

ANGEL ATHLETE EASTERN COACH

PERCY HAGERMAN SECURED BY KANSAS UNIVERSITY

Former Student of Occidental College Has Become Popular at the Jayhawker Institution

Special to The Herald. LAWRENCE, Kas., Feb. 16.—J. P. Hagerman, who donated his services free to Kansas university as a track coach, has just finished the first two weeks of work. He now makes the announcement that there is plenty of material in the Jayhawker camp to make a winning team by the end of March. Hagerman is the Pacific coast champion in the hurdles and broad jump, and has had experience in track work in America and England, having made a record in the world's championship series at Tewksbury, England, in the broad jump. Hagerman represents the highest type of a sportsman, having given up a fellowship at Oxford, England, university to become amateur coach at Kansas without salary. Such a sacrifice to ideals is seldom met with, and has made Hagerman a lion at the university. Hagerman does not get paid for his work, yet he works more than the average football coach. He even rubs out the sore spots on his favorite athletes. The fellows, too, think that "Hag" is about the best fellow on earth. They brave the cold in order to get in shape for the indoor meet at Kansas City in March. Kansas has never won a track meet from Missouri or Nebraska, and this year Kansas has the only real coach in the history of the sport at Lawrence. There are many doubters when Hagerman says that he can develop a winning team, but they show a willingness to try as soon as he orders them around the indoor track for a half mile tryout. Hagerman says that he will get together a team for the Jamestown exhibition if the management will take them east. The management is furnishing all the necessary articles for training, but there is a tendency to wait and see the team deliver the goods before anything is promised.

