

OLD OUTFIELDERS ARE UNSURPASSED

Fogarty, McAleer, and Others Supreme in Eighties.

THOMAS AND KEELER GONE

Passing of Former Stars Recalls Fact that the Present Day Cracks Were No Better Than Former Big Leaguers—Hornung, Evans, and Others Were Great Throwers.

From the Philadelphia North American.

William Keeler and Roy Thomas, two of the best outfielders who ever played in major league company, will probably be missed on the big circuits this year. They have seen their best days, like many other great players now in retirement, though not forgotten by old-timers, as they have been released unconditionally by the Highlanders and Boston Nationals, respectively.

Keeler led the right fielders in percentage in 1895, 1897, 1901, and 1902, while Thomas stood at the head of the center fielders in 1900, 1901, 1904, 1905, 1906, and 1907. The passing of these famous fly ball catchers recalls the fact that the best outfielders in harness today are considered no better than many stars of days gone by.

The National League boasts of Fred Clarke and Tommy Leach, of the champion Pirates; Schulte, of the Cubs; also Sheppard, Titus and Magee, of the Philadelphia; Mitchell and Paskert, of the Reds; Hummel and Burch, of the Brooklyn; and Murray, of the Giants.

The American League has the former Ty Cobb, of Detroit; Tris Speaker, of the Boston Red Sox; Dan Murphy, Crawford, Melvin, Niles, Engle, and others, yet veteran fans will tell you that these players are by no means extraordinary.

Going back to 1871, when fielding records began to mean something, you'll find the names of such famous outfielders as Ed Cuthbert, of Philadelphia; Lip Pike, of Troy, and Dave Egler, of the Mutuals.

Veteran ball fans still insist these men could get under long drives as well as the modern stars, while long distance throwing was their strongest point.

Great Throwers in Those Days.

Al Gedney, who played with both the Mutuals and the Athletics; Andy Leonard, who was a fixture as Boston's left fielder for nearly ten years and had no equal; Paul Hines, of Chicago and Providence; Jim O'Rourke, who made a big reputation in Boston, Jack Manning, of the same team; Orator Shaffer, of Louisville and Indianapolis; Tom York, Paul Radford and Cliff Carroll, of Providence; Jake Evans, of Troy, and Joe Hornung, of Boston, were among the leading outfielders up to 1883 and 1884.

Hornung and Evans were superb throwers; in fact, none of their predecessors had anything on them in this respect. Evans, who later played with Worcester and Cleveland, was the best of the right fielders in 1880, 1882, 1883, and 1884, and also created numerous sensations by throwing out at first base batsmen who had made apparently safe hits.

Hornung, as fast as a whirlwind in getting under fly balls, had such a reputation as a long distance thrower that base runners on third seldom made a break for the home plate after one of his catches.

Hines, who led the center fielders in 1882 and 1884, was not only a sure catch, but he could throw with the best of them and was also a great batsman.

Jim O'Rourke, who was with Boston in 1877 and did not quit the game until last season, was the leading center fielder in 1875, and again in 1885, when a member of the Giants, O'Rourke, always a big hitter, was kept on the New York team for a half a dozen years more, but he became so slow in left field that when he retired to Bridgeport he became a catcher. He could always play behind the bat, for that matter, so this experience was nothing new.

Ashe had some star outfielders when Chicago was pennant about this time—Abner Dabrymple, George Gore, Billy Sunday, Hugh Nicol, Hugh Duffy, and Martin Sullivan. Every one of these men could cover ground, throw and hit in a way that made them stand prominently in the records.

Boston uncovered a phenomenal center fielder in Dickey Johnston in 1888. He was picked up in Richmond, and he hadn't played half a dozen games in the Hub before he had the fans by the ears.

Some of his running catches were miraculous, a memorable one being the capture of a terrific drive from the big bat of mighty Dan Brouthers. Radbourne was pitching for Boston in that game, and he sent up a slow one waist high. Brouthers, the heaviest slugger in the league, landed squarely with his stick and the ball sailed so high and far that the crowd expected to see it clear the center field fence. The moment the ball met the bat Johnston turned his back and dug for the fence. When he was within a few feet of the boards he turned and leaped into the air. At the same time he threw up his left hand in the nick of time, for the ball lodged in his glove just as he crashed into the fence.

