STORIES OF SPORTS TOLD BY EXPERTS

# BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

UP TO DATE, NEWSY AND WELL WRITTEN

## KETCHEL IS SURE HE WILL REGAIN CHAMPIONSHIP

### Fighter Who Meets Papke, His Conqueror, on Thanksgiving, Tells How He Expects to Turn Trick.

*BY LEN EDGREN.*

(Special to The Evening World.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 21.—I found Stanley Ketchel in his furnished room. There was a bed, a low, rakish steamer trunk, one chair and a bureau with a small mirror. I looked for Ketchel in his leisure moments rather than during the hours he devotes to training, for my object was to get a glimpse at the character of the man himself. How he punches the bag and knocks his sparring partners about has been told a thousand times over. All fighters of any class look alike in the gymnasium. The only way to get at the real man is to catch him outside.

I took the only chair when Ketchel insisted. No one wants to argue too strenuously with a man who usually knocks 'em out in a punch.

In front of me Ketchel, fighting man, age twenty-one years, squatted on the trunk from which he had just been pulling a litter of rough clothing and muddy, dusty, oily boots and other camping stuff.

Ketchel picked up a large revolver and twirled, or, as the cowboys say, "fanned" it.

**Was Once a Cowboy.**

"You know I was a cowboy for a long time, and having a gun handy is second nature with me," said he. "I can hit a postal card about eight times out of ten at fifty yards. And I've made my manager, O'Connor, dance, which is more than any other scrapper has ever been able to do with a manager. Up in the mountains our camp was several miles from town. O'Connor was the cook, and insisted on my being up early for breakfast. Well, I like to sleep late. One morning I was sore when Joe called me before daylight, and when I had slipped on a pair of pants I poked my head out of the tent and said to him, 'You'll dance for this.'

"He thought I was joking and refused to step as directed, and so I turned loose with one pellet about half an inch from his toes. Did he dance? You bet he did, and as mad as a hornet. He pulled up stakes before next grub time and hiked for the next boat for 'Frisco. Guess he thought something might happen, because once before he got in the way of my .44. I was shooting into some trees near the road and O'Connor was coming up the trail. The first I saw of him was as he came running into camp. There was a gate in the fence, but he was so scared he just climbed over it.

"When I was training in the East for the first fight with Papke my quarters were in a hotel where negroes were employed. Some of them were very fresh, but when I turned loose with this gun they became very respectful and anxious to accommodate."

**How Ketchel Hopes to Win.**

Ketchel has figured out why he should win from Bill Papke when they meet for the third time, Thanksgiving Day, and this is how he tells about it:

"They say that a fighter who has been beaten by another always falls an easy victim when up against his conqueror a second time. But that argument doesn't fit my case. The first time I met Papke I won easily and so definitely that I was convinced of my superiority. Now, that impression is all wrong, and the Los Angeles fight didn't alter it in the least, because after [illegible] on my eyes I knew nothing about the beating I took. I didn't [illegible] anything was in a haze. As [illegible] more on I was only conscious [illegible] seconds at a time. I was [illegible] hard and didn't know it. I [illegible] senseless, but the 'Thunderbolt' [illegible] hurt me. He just kept jabbing, jabbing, jabbing. If he could punch hard he would have put me out early in the fight. But I know he hasn't the punch.

"Why, once I got him in a corner in the sixth round and was pounding him on the body with both hands. He began jumping up as I started the blows, expecting me to foul him. Jeffries stopped the fight for a few seconds to warn Papke, and Bill walked out of the corner. However, Jeff wouldn't let him take advantage of the opportunity to escape, and before ordering a continuance shoved Papke back into the exact position he was in at the time Jeff had to interfere. Jeff is square."

**Ketchel is Game.**

Just here O'Connor walked in and took a hand in the conversation. "Yes," said the manager, "Ketch was bad after that first punch. Two doctors climbed into the ring with me and took a look at him. All they could see was the whites of his eyes, and they told me I'd better stop it right away or it might turn out seriously, as the optic nerves were affected. But Ketch said he'd die before he'd quit, and I let him go on."

That gives a pretty good line on Ketchel's gameness.

