

FANS AND FIGHTERS JUBILATE OVER BIG EVENTS IN SPORTDOM

DRINKWATER EASY FOR "MAC'S" MEN

CHAMPIONS LAND ON THE SPOKANE TWIRLER AND GIVE HIM AWFUL DRUBBING—THE FEATURES.

HOW THEY STAND.

Pacific Northwest League.				
Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	P. Ct.
Butte	117	70	47	.598
Seattle	118	68	50	.576
Helena	116	62	54	.534
Portland	117	59	58	.504
Tacoma	118	48	70	.406
Spokane	118	45	73	.382

[SPECIAL TO INTER MOUNTAIN.]

Spokane, Oct. 10.—Butte won yesterday's game against Spokane simply because she played the better ball. The work of the visitors in the field, at the bat and on the base line was all that could be desired by the most ardent fan. It had the proper snap to it and Drinkwater received an awful drubbing.

Dowling also was touched for a few, but he kept the hits, for the most part, pretty well scattered, and in addition received very good support.

Kane led off for Butte and started the fireworks in the first inning with a single. He stole second, went to third on a passed ball and scored on Zearfoss' single, ward, who had got his base on balls, being advanced to second at the same time. Marshall walked. McIntyre hit a hot liner to Drinkwater who failed to throw to third, Ward and Zearfoss scoring. A put-out allowed Marshall to cross the plate with the fourth run.

Neither side scored in the second and in the third Smith led off with a single, scoring on Dowling's pretty three-sacker. Knox's out gave Dowling his chance, and he came home. A three-bagger by Knox brought in McHale, who had singled in the fifth, and Knox himself scored on a put-out. In the seventh McHale beat out a punt, stole second and went to third on a put-out. Knox hit safely and Kane was safe on Kelly's error. Ward hit for three bases, sending in three runs ahead of him.

Spokane scored one in the third, but it was not until the sixth that they were able to do real business with Dowling. In that inning, after two men had been retired, Eley hit safe on a felder's choice. McKevitt singled, and both were advanced on McIntyre's bad throw to first. Singles by McGiligan and Ferris resulted in three runs. After that the home team was a nil factor in the game. The score:

Score by innings:
 Spokane 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 0 0—4
 Butte 4 0 2 0 2 0 3 0 X—11

SUMMARY:

Earned runs—Spokane, 1; Butte, 4. Two-base hit—Ward. Three-base hits—Kelly, Dowling, Ward. Hit by pitcher—Smith. Stolen bases—Ward, McHale, Knox. Double play—Kane to Smith. Bases on balls—Off Drinkwater, 3. Struck out—By Dowling, 3. Left on bases—Spokane, 3; Butte, 7. Time of game—One hour and 45 minutes. Attendance—700. Umpire—Colgan.

PORTLAND DEFEATS HELENA

Pitcher Kostal Was in the Box and Allowed the Senators Only Four Hits.

[SPECIAL TO INTER MOUNTAIN.]
 Portland, Oct. 10.—Kostal did good work in the box yesterday for the home team and was decidedly effective. The best Helena could do was four little hits and of these three were of the scratchy order. Kostal had excellent control, passing to two men to first and fanning three. His support was not of the best and the showing made is therefore all the more remarkable.

The Senators scored first, making their only run of the game in the second inning. Shaffer was hit by a pitched ball and went to second on a hit by Thiery. In an attempted double steal Shaffer reached third. Lippert smashed one to Weed and Stovall made a mess of the throw at first, allowing Shaffer to score.

In the second half of the inning the Webfooters tied the score, Murdock starting the fun by cracking out a three-bagger to left. Stovall was unable to connect and fanned the air three times. Thiery dropped the third, however, and Stovall galloped to first, Murdock scoring on the throw to Shaffer.

