UP TO DATE **SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT** EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN.

FIGHTING ALONE DOES NOT MAKE CHAMPIONS PUBLIC FAVORITES.

EDGREN'S COLUMN

JAMES J. CORBETT, actor, one-time pugilist, is a man with ideas. He "has something under his hat," in the slang of the town.

I met James yesterday near Bayside, L. I., where he has a fine summer home. The conversation took in the latest gossip of the stage, the new play that is being written for Corbett (a dramatization of "Cashel Byron's Profession," by Bernard Shaw), and then drifted around to ring affairs.

"I hardly keep up to date on the fighting game now," said Corbett. "There are so many new fellows. I know Jeffries has retired, and some of the others might as well. But I don't know of any new men who really threaten to take the place of the old figureheads.

"Did you ever stop to think what makes a man big in ring affairs?

"It isn't fighting ability—at least it isn't all that, by any means. It's the personal characteristics of a champion that make him popular.

"Now, look at Jeffries. He's the greatest heavy-weight champion the world ever saw. No other fellow could whip one side of him. Yet he isn't so very popular. People look at the bigness of him and say, 'Why shouldn't he lick anybody? The great big beef!'

"JEFF is one of those quiet fellows. You meet him and say something pleasant, and he looks at you. He may laugh or he may growl, but that's as far as he goes. He has the enormous strength and size, but there's nothing magnetic about him. If he'd just jolly everybody he met, just at least pretend to take an interest in people, he'd be the most popular man in America.

"Nobody will ever whip Jeff unless he gets into dissipation or fights when he has grown too old. But if some little cocky fellow came along and beat him, why everybody would go mad over it. When Jeff tells people say 'Of course.' If a smaller man beat him they'd say: 'Look at him! Ain't he a wonder? How on earth did he do it?'

"Jeff's handicapped. He can't do anything that will seem anything but a matter of course.

"Take Ruhlin. If he whipped twenty champions he'd be no more popular than he is now. He's a big, stolid Dutchman—good-natured—and that lets him out. There's nothing about him to attract the crowd.

"John L. Sullivan probably never was equal to Jeffries, yet there never was another champion like him. He had that great roar of a voice. He'd bellow like a bull and throw handfuls of bills right and left. His prodigality made him a wonder, and people flock to see him still.

"THERE'S Jimmy Britt. He's a good fighter, but do you think that's why he's so popular? Not at all. He's a dapper, wise, cocky little chap. He puts his head on one side, squints at you and quotes Shakespeare. Pugilists that have a business head are so rare it amuses people to see James Edward branch out as a prosperous landlord.

"McCoy is slick, foxy, shrewd. He dresses well and speaks in a nice soft voice. He looks like a mild and pleasant gentleman of leisure. And all the time you know that he's a butcher in the ring. He fights with that ugly sneer, and never really enjoys the game unless he makes the other fellow look like a steer in the shambles.

"Fitzsimmons is a great fighter, of course. But he's known the world over by his skinny legs, his knockyknees, his long arms, his bald head and his freckles. If Fitz was a stolid big Dutchman like Ruhlin, and had his own record, he'd be forgotten by this time.

"But people look at Fitz and say 'See the bald-headed, skinny-legged old fossil. Fought when Sullivan was young and he's fighting yet. Gee! Will he ever quit and let the young fellows have a chance?' Yes, and Fitz is a wise owl, too. He can hand out a jolly to anybody.

"THEN for Sharkey. When people see him get up in a ring, tattooed all over with ships and anchors, with his big chest that you fellows always show up in the pictures, with his thick legs and stubby arms, they have to laugh. He's a fine joke. Tom is a thick-skulled sailor, but somewhere down underneath he has some kind of a brain working. He's cunning. Nobody has fooled Mike, chosen heaven a city block. Fellows go to hear Sharkey spout about his fast horses, and his rich relatives, and his account in the bank, that has swelled up so they have to put new hinges on the vault, and then they go around the corner and tell their friends. Result, Sharkey is famous.

