

CORBETT IS BOOSTING HEAVY BOXER PICKED UP HERE IN PORTLAND

Former Champion Says Tom Cowler Will Be Ready for Jess Willard Soon.

WON THREE IN AUSTRALIA

Heavy Baker Says Jeff Smith and Young Attell Are Barred for Life From the Stadium.

By Ringside.

New York, July 10.—Jim Corbett, pioneer of the modern code of boxing, has imposed upon himself the task of moulding a fighter capable of relieving Jess Willard of his newly acquired championship.

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

We will no longer keep 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 in vogue.

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

What Corbett Thinks of Him.

Corbett is at present in New York, with Tom Cowler in tow. He curtailed his stay in Australia upon learning of his brother's sudden death. At his last embarkment for the long sail, Corbett wrote the author of this screed in the following strain:

"I have the makings of a champion in my fellow sailor. He is sure he is the fastest big man in the world today. By the time he lands in New York he will have a name 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."

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 homesick, and resolved to return to the states.

During the 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 Doyld in two rounds for the heavyweight championship of Australia, the Australians were frank to admit that there was not a man in Australia that could cope with the hard hitting and clever Cowler. Corbett declares the Australians were clamoring for a match between Cowler and Willard, and Jim told them he would strive to stand in that end and bring the match to Australia if possible.

Australia Bars Two Fugs.

While on the subject of Australia we are in receipt of some very interesting data from "Snowy Baker," 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 stadium.

Baker's boxing triumvirate, Jeff Smith, of Bayonne, N. J., and Young Attell, the American lightweight, are the victims of this edict.

Smith came into disfavor for twice fouling Les Darcy in Sydney on May 23, the referee being compelled to stop the contest in the second round. Attell's offense was his refusal to try in his bout with Jack Clune, which resulted in his disqualification in the nineteenth round.

Attell got his transportation home, and the Stadium people paid off the liabilities Attell 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 no more of the principals condescending to put into their work at present.

We are still talking about Australia. News comes from that segment of the globe that they are harboring the greatest wonder of the fighting age. He is Jerry Jerome, the aboriginal fighter, who is said to be strong, utterly unorthodox in style and a born fighter. What more can one ask?

Oh yes, he is 48 years old, and is still capable of delivering knockout punches. Australians who have seen him in action declare 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.

Former Coast Batter Hitting Ball on Nose

Grover Alexander isn't the only reason why the Phillies remain in the National league fight. There are at least two other reasons known as Luderus and Cravath. The latter is the "home run king" of the old league.

Cravath is batting only .286 and has made only 54 hits, but a sizeable portion of these were triples and home runs, drivers that came at the most timely moments.

Luderus, always a fine clouter, has hit at a .450 clip to date, and he leads the league. With Luderus and Cravath armed with bludgeons and Alexander armed with his "Mausier-bullet" ball, the Franciscan look were triplets to take care of all comers for some little time to come.

WASHINGTON STAR HOME

Bob Jones, former Washington high school football star, was a member of the Harvard freshmen crew this year until he was stricken with appendicitis, returned last week to spend his summer vacation here.

MULTNOMAH DIVERS DEPART TUESDAY FOR CHAMPIONSHIP MEET

Connie Meyer and Louis Balbach Will Be Ready to Represent Club in A. A. U. Events.

NORMAN ROSS TO TRY OUT

Coast Champion Swimmer Who Has Been in Quarantine Will Try to Get Into Racing Shape.

Confident of placing among the winners, Mrs. Constance Meyer and Louis Balbach of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic club will depart Tuesday on the Great Northern for San Francisco to participate in the indoor and outdoor diving championship of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States. The indoor meet will be staged July 17, and the outdoor events July 24, tance swimming champion, who has been in quarantine for the past 10 days, will be released tomorrow, and he will immediately start training for a trout to determine whether or not he will make the trip south. Jack Cody, swimming instructor of the Multnomah club, stated yesterday that the trout would be held either Tuesday or Wednesday.

Mrs. Meyer and Balbach have been training faithfully for the past several weeks, and they will reach the Bay City in time to have a couple of days' work on the new boards which have been erected for the diving contests.

The program for the championships shall consist of two compulsory dives from the lower platform, namely, one plain back dive and one backward somersault, and two from the high platform, one "running plain dive" and one standing plain dive, and six voluntary dives to be performed from the high platform.

The "Winged M" club representatives will vie for honors with the best amateur divers in the country. A number of crack casters are entered in the men's events, while fair divers from all parts of California will vie for the women's title.

