

BIG JEFF WANTS MORE OF IT

Reno Dose Didn't Cure Him of His Hallucinations.

THINKS HE IS THE WHITE HOPE

Talks About Being Doped at the Meeting with Johnson and Friends that He Wants Another Trial.

BY W. W. AUGHTO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 3.—There was a rumor a few days ago fairly well defined rumor, it may be stated—that Jim Jeffries is becoming restive in his retirement, that his hair is in the ring, and that he is consumed with a desire to wipe out the indignities thrust upon him by one Jack Johnson at Reno a year and a half ago.

As Mr. Jeffries refused either to confirm or deny the report, it created a small ripple of excitement. It is just as well, in fact, that Jeffries kept his lips closed and thereby gave the rumor an air of instability. If he had confirmed the story without further ado, it might have given him to discover how little the public is interested in his pugilistic ambitions.

It serves to show the changes a year or two bring about. Not so very long ago, when Jeffries, after much hanging back, announced his readiness to box Johnson, the news created world-wide commotion. Now that he is seriously suspected of a similar design, all that is heard is an occasional snicker.

Yet they say it's true; that the hope of bringing about another clash with the negro springs eternal in the Jeffries breast, and that the only reason Jim has not been more definite in regard to his purpose is that he is maintaining his old policy of unassuming himself a bit at a time. Now that some kind friend has broken the ice for him, it is prophesied that official confirmation of the rumor will shortly be forthcoming and that Jeffries will devote himself to the furtherance of his scheme irrespective of snickers and jeers from the sporting body.

"Here's the way of it," said a well known man who is friendly with Jeffries and was in the old days. "This new notion of Jeffries is not based on the expectation of making money. Jim has laid his mind on but a dozen times that, if it hadn't been for the financial aspect of that first night with Johnson, he might never have come out of retirement, but this is a different proposition. To begin with, Jeffries believes he was doped that July day when he faced Johnson at Reno. You know what a close-mouthed fellow he is. He will not reveal the source of his information, but he says he has become possessed of convincing information that his opponents were well founded. He knows and everyone who saw the fight knows, that he was not himself that day. He believes that, if he had felt as well as he did on any of his ordinary training days, he could have licked Johnson. He has been taking good care of himself—has been training quietly in fact—and he is going to bring about another fight if he can be done."

As Johnson is reported to be willing to oblige it seems that the only thing needed now is some definite declaration of his intention from Jeffries himself. If that were forthcoming, it is reasonable to suppose that a pure and a battleground could soon be located.

Personally the writer has no expectation of seeing the thing come to a head. Johnson was always one of Jeffries' favorites, and he is likely to abandon this new project on some pretext at an instant's notice. But, if he comes out of his shell and decides to go right through with the thing, it is interesting to speculate on the kind of a fellow Jeffries will appear when he has picked camp and is in full swing of training.

To begin with, he will probably be more tolerant and more approachable than newspapermen. Time was when timid correspondents dared not approach the awful presence of the champion unless conveyed by Bill Delaney or some other self-styled, kind-hearted mediator. These days, when poor, rattled photographers used to get their legs entangled with the trophies while endeavoring to make the most of a few minutes granted by the big fighter.

There may not be any Jim Corbett or Joe Choynski around Jeffries' next stronghold and probably no Bob Armstrong croaking eternally. "Dis man Johnson had no idea what he is going against," no idea. There will be less unwarrantable enthusiasm and more work in all probability.

One thing that will increase Jeffries' stock of determination will be the idea that, if he can overthrow Johnson, he will not only revenge himself and regain the championship, but restore all the credit that was his before he fought Johnson first, and which he was deprived of when Johnson laid him low. The knowledge that he lost his all in the shape of prestige through the defeat by Johnson must be one of the bitter pills Jeffries was forced to swallow. Before that day at Reno he was the Jeffries who licked Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Gus Rubin and all the rest of them.

After that day he was simply the Jeffries who was licked by Johnson.

