

WHEN "BULL" CHASED WILD WILLIAM FROM THE HIGHLANDERS' DIAMOND

By Will J. Slattery.

San Francisco, June 19.—Leach Cross, the New York lightweight, will show the local fight Nelson what he can do Saturday afternoon when he will be sent in against Dick Hyland in a 45 round contest at Crockett's Mission street arena. Cross has never fought outside of New York or Philadelphia and he has never gone further than 10 rounds. Therefore, it is a question how he will loom up against such a tough little fellow as Hyland, who seems to be a match for any of them outside of Nelson.

In his workouts, Cross has made good. He is one of the very few fighters in the business today who depend almost entirely on his right hand. And this right is a pipkin. He can bring it over from most any position, with telling effect. He can hook it, shoot it out straight and swing in with equal effect. His left does not count for much save a guard and as he has himself, he does all his real work with the mighty right.

Cross is of Jewish parentage and his name is Louis Wallach. He is a dentist by profession, practicing among his countrymen down on the New York bowery. Between fighting and plugging teeth, Cross has managed to rake together a tidy bank roll for himself during the past two years and he is just at the stage now where he is very ambitious and wants to become the lightweight champion of all the world.

If he can beat Hyland, the first thing Cross will do will be to issue a challenge to Packey McFarland. Already he has visions of laying Packey low and naturally, he is already sending himself in against the great and only Nelson after this visionary victory. He looks upon himself as the only man in the world today who has a chance to lay low the man who has knocked them all down in the past few years.

If Hyland loses this one, then he is done as far as San Francisco and her fans go. To be beaten at the hands of Nelson was not much of a disgrace for Fighting Dick to suffer, but to be crushed by Cross, a man who has not yet made his name in the ring, is another and quite a different proposition. He will have to put the crusher on Cross if he hopes to remain in the same and gather any coin for himself.

With Ketchel and Papke both on the job, getting in the ring, the fight in the great fight which will be pulled off at the Mission street arena on Monday afternoon, July 5, is seen. Ketchel's recent sensational three round victory over Jack O'Brien in Philadelphia has made him a 2 to 1 favorite over the thunderbolt from Illinois. The real betting has not opened up yet, but there is plenty of Ketchel money to be wagered at these tempting odds and all indications are that Ketchel will be a 10 to 4 shot when they clash in the ring. Past performances justify this price.

Mighty Right Only Chance.

The wise ones concede Papke only one chance and that is to step in and go after Ketchel with his mighty right. There is no question but that Papke has a wonderful punch in that mitt of his if he can cut it loose quickly. But the trouble is that he is not fast. If he gets his man quickly, he can flatten him, just as he flattened Kelly a month ago. But let the other fellow get off to a good start and Papke is gone. He will never get by for the reason that he is not a good ring general. If Papke does happen to beat Ketchel, then there will be a pretty mess to face. Ketchel is already matched to fight Jack Johnson during the Portland week. Their forfeits, \$5000 each, are up and it is real money this time. Crockett has the coin locked up in the Crockett bank. Now, should the fight take place, it is off for sure. The thunderbolt modestly admits that he will never fight Johnson, for the reason that there is no possible chance of beating him. But with Ketchel it is different. He is sure about Johnson in his heart that he can trim him. Johnson is not so certain about Langford, but with Johnson, it is different. He thinks that Johnson is a yellow and that one of his good right of left hand shifts to the head or the body will make that big smoke either quit or stall for the rest of the fight. And there are many others who think the same way, though the majority favor Johnson.

Ketchel even goes so far as to express his willingness to fight Jeffries in the event that anything happens to the Johnson job. He adds that he is not after Jeffries, but that at the same time, he admits that he will fight the great big bear if he likes.

Not Afraid of Any Man.

"I don't think that Jeff wants to fight at all," says Ketchel. "All he wants to do is to take the conceit out of that big con. But it's like this with me. If Jeff can't get Johnson and is after a match with somebody else, why then I will be glad to go. I am not afraid of any man in the world."