"As for myself," said James J., "I suppose I am pretty well known. Anyway I am a better drawing card on the stage now than when I was champion.

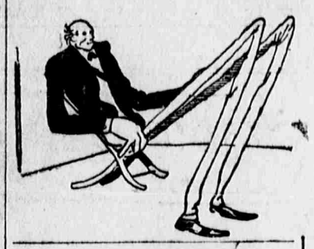
"Why? Oh! well ——

"Perhaps it was the 'Gentleman Jim' idea?" I suggested.

"Oh!" exclaimed Corbett. "Well, perhaps it was. People were interested in the man who gave up being a bank clerk to become a prize fighter. I really had some education and amounted to something after I retired the ring. I was a boxer, not a 'bug.'

"Perhaps I am a bit of a jollier, too. But one thing you can write down and be sure of, old man: No champion ever rose to popularity but because he could hit hard and take a beating. It is character that counts.

"It takes more than hard fists to lift a man above the crowd."



SAYS SUNDAY BASEBALL IS NOT ILLEGAL

Magistrate Connorton Discharges Manager of the Ridgewood Club.

What amounts to permission to charge admission to Sunday baseball games in Queens Borough was issued to-day by Magistrate Connorton in the Flushing Court. He held that under the law there is nothing illegal about Sunday baseball so long as the peace of citizens residing in the neighborhood of the ball ground is not disturbed.

The case calling forth the decision was that of Ambrose Hussey, manager of the Ridgewood Baseball Club. This club plays in private grounds at Ridgewood and last Sunday sold 25 cent grand stand tickets. Capt. Aloncle, of the Newtown Precinct, arrested Hussey on a charge of violating the Sunday law.

When Hussey was arraigned for examination to-day Magistrate Connorton asked Capt. Aloncle if there had been any complaint about the game from the neighbors. Capt. Aloncle answered that there were no dwellings in the vicinity of the grounds and that no complaints about the game had been made to him.

"There is no law against selling tickets to a ball game on Sunday," declared the Court, "any more than there is against selling tickets to a concert. But, if the peace of citizens residing in the vicinity of the ball park in which on Sunday game is played is disturbed the players may be arrested for disturbing the peace."

Practically this makes Sunday baseball in Queens a game protected by law unless neighbors bring complaint. It is inferred from Magistrate Connorton's decision that he would refuse to entertain a complaint made by any one not residing in the vicinity of a baseball park against which a complaint might be directed.

SUNDAY BASEBALL GETS A SETBACK.

Supreme Court Justices Refuse Injunction to Restrain Police Interference.

A temporary setback to the managers of teams that have been playing baseball on Sunday in Manhattan by virtue of injunctions restraining the police from interfering was delivered to-day by Justices Blanchard and Greenbaum, of the Supreme Court. Justice Blanchard refused to issue an injunction against police interference with a game on Ontario Field, at One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue, and Justice Greenbaum took a similar stand in the case of the Olympic Club. It was admitted in the latter case that programmes would be sold in lieu of admission tickets.

Justice Blanchard said that he was opposed to any interference with the police in the discharge of what they believed to be their duty, while they can be responsible if they interfere with the rights of citizens. In order to have the matter definitely determined he issued an order, returnable next week, requiring police authorities to show cause why they should not be enjoined from stopping Sunday games in the future.

OCEAN YACHTS IN SPECIAL RACE.

DOVER, England, June 17.—Thirteen yachts started from here to-day in the annual race from Dover to Heligoland, a Prussian island in the North Sea, for Emperor William's Cup in a heavy rainstorm and with a light wind blowing.

Shortly afterward, at about noon, the American yachts Atlantic and Apache and the British yacht Valhalla got away in a fog over the same course for a special cup offered by Emperor William for the auxiliary yachts which participated in the recent transatlantic race.

