

LATE SPORT NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD

ROMANCES OF THE RING; AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPION

"Dang it, Jack, something must be done for 'ee. Ye are too good a lad to stay in this hole. Be of good cheer, and I'll come back and see 'ee tomorrow."

The speaker was a man of medium height, but with a magnificent development of shoulders and chest. He was clothed in the height of fashion, and a little beyond it, and his sartorial embellishments bespoke the sporting man, while his grace and ease of carriage and his well-built physique proclaimed the athlete.

He addressed a youngster of about twenty-six feet in height, and weighing about 200 pounds. The boy's shirt sleeves were rolled up, disclosing muscular arms, and as he walked about, talking with his companion, the observer could see that he, too, was a man of physical prowess.

Just now there were tears in the eyes of the boy, and as his friend shook his hand and said "Good-by, lad," a flood of gratitude welled up in his heart. He heard a gate clang and turned away to seat himself upon a bench, where he sat with his face buried in his hands, brooding over the past.

The scene of this meeting was the racquet court of King's Bench prison, popularly called Marshalsea, and to the prisoners known as "Tenderfoot." The boy was one of the inmates of that prison, famed in the early days of the nineteenth century, of which we write, as a place of confinement for debtors.

Jack Gully had been convicted of owing a small sum, and, being unable to pay, had been thrown into that place where, as Dickens wrote, "the inmates suffer from dry rot." Young Gully had not yet reached that stage, for he had known the interior of King's Bench but a few months, and his carefree youth so far had triumphed over the enervating idleness and squalor of the jail. He played racquets with other youngsters, like himself, the victims of the heartless system which made debt a crime, and so kept in good physical condition.

There were times, however, when the youthful giant, looking about him at the aged and sodden victims of human greed, was plunged into the depths of despondency. He saw himself gradually yielding to the insidious influences of the prison, growing old before his time, and slowly but surely tottering toward a pauper's grave. It was not a pleasant prospect, and it was small wonder that tears rolled down his cheeks when "Hen" Pearce visited him in the prison yard and held forth the promise of release from the confinement walls of Marshalsea.

Pearce, a Bristolian who, like young

Gully, had been a butcher, was now one of the greatest pugilists of the day. He had known Gully's father, a Bristol, and had been befriended by the elder Gully, now long since dead. When he heard of the imprisonment of the son of his benefactor, Pearce, the generous and warm-hearted "game chicken" of the ring, lost no time in getting to King's Bench.

Pearce saw in the imprisoned youth the raw material of a great pugilist, and his judgment was justified when he put on the gloves with Gully. The lad had had no professional experience as a fighting man, but he handled himself with an easy grace which showed a natural aptitude for the game.

Doddering old men and brawny young ones, of all classes and conditions in life, but all now sunk in a common misery, gathered about and cheered at the exhibition of the manly art given by Gully and his friend. Some of those who witnessed the impromptu bout had been great men in their time, and there were among them former army officers, scholars of renown, and men, who had achieved fame in many lines, but who had fallen upon evil times, and were now spending the wrecked remnants of their lives behind the high walls which shut off King's Bench from the outer world, and made it a little city by itself, with streets lined by shops of various kinds, through which hawkers from the outside were permitted to pass and vend their wares. Many of the inmates had been there for ten or twenty years, and would remain there until death brought release. Something of this filled the mind of Jack Gully as he talked with his friend Pearce.

"I can never get out of this place," said the boy, "until somebody pays my debts, and I have no friends to do that. Look around you at these gray and tottering old fogies who have spent the best part of their lives here. Maybe I will be like them some day—gray and bent and wrinkled and broken in spirits and health."

But John Gully's forebodings were happily never realized. When he left the prison the "game chicken" went directly to some of his wealthy friends, and besought them to go to the assistance of the youngster from Bristol. Fletcher Reid, and Berkeley Craven and Major Mellish, three of the most noted patrons of boxing of that period, were interested in "chicken" and his three friends drove up in a handsome coach to the gates of Marshalsea. Pearce and Gully again put on the gloves, and the boy made such a showing that the wealthy sportsmen agreed that Gully must not be wasted on King's Bench prison.

It was not long until the necessary financial preliminaries had been satisfactorily arranged, and young Gully stepped forth a free man. The men who had put up the money for his release insisted that Gully should fight Pearce, and, although the boy had no desire to meet his benefactor, Pearce

LOCAL BOWLING YESTERDAY

TWO MEN LEAGUE.
Last night on the Viv alleys in the Two Men League No. 10 team played a double header. In the first game No. 10 and No. 12 team tied with three points each. In the second game No. 1 team took four points from No. 10. The scores follow:

First game:

No. 10 Team.	No. 12 Team.
Wright—77 76 94 82 81 410 82	74 94 81 95 100 444 88 1/2
McDonald—94 92 78 100 93 457 91 2/3	91 87 79 85 115 467 91 2/3
171 168 172 182 174 867	165 181 160 180 215 901

Second game:

No. 10 Team.	No. 1 Team.
Wright—78 69 85 82 75 389 77 4/5	96 86 89 95 97 463 92 3/5
McDonald—79 87 83 87 67 408 80 3/5	86 89 90 73 94 432 86 2/5
157 156 168 169 142 792	182 175 179 168 191 895

COW KILLED IN FAST COMPANY.

