

WITH THE AMATEURS

Greene Leaves for Montgomery to Play Baseball.

MORELAND TURNS DOWN OFFER

"Yum" and "Wallie" Warren Unable to Agree as to Salary—Cornell Company Team Strikes Its Stride. Priest is Clouting the Leather with the Danville Club.

By N. T. WORLEY.

Those who make it a point to pick out the best game on the amateur menu each evening were very much disappointed yesterday when the game called off all contestants, as a rare treat was promised in the Independence circuit should the Manhattan and St. Martin's teams clash. Manhattan knows that to win the pennant it will have to trim the Churchmen several times this year, and Kraft's men feel a kind of peevish and fretful about lining up against their opponents just now. The rain has so cut up the schedules in the various leagues that in some circuits several of the teams have not yet played each other. Few of the clubs have struck their true gait, due to the cold and the wet grounds, and the advent of real warm weather and clear skies will be a matter for genuine joy with every one who holds a pass to the "Dippy Club of Baseball Rooters."

Well, boys, it's happened. At last the terrible slugging demons, the romping, raging Tickers of amateur baseball have struck their stride. For the past three weeks we have watched with interest the hungry "Tigers" getting ready for the fray, and have patiently listened to the harping of those who said they knew that the Cornell aggregation was due to strike its stride. While not waxing enthusiastic over the prospect, we gradually became convinced that the critics, those who visit Capital City Park each day, were saying something. When the Tickers administered a crushing defeat to the Aloysius club recently we pricked up our ears, but Wednesday's game was most convincing, and we are certain that Manager Cornell's crew is on its march pennantward. Will the Cornell Company win the flag? We can't answer that question yet, but venture the suggestion that the fight will be between two teams only, the Churchmen and the Cornell outfit. The battle has just started; at this writing the Aloysius club is leading by a small margin, and the Capital City fans are keyed up to watch what promises to be a fight that will equal the grand battle in the Northwest circuit in 1907.

Poor old Hamline! Our friend "Patty" Holmes is shedding heavy tears because his pet failed to walk the Ninth street club Wednesday afternoon. Brace up, "Patty," old fellow; keep plugging away and your time will come. It can truthfully be said that in baseball, like another scrappy game we know, "faint heart never yet won." Ninth's ability to lambast the horsehide and field the leather in veteran style entitles it to the lead which it now holds, and before the Ninth Streeters can be dislodged some of the other clubs will have to develop their team work until it can successfully cope with that of the present leaders.

The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone team broke into the Marquette League Wednesday with bells not the little ding-a-ling kind—oh, no; with cow bells. They made fifteen bulls during the nine innings of play.

Owing to Agriculture's unexpected victory over the Commerce and Labor tribe in the Departmental circuit day before yesterday, both the Commissioners and Post-office nines have a show for the flag. Post-office, it is conceded, has a poor chance for the bunting, but while there is life there is hope and a few more surprises like the one handed out by the Farmers will put the Laborites down the ladder.

Just how much Commerce and Labor's defeat of Wednesday can be charged to overconfidence on the part of the Laborites, is a matter of speculation, but there is no doubt but that this element entered into the result. The Laborites had so pinned their faith on winning easily that when they fell behind and failed to get a man around as the game progressed they actually got blue around the mouth. As pointed out before in this column, the short schedule this season in the Clerks league is going to aid or hurt the teams and a club that gets a lead of one or two games will have the best of the argument but there can be no loafing.

Ferguson, the twenty-year-old pitcher on the Post-office team, who recently was given a try-out with Wallie Warren's Frankfort, Ky., club, has a brother two years his senior who is playing professional ball with an independent team in Detroit, where he resides. He also has a younger brother who has not manifested any interest in the game as yet. Ferguson is a hard worker, but the love of baseball seems to run through the family, as his mother and sisters are regular spectators at the Departmental League games and root when "Fergie" clouts the ball to some far nook in the field.

The Commercial National Bank is leading the Bankers league with a clean slate and from the play evinced by this aggregation, they are liable to finish the season in front with out a defeat. The Mayne brothers are the strong men of this team and should they ever stay away from a game, it would make a big difference and might prove fatal.

The Farmers scored their first shut-out of the season in the Departmental League.