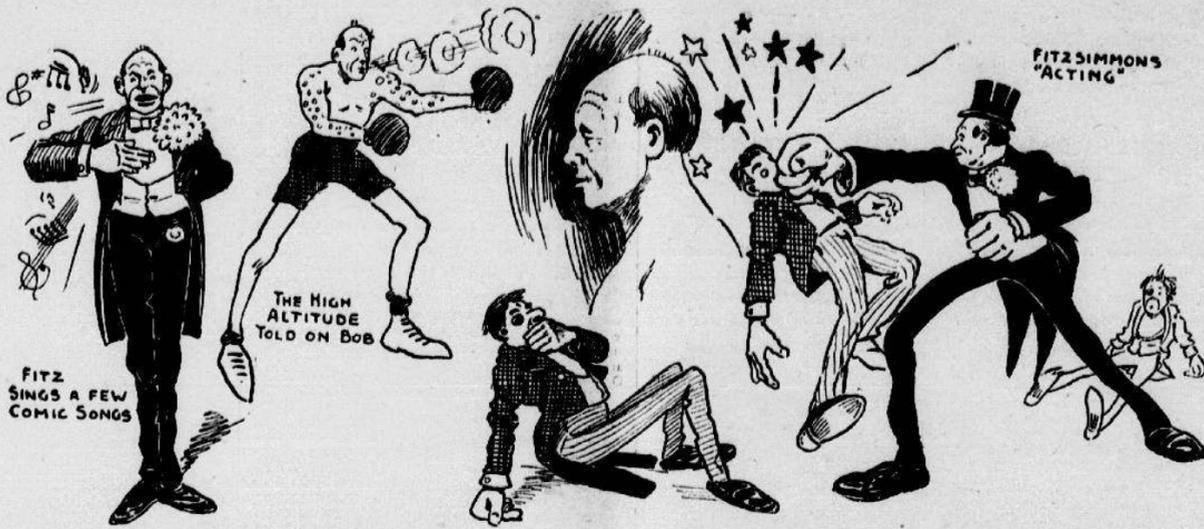
Again in the fourth Murdock began a little excitement with a dandy hit. Stovall bunted and Thompson threw wild to first, Murdock sprinting around the bases and reaching the plate before Shaffer could recover the ball and put it home.

No more runs were made until the seventh when Portland scored two on singles by Weed, Anderson, Murdock and Stovall and a misplay by Holly. The score by innings:

Helena 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
 Portland 0 1 0 1 0 2 0 X—4

Earned runs—Portland, 2. Sacrifice hits—Stovall, Kostal, Thompson. Stolen bases—Van Buren. Two-base hit—Kostal. Bases on balls—Off Kostal, 2. Passed ball—Thiery. Double play—Weed to Anderson to Stovall. Three-base hit—Murdock. Struck out—By Kostal, 3; by Thompson, 7. Left on bases—Portland, 11; Helena, 6. Hit by pitcher—Shaffer. Time of game—One hour and 30 minutes. Attendance—800. Umpire—Lynch.

BOB THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES.



Bob Fitzsimmons, the "grand old man" of the prize ring, is the center of attraction in Butte these days and there is scarcely a man, woman or child who will not go to the Grand to see him in "The Honest Blacksmith." Bob is an actor of no mean ability and can sing a song as good as the best, too. He says the altitude affects him but it does not appear in his acting.

SULLIVAN IS OUT WITH A CHALLENGE

WANTS TO FIGHT YOUNG CORBETT AND POSTS FORFEIT OF \$1,500 TO SHOW HE IS SINCERE.

Dave Sullivan has issued a challenge from Boston to Young Corbett, and has posted a forfeit of \$1,500 to show that he is sincere in his intentions. From all accounts Sullivan is extremely anxious to meet the champion, and believes that he can defeat him. Just where Dave got his impression is not apparent, but where ignorance is bliss—anyway, to a man up a tree—it really does not look as if Sullivan would stand a ghost of a show.

Sullivan has been defeated twice by Terry McGovern, and has never shown form enough to make even a fair showing. Young Corbett has not yet accepted the challenge, but as he is looking for easy propositions in order to get in shape for his battle with McGovern, it is not unlikely that he will meet Sullivan. One thing is certain—there'll be things doing, and it will be all on one side, too.

BUTTE FANS ARE REJOICING

Now That The Pennant Is Assured Everybody Has a Good Word For "Mac" and His Sluggers—Willie B. Goode's Gossip.

It's all ours—every bit of it. That rag is the property of Butte and one of the men who did great things to hand it to us was big old discarded George Treadway. George is playing with Tacoma and his batting yesterday helped more than anything else to defeat Seattle and place Dugdale hopelessly behind in the wonderful race with Butte.

When the news came at noon yesterday that Butte had won again from Spokane there wasn't much excitement. Pleased faces and wide grins bespoke the ever-increasing confidence in the assertion that McCloskey would carry off at least four games from the Bunchgrasses, but all through the day it was the general belief that Seattle would do the same thing with Tacoma and that it wouldn't be until a victory was wired Saturday that we could celebrate over the possession of the pennant.