Sheboygan, Wis., May 4.—During a baseball game played Saturday in a field on the Walters Farm on the Upper Falls road, a cow owned by Mr. Walters was killed while standing at the home plate. The batter let the club slip when he struck at the ball, the club landing on the head of the cow and instantly killing it.

The animal was valued at \$75 and the young men of the baseball team made arrangements to pay Mr. Walters for the cow.

was so friendly and insistent that Gully consented to the match. For sixty-five rounds Gully fought ferociously, but in the end he was conquered, although he won high praise from the victor.

Three years later Gully fought Bob Gregon for the championship of England, and won with ease. Having reached the highest pinnacle of pugilism, Gully retired from the ring, although he was then only twenty-five years of age.

For a brief time the retired and undefeated champion was the boniface of a popular London "pub," but he soon turned his attention to the turf, where he was destined to shine as brightly as he had in the ring. He amassed a fortune as a bookmaker, and invested in colliery properties which became very profitable, and made the ex-bruiser one of the wealthiest men in England. In 1846 he won the Derby with Pyrrhus the First and the classic Oaks with Mendicant, and in 1854 he again won the Derby with Andover.

Gully was the first and only pugilist in the British parliament, as he was elected to that body in 1832. He retained his seat only two sessions, when he resigned and quit politics. He sold off his stud in 1855, and spent the remaining years of his adventurous and romantic life at Corking Hall, near Durham. He died in 1863, at the age of eighty. Gully was twice married, and was the father of a round dozen children. In England today there are many people who boast descent from this humble son of a publican who became a butcher, convict, a champion pugilist, a publican, and a bookmaker, a Derby winner, a member of parliament, and a multi-millionaire mine owner.

BASEBALL IN THE BIG LEAGUES

AMERICAN LEAGUE
Boston 2, Washington 0
Boston, May 4.—Foster, ably supported at critical moments, outpitched Walter Johnson today, and Boston won from Washington, 2 to 0. Speaker's triple scored Hooper, who had been passed, in the first inning, and Lewis' triple and Hobitzell's single counted again for the Red Sox in the seventh inning. The score: Boston..... 00000000—2 4 4
Batteries—Johnson and Almsmith; Foster and Thomas.

DETROIT 3, ST. LOUIS 1
St. Louis, May 4.—Vitt and Cobb scored in the first inning of the Detroit-St. Louis game today on Shoten's fumble of Veach's fly. A home run by McKee in the sixth completed the scoring for Detroit, which won, 3 to 1. The score: Detroit..... 30001000—3 6 0
St. Louis..... 00010000—1 5 2
Batteries—Boland and McKee; Hamilton, James, Hoch and Agnew.

Postponed Games
Chicago-Cleveland, cold weather.
Philadelphia-New York, wet grounds.

American League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
New York	10	4	.714
Detroit	14	6	.700
Chicago	11	8	.579
Washington	8	7	.533
Boston	6	6	.500
Cleveland	8	10	.444
Philadelphia	4	11	.267
St. Louis	5	14	.263

NATIONAL LEAGUE
Pittsburg 4, St. Louis 3
Pittsburg, May 4.—In a drizzling rain, Pittsburg defeated St. Louis today, 4 to 3. The contest was stopped twice by the rain and was called finally in the last half of the eighth. The score: St. Louis..... 00002001—3 8 0
Pittsburg..... 12001000—4 9 0
Batteries—Perdue and Snyder; Harmon and Schang.

Postponed Games
Boston-Brooklyn, rain.
New York-Philadelphia, rain.
Cincinnati-Chicago, cold weather.

National League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Philadelphia	12	4	.750
Chicago	11	6	.647
Cincinnati	9	8	.529
Boston	7	8	.467
St. Louis	10	10	.500
Kansas City	7	10	.412
Brooklyn	5	9	.357
New York	6	12	.333
Pittsburg	6	12	.333

FEDERAL LEAGUE
Baltimore 3, Chicago 2
Baltimore, May 4.—McConnell's wildness in the opening inning gave Baltimore two runs, a lead which Chicago could not overcome and Baltimore won, 3 to 2. The score: Chicago..... 00010001—2 7 1
Baltimore..... 20010000—3 5 1
Batteries—McConnell and Fischer; Quinn and Owens.

Postponed Games
Brooklyn-St. Louis, rain.
Newark-Pittsburg, rain.
Buffalo-Kansas, cold weather.

Federal League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Chicago	12	6	.667
Newark	11	8	.579
Pittsburg	10	8	.556
Brooklyn	9	9	.500
Kansas City	7	10	.412
Baltimore	8	12	.400
Buffalo	6	13	.316

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE
Providence 7, Rochester 1
Providence, May 4.—Providence defeated Rochester here today, 7 to 1. Williams did well until the sixth,

when the home club fell on his delivery for five runs. The score: Rochester..... 01000000—1 8 3
Providence..... 00000500—7 5 5
Batteries—A. Williams, Huenke and R. Williams; Schultz and Koehler.

