

SLIP IN JUDGMENT COSTLY TO DILLON

Jack Tosses Off the Fruits of Eight Years of Toil in a Single Day.

LIKE CASE OF LEACH CROSS

BY RINGSIDE.

New York, July 29.—Some can never learn; others refuse to be taught. This aphorism—or whatever you would call it—is best applied to the boxing game. Many a prospective champion has blighted his chances of becoming a big wage earner in the ring by making one ill-advised match. The case of Jack Dillon is offered for consideration.

For eight long years Dillon was buffeted about on the rough sea of pugilistic adversity. His one aim was to work himself into a position to demand a match with the world's heavy-weight champion. Finally he succeeded in attaining that eminence—after eight long years. And it took just two weeks for him to be toppled from the apex of pugilistic prominence.

One ill-advised match is sufficient to destroy an entire career for a boxer. It is to be hoped that Dillon's indiscretion will not turn out to be as detrimental as it appears at present. Also it is to be hoped that it doesn't take him eight long years to re-establish the prestige he enjoyed only a month ago.

For eight years Dillon has been meeting all comers. Some of them he fought once, others he tackled as many as nine times. The latter was the case of Dillon and Battling Levinsky, the Hebrew light heavyweight. Prior to a fortnight ago Dillon and Levinsky had met in the ring eight times. On nearly every occasion Dillon was returned the popular winner, or gained the favor of the referee.

Battered Into Match.

That should have satisfied Dillon. Everyone else was satisfied that Dillon was Levinsky's superior. At least everyone but Levinsky was satisfied on that score. When Dillon was first matched with Frank Moran, Levinsky battered the Hoosier Bearcat into signing with him (Levinsky) for a fifteen-round bout, to be held two weeks after the Moran affair.

No one gave this match any further thought. The Moran-Dillon fight was the match de resistance. It meant the elimination of Dillon as challenger of Jess Willard or it meant the obliteration of Moran as a championship contender. This was the match Dillon had spent eight years in the ring to secure.

Dillon won this match in handy fashion, outweighed thirty pounds and, laboring under a disadvantage of some five inches in stature. Dillon pummeled Moran to within an inch of pugilistic oblivion. Little Jack Dillon inflicted more punishment on Big Frank Moran than even the world's champion heavyweight—one considered to be the best that could be held the title—had done three months previously.

Should Have Been Happy.

Mr. Dillon should have been elated at this happy outcome and rested on his laurels. Before meeting Moran Dillon was not considered seriously as an opponent for Willard, but since mauling Moran, who stayed ten rounds with the champion, Dillon was looked upon as the next logical opponent of Big Jess.

Then somebody reminded Dillon of his engagement with Battling Levinsky. As Dillon's word is his bond, he went to Baltimore and permitted himself to be decisively outpointed by the Battler. Flop! went Dillon's stock. Fortunately for Dillon, the duration of the bout was but from fifteen to ten rounds. If the battle had gone five more rounds Dillon would have been more severely punished, as Levinsky was in astonishingly good form, while Dillon fought indifferently.

Thus it is that an ill-advised match may cost Dillon a chance for the world's heavyweight championship. His manager made the serious mistake of matching him with a dangerous rival even before Dillon had overcome Big Moran. Quite likely Jack's manager did not expect him to do as well as he did against Moran, and thought he was protecting his interests and that of Dillon by having a \$1,500 match in sight.

Must Fight Way Back.

Now Dillon must practically fight his way back to the top again. He would do well to instruct his manager not to be as industrious in securing matches for him in which a victory means little gain for him, whereas a defeat undermines the entire foundations of Dillon's reputation.

Another instance of poor match-making that resulted in greatly diminishing the earning powers of a title contender was that of Leach Cross. For years the Ghetto's leading lightweight was the best drawing card in Manhattan and environments.

Leach's brother-manager, Sam Wallach, snapped at an offer of some \$1,500 to box young Saylor, a mediocre lightweight. Cross went west for this bout and was knocked out in five rounds. Leach hasn't fought since.