The ex-champion's chief enjoyment is in dancing and skating. He says that's the reason for his unpopularity in San Francisco. He prefers such pleasures to "being a good fellow." As he doesn't drink, he has no use for the saloons and the sports that are to be found in them, anxious to know and get a chance to touch the popular fighter.

"You know how many fighters are broke," said Ketchel, "but I've saved a lot of my earnings with the expectation of buying and settling down on a farm. I've picked it out, and the money is in the bank. Some is in a bank—but most of it in a safe deposit vault where nobody can take it to Canada. I've seen it reported that I'm going to retire after this coming fight with Papke, but there is no reason why I should, win or lose. I may keep on at the game if I feel inclined. Losing wouldn't make me quit, and lack of money wouldn't force me to keep at it if I didn't care to."

**Use Dope? Not Me, Says Ketch.**

Ketchel is aware that circulation has been given to a story that he uses dope, and when approached on that subject with due care he was tremendously indignant.

"Some time ago," he explained, "there was discovered in one of my trainers an unsuppressable longing to hit the bamboo. I fired him in a hurry. Some unfriendly party twisted the story and claimed that I was addicted to the habit myself. Could I ever locate the starter of that story I'd be mighty likely to use my Colt's."

So that lie is nailed.

Stanley isn't one to dwell on unpleasant things. Sitting down on the trunk again he turned to the subject that he likes best—autoing.

"When I decided to buy a machine down to Los Angeles," Keith said, "the demonstrator took me to the outskirts of the town to show me how to run it. After ten minutes I knew how to make it go, and I told him to get off.

"'But you can't operate it alone,' he objected.

"'Hop down,' I said. 'You aren't wanted any longer. I've paid for this machine and whatever happens won't make any difference to you.'

**Couldn't Stop Machine.**

"And we started off," put in young Tommy O'Conner, who was in the room now. "We went down Spring street at about thirty miles an hour. Ketch was dodging trucks and pedestrians. At last I yelled to him to stop it, and Ketch yelled back: 'Shut up. I've forgotten how to shut off the power.' My mother wanted Ketch to take her up to 'Frisco. After the first fifty miles he slowed up, and she said what she wanted was to see the scenery, and he'd cut out such a pace that so far she had seen only one telegraph pole."

Ketchel was grinning at this. Soon he put in a word.

"I've got a siren horn on the auto," said he, "and going through the mountains I usually blow it about a mile away from each ranch so the ranchers can hold their horses. Sometimes they run out with their rifles. It sounds like a whopping big panther yelling.

"One time I was giving a rancher a ride. We came to a place where there was a drop of about 500 feet on one side of the road and a big bank on the other. I was looking at some papers and the machine turned into the bank. It was an awful bump, but wouldn't that have been a funny drop if it had happened to turn the other way? Come over to Croll's to-morrow when I'm through boxing and I'll take you for a whirl. It beats fighting."

Noticing a little hesitation on my part—for I was mentally figuring the cost of life insurance—Ketche added: "Come over anyway, and you'll see that I'm not going to fool with Mr. Papke and take any chances of such a surprise as he sprung on me in the first round at Los Angeles. I'll beat him to it next time sure."

Perhaps he will—if he doesn't go down to the fight in that automobile.

## *Result of Burns-Johnson Fight Known Here a Day Ahead of Time*

When Tommy Burns meets Jack Johnson in the battle that will determine the heavyweight championship of the world at Sydney, Australia, on Dec. 26, the result will be known in New York the night before. Most New Yorkers who follow the game think they know the ultimate result now—Burns will win.

But on the night of Dec. 25 New Yorkers will not only be able to name the winner, but also the number of rounds and all the details of the fight. Maybe that looks like a frame-up. Nothing doing in that line. It's just the difference in time.

Burns and Johnson are scheduled to enter the ring at Sydney at 11 A. M. on the morning of Dec. 26. When it is 11 A. M. in Sydney on Dec. 26 it will be 8.20 P. M. Dec. 25 in New York City. There is a difference of fourteen hours and forty minutes in time between Sydney and New York, Sydney being that much to the eastward of New York.

