

## ABE GIVES UP BELOVED GAME

Taken in Tow with Understanding He Must Quit Poker.

### HAS HOPE OF COMING BACK

Johnny Kilbane Has Promised Him a Return Match, and Ex-Champion Would Like to Get Crack at Others.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.—Abe Attell, deposed featherweight champion, is now located among the whispering red woods on Billy Nolan's mountain ranch in Lake County. Abe left the city carrying a stiff upper lip and with the "never again" pennant flying at the forepeak.

He intends to spend several months on the Nolan estate and saturate himself thoroughly with whatever brand of booze he advertises up there. He is to eat ranch fare, follow the plow and retire to rest with the birds, or rather at a corresponding hour.

Above all, he is not to touch cards, or at least not in games where a yellow chip represents an outlay of \$20 and whites are redeemable at \$1 apiece. This is one of the clauses in the contract which binds Attell and Nolan.

Under ordinary circumstances, it might have been hard for Nolan to induce Abe to relinquish his beloved poker, but they say there were reasons why the ex-champion was quite satisfied to have a paragraph forbidding dalliance with straight and flushes inserted in his newest agreement. Here they are:

Attell has done little else but play poker since he lost to Tommy Murphy. It's a way he has of forgetting the jibes and sneers of this cruel world. Some fellows drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl. Attell buys a stack and dull care vanishes.

Had Phenomenal Luck. Abe had phenomenal luck. It may sound like a fairy tale, but if the votaries of the circular tables are to be believed, the one-time featherweight king won \$20,000 in a couple of weeks. Then Dame Fortune began to feel as though she had done enough for Abe. The cards ran against him and some \$7,000 slipped away like sand through the fingers.

Just about that time Nolan came along. He unfolded his scheme for rejuvenation and remarked that poker was the first thing he would insist on being tabooed. Abe was all ready to fall in with Nolan's wishes. The scheme enabled Attell to hang on to over \$20,000 of some one's else's money and absolved him from a suspicion of "cold feet." He could not play any more because his new manager had made him renounce the pastime.

And so they went to the range country. And if, as has been said, good resolutions are sometimes converted into paying stones, Abe's output will be ample to build an esplanade from here to Santa Cruz.

Nolan thinks that a few months of simple life will enable Attell to regain his championship and bowl over an assortment of lightweights and featherweights on the side. Abe is of the same way of thinking. But such is the incredulity of human nature that bets are being made Abe will be seen around his old haunts in the city before two weeks go by.

When Attell is himself again he intends to go after Tommy Murphy. He is afraid his new stock of fighting ginger may not be lasting, and he wants to fall upon the Harlem boy while he is feeling supple and vigorous. He has a score to wipe out with both Murphy and Manager Buckley, and he intends to kill two birds with one stone.

Johnny Kilbane Can Wait. Johnnie Kilbane can wait. Abe has no complaint to make against Kilbane, apart from the chagrin he feels at losing his championship. Besides Kilbane has promised him a return match and the second meeting will come all in good time.

Abe is sure against Champion Wolgast for some reason and would like to invigilate him into a bout. The fact that Ad has repudiated all Abe's advances has not improved things.

"He doesn't forget the beating I gave him at Los Angeles last year," said Abe. "Wolgast and Jones tremble whenever my name is mentioned."

They say when Jones heard this he waxed "real sarcastic."

"Well, well, what changes there have been since 1908," he murmured. "Then Attell was a champion and a world-beater. He was at the top of the tree and Wolgast was a scrapper of the true stamp, unknown and unheeded. Now Wolgast's fame is world-wide. His reputation is made and his name is as much on everyone's lips, while Attell is as much of a has-been as a last year's tan shoe."

This was said after Abe had left town. It'll bet when he heard it he took a couple of extra pulls at the cone and resolved to stay with Nolan's reform schedule hereafter.

The sports beats will watch with interest for results of the Nolan-Attell deal. There are numbers who believe that all that ailed Abe in his recent matches was late hours and violation of the rules of training. Those who hold such views believe that Nolan, who is a shrewd conditioner, will bring Attell back into the fighting fold in such shape that the little Hebrew will regain his lost laurels.

There are others who think that Attell has shot his bolt. They say he has lost his speed, his punch and his confidence and that he is past patching up.

There are others again—cycles, of course—who think that the lure of the clubhouse will prove too strong for Abe—that the quiet of the hill life will render him restless and gloomy, and that he will break camp some fine afternoon when Nolan is absorbed in farm problems.

