

BULLETIN'S SPORTS—BREEZIEST AND BEST

FIGHTERS READY FOR THE GONG

Referee Question Settled By Toss and Cohen Will Officiate.

Joel Cohen will be the third man in the ring tonight when "Slim" Gilmore and Ben de Mello climb through the ropes to settle their argument. This was decided yesterday afternoon, when promoter, fighters and manager got together to settle the important question. Jockey Willis and the De Mello faction stood firm for Mike Paton; Barron and Gilmore would have no one but Cohen. Finally it was submitted to the arbitration of a half-dollar, and "Soap-Box" Barron won the toss. The selection of Cohen should be eminently satisfactory to all parties. He knows the boxing game, and there is absolutely no question as to his fairness.

Yesterday afternoon De Mello gave his weight at 143. He has therefore absolutely no worry over the question of tipping the beam at 3 o'clock this afternoon. In fact, he would like to put on about five pounds, and is rather surprised that he scales so low. Gilmore weighed yesterday at exactly 150. He had a long sleep this morning, took a light breakfast and skipped the midday meal. He expects to get on the platform with about a pound and a half margin, to be on the safe side of the weight forfeit money.

Both camps are confident, but there has been little money bet either on the result or on rounds. It is thought that some coin will show at the ringside, where Gilmore should be about a 4 to 5 favorite. He has the weight and reach on the "Hilo Lion," and certainly the latter has nothing on him when it comes to punching ability and willingness to mix. Gilmore is a good fighter, and is favored by straight rules. He has a knack of hitting a stiff blow in the breakaway, and this may bother De Mello.

The Portuguese has some tricks up his own sleeve, and expects to do execution with the kind of kidney blow he rained on Hoag's mid section so persistently in their last fight.

The preliminaries look as though they should be almost as good as the main event. There are three of them, and in the first, between Mike Worthy and Soldier Copeland, a record was broken when both boys asked to be allowed to get two more rounds than originally scheduled. Usually prelim fighters want to cut it short, and are glad to get out of the ring as soon as possible, so when these young gentlemen asked to pummel each other for six instead of four rounds, Promoter Ayres said yes as soon as he recovered from his surprise.

During the day seats will be on sale at Gumb's cigar store, and at 7 the box office sale will commence at the Orpheum. The first mill will be rung in at 8:30 sharp.

Following is the full card:
 Mike Werthy vs. Soldier Copeland; six rounds.
 Young Gans vs. Young Prince; six rounds.
 Willer vs. Trier; six rounds.
 Ben de Mello vs. George Gilmore; 15 rounds.

A glance at the appended table will

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENT.

There was joy at McKinley on the eve of the dual track meet with Kam, which commenced at Alexander Field at 2:30 this afternoon.

Bill Rice, the speediest sprinter of them all, and Lai Tin, a reliable point winner, are back in harness, and the Higs figure that they will make a much better showing than they did against Punahou, when these two men were out of it on account of injuries.

On the other hand, Kam has the services of Captain Harold Godfrey again, and one or two others who did not show up for the last meet.

The meet should go to Kam, but it is highly likely that there won't be 10 points difference in the scores.

GOSSIP OF GOLF

BY "T."

To fight and conquer a weakness makes a man better able to help one who faces the same problem. This is as true in golf as in anything else, and in the London Daily Telegraph we find Horace Hutchinson advocating this very theory. There is something most encouraging in the thought that if we employ the "capacity" for taking infinite pains, we, too, may become golfing geniuses and some day reach the proud moment when we shall hear our former weakness referred to as one of our strong points. Infinite is a big word and may beat the most of us, but after all you never can tell, you may be one of the favored few, and in the meantime think of the fun you are having. Besides which you will never do anything if you get discouraged, so cling firmly to the theory of infinite pains and may it prove neither painful nor too extensive an effort for you. Hutchinson says:

"Go to Braid."
 A correspondent has done me the honor to ask my advice on a very grave matter, no less than to counsel him "as to the teacher to whom he should apply himself for instruction in the gentle art of putting. I have advised him to go to Braid, and he has replied to me, with a spirit that is no less than impudent in one who is seeking counsel, that Braid is the last man to whom he would think of applying for putting wisdom. "Braid is well known," he writes, "to be a very bad natural putter. If it was driving I wanted—yes. But for putting Braid is the last man I should go to." If he is so well informed, and his mind so firmly set as this, why in the world did he bother me to know what he should do? Let him go to Bogy for his counsel. But, as a matter of fact, whether to him or to any other man who wants to learn about putting, I should still say, "Go to Braid," and this I would say for the very reason that he maintains makes show how George Gilmore got his name of "Slim":