That's how New Yorkers will know all about the big battle the day before it takes place.

## STAND IN LINE NINETY-SIX HOURS FOR TICKETS.

Up at Ithaca boys stood in line for ninety-six hours to get the first choice of tickets for the annual game between Cornell and Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day. A mistake in announcing that the sale would open Thursday instead of Friday gave the lads who were getting tag money for holding places in line for alumni and undergraduates an extra twenty-four-hour vigil, but as they were getting well paid they did not object. The first lad in the line got $50 for his ninety-six-hour stunt.

## SOME OF KETCHEL'S STUNTS

## *LIVES AND MILLIONS FIGURE IN BIG AUTO RACE AT SAVANNAH*

### Greatest Drivers in the World Will Compete for Grand Prize.

### Speed Records Likely to Fall in Race on Thanksgiving Day.

GREAT as the year has been in the production of speed records, the Grand Prize race held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America at Savannah next Thursday will undoubtedly round out the season in the hanging up of many new American and possibly world's records. The distance from the great centres of population has deprived this race the prominence it deserves, for no other contest has ever had as many prominent drivers of international reputation, so great a value in prizes, such a magnificent course or better opportunities for a perfect test of drivers and racing cars. The race will cost millions and probably several lives.

The fact that all the great drivers of Europe are entered in the race has a tendency to lengthen the betting odds on the Americans, particularly as many road records are held by the foreigners. However, the Americans propose to take the invaders into camp at Savannah, and their chances of doing so are excellent, for the reason that the latter will find somewhat different conditions here. The Savannah roads afford equal speed facilities as the broad thoroughfares of Europe, but there are more sharp turns here to test the nerve and skill of the drivers, and in this it is believed the Americans excel.

There will be plenty of opportunity for speed at Savannah, for the great three-mile stretch at the grand-stand will permit of better than a hundred miles per hour, and there are other stretches equally fast. Several regiments of the National Guard of Georgia will guard the course, and by orders of Gov. Hoke Smith and local authorities any spectators who encroach upon it may get a load of lead as a souvenir. Intersecting roads are to be guarded, and there are viaducts over all tracks. Sharp turns have been banked and thousands spent in oiling and making the course perfect. The course is 26.73 miles.

As a means of comparison the average mile per hour records made in American and foreign road races this year are full of interest:

American—Ormonde Beach, 300 miles, Cedirno, 77.07; 100 miles, Berlin, 82.26. Savannah, stock car, 242 miles, Strang, 53.78; Briarcliff, stock car, 240 miles, Strang, 47.05; Lowell, stock car, 254.6 miles, Strang, 54.7; Vanderbilt cup, 258.6 miles, Robertson, 64.3.

Foreign—Florio cup, 328.2 miles, Nazzaro, 74.3; Targa Florio, 277 miles, Trucco, 35.4; Grand Prix, 450 miles, Lauterschlager, 69.5.

These figures rather favor the foreign drivers, but their courses were easier than the American and this is shown by the record of Robertson, who in a car practically new in the racing game and over a course heavy with rain and unusually hazardous because of danger of killing spectators, got an average speed above a mile a minute.

**Foreigners Ready to Bet.**

The foreigners are said to have brought over a ton of money to wager on their chances of success, and will be accommodated by the 4,000 spectators expected from this city alone who think an American will win.

Kid McCoy, who has been interested in nearly every sport issue from the dissecting room of late and who is now with Fellowes & Delmel, brokers, has made a book on the race, with Demery, in a Benz car, as the 3-to-1 favorite. Others are—Nazzaro, Fiat, 4 to 1; Wagner, Fiat, 5 to 1; De Palma, Fiat, and Hanriot, Benz, 6 to 1. Strang, Renault; Michener, Simplex, and J. Seymour, Lozier, are quoted at 15 to 1, at which odds the Americans are getting down their coin.

## *Faber, Famous French Rider, Coming for Big Six-Day Race*

Francois Faber, the French rider, who has been capturing many prizes abroad during the past season and who will ride in this year's six-day race, Dec. 6 to 12, at Madison Square Garden, gained further honors last week by winning the most famous of Italian road races. The race in question was the fourth annual running of the Tour de Lombardie, in which he not only beat nearly all of the crack European cycle racers, but lowered the record for the race, covering the 131 miles in 7 hours 18 minutes and 36 seconds.

