NEBRASKA LAD IS WRESTLING CHAMP

Joe Stecher of Dodge, Neb., Throws Charles Cutler of Chicago in Straight Falls.

SPLENDID CROWD AT CONTEST

Joseph Stecher, Dodge, Neb., farmer boy, is the champion heavyweight wrestler of the world.

Before a crowd estimated at 10,000, which filled Rourke park to overflowing, the unassuming young man whose meteoric career has made him a noted figure in the world of sport, Monday won two straight falls from Charles Cutler of Chicago, who since the retirement of Frank Gotch has been defending the heavyweight championship.

Stecher won the world's championship with his famous body scissors hold, coupled with half Nelsons.

The first fall came in 17 minutes and 3½ seconds. The next fall, after an intermission of a quarter hour, came in 10 minutes and 59 seconds.

Cutler Much Heavier.

Cutler outweighed his opponent by a good twenty pounds, but within a few minutes after the beginning of the match, it was apparent that the extra weight was of little advantage to the Chicago grappler.

It was the old, old story of youth against age.

Stecher, as perfectly proportioned and graceful as a fawn, made a strange contrast beside Cutler, who, at least twelve years his senior, showed the ravages of time after a few minutes gruelling at the hands of the Nebraskan. His paunchy stomach made for consternation in the hearts of his backers, and after the match it was this same paunch that got the blame for the defeat.

Great Cheers for Stecher.

Though Stecher was not the champion when he stepped into the padded ring, the ovation he received proclaimed him a prophet that was honored, at least, in his own land. When at the head of a swarm of followers he surged through the crowd and appeared near the platform, a mighty roar, like the booming of a thousand cannon, broke upon him.

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h! Stecher! Stach-aaaaaar! Ah-a-a-a!"

When Cutler appeared, he received a generous cheer and prolonged clapping of hands, and a scattering of cheers, but besides Stecher's greeting, it was like the silence of the grave.

It was a representative American crowd. There were thousands of Stecher fanatics and thousands just as zealous of Cutler, but the majority were of no perviously formed opinion at all. With them it was simply a case of seeing the two men stripped, standing side by side, and then judging which was the best man. And when they saw Stecher beside Cutler, with resounding applause, placed upon him the stamp of approval.

Joe Was Their Hero.

His every action was greeted with a storm of encouragement. It was "Joe, Joe! Oh, Joe! Atta boy! Joe!" from the time he stepped shoulder to shoulder with the bigger man, until he stepped out of the ring, a conqueror.

When he left the ring, with Cutler lying flat and breathless from the terrible effect of the body scissors grip, a cordon of police had to battle furiously to stem the tide of humanity that closed in upon the hero. Stecher, fresh as from a little sprint, tried vainly to escape the plaudits.

At 8:30 o'clock all the dollar seats had been sold and a few minutes later, the $2 seats were all occupied. Remained only a few seats at $5, and before the match started, these too were snapped up. Every inch of space in the capacious grandstand was filled, and every bleacher seat contained a spectator.

Cutler Makes Quick Grab.

The start of the big match was made at 9:47, with both men feeling their way, but after a minute of wrestling Cutler made a quick grab with a crotch hold to get behind, but it did not avail. For five minutes they gruelled back and forth with no apparent advantage, when Cutler got behind by grabbing a crotch hold while still standing. Stecher made a strong defense, with the result that after a few twists they went under the ropes with Stecher behind.

Stecher was given the position behind after they were placed in the center of the mat, according to agreement, and hooked the scissors in a very short time.

Then began the punishment that was the downfall of Charles Cutler after the Dodge county wonder had squeezed Cutler with his scissors for about four minutes the terrible pressure began to tell and Cutler was seen to look at Frank Gotch and shake his head. The pain he was forced to endure was plainly evident.

Cutler Can't Escape.

Cutler made a heroic effort to get away and again they went under the ropes. After they returned to the center Cutler edged away and Stecher seemed in danger for a moment, but he soon twisted behind and again hooked his slssors. For almost ten minutes Cutler was forced to endure the terrific pressure of those gigantic legs of the Dodge county farmer with Joe all the while trying to twist the giant over with a half Nelson. After 17:03 minutes of wrestling he succeeded in putting both Cutler's shoulders to the mat and Referee Ed Smith patted him on the back.