That catch made Dickey Johnston, and he was quickly called the league's star center fielder, but he soon fell by the wayside because of his habits.

McAleer Was a Star.

Curt Welch, of the St. Louis Browns, and Pop Corkhill, of the Cincinnati Reds, were playing in the American Association about this time, and partisan critics insisted that they were superior to the Boston crack, which may have been true, but the fact remains that Boston veterans say even today that the Hub has never had a better center fielder than the boy who came from Richmond, unknown and unsung.

Jimmy McAleer, now manager of the Washington team, was another superb outfielder when he wore the uniform of the Cleveland club. His wonderful catches were the talk of ballroom nearly twenty years ago, and whenever he played his performances were starred. But he was a comparatively weak hitter, which was, of course, a serious handicap. The Phillies had a wonder in Jimmy Fogarty, now dead. He was the league's star left fielder in 1884 and 1886, and also led the center fielders in 1889.

Fogarty was a natural player, a star base runner, batter, and fielder, and those who remember him say the only player who has ever shown similar class is Ty Cobb.

But Holliday, who passed away recently, was another crack center fielder, as

a member of the Cincinnati team, he had the best percentage for this position in 1890.

But there were other good outfielders in those days, notably Ed Hanlon with the Detroit, Walter Wilmet, with the Senators, Pete Gillespie, with the New Yorks, Sam Thompson and Hardie Richardson, of the Detroit, and Mike Tiernan, who played right field for the Giants for many years. Thompson and Richardson were not so fast as the others, but they made up for it with their terrific batting, which helped Detroit to win a world's championship.

Tiernan, who is a portly saloon keeper in Harlem nowadays, was one of the most popular players who ever wore a New York uniform at the Polo Grounds. He broke into the game as a left-handed pitcher, but because of his hitting and swift base running Jim Murrie, the Giants' manager, put him in right field.

He was a success there immediately and leaped into one of the heaviest batsmen in the league.

Darby O'Brien and Mike Griffin, both deceased, were stars in the Brooklyn's outfield in 1891 and 1892.

Walter Brodie, dug up by the late Frank Seale, also made a big reputation with the Boston at that time. Brodie later played with the Baltimore and continued to be a star.

Joe Kelley, manager of the Toronto Club, also made himself famous as Baltimore's left fielder, leading the league in 1888, 1889, and 1890.

Ed Deleahanty, who committed suicide several years ago, was Philadelphia's pride when he proved the best left fielder in 1885 and 1887. He was originally a second baseman, but Harry Wright decided to turn him into an outfielder.

Del, as he was familiarly called by the fans, was one of the league's big sluggers, and with the noted Lajoie following him in the batting order, many pitchers were made to look cheap.

Philadelphia's later Boston, had a splendid outfielder in Billy Hamilton, now a New England League manager. Hamilton, a little fellow, with short legs, was the league's champion base runner for a time, and also a solid hitter.

Kid Selbach and Eddie Burke, both former Giants, were crack left fielders, the latter being so popular in New York that the old 25 cent stand at the Polo Grounds was named "Burkeville" in his honor. Sandow Mertes, of more recent date, was another popular idol of Harlem.

Jimmy Sheppard, who is still with Chicago, was an outfielder by the Brooklyn, and with them he was the best left fielder in 1902, the same year Clarence Beaumont topped the center fielders while playing with the Pittsburghs.

Fleider Jones, who made his first bow with the Brooklyn, and afterward managed the Chicago White Sox, cannot be overlooked, while Mike Donlin, who has probably played his last game, is too well known to need description.

FITZPATRICK WILL BE MISSED.

"Cy" Perkins, Gymnasium Caretaker, Lost Without Trainer.

Keene Fitzpatrick hates to leave Ann Arbor. Michigan hates to see him go.