Previous figures were 7 hours 51 minutes. The race is run over a circular course, through the outskirts of Milan, the start and finish being in that city. Two hundred and eight riders started. Faber is teamed up in the six-day race with Lafourcade, another noted Frenchman. These two men, in company with the rest of the foreign delegation who will take part in the race, sail for New York to-day from Cherbourg.

## MAHMOUT READY TO WRESTLE TOM JENKINS.

Yussiff Mahmout, the Turkish champion, who is matched to meet Tom Jenkins at Madison Square Garden on next Thursday night, Nov. 26, will return to New York to-morrow from Hartford, Conn., where he defeated Lundin last Tuesday night, to finish his training at Brown's Gymnasium.

Now that the proposed Gotch-Hackenschmidt match seems to be off in London, the management of the Jenkins-Mahmout affair have cabled an offer to the American champion offering him a date to meet the winner at the Garden on a date during the week following the six-day cycle race, which ends Dec. 12.

## CROKER DECLARES OLD ENGLAND WILL WELCOME HORSES

### But Former Tammany Leader Declines to Discuss His Chances for Another Derby.

*BY VINCENT TREANOR.*

RICHARD CROKER, one-time Tammany boss and leader, is no longer a politician. Any one who has met him since his arrival on the Lusitania can tell that by his handshake. It isn't the old-time vote-making grip that the gray-bearded country squire hands out these days. Instead, it is one of those cold, let-go-my-hand kind.

Mr. Croker said the English authorities had no desire to discourage American horse owners, as has the French Jockey Club by its recent rule making American trainers and jockeys reside abroad three years before getting a license. While Mr. Croker has no Derby eligible for next year, he has a colt in his stable now which will start in the Derby of 1910. As to his turf winnings last season, Mr. Croker said he was well pleased. Including purses and money realized in the sale of horses, his total was about $50,000. This includes the $17,500 he secured for The Battler, half-brother of the Derby winner Orby.

**Evades All Questions.**

Mr. Croker, moving slowly about his quarters at the Democratic Club in his square-toed shoes, with both hands dug deep in the side pockets of his trousers, with John Fox and Richard jr. looking on admiringly, ducked every important question dealing with racing. He waited for each question, and then with a wise expression and a Swat Milligan steely glint answered without saying anything.

"What do they think in England of the American invasion of horses?" he was asked.

"I don't know. There isn't much said about it," answered Mr. Croker evasively.

"What chance have Ballot, Colin, Fair Play and the rest of the American horses, shipped recently, in the English stakes?"

"I couldn't say. It depends on how the changes of climate will affect them," he said.

"Are there any Derby candidates among the English horses who are thus early favorably spoken of as probable winners of the rich classic?"

"I haven't heard of any; I have none."

**He Declined the Issue.**

He was reminded of the fact that Messrs. Keene and Madden have several likely Derby and Oaks candidates which, from an American viewpoint, had a chance in the blue ribbon events of the English turf, but he declined to discuss their chances.

Mr. Croker was then asked if he had been correctly quoted in a recent interview on the other side in which he was credited with saying he was in favor of racing, betting, baseball and a liberal application of the laws. He sidestepped again by saying he hadn't seen the interview in print.

It is possible that Mr. Croker will see some American races on the tracks at California. He has not yet decided, but intimated that after a few weeks in New York he would go South, and possibly from there to California.

## *Western Fight Clubs Now in Open Warfare*

### San Francisco Promoters in Clash With Jem Coffroth, of the Colma Arena.

*BY JOHN POLLOCK.*

THERE is a war on between the three fight promoters of San Francisco and Jimmy Coffroth, who conducts an open air club at Colma, Cal., which is likely to result in the game being closed down for good in 'Frisco. The trouble is the result of the trick played recently by Coffroth in getting Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke to refuse to fight at Jack Gleason's club in 'Frisco on next Wednesday night, and agree to box at his club on Thanksgiving afternoon.