Rooters Cheer Stecher.

Pandemonium broke loose from the thousands of Stecher rooters until it was noticed that Cutler failed to rise. He lay on his stomach in the middle of the padded ring for several minutes until he was assisted to his corner. Here Frank Gotch visited him and told him he must go back for the second fall. He also advised him to wrestle the second fall without his jersey. It was rumored around that Cutler would not return for the second fall, but when the agreed fifteen minutes was up he walked to the center.

Cutler was behind after one minute of wrestling in the second, but was very evident that he was about all in. He locked his arms around Stecher's waist and forced the lad to carry his weight. Joe got away from him twice. After nine minutes Cutler hooked a half Nelson and a bar hold on Stecher and it looked like the Dodge boy was going to the hay. But here was where Stecher showed the stuff of which he is made by twisting away by main strength.

Cutler got behind immediately, but Stecher raised himself to his feet and threw Cutler over his head and immediately got behind, hooked his scissors, when the Dodge boys started for home, for they knew the match was over, and so it was, for Cutler did not offer much resistance this time after those fearful legs were wrapped around him. The fall took 10 minutes and 59 seconds.

The preliminaries consisted of a lively exhibition by Marvin and Henry Hastings, sons of A. A. Hastings of Silver Creek. These lads were 9 and 10 years of age and showed considerable science on the mat.

Jack Tolliver and Joe Miller of South Omaha wrestled twenty minutes without a fall, when they were forced to give way to the big match.

All sorts of challenges were hurled into the ring, but some of them probably will not go, since Stecher won.

Joe Coffey offered a $25,000 purse on behalf of the Chicago American Athletic club for a match between the winner and Frank Gotch. A check for $5,000 was flashed as a guarantee for a match between Cutler and Gotch in Omaha within sixty days. Stecher challenged Gotch for a match within sixty days. Ordeman challenged the winner.

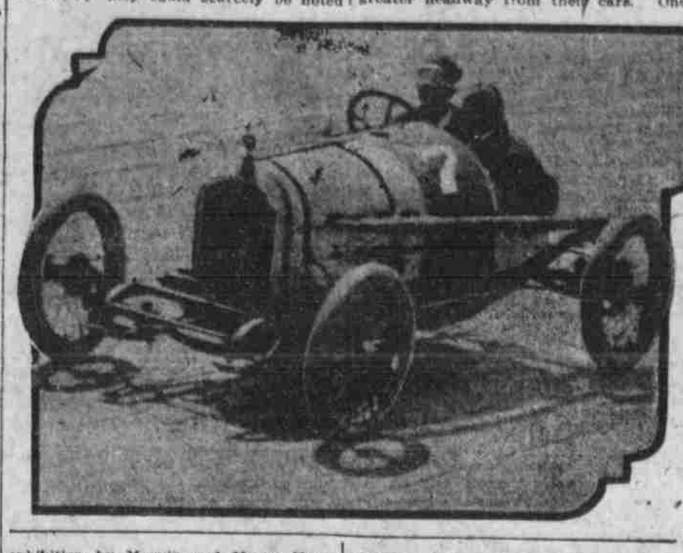
Frank Gotch was introduced in the center of the ring as the world's champion, but he refused to make a talk.

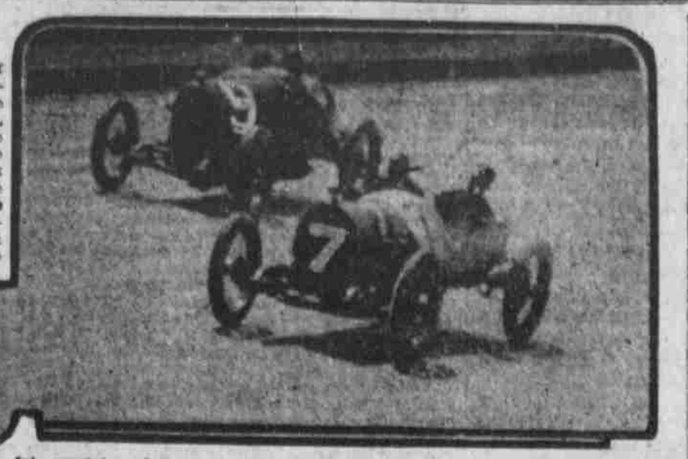
The weather was made to order. Not too chilly to be uncomfortable, nor too damp to remain outdoors, it acted upon the crowd as a tonic. It was a fine, large, cheerful evening, and the crowd drew from it an inspiration.