**City Tennis League to Start Play June 1**

The City Tennis league series will start on Saturday afternoon, June 1, when teams from eight clubs of the city will take part. The tournament will continue until the latter part of August, play being held each Saturday.

Suitable trophy cups for the winners of the singles and doubles events and consolation prizes will be hung up. The contestants will play at the courts of the state of the league. Rev. F. D. Tyler of St. Andrews club is president of the organization, and Byron Hart of the Rod and Gun club is secretary.

Teams representing the following will take part: Field club, Henry Hallow, Dietz club, St. Andrews club, "I" association club, Prairie Park, Kountze Park and Rod and Gun club.

## Marvelous Work of Frank Baker's Magic Stick

By W. J. MACBETH.

NEW YORK, May 11.—The world's championship series of 1911 is a closed book. It dwells in the public mind—the sport-loving public, that is—as an interesting epoch of ancient history. Pandemonium lives in the present; never upon the past. Even to analytic minds the carnage and glory of last fall must have faded long ago. Memory is revived here only to throw additional light upon one feature of the past classic.

That feature embraces the chubby, big bat that robbed McGraw of the world's championship pennant. The bat belonged to Frank Baker, third baseman of the Athletics. He garnered two home runs in the series, the first off "Rube" Marquard, the second off the master of all pitchers, Christy Mathewson. Philadelphia could never have won either game without Baker's pinch home runs. Had the two games in question fallen to the lot of New York, the Polo grounds would have taken the series by four games to two, the margin by which Connie Mack's wonderful team triumphed.

Now about the well-oiled bat of Baker. A dozen different stories have been told as to how he came into possession of it. Here is the true story, told, we sincerely believe, for the first time. The existence of that famous stick of second growth ash, is due to the good fellows who that obtains in professional base ball as in other walks of life. The bat was made especially for George Simmons, the Rochester recruit of the Yankees who has done considerable infield subbing for Harry Wolverton this spring. An admirer of this Brooklyn lad, a couple of years ago while Simmons was a member of Hughie Jennings' Tigers, turned the stick with his own hands and presented it to the constant minor league slugger.

Simmons never had a great amount of luck with the cudgel. It was a trifle short and top-heavy for him. He gave it a thorough trial, then discarded it. He kept it only because it had been a present to him. Owen Bush, the clever little shortstop of the Tigers, borrowed Simmons' bat one day after he had broken his own favorite shillalah. As a result he had a very favorable and profitable afternoon. With that innate superstition of ball players in general, he fell in love with the stick. He wanted to buy it, but Simmons wouldn't sell. Finally Simmons was turned back by the Eastern league by Detroit. Bush begged so hard for his favorite weapon that Simmons finally made a present of it to the midge shortstopper.

For a time Bush prospered in his new mace. Only a fair hitter, he began to climb up to the .30 notch. He had many extra base hits to his collection of swats. But after a couple of months he fell away in form. He stuck to the bat until it was apparent that something was radically wrong with his form. Mentors advised him that the bat was too heavy and clumsy for such a little fellow. Bush found a new stick.

More than a year later the Athletics were in Detroit for a very important series. Prior to the game the third baseman of the Athletics borrowed Bush's discarded bludgeon for batting practice. He was so well pleased with its swing and balance that he approached Owens on the matter of a swap. Bush had no particular use for the club. Besides, he is a generous little chap. "If the stick is any good to you, Frank," he said, "why, go ahead and take it. It's yours. Only don't let Simmons. He gave it to me."

That afternoon the world's champions turned the tables on the Tigers. Baker led the onslaught against Mullin, Donovan and Summers. He had four hits in five times to the plate, the collection including a homer and two doubles. Baker has never since let that good stick out of his sight. It is said he slept with it during the world's series last fall.

Thus it will be seen that fate used the hapless Highlanders as an instrument toward Connie Mack's greater glory in 1911. New York handed the pennant to the Quaker City by walling the living daylight out of Detroit all season. It was the Hilltoppers that first put the Jungs on the totem pole. The first few weeks threatened a walkover for Detroit. The sensational winning streak of the Bengals was broken by New York. Every time after that when Detroit gave any evidence of pulling together and heading off the Athletics it met with reverse at the hands of Gotham. Hal Chase's club lost as consistently to the White Elephants as it won from the City-of-the-Strait.