But there is one man in Ann Arbor who just can't bear to see Michigan's great little man leave the Wolverine school to join the ranks of the Princeton Tigers. This is old "Cy" Perkins, who has served faithfully as caretaker at Waterman gymnasium for sixteen years.

Old "Cy" has closely watched the Michigan track and football teams ever since before the days of "Chuck" Wedman at Michigan. He remembers when "Chuck" dashed to victory for the Wolverines against Chicago in 1888. Well does he remember the great football machines that represented the maize and blue.

"Cy" has seen them all. He, of all men, is in a position to know what Keene Fitzpatrick has been to Michigan. "Lord knows what I'll do without him," sighed the old man as he sat in the athletic directors' office at Waterman gymnasium, gazing wistfully at the ceiling.

"He is a gentleman clean through, is Keene. The boys here will miss him some, I reckon; but I'll be lost without him."

"Cy" sat there quiet for some time, stroking his beard and gazing into space. "No, sir; never had a cross word from Keene in the fourteen years I've been with him," he continued. "He might have been pretty sore on me—he might have been ready to knock my head off, but he never spoke a harsh word."

The old man turned in his chair and eyed the strings of banners hung around the walls, signifying victory for the maize and blue. Then his head sank; there were tears in his eyes.

"They might get as good an athletic trainer as he is," he said, his voice shaking. "Mind you," he repeated, "I'm not sayin' as they won't get a good man—but," he looked away, "but they'll never get any one to take his place—for me."

CHAMPION OF OTHER DAYS PICKS JEFF TO WIN FIGHT

Bob Farrell, Now in Detroit, Says Johnson Is No Fighter—Was with John L. Combination.

DETROIT, Mich., April 2.—Bob Farrell, the defeated champion in the light-weight class of many years ago, who is in the city at the present time conducting a class in fistiuffs at Clark's bath house, believes that if the big fight on July 4 is conducted squarely and no moving picture agreement binds the men it will be Jeffries in a canter.

"Johnson may lay down," he says. "He has done it before and a fighter who does this once will do it again. He faked with Joe Zuykowski and Marvin Hart and perhaps others. He may again."

"Johnson is not a fighter. He is the opposite of Jeffries in every way. The negro will lay back flat-footed and tantalize his opponent by tapping him continually with the end of his glove. When it comes to getting set for a telling blow, Johnson is away off. He hasn't got a hook that is of any account. He rarely gets his body behind a punch. And then, well, I think Jeffries will just scare him into a fit when he gets him into the ring."

Farrell as a handler of champions is not unknown. He was a member of the famous troupe of athletes that toured the country led by John L. Sullivan in years gone by.

Farrell has a retentive memory and relates some of his experiences in a highly interesting manner. Telling of his trip with the Sullivan combination, Farrell says:

"Those were the days of the bare-knuckle fighting. There was none of the tame stuff that you see in the ring at the present time. A man fought for the love of the sport and placed his own money against that of his opponent's. Sometimes he was backed by a powerful syndicate of fight fans, but there were none of the big purses fought for nowadays."

"Farren in the course of its tour the Sullivan troupe pulled into the depot at Lafayette, Ind., a mammoth crowd surrounded the train. They were all anxious to see the big boy in the flesh. Local sportsmen, staid business men, women, and children—in fact, people from every walk of life stood with straining necks as the champion stepped off the platform."

Sullivan to Get His'n. "In alighting after Sullivan, I accidentally jostled a woman spectator and apologized profusely. Instead of accepting my apology, as I fully expected she

would, she commenced to harangue me about Sullivan.

"I suppose you are one of those prize fighters in the Sullivan combination," she said. "Well, if you are, you want to look out, for your champion is going to get a beating here in Lafayette. 'Punch' Jones can whip him with his eyes shut, and I hope he does."

"When she referred to 'Punch' Jones I began to think. In our tour we found that if the ordinary exhibition were the only drawing card, the attraction would bring out only a mediocre crowd, but if a local celebrity were known to be signed up as an opponent for Sullivan, the house would be packed."