"Yum" Moreland has turned down his offer from Frankfort, Ky., and will stay in Washington this season unless he receives a better offer. "Wallie" Warren or from parties connected with the Newark team in the Tri-State League, who have been after Moreland lately. "Yum" is not anxious to leave the city as he holds a good job in the Census office and has a host of good friends among his fellow-clerks, but should he get what he thinks is proper in the way of salary he will pack his grip and skidoo.

"Johnnie" Priest is playing good ball for Danville, and in Saturday's game connected with the ball for three hits. It's hitting which the fans in these small towns want, and it's dollars and doughnuts as long as "Johnnie" soaks the leather he will be absent from our fair city. But should his batting fall off, we refuse to predict what might happen.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to chronicle the doings of a Suburban League, "Ollie" Clark is playing a game in right field for Silver Spring that entitles him to honorable mention and makes it possible to enroll his name on the books of the "Sons of Swat."

Sergt. Robbins, the ventriloquist, who is managing the Benison Bureau team, blames this wet weather on the comet, which has long since passed from our midst. Tell us, Sergeant, did the comet make your ball team bump?

Silver Spring has surely hit the toboggan with a thud, for in the last couple

of games the Spring lads have exhibited anything but the usual buoyancy and sprightliness that is fitting for this period of the year. The Blue and Gray nine has dropped from first to fourth by losing the last four games.

Noone, of St. Stephen's, and Schweigler, of Tanglewood, are tied for premier honors in base stealing in the Olympia League. Both boys have pilfered ten sacks apiece in the last five games, and seem likely to keep up their good work for the rest of the season.

Burrell, the sorrell-topped twirler of the Tenlytes, tribe, blew into the Olympia circuit like a March storm, letting Tanglewood down with only five hits and fanning seventeen, thereby establishing a new strike-out record for this league.

Rawson, of Tanglewood, and Sullivan, of the Olivets, are tied for second place for the honor of making the greatest number of strike-outs, each having fanned fifteen batters.

The Madeira team which replaced the Northeast club in the Olympia League, doesn't appear to be much stronger than the club which it succeeded. The league officials should help the weak teams and even up the race as much as possible.

Noone, of St. Stephen's, is the leading run getter in the Olympia circuit, having crossed the plate eight times to date.

After going through five games without getting a hit, or anything that resembled a hit, J. Meyers, of the Peck team, cracked out three safe ones in Saturday's game with Hamline.

Rob Roy Mackey has been passing the hat around the last few evenings at the Sunday School League. Nobody knows better how to get money out of a crowd than Mackey, and the league would be indeed fortunate if he could obtain his services throughout the season.

The two marine players, Snyder and Litz, who appeared for the first time this week, in the Sunday School League Wednesday, look to be real stars. They both hit the ball hard, Snyder getting two triples and a double in three times up while Litz made three singles in five times to bat.

The Bloomingdale baseball team will line-up against the strong Falls Church nine at Falls Church, Va., Saturday afternoon at 5:30.

Owing to cancellation, the Laurel baseball team is without a game for Saturday, June 10 and would like to hear from some strong team for that date. The Marines or Capital City League teams preferred. Guarantee of full expenses is made by the Marylanders. Address William T. Peake, Laurel, Md.

A postponed game will be played at Capital City Park this evening at 8:30, when the St. Stephen's and Aloysius club nines will cross bats. Should Manager Lullich's outfit put one over on the Churchmen, the Cornell Company would then be tied for first place.

Sherman Greene, the crack Indian twirler who made such a fine showing with the Catholic University team this spring, left town Monday afternoon to join the Montgomery club. His parents, who reside in this city, stated to a representative of The Washington Herald that Greene had left town to accept a position, but said they did not know the nature of the work. His effective work on the slab this year has made him much sought after by minor league scouts, and there is no question but what he will make good.

ORPHANS TAKE GAME.

St. John's Boys Win Old-fashioned Slugging Match from Round Tops. St. John's Orphanage team, which claims the championship of Alexandria County for boys eight years old, are keeping up their good work, as was testified yesterday, when they defeated the strong Round Tops, 21 to 18. While the score seems rather large, there was considerable interest to the game. The little orphans rooted hard for their favorites and the visitors had a good number of well wishers. St. John's has not lost a game this year, and Manager Thomas Swallow declares they shall keep up their reputation.

FACULTY TEAM VS. TEACHERS.

Rival Colored Nines Will Clash on Diamond To-morrow. The grade teachers' baseball team of the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth divisions of public schools will play the faculty team of the M Street and Armstrong High Schools at American League Park to-morrow at 4 p. m. A battle royal is looked for, as both teams are evenly matched in the proportion of old stars.