The weather conditions were most depressing. About an hour before the start of the first race a drenching downpour of rain commenced and continued falling with the result that the splendid fleet of American, German and British yachts was sent off into the thick, steamy haze overhanging the channel and making navigation difficult.

The racers were quickly lost sight of from the shore.

The participants in the annual fixture were the American schooner yacht Hildergarde (owned by Edward R. Coleman, of the New York Yacht Club, the American schooner yacht Endymion (owned by George Lauder, Jr., of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club), the American yawl Alla (owned by Henry S. Redmond (of the New York Yacht Club), the American schooner yacht Fleur de Lys (owned by Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, of the New York Yacht Club), the American built schooner yacht Navahoe (owned by George W. Watjens, of Germany), the schooner yacht Clam (owned by Max Von Gulleame, of Germany), the schooner yacht Susanne (owned by O. Huldschinsky, of Germany, the yawl Therese (owned by Felix Simon, of Germany).

Previous to the start, while manoeuvring in the thick haze there were several narrow escapes from collision. The Therese, Hildegarde, Endymion and Lethe got off in a bunch and had the greatest difficulty in extricating themselves without accident. The yachts grazed their sides as they cleared one another.

The Navahoe was first over the line, closely followed by the Formosa, Lethe, Clara and Satanita.

All the yachts carried the fullest spread of canvas.

In the race for the special prize offered for auxiliary yachts, the Atlantic got a good start. The wind was not heavy enough to suit the Apache and Valhalla. The Atlantic set an enormous balloon jib, extending from the end of her bowsprit to her foremast head.

SUNDAY BALL GAMES.

The Emeralds of the New York Catholic Protectory will meet the strong Paterson team at Van Ness to-morrow. The friends of the Emeralds will be admitted free to the grounds. There will be an extra attraction for the ladies.

The Richmond A. C., managed by Jim Mutrie, who once had charge of the Giants, will line up against the Pastimes at Yorkville Field, Nineteenth street and Avenue A, next Sunday afternoon. Mutrie has a lively bunch of youngsters quite capable of making the Pastimes hustle. Port and Hofer will be the battery for the Pastimes.

Reinforced by two big league players and with Lamar, formerly of Hoboken, behind the bat, the All Nationals will tackle the champion Cedars to-morrow at Bronx Oval, One Hundred and Sixty-third street and Southern Boulevard. Barberick, the mainstay of the Cedars, will be in the box and will exert himself to the limit to accomplish the overthrow of the visitors. Barberick will have Tom Plunkitt to receive him. There will be an early game between the Belgenta, of the Bronx, and the New York F. C.

Baseball To-Day, 3.30 P. M., American League Park, N. Y. Americans vs. Chicago. 25*

RECORDS BROKEN BY SCHOOL BOYS

Many Old Marks Are Beaten by Athletic Youngsters in Public School League Championships at Columbia Oval.

(Special to The Evening World.)

COLUMBIA OVAL, WILLIAMSBRIDGE, N. Y., June 17.—Two thousand mothers saw their hopefuls gain the praise from their teachers in the annual public school athletic league championships held here to-day.

In the first event, the junior high jump, George Zeiss, from Public School No. 18, Manhattan, won the event with a jump of 4 feet 5 inches, equalling the former record held by himself.

A few minutes afterward the senior relay team from Public School No. 3, of Brooklyn, covered a half mile in 1m. 46 1-5s., winning their heat and breaking the former record by 2 3-5s. J. Buttner, R. Horn, A. Tuttle and F. Suarez composed the team.

Leon Francis, of 24 Manhattan, equalled the time for the junior 100-yard dash. N. Volk, of 77 Manhattan, hurdled away from all competitors in the final of the 120-yard low hurdles, and ran in 14-5 seconds better than the previous record of 19 seconds.

Future contestants in the senior 220-yard run will have to equal 24 1-5 seconds made by W. Crawford, of 127 Brooklyn, in place of the former 24 3-5.

Public School 40 Manhattan, won the meet with 28 points.

Public School 44 Brooklyn, came second with 22, and Public School 13, Manhattan, third, with 20.

