

Even the Sturdiest Fall Before the Blows Old Father Time Delivers

Fred Fulton Bobs to Surface Again; Jim Flynn Retires From Prize Ring

Sunk by Carl Morris, Minnesota After Seventeen Years of Service the Pueblo Fireman Decides to Call It a Day and Quit.

By JACK VEIOCK.
New York, June 30.—Look who's here! The periscope registers the map of one Frederick Fulton bobbing around on the horizon nor' by northwest.

Bubbles on the water indicate that Frederick has come to the surface bristling with chatter and ready to start something rough. He has an armload of moths and is ready to toss them on Willard, Morris, Moran or anybody else who thinks he has class as a heavyweight.

Every one thought that Carl Morris, the big Oklahoma subversive, had Fulton sunk for good when he took a decision from the plasterer in New York. The pathway of Morris looked as clean as a bald head, and he was totting a pair of mauls labeled "For Jess Willard" when up bobs Fulton with a knockout victory over Sam Langford and gums up the works.

The night that Fulton hung his trowel propeller on Langford Jess Willard must have been convulsed with merriment. Jess was probably glad to hear the news, for as a result of Fulton's unexpected comeback he can stall off the would-be heavyweight champions for a while longer.

The fact that Fulton knocked the Boston Tar Baby out has not covered him with championship class by any manner of means, for Thamy was fat around the equator and as graceful as a sack of sugar when they met. But the victory does pave the way for Fulton to put in a new chip, and he is already warbling for a return bout with Morris.

Achieves Unprecedented.
Fulton accomplished something none of the other heavies has been able to do in the fifteen years that Langford has been boxing, for in all his days Thamy has never before taken a deep sea dive for the count. Gunboat Smith tried his luck with Langford and succeeded in getting the better on points in their first meeting, only to come back confidently and lose via the knockout route.

Langford has challenged everybody but Jim Jeffries during his career in the ring. He was too light for Jeff when the big fellow was in his prime, but when Jack Johnson took the title in tow Sam was right on his trail, and he offered to fight anybody, black or white, at any time or any place. The fact that the white heavy—with the exception of Smith—sidestepped the Boston chocolate drop is proof of what he has thought of his ability.

Prefers Long Route.
So now comes Fulton with a clean victory over Langford and a chance to horn into the front ranks of would-be champions again. A return match between Fulton and Morris will be the next heavyweight attraction if Fulton has his way about it. He wants the big Oklahoma engineer and he wants him quick. He claims he can offset his poor showing in New York inside of ten rounds, but he would rather get Carlos over a distance route if possible.

Fulton surprised every one in the Morris bout by his poor work. He didn't fight and he was just about as awkward as a barrel of molasses on stilts. He kept protesting to the referee while Morris roared into him, and when the end came in the fifth round the crowd was satisfied, for the bout was a joke.

But with all the panning that Fulton got there is a chance that the public will welcome him back as an opponent for Morris, and as Fulton is perfectly willing it's all up to Carlos now.

Pollok Vindicates Leonard.
Harry Pollok, manager of Freddie Welsh, has come to the front in defense of Benny Leonard against charges made recently regarding Leonard's weight the night he won the title from the champion.

A short time ago one of the New York promoters who has been trying to get Leonard as an attraction for his club came out with the statement that Leonard weighed around 137 pounds the night he met Welsh. The charge, could it be proven true, would rob Leonard of much of his glory, because of his boast that he is a legitimate lightweight who can scale at 133 pounds ringside. Pollok's statement gives Leonard a clean slate. It follows:

"On the night of May 28, 1917, about 10 o'clock, Freddy Welsh and Benny Leonard were weighed by one of the official inspectors of the State Athletic commission in a dressing room at the Manhattan Athletic club. Leonard weighed 133 pounds and Welsh some fraction over 136.—I cannot remember the exact fraction. I know these weights are correct, because I was present and saw both boys being weighed. I understand the inspector in question has made a affidavit to practically the above. He is absolutely correct.

While I still maintain, as I did immediately after the contest was stopped, that the referee erred in not giving Welsh the benefit of a count, I am certainly not in sympathy with the unsportsmanlike attempt recently made to besmirch Leonard's claim to the title.

After Seventeen Years of Service the Pueblo Fireman Decides to Call It a Day and Quit.

By RINGSIDE.
Chicago, June 30.—The oldest active boxer in the business is about to quit and live on the interest of his investments in Liberty bonds and other gilt-edged securities. His name is Jim Flynn, and he is known as the Pueblo fireman.

"Terrible attack of neuritis in this shoulder," Jim said to us the other day, indicating his left side. "If it had been on the other side I would have fought Gunboat Smith and would have done well with him. But if you haven't got a left you're gone. So I just naturally passed it up.

"I'm through after this year to a certainty. I've got some little investments that'll keep the wife and kids. I'm going home as soon as I get this shoulder rubbed down at Excelsior Springs.

