GOTHAM DISCOVERS A PUG

Big White Way Uncovers a Heavyweight Pug and is Boosting Native Son as Coming Champ.

IS AN ENEMY OF PAT COFFEY

By RINGSIDE.

NEW YORK, April 10.—It has been a long time materializing, but this tight little isle of Manhattan has finally produced an undisputed home-bred who threatens to become a champion. We respectfully present to the reader Alfred J. Reich of Second avenue and Thirty-fourth stree New York City. Mr. Reich has desig the heavyweight championship universe—or what will be left o ter the European belligerents get through with their little frolic of exterminating nations.

While Alfred J. Reich has given the possibility of becoming heavyweight champion a great deal of consideration, there is another matter that has preoccupied his mind these many months. Said matter is a ring combat with Jim Coffey, the Roscommon giant, who is as popular among the Irish now as Peter Maher was in the days of yore.

Several times Reich has been on the verge of consummatinf a match with Coffey, but as many times Billy Gibson's protege has steadfastly refused to close negotiations. The reason wherefore? Well, it seemed rather odd that Coffey should spurn a meeting with Reich when he could extract $2,000 for the performance. So we investigated and unearthed the real reason for Coffey's seeming indifference.

It appears that when Reich decided to embark on his professional ring career he had occasion to train at Cooper's gymnasium. At the same quarters Jim Coffey was going through a training siege for a battle at hand. The young giants went through their motions in different parts of the "gym." Young Zeigler, son of the "baking powder king," was sponsor for Coffey and suggested that Reich put the gloves on with Coffey. Reich assented.

Pats Coffey to Sleep.

They sparred in friendly manner for two rounds. Then Coffey became obsessed with the notion that he could put Reich away, so he swung a hefty right that just missed Reich's protruding jaw. Alfred resented this show of acrimony and without further ado shot a straight left to Coffey's unprotected chin that sent James sprawling several feet. He lay inert, as he was completely knocked out.

The feud was on. Since that day Coffey has ignored Reich's protestations for a real battle, but public demand is likely to force Coffey into agreeing to take on Reich.

Maxey Blumenthal, who has had Reich in tow ever since the blond heavyweight entered the professional ranks, condescended to review Reich's interesting career. Blumenthal is one of New York's most prominent sporting men and is managing Reich purely for sentimental reasons. He likes the boy, nd after every bout Reich toddles home to his folks with every penny he has earned in the ring.

According to Blumenthal, Reich is only 25 years old, having been born on the East Side, March 11, 1890. When in his teens Reich was a weakling, and went into the athletic game wholly for the purpose of building up his physique. In this he has been eminently successful, for he now weighs 205 pounds and is developed proportionately. He has been alluded to as the "Adonis of the prize ring."

In 1911 Reich represented the Irish-American Athletic club in the junior national Amateur Athletic union championships, and finished first in the sixteen-pound shotput. He was a superb all-around athlete, with no thought of boxing at that time.

Entered Novice Tourney.

In the fall of 1912 Reich was going through some calisthenic motions in the New York Athletic club gymnasium, when he was noticed by Eddie Gorman, who helped train John L. Sullivan for his big fights. Gorman commented on Reich's physique, and finally induced Al to try the amateur boxing game. Reich at first was opposed to taking the step, but finally agreed to enter a novice tournament at the Irish-American club. Reich won his three bouts by knockouts. This encouraged him to compete for the New York state championships shortly after, and he became the amateur champion after a series of hard bouts.

Trimmed Sailor White.

Maxey Blumenthal here came into Reich's life, and piloted him to a knockout victory over Sailor White in his first professional fight at Madison Square Garden on September 12, 1913. Reich's second professional effort resulted in a setback, as he was knocked out by Carl Morris in two rounds. Inexperience told against the youngster, but it failed to discourage for he was right back a few months later, scoring knockouts with abandon. He has twice knocked out Sailor Fritts, one of the best heavyweights in this section of the country, and others listed among Reich's victims were: Tim Logan, Jack Davies, Soldier Kearns, Fred McKay, Al Beledict, Arthur Pelky, Jack McFarland and George McDermott. Tom Kennedy alone managed to last out ten rounds against Reich.