Waldorf Meyer, of Public School No. 10 Manhattan, broke the former record of 32 feet 6½ inches in the junior 8-pound shot-put by 2 feet 7 inches, and darted to the judges stand for his gold medal.

Records were broken galore in the runs. The senior relay team of Public School No. 3, of Brooklyn, covered a half mile in 1m. 42 2-5s. In the final heat, clipping off 6 2-5s. from the former record.

In the 440-yards special run, James Hart covered the distance in 58 2-5 secs. The old record was 59. Frank Solich, of 123, Brooklyn, equalled the mark of 6 3-5 seconds in the 50 yards junior dash. Nathan Rosenberg, of 25, Manhattan, lowered the 60-yard dash senior time record, from 7 2-5 to 7 1-5.

Summaries:

Running Broad Jump (Junior)—Won by Curtis Simpson (64 Bklyn), jump, 15 feet 11 inches; Rudolph Stapff (158 Manhattan) second, jump, 14 feet 8 inches; Louis Merry (128 Bklyn) third, jump 14 feet 5 inches; E. Kirk (105 Manhattan) fourth, jump 14 feet 2 inches. Simpson equalled outdoor record held by himself.

Running High Jump, junior, won by Geo. Zeiss (18, Manhattan), jump 4 ft. 5 in.; Thomas Downey (44, Brooklyn), second, jump, 4 ft. 3 in.; C. Voorhees (165, Manhattan), third, jump, 4 ft. 2 in.; Frank Schwaggs (166, Manhattan), fourth, jump, 4 ft. 1 inch.

Running Broad Jump—Senior, won by Robert McWilliams (166 Manhattan), jump 16 feet 10 inches; Walter Shaughnessy (18 Manhattan), second, jump 16 feet 6 inches; Joseph Palmisano (19 Manhattan), third, jump 16 feet 3 inches; John Anderson (16 Manhattan), fourth, jump 16 feet 8 inches.

Putting 12-Pound Shot, Senior—Won by C. Walden (44, Brooklyn), put 30 ft. 5¼ in. Charles Sperlche (19, Manhattan), second; put 30 ft. 3 in. S. Stern (128, Brooklyn), third; put 28 ft. 7¾ in. F. Wulf (44, Brooklyn), fourth; put 28 ft. 4¼ in.

Running Broad Jump, Special—Won by C. Robinson (198 Manhattan), jump 17 feet 10½ inches; George Weston (46 Manhattan), second, jump 17 feet 3 inches; A. Compton (165 Manhattan), third, jump 16 feet 11½ inches; Bartlett Robinson (15 Brooklyn) fourth, jump 16 feet 5 inches.

Running High Jump, senior—Won by P. Peterkin (44 Brooklyn), jump, 5 feet; M. May (17 Manhattan), second, jump, 4 feet 8 inches; W. Irving (44 Brooklyn), third, jump, 4 feet 6 inches; J. Fitzgerald (166 Manhattan), fourth, jump, 4 feet 6 inches.

DELMONT WINS OVER LYNCH

(Special to The Evening World.)

BROCKTON, Mass., June 17.—In a ten-round bout before the Young Men's Social and Athletic Club here last night, Al. Delmont, of Medford, got the decision over Johnny Lynch, of Charlestown.

Delmont was in the pink of condition and did nearly all the aggressive work, bringing Lynch down several times, and the Charlestown lad being on all fours the gong saved him from further punishment at the finish of the tenth round.

In the preliminaries Young Freeman and Jack Madigan fought an exceptionally fast ten-round draw.

Howard Bridges bested Jack Tracy in a six-round go.

Harvard Plays Holy Cross.

(Special to The Evening World.)

CAMBRIDGE Mass., June 17.—Harvard and Holy Cross faced each other at Cambridge for the second time this year this afternoon. There was great rivalry between the two nines and to-day's game was expected to be very close. Holy Cross won the first contest at Worcester, 6 to 1.