Gleason threatens to get even with Coffroth, and has engaged a lawyer to apply to the courts for the purpose of trying to prevent the pugilists from appearing at Coffroth's club. Gleason, Sam Bernard and Lecardi, the Frisco club managers, were responsible for Coffroth being frozen out in his attempt to pull off fights in 'Frisco, and Coffroth is turning the tables on them now by stealing all the fighters that they engage by offering them more money to fight at his club.

Jack Blackburn, the colored boxer of Philadelphia, and Mike Donovan, the game light middleweight of Rochester, N. Y., are going to fight again. This will be about the fifth time they have fought. They have been signed by Jimmy Dime, the fight promoter of Pittsburg, to meet in a six-round bout at the opening boxing show of the National A. C. of that city on Monday night. Blackburn ought to beat Donovan again.

Packey McFarland has gone back to Chicago, while his manager, Harry Gilmore, will remain around town for a few days for the purpose of trying to arrange another six-round bout between Packey and Murphy, to be decided before one of the local clubs. Johnny Oliver, manager of Murphy, said last night that he is ready to sign articles for Tommy to meet McFarland again, as he is confident that Tommy can beat him.

A match was clinched last night between Fred Bradley, the Boston heavyweight, and Al Kubiak, the promising fighter of Detroit, who recently knocked out Jim Maher in one round, and also gave George Gunther, the Australian heavyweight, a hard battle for six rounds in the Quaker City. Bradley and Kubiak will come together in a six-round contest at the West End A. C. of Philadelphia on Monday night. Bradley will make Kubiak fight his hardest in order to beat him.

Harry Gilmore, manager of Packey McFarland, has cabled to "Peggy" Bettison, matchmaker of the National Sporting Club of London, offering to match McFarland against the winner of the Johnny Summers—Jimmy Britt fight, which is to be decided at that club on Dec. 14. The chances are that Gilmore and McFarland will not cross the pond, for the money which Bettison will offer for McFarland's services will not be large enough for him.

Freddie Welsh, the English lightweight, is favorite in the betting at 10 to 8 for his coming fifteen-round battle with Abe Attell, the feather-weight champion, at the Jeffries A. C., of Los Angeles, Cal., on Thanksgiving night. Welsh was responsible for making himself the favorite by betting $1,000 on his chances of getting the decision. The Englishman has improved in all of his fights and is sure he'll beat Attell.

"Young Loughrey," the game lightweight fighter, of Philadelphia, and Willie Fitzgerald, the "Fighting Harp," will clash in a six-round bout at the National A. C. of Philadelphia, to-night. It should be one of the hardest fough battles of the year in the Quaker City, as Loughrey is one of those fellows who always keeps slugging, while Fitzgerald likes to mix it up himself.

Billy Delaney, manager of Al. Kaufmann, the California heavyweight, is trying to induce Jim Jeffries to referee the forty-five round battle between Kaufmann and Jim Barry, which is to take place at the Jeffries A. C., of Los Angeles, Cal., on the night of Dec. 31. Jeff told Delaney that he as through refereeing battles, but that he might decide to referee this contest, and would give him an answer in a few days.

## *To Outjump the World Follow Tips of Ewry*

*BY RAY EWRY.*

*Oympic champion and holder of world's records for the standing, high and broad jumps.*

THE standing jumps require good nerve, as one will readily understand that there is only the one effort to be made. All the strength must be expended in that one effort, necessitating a perfect control of the whole muscular system. Jumping naturally implies leg work, but I find that this is true only to a certain point. To prove this, jump until you are tired. The next day, or second day following, should show you what muscles are sore, and you can then take work to strengthen these particular parts.

Skipping the rope is one of the best exercises for the insteps, the "squats" for the thighs, the kicks for the abdominal muscles, full arm swings for the shoulders. The neck muscles running up the back of the head should receive attention, as they are used in controlling the arms. Do not work until tired, quit just short of this point. Let all your work be quick and snappy. The main thing about the standing jump is suppleness, and control of body while in the air. This requires lots of practise.