New Challenge Cup For Billiardists

NEW YORK, March 3.—In order to stimulate regular match competitions between the leading Class A and Class B amateur billiard players, members of the Arion Billiard club, have offered a new challenge cup. The new trophy is to be known as the Inter-State Challenge Cup of the Arion Billiard club, and is valued at \$500. Louis Rosenthal, chairman of the Arion executive committee, stated that the trophy would be offered according to the rules of the National Association of Amateur Billiard Players, and that all of the leading amateurs known to be capable of averaging seven or better at 15 ball line had been invited to challenge for the cup. According to Mr. Rosenthal, the cup will be open for competition, until finally won, once each month during the billiard season, beginning the first Thursday in October of each year and continuing through to the last Thursday in May.

If the holder of the cup is challenged by more than one player, the executive committee of the Arion Billiard club will decide the order in which the contests will be held, one month to elapse between each game. All of the matches are to be of 30 points duration, and no entry fee is to be required. The player successfully winning or holding the cup five times, not necessarily consecutively, is to take the trophy as his personal property.

Monty Tells of the Box Fighter and His Mascot

BY MONTY.

NEW YORK, March 3.—As champions come and go, so do the mascots by which they swear. Or, rather, the departure of the mascot usually precedes that of the champion. Such is of course not the fault of the mascot; it is nothing more or less than a coincidence, but yet the fact remains that, in some cases out of ten, the champion has fallen shortly after discarding his mascot.

Base ball players are notoriously superstitious, but they can't hold a candle to the box-fighters. There is hardly a fighter of note who has not some charm or talisman to which he pins his faith. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule, but Johnny Kilbane, the new feather weight is not one of them.

Kilbane's mascot is none other than John Kilbane, Jr., fondly termed by his father as "Jack." This mascot has bright blue eyes, a regular little mouth, dimples in his cheeks and a slight, very slight, amount of brownish hair on the top of his head. For Master Jack is just fifteen months old.

In his earliest ring battles in his home town, Cleveland, Kilbane entered the ring with the resemblance fresh in his mind of a parting kiss on the cheek of little Jack. Later, when Kilbane became a more important personage, it was not always possible to take Jack around the country with him, but he never let an opportunity pass to send some word to the youngster just before he entered the ring. On the eve of his fight with Abe Attell in Los Angeles, Kilbane wired to the youngster, in the arms of his mother in Cleveland: "Papa is going to win for little Jack and will be champion tomorrow." Every reader of sport knows now whether that prediction came true.

Notable instances of boxers with mascots in both past and present are Bob Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel, "Knockout" Brown, Terry McGovern, Pedlar Palmer, Bill Lang and Freddy Welsh.

One of the most peculiar mascots a boxer ever had was a kangaroo's foot which was the asset of Fitzsimmons. In the usual course of events "Lanky Bob" was a man of iron nerves, but it is a safe bet that if he had happened to lose his kangaroo's foot on the day of a contest he would have refused to enter the ring. He would tuck it into his slitted scarf which he wore around his waist and then enter the ring without a quail or quake.

Needless to say, he attributed all his success within the hempen square to this peculiar mascot. The fiery Cornishman also possessed a live bear, which used to be his faithful companion in his early days during his long walks which are part and parcel of practically every boxer's training.

The old-time English featherweight, Pedlar Palmer, had a mascot of a more useful kind. It was nothing less than the green trunks he wore. The marvelous little battling machine used to regard these trunks with an air of awe and many were the comments that would be passed upon their shabby appearance when he entered the ring. But Pedlar was like Eva Tangany and he didn't care; he had never heard the referee give a decision in his opponent's favor while he wore them; consequently where Pedlar went, those trunks went too.

But at last there came the final day, in 1889, when Palmer was knocked out in the first round by "Terrible Terry" McGovern. It was the last time the old green trunks were worn, after having guarded their owner in eight years of championship fights.

