STORIES OF SPORTS TOLD BY EXPERTS

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

UP TO DATE, NEWSY AND WELL WRITTEN

KETCHEL GIVES O'BRIEN A FIERCE BEATING IN BOUT

Champion Manages to Land Knock-out Punch Just Four Second Before Fight Ends.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

Stanley Ketchel gave Jack O'Brien a terrible beating at the gilt-edged club last night, and knocked him cold at the end of the tenth round. Although O'Brien was out for a minute or more he is saved the pain of having K. O. opposite his name on the record books by a strange piece of luck. The last knockdown came just four seconds before the end of the tenth and last round, and while Tim Hurst was counting the bell rang. The timing was correct.

It was a thrilling fight from the start, a see-saw, up-and-down scrap. O'Brien fought desperately, and there were times when he seemed to be having the best of it. But youth and strength and the wallop were served. Ketchel was the class from start to finish. Even when O'Brien was scoring heavily in the middle of the fight Ketchel walked into him steadily and with utter contempt for his blows, didn't even try to block or avoid them. Ketchel was evidently looking for a chance to end things with a single punch.

The fight began with all the frills of a championship. Ketchel had Billy Britt, Johnny Frayne and Jimmy Johnson in his corner. Behind O'Brien were the tricky McCoy, Jack Egan and the Philadelphia fight bug, Anthony J. Drexel Biddle.

O'Brien was first in the ring. When Ketchel clambered through the ropes he walked straight across to O'Brien's corner and held out his hand. O'Brien paid no attention to him, refusing to rise from his seat. The crowd hissed and hooted the Philadelphian. Ketchel walked back to his own angle of the ring with no more expression on his face than a wooden Indian.

Ketchel Cool, O'Brien Nervous.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this Ketchel. He was cool and indifferent. O'Brien, looking across the way under his shaggy brows, seemed nervous.

Soon the formalities were over and the bell rang. O'Brien came out and danced lightly around. Ketchel rushed at him suddenly and, missing, got a hard right on the jaw. He never blinked. Again he rushed. O'Brien dodged him and, turning again, clinched and began talking with a vicious look on his face. If he meant to rattle Ketchel he was disappointed. The Montana boy was fighting along now with a dreamy look on his face—a look of enjoyment such as a musician might wear while composing a masterpiece. This boy certainly does love the game.

Several times in the first round Ketchel missed, and O'Brien countered him hard before he could recover. It was O'Brien's round, and for the moment it seemed that he might make good his boast and at least outpoint the champion.

KETCHEL IS A WONDER, DECLARES KID M'COY.

"That fellow Ketchel is one of the greatest fighters I ever saw," said Kid McCoy. "He has more vitality than most of the men of his class during the Horton law days, and I must say that he can certainly take punishment. O'Brien gave him enough beating to stop any three other men, but he did not seem to mind a bit. He is one of those persistent fellows who never stops going after a man until he has him beaten. O'Brien is entitled to considerable credit for the battle he made, as he has not fought for over a year."

In the interval after the first round O'Brien's seconds worked hard forcing the padding of his left glove back toward the wrist. When the bell rang O'Brien had practically a bare fist, covered with a single thickness of leather. At once he tried to jab at Ketchel's eyes and mouth with this ugly weapon, and it was evident that the tricky Quaker intended to make a showing by drawing blood. Ketchel's face soon showed bruises, but wasn't cut in this round. Instead, he chased O'Brien to the ropes and smashed him between the eyes with a terrific overhand right hook that blackened them both and nearly closed the left. It was almost a knockout. O'Brien caught Ketchel about the waist with both arms and held on for his life while Referee Hurst [illegible] pull him away. Ketchel pushed him on and whaled him with right and left. "Ooh!" exclaimed the ringsiders with every blow. The bell stopped the slaughter.

