocked out Frank Fields in the third round.

1905—At Chelsea, Massachusetts: Aurelia Herrera won from "Kid" Goodman in 15 rounds.

1907—Albert Clement killed in automobile race at Dieppe, France.

MARVELOUS JOE GANS GRADUALLY GOING BLIND

Despite his easy victory and splendid showing against Rudolph Unholz, the Boer fighter whom he knocked out in the eleventh round last Thursday night in San Francisco, Joe Gans is going blind.

The eyesight of the wonderful negro who for 16 years has been a mighty figure in the prize ring, is gradually becoming afflicted. He knows it, but laughs heedlessly.

"I can whip any of them doing business now with only one eye, so what's the use of worrying," he maintains.

Harry Tuthill, at present trainer for the Detroit Tigers, who trained Young Griffo, Corbett, McGovern and many other famous boxers of note, is authority for the statement that the black champion's eyesight is weakening.

"I met him down east some weeks ago," declares Tuthill, "and noticed that he could not see very well. I commented on it and he admitted that his sight was weak. Gans is pretty well fixed now and he apparently intends to clean up all the money in sight before it becomes too late."

So it is that the first sign of age is shown in this physically wonderful man, who has seen the greatest of fighters pass to leave him alone, conqueror of all his class. He admits frankly that he is out with the idea of making one full sweep of the present crop of lightweights, before being forced to give up for good.

World's Greatest Athlete.

"Joe Gans is the great wonder of the athletic world today," maintained Tuthill, who has made a lifelong study of fighters, ball players and other athletes. 'He has the most remarkable constitution of any athlete I have ever studied and I have seen them all.

"Other men have lasted—not so long as Joe Gans, perhaps, yet almost as long—but they always took care of themselves. Joe Gans never did until recent years. He has gone hungry many and many a day, he has been punished in the ring and he has suffered from every form of illness ordinary mankind suffers from. He has enjoyed himself with every excess money could secure. He has gone through the mill until made wise by age, and still retains all his vitality and strength. He says he could whip any of them now with one eye. Joe could take any of them and beat them with half an eye.

"I knew Joe Gans before he started on his remarkable career as a fighter. He knew nothing about the science of the game and he could not hit. He was just a fast young kid. From that he slowly developed until today, barring his eyesight, he is better than he ever was.

"We took Young Griffo to Baltimore when Gans was just attracting notice and put him against the present champion. It was agreed before the fight started that Gans was not to be knocked out. Griffo went at him in his usual style, but just tapped him.

"'Is that the way you fought Lavigne?' yelled someone from the gallery.

"'No,' answered Griffo, 'here is the way I fought him.'

Tore Into Joseph.

"What followed was as wonderful an exhibition as I have ever witnessed in the prize ring. Griffo tore into Gans with what appeared to be just a storm of blows, but he was so clever that, although everyone in the house thought he was dealing the negro sad punishment, he was hardly tapping him. He was hitting Gans where he wanted to and as often as he wanted to. The crowd in the gallery began yelling to him to hit Gans in certain parts of his body and he would respond by doing so.

"'Spank him, yelled one, and he turned the Negro around and spanked him.

"No fighter but this Griffo could ever have done it, he was the most wonderful of all boxers, bar none. And he could never do it after that. So adept a student was Gans that he learned almost every move Griffo made. That trick Gans has now, for instance, of making a false lead, only to move his head back and let the blow pass his face, was taught him in that battle. The greatest of all boxers he went against and he soon had almost every thing Griffo knew by heart. All that lad's wonderful ability to lead and duck, Gans picked up. He did not have it until after that.

"If Gans cared to he could analyze his entire style of fighting and show you where every trick of the art he has mastered came from. How he got this from one battle and this from another. It was not only in the fights he himself fought that Gans learned. Time and again as a kid trying to learn the ropes he would tramp a hundred miles or more to get to some big fight. There in the cheapest seat in the house the future king of fighters would sit and study every move made. He watched the heavyweights just as he did the men of his own class and learned from them. That trick of hitting with the punch traveling but a few inches he learned from Fitzsimmons.

Negro Knows Everything.

"Today he knows everything there is to know about fighting. He is the one great master of the art. In that he has no equal, never did have and probably never will have. Only age and that failing eyesight can beat him. Fighting is a passion with him, as strong as life itself. Not fighting as it is generally termed. Gans doesn't like 'roughthouse' fights. Brawls he always sidesteps; he doesn't like to 'mix.' It is the science of the game that holds him, not the joy of giving and taking punishment like the average ringster. He loves the art of breaking down another's defense and making his own impregnable, just as the great fencer loves the play of the foils.

"Joe has money now and he has learned his lesson. He is keeping it. Don't believe these stories that he is broke, for he isn't. He is making this last campaign, I think, to clean up all he can before he gives up for good.

"He has his faults, many of them, but there never lived a better hearted fellow. He has given away as much as he has lost because of his once constant gambling. They criticised him because he would not help George Dixon. He did help Dixon, but he would not send him any money. For Dixon never knew the value of it. If he had sent him a check for $100 and George got it at 6 o'clock it would have been gone before morning. Gans figured if he had any money to waste for whiskey he could spend in that way himself. He has made fortunes and either given or gambled them away, but he is hanging onto his money now."

SALEM ATHLETES ARE LEADERS ONLY ONCE

Portland Y. M. C. A. track men proved too much for their adversaries from the Salem Y. M. C. A. in an indoor track meet held in the local association's gymnasium yesterday afternoon. Salem only got one first. Two track records were smashed, Crickmore running the century dash in 12 1-5 and reeling off the 220 in 27 3-5.

The only man from the state capital to cross the tape in front was Joe Kaiser, who made the half mile in 2:29 2-5.

The meet was scheduled to take place on an outdoor track, but the rain of the past few days had made this impossible. The records made in the meet yesterday, considering the track, are very creditable.

Following is a list of events and the winners:

20-yard dash—Jackson, Portland; time, 3 1-5.

100-yard dash—Crickmore, Portland; time, 12 1-5.

Pole vault—Jordan, Portland; height, 7½ feet.

440-yard dash—Lawrence, Portland; time, 1:06 2-5.

High jump—Divilbiss, Lawrence and Jordan, all of Portland, tied; height, 5 feet.

Three standing broad jumps—Jordan, Portland; distance, 27½ feet.

Mile—Tufts, Portland; time, 5:10.

Half-mile relay—Smithson, Jackson, Divilbiss and Crickmore, of Portland; time, 1:53 2-5.

220-yard dash—Crickmore, Portland; time, 27 3-5.

Half mile—Kaiser, Salem; time, 2:29 2-5.