

News and Comment
Written by Experts

STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By
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FIVE BIG BALL GAMES ON CARD FOR WEEK-END

This Afternoon's Struggle Between the Punahous and Portuguese Looks Classy

OAHU LEAGUE.
Saturday.
3:15 p. m.—Punahou vs. P. A. C.
Sunday.
1:30 p. m.—Hawails vs. St. Louis.
3:30 p. m.—Chinese vs. Coast Defense.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.
Sunday.
9:30 a. m.—Pawaa vs. Asahis.
11:00 a. m.—C. A. U.'s vs. P. A. C.'s.

At 3:45 this afternoon the Punahou Athletic Club and the Portuguese team are scheduled to meet at Athletic Park to fight to a finish on the diamond for top place in the Oahu league pennant race. Both teams have a percentage of 1,000, representing two wins and no defeats, and the live question in fandom is, "Which will it be?" One team or the other is riding to a fall, and if betting was as legitimate in baseball as in horse racing, a pile of money would change hands on the result.

The Punahous have developed a lot of hitting strength of late, and the team figures on its batting alone to give any Oahu league combination a lacing. As fielders the Puns are in-and-outers, likely to pull off sensational feats one day, and play very bushy ball the next.

This last criticism goes double and includes the Portuguese, for there is probably no team in the league that has played such varied ball as the Puns. One week they look invincible, and the next the error column totals more than the hits.

The one best bet of the Portuguese this season is Pitcher Sloan, of the 2nd Infantry, who trades Uncle Sam's uniform for the blue of old PUNCHBOU when the P. A. C.'s are scheduled to perform. Sloan is a real pitcher, who jumped into local prominence by beating a picked team organized by Lat Tin, in a no-hit game. Since then the big soldier has been seen in action several times, and has done remarkably well. He is a hurler who needs a lot of warming up and if he gets a good start he is sure to improve right through the game, and give the Puns, or any other slugging combination, something to think about.

Manager Al Castle of the Punahous is said to have a trick, and will have to go out with a strategy to get his players, four of whom will be in camp at Red Hill today. Lieutenant Lyman and Downst belong to battalions of the 2nd Infantry that are in joint camp with the national guard, while Hampton and Henshaw are sergeants in the latter organization, and will have hiked from the armory to camp packing guns before they see the baseball field. Sloan belongs to Company M, 2nd Infantry, which remains at Fort Shafter, and he will therefore be fresh for the struggle.

There is the usual double header on tomorrow's schedule, the first game between the Hawaiis and St. Louis, tallenders in the race, and the second between the Chinese and Coast Defense. In the opener Alex Desha will do the bookwork for the Hawaiis, while Barney Joy will make another try to get the Saints into the win column. The Duck King has been pitching good enough ball to date, but his support has been very meager.

The Chinese-Coast Defense game looks like the class of the Sunday card. The former aggregation will use Luck Yee, who is working hard to secure better control, while the soldiers will pitch Jack Lawson, who turned out a no-hit game last week.

In the Junior League Sunday morning the Pawaa will play the Asahis at 9:30, while the Chinese and Portuguese meet in the second game at 11 a. m.

BEFORE THE WAGON ARRIVED.
"I always say just what I think," bragged the big man.
"So does a parrot," replied the little man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The name of our preparation **Persian Nerve Essence** is changed to **Sensapera**. The ingredients—the quality—the oriental properties of this wonderfully successful nerve tablet remain absolutely the same. It is a dependable remedy for nervous debility, impotency, sleeplessness, despondency, weak memory, wasting of parts, lost vigor and any form of neurosthenia. Our preparation now called

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has brought happiness, strength, vigor and vital power to thousands of men—young, old and middle aged; it will bring to you potential energy so abundant that your whole physical and mental being will be filled and thrilled with the triumphant consciousness of power.
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Derby Day is the Racing Fixture That's Different

The Derby, says a London writer in the New York Globe, is far more than a mere horse race. It resembles Christmas pantomime, Yorkshire pudding, London fog, and the Magna Carta in being one of the bulwarks of the British nation. On Derby day the British Empire seems to surge back from those far-famed lands where the sun never sets and overflows upon **Down**. It is true that the King is there, and that society in its newest bib-and-tuckerie is parading before the obliging photographer in the grandstand; it is true that there are horses that run and men who ride them, and doubtless to some these things seem of overwhelming importance; but they are really only the unimportant part that gets itself into the newspapers. The real Derby day is known to those thousands outside the grandstand—excursionists, bookies, tipsters, gipsies, hawkers, "Arriets from London, tramps, beggars—flooded the Downs with a constantly ebbing and flowing tide of humanity in jocular mood. The writer remarks, commenting upon his own observations there:

"No scene could be more typically British—or more absolutely un-American—than the one presented on **Down**. The night before a swarm of gipsies and hedge-parsons and heaven knows what of English vagabondage had settled upon the Downs. I counted more than 100 gipsy vans, and then gave up from sheer weariness. I had not covered a tenth of the territory. An itinerant person hauled out tracts and took up collections. A score of tipsters, costless, perspiring, worked valiantly in rings of simple-minded, interested people. Each had thrown his coat upon the ground, and as the half-crowns and shillings came in, each threw the money upon the coat. The most money went to the man who showed the most money. Success begets confidence. A penny tipster was kept so busy marking his cards that his agent fairly beat the people back.

"Give your money to Penny Jack. If you don't he'll give it back." he chanted. Jockey Lashwood, once successful on the English turf, now wearing a bright blue jockey's costume and supporting himself by a crutch because of a missing leg, acted as interlocutor for a master of patter who handed out Lashwood's tips at a shilling each.

"Scores of bent and maimed and blind men and women felt their way through the crowds begging for pennies. Vendors of lovely little **here's your sweet-lipped eels—all in jelly, oil!** pressed their shivery delicacy upon persons who wouldn't eat an eel even to oblige a friend. Extraordinarily dirty little gipsy children, wearing the cut-down or tied-up dresses of elders, danced for pennies through the throng. One imp of eight or nine years held a mouth-harp while he tapped out a dance tune with a single drumstick held in the other. Gipsy women pestered lovers of quiet. A pair of young cockneys, enjoyably picked, put their noses together in Weber and Fields' fashion and sang: "H'll abo; h'll abo; h'll abo; for h'Alabam," to the great delight of Americans, who threw them pennies.

"Men and women alike stood before the scores of open-air bars, drinking their ale and whisky—and were alike quiet and well behaved. In all the Derby crowd I did not see one indisputably drunken man or woman. Concertina-playing seems to be the one really objectionable habit of the British workingman. Here and there one would discover a dense clump of patient, quiet people, peering interestedly over each other's shoulders. In the center of the ring, his nose about level with the knees of his auditors, sat a dusty minstrel squeezing away at his whining instrument. Concertina-playing may be a bad habit, but it is not a vice. Not one of the concertina specialists was begging for pennies. Burned-out minstrels, sweating profusely through the black, crested dole. Clowns in dusty pierrot costumes worked through the crowds.

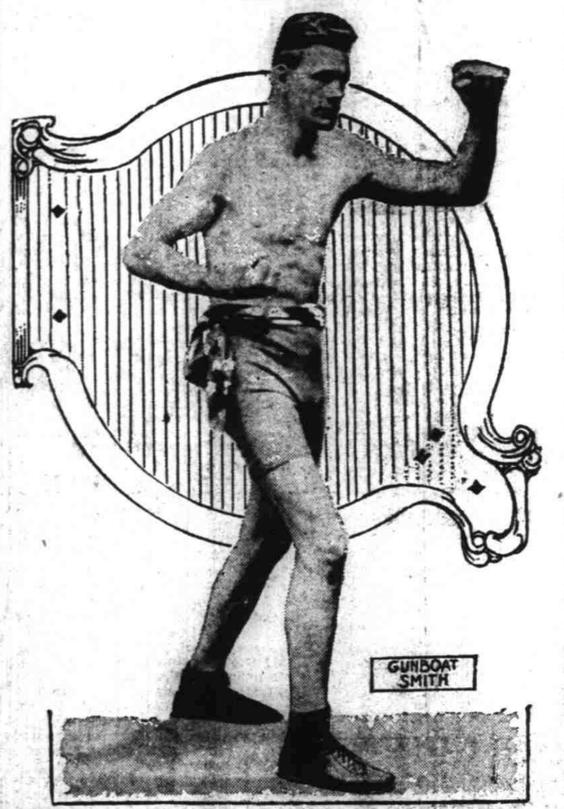
"Everywhere fakers begged one to 'ave a shy at the cokenuts.' A parrotlike cry of 'Oily chilly' rose at intervals in the crowd, but I could not trace it to its origin for some time. Then I found a small man with a great basin in his hands in which filled pickles swam in a dark mixture. Fried fish at a penny, well larded and dusted, offered sustenance to the inner man.

The Derby race-course, it appears, has rightly been called the worst in Europe. Not one person in fifty can see the start, not one in twenty has more than a glimpse of the back stretch, and the finish is visible to only 10 per cent of the onlookers.

LITTLE DIFFERENCE.
Daughter—Our new lawnmower must have come. I hear father sharpening it.
Mother—No, he ain't sharpening any mower, he's shaving himself with a safety razor.—Birmingham Herald.

STRONG PRESUMPTION.
Lawyer—You say that the defendant ran his automobile into the show window of a millinery store; but that doesn't show he was intoxicated, does it?
Officer—Well, no; but when I arrested him he was trying on the hats.—New York Globe.

Gunboat Smith Undiscouraged by Defeat at Carpentier's Hands



Although outpointed by Georges Carpentier, and finally losing to the French champion on a foul, Gunboat Smith has expressed his intention of sticking to the game, and getting a return match with Carpentier as soon as possible.

Edward (Gunboat) Smith is an Irish-American, born in Philadelphia, Pa., May 8, 1888. He began fighting in the west six years ago but did not become prominent among the white heavyweight pugilists until he came east in 1912. With the exception of a decision given in favor of Jim Stewart in 1913, and the start in London the other night, Smith has a clear record, never having lost a battle since that time. He is of a lanky build, like Bob Fitzsimmons, with a powerful pair of arms and shoulders and possesses a punching power unlooked for from a man of his physique. Two of his most effective blows are, an overhead right swing and a right-hand uppercut, either of which, when it lands on a vulnerable spot, is a fight finisher.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS DRAW LARGE CROWDS ON THE BIG ISLAND

[Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence.] HILO, July 24.—A crowd that taxed the capacity of the new frame structure at Hackfeld lumber yard witnessed the initial performance yesterday afternoon of the troupe of 70 Japanese wrestlers who have been appearing to record-breaking audiences on Oahu and Maui the last 10 days. The company is a distinguished one, containing all Japan's foremost mat artists and the enthusiasm among the people of that race in the islands over the exhibitions of the champions is unbounded.

It is understood several plantations on the Big Island will declare holidays to permit their employees to witness the shows at Hilo today and tomorrow. To men of other nationalities who are attracted by sport the event is almost equally interesting and practically all the men of Hilo will see the exhibitions.

The Japanese art is somewhat different from the mat contest in vogue among Americans and Europeans, the Japanese wrestler's effort being given entirely to getting his opponent off his feet. Consequently it resolves into a test largely of weight and brawn, and the biggest man usually is the best man. Tachiyama, the undefeated champion of all Japan, weighs 315 pounds, and appears to be a mountain of fat. Withal he is said to be very fast and clever on his feet. At the same time there is much speculation as to how Frank Getch, world's champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, would be able to handle him. It is doubtful if Getch could meet Tachiyama at his own style of game, but the American unquestionably would prove his superiority at the European style.

CALLED HIS BLUFF.
"How did he lose his job?"
"He suggested to the boss that the firm couldn't get along without him."—Detroit Free Press.

A man brought into a police station in San Antonio, Texas, holds the record for having the most varied collection of articles in his pockets. Here is the collection: One ice cream ladle, a feather duster, a putty knife, a pair of glasses, a paperhanger's knife, one spoon, one hair brush, one paint brush, a cake of soap, a mirror, a fan, a photograph of an Indian, one box of shoe polish, half-dogon buttons, two dirty collars, a shoe hook, six letters, a sack of tobacco and a newspaper.

DEFIANCE TAKEN OUT OF TRIAL YACHT RACES

[Associated Press by Fed. Wireless.] NEW YORK, July 25.—Secretary Taggard of the Eastern Yacht Club stated last night that the yacht Deiance had been withdrawn from future competition with the Vanitie and Resolute, for the reason that it would be dangerous to sail her again without further changes.

FINAL GAME IN THE ARMY LEAGUE IS SET FOR SUNDAY, AUGUST 3

[Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence.] SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, July 25.—The final game of the Army League between the 4th Cavalry and 25th Infantry, postponed on account of the absence of the latter regiment during the past three weeks, has been scheduled for Sunday, August 3. If the 25th Infantry wins they will be the winners of the series; if they lose they will be tied with the Coast Defense for first place, which will necessitate a supplementary series between the two leading teams to decide the army championship.

The 4th Cavalry lost four of their best ball players, who returned to the mainland on the last transport—Oaks Button, Donaldson and Fitzpatrick. Lieut. C. K. Lyman is trying out several promising candidates from the 104 recruits recently received, to fill up the gaps in the team.

YESTERDAY'S SCORES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
At Pittsburg—Philadelphia 2, Pittsburg 1.
No other games scheduled.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
No games scheduled.

How They Stand

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
Including Yesterday's Games.

Philadelphia	53	32	624
Boston	47	40	541
Washington	46	40	535
Detroit	46	42	523
St. Louis	45	41	523
Chicago	44	41	518
New York	34	49	410
Cleveland	28	58	326

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
Including Yesterday's Games.

New York	48	32	600
Chicago	50	37	575
St. Louis	49	40	551
Boston	40	44	476
Philadelphia	38	45	458
Brooklyn	35	44	450
Cincinnati	38	47	447
Pittsburg	35	46	439

Rat extermination to prevent the spread of bubonic plague was begun at New Orleans.



Cut one in two—

see the clean, long filler used in the General Arthur. Note the flawless workmanship, the absolute purity and cleanliness of the tobacco. These things are proof of the high quality of General Arthur hand making.

Genl ARTHUR
Mild 10 Cigar
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Baseball!

NEW ATHLETIC PARK
Saturday, July 25.
P. A. C. vs. JUNAHOU.
Sunday, July 26.
HAWAII vs. ST. LOUIS
and
CHINESE vs. COAST DEFENSE
Tickets on sale E. O. Hall & Son, Main entrance on Kukui St. Automobile entrance on Beretania St.

OUSTING OF CHAMPION IS TEDIOUS JOB

Dethroning a pugilistic champion is a mighty hard job, as the records of the past present will show. Not only do many aspirants offer themselves on the altar of sacrifice before the crown snatcher finally arrives, but even then the dethroning person usually has to extend himself to the extreme limit to send the old champ into the discard.

John L. Sullivan reigned supreme in the heavyweight division for many years, beating all opponents with ease. Then Jim Corbett came along and proved himself the master of the crown wearer, but not before 21 rounds of hard fighting was he able to take unto himself the laurel.

Corbett then defended the crown against all comers until freckled Bob Fitzsimmons loomed along the horizon. Bob got a match with Corbett finally, but it took him 14 top-speed rounds to take unto himself the laurel that Corbett had taken from Sullivan.

Jeffries, with almost twice the bulk of Fitz, had to go 11 furious rounds before he became the champion, Jack Johnson, in his prime, in 1910, was forced to battle for 15 rounds before he whipped Jeffries, although Jeff was then but a shadow of his former self.

Battling Nelson, in the prime of his career, met Joe Gans, then on the downgrade, in the lightweight championship battle years ago. Yet Gans, weakened by age, by too strenuous training and by dissipation, forced the wonderful battler to go 17 rounds before he could grab the crown from his dusky dome, and then Nelson, after beating all those who had faced him in the interim, took on Ad Wolgast, the "Michigan Wildcat."

Constant fighting and added years had sapped much of Nelson's strength. Wolgast, young and fresh, in perfect condition, won from the Dane after 41 rounds of terrific milling.

Beaten to a Pulp.
But the Dane lost his title while still on his feet. Beaten almost to a pulp, delirious with pain, the old fighting instinct would not down, and Nelson kept on from the 30th round until in the 41st. Then, when he was just a bleeding, crushed wreck of a human being, the referee led him to his corner and, despite the Dane's mumbled protests, gave the fight and the crown to Wolgast, who, too, was in a terribly battered condition.

It took Willie Ritchie 16 rounds to win from Wolgast—and then his victory was of a fluky nature. Honors seemed about even in the 15th and the fight looked good to go the limit. When the 16th opened Ritchie swung at Wolgast and landed. The champion countered and a whirlwind mix-up ensued, during which Wolgast hit too low—and the fight was over.

A statistician who gathered the "dope" on all the battles in which titles changed hands in all classes during the last 30 years, has discovered that the average time it takes to dethrone a champion is a fraction less than 20 rounds, which shows that champions die rather hard.

Germany has a population of 67,812,000, a gain of 831,000 in a year.

VENICE AND THE ANGELS CLOSE IN PENNANT RACE

[Associated Press by Fed. Wireless.] PORTLAND, July 25.—Del. Howard's men put an awful crimp in the chances of the Beavers to overtake the leaders yesterday. Two games were played at McCredie Field and San Francisco won them both. Scores, first game, San Francisco 7, Portland 1; second game, San Francisco 7, Portland 6.

At San Francisco Venice took another fall out of the Oaks, winning with little effort. Score, Venice 4, Oakland 2.

At Los Angeles, Dillon's men took a brace and were easy winners over Sacramento. Score, Los Angeles 5, Sacramento 3.

Coast League Standing.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Venice	61	50	.550
Los Angeles	61	51	.545
Portland	54	48	.529
San Francisco	59	55	.518
Sacramento	52	59	.468
Oakland	43	67	.391

The world was hailing a new champion. Now recently along comes Freddy Welsh and takes the lightweight title in 20 rounds.

Terry McGovern caught George Dixon when the negro was on the down grade and put him out. Stanley Ketchel beat Joe Thomas and took the middleweight championship from him—but the fight went 32 rounds.

Abie Attell, a champion for many years, went the 20 rounds with Johnny Kilbane and lost his featherweight title on points. It was a battle of age against youth—and the latter won. But the margin was close. Attell for several years before had been on the down grade. Kilbane had been rushing along at top speed. Yet the old boxing master gave the youth a mighty fight before he relinquished his title.

It took Frank Erne 20 rounds to win from Kid (George) Lavings, even though Erne had youth in his favor. Jack Dempsey stood up under the merciless fusillade of Fitzsimmons for 13 rounds before he took the count.

Of course, there are a few exceptions to the general rule that champions are hard to beat. Joe Gans knocked out Champion Frank Erne in less than a round, and Young Corbett needed less than two rounds to send Terry McGovern to the mat and take his title. But the exceptions are rare.

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You Can "Dance Your Feet Off" In B. V. D. The chap with the tousled hair and anguished air doesn't wear B. V. D. The other men do. Their feet trip and their pulses skip to the tune of "Glad-I'm-Alive," because they're cool.

Loose-fitting, light-woven, skin-soft B. V. D. Summer Underwear leaves you arm, leg and body-free for dancing—walking—working—lounging—everything.

By the way, remember that not all Athletic Underwear is B. V. D. On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.

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