The promoters had arranged electric lights in the grandstand, and so graduated the lighting effect that the platform out near the pitchers' box, which was under a dozen blazing white arc lights, was as light as day, and perfectly plain to view from every seat.

Cars Passing Grandst and at the Speedway

Spectators who sat in the grandstand at the Speedway Monday afternoon were treated to thrills that will never be excelled. As the cars swept down from the lower turn, it looked as if the mad rush of the speed devils would carry them directly into the crowded stand, where thousands were watching the race with utmost eagerness. Then, as the cars sped on they whisked by the watchers so swiftly they could scarcely be noted and whirled around the trying steep of the first turn, providing the most spectacular feature of the race. The picture here shows Orr, Brown and Donelson, careening along the stretch, where the utmost speed was wrought from the cars. It was along this piece of track that the most interesting brushes of the afternoon occubred, for here the drivers were apparently inspired to do their utmost, and exerted every effort to get greater headway from their cars. One fair spectator of the race said, after it was over: "At first you didn't realize how fast the cars were going, and the rush down from the turn onto the stretch was terrifying, but soon one became accustomed to the speed, and the exileration of the spectacle kept one on tension to the very end."





CUTLER CREDITS STECHER'S SKILL

Fallen Idol Makes No Excuses, but Gives Nebraskan Full Measure of Praise.

SAYS ABLE TO BEAT GOTCH

"He's a better man than I am!

"I can throw anyone else in the world!"

"Frank Gotch cannot now, nor never could throw him!

"I'd like a return match, but I don't think it would do much good!"

These are some of the pithy statements made by Charley Cutler, defeated world's champion heavyweight wrestler, as he sat, pajama-clad, in his room at the Castle hotel yesterday, and fought over and over again the Rourke park battle. He was surrounded by his henchmen and a Bee reporter.

All were sitting about, listening to pearls of wisdom from the ex-champion. Only occasionally would they interrupt, and then to cheer up the fallen idol as he recounted some dark detail of the fray.

Thought Would Be Easy.

"When I arrived here—I'll tell you the truth—I thought I was about to take candy away from a babe. I hear so much of this 'farmer boy champion' stuff, you see. Every ten minutes, some one is discovering a champion wrestler somewhere out in the jungles. I dote on 'coming champions,' but I'll tell you like a man, that I bit off more than I could chew when I started in to commit mayhem upon this boy.

"I was too confident. I didn't believe these stories about his wonderful legs. But that first fall got me so quick that I realized what I was up against the next time, and I fought, hard and warily. I gave up everything that was in me—everything that nine years of the wrestling game has brought me. When I say everything, I mean every trick in the game. And I bet my money that I'd beat him. My friends here pawned their personal adornments to take away some of this 'soft money' from Nebraska.

Those Wonderful Legs.

"You have a wonderful boy here. There is no one in the world able to put him on his back. His legs are wonderful, but they're not his only good points, even though they are his best. Too much cannot be said about them. When he gets a body scissors on an opponent—good night—it's like a gigantic boa constrictor. Slowly, but surely the folds tighten, and tighten and tighten. Just above the short ribs I got it. First a feeling of nausea. Then giddiness. Then red, red red!"

Cutler's manager, Rochelle came in just then and sighed heavily. Everybody else sighed.

"Well Charley, it beats me. To think that we'd get goofed by a guy with only one trick."

"Only one!" Charley exclaimed. "Say, if you're talking about the scissors hold, lemme tell you—one trick is plenty for that guy."