From indications, it would appear that the big fellow is getting ready to go on Johnson. All the stories that come out of the east, coupled with the letters and wires which Crockett has been receiving of late, points to this. It begins to look as though Jeff is now afraid that Crockett will get hold of Johnson and trim him before he has a chance to show just how badly he can beat that big shine. San Francisco if he fights at all. This has been settled. He wired Crockett the other day telling him that he would like to take place in or near the city, where he made most of his money and glory and he wants to fight in the 45 round affair. At the present time, Jeff has not said anything about a purse and many of them are curious to know just what the demands will be when he decides to make the match with the now thoroughly hated heavyweight champion.

The story that Johnson is going to demand \$30,000 for his bit is an awful joke. This is more money than Jeff has ever guaranteed, even in his palmy days, and he is the greatest fighter probably that the ring has ever known. He made and drew more money than any of them.

Crockett says that he will hang up a purse of \$50,000 for the great battle, but the underwriters of the fight may have their choice of a certain percentage. This is the greatest purse ever hung up for any fight and the promoters who offer it will be forced to do a whole lot of stalling and beating about the brush in order to get by with it. Now, what chance will Johnson have of getting \$30,000 of this? He has no license, for Jeffries is the card in the big fellow. He has worked the theatrical game right off the boards and made speeches till the fans all over the country are simply mad to see Jeff fight and they all know that if he does not fight Johnson, he will not fight anybody at all.

Stage Venture About Over.

Jeffries' theatrical venture, about at an end. The summer season is on in the east and all the big theatres are under way. Jeff has gathered some money up, but he is not going to stay in the theatre for long. He is either have to retire to his alfalfa patch in Los Angeles very soon or else come out and make that Johnson match. There is little or no money in sight for the big fellow. He has worked the theatrical game right off the boards and made speeches till the fans all over the country are simply mad to see Jeff fight and they all know that if he does not fight Johnson, he will not fight anybody at all.

BULL PERKINE.

Bull Perkin is so well known in Portland that the following little description of his roundup with Wild Bill Donovan, entertainingly written by C. E. Van Loan of the New York American, will be interesting. This is Perkin's first year in the big league and his work is being watched with interest by fans on the coast. He has gotten into his niche in the hall of fame and counts him one of the best officials in the league.

By C. E. Van Loan.

Old Diogenes would have to carry a searchlight to find a ball player who accepts an umpire's decision as final. The most interesting example of the player's stubbornness in the face of a ruling is the sight of a star of the diamond being ejected from the grounds. The rule seldom varies.

On Tuesday "Ump Bull" Perkin—"Bull Perkin," as he is known at home—saw fit to chase Wild Bill Donovan out of the park.

Now Bill knew the minute he saw the thumb go up just what was coming. But of course he laid his forefinger on his breast, bent his body forward from the hips and said, "Who me?" And who was so surprised and grieved to learn that Bill's suspicion was well founded.

Of course, "Wild Bill" thrust out his jaw and roared like a Numidian lion and "Bull" thrust out HIS under jaw and gave him the thumb once more. It is never done any differently. At last, after several savage glances had been exchanged and "Bill" vociferously and reached to the bench, where he consumed a great deal of time.

Then he gently coaxed himself through the narrow gate and into the clubhouse. This is the way it is always done. Some day we may have ball players who trot off the field when ordered to the clubhouse, but if the time ever comes it will be a sorry day for base ball. It is the fighters' who make the game worth while.

Collected Property.

Having consumed as much time as possible, Wild Bill collected his glove and his chewing tobacco and strolled out across the diamond, passing close behind Perkin. Wild Bill did not turn

around he can do so by saying the word, but nobody can figure him out at all.

Young Corbett, who should be peacefully slumbering in the graveyard of pugilism, will be out on the street of this city in another month. He has already been matched to fight Johnny Jones, but the chances are that they will turn against the Denverite. He surely has no license to ever come back to the ring after the way he knocked the town in the past.

Corbett has been going the oxygen route. Some physician around New York got hold of him a few months ago, filled him full of this new form of fire of life and started him training. The result was, according to all with counts, Corbett got in and won a fight and then four more in a row. By that time, the fans all over the country were getting to hear of him and he was the first thing they knew, the once great little lightweight was there again, getting the boys by the nose.

Frayne never set the world on fire with his spectacular work. The best he did was to get on in a few second straight, but he was not a success in making enough to live on. His last fight was with Freddie Welch, the heaviest he ever beat him four city blocks at the finish. Frayne was matched to fight Young Ernie before the North End club of this city. Jeff has not yet said anything about a purse and many of them are curious to know just what the demands will be when he decides to make the match with the now thoroughly hated heavyweight champion.