Palmer's conqueror also had a mascot. It was a "she"—a beautiful stage dancer, and surrounding the tale of Terry McGovern and his mascot is quite a romance. The "Terrible" one was indeed a terror and his victories came with monotonous regularity. He cleared out all the best men, and he was finally called the "she" featherweight, Terry's mascot used to watch all his fights, and while



she looked on Terry never lost a decision. One historic day Terry and his mascot disagreed; there was abundance of tears and they parted. The very next fight Terry lost. It was Young Corbett who laid him low.

Stanley Ketchel had a mascot during the most successful days of his career. He was known as "Little Toby," and was a little lurchback whom the late middleweight champion met in New York. He liked the lad and his superstitions about lurchbacks, being lucky to get him to engage the little fellow as a second for all his fights. "Little Toby" was in Ketchel's corner when he beat Papke, Kelly, the Sullivan twins and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Finally there was some kind of a muss and Ketchel detached "Little Toby" from his retinue. A month later Ketchel was shot dead out in Missouri.

Dan Morgan, manager of "Knockout" Brown, the New York lightweight, though he was a superstitious virtuoso in "Little Toby" and engaged him as a second for Brown. The Manhattan boy has had remarkable success ever since and "Little Toby" still does duty in his corner.

Freddie Welsh, the British lightweight, has a charming mascot in the person of his sister. She is present at the majority of his fights and usually allows no one else to prepare his meals, as he asserts she is the one person in the world who can get up a vegetarian dinner properly.

Bill Lang, the Australian middleweight,

has a big white bull terrier for his mascot. He regards the dog with veneration and declares it has had a lot to do with whatever success he has attained. The canine is present at all of his battles, being held on a chain by some friend of Lang seated at the ringside.

Abe Attell, who was toppled by Kilbane on Washington's birthday for years carried a buck-eye or horse chestnut in his pocket, believing it brought him good

fortune. Whether he lost it before the Kilbane battle has not been reported to us, as Abe is still considerable miles distant away out on the Pacific coast.

One of the most important exceptions—the most important to the rule of mascots among boxers—is Jack Johnson. The big black has nothing for a talisman except his fists. But we venture the opinion that they serve him in as practical a manner as would a whole flock of bear cubs, kangaroo's feet, green trunks, horse chestnuts and hunchbacks.

Secretary Frank McMullen of the Wichita base ball club has thought of something new. It sounds something like this: "We must hire a few good looking young ball players who are not married. If we don't our team will be a long way from popular, especially as a 'rap year' proposition."

McMullen is more than half serious in the statement, too, for the regular men on the jobber squad, save four, are now married.

"That may sound like a joke when I say it," Mr. McMullen said, "but it isn't nearly so much as it sounds. Give me a good, clean bunch of young fellows, who get out and mix in society, on my ball club and I will outdraw any club you ever can get together of married men who stay at home with their families. I don't care how good they play. The interest and support of the feminine fans counts for a lot, and I know the dear ladies like very much to flirt a bit with the base ball boys. I sure would like to get hold of a couple of good, reliable college men, for instance, who can play some ball and be good mixers, too."

Trades in Westers. The trade of Pitchers Hersche and Plympton and Infielder Pinkerton for Pitcher Jarnigan, the second one pulled off by Frank Isbell, is causing satisfaction at Des Moines. Last year Jarnigan didn't have a good season, but Isbell believes he can come back, and as the old Bald Eagle has little confidence in Hersche, who is the best one of the traded trio, he thinks he is ahead of the game. Plympton was with the Ottumwa club last year. Holland once had him with Wichita.

Western League. PACIFIC COAST and ten others use Goldsmith Official League Ball. (For 15 innings. Each \$1.25. Bill's Guaranteed.)

Home Made With Three On. May 4—Wagner, Pittsburgh, off Horn. St. Louis. Heaters had just relieved Landrum and Hans hit the first ball the bowler served.