In the third, a left from Ketchel opened a big cut over O'Brien's left eye. It was lucky for O'Brien, for the flow of blood kept the eye from closing. He was very tired, and hugged continually in the clinches. Toward the end of the round he rallied and caught Ketchel a peach of a right-hand on the chin. Ketchel changed his expression for the first time and smiled. He came back with a sizzling left hook that cut open O'Brien's righ eyebrow. O'Brien covered with blood from head to foot, was a pitiful sight. At the end of the round he staggered to his corner.

Ketchel Fights Carelessly.

As soon as the fourth began there wa sa mixup, and O'Brien came out smeared with blood again. Ketchel, with contempt for O'Brien's punches written on his face, walked in constantly with his arms down. He was evidently waiting for a chance to put the punch over. O'Brien took advantage of his openings, and jabbed Ketchel time and again with the bony knuckles of his left fist. Ketchel began to bleed from nose and mouth, yet he walked in carelessly and smashed powerful blows into O'Brien's body, or whipped them over to his jaw whenever he could. Ketchel didn't seem able to land just right. O'Brien began to score heavily with the right, sending it over to Ketchel's unprotected jaw, and the end of the round found Stanley wobbly on his pins, but still walking in.

O'Brien jabbed through the fifth, cutting Ketchel's mouth and nose until he blew out the blood in a spray every time he breathed. O'Brien's eyes were badly cut, too, and Mr. McIntosh, of Australia, leaning over toward me, said: "My word! They'd stop this in Australia."

Ketchel, always forcing, fought steadily as O'Brien tried to clinch. At close quarters he had it all his own way. O'Brien couldn't avoid his vicious little uppercuts. Ketchel took the lead again.

Ketchel Lands Hard Punch.

O'Brien opened the sixth by crossing a fierce right to Ketchel's chin. There was no fake about this. O'Brien was fighting for his pugilistic life. All at once Ketchel, who had been looking rather weary, opened up with a savage rush and a fusillade of lefts and rights from all angles. O'Brien tried to stall. He ran. He clinched, and as he came in Ketchel shifted and shot a short left into the Quaker's solar plexus, dropping him to his haunches. The blow was so sudden and Ketchel's fist moved such a short distance before landing that nine-tenths of the spectators thought O'Brien had been pushed down. O'Brien didn't think so. His face was twisted in agony. He got up and tried to back away. Ketchel beat him along the ropes, reaching for the solar plexus again, until O'Brien folded his hands across his stomach and tried to stall. Ketchel shifted to the jaw, and wily Jack turned his back and ran around the ring until the bell gave him respite.

O'Brien Reaches Jaw.

In the seventh Ketchel chased O'Brien around the ring until, missing a swishing hook, he gave Philadelphia Jack an opening for a solid right-hander on the chin. O'Brien jabbed him on the mouth. Swaying from side to side he still walked in steadily against everything that came his way. At last he whipped that soporific left over to O'Brien's chin, staggering him. Both were in bad shape. O'Brien finished the round just sticking his left arm out straight and letting Ketchel walk against the glove, holding him at a safe distance. The crowd was ripping the roof off with wild yells. It surely was a fight.

Now Ketchel's recuperative powers showed. He came out perfectly fresh and forced the fighting at once. O'Brien's jabs soon had Ketchel spouting from his cut lips, but the Philadelphian was forced to run and dodge and clinch. In the clinches he held Ketchel's gloves and refused to break until he was pulled away. Referee Tim Hurst was almost out. He could only stagger around.

It was evident now that the only [illegible] the length of time O'Brien [illegible] out. Ketchel was after him like an avenging fury as soon as the ninth started. O'Brien ran and dodged until cornered, while McCoy motioned and Biddie shrieked advice. Ketchel, tearing in, forced O'Brien against the ropes and, shifting, smashed him on the chin—left—right—left. O'Brien's eyes were popping out in despair. Dazed, he sunk to his knees and Hurst tolled nine before he could get up.