And then the world's series. Where would Baker have been without his formidable Array of Athletes Will Go to Lincoln.

**REED TO ACCOMPANY LADS**

About One Hundred and Fifty Will Attend the Intercollegiate Meet Saturday Afternoon.

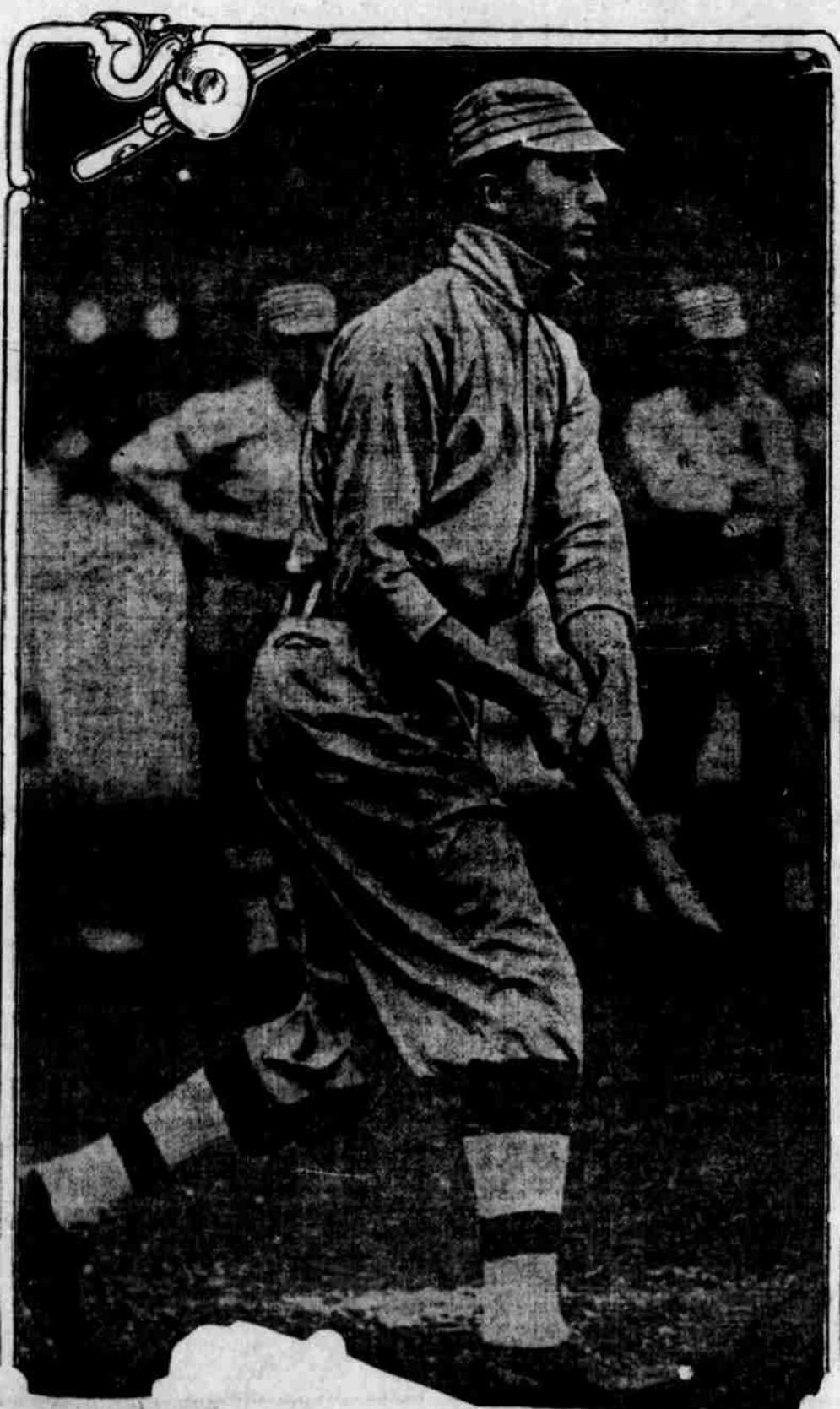
Omaha High school track athletes will practice hard this week in preparation for the Nebraska intercollegiate field meet which will be held at Lincoln under the auspices of the University of Nebraska on Saturday afternoon. Athletic Director C. E. Reed will accompany the lads.