May 3—Beck, Cincinnati, off Tyler, Boston. June 3—Schulte, Chicago, off Marquard, New York. July 4—Grant, Cincinnati, off Parsons, Boston. July 4—Schulte, Chicago, off Keefe, Cincinnati. July 13—Timber, Chicago, off Mattson, Boston. July 13—Schulte, Chicago, off Tyler, Boston. July 20—Erwin, Brooklyn, off Pymme, Cincinnati. August 13—Schulte, Chicago, off Brown, Boston. September 1—Leach, Pittsburgh, off

The key to success in business is the persistent and judicious use of newspaper advertising.

SCOUTS HAVE TOUGH PICKING

Once All Kinds of Fine Material Could Be Found in Bushes.

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW

Scout is Three Days Who is Able to Pick Up One Good Find During Season Can Consider Himself Lucky.

NEW YORK, March 3.—"Digging in the minors and little jerkwater towns for future diamond stars isn't what it is cracked up to be," says Arthur Irwin, the New York Yankees' veteran scout, who is soon to leave on another scouting tour. According to the man whom the Yankees depend upon for their star players, real good base ball players are at a premium these days.

"Scouting," comments Arthur, "isn't like it used to be. There was a time when a man could go through the bushes and pick up all kinds of men, but times have changed since then. The scout who is lucky to pick up one really good ball player during a season can congratulate himself and feel satisfied that he has earned his salary."

Scout Irwin declares that there never was such a slim market for ball players as at the present time. "Big league clubs," says Irwin, "are not in the market to sell star players, naturally, and that's why it is so hard for any one club to gather a galaxy of stars. Every club owner wants to hold on to his best men, for they are the ones who bring success to his club. Money cannot buy them. The club owner must rely on the scout, for he is the one man behind the gun, so to speak. He is the man who unearth the stars."

"I remember the days when money could buy big men, but now clubs must develop them. Few of the leading batters today were purchased for large amounts, but of course there are exceptions. Take Detroit's case with Ty Cobb, for instance. The Tigers got him from a small bush league, but they had to develop him first before he was anything. Most every headline on the diamond today after being brought to the majors had to be sent back to the minors for seasoning."

"There's Tris Speaker of Boston, for instance. When the Sox saw that and sent him back to the minors to learn something, Jimmy Collins' case is another similar one. It took Pittsburgh two years to develop Jack Miller, but after the Pirates got through with him they made a great second baseman out of him. Devore of New York didn't amount to much when the Glants got him. McGraw, however, saw a future for him and made him learn in the bushes. What was the result? The Glants developed a great little outfielder."

"It took the Phillies a year to make a good pitcher out of Chalmers. When we got Connell a lot of persons said he didn't amount to much, but I knew better. I watched that man and I saw the making of a great pitcher. You want to watch that fellow this year. The year's experience and teachings he has had in the International league is going to have its result this year. Russ Ford was a sawky fellow when we got him, but after a year's workout with Jersey City he de-

veloped. Of course all these fellows showed signs of better playing form when they were first looked over, and all they need to develop was some one who could teach them what to do." Irwin says he doesn't think it a wise plan to spend large sums of money for players. "Pick up youngsters who look good," says Irwin, "and you will get better results. That is my plan. Youngsters make better players than these so-called stars."

"No one knows the scarcity of real stars better than the scouts, declares Irwin. "Pittsburgh has spent fully \$50,000 in the last five years and as yet it hasn't secured a first baseman. They have never had a real first sacker since the days of Kitty Bransfield. They need a first baseman so badly this year that either Wagner or Miller may have to cover the bag."

"The St. Louis Browns have been trying for five years to pick up a third baseman, but they haven't got a star for that place yet."

Scots Plan Club House and Grounds

The Clan Gordon Athletic association is planning on a club house and grounds where they can hold their different branches of sport such as golf, cricket and quills this summer, and if the present scheme of the officers in charge of the proposition goes through a new outdoor sport club will be added to the ranks this season. The members will not be taxed individually, but the finances of the scheme will be supplied from voluntary contributions among local lovers of the Scottish games.