Amateur Games Today

Broads against Chicago Union Giants at Nevada park, 1:30 p. m. Council Bluffs All-Stars against Anita, Ia., at Louis Lela, Ia. Slaps at Fernis, Ia. Omaha Co. at Plattsmouth, Neb. Chris Lorch against Merchants Hotel, east diamond, Fontaine park, 1:30 p. m. Burgess-Snell against Lulus, Lulus park, 1:30 p. m. P. R. B. against Te-Be-Ces, Armour park, 1:30 p. m. Omaha Bicycle Indians against South Side Merchants, Riverside park, 2:30 p. m. Helpe against Murphy D.M. Ia. Thirty-second and Dewey avenue, 2:30 p. m. Carr Electric against Omaha All-Stars, east diamond, Fontaine park, 1:30 p. m. J. D. Crews against Townsends, west diamond, Kimwood park, 1:30 p. m. Council Bluffs Marzocha at Underwood, Ia. Council Bluffs Victoria at Des Moines, Ia. Council Bluffs Imperials at Atlantic, Ia. Council Bluffs Men's Fashion Shop at Honey Creek, Ia. Council Bluffs Struts at Red Oak, Ia. Tradesmen against Reddicks, Docks, Halimov park, 1:30 p. m. McCarthy's Bunnysbrook against Council Bluffs Struts at Oak and Broadway, Council Bluffs. Modern Woodmen No. 346 against Annual Order of United Workmen, Miller park, 1:30 p. m. Reddicks against Reddicks, Council Bluffs. Stars and Stripes against Sandbar Trotter, Riverside park, 10 a. m. Brotherhood of Railroad Employees against Stars and Stripes, Council Bluffs.

Hagen Wins Metropolitan Open Tournament; Hoffer Shows Good

This picture shows Walter Hagen of Rochester (left), who recently won the metropolitan open championship in the play-off of a triple tie. The other picture is of Charles Hoffer, a 20-year-old Putnam professional, who, with James Barnes, tied with Hagen for the title before the play-off. Hoffer finished third, two strokes behind Barnes.



WAGNER THE KING OF ALL ATHLETES

Greatest Ball Player That Ever Lived is What William Chamberlain Says of Veteran. NEVER PULLED A "BONER"

By FRANK G. MENKE.

New York, July 29.—"Honus Wagner is the greatest base ball player that ever lived," is the assertion of William Chamberlain, donor of the famous Temple cup and one of the best judges of ball players the game has ever known.

"For forty years—since the National league began—I have seen every star that ever flashed in the base ball firmament," added Temple. "There were many brilliant ones in the past; there are scintillating performers today. But none can compare with the one in all-around ability."

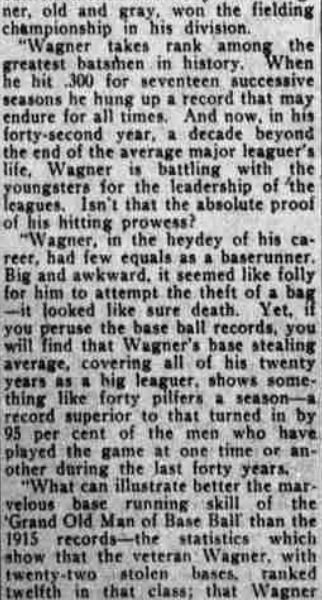
"Wagner never was ranked among the graceful shortstops—but who can name a player of the present—or the past—who really outshone the amazing Honus as a ground coverer? Wagner may be clumsy and awkward in his movements, yet, today, at the age of 42, he covers more ground than 90 per cent of the short fielders in the game."

Honus Led 1915 Shortstops. "Who led the National league shortstops in 1915? The answer is Honus Wagner—the gray and grizzled Honus. Bitted against such rivals as the brainy Herzog, the fast Maranville, Bancroft—called the greatest shortstop in the game by John Tener—and all the others, Wagner, then aged 41, outplayed each and every one. Wagner, old and gray, won the fielding championship in his division.

"Wagner takes rank among the greatest batsmen in history. When he hit 300 for seventeen successive seasons he hung up a record that may endure for all times. And now, in his forty-second year, a decade beyond the end of the average major league's life, Wagner is battling with the youngsters for the leadership of the leagues. Isn't that the absolute proof of his hitting prowess?"