| Gilmore. | De Mello. |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 24..... Age..... | 23..... |
| 150..... Weight..... | 143..... |
| 5 ft. 10 in..... Height..... | 5 ft. 5 1/2 in..... |
| 29 1/2 in..... Chest (expanded)..... | 29 in..... |
| 37 in..... Chest (normal)..... | 36 1/2 in..... |
| 15 1/2 in..... Neck..... | 15 in..... |
| 32 in..... Waist..... | 30 1/2 in..... |
| 11 1/2 in..... Biceps..... | 14 1/2 in..... |
| 11 1/2 in..... Forearm..... | 11 1/2 in..... |
| 11 in..... Calf..... | 14 in..... |
| 19 1/2 in..... Thigh..... | 23 in..... |
| 7 1/2 in..... Wrist..... | 8 in..... |

Roll For Island Title



"WILLIAMS HAS A LONG, GLIDING STYLE."

WILLIAMS AND WINNE SMASH PINS AT 3 P. M.

The inter-island bowling championship for two-man teams hangs on the result of the endurance match to be rolled on the "Y" alleys here and at Kaula this afternoon and this evening. It is to be a long-drawn-out affair, each man to chalk up twenty strings, and probably about four hours will be taken to turn the trick. The locals will start their game at 3 o'clock. The Kaula men won't commence until 8.

The result of the games will be exchanged by wireless Sunday morning. W. Chillingworth of Maui will represent the Kaula club here, while Sam Mahelona of the First National Bank will be at the Kaula alleys tonight to represent Honolulu interests.

W. Williams and J. Winne are Honolulu's representatives. Both are fine rollers, and should secure creditable



"WINNE TIES A KNOT."

averages, while there are apt to be some sensational single game scores. Williams has a long gliding style that is very effective, while Winne can tie himself into a knot and get surprising results.

NEW TALES TOLD AT THE RINGSIDE

By W. A. PHELON.

George Fitzgerald, middle weight, was quite a fighter through the middle west in 1892. He was tall, rangy, wonderfully fast with either hand, and though only a kid in years, had all the ringcraft and uncanny trickery fighters far his seniors often show. Fitzgerald went along for perhaps four seasons, never had a defeat chalked up against him, and only one draw was on his record. As that draw

it so silly to say so—just because Braid is not, as he truly observes, a good natural putter. It is to be presumed that my correspondent is not a good natural putter either.

Self Taught.
 If he were, it is not likely that he would be seeking advice on the matter. Braid was not a good natural putter, but by taking thought and by studying he worked himself artificially into one of the very best putters in the world. He therefore knows the difficulties of the man whose natural gifts do not include that of putting, and he knows, too, what, in one case at least, has wrought a cure. He therefore is the man to go to for lessons. That, at least, is my view of the case. I would not go to Braid for lessons in how to drive, because driving came by nature to Braid. The only account of his own long driving that he can give is that he went to bed one night a short driver and woke up the next morning a long driver. That might be a very useful story if it included the account of what happened to him during the night to make the change, but that is just what he seems quite incapable of telling us. People can not tell us how they acquire their natural excellences, but how they became possessed of the graces they have labored to acquire they can tell. That's why I repeat, "Go to Braid for putting."

was with Tommy West, a tough citizen for the best of them; this re-louder to the young fighter's fame, and goes to show that Fitzgerald was as good as they are in that particular period.

Jack Harrison, middle weight, was also ranging the west at this same period. Harrison did not meet as many men as Fitzgerald, nor were his men as classy, but he disposed of them that he encountered with even more speed and vigor than was usually shown by Fitzgerald. Quite naturally, rivalry arose, and the backers of the two middle weights held many meetings for the purpose of arranging a gloved discussion. Time after time these two young men were matched—time after time something spoiled the show and spilled the beans. Once they were actually in the ring and feinting for an opening when the cops arrived. Again, the rural opera house in which they were to mix caught fire an hour before the scheduled time. Two or three times they fell down to unavoidable mishaps, and the rivalry was still unsettled when a reform wave came along and put the boxing game pretty much out of commission.

