

Inside the Ring with the Great Fighters by Charley White.

Papke Had a Buzzsaw Style Similar to That of Ketchel and Won His Early Fights by Boring In and Fighting Hard Without Thought of Science.

80-BILLY PAPKE.

THE statement was made in the beginning of the articles on Stanley Ketchel that the only way to fight a buzzsaw style was to fight like another one. This second buzzsaw was Billy Papke. Once only did the machine buzz with greater effectiveness than the Ketchel contrivance; three times it was outwitted.

There were a great many points of similarity between Papke and Ketchel. The one most apparent to the fighting public was the rushing, boring in, never stop style common to both. Stanley teetered on his toes; Papke teetered squarely on his feet. Ketchel tumbled all around the ring like a man with a large cargo of liquid joy, and often appeared to be in bad shape when he was not; Billy moves around much in the manner of the regulation fighter, grinning most when he is in distress.

Papke's manner of concealing his condition has earned for him the sobriquet of "Smiling Billy." He is slower in his movements than was Ketchel, who could move like a flash despite his awkwardness. He is a great body puncher and a rough and tumble fighter just like Ketchel. Unlike his predecessor, he apparently does not plan out his battles. Or, if he does, he is likely to drop that plan at the first bad blow he receives and fight from moment to moment. Although, like his three-time conqueror, he delivers many of his blows with a swing from the body, he is more of a straight jabber than Ketchel and most of his fights have been won with straight blows. He is a good infighter, possessing a very effective uppercut. He has always been easy for a clever man to hit.

To sum up Papke, he belongs in the same class as the late Terry McGovern and Battling Nelson—a fighter who doesn't know how to fight, but fights anyhow, who never stops, never gives his opponent a moment's rest, who always rushes in like a bull regardless of whether he is hit or not. His plan of battle is always to carry the fight to the other man, to land as many and as hard blows as he can, with the hope of wearing him down and landing on a vital spot. Punishment never stops him; Billy never checks him. Amid all the uncertainty of his fighting, Billy's opponent can be sure of one thing—that Billy will always be rushing, boring, tearing in, throwing blows off like he would both barrels, always looking for a favorable opening and slugging away at it, confident that his ability to assimilate punishment and to give more of it than the man in front of him will return him the reward of a clean living boy, Papke should remain a champion for a long time.

Papke a Business Man.

Billy Papke was born at Spring Valley, Ill., on Sept. 17, 1881. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and his fighting weight is 165 pounds. He has an unusually long reach—72 inches, just one inch shorter than the reach of Jim Corbett, who tops Papke by five inches. Papke has been examined by many physicians, who have declared that the "Illinois Thunderbolt" is one of the most perfect specimens of young manhood they have ever examined. "Smiling Billy" has always been a good-looking, clean-cut young fellow, blessed with an amiable disposition that has won him many friends.

Because of circumstances in his early boyhood, he was never able to acquire much of an education, but is nevertheless a shrewd business man. He has saved his money, made good investments, and is part owner of a large grocery business out in Illinois, which is run by his brother. He is married, and from all accounts, is a devoted husband.

Like Ketchel, Papke has always been very devoted to his mother, and during the early years of his fighting career it was difficult to get him very far away from home or keep him away very long. He is not cruel in the ring, like McCoy. He never delays a knockout punch in order to torture his victim. It goes over as soon as he can put it there. Papke fights for the sake of the fight, and the harder the battle the more he enjoys it. He tried to get out of the game at one time, but didn't succeed in staying away from it very long.

Billy was born of German parents. His father was a coal miner. Some one has said that there weren't any silver spoons in the village of Spring Valley when Billy made his first appearance there. Nor was he entitled in any way to the spoons and to scratch for himself. Papke's boyhood didn't contain much joy. Billy's father was too much occupied in keeping the wolf from the door, and his mother in filling the mouths of her brood, to pay very much attention to Billy. As a consequence, he learned very early in life to watch out for No. 1, and many a boy in Spring Valley of greater years and propensities found in his sorrow that Billy was very well educated in that line. His favorite sport was fighting, and not to hit a baseball.

Umpires "Loved" Billy.

As Billy grew up he became a prominent member of the village baseball team, playing third base, I believe. He had at least one of the qualifications of a big leaguer, and that was pugnacity. Papke was the life and spirit of his team. His fellow players could always depend upon Billy to start something if there was the slightest need of it, and, having started it, to finish the job in a thorough workmanlike manner. In his early childhood Billy

worked at odd jobs around the village, driving a grocery wagon, running errands, working at the mines. But his chief occupation was fighting. Whatever spare time these things left him he devoted to schooling. He has said that he had two playthings during his boyhood. The first was a fighting chicken, which he trained himself, and the other was a pair of cheap boxing gloves, to buy which he hoarded his pennies.

Having secured these gloves, Billy says, he used to hold boxing tournaments among the boys of the village. He himself was always among those present when the affairs reached the final stage. One little Dutchman was a great favorite among the boys of the village and soon became a recognized leader of them. Country dances, cock fights, prize fights, wrestling matches, any diversion that was afforded, always found Billy and his pals present.

Papke first entered the prize ring as a preliminary fighter in this way: Erny Potts, a local fighter, was matched for a fight at La Salle, Ill., in the early spring of 1906. He trained at Peru, a small town a few miles from La Salle and midway between it and Springfield, Ill. Potts was made for a suitable local boy whom he could use as a sparring partner and working mate. Potts was told by every one to get Billy Papke over at Spring Valley, who had arranged with him to come to Peru and give him workouts.

Papke didn't know anything about boxing, but at that Potts has a hard time standing him off. The harder Billy was hit, the harder he would come back, and Potts quickly saw that the boy had the makings of a great fighter. He taught Billy how to punch the bag and tried to teach him to box, but Billy couldn't pick up boxing rules and much preferred to follow his own rough and tumble methods. Potts took Billy over to La Salle and introduced him to T. E. Jones, the man who afterward became his manager. Jones conducted an athletic club in La Salle and Potts asked him to put Billy on in some of his bouts. Jones said he would do so if Billy would first show him what he could do. He took Billy up to the gymnasium and had him put on the gloves and make a few rounds. It took only a very few minutes to convince Jones that Billy would make good.

His First Preliminary.

Billy made his first appearance in the ring on the night of March 24, 1906, in a preliminary bout of four rounds with the Mexican Wonder, Billy son the cistern, with ease and received the enormous sum of \$5 for his services. On April 20 he knocked out Red Morrissey at Jones's club in La Salle in three rounds. This was also a preliminary, and the fight with Buster Teague on May 30 in the same place, which ended with a knockout by Papke in the third round. Billy won \$7 for the Morrissey fight and \$10 for the Teague encounter. The night after knocking out Teague Papke went over to Peru and fought with Jack Denny. Denny had been seen to fight with Joe Smith, one of Billy's pals, but Joe's mother had died a day or so before, and in order to save the forfeit money Billy offered to take his place. He knocked Denny cold in thirty seconds of fighting and won \$25. His next and last preliminary fight was at La Salle on July 4, when he battled with Carl Purdy, winning after seven rounds of hard fighting. Billy pulled out \$100 for the fight. From that time on he appeared in star bouts only.

(The next chapter also deals with Billy Papke.)

18 JULY GIRLS, COBALT NUGGETS, SEEING NEW YORK

The Eighteen Cobalt Nuggets are doing New York. No, they are not mining samples, but girls, and one of the healthiest, jolliest bunches that ever existed at the skyscraper or gushed at the shops on a newspaper popularity contest. They are making their headquarters for a week at the Hotel Breslin.

The Nuggets are the daughters of men who got in on the Cobalt ground early and have grown rich since that section began turning out silver ore. They are the guests of E. S. Secord, proprietor and editor of the Cobalt Daily Nugget, and he has Mrs. J. H. Stitt, a coxswain to help him as a chaperon. She is a capable person who saw opportunity looming in the early mining days at Cobalt, moved there, started a boarding house and kept on annexing town lots all the way to the coast. The party went to Toronto, then to Niagara, spent a week in Boston and returned to New York. They spent most of the time on this trip changing camps, but they enjoyed it and they, the scenery, which was what they set out to do.

"And I didn't lose a one of 'em," said Mrs. Stitt, although I had to count roses every time we changed. We took a trip like this a couple of years ago and one of the girls stopped off and got married in Boston, but so far we've escaped matrimony on this trip, although a week in New York and a visit to Atlantic City are before us and you never can tell what will happen."

"New York's lovely and the ocean is grand—it was the first time I had seen it, and I just wanted to give one whoop and fall right over into it," said Miss Margaret Brownie, a breezy young person with an eye to business, "but everybody ought to go to Cobalt. It's just coming out making money there. Why, it's turning out \$10,000,000 worth of silver a year—one-quarter of the world's supply—and there's \$12,000,000 worth of uncut timber in Northern Ontario."

The other members of the party are Clara Jarrett, Dora Allard, Phyllis Denny, Mary Maloney, Lottie Moore, Margaret Anderson, Edna Clark, Mary Bunyan, Rose Acquin, Harriet Saelt, Mary McCarty, Theresa Gray, Florence Butt, Mildred McNeill, Elizabeth, Clara, Ruby Parcher and Mary McNeill.

GANGSTERS FLOCK TO TRIAL OF LEADER JOHNNY "SPANISH"

Charge Is Robbery, but There Is an Indictment for Murder Against Him.

GOT \$185 IN HOLD-UP. Escaped, but Disclosed Where He Was in Letter to a Woman.

Youths with beetle brows, tough features and shifty eyes swarmed into the Criminal Court Building this morning for the trial of Johnny "Spanish," the notorious east side gang leader, on a charge of robbery, before Judge Mutsaers, in Part III. of General Sessions. On the spectators' benches in the courtroom sat the more venturesome of the "Spanish" cohorts. Hysterical with strained ears an Assistant District Attorney Maguire told how "Spanish" and two of his gang invaded Isidore Miller's saloon at No. 170 Norfolk street at 11 o'clock on the night of March 18.

According to Mr. Maguire, "Spanish" and his pals looked like walking arsenals when they burst into the place, and held up the men sitting at the tables, getting away with \$180, for which they "kissed" Miller's patrons, and \$35 which they compelled Miller to take out of his cash register at the point of a gun and turn over to them. "Spanish" got away at the time, but Detective Joseph Daly of the Central Office got wind of a young woman with whom he was corresponding. Daly made friends with this young woman, and finally obtained possession of a letter from his man. The letter betrayed his whereabouts as Maspeth, L. I., and Detective Joseph Bloom and Dribben went there on June 2, and before "Spanish" could draw his gun got the drop on him and slipped the handcuffs on his wrist.

HIS WHITE-HAIRED MOTHER IS PRESENT AT TRIAL.

Among the motley crowd of gangsters and curiosity seekers in the back of the courtroom sat a little old woman, with her olive features crowned by snow-white hair, carefully parted in the middle. The meek eyes peering through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, only go to make even more incredible the fact that the white-haired and kindly looking woman is Johnny "Spanish" mother. Her name is Wedler, and this is the prisoner's real name, the other being a nickname based on his Castilian origin.

Abraham Levy is defending "Spanish," who is under another indictment charging him with murder, which will be brought to trial until this one has been disposed of. The murder charge is the outcome of a gang fight at the corner of Grand and Forsyth streets on the night of May 30, 1910, when "Spanish" and his gang went gunning for "Jigger" Seigel. Several of the gang went into a dance hall near the corner, where "Jigger" otherwise Samuel Seigel, was "spilling" and challenged him to come outside and fight. He came out into the street the gang blazed away. None of the scrapping gangsters was hurt, but eleven-year-old Sarah Rothen got into the line of one of the bullets and was killed instantly, a bullet crashing through her brain.

Hymen Benjamin, who made the corner of Grand and Forsyth streets his headquarters, was arrested for the killing of little Sarah Rothen and placed on trial. The testimony brought out then secured Benjamin's acquittal and the indictment of "Spanish."

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Women Here Form League For Life-Saving, Urge Girls to Learn to Swim

Members Are Taught to Care for Themselves and How to Aid Others in the Water, and After Reaching Shore.

"If All Girls Could Swim as Most Boys Do a Slocum Disaster Would Be Impossible," Says League Head.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall. The first woman's life-saving league in the United States has been established in New York. It has two hundred and twenty-seven local members, and branches are forming in New Jersey, Connecticut and Boston. Therefore it feels justified in naming itself a "national" league, and its object is precisely that of the United States Volunteer Life-Saving Corps, the prevention of loss of life through drowning.

All of which I learned yesterday from Miss Katharine Mehrten, the president and one of the founders of the new league. "We organized to help each other and to help the public," explained Miss Mehrten. "Every girl in our league knows how to take care of herself in the water. Most of them could take care of somebody else if necessary. The league was started by ten or a dozen swimming teachers, but any girl who wishes may join. She has only to be introduced by one of the members, and she pays \$1 initiation fee and fifty cents a year dues. This is just enough to cover the few expenses."

TAUGHT FIRST TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

"Many of our members are sisters of men who belong to the United States Life-Saving Corps, with whom we maintain the most cordial relations. But we have stenographers, school teachers, workers in stores and shops, trained nurses, actresses and artists. Nearly every trade and profession is represented. "During the winter we met every Friday night at the city baths at Twenty-third street. The girls who know how to swim teach the others, and we have lectures from members of the Volunteer Life-Saving Corps."

SERIOUSLY STABBED, MAN SAYS HE DID IT HIMSELF.

Was "Fooling" With Woman in Her Harlem Home, Fireman Insists.

TAUGHT HOW TO REVIVE THOSE TAKEN FROM WATER.

The proper methods of resuscitation are taught, too. We use the same equipment as the United States Life-Saving Corps. The first thing, of course, is to get the water out of the body. This may be done by tickling the throat, or in severe cases, rolling the body from side to side when it is lying on the stomach with the tongue held forward in the mouth.

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BIG MEN NAMED AS THE ALLIES OF CAMORRA BAND

Spy for State Tells How Naples Elections Were Carried With Use of Knife.

VITERBO, Italy, July 12.—Capt. Fabroni, who if not the star witness for the prosecution, has at least made the accused Camorristas more uncomfortable than they have been made by any earlier occupant of the stand, to-day went deep into the political influence of the Camorra and mentioned names with a boldness that caused the Judge to caution him to moderate in his statements. The witness replied:

"I must say all and give an exact picture of the prevailing atmosphere in order to strike a deadly blow at this criminal association. "Fabroni, in the guise of a clerk from the Ministry of Justice, devoted years to learning the alleged connection between the Camorra and the Neapolitan judiciary. Along this line he said in substance:

EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW HOW TO SWIM.

"We believe every girl and woman should know how to swim, just as the majority of boys and men know. Such disasters as that of the Slocum could then be averted. "I am glad to say that many school teachers are joining our league, and some of them have already introduced the land drill for would-be swimmers into their classes. "But suppose a woman did know how to swim and were thrown into the water while wearing her ordinary clothes. Could she make use of her knowledge?" inquired.

"When we are swimming in the private baths we use the one-piece bathing suit. For our drills we wear white middie blouses and white skirts. Our plan is to wear the suit, and an anchor on a pair of ears crossed behind it, and in the centre an engraving showing a drowned person in the process of resuscitation. "The object of prevention is worth a pound of cure in life-saving as well as anything else. If some of our members are never forced to rescue anybody, at least they themselves will never need rescuing."

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Miss Witherell, who is thirty-nine years of age, came to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station early to-day and told the Lieutenant that Hullberg had cut himself and was bleeding to death. Detective Enright went with the ambulance but neither he nor Dr. Donley was inclined to believe that the wounds had been inflicted in a joking scuffle. "But suppose I tell the story that he had gone into the kitchen where Miss Witherell was doing some domestic labor with the knife in her hand and had begun skylarking with her. The woman is being held as a material witness."

HERE'S A GOOD DISTANCE RUNNER WHO IS LOOKING FOR A MANAGER

Joe Trent Says He Must Eat and Drink, and Needs Some Change Too.

THE scarcity of foot-loose managers in the local professional running game has driven Joe Trent, a colored distance runner, almost to desperation. He declares white managers are more scarce in this neighborhood than are chickens' teeth, and laments the fact that food and a little coin in the pocket are just as necessary to a coming champion as they are to just ordinary mortals.

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"You see, boss, Josh Mather agrees to be my manager, and he acts in that capacity for about two days, when he gets sort of peevish and refuses to hand me out a piece of change," says Trent. "Now, boss, you know a professional runner's got to have something to eat. Since Josh's gone and thrown me out I've been lookin' for a new white man to attend to my business and if you know of one just tell me what he can be found. I'm growin' hungrier every minute."

Trent, who is only sixteen years of age, hails from Chicago. He has been running distances for one year, and a short time ago he won a twelve-mile run at Olympic Field. He is considered a fair professional runner. Fourth of July was a prisoner. The sisters of Vitozzi made monthly collections of dues from the Camorristas for Chirico and the other prisoners. The lawyers for his defense attempted to create an incident that would result in interrupting the witness, but when the prisoners began a disturbance the President stopped it threateningly. The most turbulent, with removal from the courtroom as he was removed yesterday.

CAMPERS SAVE AVIATOR FROM DEATH AFTER FALL.

Frank Fitzsimmons of This City Drops Seventy Feet With Aeroplane Into Esopus Creek.

Frank Fitzsimmons of This City Drops Seventy Feet With Aeroplane Into Esopus Creek. KINGSTON, N. Y., July 12.—Frank J. Fitzsimmons of New York fell into Esopus Creek, this morning with a Curtiss biplane, and had it not been for the presence of campers nearby he would have been drowned. Fitzsimmons was about seventy feet in the air when the rudder broke and left him without steering apparatus. When the machine fell into the creek Fitzsimmons was caught beneath it, but the campers quickly got him out of the wreckage.

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