"Wagner, in the heyday of his career, had few equals as a baserunner. Big and awkward, it seemed like folly for him to attempt the theft of a bag—it looked like sure death. Yet, if you peruse the base ball records, you will find that Wagner's base stealing average, covering all of his twenty years as a big leaguer, shows something like forty pilfers a season—a record superior to that turned in by 95 per cent of the men who have played the game at one time or another during the last forty years.

"What can illustrate better the marvelous base running skill of the 'Grand Old Man of Base Ball' than the 1915 records—the statistics which show that the veteran Wagner, with twenty-two stolen bases, ranked twelfth in that class; that Wagner



WILLIAM C. TEMPLE.

WESTERN LEAGUE Averages

Table with columns for Club, Batting, and Fielding statistics for the Western League.

on the closing day of the meeting, will be by far the hottest race ever run on a half-mile track.

BIG FIELD TO START IN GREAT WESTERN

Among the entries are Her Reaper, with a half-mile track record of 2:11 1/4; Miss Densmore, marked at 2:11 1/4 over a half-mile oval; Dr. Wayo, who has gone the distance in 2:12 1/2; Bessie Mac, who has trotted miles on half-mile tracks in around 2:10; General Francis, credited with time of 2:11 1/4; Great Northern, a consistent winner on Nebraska tracks and a horse that the others will have to go some to out-trot.

The Great Western circuit meeting in Omaha will be held at a time when the racing season is at its height. Horsemen agree that the speed merchants are at their best along toward the middle of August, and with a half-mile track the peer of any in the country, records should go by the board.

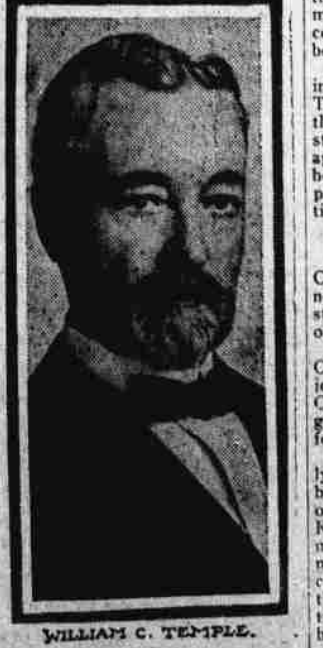
Following the Wahoo (Neb.) meeting, which will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, the regatta of horses to Omaha will start in earnest. It is expected that approximately 200 race horses will be quartered at the East Omaha plant of the driving club by the time the meeting gets under way.

Omaha Horses at Corning. Omaha horses did well at the Corning meeting last week. Hal Connors and Tena G., from the Dennison stables, showing the Iowa's kind of steppers they train here.

That battle-scarred veteran, Jim O'Shea, whose feed is paid for by the jovial Fred Myers, got a fourth in the Corning races. Mr. Myers feels pretty good about it, even if there were only four horses in the race.

But a real victory—and, incidentally, another one—for the Myers stables was the performance of M. T., owned by Mr. Myers and Charles Klinger, in the Council Grove (Kan.) meeting on the Kansas and Oklahoma circuit. M. T., who has been cleaning up right this season, won the 2:11 pace in straight heats, cutting a fourth of a second off the horse's mark—2:10 1/2.

CALLS WAGNER GREATEST OF ALL PLAYERS.



WILLIAM C. TEMPLE.

LEE FOHL CARRIES A "DOC" WITH TEAM

Dr. Moyer Travels With Club and Repairs Maimed and Injured Athletes.

PUTS COVELESKIE RIGHT

As a firm believer in preparedness Manager Lee Fohl of the Cleveland Indians has introduced the rather novel plan of carrying his own hospital corps with him on the road.

On their recent trip through the east the Indians were accompanied by Dr. Charles Edward Moyer, registered practitioner and osteopath, who was on hand to take care of the maimed and injured, give relief for the dreaded "charleyhorse" and to replace such muscles as got out of place on any of the athletes.