"I believe I'm the oldest boxer in actual service. Seventeen years of it—at it hammer and tongs—fighting the big and the little, tough and easy, and never getting many of the soft ones. Thirty-eight years old and still going. Born in '79 and started in 1900.

"Funny, too. I've been under one management for the last twelve years, and we never had the scratch of a pen between us—Jack Curley and I. I never ask a question and do just what he says, go where he indicates and my money to the penny is always waiting for me. Can't beat that much! If more fighters got managers they could trust and then trusted them the game would be better."

Jim probably will be able to swing those hams in good shape for five years more if he so desires.

Ertle is Slipping.
Johnny Ertle, who laid claim to the bantamweight title by virtue of a foul in the fifth round of his battle with Kid Williams at St. Paul, September 10, 1915, has joined Johnny Coulton on the down grade. Not yet 21 years of age, Ertle's quick retrogression is one of the mysteries of the ring today.

For the past year or so, in spite of the fact that Ertle has not fought himself out, as did Pat Nelson or Terry McGovern, Ertle has been knocked and buffeted around, and nowadays almost any third-rate boxer in his division beats him or holds him even.

If Ertle had traveled the route there might be some excuse for his slipping. In some circles it is said that Ertle's handlers have been taking him along the gay water way where the lights burn brightly, and if this is the case it is quite easy to see the reason for his being burned out just at the time when he should be at his best.

Only a couple weeks ago Kid Barone, a third-rater from Pittsburgh, beat him in a six-round battle.

Ertle's performances in the last year have been most disappointing. He was outpointed by Abe Kaufman in Philadelphia in six rounds. Dick Loadman beat him by a comfortable margin in Baltimore. "Fekins" Kid Herman held Ertle even in Milwaukee, and now Barone holds his own with the former terror of the bantam division.

Decisions in Cincinnati.
Fifteen-round bouts, with decisions by referees, is to be the new rule in Cincinnati. Mayor George Puchta has approved the plan of the boxing commission to strike ten-round bouts from the books, and the first scrap will be at Redland Field July 3, between Johnny Ertle and Sammy Handlow, bantams.

Kilbane Aided Leonard.
The terrific beating doled out to Freddie Welsh when he met Johnny Kilbane in New York probably is as much responsible as anything for the fact that Leonard is now lightweight champion of the world.

Kilbane hit Welsh everywhere except on the spot that Welsh always had covered on him. When he met Leonard, if Kilbane had been given the same opportunity for victory that presented itself to Leonard he probably would be wearing a crown in each angle of his curled locks.

SHOW WAY IN METROPOLITAN RACE—Stags, who are firmly entrenched in the leading position in fast Class B league. Back row, left to right: Farley, pitch; Fitt, catch; Douglas, third; Seaton, second; Rasmussen, pitcher; Jacobs, right; Bertsch, short; Easton, left; Moredick, center. Front row, left to right: Hartman, scorer; Houser, utility; Moredick, mascot; Bruce, first; Lightell, pitcher.



NO MORE GIFTS FOR SANDLOT PLAYERS

Board of Directors to Hang Thirty-Day Suspensions on Stars Who Accept Donations.

By FRANK QUIGLEY.
Betting is forbidden on or near the municipal diamonds, and so were apples some years ago, but it would take an army of bluecoats to stop it even then—a few leaks that no plumber could repair would be noticeable. Madam Rumor has it that approximately \$150 changed hands during the Townsends-National Cash Registers fiasco. Money has been offered by the backers of various teams as an incentive to snag the bacon. It was said that Mayor Dahlman offered the pitcher of the Dahlman Knights a five spot if he succeeded in whipping the Brodegaard Crowns, formerly the Tradesmen. Mr. Trimble, backer of the Trimble Bros., recently was very generous during the Trimble Bros.-Dahlman Knights jamboree. One of the pillars of the National Cash Registers attended the Register-Omaha Bicycle Indians contest and deposited some of his dough with the players. Other similar incidents, although smaller amounts were offered, have happened. Said Trimble, the adjudicator during the sixth inning, was ordered replayed. The Beddoes protested their last mix with the Krajkicks, but the protest was referred back to the Metropolitan league for action. In a written communication to the association, Manager Wiig of Alpha Camp, Woodmen of the World, requested that a rehearing be granted him because of the decision of the board of directors, that his team should replay a game it won from the Western Union. When the decision was made, supposed to be competent witnesses testified that Wiig agreed to replay the game in question and the board ruled he should follow out his original intention, although it seemed nonsensical that Wiig should make an agreement of that kind unless the words were spoken when a trifle warm under the collar. The same committee appointed to investigate the Keber-Lacey gaffe encounter was instructed to call on Park Commissioner Hummel and ask that Reber be suspended if Lacey, who was scratched off the books for the balance of the season, could not be reinstated. The investigation unearthed the facts that both were equally guilty.

League Meets.
Last week the big guns of the American league congregated. It was agreed between the various managers to sign up players to aggregate their total to a dozen or so before Monday, July 2. A motion passed unanimously to allow Holland, who is recognized as one of the best Class A kinkers in or around this neck of the woods, to join the Townsends. It was reported that Carl Lutes, captain and third baseman of the Townsends and also a leather egg warrior with some rep, has joined the navy.