Those who will uphold the honors of the purple and white will be Vergil Reuter, Hugh Millard, John Drexel, Coleman Gordon, Howard Bittinger, Julian Williams, Arthur Rouser and Fridolph Engstrom. The eligibility of Robert Wood, captain of the squad and holder of the state record for the 100-yard dash, has not yet been decided upon.

Reuter will enter the pole vault, running high jump and the 116-yard dash, and is expected to gain places in each event. He has shown splendid form in the pole vaulting this season and has smashed all local and state records by clearing the bamboo bar at 11 feet 7 1/2 inches.

**Malaysians in Sprints.** Hugh Millard and John Drexel will be the mainstays in the sprints and both will put in some extra hours on the cinder path. Millard will enter the 20 and 40-yard dashes and Drexel will run the century and 200-yard distances.

Coleman Gordon is developing good endurance ability in practice, which ought to carry him through the grueling effects of the mile run. In addition to the mile run he may also enter the half mile in the meet. Gordon's stride is choppy, but swift, and he always reserves himself



HOMERUN BAKER OF THE ATHLETICS.

The bat with which J. Franklin Baker robbed the Giants of the world's base ball championship last fall, has failed this

year to do its master's bidding. The club has played the same trick on every man who ever used it—first it brought floods of luck, then it brought a jinx. Baker is still using this club, and his batting has gone off color. Has the jinx got him?

critical points of high tension as the circuit smashes of J. Franklin Baker. Who ever mentions the deadly blow of "Rube" Olding in the fifth game of the world's series with the Giants? His home run smash off Marquard in the third inning of that tilt at the Polo grounds was the most damaging smash of the series. His liner cleared the center field fence bleacher, carried far into the crowd and tallied two runs ahead of the batter. It was the prettiest pinch hit imaginable. For it fell with two down. It gave Jack Coombs a 1 to 0 handicap. Yet, strange out upon his ownership of the club like a jinx. In a couple of months he couldn't hit a lick with it.

Frank Baker has his renowned ash bat a short time last fall before the opening of the world's series. With it he swatted like a demon. He is using the cudgel still; but his hitting so far this season has been away below par. Is there a jinx in that piece of timber and is it working on Baker now? If you are at all interested in superstitions watch the batting averages.

**Packey McFarland Becomes Wealthy and Saves His Coin**

NEW YORK, May 11.—When Packey McFarland knocked out Pete West, his first opponent, in two rounds eight years ago, he received \$25. He was in the habit of working six days a week in the Chicago stock yards for a third of that sum, so he decided to become a professional boxer. The other night McFarland got \$10,000 for boxing ten rounds with Matt Wells in Madison Square Garden. \$1,000 a round, or \$10,000 a minute. This was the largest cash guarantee the stock yards champion ever took down for a glove fight, and it increased his total winnings in the ring to more than \$100,000.

In return for exhibitions on the various theatrical circuits McFarland has earned enough to enable him to write a check for \$200,000—the financial reward for his victorious career as America's cleverest exponent of the manly art. Packey isn't near the end of his ring campaign, either, so he expects to reap another golden harvest. In bouts with Wolgast, Welsh and Hugh McKeag, the Australian lightweight champion, who will be here in June under the management of Joe Woodman.

To prove that his boxers are not spendthrifts it may be accepted as gospel that McFarland doesn't get rid of his money foolishly. In the first place, he has no bad habits. He doesn't drink, smoke or chew, cares nothing for the bright lights or gay companions and believes in retiring early in the morning and getting up early in the morning and driving out. Some of the club members have wanted to stay out at the club for the week end, but could not do so owing to the inability of getting a place to stay. Twenty rooms will be fitted up in the new quarters and will accommodate as high as forty-five guests at one time.

**LINCOLN SCRIBES ARE SAYING MEAN THINGS**

The Lincoln scribes are still making excuses for the Bourke victories of late. One of the scribes says the Omaha team has met a bunch of second raters. If the Joes are considered second raters the Bourkes ought to have no trouble getting away with the Lincoln series, as the "Lopes" are not in a class with St. Joe.

seven innings pitched one of the most phenomenal games of history. But Joe Tinker's swat was clouded by the fusillade of his off Donovan that succeeded once the Joe was broken.