"Doc" Once a Leaguer. Dr. Moyer was once a big league pitcher himself. He was with Washington in 1910, and it was through trouble with his arm that he came to take up osteopathy, which has landed him in his present position.

In 1911 his arm became lame and he had to go out to the minors. He was with Springfield for the next three seasons and during that time was constantly passing out \$2 bills to doctors for relief. He finally decided he would take up osteopathy himself as the cheapest method of getting his arm in shape.

So he studied and took the necessary examinations a year ago. Last season he was able to pitch better than he had for four years. Manager Fohl had known him in the days when he was manager of the Waterbury, Conn., club, when Moyer was with Springfield. This season, when Fohl had so much trouble with injuries to arms and legs on his club, he got Dr. Moyer to join the club.

Already Dr. Moyer has put Coveleskie in shape. The pitcher was getting a lame arm from too constant work since Morton was injured. Coveleskie was able to pitch last Saturday and again on Monday. Morton has also come in for attention. The Cleveland star is reported to be getting along nicely.

Terry Turner, who returned to the game after an absence of three weeks, was also another patient of the club's doctor. He twisted his ankle in a game against the Yankees at Cleveland, and until the series here has not been in a game. Dr. Moyer worked on the ankle and got him back into the batting order.

Charley Ebbets has issued a kick because he says Pitcher Davia, Wich... 16 100 96 27 32 8 4 600

Table with columns for Player, Club, and various statistics for the American League.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Averages

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The Hypodermic Needle advertisement featuring an illustration of a person and the name FRED S. HUNTER.

Some Weather. We would like to be in Greenland, Or in Iceland or New Zealand, Where we now could live in perfect peace and bliss.

There is no getting around it, we'll have to ask waivers on the weather man.

Want Ad. LOST, STRAYED OR SWIPED—One cool breeze and rain.

BRING ON THE SNOW. We have often howled in winter, And said 'twas too cold then; But since we've suffered summer, We will steer howl again.

On the Public. Sam Marburger, Jack Dillon's manager, says the Dillon-Levinsky fight was a joke. Does Sammy figure he's giving out any news?

In other words, Sammy admits a box fight is much like a wrestling match.

BUT THEN WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY AUTOMOBILE. We spy in the public prints that there has been a reduction of 10 cents a barrel in crude oil, but then crude oil won't run automobiles.

A story from Cincinnati says Buck Herzog offered Garry Herrmann \$20,000 in cash for his unconditional release, and Herrmann refused. Despite our somewhat tender relations with Messrs. Carranza and Villa, Mexican money seems to be finding its way into the United States.

THAT ALIBI STUFF. Whenever a manager goes down to defeat, He always tries with excuses; He claims that his hand is a hard one to beat, When all that he holds is deuces.

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Barnes of the Braves tried to bean his star batters. Mr. Ebbets evidently overlooks the fact that Boston pitchers would, of course, throw a bean ball.

Speaking of matches, we wonder if anybody will match Stecher and Lewis again?

Chief Meyers, they say, has become a favorite in Brooklyn, showing anybody can become a favorite in Brooklyn.

YES WE ARE. We are feeling sad and blue, We really don't know what to do; Frank Gotch has quit the wrestling game.

Oh, mercy me, ain't it a shame, And we are feeling sad and blue.

Freddy Welsh and Charley White have been matched again. Why won't those guys behave?

The Minnesota boxing commissions are the merry little cut-upers. Freddy Welsh refuses to fight in Minnesota, so the commission refuses to let him.

It is the uncertainties of life that make existence interesting. And that is why, sometimes, Dario Resta loses a race and the Drummers win a game.

The Little Son-of-a-Gun. Dear Mr. Hypo—If you're so darned good why don't you write a "rime" about Ichlya Kumagae? J. C. B.

The Drummers have the old fight and are bound to put up a battle for the first division, says Jack Holland. Working on this theory, we may some day expect to see a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face.

BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON. You may flay me and harass me, You may swear at me and curse, Say I haven't got the punch, And I boss a rotten bunch, But I can't make the Reds any worse.

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You Can Make Pure Lager BEER advertisement featuring an illustration of a beer mug and the name Johann Hofmeister.