

SURGEON'S KNIFE DID TRICK

Ad Wolgast's Championship Went Along with His Appendix.

REFLECTIONS OF LATEST FIGHT

Bill Naughton Says the Old War-horse Showed His Grit and Little Blue in Ring with Murphy.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—As a rule there is little sympathy for a dethroned idol. For that matter the wildest tumult a boxing arena knows is that which arises when a title-holder is being humbled.

And it is all very human. A new king of the ring is welcomed with shouts and yells and paeans of joy and a similar demonstration is his card when he is being counted out later in his career. No one wants to see a champion go on forever.

It can hardly be said, however, that there was any gloating over the passing of Ad Wolgast. There was a pathetic angle to his fight. It was a pathetic angle in fact in his affair with Tommy Murphy. Wolgast's actions from first to last were those of a fighter who recognizes all too well that his old time strength has dwindled and that it was necessary for him to make the best use of what little was left him.

Went on His Grit.

The Wolgast of a couple of years ago was a wasp. The Wolgast of April 18 in comparison was a butterfly. He knew his physical limitations and instead of cutting loose with his old time abandon, he behaved as though doubtful as to how far his condition would carry him. This means that he was an entirely different Wolgast.

Before the battle he kept his own counsel for obvious reasons. For one thing it would never do for a fighter to be seen in a state of nervousness. He was not well to reach the spouge camp. When it was all over, Ad told how dog tired he was. His right arm where the knife slit was made—felt as though the muscles were tightly drawn. His right leg felt at times as though it would double under him. Wolgast went the entire distance on his grit, and this is no reflection on Tommy Murphy, who fought a heady, clever battle and who, in the minds of western sports, is the equal of any man in his class today.

But Wolgast is a sad case. It was not really Ritchie or Murphy who relieved him of his prestige. It was the surgeon who operated on him. When they took out Ad's appendix his championship came away with it.

"White Hope" Drops.

Even in far Australia the crash of a toppling white hope is heard occasionally.

They are sorting out the heavyweights down yonder just now and Sam McVea has taken a band in the hunt for a white champion. Recently in western Australia McVea looted a fellow named Harold Ewers. Harold stands six feet four inches and has been known as McVea's protegee.

Ewers had his first contest in Sydney early in March and McVea's hopes were flattered when his protegee knocked out another giant named Alf. Pooley in three rounds. Then Ewers and Gordon Coghill, Australia's most promising heavyweight at present, were matched. Coghill, by the way, is the fellow who knocked out Syd Fitzsimmons, a nephew of old Bob, of that ilk, a couple of months ago.

Ewers and Coghill met at the Sydney stadium on the night of March 12 and McVea's giant bit the dust in the opening round. It was a smashing right hander which caused him to stretch his "lariat length upon the carpet" and McVea is minus a protegee. It was a hard blow to Sam, as he had visions of bringing Ewers to America for the purpose of polishing off the white hopes of this country.

Willard Hard at Work.

Talking of skyscrapers, Jess Willard is highly commended for the strict manner in which he has attended to business since his arrival on the coast. Directly he felt far enough recovered from his nasal operation to suffer the cares of a boxing glove, Jesse went into camp at the ocean beach and trained as seriously as though he had a match in sight.

Since arrangements were entered into for a May bout between Willard and Gumbost Smith, the Kansas City hope, has put in his time in the mountains around Harbin Springs. There is a fully equipped gymnasium there, a monument to Jim Jeffries' championship days, and Willard makes good use of it, in addition to taking advantage of the exceptional opportunities for healthful outdoor work.

Willard will be back at his camp at the Beach early in May. Judging him from the seriousness with which he has attended to his preparation so far, he will be in first-class condition when he faces Gumbost Smith.

Early Season Talk.

In view of the approaching heavy-weight contest, comparisons of the records of Smith and Willard are in order. In a discussion which took place a few days ago it was intimated that Willard's great range had stood him in need when he boxed Luther McCarty back east.

"Well, Willard's stature will not prevent Gumbost from reaching him," said a sport who had witnessed the Smith-McCarty bout in New York. "This fellow McCarty is even taller than Willard, I believe, but Gumbost found his jaw with little difficulty."

"Yes, but McCarty's straight left is much easier to work past than Willard's," said another.

This early-season talk is an intimation that the Willard-Smith match is one that will lend itself readily to argument. It is possible that Gumbost, on the strength of his deadening punch, will be a slight favorite when betting begins, but Willard will have a big following.

Many of the local experts who saw him garring at the Beach during Wolgast's training days have pronounced him a severe boxer with a good knowledge of both offensive and defensive work.

