

IS JACK JOHNSON BLUFFING?

Efforts Will Fall Flat if He Thinks He Can Cow Flynn.

JIM WILL MAKE HARD FIGHT

Though He Goes Against Overwhelming Odds at Las Vegas, He Will Prove a Game Scrapper to the Last.

BY W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22.—I have yet to read a "statement" from Jack Johnson in which reference is not made to the terrible mauling that awaits Jim Flynn at Las Vegas on July 4.

Now, one might think that, having so much the better of the prospect from the ordinary methods of doping out pugilistic results, Jack could afford to be both chivalrous and magnanimous and refrain from the threatening language that emanates from his training camp every few days. Jack is laying himself open to the suspicion that he is not so consummately confident about the July scrap as he pretends to be.

One thing is certain, however. If Jack is bent upon intimidating Flynn, his efforts will fall flat, for Flynn is a fellow whose courage is undaunted. Pity it is that his other fighting qualifications are not on a par with his grit. If they were he would permit some of us to think more kindly of his chances.

For weal or woe, Jim will surely battle like a tiger when he goes against the champion. And even if he succeeds no better than he did when he faced the big colored man in San Francisco in November, 1907, he will command the respect of the spectators. For a tribute of praise is never withheld from the ring man who puts up a brave struggle in the face of the overpowering odds.

Just now the sports of San Francisco are refreshing their memories in connection with the last eleven-round bout between Johnson and Flynn at Coit's arena. They recall that Flynn tried to fight close from the first smash of the song and that even when teased back by the force of Johnson's uppercuts he returned to the charge again and again. He fought right into Johnson's hands, in fact. All the big negro had to do was to set himself to meet Flynn's rush and the unfortunate fireman kept hurling himself on the spear.

Friends of Flynn outside the ropes—his friends they surely were—kept urging the fireman to leap at Johnson, and Flynn did so unflinchingly. And for fear Flynn might forget that he was being urged to jump at the cannon's mouth, Johnson, with sneering sarcasm, kept saying: "Come on, Flynn. They're telling you to."

Flynn took a fearful whaling that day and took it like a Spartan. He was battered and battered, but full of fighting spirit clear to the finish. Toward the end of the tenth round—the last but one—he glared good-humoredly at Johnson out of his undamaged eye and with a shake of the head remarked, "You're a clever guy."

In the very next round, while still hurrying himself at Johnson, Flynn bumped into the uppercut which brought him face downward to the floor. He was game to his last ditch.

It is to wonder if that affair carried over into the present. Will he go at the salivary negro in the same fashion and run the risk of impaling himself upon the same old hooks and uppercuts, or will he dance around and insist upon Johnson making the pace. And in this connection it can truthfully be said that Johnson's biggest successes—more particularly when opposed to shorter men than himself—have been achieved by taunting the other man into doing the running. Johnson's long suit is taking care of the lady who tear after him.

Flynn has said many times that he is building upon the effects that a couple of years of fast living have had upon Johnson. Of course it will require a hard, bustling fight to tell whether Johnson's stamina has been depleted, but it is to be hoped that the photographs of Johnson taken since he began training do not carry any suggestion that the champion will prove less of a strong man than he was two years ago. When Peter Johnson returned from England and began to train for his contest with Jim Jeffries, it was noticed that the Australian negro's shoulder knobs had fattened to some extent and that the muscles of his upper part generally had softened.

There is no suspicion of muscular degeneration in Johnson's case, if the camera has pictured him faithfully. He is the same big bloke, powerful shoulders and bulging back muscles he had when he boxed Jeffries at Reno. To put it in a nutshell, there is not a thing about Johnson to favor the suspicion that he has deteriorated physically. For all that, however, the two years' sojourn on Easy street may have taken something out of him. For Flynn's sake it is to be hoped that such is the case.

PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS NEED PLENTY OF PRACTICE

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 22.—Professional and amateur golfers contemplating taking part in the national open championship to be held over the links of the Country Club of Buffalo, August 1 and 2, might do worse than take plenty of time for practice. According to a well known player both length and direction will be required, as the total playing length foot is to more than 5,300 yards, while the greens are all guarded with traps in front as well as to the rear. Dave Findlay, the club's professional, holds the course record of seventy-two. That is two strokes better than par, and the prediction has been made that it will not be lowered much during the championship. It is likewise claimed that 20 will not be beaten for seventy-two holes. The distance of the holes in yards follows.