WIRELESS TAPPERS WIN \$15,000 FROM POOLROOM

"Every time I catch a glimpse of the title of that serial story, 'The Wire Tappers,' I fall to thinking of some wireless tapper I've met up with and heard about," observed a horseman, who is wintering his string at Benning. "The wireless tappers have got away with more big jobs, 10 to 1, than the actual wire tappers ever dreamed of judging through. I happened to be somewhere in the neighborhood of St. Louis, back in '93, when one of the slickest jobs ever framed up by one of the wireless workers got by. "One summer afternoon in that year Eddie Glade, a phony wireless tapper, whose shoes were running down for the lack of a trick he was after, edged into the private office of Jim Mayhew, who was then running one of the biggest pool rooms in St. Louis. "Jim wasn't very scrupulous—he had to jump the country a year or so later on account of some job in which it appeared that he was after a drunken young millionaire's bank roll with a maillet, and he has never shown up since. "Eddie Glade knew that Mayhew was on the crook and that he would listen to anything that had any kind of a money end to it, even if a piece of gas pipe wadded up in a newspaper formed one of the 'props' of the scheme. "Jim," said Glade to the pool room man, "I've got an angel with a gossamer pinfeather. He's more than a million worth and he's just got hold of it. That's too much money for him. Well, you're in—do you want to be nice to me?" "That means, I s'pose, me for the core, seeds and stem after you've baked the apple and gulped it, hey?" was the cautious reply of the pool room man. "Nope, not that way," said Glade. "Half and half, pay or play. I'll make it as good as that, although, seeing that I'm caging the angel, it really ought to be me for about 75 per cent of the gate." "Who's the chick?" inquired Mayhew, after a short think it over. "Oh, nobody except—" and Glade named a young Memphis chap who had recently come of age and who, upon attaining his majority had slid into a million and a quarter stack that had been bequeathed to him by his father. "Say, you don't mean to hand it to me that you've snagged that bulgy little tike?" said Mayhew, warming up, the greedy gleam beginning to show in his lamps. "Oh, I only order his clothes for him and then wear 'em, that's all," replied Glade, careless like—he told the story to a friend of mine, and I'm unwinding it exactly as my friend repeated it to me. "I'm the only court card in the deck with this little Alcewyn, that's all." "The poolroom man drummed on his desk for a minute. "That's all right," he said, "but just unravel this kink. What are you letting me in for? How do I happen to swing along? Pretty deep one for you, that, hey?" "Nope, but I've got a room picked out across the street," replied the wireless tapper. You'd better pool me off a couple of hundred to fix up the phony room—my tools are in hook." "The pool room man skinned the two hundred from his roll and passed it over, and then Glade knew that there was going to be something transpiring. "On the following morning Glade had the fake instruments installed in the room across the street and took Mayhew there to look the dump over. "I'll bring my Tin 'Em around to your place this afternoon," said Glade, and he'll have his check book along. "Say," said the pool room man then, a bit nervously, "can't you get the tomcod to make his bets in cash? He might get squeaky and stop payment on checks." "No chance," replied Glade in his off-hand way. "He's as safe as a cyclone cellar. Besides, like all the shiners that have just come into the large moneys, he's so stuck on his check book that he scrawls checks when he stakes himself to a bottle of pop or a pack of cigarettes." "And so Glade got the pool room man lulled. "A short time before the result of the first race at Gravesend was due Eddie Glade trickled into the pool room of Jim Mayhew with the angel chappie. And he was a chappie right. "He had a pinkish mustache and baby blue lamps and a white-and-pink band around his straw lid. His makeup was of the kind, according to Glade, that would have made almost anybody feel like giving him a horrid slap on the elbow. "The chappie seemed to be laboring under great mental excitement as he entered the pool room with Glade, and he tugged awfully hard at his wispy mustache. Glade deposited him in a rocking chair in a corner of the pool room and then slid down over to the counter behind which the pool room proprietor was waiting for him. "It's a shame to do it, hey?" said Glade, grinning and jerking his thumb in the direction of the boy with the chappie right. "Oh, he won't miss it," replied Mayhew, easy in his mind about things by this time. "Somebody 'ud be taking it away from him soon, anyhow, and we might just as well take the first plank from the law-line." "Then Glade hustled over to the corner and got the chappie out of the rocking chair and hiked him over to the room across the street where he had the phony instruments fixed in, the pool room man passing Glade the sarturine wink as Glade went out of the door with the goaling. "When Glade knew that the result of the first Gravesend race was about due he slammed into the pool room with the chappie following on his heels. Glade slipped over to the counter again, and again Mayhew was waiting for him. "It's in," whispered the pool room man to Glade, and he named the even-money favorite that had won the race. "Here's the lobster's check for \$15,000," said Glade, handing the pool room man a duly made out check for \$15,000 on a St. Louis national bank. "I had to let him make the check over the way to get away with it. "I told him I had the winner, but that I couldn't hand it to him until he gave me an evidence of good faith and showed that he was game. Then he wrote the check. He'll take the harpoon after he drags down this try-out bet." "The pool room man glanced at the check only in a casual sort of way, for by this time Glade had fattened him into the belief that they were scheduled to make the killing of the decade out of the angel's bank wad. "Mayhew slipped the check into his pocket, and then gave the operator the nod to call off the race, the result of which had come in a moment or so before, and had been delayed in the calling off at the proprietor's command. "Glade was over in the corner with the angel chappie when the announcement came from the operator that the even-money favorite had won. The chappie slapped his thigh and looked more tickled than a village cutup that's just won a crocheted necktie at a church raffle. Then Eddie introduced the angel chappie to the pool room man. "That's a pretty good dent you put in my old pal," said Mayhew to the chappie, with phony joviality, "but it's just like the luck of you fellows who just but into the phony game—always win everything in sight for the first few months that they're on the turf. Hope you're going to give me a chance to get hunk?" "The chappie made some lispng reply to the effect that he liked things that were so easy as his first essay at the horse betting game had been, and Mayhew beamed upon him with more bogus good nature than ever. "Glade and the angel walked around back of the counter when the race was confirmed. "Let's see," said Mayhew to the angel, "it's thirty thousand for yours, eh?" "Well, you can make it fifteen thousand and slip him back the check, Jim," put in Glade. That will save you the bother of having the check cashed." "The pool room man meant to make the payoff that way, anyhow, of course, and Glade knew it, but he made it stronger by suggesting that the check