Was Cupid Flying Over Rourke Park When Stecher Won?

"Winning this match means a lot to me," quietly said Joe Stecher, as he sat in the Henshaw dining room last night, surrounded by a host of friends at a little dinner.

His friends gazed at him admiringly. The match certainly did mean a lot. Movie royalties, gate receipts, championship—certainly it means a lot.

But Joe's face was masked in an expression of mystery. His eyes were upturned, as if he was trying to find something on the ceiling.

"Yes, this match means a lot to me," he repeated, dreamily. Everywhere about him was excitement. In the cafe all eyes were upon him, but somehow, to an observer who was on the trail of a mystery story, it seemed that the champion was not lending himself to the occasion.

Yes, that's the meat of this story. Also, that's as much as there appears to be in it, for Stecher would say nothing about it, affirmatively or negatively.

When a reporter asked him whether he won a bride with the world's championship, Joe smiled wanly.

"Where'd you get that?" he wanted to know, still seemingly preoccupied.

Will Gotch Give Joe Opportunity To Defeat Him?

Frank Gotch smiled and smiled and smiled.

"Yes, I think I'll give this young fellow a chance to put me on my back," he said. "I think he's a wonder. I'm going to see more of him."

Before the match Gotch told newspaper men that "Cutler'd throw Stecher so hard that he'd bring dark days to Nebraska."

Afterwards, Gotch revised his opinion. He was loud in Stecher's praise. "He's a great boy, all right," he said.

Stecher's Father Proud of His Son

It was after the first fall at the Stecher-Cutler match that a sudden commotion in the grandstand sent police there on the run, and made thousands of heads turn. A cheer that plainly carried a note of symphty told that it was not a fight, and then a few minutes later explanation came when an erect old gentleman marched out on the field, and up to the platform, followed by cheers from every section of seats that he passed.

It was Joseph Stecher's father.

Everybody seemed to want to wring his hand. Everybody demanded an answer to the same question: "Well, what d'ye think of Joeysboy now, eh?" as if Stecher pere had previously been a Cutler backer.

He smiled wanly. "Oh-h-h, I don't know. I guess he's all right," slowly.

Interest in Match Holds the Record

Public interest in the fate of Joe Stecher in his match with Cutler exceeded that in any sporting event held in Omaha within the memory of newspaper men. All The Bee telephones were kept ringing continuously from early evening until after midnight carrying inquiries. There was almost no cessation of the question:

"What do you hear of the wrestling match at Rourke park?"

Joe Stecher Says The Match Meant Whole Lot to Him

In his room at the Merchants hotel after the match with just a few close friends and the members of his family about him, Joe Stecher dressed for the street and wreathed in smiles, declared:

"There isn't a one of the crowd out there, indicating the huge swarm of admirers beneath his window," that even begin to know how tickled I am. It meant more to me than the ordinary person can realize.

"As for Cutler he is a decidely tough man, and a bully good sport. His extra weight I believe had much to do with my being able to throw him so quickly. Just tell the bunch I did my best and that was enough to bring home the goods."

The Keeley Treatment — Thirty-fifth Year

For Liquor and Drug Users

Removes permanently the craving for Liquor and Drugs.
Always improves the general health.
Surroundings pleasant—system humane, nothing "heroic."
Drugs are withdrawn gradually, and with the aid of our tonic remedies patients suffer no collapse.
Do not be purguaded that all treatments are alike. Ours is the only effective one, as time and experience proves.
Come to us without delay. These conditions are serious and there should be no experiments.
Send for illustrated booklet. Correspondence strictly confidential.

The Keeley Institute

Corner 25th and Cass Streets, OMAHA, NEB.

STECHER LOOMS AHEAD OF GOTCH

Referee of Match with Cutler Pronounces Young Titan Marvel of Wrestling World.

ONE OF RARE MEN OF THE MAT

By EDDIE SMITH,
Referee of the Match.

There is no way one can find out now just how good this astonishing young fellow Stecher really is.

It was enough this defeat of Charley Cutler in such convincing style—to prove that he is the one great athletic marvel of a century, just as much of a marvel and just as much of a wonder as Jess Willard, the new champion in his line.