BOB FITZSIMMONS WILL MEET A WHITE MAN

NEW YORK, May 3.—Bob Fitzsimmons is still at it. "I hereby challenge Gumbost Smith or any other living white man to box me ten rounds during the month of May," says Bob.

The young old man of the ring is feeling the beneficial effects of approaching spring. There's nothing like a warm day or two to take the kinks out of stiffened muscles and make a veteran feel like "counting back."

INQUIRY INTO BASE BALL

Proposed Investigation of Trust the Latest Sensation.

RESERVE CLAUSE THE CRUX

Ty Cobb's Case Starts Talk and Representative Gallagher of Illinois Sets About to Apply the Probe.

By W. J. MURPHY.
NEW YORK, May 3.—Organized base ball's trail is stalked by a real "buzz-bomb." It may simply be the late spring, the downward revision or the direct result of rabid reform. But we have the word of Representative Gallagher of Illinois that stringent investigation will be forthcoming—with an ultimate view toward dissolution—of that most "audacious monopoly," the national game, as embodied in the swart of the National commission.

All on account of one Tyrus Raymond Cobb-like the pastime, a national institution. Some ball player, too, this bird, though he may set himself up for the little tin Moses to right the oppression of the magnates and to lead his fraternity out of the house of bondage. Before these lines are cold Ty Cobb—a compeer of the luster of Robert E. Lee below the Mason and Dixon line—will have resumed his big build upon the Tiger cause. So far as he is concerned the recent squabble with Frank J. Navin will have been forgotten. But like all great men, his deeds will live after him.

Organized Ball Monopoly.

Speaking seriously, a federal investigation of organized base ball is far more to be feared than the "yellow peril." Base ball, as conducted, is all that its traducers have alleged. It is a monopoly or trust, but through force of circumstances, not through any design upon restraint of trade. That organized ball cares no whit for opposition was shown in the attitude toward the United States circuit a year ago. This league was permitted to linger on its brief existence without interference—doubtless because there was nothing in its ranks worthy of interference. Organized base ball is one great happy family, working in harmony and union toward a certain end, financial success. It has passed through its stages of strife and discord and learned its lesson at a cost.

But organized base ball is not the occasion that the radical element would have us believe. It is a pretty good business firm that looks after its employees' financial interests with every bounty that success bestows. That is just what organized base ball has done for the great playing fraternity. Biased opinions doubtless prevail because of the many steel and concrete grandstands that have been built within the last few seasons. In many cases the edifices represent no more than the owners' faith in the future of the game. Still, these same magnates have not been backward in endorsing more modern scales of wages with modern equipment. Within the last fifteen years ball players' salaries have more than trebled. In what other profession is this true?

Why the Reserve Clause.

Representative Gallagher of Illinois seems bent upon making a point of the reserve clause in professional base ball contracts. Everyone familiar with base ball knows that this reserve clause is an injustice, so far as government of the great game has evolved to date. A base ball contract would never stand the test of a civil court, let alone a federal probe. It is not equitable to begin with. The club reserves the right to bind the player indefinitely. His alternative is disbarment or the "blacklist." But the club reserves unto itself the right to cast off this same player on ten days' notice. It can hold him forever; but he cannot better himself if the opportunity arises.

On the face of it, such a contract appears preposterous. It would be, too, if the administration of organized base ball were not every bit as square and above board as the playing end of the game. Not one instance in the history of the National commission—the supreme court of organized base ball—may be cited where the player did not receive fair and unbiased treatment. Organized base ball may be fortunate in having such an honest board, but the fact remains that this contention at least is true.

Inquiry is Invited.

So fair has been the National commission that it courts federal investigation, and in its attitude it is backed by the Base Ball Players' fraternity. This latter body embraces practically every major league athlete outside of the playing managers. This fraternity was indirectly fathered by this same Tyrus Raymond Cobb, who, indirectly, too, threatens to precipitate an investigation as a trust of the profession from which he earns a most lucrative livelihood. It was the direct outcome of the strike of Detroit players, following the suspension of Cobb for assaulting an obstreperous fan at the Hilltop last spring. The great majority of base ball players are content with the present form of contract. They know that so long as they are deserving their services will be properly rewarded. Few have been the cases where magnates have taken advantage of their power to demoralize players incapacitated through illness or injury.

About the Reserve Clause.

Without a doubt organized base ball would survive federal investigation. The reserve clause is the only vulnerable point of attack. To date it has been a necessary evil. In a pinch the organization might pursue its trammeled course along present lines of procedure regardless of dictates from the United States government. It wouldn't be hard for the club owners to cut out the reserve clause in the contracts but to regard in secret such obligations, with a National commission acting as general attorneys for the two big circuits.