MRS. STOUT IS GOLF CHAMPION

Ex-Champion as Genevieve Hecker, She To-Day Defeats Miss Travers for Metropolitan Title on Short Hills Course.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SHORT HILLS, N. J., June 17.—A fine gallery of golf enthusiasts followed Mrs. Charles T. Stout, Richmond County Country Club and Miss Gertrude Travers, Nassau Country Club, over the Baltusrol Golf Club course this morning in the final round for the championship of the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association. The final for the Consolation Cup was between Miss K. Travers, Nassau Country Club, and Miss Ruth Badgley, Essex County Country Club.

Much to the surprise of the gallery, Miss Travers, who is being instructed by her brother Jerome, played a stronger game than had been expected, and had she been as good at putting as she was on her long game, she doubtless would have won. She held Mrs. Stout on the first nine holes. They went out in 49 and 50 and were all even at the turn. Mrs. Stout won the first three holes in succession on the homeward journey, and finally won the match at the seventeenth hole by 3 up and 1 to play.

Their cards were:

Mrs. Stout:										
Out	6	6	4	7	4	4	9	5	4	—46
Miss Travers:										
Out	6	5	5	7	5	6	8	5	5	—50
Mrs. Stout:										
In	4	4	5	4	7	6	4	5	4	—43—91
Miss Travers:										
In	4	5	5	5	4	6	6	5	6	—46—96

Miss K. Travers won the Consolation Cup by defeating Miss Ruth Badgley by 3 up and 6 to play.

GRANT WINS AT TENNIS.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 17.—The finals in the doubles in the New England tennis tournament yesterday were won by Grant and Leroy, who defeated Ware and Gross in a five set match which lasted well into the evening. The play was close and interesting throughout, and most of the spectators remained until the finish.

SHEEPSHEAD ENTRIES.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, June 17.—The entries for Monday are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Maiden race; two-year-olds; last five and one-half furlongs Futurity Course.

Ormondale 115
Chancellor Walworth 115
Lion Heart 115
Belaucker 115
Windy Mara 115
Kinloyden 115
Sir Tristan 115
Nostromo 115
Timber 115
Elkhorn 115
Old Faithful 115
Zuni 112
Adonis 112
Billy Bannstar 115

SECOND RACE—Selling; three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs main course.

Dansause 103
Jetsam 110
Mart Jentry 97
Argos 97
Major Pelham 110
*Grand Duchess 96
Northern Star 111
Elsie L 108
Connuelo II 105
Nina Squaw 108
*Golden Rule 99
*Gelotor 96
King Cole 100
Orloff 110
Result 110
*Almonte 92
*King Pepper 105
Modesty 90

THIRD RACE—Handicap; three-year-olds and up; one mile and an eighth.

Go Between 120
Cedarstrome 108
Brigand 100
Adbell 124
Uncle Urich 105
Wrekh 118
Marmee 105

FOURTH RACE.—The Rosebud; fillies, two-year-olds; last five furlongs of the Futurity course.

Sue Smith 120
Devil Tree 105
Zuna 105
Pasalfora 105
Running Water 110
Belle of Pequest 105
Fatinitza 105
Rauna 105

FIFTH RACE—Maiden three-year-olds and up; one mile.

Jackstaff 115
Lindley 112
All Right 112
Rube 112
Palm Tree 115
Maximillian 115
Jason 115
Father D. 115
La Golden 115
Don Royal 115
Firenhen 115
Snell, Lady 110

SIXTH RACE—The Gross Selling; three-year-olds and up; one and one-sixteenth miles on turf.

Red Fear 101
Mabel Richardson 103
*Champlain 99
*Martinique 96
Right Royal 90
Iota 84
Third Radge 87
Gold Dome 101
*Pagnuin 111
Gaunara 91

*Apprentice allowance.

LANGFORD HANDS GOOD BEATING TO JACKSON

(Special to The Evening World.)