When the finals were in last night and they showed Tacoma taking a brace and four runs in the last inning, the fans who waited for the scores went wild. In front of the newspaper offices there were funny scenes when usually staid and dignified business men smashed each other's hats or pounded backs regardless of ownership. It was a spontaneous outbreak of enthusiasm, all the better for being unexpected at this time.

Just as soon as the first burst of excitement died away there was a rush for the telegraph offices and the wires were burdened with messages of congratulation to McCloskey and his players. "Mac" answered them faithfully but failed in the important point of announcing when he and the team would arrive in Butte, much to the disappointment of those having in charge the arrangements for the reception to be given the team.

Probably in no league has there been so sensational a finish as the pennant race in the Pacific Northwest league. Although there are two more games to be played in each of the three cities, Seattle, Portland and Spokane, the defeat of Seattle yesterday makes it impossible for Dugdale to get within distance of the rag. Butte is now 22 points ahead and even if the next two games are lost, Seattle will be five points behind if she wins twice from Tacoma.

Too much praise cannot be given to McCloskey for the great uphill fight he has made with the Butte team. Handicapped from the beginning in being forced to select a new bunch of players and with a lot of experiments in the pitchers' box which came near wrecking his chances several times, "Mac" kept pounding away and making changes, which, added to his dogged nerve and stubborn determination never to give up until the last inning was played, kept him in second place and finally landed him at the top where he was never headed, despite the narrow hold of a few points that he had on the lead.

When McCloskey and his team left Butte for the first games in Spokane there were few people here who believed he had a ghost of a show for the pennant. Though Butte won the first game with Spokane there wasn't any let up in the ring of the hammers pounding away and all sorts of gloomy forebodings went forth against the team which was denounced as a bad bunch of has-beens.

McCloskey went ahead and split even in games on the first trip. He came back to Butte after passing from fourth to third place. Portland was in the lead, but Seattle took a spurt and went to first place with Portland second. The games with Tacoma the latter part of June sent Butte into second place and the fol-

lowing series played on the home grounds put Butte in the lead.

The victories which gave Butte first place were won over the Seattle team at Columbia Gardens and though the percentages have been flitting back and forth since then Seattle has never reached the top. The race has been such that one game won or lost at times would have changed the standing of the leaders and for weeks it has been but a question of two games to land Seattle in front.

During the battles on the diamond the pitching staff of Butte changed entirely. At the beginning of the season Ollie Burns, Clyde Gay and Pink Hawley were the pitchers with two or three "tryout" men in reserve. Burns never rounded into shape and Duke Carter was taken on. Carter had been a good man in the box the previous season but his pitching proved an easy thing for the batters in the team.

Hawley went down and lost after doing some good work in the box. Gay started in as the star pitcher and it is mainly through the efforts of the little towheaded lad from Chicago that Butte was able to keep in position during the early part of the season. Gay actually pitched himself out in the spring games and went backwards when the new pace was set. He was retired to the bench, the other extras were unloaded and McCloskey started out to get pitchers who could stand up under the terrific pounding all of the twirlers were getting in the league.

Skel Roach was brought from Spalding's team in Chicago and speedily set the wise batters to guessing. Then came the memorable fight over the engagement of Pete Dowling. There was great opposition to Dowling and had it not been for the decided stand taken by McCloskey and Lou Eschle, Dowling would not have been signed and later would have been released.

That was the luckiest fight ever made by the brainy manager of the Marys. It is to Dowling more than any other pitcher that Butte owes the pennant. Roach has been a great help and a crack pitcher, but the speed endurance and cleverness of the great southpaw held Butte in place at critical moments. One of Dowling's greatest feats was when he pitched two games in one day here in Butte and won both of them.

During the present trip on the coast Roach's arms got sore and as the batters were mostly wise to Salisbury and his curves it began to look hopeless for McCloskey. Dowling came to the rescue and went into pitch steadily until Roach had rested. It was this great work which brought Pete in as a savior of that pennant.

There have been times when all that held Butte in position was the energetic coaching and stiff drilling of Manager McCloskey. He inculcated in his men the idea that a game was never lost until the last inning was played and that a game was never safe so long as there was a chance to score a run.

It is this more than anything else which accounts for Butte's success. Many a game was won in the ninth inning and the fact that the Marys never stopped playing until time was called brought many a victory after the other team had slumped up in the belief that the game was theirs.

As yet the arrangements for the reception to be tendered the team have not been perfected. There is still an uncertainty as to when McCloskey and his boys will arrive and until that is determined nothing will be done.