A gold emblematic of the outdoor championship of the United States, will be given to the winner. The winner of second place will receive a silver medal and a bronze medal will be awarded to the third.

The first event of the A. A. U. swimming meet, the 440 yard race, will be held a week from tomorrow. The 880 yard race will be held Wednesday, July 21, and the mile swim Friday, July 23.

NEW YORK CHIEF LOSES OLD TIME PEP AND SPIRIT

Fans Wondering if Slump of Giants Has Taken Their Punch Away.

By Frank G. Menke.

New York, July 2.—Has the miserable 1914 showing of the Giants refined the McGraw temperaments? Has it put out the old McGraw fire?

Has it taken the heart and the spirit out of the one-time peppery New York chief?

Those are the questions that fans around the National league circuit are asking. And they ask because the John McGraw of today seems totally unlike the John McGraw of other years.

The present day McGraw seems too refined and meek to make the fans think that anything other than a great change has come in him.

McGraw this year seems to have abandoned his favorite stunt, heckling the umpire. Time and again decisions have been made against the Giants that would have called for a wild roar and a vigorous protest from the McGraw of other years. But on the majority of occasions McGraw of today did nothing other than to make a mild protest and in some cases no protest in others.

Has the slump of the Giants taken the punch and the kick out of McGraw, or did Johnny Tener give Johnny McGraw a quiet little lecture and warning—at the season's outset?

Grover Cleveland's Son Great Athlete

"Dick" Cleveland, the Phillips-Exeter weight thrower, who was graduated from Exeter this year, and is one of the few athletes of the 1915 class who will enter Princeton, is a son of Grover Cleveland.

He is 18 years old, 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 185 pounds. He is not only a fine athlete, but a scholar of the first rank. Cleveland made a new Harvard record association of New England. At the recent Harvard interscholastic meet, Cleveland made a new Harvard school record, putting the 12-pound ball 47 feet 6 inches. He will try for a position on the Princeton freshman football team this fall.