"I slipped away quietly, found a little printing office that did not seem to be doing a rushing business and got them to run off a thousand dodgers to the effect that Punch Jones, the local fighter, would be Sullivan's opponent that night at the opera house."

Town Hall Was Packed. "The result was as expected. They came in droves. The house was packed long before 8 o'clock and I was not surprised when the sheriff put in an appearance and forbade anyone else to be admitted to the hall."

"We were not handling this crowd on the percentage basis, as we had most of our rights, and when I consulted Sullivan about keeping the waiting throng out of the champion was sore."

"Let 'em all in," he said, and made his way to the front to adjust the trouble with the official.

"The house has been condemned," insisted the sheriff, who positively forbade another person to enter the building. The crowd felt back disappointed.

"About the time the show was to commence, I was attracted down the staircase by a big swaggering person whose manner was calculated to impress every one with the importance of the individual. He tried to bully his way in through the door and appeared griefed when I repressed him gently with the back of my hand."

No Respector of Persons. "I'm 'Punch' Jones," said the important individual, and he renewed his effort to enter the building.

"Go and buy a ticket like all the rest," I told him.

"He made a grab for me and was stopped by the arm of the champion. Another introduction occurred and before the big man Jones lost all his braggadocio effect. He appealed meekly to Sullivan for an opportunity to stay two rounds without being knocked out."

"It will give me quite a local reputation," he urged.

"I'll knock your block off if I can," said the champion.

"I don't want to fight you," whined the Lafayette wonder.

"Give him to me, John," I said, anxious to take a crack at Jones in the ring. I thought I would be able to beat him if the pace were carried fast enough.

JOCKEY MAHER ARRESTED.

Fined \$10 and Costs for Speeding Auto in London.

London, April 2.—Dannny, Maher, the American jockey, was fined \$10 and costs the other day by the Nottingham magistrate for exceeding the speed limit in his automobile. The police testified that Maher was traveling at a speed of thirty miles an hour.

Maher's lawyer complacently said that the jockey, being used to riding fast on horses, was the best judge of pace in England, and being such he could not have exceeded the speed limit. The lawyer insisted that Maher was a better judge of pace than the humble policeman, but the magistrate backed up the policeman and fined the jockey. Jockeys are so used to riding fast in the saddle that it irks them to run an automobile at a pace within the speed limits fixed by the English rural municipalities.

Maher this season is not riding in so many races as formerly. He finds it difficult to get down to weight, and only rides horses that are allowed top weight. His new training establishment at Newmarket keeps him busy when he is not in the plexus. It is said that he is developing into a first-class trainer and may make as much money at that end of the racing game as he has in the saddle.

Maher has saved his money, unlike some other star American jockeys, and is rich. He takes no chances on losing his savings in the stock market. He remains a bachelor, despite the temptations of the musical comedy chorus that have made so many English peers Benedict.

TROTTER AND PACER

Speedway in Condition that is Disgrace to City.

PROMPT ACTION IS NEEDED

Riders and Drivers' Association to Blame, as Members Are Lax in Performance of Duties as Members—Will Hold Matinee for Tryouts Next Saturday—Expect Crowd.

By L. D. SALE.

Through the courtesy of D. J. McCarthy, whose willingness to help every good cause is known to all men, the horsemen of Washington are now able to use the new Speedway several days sooner than if he had not volunteered to come to the rescue. Mr. McCarthy is a man who does things, and a man who believes in the doctrine that actions speak louder than words.

Mr. McCarthy found the Speedway in bad condition. The course had lain all through the winter months subject to the elements. The pole and the extreme outside of the track had been tramped over so much by horses, after the track began to dry out, that they were as hard as flint. The pole and extreme outside are too hard, even at this hour of writing, for comfort to the feet of horses that are driven over them at speed. The center of the track, too, is rough, but with the tools at hand Mr. McCarthy has done the best he could. No man could have done better.