President Lane was called to Helena

this morning and it is likely that while there he will broach the subject of a benefit game with Helena on the Gardens grounds.

I understand that Dugdale can get all the money he wants on that bet he offers. According to the dispatches from Seattle "Dug" wants to bet \$1,000 that his team can take three out of five from Butte on the Seattle grounds. Vice President Lou Eschle of the Butte club has been flooded with offers of money this morning to enable him to take up the proposition. One man has offered him \$5,000 to bet the Seattle manager that Butte can take three out of five, the games to be played in Butte and after the expenses of the trip are paid the balance to be divided among the players.

I don't look for this offer to be accepted by "Dug," although it will be wired to him.

I see by a New York paper that Dal Hawkins has landed in that city and is yearning for a go with Joe Gans. According to the item published Dal gathered \$1,000 from somewhere about his clothes and deposited it with a business man as a guarantee of good faith. In an interview Dal says:

"Yes, I am anxious to fight Joe Gans. I have an idea that I can win out all right, and to back up my opinion I have \$1,000 with me to put up on the contest. I don't care much where the fight takes place, and there won't be much controversy about terms and conditions so far as I am concerned."

Doc Flynn tells me he has accepted an offer to fight Eddie Croake in Lewiston, October 27. A challenge was sent to Croake by Flynn some weeks ago and yesterday he received a letter offering a fight with 75 per cent to the winner and 25 per cent to the loser.

Croake is 20 pounds heavier than Flynn, but the latter has accepted the proposition and will continue training after he is through working out with Jerry McCarthy.

There's a big difference in the scores of the All-Americans at Chicago and those of the Dayton games. The other day Wolf rolled 257 in a match game against Brill, the Chicago champion of the world. Wolf's average in the Chicago games was 208.5. Guess you'd better hustle your boys a little, Mr. White.

Willie B. Goode SEATTLE LOSES LAST CHANCE

Somers Goes to Pieces and the Tigers Bat Out Victory in the Ninth.

Tacoma, Oct. 10.—Seattle lost all chance for winning the pennant when she went down to defeat before Tacoma yesterday. After pitching fine ball for eight innings Somers weakened at the finish and the Tigers fell on him good and hard and pounded out a victory. Somers started in wild and his wildness was largely responsible for the three runs made by the Tigers in the first and second.

Seattle played an up-hill game and in the seventh managed to go one run to the good and further strengthen the position in the eighth by scoring another. With the score standing 5 to 3 the Tigers came up for their last try at the stick and the trouble began as soon as Treadway stepped to the plate. He had been batting like a fiend all day and got his third hit in the ninth. Somers was up in the air and Hutchinson walked. Nagle, Swindells and Zalusky were each good for singles and three runs were scored on their combined efforts at the stick.

Seattle 1 0 1 0 0 2 1 0—5
 Tacoma 1 2 0 0 0 0 3—6
 Earned runs—Tacoma, 1; Seattle, 1. Stolen bases—McCarthy, Hutchinson. Two-base hits—Drennan, Dalrymple. Treadway. Bases on balls—Off Somers, 6; off McCarthy, 4. Double play—Nagle to Johnson. Three-base hit—Drennan. Struck out—By Somers, 5; by McCarthy, 7. Left on bases—Seattle, 1; Tacoma, 11. Time of game—One hour and 50 minutes. Attendance—600. Umpire—McCarthy.

FITZ AS HONEST BLACKSMITH

In a Simple Little Play For the People, Grand Old Man of the Ring Takes Down House With His Side-Splitting Aphorisms.

"I'll trouble you to leave my tools alone," says "Bob Fitz," the "Honest Blacksmith," as he comes into the Champion forge just in time to biff a villainous lawyer and save a friend from being japped into eternity with a hammer.

The remark, delivered in a high-pitched voice and in the somber manner of a man who is about to mortgage the tail-end of a audience gathered to see and hear—mostly sec—Robert Fitzsimmons, the greatest fighting man in the world, even if he doesn't carry about with him the championship belt.

The Grand Opera house was jammed full last night, over 2,000 people being crowded into the theater. Not a seat remained untaken and Manager Marks and his staff were busy before the curtain went up, placing chairs for those who took chances on standing room. It was a mixed audience but everybody was satisfied and all went away pleased at having seen and heard the man who has fought nearly 400 battles in the prize ring and has been whipped but twice in his 40 years of life.

A Simple Play for the People.