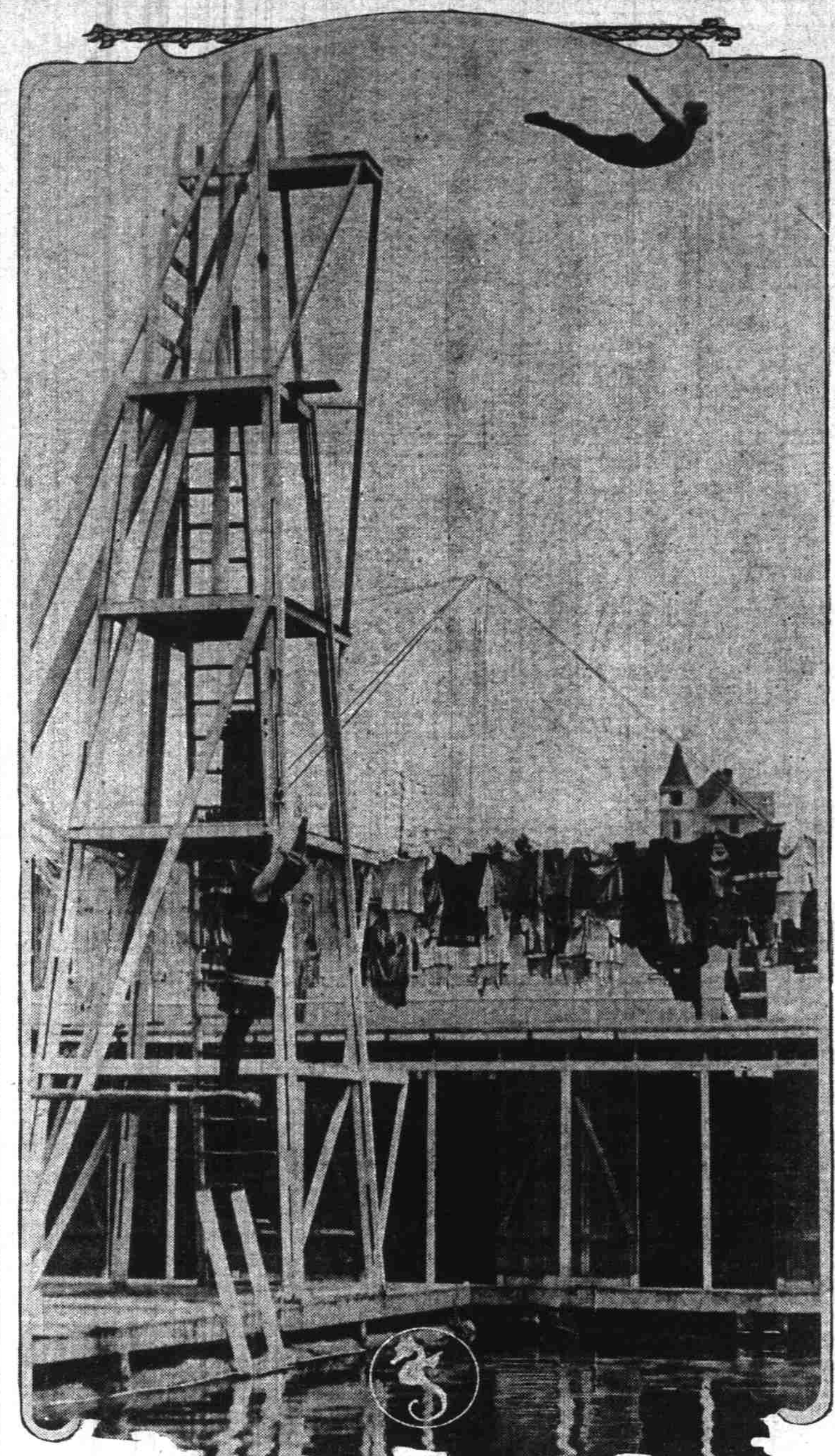
Famous Athletes of Germany Are Killed

Famous athletes who have fallen fighting for Germany in the war include the following: Arthur Schmidt, a famous relay runner of Charlottenburg, killed; George Miekler, one-time holder of the world's record for the 1000 meters, wounded; Seyffert, long distance runner, killed; Fritz Lucht, killed; George Froisetski, killed; Bruno Lauer and Andral Robt, international soccer players, killed; Prillwitz, one of the best soccer players of Kielev, killed; R. Binder, basketball player, wounded; Rud Spanuth, a known athlete of Brunschweig, killed; Borchard, prisoner of war; Schneider, international soccer player, killed; Carl Schutt and Johannes Schutt, soccer players, killed; Hugo Pommnitz, killed; Fritz Randor, died of wounds; Paul Bieders, prisoner of war.

Goindling Represents Ontario.

George Goindling and one other athlete will represent Ontario at the Canadian and field championships to be held at Winnipeg on July 1, 2 and 3.

FAIR MULTNOMAH MERMAID SNAPPED IN MID-AIR IN MAKING HIGH SWAN DIVE



Mrs. Constance Meyer, northwest woman diving champion, who will represent the Multnomah Amateur Athletic club in the indoor and outdoor diving championships of the United States to be decided in San Francisco, July 17 and July 24, respectively. Mrs. Meyer will perform the most difficult dives for which points are given in hopes of winning the national championship. The platform in the picture is 82 feet high.

Iowa Grappler Will Wrestle Here Friday

With the hope of reviving the mat game, Jesse Westergard, the Iowa grappler, will meet Ben Borden in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match in the Baker theatre next Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock. The event will follow the staging of one or two preliminaries, which Promoter Jack Root is endeavoring to arrange.

NEWSBOYS' TEAM MAKING GOOD RECORD ON THE BASEBALL DIAMOND



The Portland Newsboys' baseball nine, which has won several close games this season. The players, from left to right, are: Scotty Cohen, umpire; Mesher, right field; Zalkwitz, catcher; Marino, center field; Popick, third base; Suseman, captain and shortstop; Johnson, left field; Schneiderman, first base; Lewis, second base, and Lakefish, substitute. Pitcher Canter is not in the picture.

Eddie Collins Back In the .300 Class

The latest batting averages show that Eddie Collins of the White Sox has "come back." Edward was absent for a while, visiting in the 200 class, but he is home again in the 300 circle—.320, to be exact. The average also show that Jacques Fournier hasn't hit the chutes as many predicted when they noticed he was hitting around .400 early in the season. Only Ty Cobb leads the White Sox first basemen. Fournier's present average is .354, which is quite a healthy one, thank you.

C. CRAVATH KNOCKER OUT

It has always been known that Cravath hit a ball extremely hard, but few knew, perhaps, that he could hit it so hard as to knock out people trying to stop it way down in left field. Yet he did exactly that thing at Philadelphia. He smote one mightily; Joe Connolly, the Boston left fielder, tried to make it say "Uncle," and it took him full in the expression, knocking him senseless and badly cutting his mouth. Some power to a drive like that one!

STANFORD OARSMEN WROTE THEIR NAMES IDELIBLY ON EAST

Took All Sneers and Jibes of Others and Then Went Out and Rowed.