Capt. C. Cromwell Wilkinson and Capt. Johnnie Wilkinson will lead the rival teams. High school players who have starred in past years on the diamond are Cliff Williams, Prof. Amos, Maurice Clifford, "Pop" Murray, and Bennie Washington.

The Interior team, leading the Departmental Baseball League, is composed of the pick of the players who compose the grade school-teacher's team. The net proceeds of the game are to go to the treasury of the Teachers' Benefit and Annuity Association. The game is being conducted under the auspices of the Interscholastic Athletic Association.

High School Peasants—Washington and Motion, right field; Williams, left field; Hartwood, center field; Amos, first base; Cromwell, second base; Clifford, third base; Henderson, shortstop; G. C. Wilkinson (captain), catcher; Murray, pitcher.

Grade School team—Sawry, right field; Campbell and Green, left field; Wormley, center field; J. Wilkinson (captain), first base; Walker, second base; Brown, third base; Wormley, shortstop; Montgomery, catcher; Oley and Bruce, pitchers.

OLYMPIAS UP IN ARMS.

Claim They Stand Ready to Give Cardinals a Game. Sporting Editor The Washington Herald: Dear Sir—In yesterday morning's edition of your paper the Cardinal Athletic Club, of Alexandria, challenged any team in Washington except the Olympia Athletic Club, claiming that the Olympia Athletic Club has "cold feet," and that I have refused to give him a game.

The Cardinals had two games scheduled with the Olympia Athletic Club for May 30, but on the 28th I received a letter saying they could not play.

We went to Alexandria the 5th of June and were received in a very unpromising manner. If Manager Schofield will write to me himself, and not send vague messages, I will be only too glad to give him an open date. As to having "cold feet," the Olympia Athletic Club plays the Marines next Thursday. I doubt very much if the Cardinals have ever played anybody in that class. Very truly yours,

W. A. SWAN, Manager Olympia Athletic Club.

Jeffries-Johnson Fight

"The Biggest Story in the World at the Moment"

REX BEACH WILL WRITE IT FOR THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

He will not handle the technical details—these will be covered by expert sporting reporters at the ringside and telegraphed by rounds through the medium of the several press associations—but he will give you a vivid word picture of the battle on July 4, put you in immediate touch with the human interest phases of it, give you the psychological conclusions, and analyze the idea back of the event. No writer is better fitted than Rex Beach for a task like this. In the first place, he is himself one of the best amateur boxers in the United States. He is an all-around trained athlete. He knows the West; he knows her people; he has felt the hot blood of experience in his veins from actual contest with that vanishing frontier spirit which has so thrilled and finally made up what to-day typifies the blood and sinew of our American life.

A FAMOUS PRIZE FIGHT STORY.

Do you recall his description of the Gans-Herman fight at Tonopah, printed in Everybody's Magazine in April, 1907? If you read it, of course you recall it, for it was a classic of its kind. The editor of Everybody's said of it at the time: "It happens to be the most virile piece of writing we have had since the first installment of the Lawson series." And he said recently, in giving permission for the reproduction of certain portions of that descriptive story: "In my opinion, this article stands as one of the best pieces of reporting ever done in this country."

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Rex Ellingwood Beach is a comparatively young man, but he has had a career so far that compares for vicitudes in some degree with that of Mark Twain, and perhaps this resemblance of experience partly accounts for the genuineness of his humor and the grip and reality with which he writes in his plays and stories.

Mr. Beach, who is now thirty-two years old, was born on a farm in Michigan in 1877, but most of his youth was spent in Florida, where he attended college. He went to Chicago to study law, but was swept away in the great wave of excitement over the discovery of gold in the Klondike region, and, giving up his legal prospects, sailed for Alaska on four days' notice. That was in the late fall of the first season of gold prospecting in the North, and the United States was filled with horror at the reports of famine and the scarcity of all kinds of things in Alaska. Mr. Beach had to travel with scant provisions, both for financial reasons and because of the necessity for making haste.

In trying to get up to Dawson, the boat in which Mr. Beach and his party traveled was stranded on a bar, and they were compelled to turn back down the river, where a new camp was being built.

Mr. Beach was compelled to remain there two years, and he and those with him were reduced to the expedient of trying to induce passengers on the steamboat to Dawson to "grub-stake" them. He got away at last and began mining operations in earnest.