Following are the officers of the organization: President, John Muir; vice president, W. J. Hlop; secretary, George Peacock; treasurer, John McTaggart.

Most of Des Moines Players Sign Up

Eighteen of the thirty-six players on the roster of the Des Moines base ball club have signed contracts for 1912 up to date. Of this number the pitchers and infielders are a tie with six each. Those who have not signed are not all holdouts in the strictest sense of the word, although several have placed themselves in that class by more or less vigorous letters they have sent to the management. The lineup to date is: Pitchers—Northrup, Douglas, Nevitt, White, McGuire, Fisher. Catchers—Baehant, Lynch, Allen, White. Infielders—Colligan, Smith, Welch, Lamson, Leonard, Hanson. Outfielders—Hahn, De Camp.

The "CURE" worse than the DISEASE

Mercury and potash will sometimes dry up or temporarily remove the outward evidences of Contagious Blood Poison and sufferers are misled into the belief that the disease has been cured. These deluded victims soon find, however, that the "cure" is worse than the disease, that not only has the "virus" been all the while more thoroughly saturating the blood, but the strong mineral medicine has likewise been undermining the system and breaking down the health. The truth about Mercury and Potash is that these minerals cannot cure Contagious Blood Poison, and when the treatment is left off the smouldering infection rouses itself into the old destructive flame and every symptom of the disease returns with increased virulence. What was at first a tiny sore or pimple becomes an ulcerous place, the mouth and throat grow raw and tender, glands in the groin swell and form painful knots, brown spots appear on the skin, and frequently running sores and ulcers break out on the flesh. Years upon years of failure is abundant proof that the mineral treatment is not a specific for Contagious Blood Poison. Physical wrecks from the use of Mercury and Potash are all around us and their experience should be a warning to others who may be suffering with this disease.

S. S. S., a purely vegetable remedy, IS a specific for Contagious Blood Poison. It is a medicine with the meritorious record of more than forty years of cures and one which in all that time has not acted harmfully upon a single system. S. S. S. is the greatest of all cures for Contagious Blood Poison because it is the greatest of all blood purifiers. It goes right down into the circulation and removes every particle of the virus and makes a perfect cure.

S. S. S. does not contain a particle of Mercury, Potash, or any other mineral but is made entirely of roots, herbs and barks which strengthen and build up the stomach and digestive members while driving out the germs of disease. You do not take chances when you use S. S. S., but in doing so you are giving yourself the benefit of the very best treatment for Contagious Blood Poison. There is no "come back" when S. S. S. cures but there is always a perfect restoration to health and the assurance that the blood is once more pure and clean. Home treatment book and any medical advice free to all who write and request it.

S.S.S.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Geo. A. Graham Distributor of the famous SPALDING

Complete line of ATHLETIC GOODS Everything necessary in

BASE BALL

Catalogues can be had for the asking. Mail orders promptly attended to. Let me figure on your business. 316 S. Fifteenth St. Successor to Pa Rourke

MAGNATES MISS A LIVE WIRE

Artie Hofman, Star Cub, Offers Himself to Western Leaguers.

ASKS THEM TOO MUCH MONEY

All Turn a Dead Ear, but How Were They to Know They Were Tossing Dollars Such a Prize Package?

Even the most astute managers overlook men of special ability in base ball, and how, therefore, is a minor league magnate to protect himself against future regret? Along about 1903 all the magnates of minor leagues gathered in St. Louis to attend a meeting of the National Association of Professional Base Ball Leaguers, and Omaha was represented by Pa Hourke. Denver was represented there also by D. C. Parkard and by R. E. Burke. While these three men held a meeting of the lobby of the Southern hotel, a likely looking young fellow approached Mr. Burke and asked if he were looking for players.

"Sure," responded the Denver magnate. "Well, I would like to go with you. I am a first baseman."

"Played a few games with Pittsburg. I was not signed, and just played to fill in for them."

"Well, that sounds pretty good. How much do you want?"