ENGLISH WELTERWEIGHT IS MATCHED WITH GIBBONS

NEW YORK, June 22.—Mike Gibbons, the last St. Paul middleweight, and Sid Burns, the English welterweight fighter, today made their national open championship fight at the Garden Athletic Club. Gibbons, who is a native of New York, and Burns, who is a native of England, met in a match which was expected to be one of the best of the season. Gibbons, who is a native of New York, and Burns, who is a native of England, met in a match which was expected to be one of the best of the season.

Three Stars Kept Out of Spotlight by Lagging Teams

BY W. J. MACHETH.

NEW YORK, June 22.—An expensive stone in a cheap setting is no more out of place than a star ball player with a tallied club. The pitiful part of it is the hopelessness of his situation. There is a chance for some one to buy the diamond and have it reset; there is no chance for a tallied club to part with a star under any consideration. At times this almost leads one to doubt the wisdom—at least the justice—of the reserve clause of organized base ball contracts that binds human property to club owners indefinitely.

One does not have to look around very far to find plenty of base ball lots worthy of pity. Two of the greatest pitchers the game has ever developed have for years hidden their lights under a bushel, said bushel being support not fast enough to get out of the way of a truck. Nap Buckner of the Dodgers was king of the southpaws of the National league until "Rube" Marquard destroyed him. If this pair swapped clubs how about it? Do you think that Marquard, brilliant as he is, could go on day after day throughout a whole season to a brilliant record with a club that was as likely as not to boot away the only run of the game in the ninth inning? Walter Johnson, the speediest pitcher since Rustie, has won about half Washington's games the last several years. Until this season his case was identical with that of Rucker, Johnson has a better club behind him this year and a better lot of slab mates. The result is Washington's sensationally unexpected fight among the top-notchers.

Close at home we may find a few examples. There are three or four with Wolverton's Highlanders. Russell Ford, "Birdie" Cree and Harry Welter would look had on any championship club, wouldn't they? With a club that finished sixth in 1911 Ford won twenty-two and lost seven games. In 1910, his first season out with the big show, Russ peeled off twenty-six victories against six defeats. This year, with a club that is in the dumps, he seems destined for little better than average rating. Cren hit .300 last season for a club that went about its work "every man for himself." He was also one of the best base runners in the big show and this was with no assistance from his mates. Welter, laid up a great deal through sickness, was nevertheless one of the best all around gardeners in the national pastime.

Hal Chase, like Ty Cobb, has established such a reputation for himself that he would come in for his lion's share of glory if he were to play with a class Z outfit. Chase has come to be regarded as an institution. There is no doubt that he was one of the greatest diamond sensations of the age. As a kid breaking in he made "Jiggs" Donohue and Fred Tenney look as if they were rooted to the ground. Chase played the greatest ball of his career in 1911 as manager of the Highlanders. This spring he has been very backward in striking his salt owing to a long spell of sickness. When he does get right and as long as he stays right Hal Chase will be the king of all first sackers.

MCCARTY HAS RIGHT STUFF

Big Boy Who Whipped Morris Has Speed and a Punch.

HE IS THE COMING CHAMPION

His Victory Over Carl Morris Was the Climax of Several Months of Hard Training.

CHICAGO, June 22.—Luther McCarty, the youthful giant who surprised the world by tumbling Carl Morris to the ring floor, is not the fortunate child of a lucky punch, as some have intimated. Rather he is the embodiment of all that goes to make the ring champion, the possessor of speed, hitting ability, an aptitude for learning the finer points of the flat sport, and one of the gamest men who ever laced on a glove. His victory over Carl Morris was the climax of months of training, with one object in view, that of defeating the big engineer. At no time had he any doubt of the result of the contest with Morris. One day in which Luther McCarty was fortunate was in being substituted for Garry Goetz of Chicago an opponent for Joe Cox at Springfield, Mo., last December. He was also fortunate in meeting with Billy McCarty, who is now directing his affairs. Another fortunate happening in the career of McCarty was the meeting with Tommy Burns, ex-champion heavyweight of the world, at Calgary, British Columbia, in April, 1911. McCarty had not taken the boxing game seriously at that time, but after seeing him in action Burns took it upon himself to tell McCarty that a brilliant future awaited him if he took care of himself. It was this talk with Tommy Burns that induced McCarty to take up the boxing game with the avowed purpose of making a name for himself.