Reich is a modest, unassuming lad, and aspires to become a physician after he quits the ring. But he does not intend to quit the arena until he achieves his goal—the world's heavyweight championship.

But he has one other burning desire, and that is to get big Jim Coffey into the ring with him and settle the long-standing dispute.

Omaha Bowlers Are Invited to Enter Des Moines Meet

Omaha bowlers have been invited to participate in the city bowling tournament which is to be held in Des Moines April 23 to 27. The Des Moines city event is open to anybody who wants to enter and all cities in this part of the country have been invited to send teams. One or two Omaha teams may attend.

JACK HASCALL LAYS OUT A PARK FOR OMAHA AMATEURS

Jack Haskell can't keep out of base ball. Jack has now entered the amateur field as a park owner. He owns several acres on the North Sixteenth street road near Florence and he is having a diamond laid out. He will turn the park over to local amateurs who wish to play on it. It will be called Riverside park.

Makes No Predictions.

Manager Stallings modestly declined at a Macon barbershop that he would make no pennant prediction for the world's champions, but that the Braves would never be beaten without a contest this season.

LEAGUES TO OPEN NEXT WEEK

Amateur Teams Play Practice Games Today Preparatory to Opening of Season Next Sunday.

EVERYTHING READY FOR GUN

By FRANK QUIGLEY.

Approximately all of the leagues now organized will be ready to don the spangles by next Sunday for the purpose of entering the greatest elimination contest this city has ever known. Every class is represented and there are many teams on the waiting list clamoring for a chance to scale the fence.

From all indications the majority of teams now affiliated with the different leagues will be members of the Omaha Amateur association. One exception is expected, that being the Saturday class A. They will congregate some day this week and decide how to handle this matter. Practically the same teams that represent the Greater Omaha league will be on the Saturday class A roster.

If climatic conditions are anywhere near favorable today the majority of the local pill shooters will perambulate out on the sand lots and try out their lunch hooks. Quite a few of the teams have practice games billed so you fans can figure on being entertained if you meander to a base ball diamond today. Under ordinary conditions they have been able to start the ball a rolling on or about March 20 and by this time the majority of them would be in the pink of condition. Although a trifle late in exploding, nevertheless the local ash wielders will travel some before many moons glide by.

Directors to Meet.

Wednesday the directors and officers of the Omaha Amateur association will convene at the city hall and make the final preparatory arrangements for the opening day. All the pomp and splendor necessary for such an auspicious occasion will be on the bill of fare. Nearly all of the tribes of the association have made arrangements to cough up their entrance fee so it is a two to one shot that none of the teams will be delinquent in this respect. All team managers and others concerned are cordially invited to attend this meeting and any advice which they deem necessary will be gratefully received.

Hold Final Meeting.

Last week the Booster league held its final meeting before the gala day, at which it adopted its schedule and finished all the unfinished business left open during previous meetings. It is now ready for the whistle. The teams that constitute this league are approximately evenly matched, so a real battle royal for supremacy is looked for in this league.

In all probability the contest that will create the most excitement today in local base ball circles will be the row staged at Chris Lyck park between the Storz and the Chris Lycks. The suds gang will have the advantage of playing one game this season, while this will be the initial offense for the Chris Lyck outfit. Oleson and McGuire will do the wiggling for the brewers, while Southpaw Hirsch and Right-Flinger Moylan will dish up their shoots for the Chris Lycks. The teams will line up as follows:

STORZ.		CHRIS LYCKS.
Vanous	First	Novitsky, Adams
Graham	Second	Kelly
Durkee	Third	McAndrews
	Third	Kemmy
Woodruff	Short	Newcomer
	Short	McCreary
Feltman	Left	Wachtler
Falconer	Center	Drexel
Welch	Right	Hiatt, Larsen
Gonding, Clair	Catch	Lyck, Prefke
Oleson, McGuire	Pitch	Moyland, Hirsch

Sandlot Notes.

Jake Isaacson is looking for an outfit to put the grounds at Fort Omaha in condition.

Fans, it is not the Hollys, but Gentleman's Hollys that are members of the City league.

For games with the Gentleman Athletics call Douglas 1689 and ask for Charles McGavin.

This season Harry Sage will handle the indicator for the Joe Smiths. They play in Council Bluffs.