After him went Ketchel like a terrier after a rat. And O'Brien turned his back and sprinted around and around, while the members of the gilt-lined club fell over their chairs and smashed their hats in wild enthusiasm. Philadelphia Jack was too groggy to keep away, and when the fighting Montana terror caught him he fell gladly into a clinch and hugged with both arms around Ketchel's waist. O'Brien was a gory sight now. Hardly a patch of white skin showed. He was splashed as if some one had dumped a pail of red paint over his head.

Finish Was Thriller.

Now came the thrill. With three minutes to finish the job in Stanley Ketchel tore out as fresh and fast as in the first round. O'Brien tried to run away. His eyes were like those of a hunted hare cornered by the hounds. He was in terror of the knockout. The crowd, wild with joy, shrieked to Ketchel, urging him on. There was no friendly word for O'Brien. Ketchel, with relentless, expressionless face, cornered O'Brien, and as he smashed lustily the Quaker hugged him about the waist. Hurst could not make him break. The crowd hooted. Ketchel fought himself free and tore in again. Once more O'Brien hugged for his life. The pavilion was in an uproar. O'Brien jammed his elbow into Ketchel's bruised face.

Instantly Ketchel hooked his right into O'Brien's stomach, and before he could fall shifted and drove the left into the same place. O'Brien went down heavily for the whole count. Ketchel walked away to let him rise, and the Quaker staggered to his feet. Back came Ketchel, and as O'Brien tried to run, hurled him down with a terrible left to the jaw. O'Brien crawled up to his knees. His face was a battered mass, seamed by deep lines of anxiety and effort, covered with blood, yet stamped in some way with the mark of grim courage.

It wasn't exactly an expression. O'Brien's features couldn't carry expressions now. He turned his head toward me, and I could see the blue glint of his eyes through the wet red mask. He was trying to grin. But it was a mighty sickly grin. O'Brien got up and ran away unsteadily along the ropes. Ketchel followed fast. Around three sides of the ring they went, and then O'Brien turned and tried to clinch. Swish! went Ketchel's left fist through the air, and as the blood-soaked glove crashed on O'Brien's jaw the Philadelphian fell straight backward at full length. Ketchel, like a man whose work is finished, turned toward his corner. Hurst began to count. He had reached "four" when the bell rang. O'Brien was still on his back. Hurst could have counted fifty over him, but the time was up.

Stanley Ketchel is a real champion. He has the class, the pride, the confidence—the wallop.

As for Jack O'Brien, he fought on the level—and he was whipped.

O'Brien Was Not Knocked Out

Jack O'Brien was not knocked out. He dropped four seconds before the bell. Under the Marquis of Queensbury rules a man is given ten seconds of grace. Although O'Brien was practically out he was not technically out, and Ketchel cannot be given credit for a knockout.

WHITE STAKED HIS REPUTATION ON THE OUTCOME OF BATLE.

"You cannot imagine how happy I feel over the great battle," said Manager White, of the National Club. "I made up my mind before the bout that if the contest was a fizzle I would immediately resign from the National Athletic Club and would never mix up in the boxing game as long as I lived. I intend to retain my position, and I will do all in my power to put on the best men in the business, and hope that all of the contests in the future result in as good bouts as the Ketchel-O'Brien contest."

INTERESTING MOMENTS IN THE BIG FIGHT

"HE'S A MARVEL," SAYS O'BRIEN; "MY TOUGHEST 'GO'"—KETCHEL

Philadelphian Says Champion Can Hit Hard, and Has Great Stamina.

BY JOHN POLLOCK.

HALF an hour after the battle Jack O'Brien was whistling the "Merry Widow" in his room at the Ashland House. Ketchel was steaaming out in the Turkish baths.

Immediately after O'Brien had been revived in his corner Jack took his time about dressing and after he had put on his jacket Kid McCoy threw a big turkish towel over his head and wrapped it around tightly.

"Are you ready, Jack?" asked McCoy.

"Yes, let us get back to the hotel as quickly as we can," said the fighter.

