

# THE STANDARD L.A. GOLF SPORTS

## RESULTS OF THE BIG LEAGUES

American League			
At Boston:	001200000-3 9 0		
Boston	001200000-3 9 0		
Washington	001200000-3 9 0		
Batteries:	Karger and Nunnemaker;		
Groom, Otey and Stone.			
At Detroit:	20000102-5 13 5		
Detroit	034052200-14 15 1		
Batteries:	Kaler, Harkness and		
Land; Covington and Stanage, Casey.			
Philadelphia at New York—Rain.			
St. Louis at Chicago—Wet grounds.			
American League Standing			
Won.	Lost.	P.C.	
Detroit	14	2	.875
New York	7	5	.583
Chicago	7	7	.500
Washington	6	7	.462
Philadelphia	6	7	.462
Cleveland	11	11	.333
St. Louis	4	11	.267
National League			
At Philadelphia:	010000000-1 6 0		
Philadelphia	001200000-3 9 0		
Batteries:	Brown, Parsons and Rairden;		
Alexander and Doolin.			
Chicago at Pittsburgh—Rain.			
New York at Brooklyn—Rain.			
Cincinnati at St. Louis—Wet grounds.			
National League Standing			
Won.	Lost.	P.C.	
Philadelphia	12	3	.800
Pittsburgh	8	5	.615
New York	8	6	.569
Chicago	9	6	.600
Cincinnati	4	6	.400
Boston	5	11	.312
St. Louis	5	10	.333
Brooklyn	4	10	.286

### BOUNTS THIS WEEK.

**Tonight.**  
 Jack Redmond vs. Pal Moore, Everett Edridge vs. Bert Hickey, Young Scanlon vs. Jim Sullivan and Mike Stickey vs. Frankie Mack, Armory A. A.  
 Andy Morris vs. Dummy Maxson, New York.  
 Owen Moran vs. Phil Brock, Canton, O.  
 Charley Goldman vs. Louisiana, Albany.  
 Farmer Harris vs. Peck Miller, Philadelphia.

**Wednesday.**  
 Jim Barry vs. Gunboat Smith, Oakland, Cal.  
 Bob Moha vs. Jack Dillon, Indianapolis.  
 Young Kenny vs. J. Card, New York.  
 Dick Nelson vs. Paddy Lavin, Hillard Lang vs. H. Ross and Cy Flynn vs. Jack Ryan, Buffalo.

**Thursday.**  
 Al Belmont vs. Tommy Houck and Jim Moriarty vs. Jack Denning, Waterbury.  
 Jack Goodman vs. Tommy Maloney, New York.

**Friday.**  
 Paty Kline vs. Bob Mantell, New York.  
 Jeff O'Connell vs. Young Ketchell, Hammond, Ind.

**Saturday.**  
 Jack Morgan vs. Spike Kelly, South Bend, Ind.  
 Young Wagner vs. Frankie Burns, Brooklyn.  
 Preston Brown vs. Harry Davis, Philadelphia.

**Sunday.**  
 Bill McKinnon vs. Tom McMahon, New York.  
 Dick Nelson vs. John Dohan, Baltimore.  
 Al Kaufman vs. Jim Flinn, Kansas City.

**Monday.**  
 Tom Foley vs. Young McDonough, Joe Bagin vs. Kid O'Brien, "Hopper" Dennis vs. Young Labore, Manchester, N. H.

**Tuesday.**  
 Mugsey Shoels vs. Kid Rose, Cheyenne, Wyo.  
 Morris Bloom vs. Eddie Greenwald and Ray Temple vs. Kid Graves, Milwaukee.  
 Pat Drouillard vs. Billy Allen, Hanlan's Point, Can.

**Wednesday.**  
 Johnny Kilbane vs. Joe Rivers, Los Angeles.  
 Eddie Shevlin vs. Johnny Stewart, Bangor.  
 George Gunther vs. Young Loughrey Paris.