**Arms a Big Factor.**

In the high jump the arms are swung sharply down and then upward, the body at the same time straightening out like a released spring. At the instant of leaving the ground the whole figure is in a straight line. When the proper height is reached the leg next to the bar should be raised over the bar and the knee drawn up as far as possible. The leg is at the same time being shifted over the bar, and the other leg is then lifted, the two passing each other in the scissors action.

Get your nerves in good shape. This is one great essential in the standing jumps. Avoid the use of intoxicants or stimulants which will affect the digestion. Your nerves must be under perfect control or you will lose the jump, even though you be the stronger man physically. You will appreciate this in the standing high jump when you have walked up to a bar nearly as high as your head and knocked it down once or twice. If your nerve is all right you will clear it the third trial, and the majority of jumps are won and good records made with this same nerve, which can be trained as well as the muscles.

## THREE STAGS TO-NIGHT.

Three boxing stags will be held to-night. Two of them will take place in this city, while the third will be held in Brooklyn.

At the Dry Dock A. C., East Tenth street, near Avenue C, there will be five bouts between evenly matched fighters.

At the Long Acre A. C., West Twenty-ninth street, the usual card of six bouts will be put on.

At the National A. C., of Brooklyn, Jack Bilberry, of Australia, will tackle Charley Goldman, of this city, in the main bout of six rounds. Four other bouts will precede it.

## JOHNNY HAYES RUNS SPEEDIEST RACE OF CAREER

JOHNNY HAYES will win the re-running of the Olympic Marathon at Madison Square Garden on Thanksgiving Eve in the opinion of many local followers of athletics who have watched the little Gothamite in his training stunts.

DORANDO PIETRI...

Hayes was given a ten-mile try-out for speed on the track at the Eighth Regiment Armory last night, and when his time was announced it created a big surprise, for he had run the fastest ten miles of his career, having covered the distance in 58 minutes on an indoor track. He was paced by Jimmy Lee, of the Bostan A. A., the winner of the National Junior Cross Country Championship at Celtic Park last week, and Hayes ran the Boston flyer "into the ground," as one of the local trainers of a big club remarked.

Hayes is in fine fettle and is confident of victory. "I will prove to my countrymen that I am the real winner of the classic prize. The stars and stripes will be hoisted, and Italy, while it has a wonderful runner in Dorando, will have to be satisfied with second place.

"If you ever won a bet in your life take a ticket on Johnny," is what Cameron his trainer has to say of the result.

## EBBETS MAY LOSE CHANCE TO GET BILL DAHLEN

Now that Charley Ebbets, president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, has openly announced that Bill Dahlen, shortstop of the Boston Club, is the man he is after for to be manager of the Trolley-Dodgers next season, it certainly looks as if Ebbets will have his own troubles trying to get Dahlen from that club.

When President Dovey, of the Boston Club, told Ebbets that he would let him have Dahlen if he could get a good shortstop to fill Dahlen's place, Ebbets thought that all he had to do was to offer Dovey Phil Lewis, and that Dovey would grab Lewis immediately and the transfer of the players would be made. Now Dovey comes out with a statement in which he says he does not want Lewis, and, furthermore, would not have him on his team.

Ebbets is worrying now for fear that President Dovey will not be able to get a man to fill Dahlen's place, and he will thereby foil in his attempt to get the Beaneaters' great shortstop for a manager.

## ACORN FORUM MEETING.

**James Bronson Reynolds to Be Speaker of Evening at Club.**

The second meeting of the Acorn Forum, under the auspices of the Acorn Social Club, will be held in the auditorium of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, at Ninety-second street and Lexington avenue, this evening at 8.15. All are welcome.

Hon. James Bronson Reynolds, special commissioner for President Roosevelt, will be the speaker, and his address will be on "Good City Government and How to Get It." Mr. Reynolds has announced that he will answer questions upon this very timely subject, and a very interesting and instructive meeting is promised. There will be a high-class musical programme.

## WRIGHT AND FARMAN SPLIT AEROPLANE PRIZE.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—In view of the fact that both Wilbur Wright and Henry Farnam have fulfilled the conditions of the height prize contest, the Aero Club has decided to double the amount of the prize and award half of this sum to each aeroplanist.

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