To date this season the fans have been treating the players all right, but not quite often enough. Naturally the fans sometimes think that amateur base ball is made up of what they don't want and what they can't get. Excitement generally serves to satisfy their appetites, and, as barrels of it have already been served and the refrigerator of the Omaha Amateur Base Ball association is bubbling over with it, in all probability the majority of the fans will be well repaid for their interest in the amateurs before Old Man Wirtzer pays his annual visit.

It is up to the second division warriors of the Greater Omaha league to pull down the squads higher up this afternoon. At present the Melady Mavericks are the leaders because they have played more games than the Armourers and Ramblers. These teams are even as far as games lost are concerned.

Battle for Position.
Second place in the City league will wobble this afternoon when the Walter G. Clark and the Omaha Grain Exchange congregations harness up at Melady's meadow at 1:30 p. m. Both teams are now hopping rather fast and the followers of both gangs expect to see a thriller. George Probst will fire the cherry for the Grain ladies, while elongated Peterson will 'em for the Clarkers.

At Riverview park the Brodegaard Crowns and Dahlman Knights will put on a show worth walking blocks to see, and country blocks at that. At the present writing the Crowns are holding down roost one in the Booster league and the Knights are close on their trail. The last mix between these two aggregations terminated with the Crowns one peary to the good. This matinee is billed for three and a half strikes.

On Firecracker day the Te-Be-Ces of the Greater Omaha league and the Murphy Did Its, champions of the City league, will clash at Lyons, Neb. A purse of \$100 was put up by the Commercial club of the aforementioned city as an incentive to corner the grapes. Of course expenses for both teams have to be deducted from the century green and the balance, which will be approximately \$35, will be equally distributed among the players.

Gossip Heard Among the Amateur Warriors
Ratford is now in New York looking over the skyscrapers.

Last Sunday Cogan, heater for the Beddoes, was put out of commission temporarily when he dove for sack one. He will be back in the harness today.

Manager John Hosen of the Holmes White Sox had his clubbing articles on file against the Armourers. He accused four hits out of five attempts.

With the ash furniture Frank Habaska has a stack of articles in his file against the Beddoes.

James Melita, secretary of the Omaha Amateur Base Ball association, has left for Hennessy, Okla., where he intends to spend his vacation and a few jits.

According to Roy Steacy, the Beddoes' manager, the department in question of knocking the Motive Power and Machinery department the next time they meet.

In Dutch Flats the Burgess-Hans squad has a stack of articles in his file against the Beddoes.

George Clark, chief of the Munny umpire, was unkind from the hospital last Sunday. He is of the opinion he would rather hold down an umpire job eight hours a day than bed in a hospital.

Shrupis, an Italian-Armourer quarrel, Walter Spelman brought the crowd to its feet, when after he had apparently been headed off at corner two, he made a handsome dive of about ten yards and landed safe.

First baseman Murphy of the Beddoes is quite a hitman. He chopped off a pair of higher shins in the last game of the Melady Mavericks—Devol Victoria jamboree. Jones was the chief boy with the club for the Devo's.

Western League
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National League
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Team Batting
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Individual Batting
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Roush, Cincinnati, 17 10 6 121 25 17 11 41 47
Cruise, St. Louis, 17 10 6 121 25 17 11 41 47
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Doak, St. Louis, 17 10 6 121 25 17 11 41 47
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Jack Smith, St. Louis, 17 10 6 121 25 17 11 41 47
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HENRY ORDEMAN IS VERSATILE HUSKY

Minneapolis Man is Star at Wrestling, Sculling, Bike Racing and Was Sailor and Blacksmith.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 30.—Besides being a wonderful wrestler, Henry Ordeман of this city, former American heavyweight champion wrestler, who meets Marin Plestina of Omaha in a finish match at the latter city, July 4, is a remarkable all-round athlete.

Ordeман was born at Bergen, Norway, 32 years ago. He gained a wide reputation all through Norway for sculling and bicycle racing. As an amateur he won medals for bike racing and rowing. The trophy he prizes most is a beautiful gold medal which was presented to him by Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of the famous Norwegian violinist, after he had defeated the best amateur orsamen of Norway in a sculling race at Bergen.

Before breaking into the wrestling game Ordeман was a blacksmith and

invests his money. Ordeман has made a lot of money during the nine years he has been in the wrestling game. He has invested his money wisely and is well fixed for the rainy days that may come when he is through as a professional athlete. He is a thrifty fellow and possesses a shrewd business head. He does not drink, smoke or dissipate in any manner. He is married and is the proud father of three girls and a boy.

The big Norweg is extremely modest and has never made a speech, which is quite remarkable in these modern times, when most professional athletes perform more deeds with their vocal organs than with their muscles. He is training faithfully for his match with Plestina on Independence day and hopes to flop the Omaha grappler and later get a match with Earl Caddock.

American League
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