**Thursday.**  
 Frank Klaus vs. Bill McKinnon, Philadelphia.  
 Mickey Sheridan, the jockey fighter, is coming fast. His defeat of Frankie White, also of Chicago, at Gary, was a surprise to all but those in the know.

## GIANT BACKSTOP WILL TRY TO BEAT GABBY STREET'S RECORD



EDWARD SWEENEY

Catcher Ed Sweeney of the New York American league club wants to catch a ball dropped from the Metropolitan tower, New York city. The distance is 624 feet, 162 feet higher than the Washington monument. Sweeney, while in Washington, took a look at the monument and remarked that he believed he would try to duplicate the feat of Street and Billy Sullivan.

"Why not go them one better and catch a ball tossed from the Metropolitan tower," suggested Russell Ford. The pitcher was joking, but Sweeney took him seriously and says he will make the attempt in May when the Highlanders return from their western trip.

## SPORT NOTES

Following a career in which fighting marriage, divorce, the jewelry and auction business were more or less confused, Kid McCoy has shown his ancient ability by sidestepping creditors via the bankruptcy route.

The only creditable quality shown by Al Kubiak against Joe Jeannette in New York was gameness. He heard "10" in nine sessions.

To make his boxing club pay Jack O'Brien has cut the admission from six bits and \$1 to two and four bits.

"They aren't through honeymooning," said Connie Mack in explanation of the Athletics' slow start. Connie might just as well have said "we."

It does beat all how much you can ram into a handkerchief when you don't own a suit case.

Ed Barow, president of the Eastern league, insists he has never seen so much enthusiasm as exists in his league.

It's good for the blues to watch Hal Chase play first base.

Larry Doyle has started batting at a fearful clip and his work has been a feature of the games in which the Giants have played.

Roger Bresnahan seems to have recovered the eye that made him feared by pitchers a few years ago.

First game the Giants won this spring was on American league grounds, following the fire which destroyed the Polo grounds.

The Brooklyn outfit is a splendid fielding team, but up to date has been a bit weak with the wallop.

Wilbert Robinson is authority for the statement that Rube Marquard "is there."

## ANKLE IN GOOD SHAPE MOORE IS EFFECTIVE



EARL MOORE.

Twice this spring Earl Moore shut out the Giants. In the first game he let them down with two hits and in the second with one solitary safety.

Moore as a member of the Phillies is one of the National league's leading pitchers. He was released by Cleveland some years ago because of a broken ankle. Evidently the ankle is working splendidly these days. So is Moore's curve ball.

Last night on Black's alleys, F. Cromwell and R. White tied in the monthly three string roll off with a total score of 315. The score by strings of each man was as follows: F. Cromwell . . . \$7 109 119-315 R. White . . . 122 100 93-315

In the roll off F. Cromwell won and received the first prize, a box of cigars. R. White received the second prize, which was a watch fob.

The game in the Commercial league on Black's alleys tonight will be between Waterbury & Rising and T. McAvity & Sons.

Bombardier Wells is again champion of England. What he did to Ian Hague was one large shame.

## HE COULD WHIP JACK JOHNSON

Fight fans call Jack Johnson a giant nowadays, and Jim Jeffries will live in history as a giant of the ring. There have been several men of huge stature in the game, but few of the really gigantic fighters cut much ice in fight history. They were too slow, too clumsy, the usually lacking energy and quick thinking. David St. John, of Wales and Joe McAuliffe, of California, were the largest of the latter day fighters and neither came near championship perfection.

And yet, long ago—60 years or so—there was a real giant of the ring, a man who was not only a son of Anak and a Goliath physically, but was a real fighter, grim and great—a fighter who could whip anything that walked on this great earth in human form, and who did whip all men that dared to tackle him.

The giant was Charles Freeman, "the American Colossus," and even the record of his deeds seems buried and forgotten.

Freeman, like any other respectable giant ought to be a museum freak and a side show attraction. He was a frail and delicate young man, standing something like seven feet six, and weighing, trained for battle, 287 pounds. The average giant is dull of wit and puny as to constitution, simply an overgrown idiot without strength or stamina. Charles Freeman was an intelligent young man of good bearing and easy conversation. He was also a youth whose strength kept pace with his gigantic bulk and when he was 21 he could perform feats of muscle such as Sandow might be proud to try.