The first thing he did was to choose a partner, "in the depths of whose clear eye he saw unflinching truth and rectitude." This partner proved to be a sneak thief, who had been driven out of Seattle, and the connection was dissolved. The next partner was not much of an improvement on the first, for he turned out to be an ex-whaler who had mutinied on Herschel Island, helped to kill several of the ship's officers, and was wanted for arson somewhere on the upper river. He was found robbing sluices in the spring, and Mr. Beach's confidence in human nature was impaired.

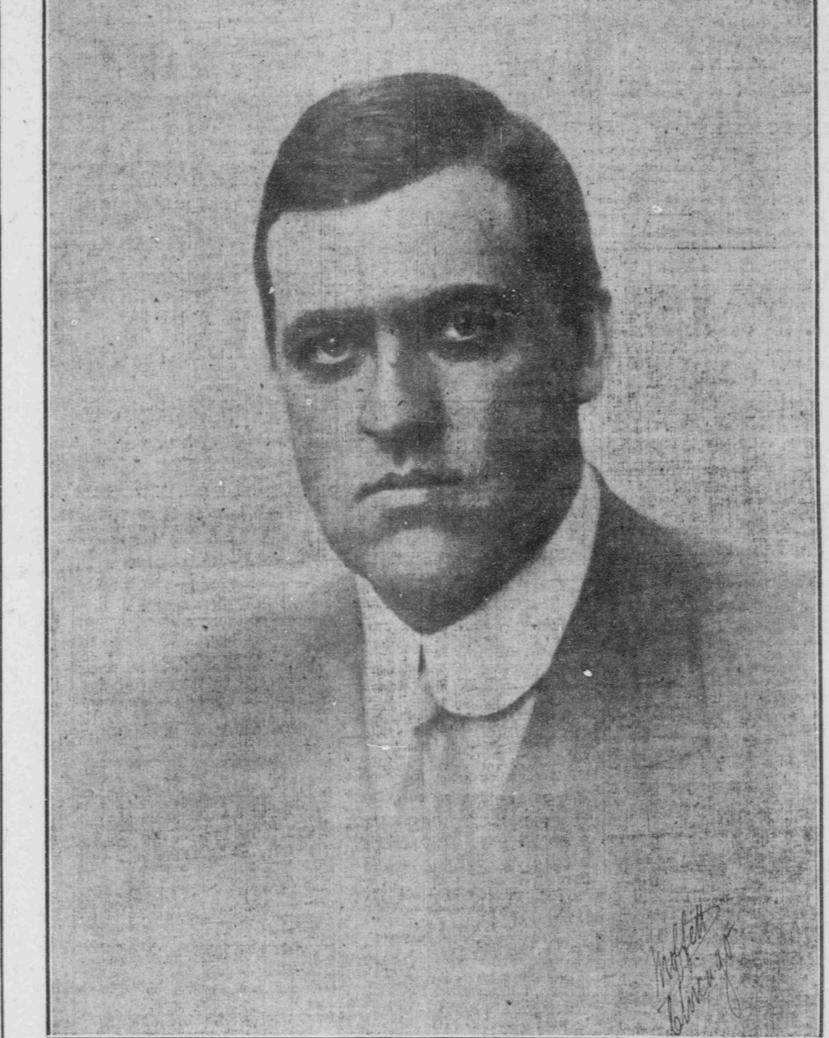
Mr. Beach tells how, in order to repair his fortunes, he joined with two college boys, and began to chop wood for steamers. His partners were honest this time, but after suffering torture from mosquitoes and a lack of food, and having "chopped off all the toes they could spare," they were compelled to dispose of their wood at the ruinous price of \$10 a cord, although they began by asking \$40. Among his other adventures he was shipwrecked on his way to Nome in the early days and drifted on Bering Sea for three days and nights without food. After this he reached success, but he suppresses this part of his biography on the ground that the story of his success does not compare in interest with the tale of his "hard luck." Altogether, he was in Alaska five years, and saw the game through from beginning to end.

[Extracts of Beach's story of the Gans-Herman fight, reprinted from Everybody's, April, 1907, by special permission.]