Tom Corbett Doesn't Gather.

Speaking about wagering on fights, the game was as dead as the proverbial door nail at the present time and Tom Corbett, the betting commissioner, who used to be a golden rule, was not in the old days, is having a tough time getting ham and egg money. The fans are so much in dread of the fight that they will not take a chance on betting on a flea race.

If the present game is continued, it will be a matter of time before the game will be killed off surely. In a measure, it will be a good thing for the fighting game, but it will work hardships on many a man who is making his living this way. It is the only way, but there are hundreds who play this game for their livelihood here and in Oakland. They get plenty of action for their money with the amateur fights as well as the important contests.

Giant Killer Dumped.

Joe Walcott, the colored fighter, is losing the Boston elevated road because the conductor and motorman of a car bound for Lowell threw the "demon" off the car, claiming that his language was so bad that it was a disgrace to the road. It is said to have sat down beside the tracks in a manner that jarred every bone in his body, and that he was so badly shaken that he will be unable to compete him for his disgrace and injuries. Joe seems to be continually getting into scrapes lately and continually setting ticks.

his head, but his jaw wagged vigorously, and it is presumed that he said something of a cutting nature, but Bull bunched his back and stood like a post. Had Donovan turned his head and shown that he was roasting the umpire, Perkin might have talked back and held up several fingers. An umpire listens to a lot of fiery language without making a demonstration.

With the stride of an outraged deity, Wild Bill paced over to the edge of the right field bleachers, came to the fence, wheeled and took the longest possible way out of the grounds.

Bleacherites Kind.

The bleacherites gave him a kindly greeting, and Wild Bill paused, placed his hands on his hips and used the rest of his thesaurus on the crowd, which hooted merrily, seeing that Bill's anger was loose. One man against 3000 has little chance, and while 3000 people could think of 3000 things to say to Bill, he could think of but one thing to say in return.

"Ah-r-r-r! Rough necks!"

Having fired this Partisan shot, Wild Bill slowly resumed his march, and the bleachers and city at large with his devoted head without bringing a reply. Down past Wes Willie Keller he went and on to the green gate, where he once more wheeled and skittered the outer fence. It was an imposing spectacle, and when Wild Bill is on his dignity, it takes some time to pass a given point.

Finals Imposing.

At last he reached the gap in the fence leading to the clubhouse. Here Wild Bill turned, and lifting his cap from his head, held it at arm's length and sweeping the end of the cap with flashing eye, delivered himself of one last blistering, burning blast of invective, including Bill Perkin, the city of Portland and the national commission in one wholesale anathema.

Then he gently coaxed himself through the narrow gate and into the clubhouse. This is the way it is always done. Some day we may have ball players who trot off the field when ordered to the clubhouse, but if the time ever comes it will be a sorry day for base ball. It is the fighters' who make the game worth while.

Wins at Checkers.

George S. Jennings.

The second annual tournament for the correspondence checker championship of America under the auspices of the American Checker association, which has just been concluded, returns George S. Jennings of Des Moines, Iowa, a winner. In addition to winning the first prize, he also gets the championship medal.

The tournament lasted over a year and was most interesting as a majority of the best players in America participated. F. E. Berg of Portland was the referee of the long drawn out contest.

Even if he does take a couple of beatings, Jack O'Brien has twelve or fifteen thousand dollars more in the kettle.

They never gave me no thick parsonage of 'em. I suffered more than from them punching me, but more than that they did. I had a better headache, but that was only in the ring. Out of the ring I always wanted a master and I got it when we fought with bare fists and we were not afraid of hurting our hands either.

"Only two of those 500 men ever beat me. They beat me fair enough, but it was my own fault and I beat them. I was a better fighter than Bob Brettle beat me. I was a bit careless the day I fought Bob Brettle. I took him too much and he hit me one time, but the next time I beat him. I was careless too, when I fought Tom King. I was a bit careless and I was in a punch that should never have reached me, but I beat him and beat him fair and good and I have had no more of it."