In January, 1911, McCarty got his first chance. Watt Adams, known as the Canadian heavyweight champion, was booked to fight "Yank" Kenny of Chicago. McCarty came to Culbertson to see the bout. On the day before the bout Kenny disappeared. McCarty was asked to go on as a substitute and he readily agreed. He put Adams to sleep in the second round. Watt then engaged McCarty to accompany him on a tour through lower Canada. On April 4 they arrived in Calgary, B. C., and there they encountered Joe Grim, the "Philadelphia Iron Man." Grim offered to fight any man in the world and McCarty took him on. McCarty won in the fourth round. It was after the bout with Grim that Tommy Burns, the former heavyweight champion, advised McCarty to take care of himself, predicting that he would some day be a champion, and McCarty on the first time began to take boxing seriously. From that day to the present McCarty has been gathering knowledge wherever he could get it, being always ready to box anyone.

The Adams-McCarty combination worked back to Fargo, N. D., where they dissolved their partnership. Twice he knocked out a big heavyweight, who called himself Al Withers of Boston, first on June 8 and then on July 4. Then he went to work in a hotel and did no more boxing until October 7, when he knocked out Tommy Crawford of Philadelphia in the first round. The next day he left for the east and reached Chicago on October 10, friendless and almost penniless.

fielding piece of work in organized base ball. He is every bit as handy at killing off sacrifice hits, though he is not so quick. He has a wonderfully accurate throwing arm, and is much surer in both his legs and clutches. While Hal pulls more sensational stuff than any two contemporaries, he also muffs more easy tosses than any three. The hardest sort of wild chumps he nails with one hand and simply eats up apparently impossible pickups. Daubert has neither the reach nor the range of Chase; consequently his infield takes a trifle more care in throwing than do the Yankees.

Where Daubert lays it all over Chase this year is in hitting. Jake has been going along at a terrific clip and after more than two months of the fight has been left behind finds himself well above the 300 mark. He is a pretty shifty fellow on the paths, too, and if with a club that was encouraged to use its speed, would undoubtedly be a base runner of more than average ability. Daubert is a far better ball player this season than he was last and in 1911 he was 60 per cent better than in 1910. He'll be better still in 1913 for he is learning all the time. He has to learn for he is not a genius like Chase. But he'll wear Hal's crown if the latter doesn't wake up pretty soon.

Three stars of first rank who have been kept out of the spotlight by reason of their membership in lagging teams. Walter Johnson of the Washington Americans and (left to right at the top) Jack Daubert, first baseman of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Russell Ford, Highlander spitball expert, are three gems of purest ray serene, who heretofore have shone almost unnoted in clubs that hung out around the cellar end of the league standing. Daubert is acquiring wider and wider recognition as Hal Chase's successor to the title of premier initial sacker and a record Ford would be making if he had the support of a team like the Highlanders. Johnson, one of the speediest pitchers who ever stood on the slab, still appears likely to come into his own, now that the Senators have a real team.

Many will tell you even now that Chase ranks second to Jake Daubert. And here we are getting back to our theme of stellar performers not fully appreciated because of environment. Certainly the boosters of the Brooklyns have every reason just now to assume this attitude. Next to Chase, Daubert is the finest

GOLF TOURNEY WEDNESDAY

Eighty Annual Meet of State Association at Country Club.

NINE CLUBS ARE ENTERED

Players Will Qualify for Three Flights—Secretary Hoel to Receive Entries Until Tuesday Afternoon.

Omaha golfers will be at its height during the last four days of this week, when the eighty annual tournament of the Nebraska Golf association will be played off at the Country Club. Already the local golf pot is sizzling with "dope" on the coming tourney, and the entries list will be considerable over 100, representing a total of nine golf clubs of the state, some good scores are expected.

Some of the entrants will have to be early risers, as the tournament opens at 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, when the qualifying round of eighteen holes medal play begins. There will be three flights, thirty-two players qualifying in each, thus making a total of ninety-six to qualify. Pairings will be made at the first tea as players arrive.

During the tournament officers of the state association for next year will be elected, two delegates from each club entered being allowed to take part in the voting.

Secretary Frank J. Hoel has not yet received a full list of entries from each club, but expects to have the list complete by Tuesday afternoon.

Prizes for the big event, which includes several handsome cups and medals, never in doubt. From the beginning McCarty outboxed and outthrew the man who was supposed to win back the heavyweight title for the white race. Twice—once in the fourth and again in the fifth round—Morris was nearly dropped, saving himself by stabilizing his youthful opponent. In the fifth round Morris was punished severely and went to his corner in evident distress. The sixth saw the end of Morris as a factor in pugilism. He was jabbed, hooked, upper-cut and buffeted around the ring until McCarty, seeing he had him ready for the finisher, stepped back just like an old ringster, then shot out a straight left, followed with a lightning-like right upper cut, and Morris measured his length on the canvas. It was the first time in his career he had ever been knocked off his feet. Even Jim Flynn could not accomplish this feat.