Young Mr. Freeman was displaying himself as a circus freak, when an English fight manager, who chanced to be visiting the United States, espied him. The Briton conversed with the mammoth, and was astonished to find him bright, keen witted and faultless, both as to speech and constitution. A deal was quickly made and ere long the American giant rained challenge letters on the English.

Freeman seems to have known something of boxing before he left this side and needed but little instruction before he began training on the other side. A couple of bouts were fought for him with second rate British fighters, and the giant simply smothered them in his fight.

One Briton was hurried away after Freeman hit him once, and fear he would die on the place, and the other, after being wrestled to the ground, declined to get up again.

Freeman having thus shown the goods, became quite an attraction, and a match was soon arranged with the Tipton Blaster, England's unbeaten champion. The match took place about that battle. All that can now be figured out is this, that the giant rammed and slammed England's topnotch pugilist even to the far corner of the ring. The little boy that steals apples and that a cry of "police" was raised before he was quite extinct in the unhappy "Slasher."

After this Freeman fought no more. History is silent as to the whys and wherefores, but the most logical explanation is that he was too big for him. He could have broken all the so-called champions over his knee, one after the other, and none of them would tackle the Colossus, even in a soft glove spar. Finally, with no foes to meet, no words to conquer, Freeman went back home renounced the ring and seems to have spent the rest of his career in the museums and circuses, just as all other giants do.

What a man to tackle Jack Johnson! The Colossus would be could he be brought back to earth today. He was the real giant of the ring and there has never been another fighter like him.

Connie Mack's idea of the funniest ball town in the world, is Milwaukee. In the swaddling clothes days of the American league the man at the helm of the world's champions managed the Brewers.

Whenever Connie gets holds of an outliner, who remembers those days, such as George Magdon, manager of the Savannah team, then with Indianapolis, there is always sure to be a fanning bee.

"That was a funny place and a funny team," said Mack. "I had Rube Waddell and a couple of pitchers and only one catcher. If anything happened to him I had to go in myself. But I used to warm up the pitchers. The fans would not stand for anybody pitching but the Rube, and I had to work him three times a week."

"It was funny to see me warm the Rube. I'd stand against the fence of the grandstand and when the big fellow would cut loose one of those fast ones, I'd step out of the way and let the sizzler bang against the boards."

"That's right," the fans would shriek, "kill me, Rube!"

"But it sure was a funny town. I met a friend of mine on the street one day while I was manager, and he was on his way to the biggest store in town to purchase something. He took me to lunch with him, and when he approached the proprietor whom he knew, he said: 'Meet Mr. Mack, the manager of your ball club.'"

"All the proprietor said was: 'Have we got a ball club here? I didn't know we had one.'"

"But the funniest experience of them all was one day when we had about two in the grandstand. I was watching the game, interested in the plays, when I heard somebody yell 'ing. Mack! Mack!' I looked over at the spectators, and one of them pointed down and said: 'Your grandstand is on fire.' But he never even moved."

"All right," I said, stay there and burn up. I don't care."

Packey McFarland won't make weight for a really good man. He insists upon 135 at 3 o'clock for Friday Welch.

## BROOKLYN CAST-OFF TOUTED TO LEAD CUBS' PITCHERS



HARRY MCINTYRE.

Purchased last season by the Cubs from Brooklyn, Pitcher Harry McIntyre was glad to sign a 1911 contract in President Murphy's office before the salary was named.

"Have you got the nerve to sign a pitcher's contract," asked the chubby Charlie" when the pitcher ambled in to headquarters to sign up.

"Give me the papers," said McIntyre, "and I'll show you."

Murphy watched the big pitcher as he attached his moniker to the lower right hand corner and then, taking his self-filler in hand, wrote what he thought the player was worth to the team.