Next Saturday and Sunday the Luxus brigade will endeavor to cop the bacon at Columbus, Neb.

At Fort Crook the Stars and Stripes and the Beacon Press congregations will hook up at about three bells.

Harry Daily says with vehemence that he will stay in seclusion this term as far as base ball is concerned.

Arthur Moran will be custodian of bag one for the Murphy Did Its. He should be a dinger at this station.

With Harry Cross guiding the ship the Standard Oil company boys will in all probability show some class.

The Gentleman's Hollys will play the Walter G. Clarks at Fort Omaha this afternoon. A warm debate is looked for.

The Saturday Class A league could use another speedy team. For further information call Frank Quigley at Douglas 2256.

Down at Grand Island Pete Lyck ought to be able to grab a berth if he looks anything like he did when the bell rang last fall.

Those Townsends expect to have a grand time when they buck up against the strong combination stationed at Grand Island.

The Browning-King company bunch and the Drexel Shoe company herd both claim Shook, the hurler. Wonder which team Shook will shake?

Under the leadership of Frank Welch the A. O. U. W. combination should travel at a merry clip. He has mustered together a strong galaxy of stars.

BELLEVUE HAS TURKEY DAY GAME WITH TARKIO COLLEGE

The Bellevue college athletic board of control had a meeting the last of the week and transacted some foot ball business for next year. A contract to play Tarkio at Tarkio Thanksgiving was ratified. A game is being scheduled with Wayne at Bellevue for November 5 on a two-year contract. An effort is being made to secure games with Highland Park and Tabor. Walter Racely was elected assistant business manager, to act with Raymond Gilmore, business manager.

Jess Willard, Heavyweight Champion

Jess Willard, the heavyweight champion of the world, is a native of Kansas. He is 27 years old and is married and has a family. Ever since he entered the ring four years ago Willard has been aiming at Jack Johnson. His one fear was that some other "white hope" would defeat the negro champion before he could work his way up to get a crack at him.

Willard never was much of a cow puncher, instead he was a "mule skinner," a driver of a mule team. He carted water for railway construction camps in Kansas and did odd jobs around that other big, powerful men do in the middle west. Willard has the southwestern drawl, and the lethargic movement of the southern, and therefore he has been termed a "dub." He is just dub enough to hold the world's title.

Although he is six feet seven inches tall, he has not the ravenous appetite of many giants. He has not a humming bird appetite, of course, but he does not gorge himself three or four times a day like many other men of his size.

It took Willard twenty-six rounds to land his haymaker on Johnson, and when he did it was "curtains" for the negro. Willard already is besieged with booking agents for theatrical circuits which will tie him up on the stage until he is an old man.

TAUGHT JESS FIRST LESSON

Montana Twin Sullivan Who Gave Willard His Initial Pointers, in Omaha Day of Fight.

FEARED BLACK ONLY AT START

As the returns from Havana describing each round in the big championship fight were posted at the Merchants hotel last Monday there stood in the thick of the crowd a middle-aged man with anticipation written in every line of his fact and his fists closed tight as if he were putting his own force behind each blow struck by the pugilists in the Havana ring, 2,000 miles away. That man was Montana Twin Sullivan, once a famous fighter himself and the man who taught Jess Willard his first lessons in boxing.

When Sullivan undertook to show Willard a few pointers in fighting in Chicago a few years ago, Willard was but an awkward, over-grown lad. Sullivan taught him a little, but, although Jess was willing, he couldn't learn the fine points rapidly. Sullivan feels a bit of personal pride in the victory of the white man. He is modest, far more so than the average fighter, and he doesn't say much about it.

Before the fight Sullivan feared Johnson's superior knowledge of ring generalship would win within ten rounds, but if it so happened that Willard lasted the ten, Sullivan declared the white man would win. When the news of the tenth round came over the ticker Sullivan exclaimed, "It's Willard's fight," and it was, although there were few who agreed with him at the time.

Sullivan now lives at O'Neill, Neb., and he makes frequent trips to Omaha. He came here Monday to get the returns on the big fight and to go to Lincoln that night on the Dan Gaines' special to witness the Stecher-Westergaard match.