You condemn pugilism as brutal, debasing, demoralizing; but did you ever see a fight? If so, did you analyze your feelings, did you study the man at your elbow as intently as you did the men inside the ropes? Did you note the effect of the fight upon them both and upon yourself, at the time and afterwards? In other words, did you study the fight as a picture. It is the author's province to observe, and perhaps to analyze a bit. I question his right to moralize much. It is the duty of us all to know the thing we condemn, to see it as it is, if not with our own eyes, then with another's eyes. We are a strong race, willing to face truth, to know conditions, I give you what I saw. I do not draw conclusions; they are obvious. You are the judges.

Cartoonists have made us familiar with the pugilist as a type. We know the thick neck, the granite jaw, the cynical leer, the simian. As a matter of fact, no real fighter ever looked like that. Indeed, in the eyes of the popular idea of a prize fighter is grotesque. The prize fighter belongs to a distinguished and gentlemanly cult. He is rather a fine appearing person, quite on a par with literary people, and much healthier.

Although he has fought some hundred battles, Gans showed no marks save one. His features were as perfect as when he began, his nose as straight and firm. He bore no scars on head or face of limb, his teeth were as white and even as if cast from porcelain, no vein on his body was enlarged or broken. His skin was like brown satin, his joints as small and true as ever. Only in one spot did he show a trace. The bones at the



REX BEACH, AUTHOR AND DRAMATIST.

IN THE RING AT TONOPAH.

back of his hands were bunched and crooked where he had shattered them in the fight, the carpenter's work of the football player who has played one season on "variety with as clean a body" as a baseball player who has made the university letter and who is maimed as little. As to his face, saw nothing brutal in it. He impressed me as a quiet, well-mannered, intelligent colored man, humorous and shrewdly observant. At times a plaintive wrinkle puckered his brow, as if this were all a very tiresome proposition and not worth the punishment it entailed.

As we entered, an hour before the fight, the carpenter walked out from the opposite side. Special trains brought in men from other camps, while out from the hidden valleys came many more, breaking through drifts or driving their cars across the desert. They came, in fur coats and chauffeur's leather, till the town, already full, bulged at its seams and leaked. In through tunnels beneath the banks of seats we jammed our way out into the center where the ring stood, a rope-guarded platform padded with two inches of felt beneath a tight-stretched canvas which showed like a patch of snow.

Around this were rows of stalls, the chairs in which sold for \$25. The remaining seats for finished in price in the lower price, till the topmost ones brought \$5. The shouting of the gramma boys, the shrieking of chairs, the tramp of a numberless thick-soled boots made the hollow floor rumble beneath the high roof like a splintering glacier.

A handsome, modestly gowned mulatto woman forced her way into a ring-side box near by. "That's Mrs. Gans," said my friend, "and she's the best-looking girl in the house." She double-discounts these hand-painted ones, doesn't she? Scattered through the acres of white were a few women in furs of every color, in headgear of every style from shabby bonnets to opera hoods. Near by were two Englishmen, clean, ruddy fellows, in great coats of wombat fur, their red cheeks

showing lurid and inflamed beneath the strange light. They were closely hedged about with other men, and yet they remained aloof and segregated from the rest by an indefinable line of demarcation. High up on our right sat a big man with long, drooping, comedy mustache who belched forth roar upon roar at regular intervals, the sound rising above other noises like the bellow of a bull walrus. Between yells he chewed gum excitedly. He saw no one about him, but gave tongue when the spirit moved.

The photographer called the two principals aside; they stepped out of their bath robes and posed an instant in the freezing air; then were wrapped about again. Beneath the strange glow both bodies looked to be of nearly the same hue. The referee said a few words to them, the voice of the multitude died, he waved his hand and the ring cleared, leaving only those three inside. The going sounded and the fighters came forth naked to the waist like their predecessors.

I saw now of what stuff champions are made. The pair that had gone before had been clever, but these were different. Every muscle was full and rounded. They had no weakness in them anywhere, their bodies were like perfectly assembled machines. Moreover, this contest seemed to lack the reality of the other, although I knew it to be actually more fierce. It was like the play of cats, in which grace and science hid the menace. They moved easily, quietly; hesitating, then slashing suddenly. They did not fight with their hands, but with their whole bodies, and with an apparent abandon that really carried the greatest measure of caution. They came close to where I sat, and, at the fancied opening, Gans drove a fearful blow at the boy. With the effort his face, which had been a wooden mask till now, lighted fiercely, but as the fight with their hands, but with their whole bodies, and with an apparent abandon that really carried the greatest measure of caution. 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