Where so much smoke there is bound to be a little fire. Organized base ball might do well to heed the agitation with a view toward bettering its present condition. The reserve clause doubtless works an injustice on the star player unfortunate enough to be associated with a poor club in a poor-paying town. He cannot hope ever to secure remuneration equal to his worth with a strong club. Herefore Nap Rucker of Brooklyn and Walter Johnson of Washington have belonged to that class. Fortunately both Washington and Brooklyn are now on the upward trend and these wonderful stars may yet find themselves associated with winners. Ty Cobb is being exceptionally well paid in Detroit. New York could afford to pay perhaps double the sum. Thus the reserve clause is an injustice to Cobb in a way, but it is the same taken as protection to Detroit. And after all the Detroit promoters hold the greater risk of the two interested parties.

But for the reserve clause base ball

Passing of Two Pugilistic Stars



"KNOCKOUT" BROWN.

What a vast change the flight of twelve short months has made in the fortunes of Wolgast and Brown. One year ago Wolgast was the lightweight champion of the world, with a bright chance of remaining so for a reasonable length of time. Within the last few months he has not only had his title wrested from him, but has met complete defeat at the hands of Tommy Murphy. The Wisconsin "Wildcat" will probably never again be a contender for his title. But according to W. W. Naughton, the veteran writer on pugilism, it was not his opponents who defeated Wolgast, but the surgeon's knife. The ex-champion has never been right since he had his appendix removed, and according to his own statement, he entered the ring with Murphy physically weary and his right side feeling as light as the head of a drum. Wolgast now recognizes his physical limitations and hereafter will engage only in ten-round bouts.

The case of Brown is harder to understand. A year ago he was considered one of the most formidable contenders for the championship title. All his victories had been won with ease, most of them in the style which gave him his sobriquet, but his two recent defeats at the hands of Rivers and Anderson were a stunning blow to his pugilistic prowess. To again get into the contending class he will have to start all over.

for one season. The clubs with the money would corral all the stars. There would be no competition. None would become disgraced sooner than the fans. It strikes the writer, however, that organized base ball might operate under just a trifle more favorable privileges toward the player, who after all is the real backbone of the organization. The reserve clause must be maintained or chaotic conditions would prevail in less than no time.

Here, then, is a suggestion. Why not allow the playing fraternity some representation on the national commission? It is no more than fair. It is the principle on which George Washington organized his independent league away back in 1778. A mighty good combination would be the level-headed Davey Pultz, president of the Base Ball Players' fraternity. At least such should be a man disinterested in the playing or financial end of the national pastime, yet versed well on both sides—capital and labor. Then in case of a disagreement like the late Cobb episode the master could be settled fairly by arbitration.

Good May Come.

Cobb, the national hero, appears to have fought some good out of his troubles in the formation of a playing fraternity. There is a possibility that greater good will arise from the widespread publicity of his latest differences with his employers. We sincerely hope, however, that our Illinois friend does not pull all the tentacles off the octopus for it is likely to be a cold, long winter.

Johnny Ward stood up the situation tersely: "Organized base ball may be a trust, but it's a pretty popular trust. I'd hate to be the man who would take it away from the public. Anyone who tries to break up the organization will find himself in a hornet's nest. Say, honestly, who do you think will win the pennant?"

Too Much Assisted.

According to a Pittsburgh writer, Pirate fans who were so keen for any sort of a trade that would make Ed Koney a Pirate, are singing another tune and declaring that Jack Miller has it on the big Bohemian when it comes to playing the sack or doing anything else in the game. The season is young yet, however, Koney went some twenty-five or more times at bat without making a hit and it was attributed to over-anxiety to earn that \$500 salary he gets.

Justices Case.

In St. Louis they blame some one connected with the Chicago White Sox for circulating the story that President Carnahan and Manager Edward J. Brown are not working together, and they say that the story was started to upset the Browns, because the White Sox fear them.

WESTERN LEAGUE AVERAGES

Omaha Players Make Noticeable Drop in Their Percentages.

KANE LEADS ROURKE FAMILY

Omaha is Third in Team Batting and Third in Team Fielding—Rourke Leads in Stolen Bases and Last in Sacrifices.

A noticeable drop in the batting averages of the Omaha players over that of last week is seen in the figures, including last Tuesday's game. Kane and Thomson, who last week were pounding the ball at a .500 clip, have skidded to .413 and .411, respectively. Congalton is eluding the pill at a rate of .390.

Congalton is next to the poorest fielder in the league, according to the figures. To date he has batted but four times, chances and has made three errors. Kane is going at a good clip in fielding, his average being .964.