"If I drag him down a good-sized bet, ten or twenty thousand, on the first try-out, he'll want it all. Once he gets the fin on the real money from the other side of the counter he'll be interested. "The pony game is new to him, and he wouldn't believe that the real kale was stowed away in a dinky and dingy plant like a pool room unless he got a peek at a nifty bunch of it. After he warms up, I'll see that he puts on the weight-lifter's vest and gets strong." "Got your plant rigged up yet?" inquired the pool room man, the greed beginning to stick out all over him again. "Nope, but I've got a room picked out across the street," replied the wireless tapper. You'd better pool me off a couple of hundred to fix up the phony room—my tools are in hook." "The pool room man skinned the two hundred from his roll and passed it over, and then Glade knew that there was going to be something transpiring. 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TOMMY AND JACK WILL BE GOOD

SMALL CHANCE OF DISPUTE ARISING

Burns Sees No Time and Is Anxious to Secure a Match When He Finishes the Philadelphia. Tommy Burns does not intend that any valuable time shall be wasted should he win his coming battle with F. J. O'Brien. Learning that Bill Squires is making somewhat of a stir Tommy is anxious that he be given first crack at the Australian. Following is a paragraph of a letter received from Thomas last week: "After I whip O'Brien I want to take be returned instead of the equivalent in cash. For reasons of their own Glade and the chappie wanted that check back, anyway. "The angel stuffed the fifteen thousand into one kick and the check that was returned to him into another, and Glade planted him in the rocking chair for a minute. "I'll nudge him along to a twenty-five thousand wallop on a loser later on in the afternoon," whispered Glade to the pool room man—and then Glade and the angel chappie went out. "That's about all, Glade and the chappie started for San Francisco about half an hour later with \$15,000 velvet. The chappie was himself a famous New York crook who had been working the wireless tapping game on Manhattan island for years. "He had never before done anything so audacious, however, as to make a pool room proprietor, a foxy one like Jim Mayhew, at that, gouge himself out of a \$15,000 bundle. "Mayhew got his sniffer at work when Glade and the chappie failed to come back that afternoon. But even when he found that Glade and the chappie had left town he wasn't positive that he had stood for the big shred. "He was positive of it, however, when he made some inquiries about that Memphis lad who had fallen heir to the million and a quarter and found that that lad had left for Europe with his mother and sisters very shortly after coming into the money. "It takes a crook to double-cross a crook."

on Squires if they can get him over here, I am ready now to place \$1000 on deposit as evidence of good faith regarding a \$5000 side bet that I can beat him. If Squires does not come through the offer stands for any white man in the world." In the same letter Burns intimates that Jimmy Burns (George Memsic) will be matched with Charlie Neary for a twenty-round battle to occur at Milwaukee, the Neary boy's home. Should Jimmy defeat Neary at the breeding town he will surely be hailed as an idol, as Neary has appeared to hold a hypnotic power over all comers who venture to come within the confines of his native heath. Distant though the O'Brien-Burns affair is interest is fast accumulating and Fiesta week will doubtless be a gala one when it finally arrives. As an advertising medium to both men the time could not be more propitious. Los Angeles will then be in the national limelight and the clever ringsters are to come in for their share of attention. Naturally every returning eastern Shriner will be asked if he saw the bout and the man who proves victor will certainly need no press agent for some time to come. Buckets of cold water thrown on the prospective match have found a thick coating of oil. It has been intimated that McCarey would gladly witness the affair fall through should either man show a disposition to become fractious. Little chance, however, of O'Brien or Burns making trouble. The day of the \$30,000 purse has in all probability come to an end. Nevada promoters who instituted the recent rise in fight stock are coming to a realization of their own folly and little is heard concerning the wildcat offers of a few months ago. The mining mismanagers of ring affairs have apparently done little to boost their communities, and on the other hand are making laughing stock of themselves. So varied have been rumors and counter rumors of late that conservative sporting writers are refusing to comment unless in a highly sarcastic manner. Probably little or no attention will be paid the Nevada promoters until they actually bring two men together in the ring. It would now appear as though Bat Nelson and Joe Gans are to meet again in the not far distant future. Everything would tend that way, judging from the manner in which Joe avoids becoming entangled with articles of another nature. Bat is getting away with no end of talk in England and has made a mighty impression upon the sports of the tight little isle. Gans in the meanwhile continues to be the American idol and doubtless great interest would attend a second meeting. True, the former battle was uninteresting so far as fast fighting went, but there is still a question in certain quarters as to the condition of both men when the famous foul occurred.

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