The truth of the matter is, the Drivers and Riders' Association is without proper tools to put its track in proper shape. The Drivers and Riders' Association does not seem to be fully alive to its responsibilities; that is, only a few members seem to be alive to them. The remaining members are moribund or indifferent, and much too willing to let a few actively disposed members do all the work, and spend their own good money for the public benefit.

This is not fair and it is not right. Col. Cosby, who has charge of public buildings and grounds, is a gentleman who cannot be easily deceived. His West

Improvement Committee, consisting of William H. Manly, W. P. Riggs, and W. F. Presgrave, is at Pimlico looking the situation over and making plans for an extensive system of improvements and decorations, which will put the old course in a strictly up-to-date attitude.

It was decided, among other things, to adorn the bank along the stretch on the infield side with shrubs and flowers, and a contract to that end was made with Sedwitz, the florist. The decorations will be under the charge of Capt. Presgrave, who is a florist-horticulturist and arboriculturist of no mean order.

Other improvements in the way of new boxes, additional bleacher accommodations, and fresh paint are contemplated. By the time the meeting opens the steeplechase course will be a thing of beauty. Under the stimulus of abundant fertilizer the grass is springing up and covering the whole field with a green carpet, delightful to the eye.

JEFFRIES' GREAT RING RECORD.

Here is Jim Jeffries' ring record. With the exception of his first fight with Jack Munroe, in which the champion was to have fought the Butte miner in four rounds, and which he failed to do, Jeff never lost a decision. He met all the good men of his time, and retired because there was no one left for him to meet.

1900. July 2—K. O. Dan Long, San Francisco..... 2

1897. April 9—K. O. T. Van Buekir, San Francisco..... 2

May 18—K. O. Henry Baker, San Francisco..... 2

July 16—Draw Gus Ruhlin, San Francisco..... 20

November 20—Draw Joe Choyanski, San Francisco..... 20

1898. February 23—Won Joe Goddard, Los Angeles..... 4

March 22—Won Peter Jackson, San Francisco..... 3

April 22—Won Pete Everett, San Francisco..... 3

May 6—Won Tom Sharkey, San Francisco..... 3

August 5—Won Bob Armstrong, New York..... 10

June 8—K. O. Bob Fitzsimmons, Coney Island..... 11

November 3—Won Tom Sharkey, Coney Island..... 25

1901. September 5—K. O. Finnegan, Detroit..... 1

May 1—K. O. Jim Corbett, Coney Island..... 23

1902. September 17—Won Hank Griffin, Los Angeles..... 4

September 24—K. O. Joe Kennedy, Oakland..... 2

November 15—Won Gus Ruhlin, San Francisco..... 6

1903. July 25—K. O. Bob Fitzsimmons, San Francisco..... 8

December 10—Lost Jack Munroe, Butte..... 4

1904. August 14—K. O. Jim Corbett, San Francisco..... 10

1904. August 26—K. O. Jack Munroe, San Francisco..... 2

\*Exhibition. Jeff failed to stop Munroe in four rounds.

IMPROVE THE PIMLICO TRACK

Baltimore, April 2.—The Fine Arts Committee, consisting of William H. Manly, W. P. Riggs, and W. F. Presgrave, is at Pimlico looking the situation over and making plans for an extensive system of improvements and decorations, which will put the old course in a strictly up-to-date attitude.

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NOTES OF THE PENN. GAME.

Fully 500 saw the battle.

Marshall struck out nine men and grew better as the game progressed. Two of the six hits credited to Georgetown were of the scratch order.

Penn has won every game on the present trip. The first team to fall before the Red and Black was Walbrook A. C., the collegians getting a 5-to-2 decision over the clubmen. The University of Virginia was beaten twice by scores of 3 to 0 and 8 to 3, and then Penn walloped Georgetown 8 to 0 and 11 to 3. The Philadelphiaans showed impressive form in the two games just past, and looked better, judged on their performance here, than Princeton.

Hunt's drive to third in the first inning was too hot for Smiley, and the Georgetown right fielder reached first in plenty of time. Owing to the speed with which the ball was traveling, the writer gave Hunt a hit on the swat.