Fitzgerald, being Irish and a strong young man, did what many strong young Irishmen do under similar circumstances. He became a policeman. At almost the same time Harrison, being down and out, financially, likewise took the proper examinations and became a copper. They were assigned to stations in different parts of the city. They did not meet for years, and as time crept on the story of the old time rivalry became a faint tradition. One night while tramping on his beat Officer Fitzgerald saw a faint light glittering from an instant in the office of a commission house and, as he could see no reason for such a light, decided to turn in and investigate. He softly entered the office and saw a fellow bending over the old fashioned safe, evidently on robbery intent. The yegg was small and puny and Fitzgerald disdained to draw either gun or club. With a warlike shout he rushed upon the yegg—and the light went out. There was a prodigious rattle of feet and then a heavy fist smote Officer Fitzgerald on the nose. The fight that followed was a beauty. Wondering much how so small a man could hit so hard, Officer Fitzgerald fought grimly on in the dark. Every now and then his tremendous swings found their mark and the other fellow backed away. Ever and anon a straight, jolting right came on Fitzgerald's jaw or eye. It was a grand battle, a tremendous struggle.

Finally, Fitzgerald heard his man fall heavily. He staggered forward to complete the arrest, but nature gave

BASEBALL TOMORROW.

A fine dish of baseball will be served hot to the fans tomorrow afternoon, when Navy teams buck up against their town rivals at Moillill.

The All-Hawaii will play the Colorado, in the second game of a two-in-three series, of which the locals have already won one. Barney Joy will again be seen in the All-Hawaii lineup, playing an outfield position. The remainder of the team follows: Soares, c; Bushnell, p; Akana, 1b; Chillingworth, ss; Lai Tin, 2b; Ayau, 2b; Desha, rf; Eui Sue, cf.

The opening game of the double-header will be between the P. A. C's and the U. S. S. Calliforna at 1:30.

ABOUT BATTERS WHO FACE ME

BY CHRISTY MATHESON.

"To which hitters," I have often been asked by followers of baseball, "is it the most difficult for you to pitch?"

It is the general impression among baseball fans that Joseph Faversham Tinker, the shortstop of the Chicago Cubs, is the worst man I have to face in the National League. Few realize that during his first two years in the big show Joe Tinker looked like a cripple at the plate when I was pitching. His "groove" was a slow curve over the outside corner, and I fed him slow curves over that very outside corner with great regularity. Then suddenly, overnight, he became the most dangerous batter in the league, from my point of view.

Tinker is a clever ball player and one day I struck him out three times in succession with low curves over the outside corner. Instead of getting disgusted with himself, he began to think and reason. He knew that I was feeding him that low curve over the outside corner and he started to look for an antidote. He had always taken a short, choppy swing at the ball. When he went to the clubhouse after the game in which he struck out three times he was quiet, so I have been told. He was just putting in his last sock when he clapped his hand on his leg and exclaimed:

"I've got it!"
 "Got what?" asked Johnny Evers, who happened to be sitting next to Tinker.

"Got the way to hit Matty, who had been looking as if I came from the home for the blind out there today," answered "Joe."

"I should say he did," replied Evers. "But if you've found a way to hit him, why, I'm from away out in Missouri near the Ozark mountains."

"Wait till he pitches again," said Tinker by way of conclusion, as he took his diamond ring from the trainer and left the clubhouse.

It was a four-game series in Chicago and I had struck Tinker out three times in the first contest. McGraw decided that I should pitch the last game as well. Two men were on bases and two were out when Tinker came to the bat for the first time in this battle, and the outfielders moved

out, and the battered cop fell crashing to the floor. When he awoke daylight was faintly streaming in. He was lying close to the safe, and across the room, just reviving and rubbing his head, lay a policeman in full uniform. Between the two officers lay a little man with a broken leg. The little man was the thief; the other cop was Harrison. Harrison, coming home from his own beat, had seen the suspicious light and had entered a second after Fitzgerald. In the darkness they had fought to a finish and both of them had stepped all over the unhappy yegg.

"You and Harrison never did pull off that fight between you did you?" asked a boxing bug who met Officers Fitzgerald and Harrison sitting side by side in a restaurant some weeks later.

"Oh, yes. Sure we did. We fought," said Fitzgerald.

"How did it come out?"

"It was a draw," answered Officer Fitzgerald, and Officer Harrison howled complete the arrest, but nature gave

CLOSE PLAY IN LADIES' MATCH

Two extremely close matches were played yesterday in the first round of the ladies' golf competition at the Country Club, for which eight players qualified Wednesday last.

Miss Wilhelmina Tenney, playing from scratch, beat Mrs. Gill (2), 1 up, but it took two extra holes to settle the question. Miss Alice Cooke (5) beat Mrs. Walter Dillingham (scratch), 1 up, after one extra hole.

The tournament is for a cup offered by Mrs. Dillingham. Match play rounds are at 9 holes, and players have until next Wednesday to complete the first round of the tournament.

In closer for him, as he had always been known as a "chop" hitter, I immediately noticed something different about his style as he set himself at the plate, and then it struck me that he was standing back in the box and had a long bat. Before he had always choked his bat short and stood up close. Now I observed that he held the stick down by the handle.