"My name is Hofman. I think about \$500 a month would get me."

"Two hundred dollars a month. Oh, we could get lots of men for less than that."

Pa Hourke, who had been standing to one side, now wandered up and said to Burke: "Who is that young fellow you were talking to?"

"Ball player. First baseman. Wants \$500 a month."

Statistician Dopes Out a Fine Showing of Star Men at Bat

NEW YORK, March 3.—The base ball statistician is never idle and the latest figures deduced are interesting as showing the players in the National league last year who could be stamped clean-up hitters. Frank Schulte of the Chicago Cubs made no fewer than four home runs during the season with the bases full. He was the only player who proved himself in this respect on more than one occasion.

The men who swung their bats to good effect in the benches are as follows: Doubles That Brought in Three Runs April 14—Daubert, Brooklyn, off Pfeffer, Boston. April 22—Wilson, Pittsburgh, off Harmon, Los Angeles. May 6—Downey, Cincinnati, off Reulbach, Chicago. May 12—Merkle, New York, off Landrum, St. Louis. May 20—Grant, Cincinnati, off Barger, Brooklyn. May 21—Mowrey, St. Louis, off Brennan, Philadelphia. June 5—Murray, New York, off Richie, Chicago. June 2—Doyle, Chicago, off Raymond, New York. June 13—Konechny, St. Louis, off Adams, Pittsburgh. August 10—Donlin, Boston, off Schardt, Philadelphia. August 16—Ingrerton, Boston, off Barger, Brooklyn. August 18—Shean, Chicago, off Pfeffer, Boston. September 1—Lobert, Philadelphia, off Brown, Boston. September 13—Mathewson, New York, off Hooge, Boston. September 21—Evans, St. Louis, off Maxwell, New York. October 5—Merkle, New York, off Barger, Brooklyn.

Triples Made With Bases Clogged. April 2—Devin, New York, off Brown, Boston. May 11—Lobert, Philadelphia, off Camnitz, Pittsburgh. June 11—Schulte, Chicago, off Tyler, Boston. June 13—Mowrey, St. Louis, off Ewing, Boston. August 11—Hauser, St. Louis, off Walsh, Philadelphia. October 9—Gowdy, Boston, off Taylor, Philadelphia.

Home Made With Three On. May 4—Wagner, Pittsburgh, off Horn. St. Louis. Heaters had just relieved Landrum and Hans hit the first ball the bowler served.

May 3—Beck, Cincinnati, off Tyler, Boston. June 3—Schulte, Chicago, off Marquard, New York. July 4—Grant, Cincinnati, off Parsons, Boston. July 4—Schulte, Chicago, off Keefe, Cincinnati. July 13—Timber, Chicago, off Mattson, Boston. July 13—Schulte, Chicago, off Tyler, Boston. July 20—Erwin, Brooklyn, off Pymme, Cincinnati. August 13—Schulte, Chicago, off Brown, Boston. September 1—Leach, Pittsburgh, off

He declares that his victories over Carl Morris and Al Kaufman, who at the time was spoken of as a possible opponent for Johnson, show that he is well capable of upholding his end in the coming struggle. Flynn also points out that he only weighed 116 pounds when he lost to Johnson and at a time when he was but a novice. Flynn is now giving out his fighting weight as 145 pounds. Evidently different circumstances have a curious effect on Flynn's weight, for when he declared Morris not so long ago he declared 133 pounds to be his weight.

The key to success in business is the persistent and judicious use of newspaper advertising.

Artie Hofman, the modest young first baseman, who had filled in a few games for the Pittsburg team, has been on the Chicago team for a number of years, and whenever his name is spoken by base ball men it is with awe for the wonderful record he has made for the great player he is. But if Pittsburg did

Advertisement for Goldsmith Guaranteed baseballs, featuring a picture of a baseball and text: 'Goldsmith Guaranteed (For 15 Innings. Each \$1.25)'. It lists various baseball players and teams associated with the brand.