There are some strange superstitions in base ball. One in connection with Baker's bat may be interesting enough to bear watching. Both Simmons and Bush declare there is a hoodoo in Baker's stick that will get a fellow sooner or later. The first time in his life that Simmons fell from the .300 hitting class was when he used the same cudgel. Bush started out upon his ownership of the club like a jinx. In a couple of months he couldn't hit a lick with it.

Frank Baker has his renowned ash bat a short time last fall before the opening of the world's series. With it he swatted like a demon. He is using the cudgel still; but his hitting so far this season has been away below par. Is there a jinx in that piece of timber and is it working on Baker now? If you are at all interested in superstitions watch the batting averages.

day, "and I am making hay while the sun shines. It is a natural gift and I've been lucky enough to profit by it. Money means comfort, and comfort means happiness, particularly for the old folks at home. I'd rather take good care of father and mother than do anything else. I know of. There's nothing in dissipation, and many poor fellows have failed to realize this truth until too late. Health is wealth, particularly in my case, and I am very grateful. When I began to box I never dreamed that I could make enough money to be well fixed for the rest of my life. But I persevered and luck always was with me. It pays to take care of one's physical condition."

McFarland goes to church regularly and is extremely charitable. In short, he is a model young man who has done his share to elevate boxing in this country. When Packey left the Garden after whipping Wells, he hurried back to his quarters and sent out for a quart of ice cream. As he slowly got away with it he remarked:

"This is my weakness, boys! It makes me feel fine!"

**Rod and Gun Club Buy Storz Building**

The new Omaha Rod and Gun club has purchased the old Storz building near its grounds at Carter lake. The building stands two blocks from the club's ground at the point where the car turns. It will be remodeled and turned into a bachelors' lodge for the members of the Rod and Gun club only.

Heretofore when the members wanted to fish early in the morning they would have to take a wagon and drive out. Some of the club members have wanted to stay out at the club for the week end, but could not do so owing to the inability of getting a place to stay. Twenty rooms will be fitted up in the new quarters and will accommodate as high as forty-five guests at one time.

The Persistent and Judicious Use of Newspaper Advertising is the Road to Business Success.

## KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL

This is Regarded as Sacred Doctrine in Game of Golf.

### RYTHM LOST IN SLOW BACK

Ball is Passive, Club is the Agent. Imparting to the Ball Momentum, Direction and Accuracy.

NEW YORK, May 11.—In this age of advancement and variety it is not surprising that even the venerable game of golf should occasionally receive a shock from some iconoclastic person, though as a rule these attacks are successfully withstood. If there is one doctrine more sacred than another, it is that of "keep your eye on the ball"; it was therefore with feelings akin to felicity that she old guard noted the complete failure of one Topgood, who, believing himself so good, essayed to play a match blindfolded.

"Keep your eye on the ball" now occupies a more impressive position than ever, and if we do not hear quite so much as we once did of "slow back" and "don't press," these two old doctrines are doing very well. There are some who wonder whether they would not be even more useful than they are if a revised version were made of them. There is, in "slow back," the ever present danger of the player losing all rhythm in his stroke. The club that is taken back consciously, slowly is very likely to be merely lifted and not swung at all. It has been suggested that "smooth back" would be better than "slow back." It keeps the idea of rhythm and swing, it is argued, and at the same time should be equally effective against the snatching and jerking that are the chief dangers of a club being taken back very fast.

**Words Express Much.** As for "don't press," it would be difficult to think of any other two words that express so much. "Don't press it, however, often interpreted as "Don't hit too hard," and to this interpretation it seems possible to take exception.

There is one professional and teacher who, as often as not, tells his pupils to hit harder and not more gently when they are driving badly. This may be a desperate measure, but it may be that the advice is not to hit too hard is one of the two doctrines much less likely to be exaggerated by an over-zealous learner. Nearly everybody has at some time experienced the feeling of hitting too gently. Some have recovered from a bad attack of pressing by being violent in their methods. This remedy has been sufficient for a time, until the player who follows the advice probably has become gentler and gentler, until at last the club had barely strength to reach the ball, and the last state was as bad as the first.

Practically every other one of twenty or thirty average bad players going off the first tee will be seen to mistime the shot, getting his hands down to the ball too soon, his body through too quickly. Watch the bad shots of a good player and they will nearly all be seen to proceed from something of the same fault. Too hit too late at a ball is so rare a vice as to be almost a virtue, and of all remedies, that of "Don't hit too soon," is the least likely to lose its healing power through repeated doses.

