

CORBETT OUT IN NEW LINE

Former Pug Developing Tom Cowler Hoping that He Will Wrest Championship from Willard.

LOOKS FOR GREAT RESULTS

BY RINGSIDE. NEW YORK, July 10.—Jim Corbett, pioneer of the modern code of boxing, and former heavyweight champion, has imposed upon himself the task of moulding a fighter capable of relieving Jess Willard of his newly acquired championship.

Corbett, the cleverest heavyweight who ever pulled on a pair of padded gloves, is so engrossed in his mission as to devote all of his time to developing his protégé. He has spent the last six months in tutoring the newcomer in every trick and artifice of the game that only Jim Corbett knew.

Willard no longer keeps the name of the world's next heavyweight champion (according to Jim Corbett), enshrouded in mystery. It is Tom Cowler, a name befitting the gladiators of old, when bare knuckle fighting was a vogue.

Has Cowler in Tow. Tom Cowler weighs slightly over 200 pounds, but this shortage of weight should not retard his march to the heavyweight throne, insists Mr. Corbett. Jim says a heavyweight champion need not necessarily weigh just under a ton and he points to Bob Fitzsimmons and himself as examples.

Corbett is at present in California, with Tom Cowler in tow. He curtailed his stay in Australia upon learning of his brother's sudden death. Just before embarking for the long sail, Corbett wrote the author of this score in the following strain:

"I have the makings of a champion in this fellow (Tom Cowler) and I am sure he is the fastest big man in the world today. By the time he lands in New York I will have him ready to meet any white man in the world.

"Of course, he has a lot to learn, but is picking up fast. He will be in New York some time in August, ready to meet Willard, or anybody else."

An Idol of Australia. Australia's boxing populace was just getting warmed up to Cowler when he was taken away by Corbett. He was rapidly becoming an idol on the southern continent when Corbett became sick, and resolved to return to the states.

During our short stay in the antipodes Cowler engaged in three combats, and in each he emerged victorious by the knockout route. It took him only seven rounds to dispose of the trio. After the third triumph over Ben Doyle in two rounds for the heavyweight championship of Australia, Corbett was so frank to admit that there was not a man in Australia that could cope with the hard-bitten and clever Cowler. Corbett declared the Australians were clamoring for a match between Cowler and Willard, and Jim told them he would strive to attain that end and bring the match to Australia if possible.

Two Americans in Disfavor. While on the subject of Australia, we are in receipt of some very interesting data from "Snowy" Barr, the chief boxing promoter of the antipodes.

Baker is kind enough to inform us that two American boxers have been barred from the Australian ring for life. That is, they will never again be permitted to fight at the Stadiums, Limited, Baker's boxing emporium. Jeff Smith of Haywood, N. J., and Young Atwell, the American lightweight, are the victims of this edict.

Smith came into disfavor for twice fouling Les Darcy in Sydney May 22, the referee being compelled to stop the contest in the second round. Atwell's offense was his refusal to try in his bout with Jack Clune, which resulted in his disqualification in the nineteenth round. Baker saw to it that Atwell got his transgression home, and the Stadium people paid off the fightless Atwell had incurred during his stay in Australia.

If such stringent measures prevailed in this country American fight fans might be treated to better bouts; surely there would be more action than the principals condescend to put into their combat at present.

Finds a New Wonder. We are still talking about Australia. News comes from that segment of the globe that there is harboring the greatest wonder of the fighting age. He is Jerry Jerome, the aboriginal fighter, black as your hat, but not to be classed as a con all the same, who is said to be self-taught, utterly unorthodox in style and a born fighter. What more can one ask?

He is 45 years old, but is still capable of delivering knockout punches. Australians who have seen him in action assure that he can hit with remarkable speed and smashing force from any position, and that if Jerry had come into the boxing game in his youth, the world would have found him a phenomenon and probably unbeatable in his class.

Last Pop-Pop Races of the Year at the Stadium Speedway. The last program of motorcycle races of the year will be staged at the Stadium Speedway in East Omaha today, starting at 8 o'clock. The event today will be entirely for the benefit of the riders and all money taken in at the gate will be distributed among them.

The season has been hard this spring and summer and the riders working on a percentage are rather up against it financially. They hope to pull through on the benefit today.

Seven races will be staged and the riders promise to give the best show of the season. The admission price will be but 5 cents instead of 10 cents.

BEATRICE ORGANIZES TO GET COURSING MEET. BEATRICE, Neb., July 9.—(Special.)—A number of dog fanciers of this city had a meeting Thursday evening and took preliminary steps for securing the national coursing meet in this city next October.