"Satisfy you?" he inquired. "It sure does," answered McIntyre and then he made a touch and disappeared. The fact that McIntyre will be valuable to the Cubs was apparent in the first game he pitched. He defeated Pittsburgh, giving the Chicago team its first victory of the season. He had dazzling stuff and served it. West-side fans are predicting he will be the wonder-pitcher who will do what Brown used to do and what Cole did last season.

## NOT ENOUGH CLASSY MEN TO SUPPLY RING DEMANDS

Why don't the Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco and New Orleans promoters give the public more high-class boxing cards—are you one of the glove trailers who have been asking this question?

The answer is that there are not enough top-notch men in the country today to supply the demand. You doubt this statement, grab your pencil and notebook out of your vest pocket and do a little figuring. See how many available stars are working at their trade, and how many of them could be matched against each other.

Is Serious Problem.

This doesn't mean that material is one of the most serious problems of the ring magnates have to face. Tom McCarrey has been working for two weeks in an effort to land the best of a real card for his Vernon arena. Jim Coffroth, usually one of the best promoters in America, has but one good card booked for the year, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia clubs have to be content with mediocre matches or top heavy attractions between first and third class boys. The New Orleans people have had the "dark" sign out for weeks.

Finger the list of available ringsters: Ad Wolgast, Packey McFarland, Owen Moran, Freddie Welsh, Jack Johnson, Johnny Conlon, Frankie Conley and Joe Rivers. Have we overlooked anybody? Now cross Jack Johnson off the list, as there is nobody in sight for the big darkey to meet.

Wolgast and Moran have been signed up by Coffroth for a July 4 encounter. Packey McFarland, one of the best cards in the country today, is willing to meet either Wolgast or Welsh, but the weight question stands between either of these prospective battles. Conlon and Conley are willing to get together for a scheduled forty-five-round bout, but none of the Philadelphia promoters wants to tackle the long route stuff.

Moran and Welsh? There's one good match that the promoters should all shoot at. Also a Wolgast-Welsh event is well worth going after.

All Ducking Langford.

Sammy Langford might just as well stay the other side of the Atlantic. The greatest boxer of his weight and inches that ever lived will probably be able to pick up more money in England than he would here. All the heaviest star talking about retiring whenever Woodman's protegee is mentioned.

ches, Burke skipping out of harm's way because the visitor "telegraphed" his blows.

In the last round when McMahon was scarcely able to lift his arms, Burke deliberately fouled his opponent at least half a dozen times. He was cautioned by the referee, but persisted despite the warnings. McMahon was in bad shape. Furious at Burke's unfair tactics the Spring Valley middleweight tore at his man after the bell rang and wrestled him around the ring. Charlie White, the referee, in attempting to separate the man stopped a wild right with his left arm and was sent reeling across the ring badly dazed for a few minutes. The seconds finally intervened and order was restored.

RUSSIAN AVIATORS KILLED.

Sebastopol, May 1.—The military aviator Matievitch and his brother were killed today while making an aeroplane flight.

Spike Kelly and Morrie Bloom hook up for 10 rounds May 5, at Niles, Mich.

A club at Jeffersonville, Ind., wants to match Packey McFarland and his expatriate partner, Danny Goodman. This looks like some soft money for the stockyards boy.

Jack White will meet Joe Mendot at Memphis May 8.

Jim Jeffries says he is through, but his trip to Europe is intimating is for the purpose of taking the waters at the same resort he visited a year ago, when he started that famous "come back" excursion.

Hal Chase believes that Infleider Johnson is more valuable than an ordinary player because he is a humorous cuss and keeps the team on edge with his quaint remarks.

The game the lamented Addie Joss was process of was played in April, 1908, against Detroit, when he replaced Walter Clarkson and poked out a three-bagger and two doubles.

Preliminary scrappers in Denver have formed a trust and insist upon a round hereafter.

Joe Rivers, the coast featherweight and Jack White, the Chicago scraper, may get together in a short time. Gred Gilmore, manager of White has been on Rivers' trail for some time.

## THE OTTAWA HORSE SHOW

Everything Points To a Large Attendance And Record Breaking List Of High Class Entries.