**Old Piece of Advice.** There is an old piece of advice of which a revised version might be useful. A player in the normal condition of driving is often told by a caddy or a friendly critic that he is "taking up the club too straight." Undoubtedly this is quite true, and sometimes this can be cured by sweeping the club along the ground in the back swing. This remedy, however, often produces a laborious method of hitting which may cause a temporary rally, but does not restore to driving health.

Somewhat or other when an extra long drive is brought off the elated golfer is over eager to give credit to the ball. What about the club? A player will tell of some fine round just completed, and in all probability the listener when he gets a chance to get a word in edgeways will ask: "What ball were you using?"

Why not remember that the ball is passive; the club is the "agent." Imparting to the ball momentum, direction and accuracy generally; the "how and where" of the ball are performed by the club? The ball is acted upon and is helpless until such is done. Let us assume that there is a long, clean fairway; the ball gets well away, sails beautifully along and comes to rest close on the green. The ball gets the credit, perhaps fairly here. Going to the next hole we find ourselves in trouble, badly bunkered—in fact we're in a hole and no mistake. The problem is to know best how to get out. Should a cleek be used, or an iron? Not likely. Possibly the mashie would serve, but certainly the niblick would be right. With the cleek the player would fail to get out; with the iron or mashie the ball might be exaricated, but with the niblick the player might not only manage to get out, but has the chance of landing his ball close to the pin. Then it might be asked what part has the ball played in all this?

Although similar difficulties were afterward repeatedly encountered and overcome and a good round results the player would almost instinctively credit the ball. The club has taken the back seat again. It may be asked when a record round has been made how much credit has been given to the clubs. Has the player been freed from difficulties? Probably not, yet he has encompassed them safely. Then what part did the clubs play? Had they not come to his aid at the critical moment, for it they had not, where would have been his record?

When a hole has been done in one, say 20 yards, it would imply the utmost accuracy in momentum and direction imparted by the club, although consider-

able credit is claimed for the ball. All exploits, achievements and records are generally placed to the credit of the ball. The rubber cored sphere while an improvement over the gutta is surely recognized as its superior in one respect only, that of getting distance. Of course, distance brings that lively feeling of satisfaction to the ordinary golfer, but still it is not the entire fascination of the game. A player of championship rank might safely take and use any of the most popular balls so little might he regard them relatively, but he is not likely to equally take up a strange driver or mashie or approaching cleek and wield it in a championship round. Evidently he regards clubs as of considerable greater moment to him than the ball.

While the ball has evolved, so have the clubs. While the inventors of the various rubber-cored balls were trying to solve the problem of an improved type of ball the club makers were not asleep, and have more than kept pace in their own time with the improvements in the game. Due credit is claimed for the clubs for the all around improvement in the play shown at the present day.

There are those who believe that by far the greater proportion of merit ought to be, but is not, apportioned to the clubs. It is argued that in a professional shop a player will take almost any ball, but in the choice of clubs he is advised and carefully examines the club he buys. If a player's success has not been all that was expected he must of course look to his clubs and see that he has and uses the club most appropriate to the particular stroke, as herein lies the success or failure of the player's game.

## Antipodes Produce Lightweight Fighter

NEW YORK, May 11.—From Australia, which has produced such fighters as Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson and Young Griffo, comes a new aspirant for the lightweight title held by Ad Wolgast in the person of Hugh McKeag.

Frank Picato, the Los Angeles Italian fighter, recently returned from the antipodes, where he lost in twenty rounds with the Australian champion. Picato, who has also boxed Wolgast, has the following to say about McKeag:

"The Australian champion is a rugged, clever fighter. I think I am pretty good myself, but I never was quite able to hold my own with that fellow. I am a little bigger, too. Yes, Hughie can do 135 pounds, but he would prefer to make it several hours before fighting. You know he went twenty rounds with Jimmy Clabby, which speaks much for his prowess."

"McKeag is of the clever Australian type. He hits well with both hands—hard enough to stop most anybody if he connects right. He's game, well seasoned, a cool fellow in action, and a mighty hard man to beat. I don't figure that Wolgast is much better than he was when I fought him in Los Angeles. He certainly was good enough then. I wish McKeag could give our champion a hard, tough battle. I don't say he will win, but Wolgast will know he has been in a battle before he gets through. McKeag stacks up with the average American lightweight. He is due in this country some time this summer or fall. Hughie is willing to fight Wolgast first or battle his way to the top."

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