The Beatrice Coursing association was organized by the election of these officers: President, B. H. Center; vice president, Aaron Palmer; secretary, Vernon D. Andrews; treasurer, J. C. Emery; executive committee, O. L. Life, Henry Hayden, G. T. Herolds and Ed Gordon. It will require about \$2,000 to secure the meet, and a committee was appointed to call on the business men of Beatrice for the purpose of raising the necessary amount. Dogs from seventeen states will be entered in the races.

Jim Corbett Tells How He Discovered Cowler

By TAD.

One rainy afternoon in Portland, Ore., Jim Corbett was dressing for his morning in a little room of the stage. There was a knock at the door and a moment later the callboy entered with a big, blue-eyed, boyish fellow, who offered his hand to Jim saying: "I've been wanting to meet you for years."

Well, they set down and talked. The big fellow, we might mention, was Tom Cowler, the Cumberland Colossus.

Corbett tells the tale in this way: "This guy struck me right the moment I looked into that Irish face of his. He told me that he was a fighter—not the very best, but a willing fighter, and needed an earful of advice."

"His blue eyes hit me right—I like blue-eyed fighters; always did. Our greatest fighters were blue-eyed—Lavigne, Jack McAuliffe, Jim Terraco, Pat Moran, McGovern, Gibbons, Welsh, Chornack, Fitzsimmons, Britt, Jack Root, Al Neil, Frankie Neil, Young Corbett, Eddie McGorty, Eddie Hanlon, Johnny Kilbane, and I could go on for a week; but you set me—'m for the blue-eyed ones."

"I asked this fellow about his parents and found that his mother had come from Ireland and married his father, who was a Welshman, and Tom was born at Cumberland, England, in 1892."

"I looked good right there. He was young, he had the Irish blue eyes, came from the right sort of stock, and I knew that if he would only listen to me I'd have him gone."

"I took the old boy up to Tommy Tracy's in Portland and put the gloves on with him. Not being in shape, I told him that I'd try him out for three rounds, and I did. I pulled every sort of trick I knew, but didn't faze him at all and in the third round when he clouted me on the side of the head I almost figured my Australian trip off. I knew then that he was no boob at the game, was just a good hit."

"I was not satisfied yet, so had Tracy get a big fellow to box with him. He got one and Cowler handled him like an old timer. He was cool at all times and had the fellow in hand every step of the way. Well, we went to 'Frisco and they gave me the h. h. The idea of a 'white hope' was funny to them. They had seen so many fluffers."

"I told George Green, you know the original Young Corbett, who stopped Martin Flaherty in eleven seconds at Carson City, to get a good, tough guy and I'd show him my 'hops'."

"George grabbed a big sailor and brought him around. We took him to a club and Tom nearly killed the sailor in the third round. The first two rounds were slow, as the sailor crouched and covered his head, then darted out with a swing as wild as a propeller out of water."

"Cowler wasted a bunch of blows on the fellow's back and head at first, but when I showed him the folly of such stuff he stepped back and waited, and as the sailor let fly again so did Tom, and off went the leg to the other side of the room and we stopped it."

"They all came down to the boat to bid us goodby to Australia."

"When we arrived at Australia they were all from Missouri, too. W. F. Corbett, the sporting authority of Australia, told me after I had introduced him to Tom that the latter was a bloomer. Hugh McIntosh had him figured a fluffer, too. Snowy Baker laughed at me when I told him that I wanted Tom to get a fight. They informed me that Frank Moran had won from him on a foul over in England."

"Well, I knew that Tom was 13 years old then, and just breaking in. Cowler came to my dressing room that night with tears in his eyes. He said they wouldn't give him a fight, and that he was ready to go back on the next boat. I said: 'Tom, you stay right here. They laughed at Jeffries when he came to New York, and they howled at me when I went to New Orleans to fight Sullivan. I'll get you a fight, and I'll bet that they will be hanging around my room here over it needed fixing. They did the varnishing and they made all the necessary shifts in the rigging. And they did it with borrowed tools."

Different with Stanford. The other crews were on the river nearly a month before the race was rowed. And all during the early spring they had almost daily practice sessions. They had the benefit of the coaching of the most experienced and most famous rowing coaches in the world. But it was different with the Stanford boys.

The only training the Stanford boys got was about twice a week on a little lake near their college in California. Sometimes they didn't get in more than one day of practice a week back in California because their midge coach was a working boy and he couldn't get away from his job whenever he wanted to. When they landed at Poughkeepsie those kids found the weather totally different from what they had been used to. The humidity in the east sapped their strength. But they didn't whine—they didn't quit. They just went ahead and did the best they could. And they did it amid the sneers and the gibes from the other coaches and the other oarsmen who saw them in their daily workouts and said:

"What awful form—that awful form. They're the worst looking bunch of oarsmen that ever showed me the river."