BOSTON, June 17.—In a bout of fifteen rounds that was unexpectedly one-sided, Sam Langford, of this city, got the decision over Young Peter Jackson, of Baltimore, at the Douglas Athletic Club, Chelsea, last night.

After the first round it was a foregone conclusion that Langford, unless Jackson sneaked over one of his wallops on the jaw, would win easily. Langford was well posted on that trick of the Baltimore boxer and, though the latter did get over a few, they did not land on any spot that distressed Langford in the least.

Jackson was the aggressor in most of the rounds, but invariably when he would lead Langford met him with a stiff left in the face and body or a wicked right-hand cross on the jaw, and in most cases he got away without a return. Jackson, finding early in the contest that he was not in it with Langford at long-range boxing, directed his attacks to the body. He would crouch and, with both hands covering his face and jaw, he would rush to close quarters, willing to take a punch or two so that he could get close enough to work on Langford's body. Langford showed Jackson that he, too, was also a good hand at infighting. In most every round both landed on the stomach, ribs and kidneys, but Langford's blows seemed to have more effect, in every round Langford jabbed Jackson in the eye, nose and mouth with the left at least a dozen times and received few returns.

In the fourteenth round Jackson went out to try and even up matters. After getting three stiff jabs they engaged in a hot mix-up that sent Jackson to his corner pretty tired. Langford continued his onslaught in the last round and landed fully fifteen clean punches to Jackson's four. The gong was a welcome sound for Jackson, for he was nearly all in.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Club.	W.	L.	P.C.	Club.	W.	L.	P.C.
Cleveland	29	14	.674	Boston	21	24	.467
Chicago	28	20	.583	New York	20	26	.432
Phila'delphia	28	20	.574	Washington	19	30	.388
Detroit	25	22	.532	St. Louis	18	30	.375

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Club.	W.	L.	P.C.	Club.	W.	L.	P.C.
New York	38	16	.704	Cincinnati	29	24	.547
Phila'delphia	29	21	.580	St. Louis	28	31	.429
Pittsburg	31	24	.564	Boston	17	35	.327
Brooklyn	30	24	.556	Chicago	16	38	.296

RESULTS OF YESTERDAY'S GAMES.

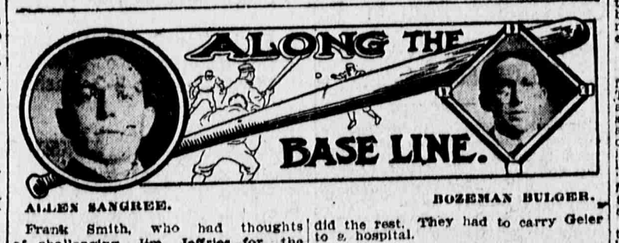
New York, 3; Chicago, 0.
Detroit, 5; Boston, 2.
Philadelphia, 10; St. Louis, 1.
Cleveland, 5; Washington, 1.

New York, 9; St. Louis, 4.
Pittsburg, 5; Philadelphia, 4.
Chicago, 4; Brooklyn, 3.
Cincinnati, 4; Boston, 3.

GAMES SCHEDULED FOR TO-DAY.

Chicago at New York.
Detroit at Boston.
St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at Washington.

New York at St. Louis.
Philadelphia at Pittsburg.
Brooklyn at Chicago.
Boston at Cincinnati.



ALLEN SANGREE. BOZEMAN BULGER.

Frank Smith, who had thoughts of challenging Jim Jeffries for the heavyweight championship, will pitch to-day against "Billy" Hogg. This should be a rare battle.

Harold Chase made one of the finest catches ever seen on a ball field. With two White Sox on base Dundon hoisted a fly that was falling between Kleinow and Orth. Why Chase was sent after it nobody knows. He ran all the way from first and on a gallop reached out with his gloved hand and got the pellet a few inches above earth. Harold also made a hit and a run. Don't see why they're worrying about John Ganzel.