Surely this is the day of the close-to-nature athlete, the farmer boy is coming into his own and the city chap surely must look to his laurels now.

Studying Stecher and his methods closely, as he flashed them on the mat tonight, I must say that he is one of the greatest boys I ever saw, and, considering his age, one of the world's wonders. He upsets all precedent by becoming a champion at the tender and completely unheard age of 23, or is it 22? We have been led to believe that it took a matter of ten years or so to properly season a wrestler. What do you know about that when Stecher at 22 becomes a wrestler of the Gotch type! Astonishing? Truly so.

And this selfsame Gotch, I imagine, had something of a scare thrown into him by what he saw in those fiery twenty-eight minutes on the mat. I think he has something to think about.

Hats off to Stecher. He's the real thing!

Friends of Stecher are going ahead with their plans for giving the new champion a diamond belt. It is suggested that this be really representative of Nebraska, and while it is presented by his Nebraska friends, that it be made in Nebraska. Already $3,300 has been raised to pay for this trophy, and it is easy for those who have been watching the new champion to see that it will be paid for by Omaha and Chicago money. The country boys have surely been cleaning up on Stecher on every match he has wrestled.

M'CONNELL WINNER IN HAPPY HOLLOW MATCH

McConnell beat Brownlee in straight sets, 7-5, 6-3, 6-4, in the Happy Hollow club tennis championship finals in singles.

All first round matches in the doubles must be played by tomorrow evening by order of the tennis commission.

Overall in Uniform.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 6.—Orval Overall, former Chicago National pitcher, got into a Salt Lake City uniform today and pitched at batting practice. Manager Blankenship of the Utah team said afterward he had offered Overall a contract. Overall has been working as a brewery salesman.

Avoid colds.
Don't get overheated standing over steaming tubs of hot water.
Wash your clothes in luke-warm water with

FELS-NAPTHA

soap.
Saves hard work, fuel and bother.
Makes your clothes cleaner than when washed the hard, old fashioned, wash-boiler way.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

Co-Pa-Co Paints

Best for Wear and Weather
Varnishes, Stains and Enamels

1812 Farnam Street
C. R. Cook Paint Co.

Omaha real estate is going to take a jump this fall. Buy now.

"Is England Worth It All?"

You must read THE LITERARY DIGEST of July 3d for this unique view-point current in England.

Since the recapture of Lemberg by the Germans, the Berlin populace, in their delirious enthusiasm, feel that Lemberg is only an incident on the triumphant march of the German hosts toward Calais, Paris and London. THE LITERARY DIGEST presents the best and most comprehensive account of the War in both war-zones.

Another feature that will be of interest to every reader is the detailed opinion of various authorities upon how the *Lusitania* might have been saved, in which it is pointed out that the aeroplane has not been utilized to the extent that it should have been by the Allies for spying upon submarines.

While THE LITERARY DIGEST features the War in its various phases prominently it is also rich in features of a peaceful aspect which particularly concern the American public.

Among these may be mentioned:

Regulating the Jitney
End of the "Grandfather Clause"
Pursuing Political "Higher-Ups" in Indiana
The League to Enforce Peace
Full Description of the Widener Library at Harvard
The Military Officer in German Letters
German Rejectors of "Hatred"
Cigars Under the X-Rays
How Summer Weather Affects the Wireless
Food As It Concerns Personal Fitness
Musical Sounds Translated Into Colors
D'Annunzio As Italy's Voice of War
The Memorial to Mrs. Wilson
Through the Servian Inferno
The Awakening of England
The Czech's Aspirations
Nervous Tension in Holland

THE LITERARY DIGEST for July 3d, is, as usual, copiously illustrated with striking cartoons, photographs, and maps. Besides the features above mentioned, it contains news of interest from the fields of Science Politics, Invention, Literature, Art, Religion, Education, Industry, Sports, Drama, that will claim the attention of the American public.

Get Your Copy of THE LITERARY DIGEST for July 3d, TO-DAY
News-Dealers, 10 Cents

The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK