

EVENING WORLD

CLARKSON WILL PITCH TO-MORROW.

SPORTS EDITED BY

IRISH LAD TO MEET ORT WELLS.

ROBERT EDGREN

"HAPPY JACK" CHESBRO, WHO EXPECTS TO BREAK RECORD IN GAME AGAINST WASHINGTON TO-DAY



"HAPPY JACK" EXPECTS TO HURDLE THAT UNLUCKY NUMBER TODAY



NO FRILLS OR POSSES IN THE BOX FOR CHESBRO.



REAR ELEVATION, SHOWING THAT HE IS BUILT ON LINES OF STRENGTH AS WELL AS SPEED



PITCHER, CHESBRO OF THE HIGHLANDERS



CHESBRO COACHING CLARKSON IN THE MYSTERIES OF THE COCKSCREW CURVE.



PITCHER, WALTER CLARKSON STOPPING ONE OF CHESBRO'S IN SHOTS



THIS IS WHERE "HAPPY JACK" LIVES

EASY TO BE LUCKY, SAYS CHESBRO, IF YOU HUSTLE

Happy Jack, the Star Twirler of the American League, Declares that It Is Only the Fellow Who Loafs that Kicks About His Luck.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

"I guess I'm a pretty lucky pitcher," said "Happy Jack" Chesbro yesterday afternoon, as he was dressing to go out and swap curves with Walter Clarkson, the Highlanders' new recruit from Cambridge, "lucky enough to win that thirteenth game."

"Why 'lucky'?" I asked. "Because luck is just a matter of hustling. I'm lucky because I get out and hustle. That is the only way a fellow can be lucky when he plays ball. Any man with any ability at all can be one of the lucky ones if he digs into the work. It's always the fellow who loafs that kicks about his luck."

Jack Chesbro looks like one of the "lucky" players. His face is thin and clean-cut from training. Long mornings of practice under the hot sun have given him a brown like that of a Plute Indian.

"Did luck give you your record of twelve straight winning games—with more to follow?" Chesbro is a modest sort of chap. He blushed.

"Oh, pshaw," he said. "That wasn't anything great on my part. I had the finest team in the country behind me. A great team will make great pitchers. The reason that I pitched good ball was that I felt all the time I had the best kind of backing. When you have a lot of players like that as your team mates you have to play ball for all you are worth to keep your end up. This team is just like a college team for spirit. There isn't a man on it who wouldn't rather have his hand cut off than be responsible for losing a game. There isn't a weak spot. We all pull together like a Republican convention—all harmony. All out for the same purpose, not a thing to discuss or fall out about. That is why we are jumping up to the top of the list so fast. The finest player in the world can't play ball on a team that doesn't fit in with, but you get a lot of fellows together who keep their eye on the ball like one man and you've got a lot of champions."

This was a long speech for a ballplayer. Chesbro had straggled into his costume by the time it was finished, and with Clarkson was ready for work.

CHESBRO IS IMPRESSIVE.

In baseball "Happy Jack" Chesbro is impressive. He has great, broad shoulders, and he is broad all the way to the ground. He is built like a tugboat—for power and speed too. In height, perhaps he stands 5 feet 10 inches, and he weighs 180 pounds dressed for the game. When he moves it is with the lightness of a feather.

Chesbro has a way all his own of handling the ball. Next time you go out to see the Highlanders, if you are so lucky as to strike a day when he is in the box, you will notice it.

The ordinary pitcher—and some of the extraordinary ones—twists himself into a knot before delivering the ball. He kicks his body like the prize box constrictor in the side show. And when he jerks the kinks out it is with a snap that threatens dislocation of half a dozen vertebrae.

Nothing of this kind with Chesbro. The Highland champion takes a grip on the ball without wasting time in vain economies. Sometimes, when he contemplates a particularly complicated curve, he dampens two fingers by passing them over his lips—that is all.

His right hand swings back to a starting position, and his left foot slips forward. Then, with a slight twisting from the hips, his body turns easily, his arm comes around with a snap too fast for the eye to follow, and the leather sphere is hurrying toward the batter.

He doesn't twist, his body in delivering the ball as a boxer twists to "get his weight into the blow." Almost all of that sudden motion that snaps the ball on its way comes from the shoulder. At the finish of the throw Chesbro's body is upright, not thrown forward and nearly off balance, as with other pitchers.

CLARKSON TWIRLED, WHILE "HAPPY JACK" COACHED. After a few twisters Chesbro suddenly jumped in with an exclamation: "Stop right there!"

"Now do that again, just the same way." "Good! Once more." "That's a corker. I guess that will hold 'em for a while."

Clarkson had been producing some sort of spiral twist that met with Chesbro's approval. Going back to the dressing rooms he was enthusiastic over the Cambridgean. "He'll make one of the best in the business," declared Chesbro. "He's a wonder now, and by the time he has been in a couple of professional games he will pitch like a champion. He may be a little nervous the first time, but he has the stuff in him, and it will be bound to show."