It is said that if Griffith can get hold of an outfielder he will try "Pat" Dougherty in the box. "Pat" can throw any sort of curve, but no terrific speed and goes cleverly with the "spit" ball. Boston people predict that he would make a great pitcher.

"Joe" Yeager filled Elberfeld's shoes, and, we might say, overflowed. He triple scored two runs. He accepted six chances without an error and he made a rattling quick play off Jones in the seventh when Tannehill was going to third.

Kleinow appreciated Fielder Jones's throwing ability when he was nailed at third by relay after hitting to the fence. No better arm in the business than Jones's.

The new Chicago catcher is James H. Hart, a dentist from Georgetown. He is a protege of "Doc" White who gives instructions down there at teeth-pulling and baseball during the winter months.

When Otis Clymer, of Pittsburg, opened his envelope this month he found that $100 had been deducted. This was the $100 that Dreyfuss said he would pay same being a fine imposed by Pulliam. Hey, Barney!

Reports to-day are that Harry Tuthill, trainer of the Giants, is near death's door at Pittsburg. He had an attack of gastritis and is in care of trained nurse and physician. Tuthill formerly directed the pugilistic career of "Young Corbett."

"Jiggs" Donohue is said to be a prime scrapper. Some time ago he and Phil Geier had a row in Milwaukee and decided to fight it out. They went alone to Geier's room, locked the door, threw the key over the transom and "Jiggs" did the rest. They had to carry Geier to a hospital.

Answer to Correspondent—McGann went from Toronto to the Boston Nationals, where he played two years ere going to Baltimore. Mertes started National ball with Philadelphia, where he failed to make good as a hitter. He played for a while in Columbus, and then joined the White Sox. McGraw bought him from Comiskey. Yes, Bowerman pitched before he became a catcher. He caught for Hanlon in Baltimore along with Bill Clarke and Robinson. He then went to Pittsburg.

KISER TO DRIVE BULLET.

Earl H. Kiser, of Dayton, O., acting for an unknown man of wealth, has bought the famous Bullet No. 2, and will race it against the famous cars of Major C. J. S. Miller, Col. E. H. R. Green, E. A. Thomas and H. L. Bowden. With Kiser at the helm the Western millionaire believes the Bullet No. 2 is quite capable of beating the machines used by Chevrolet, Bate and Oldfield on any kind of a course.

THE WHITE SOX SECOND IN NEW BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

BY ALLEN SANGREE.

Now glory to the Highland host, and eke a bunch of joy.
And glory to that Irish lad, the slugger, "Wid" Conroy.
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance;
The Highlanders are cutting hay while they have got a chance.
Again let rapture light the eyes of rooters in New York.
As thou wert constant in their ills, be glad-some as they work.
Hurrah! hurrah! they've licked the team that would our fans annoy;
Hurrah! hurrah! for long hits and the slugger—"Wid" Conroy.

O Lord Macaulay.

Emboldened by his success after the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. Robert E. Lee determined in the summer of 1863 to invade the North. The Union cause looked desperate. One commander after another had failed to stem the tide of Southern victory. Lee, on the contrary, had his army organized with such trained leaders as Ewell, Johnson, Early, A. P. Hill and "Stonewall" Jackson, all daring soldiers and loyal to their chief.

Gettysburg on the Side.

With something like 70,000 men this pick of Southern bravery approached the village of Gettysburg on June 30, and the whole North was demoralized. She depended in this crisis upon Major-Gen. George G. Meade, a gallant leader, but not considered in the running with Bob Lee.

We are telling you this to depict how the famous White Sox, of Chicago, fell in bitter defeat yesterday before the calm, majestic twirling of "Big Al" Orth, whom Chicago expected to smother, even as a rowdy child gulps a juicy marshmallow. Nick Altrock, the Grand Rapids-Milwaukee-German-American pitching wonder of Chicago, practically commanded his team. With a deadly cross-fire delivery and abundantly supplied with the best of cut plug he had little fear of being walloped. This confidence appeared to be shared even by spectators, who feared that Orth would go up in the air.