Richmond 10, Montreal 6
Richmond, May 4.—In a game marked by heavy hitting and ragged fielding Richmond won from Montreal today, 10 to 6. The score: Montreal..... 203000100—6 8 7
Richmond..... 20401100—10 11 2
Batteries—Miller and Madden; Russell and Schauf.

Postponed Games
Toronto-Jersey City, wet grounds.
Bifal-Newark, rain.

Won-Lost P.C.

Team	Won	Lost	P.C.
Providence	4	1	.800
Jersey City	3	1	.750
Richmond	4	2	.667
Newark	3	2	.600
Toronto	3	3	.500
Buffalo	2	3	.400
Rochester	1	3	.250
Montreal	1	5	.167

WILL FIGHT TONIGHT.
Boxing at Madison Square Garden will come to a close for the season tonight, when "Jim" Coffee and "Al" Reich meet. The fact that Coffee and Reich appear to be the most eligible of the big fellows for a meeting with the champion "Jens" Willard, adds interest to the match. Coffee entertained five hundred fans at the Polo Club yesterday, and after sparring twelve rounds with Jeannette, "Jack" Connors and "Mike" McTeague tipped the scales at 200 pounds. Reich will go into the ring weighing fully as much. Coffee is bigger and stronger than at any time of his ring career. Reich is the best man Coffee has met so far.

EDDIE COLLINS' BIRTHDAY; ONCE REGARDED AS LEMON

Birthdays congratulations were late Saturday to Edward Trowbridge Collins, alias Eddie Sullivan, but better known under the moniker of Eddie Collins. The young man who commanded what was declared by the publicity-hating magnates to be the highest price ever paid for a ball player, when the Athletics turned him over to the White Sox last December, was born in Millerton, N. Y., May 2, 1887, and hence is on the verge of his twenty-eighth milestone.

Edward Trowbridge, of the tribe of Collins, was destined for an honorable career as a barrister, but destiny slipped the cog when his family sent him to New York to sop up an education. He first eased himself into the baseball limelight as a member of a Tarrytown prep school, where he pitched and played various other positions. Then he went to Columbia university, where he made the nine as a freshman, and was elected captain for his senior year.

In the summer months young Collins added somewhat to his purse by playing ball with clubs in Flattsburg, N. Y., Rockville, Conn., and other centers of population. Having due regard for his amateur standing, he called himself Eddie Sullivan on these little incursions into professionalism. It was his work with the Rockville club which attracted the eagle eye of Connie Mack. Incidentally, the chroniclers say that Collins applied for a job with Jawn McGraw, but that Jawn, after giving him the once-over, turned him down. This is a pretty story, especially since McGraw has publicly declared that Eddie is the most valuable player in captivity, and the only flaw in it is that it isn't true.

If we take Eddie's and Jawn's words for it. In the summer of 1906 Eddie had a conference with Connie Mack, and agreed to accompany the Athletics on their western trip. Donning an Athletic uniform and the patronymic of Eddie Sullivan, he fared forth. He appeared in six games that year, and some of the Chicago papers thought well enough of him to print his picture. Eddie was scheduled to captain the Columbia nine the next year, but the newspaper photographs of Sullivan were called to the attention of the university faculty, and Eddie was called on to the carpet. He refused to reply to the question as to whether Eddie Collins and Eddie Sullivan were one and the same, on the ground that he might incriminate himself. That sealed his doom as a college player.

Collins finished his college course the following season, and leaving the law school to get along as best it could with the students at hand, again joined the Athletics. The slight, boyish rah-rah lad did not make any very pronounced impression on Connie Mack, and there were times when the Athletic pilot looked upon Eddie as only another "lemon." As a shortstop he was something fierce, and in the outfield he was far from being a maverick. But the boy could hit, and that saved him. Finally Danny Murphy was sent to the outer garden and Eddie was given a chance to display his wares at second base.

"That's where Collins belongs," quoth Connie. "In a year or three he'll be the greatest second bagger in the business."

Right! And then some.

Two Days Left Before This Week's Great Painting Competition In The Standard Closes.

As published in our issue of the 1st, we are inviting boys and girls who are not over 14 years of age to try and color the second picture of "Jumbo" which appeared on that date.

A DOLLAR

to be given to the boy or girl who sends in the neatest and best attempt.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL THURSDAY TRY AT ONCE

(when all colored sketches must reach this office), but To win first prize.

Further particulars, together with one of the six coupons, which must also be forwarded, will be found on another page of this issue, but the sketch of "Jumbo" only appeared in the Standard on Saturday, 1st May. Get a copy and

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CHICAGO... Chicago, May... No. 2 bar... Corn—No. 2... 4 yellow, 7 1/2... Oats—No. 3... standard, 55 1/2... Rye—No. 2... Barley—76 @... Timothy—5.50... Clover—8.50... Pork—17.90;... ribs, 10.00 @ 15