Clarkson was still in him, which is his favorite amusement as well as means of livelihood. Pitcher Chesbro plays golf. He claims that swinging at the green is much more relaxing to him than the thing that has made him improve his batting.

WALTHOUR BADLY HURT IN A RACE

The Champion Cycle Pace Follower May Be Fatally Injured as a Result of a Terrible Fall at Atlanta.

(Special to The Evening World.) ATLANTA, Ga., July 1.—Robert Walthour, the world's champion pace follower, was thrown from his wheel and dangerously injured in a three-cornered race last night at the Stadium, between Walthour, Monroe and Deguignard. As far as can be determined he sustained a broken arm, a broken collarbone and a broken rib and internal injuries which may later develop and make the accident fatal to the Atlanta rider.

It was in the fourth mile of the twenty-mile race that, after lapping Deguignard and Monroe once, the three riders came together, and Walthour was forced high on the embankment, where his wheel suddenly turned. He was thrown with terrific force through the wooden railing separating the boxes from the track, tearing up two planks two by four inches in his fall. The crash was fearful, and that he had a spark of life left in him is remarkable.

This morning the physicians who attended Bobby Walthour to his home made a statement of his injuries, as follows: Left collarbone broken, right collarbone broken, ribs broken, right hand badly bruised and swollen. One large wound over the abdomen, which will probably prove the most serious. Both hips and legs covered with numerous cuts.

Shortly after arriving at his home Walthour was unrecognizable, but his condition was so weakened by the shock that it was considered advisable to remove him to the hospital. The fractured collarbone until to-morrow. After an examination will be made, and on the belief of more than one physician who examined the injured man that symptoms of internal injury will develop in a few hours.

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GUNFIRE GALLOPED FAST MILE TO-DAY

(Special to The Evening World.) SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., July 1.—Although a trifle cloudy the track was in splendid condition for fast work at the bay during the morning hours. It was also an unusually busy morning for Friday, which is generally a very dull day.

The feature of the morning that attracted the greatest amount of attention and comment from those who witnessed it was a mile in 1:45 by Gunfire. This is the fastest work of the great mare this season, and she accomplished her task without an effort. She looks better than she ever did in her life, and when she is uncovered those who are wise will be ready for her.

This is the general opinion of horsemen that Trainer Rogers is pointing the great Whitney mare for some of the big Saratoga handicaps, and that she will make her first start of the season at the Spa track. A number of others of the Whitney-Duryea horses were worked, and all are in splendid condition and will be hard to beat in any race in which they may start.

Some of the best work of the morning follows: GUNFIRE—Mile in 1:45, handily, J. W. Rogers, trainer.

TANYA—Six furlongs in 1:11, easily; J. W. Rogers, trainer.

MINCELO—Mile in 1:44, handily; J. W. Rogers, trainer.

MYOPIA—Three furlongs in 0:57, breeding; J. W. Rogers, trainer.

PLEASANT—Seven furlongs in 1:21, swing; John E. Madden, trainer.

BLESSINGS LAST—Six furlongs in 1:10, easily; George Innes, trainer.

CAZARAPIN—Four furlongs in 0:52, breeding; A. J. Joyner, trainer.

COUNTING THE BASE HITS

Blazon it on the outer walls! And the cry is, "Still they come!" Fourteen in commission. That's playing ball some. "Yes, and we're not through yet," says Little Mac.

And doesn't the fan remember when the New Yorks were a joke? But now—get on to the fourteen again.

It isn't often that a pitcher digs his heels in the box when he has a bandage on his spinning fingers. But Matty did it yesterday.

Constant Reader—Who made the longest hit on record? Look in the directory.

Boston dearly loves to bump into the Giants—just as much as a small boy loves an invitation to accompany the old man to the woodshed.

When was Willie Keeler asked for a skull ticket to the Polo grounds yesterday? Fred Knowles gathered the \$10,000 beauty to his arms.

"Best in the house, old pal," said John T.'s understudy. "Come, right in and see a real game of ball."

And Willie didn't grin until he was half way up the boardwalk.

A tall youth in pink hair and Prussian blue trousers wheeled a barrow on the Polo grounds during yesterday's soiree.

"He's going to Boston," exclaimed Gilbert. "To take back the dead."

Frank Bowerman has a new "fanning" machine.

Double plays were as thick as trolley cars in Brooklyn. There were five altogether. That one of Brown's where he sopped up Batt's high ball and rang the damper on Carney at second was in the same class with the lollypop made by Bowerman's other day. And when the eighth round started Willie does loosen up the throat latch of the fan to see runners doubled up.

"Kid" Eiberfeld, of the Highlanders, is being put together again. He will straddle short in the Philadelphia game on July 4.

"Widow" Conroy has a boneen factory just outside of Camden. Camden is somewhere in New Jersey.

Yale-Barnard Intercollegiate Baseball Game. Yale, 10; Barnard, 0.

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IRISH LAD WILL MEET ORT WELLS

Pair Will Fight It Out Again at Sheepshead Bay To-Morrow, in the Commonwealth, at a Mile and a Quarter.

Irish Lad and Ort Wells will fight it out again to-morrow in the Commonwealth Stakes.