"Our men can't hit Altrock," mourned the rooters. "The White Sox will surely bat Orth out of the box, &c." The most sanguine would not take the little end of a bet.

Got Altrock's Range.

Well, just as at Gettysburg, the defenders showed up very weakly at first. That famous battle began at 9 A. M., along the Chambersburg Pike, in a skirmish between Northern cavalry and Southern light artillery. Until 9 o'clock both sides were hustling up reinforcements, and about that time the long gray line advanced, giving the "rebel yell." Only one little brigade from Ohio withstood the charge, and they were soon swept away, the "Stars and Bars" rampant.

Four innings yesterday found everything in favor of Chicago. Comiskey looked benignly on the Highlanders as they paraded in and out four times, having had but two men on first base. "Another inning," he mused, "we'll get them." Meanwhile the White Sox had rapped Gen. Orth for four hits.

On the night of July 1 Meade and Lee were both busy. The former occupied Cemetery Ridge and Little Round Top Hill. The line was five miles long. Lee took the initiative and determined to attack Little Round Top. In eager column, never halting to fire, never uttering a sound and at double quick, Hood's Texans came on. They had almost seized the position when Warren managed to drag some guns to the eminence and opened with heavy artillery.

Conroy Slammed a Few.

Altrock picked out "Wid" Conroy for his Little Round Top yesterday, and he turned out a little black man. The White Sox were pressing hard; no use for bunts or short-arm jolts with that infield of Tannehill and Davis pressing in. It required some heavy firing, and Conroy resisted the charge with a terrific wallop far in left field. Chase, who occupied Cemetery Ridge, went down before the Altrocktan fire, but Capt. Yeager opened his heavy artillery and drove the enemy to their entrenchments with a three bagger, scoring Conroy.

Still the battle was not won. There had to be a Pickett's charge.

The White Sox were becoming more and more formidable. With two on base in the sixth "Jiggs" Donohue gave the "rebel yell" and "Bill" Sullivan rendered the Clan-na-Gael war cry. But still the silent Orth kept his head and none scored.

Comiskey now ordered Altrock to summon his most terrific stunts and paralyze the enemy for good and all. With a single evolution of his guile he signed the field now to yet Conroy, for again the Tipperary Kid was to bat. The White Sox steeled their muscles and gathered in with a mighty shout.

The Batter Over.

Conroy waited until he could see the white of the ball and then hurled his war club with a "swish" like a comet behind time. In vain "Ducky" Holmes speared the seething ether. Conroy was again on second. This so rattled General Altrock that he gave Chase a pass and with difficulty handled Yeager's sacrifice. One last and furious attempt he made to drive the Highland battery from their position, but he encountered the deadly resistance of Lieutenant-General Kleinow, who enfiladed the Chicago team with a fierce double in centre. He expired while trying to stretch, but Conroy and Chase had re-arrived to fight some more, and it was then that Chicago threw up the sponge.

Wounded and dying, her valiant swatsmen still hurled defiance for two innings, but ol' Gen'al Orth grimly held his own, even as Meade at Gettysburg, after the memorable Pickett's charge. Not a White Sox had streaked the home plate, and Comiskey's valiant army retired to the Fifth Avenue Hotel a mere reminiscence.

BRIGGS AND COFFEY IN TERRIFIC DRAW

(Special to The Evening World.)

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 17.—Jimmy Briggs, of Boston, and Kid Coffey, of New York, fought one of the fastest fifteen-round battles in the Lake Massabesic Coliseum last night that have ever been seen there. From the very start a mill began which seemed almost continuous. Coffey had a slight advantage in the reach, which made it necessary for Briggs to start every mix-up. In the last round he met Coffey with a terrific right hook to the jaw, following with the left to the wind, and the New York boy was groggy when the bell closed the bout.

Yale-Princeton, Intercol. Championship Baseball Game, Polo Grounds to-day, 3.30 P. M. Res. seats at all hotel theatre ticket offices. 1*

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