Cuban Cock Finds Omaha Birds Easy

A few days ago Jack Haskell received from a friend in Cuba a prize Cuban fighting cock. Jack had no place to keep the bird, so he gave it to Pat Peterson, young son of Fred Peterson, to keep, and he showed young Peterson how to train it. The lad trained it about three days, then decided to try it out on some American birds about the neighborhood. He first tried it out on a Rhode Island Red of his father's. The Rhode Island was a $25 bird and considerable rooster. The Cuban took just two swipes at the $25 beauty and young Peterson buried it. Not satisfied, the prize rooster of the family next door was brought in to play. Likewise the Cuban bird made short work of it, and another funeral was in order. About this time the activities of the foreigner were nipped in the bud by Pat's father, who learned of the proceedings and made arrangements that the Cuban bird should not associate with any of the American stock, to which he seemed to take an intense dislike. But Haskell is happy. He has decided the Cuban is a regular fighter and therefore worth a neat sum of coin.

Marty Krug Takes Law in a Correspondence School

Marty Krug is manager of the Omaha base ball club. Marty Krug also owns stock in some oil wells which gush to the extent of several bucks per day. But Marty is not content. He is fired with the hope of future achievements which far surpass those possible to the manager on the ball diamond, or the man who collects annual dividends from the cashier's windows. With Marty that hope calls for active execution, fighting for the dollar, when his days of the ball yard are passed and gone. Marty wants to be a lawyer.

So it is that Krug is taking a course in law from a correspondence school. Regularly come the study books and regularly come the question papers. And just as regularly Marty studies the books and pamphlets diligently and answers the question papers. Marty is getting well along in the course and soon will be a regular correspondence school lawyer.

That Marty has the right hunch in playing the law game is certain. It is possible in this day of grace for the athlete to pursue the national pastime for an indefinite number of years. In fact, he may do so until he dies. For now they play legal base ball and, by following such a course as Marty is following, the ball player can hustle on the diamond until his wind goes back on him, then he can take up his job in the court room and exercise his lungs until they recover again.

Marty expects to be one of the grandest little court base ballers in the country. It is on base ball law that Marty is studying, and he is prepared to hand out legal advice to all players now providing the retainer is of sufficient size.

ONE MASCOT WHO MADE GOOD

He Wasn't a Lucky Mascot, but He Worked Hard and Became a Player and Manager.

NOW HE SCOUTS FOR TIGERS

NEW YORK, April 10.—You have heard the story about the good little lad who started in as office boy, worked his way through the various grades by his honesty, industry and frugality, and finally was taken into the firm and allowed to wear gray mutton-chop whiskers.

Almost all Sunday school libraries contain several volumes with plots of this sort. In real life it doesn't often happen that way, which makes the case of Forrest T. Plass all the more remarkable because Forrest has had already this sort of a history.

Years ago, when Detroit was in the Western league, Plass was signed as the official mascot and bat boy; that was before the grounds were moved from the old corner to their present location. All the players agreed that he was an excellent boy and a fair mascot, though the Detroit club didn't always happen to win pennants. When not chaperoning the ash clubs or working one of his mascoting charms, the youngster devoted himself to working out with ball players, never missing an opportunity to catch flies, field grounders, practice hitting and in other ways picking up the fine points of our national pastime.

Appointed Western Scout.

When the American league came in and the Tigers were promoted to big company, Plass went "up" with the other appurtenances of the club. He held his job only one year in the new major circuit, however. It was in 1909 when he said good-by to the Tigers, and he never has had any official conection with them from that time until the present, although he has tipped them off to several good players. A few days ago his appointment as western scout for the Tigers was announced and this gave us thought for our story. The job was a good one, involving the inspection of all the base ball talent in half a dozen leagues. It is a position that carries a fair salary, and the man who makes good can achieve a lot of satisfaction through handing his employers potential big league stars.

Plass has had a long career as a minor league player, both manager and magnate. He never got into any majors, but held a job in the Southern league, which is rated as a class A outfit, for some time. Lately he has been managing the Dubuque, Ia., club, of which he was also part owner. He has sold all his interest in that aggregation, however, and will devote his base ball talents exclusively to the Tigers.