The Picket, too, will go, and Waterboy and Highball may start as well.

Irish Lad was given a trial for the race yesterday. The fractional time of the trial was as follows: Quarter, 34.5; three furlongs, 1:11; half, 2:01; three-quarters, 3:11; seven furlongs, 4:21; mile, 5:31; a quarter, 6:41; mile and a quarter, 7:51; mile and three-quarters, 9:01; mile and a half, 10:11.

The horse cooled out nicely and Rogers was well pleased with the trial. The weight carried was about 115 pounds. No blinkers were worn, nor will they be used in the race. Irish Lad will be allowed to race off in front, and, as Hermit has not been prepared for the race, Duryea's colt will be master of the situation for the first mile at least.

Enough Welsh thinks that Ort Wells will be equal to the task, and there are many shrewd turfmen who take a similar view. They claim that the son of King Mike has more gameness in his make-up than Irish Lad, and on this they base their hope. They also say very openly that Ort Wells should have won the Advance and that this time he will turn the tables.

The Picket to Go.

The Picket will almost certainly start. Carroll Reid admitted yesterday that his horse was ready for the race, and he also said he was glad if Hermit would not likely be a contender.

"I have great respect for Hermit," said he, "for he is a mighty fast horse. I don't think that his defeat by Colonial Girl is anything like a black mark against him. I know she is a first-class horse, and I watched her work a mile in 1:40 last year with 124 pounds up, and she was romping at the finish. I can easily understand that she has a chance to beat any man's horse with less than 100 pounds on her back."

"The Picket, if he starts, will run a good race. He has all his speed and is in good condition generally. He worked a mile and a quarter yesterday in 2:10, which was just as fast as I wished him to go."

Highball, Waterboy, Ormonde's Right, Light Brigade and Major Daingerfield are among the others eligible for to-morrow's stake.

MORAN NO MATCH FOR CLEVER JIMMY STONE

(Special to The Evening World.) SCRANTON, Pa., July 1.—Jimmy Stone, the clever and hard-hitting bantam-weight of the Avonla A. C. of New York, met "Toto" Moran, the South Brooklyn bantam-weight, last night, and knocked him out after one minute of fighting in the eighth round of what was to have been a twenty-round battle.

The fight was brought off in private in a roadhouse six miles from this city, and was witnessed by over three hundred persons, who came from far and near to witness the mill, and for which they paid 25 cents.

Bob Kendrick, the English bantam-weight, was originally scheduled to fight Stone, but as he broke his right hand he was substituted. The boys fought at 115 pounds, with three-ounce gloves, for a purse of \$200. Jimmy O'Toole, of Scranton, was the referee.

The battle was one of the best ever witnessed in this part of the country. After the fifth round it could be plainly seen that Stone would win, as Moran was fast thring from Stone's jabs and right-hand smashes in the body. In the seventh round Stone rushed Moran into a corner and nailed him on the jaw with a right swing dropping him to the floor and also knocking out three of his teeth. Just as Referee O'Toole was about to count out Moran the bell rang, saving him. When the eighth round started Stone sailed into Moran, and after jabbing him a few times swung his right on Moran's jaw, sending him to the floor, where he was counted out.

MONAHAN BEAT DWYER.

(Special to The Evening World.) BROCKTON, Mass., July 1.—The feature bout of the meeting of the Young Men's Social and Athletic Club last night was a ten-round bout between Jack Dwyer, of South Boston, and Chick Monahan, of this city. Monahan won in the sixth round, having fought Dwyer to a standstill. Dwyer and Monahan fought closely throughout the first four rounds, although Monahan was the cooler throughout, waiting for Dwyer to throw himself off his balance with ill-aimed blows, and then delivering one or two on his own account. In the fifth it was Monahan's round, and in the sixth he had things pretty much on Moran's jaw, sending him to a standstill, the latter throwing up his hands and calling it off.

TWO GREAT RACERS SHOW SENSATIONAL TRIALS

Waterboy Gallops Mile and a Quarter in 2:14 and Hamburg Belle Works Six Furlongs in 1:14 Under Restraint.

(Special to The Evening World.) SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., July 1.—Late this morning, after all other trainers had finished working their charges and the track was clear of horses, Trainer A. J. Joyner brought out Waterboy and Hamburg Belle and gave them most sensational workouts.

The great black son of Watercrest was sent a mile and a quarter in 2:14, and stepped the distance without injury and without any great amount of exertion. It can be positively stated that the champion was never in grander shape than he is at the present time.

In view of this morning's work it is not at all likely that Waterboy will start in the Commonwealth to-morrow, but he is practically certain to go in the Brighton Handicap.

Fatigues as was the black's work the day of his sensational workout. Without wavering or hesitating she went six furlongs in 1:14 and most of the distance was under restraint at that.

Both Waterboy and Hamburg Belle pulled up absolutely sound after their two four furlong trials. In fact, they witnessed the trial and at its finish joyfully congratulated Jack Joyner on the condition of the horses. Needless to say that both were jubilant at the result.

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