Following are the figures:

Player and Club	AB	R	H	Per
Dessau, Lincoln	1	2	2	.625
White, Sioux City	1	1	1	.500
French, Denver	21	12	21	.524
Gilmore, Denver	49	19	45	.510
Clare, Sioux City	33	13	34	.515
Khrman, Lincoln	9	1	4	.444
Crut, Topeka	15	1	4	.444
Shaban, Wichita	27	1	4	.407
Ketter, St. Joseph	29	12	14	.414
Kelly, St. Joseph	46	9	19	.413
Kane, Omaha	54	14	42	.412
Black, Lincoln	10	1	4	.400
Rapp, Sioux City	33	3	13	.394
Matthews, Denver	21	3	12	.381
Barbour, Lincoln	21	4	8	.381
Gear, Topeka	21	4	8	.381
Congalton, Omaha	42	16	39	.381
Middleton, Wichita	40	4	15	.375
Burke, Wichita	24	1	9	.375
Lee, Topeka	20	1	7	.350
Shaw, Des Moines	12	1	4	.333
Coie, Lincoln	35	13	34	.343
Zwilling, St. Joseph	38	13	34	.343
Thomson, Omaha	9	14	34	.343
Hagerman, Denver	9	2	3	.333
Fisher, Denver	29	4	13	.333
Chellette, St. Joseph	2	3	3	.333
Brann, Sioux City	9	3	3	.333
Allen, Sioux City	9	1	3	.333
Fox, Des Moines	4	1	3	.333
Wacker, St. Joseph	12	1	3	.333
Smith, Sioux City	25	11	31	.316
McLary, Topeka	29	6	12	.308
Mainke, St. Joseph	24	4	7	.292
Mullen, Lincoln	44	13	28	.295
Johnson, Omaha	34	10	29	.294
Reilly, Des Moines	35	6	12	.286
Grubb, Omaha	24	4	7	.292
Davis, Wichita	39	2	11	.282
Forsythe, Topeka	43	12	27	.279
Schupke, Omaha	36	4	10	.278
Breen, Sioux City	29	4	8	.276
C. Watson, St. Joseph	44	12	27	.273
Wagner, Lincoln	21	1	5	.238
Cooney, Sioux City	37	8	20	.270
Cassidy, Denver	27	7	19	.270
Lloyd, Lincoln	41	1	10	.244
Coye, Omaha	36	4	10	.278
Sentelle, Des Moines	38	10	23	.263
Quillin, Denver	35	9	27	.263
Perry, Wichita	5	1	2	.200
Tuckey, Lincoln	4	0	1	.250
Hogge, Topeka	12	1	3	.250
Wacob, Wichita	12	1	3	.250
Spahr, Denver	15	3	3	.200
Johnson, St. Joseph	4	2	3	.750
Cochran, Topeka	2	1	2	.500
Davidson, Sioux City	41	10	24	.244
McCormick, Lincoln	41	7	19	.244
McLain, St. Joseph	23	4	14	.261
Jones, T. Des Moines	23	9	24	.261
Koerner, Wichita	38	2	10	.263
Grubb, Omaha	24	4	7	.292
Justice, Omaha	43	8	23	.233
Cobb, Lincoln	49	6	21	.224
Channell, Denver	37	6	21	.271
Lindsay, Sioux City	36	4	12	.222
Dowling, Lincoln	36	4	12	.222
Cochran, Topeka	9	1	2	.222
Thomson, Omaha	37	6	21	.271
Hartley, Sioux City	14	2	3	.214
Baker, Lincoln	19	2	4	.211
Andrews, Des Moines	29	2	6	.207
Thomas, Wichita	5	0	1	.200
Sweet, Des Moines	5	0	1	.200
French, Topeka	26	5	13	.230
Ochs, St. Joseph	6	1	1	.167
Gourley, Sioux City	11	1	1	.091
Hunter, Des Moines	11	0	1	.091
Ellings, Topeka	17	0	1	.059
Schreiber, Denver	6	3	1	.167
Leonard, Des Moines	18	1	3	.167
Dubin, Topeka	31	2	5	.161
Rapp, Wichita	28	1	4	.143
Fullerton, Topeka	7	0	1	.143
Snapp, Topeka	3	0	1	.333
Knapp, Lincoln	7	1	1	.143
Faber, Des Moines	7	1	1	.143
Hughes, Wichita	23	3	3	.130
Harris, Denver	6	0	0	.000
Crutcher, St. Joseph	19	1	1	.053
Hunter, Cy, Sioux City	6	0	0	.000
Harris, Denver	6	0	0	.000
Huston, Wichita	12	0	0	.000

Fielding Averages.