O'Brien was then escorted into the street, where he was rushed into an automobile. He was hurried to the Ashland House, at Twenty-fourth street and Fourth avenue.

"How are you feeling, Jack?" asked the reporter.

"With the exception of some pains about the body and face I feel fine," replied Jack, as his seconds continued to rub vicioslly at his face and head.

"What do you think of Ketchel?" he was asked.

"Ketchel is a wonderful puncher and has plenty of stamina," he said. "He is one of the hardest punchers I ever fought. No matter how hard you hit him he keeps coming in for more. He can lick all the Tommy Burns's that ever pulled on a glove. I hit him as hard as I knew how, and while I must confess that I had him going several times it was not my luck to put him away. As for him fighting Jack Johnson, I think he is too light for the big colored man, and besides would not be fast enough to get away from Johnson's straight punches to the face. He would give Johnson a hard fight for six or eight rounds, but after that I think Johnson would finally get him.

"He is a great young fellow and I admire him. I made as good a fight as I was able to do against him and I hope the people and my friends who witnessed the battle were satisfied with my showing."

Biddle with O'Brien.

O'Brien remained at the hotel all night and will leave for Sheepshead Bay early this morning with his father, little brother Jack Anthony Drexel Biddle and the trainers who came over from Philadelphia with him. O'Brien's mother is at the cottage, anxiously waiting for him, and he said that he can't get to her side too quickly.

Stanley Ketchel, the middle-weight champion, was taken in hand aafter the battle by his manager, Willus Britt, and his seconds, and escorted upstairs to the gymnasium on the sixth floor, where he was hustled into the club's bath-room and stood under the hot water shower for several minutes. When he had finished he was bundled into a taxicab, which whirled him and his seconds down to the Lafayette Baths.

"What have you to say about your battle?" asked an Evening World reporter.

Gives O'Brien Credit.

"It was one of the hardest ten-round bouts I was ever in, and I must say that O'Brien is a better man than I thought he was," said Ketchel. "He certainly gave me plenty of trouble, and I had to fight hard before I did get him. O'Brien's footwork puzzled me and I think that if it was not for his shiftiness on his feet I would have finished him sure.

"They told me that O'Brien was not game. Well, if there are any gamer men than O'Brien showed himself to be I would like to see them. O'Brien took a terrible gruelling, and even when he was in a bad way he was always ready with a punch and would let fly a swing for my jaw. I knew I would eventually get him, as I could feel his blows getting weaker after the sixth round. I have nothing but praise for O'Brien, for he fought the best he knew how, and he put up a battle that he should be admired for.

"Now that I have beaten O'Brien I will go after Jack Johnson. I think I have an excellent chance with him, as I think he is easier to hit than O'Brien."

O'Brien Game, Says Referee

"The bout was one of the best I have ever witnessed," said Referee Hurst. "At first I had trouble separating the men, but after a few rounds they seemed to know what I wanted of them, and would break whenever I ordered them to do so. Toward the end O'Brien held on a great deal, but I suppose he did so because he was being badly punished. All fighters generally hold on when they are getting hurt, so you couldn't blame O'Brien. He fought one of the gamest battles I ever saw him put up. They can't say now that he is not game."

Winner of Battle Declares He Will Go After Johnson at Once.

O'Brien's Millionaire Second Says Ketchel Is a Wonder

A. J. (Tony) Drexel Biddle, millionaire society man of Philadelphia, was the most picturesque figure of the battle. Biddle was one of O'Brien's seconds—that is, he was supposed to act in that capacity. He hopped in and out of the ring, holding a watch in his hand, but at no time succeeding in doing anything but get in the way of the real handlers. His hairless dome began to perspire when O'Brien began to wilt.

"It was one of the plucklest battles I ever saw in the ring," said Biddle after the battle. "O'Brien deserves all the credit that can be extended to him for he certainly fought hard to win, and although badly punished at times he never flinched under it, and fought back as hard as he could. I thought it was O'Brien's bout until the last two rounds, as he landed the cleanest blows. I must admit that Ketchel is a wonder."