HANDICAPPED WOEFULLY

Mended Owa Shell, Rubbed Each Other and Put Up Boat to Eat at Common Boarding House.

By Frank G. Menke.

New York, July 10. — "They knew nothing about oarsmanship. They lashed and they splashed in a way that was fearful to see. But when they went into the stretch they put their amazingly powerful arms to those blades, they dipped until it seemed as if they would lift out the bottom of the river and they almost won."

That's the way the rowing experts described what the Leland Stanford crew did in that Poughkeepsie race of nearly two weeks ago. And the description is about true. But one thing the experts left untold, and that was the real story of what those Leland Stanford boys had to endure to get their chance to silence the sneers of the eastern rowing authorities who figured that Stanford was a rowing joke.

The game, wonderful fight that those Stanford boys put up, not merely in the race, but from the moment they became qualified to participate in the big river battle, reads something like a tale from fiction. And it's a story of the pluckiest, gamiest fight ever made in the annals of sport.

Leland Stanford won its chance to compete at Poughkeepsie by winning the triangular Pacific coast race in April. The boys were keen to go, but the Athletic association at Leland Stanford had no money fully to defray the expenses. The total expenses of the trip figured around \$3600. The athletic association donated all it could—\$1000. Some townsfolk donated another \$1000 and the boys succeeded in collecting about \$600 from the alumni. But that wasn't enough. They needed more.

They Made It a Gamble.

But before they could get home the time came for them to leave for the east. It was a case of leave at once and gamble on the chance of working back or withdrawing from the race. And those game, plucky kids decided to gamble.

They arrived at Poughkeepsie without a dollar in their pockets. They were out of condition. They had no money for the hire of men to give them rubdowns after the workouts on the river. So they rubbed each other.

Other crews had training tables and ate only those foods that were assigned to give them strength and to keep them in condition. The Stanford boys ate at a regular boarding house—and took a chance on the food. It didn't have special drinking water, as did the men on the other crews. They drank any old kind of water that was dished up to them.

And they "hocked" their boat for the food they ate. They had no money to pay their board bill, but their boat was worth about \$500. The boarding house keeper decided that that was sufficient security for his \$400 board bill. The boys told him that as soon as they got back to the coast they were sure they could raise the board bill money and send it along to him.

Used Borrowed Tools.

Other crews had boat builders and assistants to take care of the shells. The oarsmen in the other boats did nothing else but row. But the Stanford boys, unable to hire boatmen, acted as their own boatmen. They used their shells, whenever it needed fixing. They did the job of varnishing and they made all the necessary shifts in the rigging, and they did it with borrowed tools.

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 the coast of California. Sometimes they didn't get in more than one day of practice a week back in California because their midge coach was a workaholic and he would get away from his job whenever he wanted to.

And when they landed at Poughkeepsie those kids found the water totally different than what they had been used to. The humidity in the east sapped their strength. But they didn't whine—they tried. They tried to row 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:

Their Form Was Awful.

"What awful form—what awful form! They're the worst looking bunch of oarsmen that ever showed on 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 the all necessary essentials of a battler entering a fight—strength, a stout heart and confidence in themselves.

A gamier, pluckier, finer lot of boys never was gathered together than those Leland Stanford boys, and as long as history lasts they never will be forgotten. Two 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 12:

Frank Gueren, coach of the crew, aged 26, weight 115 pounds, height 5 feet 8 inches, the finest bit of humanity that ever "bused" any student outfit; I. W. Hulsmann, F. N. Worth, W. Green, G. Jacomini, W. H. Blosser, C. H. Orme, A. H. McEwan, R. Mafer, F. E. Behm and L. Rogers and J. Goodman as coxy.

TEXAS MONIKER LEAGUE

The Lemon and the Rose are both with Houston. Hunter is with Mart Worth and Tanner with Waco. Why don't they go into partnership? Barfoot of Galveston wears spiked shoes like any other player. Coach of Galveston had not yet complained that his players "lay down" on him.

EX-COLUMBIA STAR TO COACH NEW ELEVEN



TOM THORP

In connection with the plans for a football team at Columbia university, where football was banned in 1905, comes the news that Tom Thorp, famous tackle on Columbia university, the early '90's, is to coach the new Columbia team. It is said that Francis M. Bangs has asked Thorp to name his terms.