Bresnahan was catching, and he signaled for the regular prescription for Tinker. With a lot of confidence I handed him that old low curve. He evidently expected it, for he stepped almost across the plate, and, with that long bat, drove the ball to right field for two bases over the head of George Browne, who was playing close up to the infield, scoring both runs and eventually winning the game.

"I've got your number now, Matty!" he shouted at me as he drew up at second base.

I admit that he has had it quite frequently since he switched his batting style. Now the outfielders move back when Tinker comes to the plate, for, if he connects, he "hits 'em far" with that long bat. Ever since the day he adopted the "pole" he has broken up many a game. That old low curve is his favorite now, and he reaches for it with the same cordiality as is displayed by an actor in reaching for his pay envelope. The only thing to do is to keep them close and try to outguess him, but Tinker is a hard man to beat at the game of wits.

Many a heady hitter in the big league could give the signs to the opposing pitcher, for he realizes what his weakness is and knows that a twirler is going to pitch at it. But, try as hard as he will, he can not cover up this "groove," as Tinker did, and so he continues to be easy for the twirler who can put the ball where he wants it.

In the hearing of the Virginia-Strathalbyn libel case in the Federal Court Robert G. Russell, quartermaster on the latter vessel, is quoted by the San Francisco Chronicle to have confessed under oath that he never looked in mirrors for fear of breaking them and consequently he could not be expected to identify a photograph of himself.

"Were you standing on the rail when this photograph was taken?" asked the attorney on his cross-examination.

"I might have been, I cannot say," answered Russell.

"Well, look at this," continued counsel, extending a photograph taken on board the Strathalbyn a week after the collision. "This is your picture, is it not?"

"I cannot positively say whether it is or not," replied the quartermaster. "You look in the glass, don't you?" demanded the lawyer.

"Never," declared the witness.

COACH FOR STOCKHOLM.

In discussing the coming Olympic games in Stockholm next summer, in which Duke Kahamamoku will compete, "Doc" Moulton, the Stanford trainer, expressed an opinion that 199 top-notch men are almost too much for one trainer to look after, and that it was his idea that with the large number of Western men who will undoubtedly make the team it would not be amiss to appoint a Western trainer to cooperate with Mike Murphy in the conditioning of the American athletes. "I am not speaking for myself," said the veteran Stanford trainer, "because it would be impossible for me to go. But it is my opinion that with the growing list of Western athletes the presence of such a man as Walter Christy of California, for instance, would greatly strengthen the team."

CONGRATULATION OVER DUKE'S CHOICE

Next Monday's mail should bring definite news of the Island swimmers, and their experiences at the first meet at Pittsburg, but it will be a couple of weeks before the full details of Duke Kahamamoku's selection as a member of the American Olympic team will be known here. In the meantime, the fact is in itself sufficient to make every sport lover in Honolulu shake hands with himself.

When Duke and Genovaes left here, everyone hoped that the speedy sprinter would make the American team, but knowing the great difficulties which Duke would have to overcome in competing with the speediest swimmers in the country, who are used to tank going and to big tournaments, the local enthusiasts were afraid to say too much of their hopes. Further news is eagerly awaited.

Yesterday John F. Soper cabled an extra \$200 to the swimmers as requested. There wasn't enough money in the fund to cover this sum, so Mr. Soper dug down into his own pocket and advanced the balance. It is now up to Honolulu to pass the hat.

Railroads in the Pittsburg district are preparing for a coal strike, and large quantities of coal are being stored.

In an explosion and panic in a moving-picture show at Albrightsville, W. Va., 29 persons were injured.

Wong Ping, a wealthy Chinese merchant, married Miss Myrtle Arthur of Norfolk, Va.

NOTICE.

Eddy Christel, formerly with the Sibley Barber Shop, has joined the staff of artists at the

MODEL SANITARY BARBER SHOP
 Bethel and King Streets
 E. G. SYLVESTER - E. SCHROLL
 Proprietors

LOVEJOY & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

Agents for
 Cream Rye Whiskey
 Old Jas. E. Pepper Whiskey
 "Harvey's Special" Scotch Whiskey
 "Calwa" Wine
 "Maui" Wine
 Bartlett Water

Best Quality of EUROPEAN WINES and LIQUORS

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

FAMILY TRADE

902 Nuuanu Street

Phone 2708

Olympia

Bottled Beer

Bottled by the Olympia Brewing Co. At their Bottling Works, Seattle, Wash.

Gonsalves & Co., Ltd.,
 74 Queen St
 DISTRIBUTORS

TRY LUNCH TOMORROW

AT

The FASHION

11:30 to 1 p.m.