Old Jem, however, has fallen on evil days. He celebrated his 78th birthday a few days ago by applying to the British government for an old age pension of \$245 a week, but the government officials asked so many questions and wanted to know so many intimate details of his life and his present condition that he would not go along without the pension. His veteran manager, "Wild Bill" Bayford, who has been his inseparable companion, and who is also in deep water financially, persisted, however, and hopes to get a pension for himself.

It is not old Jem's fault that he is in straitened circumstances. He never drank to excess, and even after he left the ring the most he ever allowed himself was a glass of port or a cigar a week. He smokes sparingly and he has always lived frugally. He is now practically penniless, although he has a few dollars in the bank. He has a check for \$350.00. Most of the money went in unfortunate speculations, and on the turf, for in his prime Jem was a lover of the horse and he has owned some famous racers. He was without any business training or experience, of course, and the men that are fighting now are advisers feathered their own nests at his expense.

Yet the old warrior is far from being a destitute. He has a host of friends. His brother-in-law has urged him again and again to make his home with him, but the old man insists to be hit. He has a great boxer Sullivan, and I am proud to think that I taught him one or two of my pet tricks. The men that are fighting now spend their time dodging the other man. They have neither the courage nor the heart to stand up to a man down by sheer hard punching. That's the way we used to fight, and I never met a man who had the constitution I had. Oh, I had the old constitution, but I never met a man who had the constitution I had. Oh, I had the old constitution, but I never met a man who had the constitution I had.

Old Jem's grip is so firm as to be painful. If one is not warned beforehand, when I took his hand I noticed a hard lump as large as a hen's egg on the back of it. I asked him what it was. His answer was to show me his left hand on which there is a similar lump.

"I got them punching men," he said. "500 of them, all good men, too. Those were the days when we fought with bare fists and we were not afraid of hurting our hands either."

One Meal Each Day.

"Old Jem eats only one meal a day," said his friend, "but it lasts all day. He has a wonderful appetite for an old man, and he can digest anything. There is never anything the matter with old Jem. He doesn't know what a doctor looks like."

Asked Old Jem who was the best man he ever met in the ring, and he answered without hesitation, "Tom King." Then a moment or two later he said: "Well, there wasn't much to choose between him and Tom King. They were the two best men in the world next to me. I fought Tom King in New Orleans for \$50,000. I punched him for six hours and he gave in. There was a real good man. Roberts was a good man, too. It took me two days to beat Roberts, but that was because my hands were bad. They told me I had no hands left to fight with, but I told them I had a constitution, and kept on and punched him till he stopped."

What is my advice to young men today who want to be fighters? My advice is to do as I did. Don't drink, don't smoke, and don't be a blackguard. Respect yourself and everybody else, and everybody will respect you. Take lots of exercise and spar all you can, but don't worry about special training. It's no use training for a fight and then spoiling yourself with dissipation after the battle is over. You must keep fit all the time, if you want to be a real man. But there's no use trying to be a fighter unless you have a constitution

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number of hits of any player in the league, with Connors second. Cooney also leads in runs and stolen bases, with 44 of the former and 32 of the latter. Heaver and Raymond second in runs with 40 and Bassey is second in stolen bases with 22. Cooney is showing a clean pair of heels on the bases, but as Connors is far and away the best climber.

In long distance slugging, Jack comes Emil Frisk of Seattle, with Jack Clynes of Spokane second. Clynes is probably the hardest and longest hitter in the league, but he does not get so many hits as Frisk. Frisk has hit 35 extra bases, Clynes for 34. Frisk leads in doubles with 16, Clynes in triples with nine and Capron in home runs with one.

In sacrifice hitting, Kippert of Tacoma, leads. Altman and Bassey being second.

Seattle still leads in team batting, although the tendency in team batting is for the leaders to drop a little and he lower ones to gain. Vancouver has gone up under 200 all season until lately, and this is the first time Seattle shows under 250. Spokane holds on to second place. Portland is coming fast.

TEAM BATTING.

Team	AB	R	H	PC
Seattle	1932	281	481	249
Spokane	1943	213	457	238
Portland	1960	219	428	234
Tacoma	1903	181	421	231
Aberdeen	1842	161	399	217
Vancouver	1807	150	380	210

INDIVIDUAL BATTING.