WHO'S WHO AROUND RING AND FUNNY SIDE OF THE FIGHT

Common Herd Handled the Winner, but Philadelphia's Social Leader Was Behind O'Brien.

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

TO be sure, there is a section of the sporting public in New York delighting in scientific, antiseptic sparring with nothing unpleasant, such as knockouts. But he was not at the National A. C. last night. He was up at the Horace Mann School taking part in the tourney for the interstate progressive carom championship. Those who went to the National Club, and there were upward of 3,000 of them, desired above all things to see a gentleman hand another gentleman one of those eighty-pound sleeping potions in the blue print and alter his plans and specifications.

And they certainly had their wish. After three teams of piano movers had pushed up against one another with their stomachs Mr. Stanley Ketchel, of the West, met Mr. John O'Brien (nee Hagan), of Sleepamadelphia, Pa., for ten rounds. Among those present:

Many Notables at Ringside.

Senator Patrick McCarren, Charles Ross, comedian; Corse Work Payton, also comedian, in comedy velvet hat and Sunday supplement clothes, with four separate color sections; Fred Houseman; Gene Walter, playwright; Paul Armstrong, playwright also, all except "Society and the Bulldog"; Majah Burke, of the Bill Show, point lace and diamonds; Willie Willis, Mayor's secretary; Frank O'Brien, Mayor's other secretary; Louie, the newsboy; Herby Swope (all dressed up in a lawn tie and white gloves like a dear departed), Sheriff Tom Foley, Tip Phelan; Vincent Bryan, songster; Davie Johnson, with real moss agate studs; young Mr. Young Corbett; his brother, much younger Mr. Young Corbett; F. Augustus Heinze (in New York high hat and Butte, Mont., short coat), Magistrate Corrigan, ex-Assemblyman Dick Butler, and Mason Peters, president of Forty-second street.

I do not recall a great deal regarding the preliminaries preceding the main event of the evening. I remembered that there was one young gentleman in a Mary Garden Salome costume who had one of those large round yellowish faces like a Herkimer County souvenir cheese, but after he got binged once't or twis't on it it looked as if they were serving bar le duc jelly with the cheese. And there was a dense haze of cigar smoke rising toward the vaulted roof so that the house looked like one huge bed of slaking lime with cigar lights twinkling through it like lightning bugs in a fog, and one enthusiastic gent up in the first balcony who kept crying out, "Oh, you kid," with a touch of rare originality, and all that sort of thing.

Then Came Piece de Resistance.

But, as you may well know, those were merely preliminaries. Along about 10.20 o'clock we reached the real piece de resistance (pronounced in the French way with the accent at this end).

Mr. Joe Humphreys, the Human Cave of the Winds, steps into the ring and introduces Mr. Jack Twin Sullivan, Mr. Johnny Frayne and Mistah Sam Langford. Mistah Langford looks something like an old-fashioned sideboard with a black walnut finish and the mirror missing. Mr. Jack Twin Sullivan has a nose like the beginning of a Mystic Maze puzzle and one of those side-door, family-entrance ears. No distinguishing marks for Mr. Frayne.

Enter Mr. Ketchel. Loud cheers. He creates a distinct impression by omitting the customary trunks and wearing instead a pair of knee length red pants, such as we instinctively associate with those described in Gen. Lew Wallace's great chapter, "The Chariot Race of Ben Hirsch." He is simply attended by representatives of the Great Common People.

But not so with Mr. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, from Sleepsylvania. All he needs is Elisha Dyer jr., with a silver whistle and a bunch of cotillon favors over his arm, to be a complete social function. For he is attended (first) by Mr. Kid McCoy, smiling the smile that reminds you of a man drawing a knife; (second) by a gentleman with Lombardy poplar whiskers, who is instantly hailed by the assemblage as Battling Van Dykes; (third) by Mr. Tony Biddle, of the reigning family of his native city, sometimes called the Scrapping Scrapple, and (fourth) by several members of the common herd, armed with fans, towels, restoratives in bottles and first-aid packages.

Enter Mr. Tim Hurst, the referee. (Especially loud cheers and cries of "Oh, you Tim.")

We pass lightly over the first nine rounds, which was the way Mr. O'Brien passed over most of them, except during those rounds when he mistook the occasion for a waltz-quadrille, and insisted on hugging Mr. Ketchel up close as his partner.

And thus we come to the tenth round, which we would describe briefly as follows:

Blank, dash, exclamation point, asterisk, long blank, flock of glow worms dancing before Mr. Phila. John O'Brien's eyes, semicolon, full stop.

For fuller particulars read what Edgren has to say about it.

GREATEST FIGHT IN MANY YEARS, DECLARE FANS

BY JOHN POLLOCK.

WELL, the much discussed Ketchel-O'Brien battle is over and three important things resulted from it. First, the contest was one of the greatest ever witnessed in this vicinity; second, Jack O'Brien proved he can take punishment, and third, the contest has helped to put the boxing game in this city on a higher standard [illegible] in any contest that has come off since the local clubs first began to hold boxing stags for their members.

While the crowd which witnessed the bout was not as large as was expected, those who were there will not forget the scrap as long as they live, and those who remained away are probably kicking themselves by this time for missing the bout. About 2,000 fight fans saw the great battle.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who has been disliked by many fans here, has won over a great many of them. As the same persons who wished he would get his block knocked off by Ketchel sat in their chairs last night and yelled themselves hoarse for O'Brien to beat Ketchel. It pays to be on the level, Jack. "Young Corbett" knows that.

Three boxes were thrown into the ring which contained the gloves to be worn by the men. Willus Britt grabbed a red pair and also a black glove, which he showed to Ketchel, who handed it back to Britt, and he tossed it into the box. McCoy then took the black gloves for O'Brien.

After O'Brien's millionaire second, Mr. Biddle, had waved his hand to many of his society friends near the ringside, he walked over to Ketchel's corner and watched Willus Britt pull on Ketchel's gloves. "He has slipped a brick in one of the gloves, Tony," yelled one of the regulars from the side seats near Ketchel's corner.

George M. Cohan, the "Yankee Doodle" actor, who has not seen a bout for a long time, occupied a box near Ketchel's corner with his manager, Sam Harris, Jack Welsh, Jean Schwartz and two friends. Cohan rooted so hard that after the bout was finished he said he was well enough to join his company again.

"You understand the rules under which you are to battle, Stanley, straight rules," said Referee Tim Hurst. "Oh, any rules suit me," replied Ketchel, as he kept looking at the floor. Hurst then went over and told O'Brien of the rules. O'Brien said: "Watch that he does not hit too low, Tim."

When the men came into the first clinch Ketchel's head rested under O'Brien's chin and Jack immediately looked at Hurst and shouted: "Make him stop using his head, Tim." "All right, Jack, I guess he doesn't mean it," replied Hurst, as he proceeded to break them apart.

At the end of the first round Jimmy Johnson, Ketchel's second, saw Jack Egan, one of O'Brien's seconds, working the hair away from the knuckles of the right hand of O'Brien's glove, and he shouted to Referee Hurst: "Make them stop that, Tim," and as Hurst also saw what Egan was doing he rushed over to O'Brien's corner and told Egan to cut it out.

In the fourth round, when O'Brien had Ketchel groggy from swings on the jaw and hard jabs to the nose, Sam Langford, who sat near the ringside, kept continually yelling out: "Please, Mr. O'Brien, don't knock him out, as I want to get him after this bout."

During one of the rallies in the fourth round Ketchel let fly a left swing for O'Brien's jaw which he missed, the blow landing on Hurst's face. "Excuse me, Mr. Hurst," said Ketchel. "I meant that for O'Brien." Tim had no wind left to answer Ketchel.

"You're going fine, Jack," shouted McCoy while the men were fighting the seventh round. "Keep jabbing him and crossing him to the jaw with your right and you will get him yet." McCoy repeatedly shouted to O'Brien as Jack danced about the ring.

Forward Pass Rule May Cause Mix-up In Football Rules.

Although none of the members of the Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee, which met at the Murray Hill Theatre yesterday, would commit themselves the forward pass rule is the one that is going to cause a lot of discussion before the new rules are issued this year. The rule caused a lot of dissatisfaction last season, and all the rule-makers and coaches are trying to devise some way of changing it without doing away with it entirely.

After the meeting the officials and other members of the committee refused to make any statement as to what transpired. That the discussion of the forward pass came up was stated unofficially. Alonzo A. Stagg, of the University of Chicago, was credited as the leader of the forces opposed to any change in the present rules. The advocates of a change were led, it was said, by Parke H. Davis, of Princeton.

Svanberg Hurls Hot Challenge at Marathon Stars

Ernie Hjertberg, trainer and manager of John Svanberg, the Swedish Marathon runner, is out with a challenge to the world. Hjertberg believes Svanberg can beat the world at the Marathon distance.

"I have engaged Celtic Park for April 15," said Hjertberg to-day. "I am ready to match Svanberg with any man on earth to run a race of twenty-six-miles and 385 yards on that date. Svanberg is a champion and will show it if he can get a chance at any of the stars."

Svanberg was eager to enter the Marathon Derby to be run at the Polo Grounds next Saturday, but his entry was not accepted owing to certain restrictions made by Longboat, Shrubb and the other stars. Hjertberg says he will endeavor to get a chance at the winner of the derby.

TO-NIGHT'S FIGHTS.

At the Long Acre A. C. stag Johnny Sullivan, of the Hamilton A. C., will meet Young O'Brien, of New Jersey, in the main bout of six rounds. Besides this bout there will be about five others and a battle royal between colored fighters.

At the Terminal A. C. stag, South Brooklyn, Emergency Kelly will meet George Hoey in the main bout of ten rounds. Five other good bouts between evenly matched boys will precede it.

Donlin, Kling, Jones, Willis— That's the Big Four Hold-Out Club

HERE are four names that threaten to go down in baseball history as the only simon-pure "Original Hold-Out" Club—Donlin, Kling, Jones and Willis. Hans Wagner and Lew Wiltse looked like charter members for a time, but they proved quitters and joined their clubs.

Of the four, New Yorkers are more concerned in Donlin than in any one else. Donlin's reasons for holding out are well known.

Johnny Kling, conceded to be the best catcher in the business, refuses to join the Chicago Cubs. Kling's kick is not so much over salary, though that is what he is basing it on, as the fact that he wants to get away from Chicago and join the Cincinnati team. Kling is one of the best pool players in the country, and has a chance to open a large room in Cincinnati. He wants to take that chance, but, in order to do so, he would have to play in Cincinnati. Hence his kick. He is the pillar of the Cubs, and will be missed.

Fielder Jones, the manager of the Chicago White Sox, is doing something no other ball player ever did before. No other ever had a chance. Jones is turning down a salary of $20,000 in order to attend to his lumber business in Oregon. Comiskey had a conference with Jones in Portland on Thursday, and made him the $20,000 offer. Jones would not consider the offer unless Comiskey also gave him an interest in the White Sox, which club is owned outright by Comiskey. The latter wouldn't think of parting with even a small portion of his Chicago gold mine; so Mr. Jones told him to look for another manager.

Vic Willis, the lengthy pitcher of the Pittsburg team, is holding out simply for more money. The contract offered him by Barney Dreyfuss is said to be just $1,500 less than Willis wants. Dreyfuss says the figure he is willing to pay Willis is all he is worth, and as Vic doesn't agree with him there is nothing doing in the signing line.

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