The play in which Fitz, his wife and "youngun" appear, is a simple little tale of honest manhood, love courses smooth and rough, with an erring brother and a lawyer villain who fills up gaps and stands as punching bags or targets for some of the wise maxims of the honest man, who unselfishly goes back to ring glory and a \$30,000 purse, just to oblige the daughter of his old benefactor and save the son from prison.

During the progress of the play, Fitz gets off many good maxims, some of them approaching the kind of epigrams to be found in a Band of Hope tract or a W. C. T. U. propagation. They all fit well with the creed, especially those which have any remote reference to the many are of self-defense.

Some of the dry sayings, although delivered in a sing-song style of village delivery, which, if assumed, would be regarded as a great piece of character work, are really good. For instance, here's a few of the blacksmith's wise sayings:

It Is Side-splitting.

"Don't burst yourself trying for a chance," says Fitz, when the man he has saved from a hammer blow yearns for the chance of returning the favor.

"Why didn't you call him a lobster," is another which will go down as the cream of wit.

"Yes, I got a slice of that gold brick, myself."

"When I was down to rock bottom, your father put me on easy street."

"It's only your nickel-plated philanthrist who want thanks."

The first scene is interesting, as it is then that Fitz forms a horse shoe and shoes a horse on the stage in plain view. When the big fellow started in to work on the nag he threw off his old lid and the sight of his well-known and widely caricatured bald head brought a wild volley of cheers from the gallery.

It Was Down on the Bills.

Fitz and his helper, Sam Berger, who is also his sparring partner, were both in hard luck. First Fitz ran a sliver in his thumb while picking tools from the anvil and then Berger was bitten by the horse which was being shod and which he was holding. The horse came in for a round of applause, as did Fitz, when he exerted his great strength and held the restive animal by one leg in true blacksmith style.

"There was a day," said Fitz, "when \$5,000 was as small to me as a politician's conscience. Now it looks as big to me as a tin horn gambler's bluff."

"An ounce of gratitude is worth 16 pounds of gold," wisely remarks the blacksmith as he ushers the daughter of his benefactor from the shop.

There are more gems scattered about through dialogues of the play and sometimes Robert gets funny in a helpless sort of a way which appears to take exceedingly well with his hearers.

It Fairly Scintillates.

"Go on. You're talking through your shirt waist," is a remark to his adopted daughter, which sends the gallery into convulsions.

"A child's like an ostrich, he can eat anything from a green apple to a pack of tacks."

Fitz's idea of what is the proper training of a boy is summed up in these words: "If he's honest and capable, I'll put him in training for a railroad man. If he's a fool and isn't worth anything sensible, I'll make him a politician."

Fitz borrows somewhat from his physical culture lectures and essays when he goes after the cigarette fiends.

"Rags is useful sometimes, but cigarettes never. Here's my definition of a cigarette: It's a paper roll of trash with fire at one end and a damned fool at the other."

On a Paramount Topic.

On the subject of "booze," on which he expatiates at length, Fitz says: "Treat your stomach to a cold water bath occasionally and then there will be some hope of you getting to be a man."

As the story progresses from the point where Fitz agrees to go into the prize ring just once more in order to raise \$5,000 with which to save the son of his benefactor from the penitentiary, the scene shifts to the fighters' training quarters in which are given exhibitions of bag punching and a sparring match.

The bag punching captures the audience and every change in the style brought cheers. The audience went wild last night when, as though in response to the gallery calls of "Bust 'er Fitz," the former champion with a clever blow broke the rope at-

(Continued on Page Nine.)

WHAT HAPPENED TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO TODAY?

Why Just Read These Extracts From the Files of the Inter Mountain of That Date and Be Made Wise.

(See Page Four.)

All Kinds of Coal and Wood.
CITIZENS' COAL CO.
 No. 4 East Broadway.

Duck Grounds

Great hunting grounds at H. Wetmore's ranch at the Red Rock Lakes. Boats and board furnished. Write for particulars. H. WETMORE, Lake View, Montana, via Monida.

SPORTING GOODS

EXCLUSIVELY
 Baseball, Athletic Goods Fishing Tackle, Fire Arms, Ammunition
Carl Engel Write for Prices 22-23 West Park

ESPINA

A RICH CIGAR of clearest, choicest Havana, surpassing the best previously produced.

A shapely cigar, brought to perfection of form under nimble fingers of Cuban experts.

A PURE CIGAR, entirely free from adulteration. Tasty, yet harmless.

The Acme of Perfection

Centennial Beer

Strength, Purity, Excellence