Gray's arm hurt him throughout the four innings he worked on the mound, and after he had started in to pitch "Dolly" regretted it. Apparently Gray is not going to round into form this year, and the best thing to do is to save the arm by taking a rest.

Smith's homer cleared the bank in right field and the ball was lost. Few of the home runs over the bank sail clear over the hill, but that was the case with the one Smith nalled.

Sittinger retired the side on flys in the third.

Waldron's playing yesterday looked like the stocky backstop was discouraged. His throwing was way off color, and he did not open his mouth once. Cheer up, Waldron; you've done good work, old boy. In the majority of games in which you have played, few substitutes that have been warming the bench could have done as well.

Gibson ran in on Wood's roller in the first and caught the Penn captain by an eyelash.

With runners on second and third in the first inning, Sittinger, Dugan, and Gibson popped up little flys to third.

Both of Penn's home runs in the second inning were of the scratchy order and came after two hands had been retired. Smiley's was a single to right that bounded past Hunt and went over the hill, and the other, made by A. Thayer, bounced over Dugan's head on the first bound.

One of the Pennsylvania players remarked that the series between Georgetown and Virginia this year should prove interesting, as the Charlottesville players had made twenty-five errors in their two games with Amherst. That's rubbing it in too hard.

COLLEGE BASEBALL NOTES

The largest crowd that has witnessed a game on Georgetown Field this year saw Georgetown and Princeton battle to a tie. The audience was a very distinguished one, and proved to be non-partisan. Princeton always does draw as many rooters as Georgetown when the Tigers play here.

Georgetown law school contributes generously to the different branches of athletics at the university, and a large number of students attending the law classes at Georgetown prove good material for the baseball, football, and track teams. The recent slump of the Hilltoppers has not pleased the law students, and they are dissatisfied because some of the substitutes have not been tried often.

One player, in particular, Connelly, who was captain of the Mount St. Mary's team last season, and who played on that team four years, they feel should be given a chance to prove his worth.

Connelly played in the Mount St. Joseph's game and made one hit out of five times at bat, but has been warming the bench ever since. It is hard to judge a man on the showing he makes in one game, and there are many who think the former Mount St. Mary's player should be allowed to play again.

With the infield and outfield playing good ball it is hardly possible that there will be any changes made in the personnel of the Georgetown team this year. However, Sittinger, Gibson, Cogan, and Feenan have demonstrated that they can all hit and field, and in Dugan, Murphy, and Hunt the Georgetown outfielders look especially strong. Poor pitching has lost nearly every game the Hilltoppers have dropped, and it was noticed that when Balzer was in form Thursday, Georgetown walloped Cornell without any trouble.

Magner, of Cornell, played the best game at shortstop of any of the short field men that have been seen in action on the hilltop this spring. His throwing and his judgment are both good, and combined with his speed, these make him an exceptionally good man.

The Bankers' League at a meeting last week decided to allow the different sides to gather players from the banks outside of the league, but that such players could not play on two different teams.

The Terminal Railroad Y. M. C. A. League held a meeting Tuesday, at which all of the clubs in the league were represented. The opening game will be played on May 2, between Union Station and the Shoptown. Joe Handboe was elected official umpire for the season, and Hutton Leith was made official scorer.

The Independence League will hold a meeting Tuesday night for the election of officers and the adoption of the schedule.

At a meeting of the Marquette League Monday the R. P. Andrews team applied for admission. The Vigilants will probably be the sixth club to complete the Marquette roster. N. T. WORLEY.

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Literary Pugilists

By WALT MASON

I try to picture in my mind the gentry of the bruising kind, as swapping stalwart blow and buff till one or t'other's laid out stiff. Alas! that picture fades away; I try, but cannot make it stay; there rises up before me then a picture of these fighting men preparing, far from scenes of strife, the fateful "Story of My Life." And when the helpful dopes on sale, the sports will buy it by the bale, with all its wealth of ruptured phrase, and grammar knocked four hundred ways. Big Jeff can nail a pile of cash by writing up some reams of trash about his boyhood on the farm, before he was the Great Alarm, but Reverend Audrey