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RECORD ENTRY AT LEXINGTON

Great Interest Being Shown in Three Divisions of Futurities.

LARGE STAKES ARE HUNG UP

In Each Class the Number of Entries Are Larger Than They Have Been in Recent Years.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 22.—The entry list for the twelve Lexington classics, including the three divisions of the \$21,000 Futurity, is a record in harness turf history, even for the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' association. A total of 113 horses are either entered or named in the dozen events, or an average of forty-three for each classic, lacking three. The total value of these events is \$48,000, or an average of \$4,000 for each race.

The largest number of entries or eligibles is in the two-year-old trotting events, a total of 152, of which eighty-four are in the juvenile division of the Kentucky Futurity, and eighty-eight in the \$2,000 Lexington.

Next in number are in the three-year-old events, a total of 131, divided as follows: Sixty-four in the main division of the Futurity, fifty-seven in the Kentucky, worth \$2,000, and ten in the pacing division of the main stake—a total value of \$18,000 for 3-year-olds.

In the regular events the greatest increase is in the Walnut Hall cup, with a total of fifty-seven entries, which is practically double that of last year and larger than ever known in the history of this attractive classic during the last fourteen years.

BORTON HEAVIEST SLUGGER

St. Joseph First Sacker is Hitting at a .405 Clip.

NIEHOFF BEST BASE STEALER

Clever Third Baseman for Rockies is Still the Pick of the League When it Comes to Snagging Bases.

Baker Borton, the St. Joseph first sacker, has again jumped into first place in the batting column with the remarkable hitting record of .402. Borton has been to bat 214 times and has connected safely eighty-six times. Watson and Zwilling, both outfielders for the St. Joseph team, hold down second and third place, respectively, in the same column. Arthur Thompson, the Route outfielder, continues to drop, now resting in eighth place with an average of .311.

In the pitching department Harry Hicks, Omaha's only southpaw, holds down first place, having pitched seven games, winning six and losing one. Ryan of Omaha is also among the leaders, having won six games and lost two. His average is .750. Omaha is second in stolen bases and in sacrifice hits, while Bertie Niehoff, the best third baseman in the league, leads in stolen bases, having pilfered twenty-four to date. Following are the averages, which include last Tuesday's game:

Table with columns: Name, Team, AB, R, H, Pct. Lists batting averages for various players from Borton to Rickett.

PITCHERS' RECORDS

Table with columns: Name, Team, Won, Lost, Pct. Lists pitching records for various players from Hicks to Roth.

TEAM AVERAGES

Table with columns: Team, Batting, Pct., Pct. Lists team averages for various teams from Borton to Watson.

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

Table with columns: Name, Team, Pct. Lists individual batting records for various players from Watson to Brandom.

FIELDING AVERAGES

Table with columns: Name, Team, PO, A, E, Pct. Lists fielding averages for various players from Brown to Alderman.

BOOKMAKERS DISPLACED AT SEVERAL DRIVING PARKS

BALTIMORE, Md., June 22.—The racing committee of Baltimore county has ruled that after this year betting will be done by the pari-mutuel only. This does away with the bookmakers at Pimlico, Electric Park, Prospect park, Gentlemen's Driving park and Timonium. The rule goes into effect December 31.

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It is an old sore, caused simply because the flesh was diseased at that particular spot, it would be an easy matter to apply some remedy directly to the place, that would kill the germs; or the diseased flesh might be removed by a surgical operation and a cure effected. But the very fact that old sores reappear every year of local or external treatment, and even return after being out away, shows that back of them is a morbid cause which must be removed before a cure can result. Just as long as the pollution continues in the blood, the ulcer remains an open cesspool for the deposit of impurities which the circulation throws off. S. S. S. cures Old Sores by purifying the blood. It removes every trace of impurity and taint from the circulation, and thus completely does away with the cause. When S. S. S. has cleaned the blood, the sore begins to heal, and begins to heal in a strange way, the inflammation having subsided and the place fills in with firm, healthy flesh. Under the purifying and tonic effects of S. S. S. the system is built up, and those whose health has been impaired by the drain and worry of an old sore will be doubly benefited by its use. Book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT CURE CO., ATLANTA, GA.