Player and Club	PO.	A.	E.	Per.
Jones, Des Moines	10	1	0	1.000
Shaw, Des Moines	47	14	0	1.000
Quillin, Denver	14	15	0	1.000

Three-Finger Brown

Has Rival in Andrew Ware of Chattanooga

WARE OF CHATTANOOGA

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 3.—Three Finger" Brown has a rival at last, but not in the big circuit. Andy Ware, formerly of the Houston club of the Texas league, has been secured by the Chattanooga club. Ware is a spitball pitcher with an offering that is unique in base ball. The first three fingers of his right hand were cut off at the third joint in an accident several years ago, and he obtains no grip whatever upon the ball that will cause rotation. As a result his splitter, which he uses continuously, has a break that is uncanny in its sharpness and degree.

The statement of the frequency with which Ware uses the spitball may be doubted by many critics who are conversant with Ed Walsh's statement that this ball is a terrific strain upon the pitcher's arm, but it is not an exaggeration in regard to Ware, as in view of the fact that he obtains no fractional grip upon the ball the splitter is no strain whatsoever.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

BALL TEAM WANTS GAMES

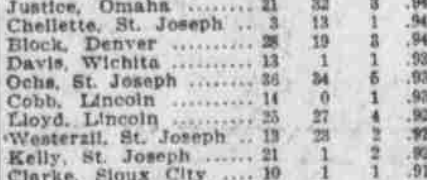
The various Omaha camps of the Woodmen of the World are putting a fast ball team in the field this season. The lineup follows:

Graham, shortstop; "Dusty" Hall, second base; "Shorty" Hansen, first base; Rowan, third base; Kruse, leftfield; "Red" Van Buren, centerfield; Tripp, rightfield; Thomas, catcher, and Tripp and Gillingham, pitchers.

For games call Douglas 1117 and ask for Tripp; after 5 p. m. call South 1560.

Wan, Weary and Worn Out

If You Feel Fagged to a Finish and Utterly Used Up Here is Quick Relief.



S. S. S. Makes Your Blood Corpulent

Urite for Mutual Protection.

Half the people you meet complain of weary muscles, stagnant brain, jangled nerves, and a wonderful desire to lay down and just quit. Most of these people have been using nervines that spasmodically flare up the nerves only to die down again, as die they must. Avoid nerve stimulants. Bear in mind that this worn out feeling is due to poor blood, to bacteria in the water you drink; to the multiplying of destructive germs in the blood faster than they can be overcome by the white corpuscles; and to what is known as auto-toxemia, that condition where the venous or impure blood accumulates faster than it can be replaced by the red arterial blood.

The medicinal value of the components of S. S. S. is relatively just as vital and essential to well-balanced health as those of the grains, meats, fats and sugars of our food.

If you feel played out go to any drug store and ask for a bottle of S. S. S. Swift's Sure Specific. Here is a remedy that gets at work in a twinkling; it just naturally rushes right into your blood, scatters germs right and left, up and down and sideways.

You feel better at once, not from a stimulant, not from the action of drugs, but from the rational effect of a natural medicine just as active and just as timely as to a man who has been lost in the mountains, is about starved and comes across a settler just cooking a savory meal of good honest beef. Do not neglect to get a bottle of S. S. S. to-day. It will make you feel better in just a few minutes. It is prepared only in the laboratory of The Swift Specific Co., 137 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Send for their free book telling of the many strange conditions that afflict the human family by reason of impoverished blood.

ANDY SOCKALEXIS GETS ENOUGH BOSTON RACES

BOSTON, Mass., May 3.—Andy Sockalexis, the Old Town Indian, has run his last Boston marathon race. The well known redskin from "Down East" has come to the conclusion that he has had enough of the Ashland to Boston race and will never be seen in the Union-corn contest again. If Sockalexis sticks to his intention of retiring from the amateur running game the well known grind will lose one of its greatest competitors.

Whether or not Sockalexis will be seen in action is hard to say, but from present indications it is thought that the redskin will forsake the amateur ranks and go after the money chasers. If the Indian decides to enter the professional field he will have many followers who believe that he will give any of the leaders a hard race.

Touchard Will Devote Attention to the Singles

NEW YORK, May 3.—Gustave F. Touchard, the tennis crack, who with Raymond D. Little won the national doubles championship in 1911, will devote his attention entirely to the singles this season. Touchard started his season's practice the other day at the upper courts of the West Side Tennis club, making the announcement that he is through with the doubles game for the present and intends to put in his entire time on improving his singles play.