Harvard Athletes Keep Schedule of Their Every Action

BOSTON, Mass., April 10.—Harvard athletes can have no hours for idling under the present regime at Cambridge. Every minute of the day, with the exception of those in which the men do their sleeping, is tabulated by the Crimson athletes and the management of each sport is conversant with the college and outside duties of all the men who are candidates for the various sport teams at Harvard.

The purpose of following the daily habits of the athletes is to see that they devote a sufficient part of their spare time to their academic work so that the varsity teams will not be encumbered by probation which will rob them of their best players.

Every athlete fill out a blank card in which he tells with what particular duty he is occupied each hour. The time when he practices on the athletic field is also noted, and the blank spaces on the schedule card are then apportioned so that the men may have all the time they need to attend to their studies. When an athlete shirks his college work the athletic management generally hears of it and he is warned to take a brace in his studies.

Some of the most promising athletes are guarded very closely and the undergraduate managers keep in touch with their college work. From time to time the athletes are asked to keep up to the standard of college work. When one shows evidences of wavering he is warned to forego all other duties and give all his attention to studies.

Mack Discards the Coal-Scuttle Cap

PHILADELPHIA, April 10.—Along with the many stars who have left the Philadelphia American fold will go the much-criticised road uniforms of the Athletics. When away from Shibe park the Mackmen will wear costumes of grayish green, while the old coal-scuttle caps have at last been discarded in favor of the more up-to-date ball players' headgear, the cap being white, with black bill and stripes. This is the first time since Mack won the first championship for Philadelphia that there has been a change in the uniform of the Athletics. Mack is more or less superstitious, and he believed that the dull gray uniforms in which the Athletics formerly appeared were partly responsible for the good fortunes of his team. For that reason he was loath to change, even though his team was often criticised for their slovenly appearance.

PITCHER CAN'T OUTGUESS LAJOIE, SAYS KITTREDGE

NEW YORK, April 10.—Malachi Kittredge, the veteran catcher, regards Lajoie as the greatest batter the game ever knew. According to Kittredge, it was almost impossible to outguess the Frenchman. He tells a story of a left-hander named Jacobson, who pitched for Washington and who thought he had discovered Lajoie's weakness. After making this discovery, Jacobson faced Lajoie at a critical stage of an important game. Lajoie's weakness was supposed to be a slow curve, rather low. Larry came to the bat, and Jacobson game him that slow curve, rather low. Larry swung, and away went the ball over the center fielder's head, and with it went Jacobson's discovery of Lajoie's weakness.

ISBELL FIRES TWO OF HIS VETERANS AND ONE QUITS

Lem Burrell for a time last year with the Rourkes, has been released by Frank Isbell of Des Moines. Isbell also fired Hurler Fred Sweet, who has been a member of the Booster club for the last three years. Mike Shanley, who came to Des Moines from Chattanooga, quit the club Friday, giving no reason for his action.

The Hypodermic Needle

By F. S. HUNTER.

And Perhaps Not Then.

When Europe is peaceful and Ban Johnson is quite still,
When prohibition triumphs and the tango craze is nil,
When Bodie takes to water and McLearn has hit the cure,
When Topeka wins the pennant and the movies cease to lure,
When the wrestling game is honest and our fighters really fight,
When the Herzogs beat old Stallings in the bitter pennant fight,
When the sun shines in the winter and it snows in summer time,
When a box seat at a ball game costs but a measly dime,
When the Fed'ral league goes busted and we get the public links,
When the open-mouthed reformer really acts just like he thinks,
When reporters get more money and never work at night,
When socialists are powerful and dark turns into light—
Then Tip O'Neill will hustle, show a little burst of speed,
And give out the "fifteen" schedule for the famished fans to read.

Very shortly, says the office boy, a number of grandmothers are going to become dangerously ill.

So far as we have been able to learn the crowning laurel of victory has not been bestowed upon Jess Willard. Nobody has yet named an Havana cigar after him.

Johnson says he will retire to a quiet farm in France. Whaddye mean quiet?

Willard has drawn the color line. With Sam Langford, Sam McVey and Joe Jeanette enjoying perfect health, we don't blame him.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The cowboy bloke
Has licked the smoke
And justified the race.
He won the fray
In glorious way
And sets the world apace.