Player	AB	R	H	PC
Gough, Portland	17	3	7	413
Connors, Spokane	197	26	68	345
Frisk, Tacoma	12	0	4	333
Ward, Tacoma	12	4	4	324
Wright, Spokane	28	3	9	321
Brooks, Vancouver	44	5	14	313
Frisk, Seattle	42	4	14	309
Cooney, Portland	325	45	70	298
Bennett, Seattle	216	39	61	296
Brinker, Spokane	81	9	24	296
Camplin, Vancouver	127	31	33	295
Sugden, Vancouver	157	14	45	287
Capron, Seattle	180	29	51	283
Kreitz, Aberdeen	32	4	9	281
Baker, Tacoma	42	8	12	279
Lynch, Seattle	218	36	60	276
Murray, Portland	139	9	38	273
Coleman, Tacoma	44	8	22	267
Allyn, Tacoma	12	4	4	265
Raymond, Seattle	321	40	57	262
Hurley, Tacoma	225	29	58	257
Garry, Spokane	152	18	43	257
James, Spokane	207	25	53	256
Kippert, Tacoma	205	31	52	254
Oasey, Portland	214	28	54	253
Burns, Spokane	127	16	34	252
Gola, Tacoma	12	3	2	250
Swain, Aberdeen	209	16	52	244
Clynes, Spokane	141	18	42	243
Ward, Tacoma	119	12	37	243
Davis, Vancouver	209	26	60	239
Mullin, Portland	223	24	53	237
Ward, Tacoma	127	16	34	237
Paddock, Vancouver	85	7	12	236
Lejeune, Aberdeen	191	19	45	236
Altman, Spokane	127	31	33	235
Swain, Vancouver	197	24	46	234
Shawver, Vancouver	154	17	36	233
Weed, Spokane	127	10	37	232
Brewer, Aberdeen	123	10	37	232
Suess, Tacoma	235	27	53	235
Bassey, Portland	303	40	65	232
Crockett, Tacoma	15	2	4	232
Shea, Seattle	141	12	31	230
Mahon, Vancouver	197	21	43	215
Bender, Tacoma	119	12	37	213
Stanton, Portland	212	17	45	211
Stevens, Spokane	80	6	10	211
Siever, Aberdeen	89	8	12	209
Brown, Vancouver	175	18	35	209
Perrill, Aberdeen	45	5	9	209
Claffin, Tacoma	45	5	9	209
Adams, Portland	22	2	2	209
Carr, Aberdeen	22	2	2	209
Allen, Seattle	71	5	14	197
Setfield, Vancouver	141	12	31	197
Quigley, Vancouver	139	13	39	195
Wilson, Vancouver	89	6	16	192
Mackin, Tacoma	47	3	9	191
Conley, Vancouver	21	2	4	191
Chambers, Portland	49	2	8	190
Holm, Spokane	42	6	8	190
Jensen, Vancouver	211	23	39	184
Thompson, Spokane	37	4	7	183
Breslin, Tacoma	192	7	36	184
Carr, Aberdeen	211	23	39	184
Claffin, Vancouver	85	7	12	182
O'Brien, Aberdeen	154	7	27	176
Kennedy, Vancouver	85	8	15	176
Seston, Tacoma	22	2	4	176
Killian, Spokane	46	6	8	174
Stanley, Vancouver	81	5	14	172
Olligan, Vancouver	123	12	37	172
Hickey, Vancouver	30	3	8	167
Miller, Seattle	18	1	5	167
Marshall, Seattle	12	2	2	167
Sturkey, Portland	85	8	9	162
Erickson, Vancouver	31	1	5	161
Rush, Seattle	44	2	7	159
Thigpen, Vancouver	123	12	37	159
Herbert, Aberdeen	129	10	20	154
Caster, Seattle	56	4	8	142
Samuels, Portland	35	4	5	142

Jem Mace.

to start with and a heart and gizzard to take punishment. And when you do fight, fight. Don't spend your time dodging the other man or the dodging if he can, but see that he can't and that you punch him and punch him good. That's what I mean by fighting. Dancing round a ring inside a rope ain't fighting. It's show acting.

"I hope I will see another fighter before I die, and if he comes along I shall want to put on the gloves with him," and Jem straightened himself up, flung his silk hat and spatted with the air for a minute before starting on his afternoon walk.