No decision has been arrived at as yet. It is generally understood that Hamilton Fish, who was slated for the position, will not be able to coach the Columbia team, when the Blue and White returns to the gridiron next fall. He will have his hands full with a team of former college players, which he has organized. Arrangements have been made for the Columbia players to practice with Fish's eleven, thus giving both some good workouts.

The Columbia Athletic association has not selected the field on which the games will be staged. South field, the regular athletic grounds of the university, is not large enough for the erection of stands such as the games would require. The university owns a tract of ground in the Bronx, where plenty of space could be had. It is probable that Columbia will meet her rivals on the gridiron on this field.

WORK IN HARVEST FIELD

Vere Windagle, ex-Washington high and University of Oregon, who made a name for himself on the Cornell university track and field team this spring, will depart tomorrow for Ross, Ia., Wash., where he will work in the harvest fields during the remainder of the vacation period.

YUM! YUM! YUM! BIG 'WATERMILLION' EATS FOR TRAPSHOOTERS

President Everding Plans a Succulent Feast to Lure Gunmen to Jenne Station.

CLASS TOURNEY ON TODAY

Two Prizes Will Be Given in Each Division; Date of Registered Tourney Awaits Shaner's Return.

With a watermelon feast as a side attraction, the Portland Gun club will stage a class trap shooting tournament on its ground at Jenne station next Sunday. The melons are coming from southern Oregon. The program will be 100 birds and there will be five classes, A, B, C, D and E, with two prizes in each class. The class tourney held last Sunday was a big success, but the attendance was not so good as was expected.

Much interest is being taken in the annual gathering of the Pacific Indians in Tacoma July 19, 20, 21 and 22. A number of local nirods, including E. R. Everding, A. W. Browner, Edward Morris, Charles W. McKeon, Pete H. O'Brien, E. H. Keller, Frank Templeton, Pete J. Holman and Bill Hillis, will participate in the Tacoma tourney.

President Everding of the local club has announced that the Portland Gun club will make a bid for the 1916 Pacific Indian shoot. If successful in landing this tourney, it will be the third big tournament scheduled to be held on the Jenne station traps next year. The other two events to be held here being the Thirty-fourth Annual Northwest Sportmen's shoot and the Oregon state championship.

The application of the Portland Gun club for a registered tourney to be held some time in September is expected as soon as Elmer E. Shaner, director general of the Interstate association, returns to his headquarters in Pittsburg. Shaner is at present in San Diego, managing the annual Pacific Coast Handicap tournament. This tourney will probably be the last registered event to be held on the Portland traps this season.

The Fourth of July tournament of the Stevenson, Wash., Gun club was a huge success. The local delegation reported that J. K. Simpson, president of the Stevenson, Wash., club, showed them a great time. Several members of the local club will shoot again today at Stevenson.

Canadian Regatta Depends on Oarsmen

Letters have been sent to the various Canadian rowing clubs asking what strength they can bring to the annual regatta scheduled to be rowed over the Henley mile and 550 yard course at St. Catharines August 6 and 7. On their replies rest the decision as to whether or not the Canadian regatta or not. Many of the clubs have suffered the loss of prominent members who have gone to the war.

Advertisement for 'The Good Judge Calms the Cowboy' tobacco. It features a cartoon illustration of a cowboy and a man in a suit. The cowboy is holding a cigar and looking at the man in the suit. The man in the suit is looking back at the cowboy. The text says: 'THE GOOD JUDGE CALMS THE COWBOY. SOME OF THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW OR YOUR LIFE, PARTNER. WITHOUT IT LIFE WOULD NOT BE WORTH LIVING, HELP YOURSELF. CUT loose from the big, bulgy wad. For a clean, small chew there's nothing like it. It is the Real Tobacco Chew that you hear men telling their friends about. You get the good of the richest tobacco grown. A little chew of pure, rich, mellow tobacco—seasoned and sweetened just enough—cuts out so much of the grinding and spitting. THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW IS NOW CUT TWO WAYS!! W-B CUT IS LONG SHRED, RIGHT-CUT IS SHORT SHRED. Take less than one-quarter the old size chew. It will be more satisfying than a mouthful of ordinary tobacco. Just take a nibble of it until you find the strength chew that suits you, then see how easily and evenly the real tobacco taste comes, how it satisfies, how much less you have to spit, how few chews you take to be tobacco satisfied. That's why it is The Real Tobacco Chew. That's why it costs less in the end. The taste of pure, rich tobacco does not need to be covered up. A excess of licorice and sweetening makes you spit too much. One small chew takes the place of two big chews of the old kind. Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste. WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City. BUY FROM DEALER OR SEND 10¢ STAMPS TO US.