But as we think,
And each round link,
And though we're glad he won,
We have a hunch
That with that punch
The world was sadly done.

There is a report current that Tom Jones, so elated over the Willard victory, bought a drink. Word from our correspondent at Havana proclaims the report manifestly untrue.

Well, we should wibble, the Feds opened yesterday, and soon the old box score will amble its merry way to the linotype machine.

We see that horse racing is taking after base ball. They have started a legal fight on that subject in Arkansas.

The president of the State Board of Agriculture of Oklahoma offers Jess Willard a job as state cattle inspector. What kind of a state is Oklahoma, anyway?

RE JESS WILLARD.

It's easy to smile and be pleasant,
When you have no worry or woe,
But the guy who's worth while,
Is the guy who can smile
When a nut hollers, "I told you so."

Now that the fight is past, Cubans once more turn to bull fighting, but it is said they find it tame sport since those master toreadors, Jack Curley and Tom Jones, have departed.

Tom Jones has contracted to pay all Willard's expenses. We can see where Tom will lead a hard life when Jess offers to set 'em up.

Pat Coffey is the latest to lick Carl Morris. Licking Carl Morris is getting to be a great little pastime, almost as popular as our national litigation.

Even Kansas towns have a sense of shame. Dick Cooley has been awarded a franchise in the Kansas state league and they refuse to divulge the name of the burg.

Sam Langford shades Jim Johnson, says a headline. Will some one please tell us how to shade a bottle of ink?

In case you should forget, Jim Corbett picked Johnson to win.

There will be a chess tournament in New York April 19. We thought probably you would like to know.

A writer for a sporting sheet sometimes
Is in a plight
To fill space in the festive pink and fill
It by Sat night,
And the muse is playing hide and seek
and he is pressed for time,
Then the writer takes a dinky dream and
and scribs a yard of rime.

So that, our gentle reader, is why you
read this pome,
There ain't a bloomin' single thought
within our rusty dome.

Here is One Omaha Man Who Will Shoot as Usual This Year

There is one Omaha man who doesn't care much whether federal hunting laws prohibit spring shooting. For when the spring of the year comes and other huntsmen look with longing eyes toward the old gun hanging useless on the wall and toss restlessly at night when they dream of passing ducks and geese, J. W. Elwood, president of the Northwestern school of Taxidermy, packs up his belongings and hies himself to Hawaii, where the shooting is open and free to such as he.

Mr. Elwood left on his spring trip to the islands yesterday, accompanied by his wife, and E. T. Gundlack of Chicago and wife. The party sails on April 21 and will spend two weeks on the various islands of Hawaii.

Of course, Mr. Elwood's trip is essentially a scientific one. As he says his primary purpose is to add to his large collection of skins and mounts of different birds and animals, but water fowl are plentiful in Hawaii and it's the same old shooting the world over, so Mr. Elwood expects to enjoy all the pleasures so dear to the ardent sportsman.

TY COBB IS GRABBED BY SUFFS AT A CONVENTION

Ty Cobb is a suffragette. While the Tigers were playing an exhibition game at Jackson, Miss., Ty ran into a convention of "Votes for Women" folks and they grabbed him.

Flush Your Blood Get it Cleansed

Remarkable Remedy That Works All Through Your Body.

When you put a tablespoonful of S. S. S. into your stomach it gets straight into your blood. In less than five minutes it has become a wave of restorative influence wherever the blood has circulated. Does this read like magic? But it is absolutely true. Those powerful digestive juices in the stomach can not change the medicinal effect of S. S. S. The liver can not burn it. The lungs, skin and kidneys excrete it only after S. S. S. has set in motion millions of cells and nerves to throw off the countless germs that have infested every part of the body. And as S. S. S. continues to battle those troublesome pests that gather in the form of pimples, boils, eczema, acne, catarrh, rheumatism and other so-called blood disorders, it rouses into action a myriad of strange but well-understood corpuscles called luecocytes that actually devour or change or convert disease germs so they are readily and quickly cast out of the body. It is probably the best appreciated blood medcine known! You will find S. S. S. on sale in nearly every drug store in the U. S. Get a bottle today. And if your case is peculiar, write to the Medical Department, The Swift Specific Co., 105 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. It is conducted by a noted physician.

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