Maybe they were. But they entered the race with something that no other crew had—real courage, real pluck, real sportsmanship. They entered handicapped by lack of practice, lack of conditioning and without any real knowledge of oarsmanship. But they had all the necessary essentials.

A gamler, pluckier, finer lot of boys never were gathered together than those Leland Stanford boys, and as long as history lasts they never will be forgotten. Twelve men there were in that little band that came from out of the Golden West to write their names indelibly in the pages of rowing history, and these are the twelve:

Frank Guernsey, coach of the team, aged 38, weight 115 pounds, height five feet three inches, the thinnest bit of humanity that ever "hoosed" an athletic outfit; I. W. Hulman, F. N. Worth, W. M. Green, G. A. Jacomini, W. H. Bloeser, C. H. Orme, A. H. McEuen, R. Mauer, F. E. Rehm and L. Rogers and J. Goodman as coxey.

Some Cops Happy! Increased court revenues at New London, Conn., may now be looked for, following the installation of a motorcycle in the police department. The machine is electrically equipped and is geared for a speed of seventy-two miles an hour, which is sufficient to overhaul anything short of Vanderbilt cup racer.

DR. NEAL'S Drink or Drug Specialists. High class experienced physicians will professionally treat you in strict privacy in your own home, hotel, club or institute, by modern scientific methods of treatment. Consultation calls in the city, examination and full information free to all who call, or address the head office, 1015 So. 10th St., Omaha, Neb. Neal Institute in 60 Principal Cities



TOM COWLER AND JIM CORBETT DOING UP THE HEAVYWEIGHT SITUATION AROUND N.Y.

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Western League Averages

Table with columns: Club, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists averages for clubs like Denver, Des Moines, Omaha, Topeka, etc.

FIFTEEN GAMES OR MORE

Table with columns: Player, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists averages for players like Galloway, Lejeune, Forsthe, Spencer, Clunn, Jones, Deas, Jackson, Krueger, Tydemann, Krug, etc.

Western League Averages (continued)

Table with columns: Club, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists averages for clubs like McCormick, Phelps, McGuffigan, McInyre, Roche, Britton, Williams, Watson, Griffith, Mcgridge, Billis, Hartford, U. Callahan, Coffey, H. Schriber, Fox, Kana, Hunter, Bostick, Lattimore, Wolfe, Morse, Trainer, Pownall, Schiebner, H. Williams, Mayer, C. Clark, Healing, Clark, Whelan, B. Green, Hahn, Nicholson, Wares, Southern, Kelleher, G. Cochran, Matthews, Henry, Musser, etc.

FIFTEEN GAMES OR MORE (continued)

Table with columns: Player, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists averages for players like Lloyd, Payne, Rapp, Thomason, Breen, Hoop, Patterson, Narveson, Shields, Pate, Smith, Pate, Sawyer, Baker, Tonneman, Price, Davidson, Daley, Tannehill, Yanis, Cooney, Withrow, Wiedman, Ewald, Hodgett, Tallon, Charles, Grayson, Whelan, Thomas, Powell, McCallister, Todd, Ewald, H. Schriber, K. White, etc.

Pitching Records. Table with columns: Name, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists records for players like Graham, Young, Miller, Fisher, Gaspar, W. Patten, Kelly, Vanos, Krueger, etc.

Club Batting. Table with columns: Club, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists batting averages for clubs like St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, etc.

National League Averages

Table with columns: Club, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists averages for clubs like St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, etc.

Individual Batting

Table with columns: Player, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists averages for players like Daubert, Tyler, Doyle, Markly, Luderus, Collins, Groh, W. Killifer, F. Vernon, Sullivan, Baker, Flanagan, Nelson, Boothby, etc.

Pitching Records

Table with columns: Player, G, W, L, T, A, B, R, H, Pct. Lists records for players like Ritter, Pierce, Alexander, S. Smith, Marmax, Meadows, May, Pfeiffer, Marquard, Vaughn, Dell, Humphries, James, Lavender, Ragan, Tyler, Lavender, Crutcher, Sallee, Adams, Matheson, McQuinn, Kappel, Rubeck, Hughes, Schauer, Chalmers, Perkins, Robinson, Corcoran, Appleton, Demaree, Douglas, etc.

EL TELLO Cigar advertisement. Features the text 'Wherever You Go For Vacation, or Week End Outings, you'll be Good to Yourself if you take with you This Sweet, Fragrant Cigar'. Includes an illustration of a man in a hat and a pack of El Tello cigars. Text mentions 'SAVE YOUR COUNT' and 'McCORD BRADY COMPANY Distributors OMAHA'. Price listed as 'LARGE SIZE ElTello 10 and 15c.' and 'SMALL SIZE ElTello 5c.'.