



**Nifty Jack O'Brien.**

NO MATTER how one may regard Philadelphia Jack O'Brien as a fighter, everybody has to take off their chapeau to him as about the niftiest and astute self-manager since the days when Tommy Ryan was falling down the stairway at Anastasia light, and breaking tonsillitis when things were not breaking right.

Things open up in New York and a half a dozen burly brutes, none of whom Philadelphia J. could punch thru a sheet of tissue paper with a sledge, announce a willingness to have a few knuckles with him. Jack announces a willingness to meet all of them, winner take all, London prize ring, bare knuckles, bare turf, Queensbury or reformed football rules. He fairly sighs to wade in gore up to his snuff intake. He is a regular timber fire of battle—but watch.

When they get to fighting in New York Mr. Hagan is not among those present in the ring. On the contrary he is showing a dispatch from far away Australia asking him to hop over there and have a bout with a battler known as Phil Squires, a 180-pounder, for a purse of \$10,000.

Phila. J. knows that this Squires boy is probably one of those kangaroo circuit battlers who can be handled with ease and that after the winning he can tour the antipodes as the "heavyweight champion of the world" and kick up a big fuss on the bush-ranger circuit. It will take him a year or two to get back to America and that the Tommy Barnes, Mike Schreck, Gus Bahlin, Al Kaufmann and half a dozen others will be out of the way. In Australia there is never any worry about this big Jeffries boy breaking out of the alfalfa and announcing that he will fight all of the second-raters in one night—and doing it.

Philadelphia Jack may wear a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat with patent leather shoes, but the porter who wakes him up for a financial comon has prodded the wrong pig. He is about the wisest of the battlers and battling gang and that includes Bill Nolan—the man who can see a 10-cent piece—edgeways—five miles on a foggy day.

fraternity have fractured their knuckles on the head of this Italian, and while they could daze him no one ever succeeded in handing him a sleeping slam. He was like the old man of the sea—smiling at the boxers as they went to their corners after fracturing their hands on his Roman cocoon.

Records tell of few men whipped by Grim, but he was always Joseph on the spot for a draw thru his ability to soak up punishment and still retain his sense of balance. He had about as much science as a yearling calf and was easy to reach. That was where the fussy boxers stubbed their toes. They waded into the Grim boy, pounded him until their shoulders ached, and he was still there with that ludicrous attempt at a guard which he carried.

The pitcher always goes to the well once too often. "Tother night Mr. Grim, feeling the need of a few bucks for a spring and mendered thru the ropes with Sailor Burke. From the name of his antagonist you can deduce what happened. Mariner Burke—whose racial liking for the guinea is not marked—sailed into Mr. Grim in a mystifying style. He played a long



roll on the face and a 6-8 march on the chest of the Italian who only stuck out his chin to let Burke ruin his hands on the whisker plantation.

Burke took "a set," came around on his left heel and his mighty right smote fair upon the chin of the oft-pounded Grim. Joseph began to see the aurora borealis and the Frisco fire. His knees began to lose their starch and the redoubtable Grim went to the floor for the count of ten. Sailor Burke stepped back with his chest swelling until the anchor tattooed on his manly breast stretched until it looked like a fish-hook—he had turned the trick that day of the best fighters of the day had failed at.

After this any second rater and fried ham fighter can put the blankets on Joseph Grim. After they get it once a fighter goes down much quicker from a hit on the chin than before this disaster comes to him. Grim has lost his meal ticket and there is a grave fear that he will have to go to moving pianos or driving a truck.

In the meantime Sailor Burke will get so belligerent that some third-notcher will be compelled to knock his block off to get him back to proper proportions.

So wage the boxing world along.

**Back to the Farm.**

AS THIS is about the time of year when the corn-fed pitchers and batters begin to make a noise like a cracked hickory nut the following "poem" hoisted from the Denver Republican will not be out of place:

There is woe at Stimpkins' corners—we are feeling blue and sore—  
And the talk had sorter languished, at the cross-roads and by store.  
They have returned our baseball idol, and have shrunk his size to a mere speck.  
The big league's turned down Willie Smith and sent our cyclone home.

Our Willie was a wonder in our fast Four-County league.  
And there wasn't no kind of batter that could solve the puzzle store.  
He had honore heaped upon him like a senator of Rome—  
But the big league's turned down Willie Smith and sent our cyclone home.

He pitched one day last summer 'gainst Abe Dolan's threat of a strike.  
And he fanned out nineteen batters, and the score was ten to two;  
So we loved that here season he'd be known from Maine to Nome—  
But the big league's turned down Willie Smith and sent our cyclone home.

He went down south for trainin' and he pitched one practice game,  
And thereafter he promised he will never seem the same;  
They lammed the sphere of horsehide till the felder's hand was sore.  
And the big league's turned down Willie Smith and sent our cyclone home.

So Willie's back to farm'n', and the pitchfork is his bat,  
And he's wearin', so they tell us, an extra small-sized hat.  
He can't pitch our town to glory, in his work o' pitchin' our park.  
Since he's been turned down Willie Smith and sent our cyclone home.

**Watkins Leaves Bench.**

W. H. WATKINS, formerly owner and manager of the Minneapolis club, has quit active participation in baseball. He spent his last season on the bench in Minneapolis. This year he started out to manage his Indianapolis club, but tired of the job and summoned Charley Carr to take his place.

"Watty" was a rare combination—a first class business man and a thoroughly competent field manager. He has been in the business so long that he has probably handled more players than any other man in baseball today. Some men in managing a team from the bench can do so in a calm manner, but "Watty" was not one of these. He was "in" the game just as much as any player and he sat on the board and swung with his men every time they poked a bat at a thrown ball. He chased every hit—in his mind—and felled it. When winning Watty was as happy as a drunken sailor. When losing he could "crab" in a style that made the sweaters smoke.

On days when Minneapolis was losing "Watty" worked destruction thru the water tank on the end of the bench. If Fox or Oyley booted one, Watty took a drink. If the opposing batter pounded out a home run off a Minneapolis pitcher Watty took another drink. Every time the opponents scored Watty took more water. On

some days he must have consumed a gallon or two during the game. After everybody left the field and stands after a lost game Watty has been known to sit on the bench and quarrel with the home plate and the pitcher's slab. It hurt him to lose games more than it did to lose money. Taking baseball so seriously threatened injury of a lasting nature to his nervous organization and Watty left the bench.

During the recent series with Indianapolis Watty sat with a group of friends in the stands. When the game went to breaking badly for the hoosiers it was more than he could stand—he skipped out to a car and went down town. He is too much of a fan at heart to ever sit up as do some owners and watch his club play—win or lose—with a smile.

"Watty" has a million or so friends in Minneapolis who hope that his Indianapolis team will chirk up and play such ball that Watty will enjoy himself. If they don't it's a dinar to a doubt that Watty goes back to the bench, fires his new manager and goes after the players like a ferret in a rabbit hole.

Watkins has had a long and honorable career in baseball and it's up to that bunch of Indianapolis Indians to end his career—if they don't they had best wear football armor beneath their pajamas.



**A Baseball Novel.**

M. E. OLD friend Allen Sangree, who has written some very readable dope in days gone by and who can tell stories on Joe Cantillon by the yard, has now bloomed into literature and written a serial baseball story "Fox of the League," which is running in some of the best league city papers. It is a story of love and baseball. One of the chapters, the best in the book, does not say:

It was one of those quiet evenings in August when the sun, glowing with all of the gorgeous splendor of a red poker game in a stack of bluffs, was sinking behind the hills of the New York Central railroad in the Mohawk valley. On the distant bosom of the Erie canal a reflection, the last de-

parting submerge of the dying day glowing upon the Erie-like tresses of Glinveeve MacTeague. She was sitting on the bow of her father's deep-sea-going scow, "The Scooter," of Schenectady.

She was on her way to Buffalo to see her lover play the last game of the year against Bill Murray's never sweats. Her lover was Hughger, the home run hitter of George Washington Stallion's bunch of invincible house burners. She was a beautiful maiden, fair as the dawn of a muggy morning in Montana and with a heart as true as a Waterbury watch.

The boat passing thru Syracuse safely and escaping the perils of the deep on the wide waters of Monroe county, the scene and action of the story unfolded to the day of the great game the boat being up at Tonawanda while the hands load up the hold on lumber and Mr. MacTeague, Sr., and the captain load up on Black Rock asphaltum.

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Suddenly turning from the plate he jumped out the box and his eye roved thru the massed humanity in the grandstand. His eye lit upon the turkey red skirt, the gas light hair and the alabaster countenance of his beloved, Glinveeve MacTeague. The stern mobile face relaxed, his lamps lit up with the blaze of joy.

Approaching the stand he doffed his cap: "Approach me Kit," he said, in a voice deep with reverent passion, "I have a very fine maiden possesses when she's trotting park fallen.

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**Joe Grim Fades.**

FOR several years there has been an iron-jawed pug known as Joe Grim. He has taken more pounding than any one man in America unless it be Ed Dunkhorst, the human box car, Fitzsimmons and others of the punch

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# How the Minneapolis Base Ballers are getting on

BY FRANK MCINERNEY

and will make the best of them hustle to beat them out. Fast local or out-of-town teams will be called at 2 o'clock, and no doubt the field will be surrounded by the Salzer rovers.

The teams will line up in the following order: Salzer—Gret, catcher; La Palma, pitcher; Haglan, shortstop; Ketch, first base; Burfield, second base; Rhomburg, third base; Smith, left field; Koken, center field; Miller, right field; Jaker—Homburg, catcher; Anderson, pitcher; C. Anderson, shortstop; Hanson, first base; Strand, second base; P. Homburg, third base; Zalusky, left field; Thayer, center field; Larson, right field.

The J. A. Thills outclassed the Independents by the score of 21 to 11. Morahan struck out thirteen men, while Kid Lynch, the speedy shortstop of the Thills, did some terrific slugging, getting a home run, four two-base hits and a single out of six times up. In all the Thills got twenty-three hits off of Thompson and Bohm. This afternoon the Thills will play the Monarchs. Their lineup will be: Lynch, shortstop; Moynihan, pitcher; Lawler, second base; Thompson, catcher; Harris, first base; Hagarth, third base; Chandler, left field; Abel, center field; Malone, right field. The Thills would like a game with the Golden Valleys, but they are not sure they would like to hear from Mankato, Albert Lee, Excelsior, Hopkins and Wayzata. For games address, 5105; T. C. phone, 4453.

The Golden Valleys will meet the fast Magers this afternoon on the latter's grounds, Twelfth avenue N. and Emerson. Schled and Bond will be the battery for the Golden Valley team.

The Kelly-Stelmets will meet the fast Onesee team today at 2 o'clock. The Kelly-Stelmets has always been a fast bunch of tossers a good game is expected. Birch, Manager Stelmets's new twirler, will be on the slab for the Kelly-Stelmets, and Sidwell will do the receiving. Jennings, whom Stelmets has signed after quite a long negotiating, will play shortstop. Stelmets will cover first base. Barco, center field; Lindblad, right field. The Chambers would like to hear from the Independents or any other fast team for Memorial Day. For games address Henry Lund, care of Daily News, or 114 Twelfth avenue S.

The J. C. Donahues will leave over the Great Northern today for Wayzata, where they are scheduled to play the aggregation representing that town. The Wayzatas have made a good showing so far this season, and Manager Taylor is aware of the fact that he has a hard proposition to go up against, but, on the other hand, he is confident that his team will come home with the big end of the score.

Finn and McCarty will be on the firing line for the J. C. Donahues, while Murphy will do the receiving. Both teams are well matched and a spirited contest is anticipated. All players and rooters are requested to meet at the union station at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, as the train leaves at 1:45. The J. C. Donahues have a few open dates and any fast amateur in the northwest that wants a game with them address Manager Louis Taylor, 917 Lyndale avenue N., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Holtermans are one of the few amateur teams that have been playing first class ball this season and they are out after a record that they are confident of landing. The team is composed of some of the best amateur players in the city and the management insists on their getting out together three or four times a week and he holds that there is not another team in the city playing Sunday ball that has as much practice. Manager Schrock-

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The Salzers will meet the Jake's Bluff team on the afternoon of Memorial day on the Salzer's grounds, Twenty-second avenue N. and Fourth street, and a