Ottawa, May 1.—Everything is now in readiness for the second annual show of the Ottawa Horse Show Association, which is to be held at Howick Hall, Lansdowne Park, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons of St. John, Quebec, who under Captain Douglas Young, are to give their musical ride at each performance, arrived today. There are twenty in the party. A detachment of the Royal Canadian Artillery of Kingston is also here for exhibition purposes. A special train from the west tonight brought in the fine string of Hon. J. R. Stratton, Joseph Kilgour, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Edward Warren, John McDonald, Cumberland Stables, Sir Henry Pellatt, Senator Belth and that Wildcat of Galt. Owing to the illness of Mr. Murray, the Crowe and Murray horses will not be shown. There are a few Montreal entries. All the boxes have been bought up and the entries are more numerous than at any of the other shows.

EVERY MAN BATTED AT OVER .300

"Did I ever see a baseball team every member of which batted over .300?" repeated Tom Brown, a famous outfielder of the eighties and the Ty Cobb of his time on the base lines, now living in Washington. "Yes I have, and played against it many times, frequently to my sorrow. I mean the Detroit National league champion team of 1897."

"That was the greatest batting team ever collected together in the national game. That year the Detroit team carried 16 players, and all but four of them batted over .400. When Baldwin and Bennett were the battery, every man in their line-up hit over .300, and I desire to rise and state that when an outfielder played a game against that bunch he had all the legwork a human being could assimilate in one afternoon."

"I well remember one memorable game played in Recreation park in Detroit; then the finest ball ground in the United States. It was so big that it contained two diamonds and two games could have been played at the same time without interference. A man could hit the ball a mile without coming near the fence, and Detroit men who could hit it a mile. That day they had in against us Baldwin, pitcher, .347; Bennett, catcher, .363; Batters, first base, .418; Richmond, second base, .363; White, third base, .341; Rowe, shortstop, .363; Twitchell, left field, .352; Hanson, center field, .316; and Thompson, right field, .316. Our team was the Pirates of Pittsburgh."

"Our captain sent in to pitch a chesty young chap named Billy Bishop now a policeman in Pittsburgh. I have no difficulty in remembering that I played right field. Away out behind where I usually played that position there was a lot of tall advertising signs across the corner of the lot, and I bet I dived under them to retrieve a ball that had been hit over my head at least 47 different times. That Detroit crowd got Billy Bishop's goat early in the game and the way they drove out the ball was sinful. The other fielders were just as busy as I was, and before the game was half over all of us were so dog tired that we could not see more than half way across the lot. Fred Mann, who now runs a billiard room in Springfield, Mass., was playing center, and he laid down in the grass and swore he would not chase another one. But he did, of course."

"I don't know what the score was. None of us ever remembered that. We were thankful only that finally nine innings were completed and we were permitted to drag ourselves down town to the hotel with nothing to do but sit still and rest. You bet I remember a team, every member of which batted over .300, but the memory is not one of unalloyed joy. Good lord; just think of a whole team batting to an average of .347 for an entire season! The very next year the national league championship was won by the New York Giants, and they had only one man, Buck Ewing, who hit over .300. But then the 'Wolverine Wagon Tongues' had been disbanded."

Two SOLID WEEKS Starting Monday, May 1 Matinee Wed. and Saturday The Treat of the Theatrical Season and Helen Grayce Company

For The First Week: Monday Evening: WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER. Tuesday Evening: MAN OF THE HOUR. Wednesday Matinee and Evening: RIGHT OF WAY. Thursday Evening: LITTLE BROTHER.

Friday Evening: SQUAW MAN. Saturday Matinee and Evening: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES. Plays for the second week to be Announced.

Prices, MATINEE, 15, 25, 35, and 50c. Evenings, MATINEE, 10 and 25c.

**BUCHANAN'S**

SCOTCH WHISKY

THERE IS NO CHECK TO THE POPULARITY OF "BLACK & WHITE"

### INTERESTING BOWLING.

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