

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Butte Post: Bob McAllister and Tommy McCarthy boxed 12 rounds to a draw at the Holland arena last night, the decision of Referee McIntosh being well received. McCarthy was constantly the aggressor and kept after the elusive California boxer, who, with his speed and clever boxing, offset the willingness of the Montana man.

Paddy O'Hern defeated Yankee Allen in the six-round preliminary by doing most of the work and taking every chance in the contest. Allen assumed his well-known crouch, and often O'Hern scored ten blows without a return. Yankee would crouch and wait for an opening, taking many lefts and rights to the head, and then try to land with a heavy punch, but he seldom found his target, as O'Hern either danced out of danger or would come in close and let the punch go around his head.

Art Allard and Jack Rogers boxed an eight-round draw, and this was the best and most interesting contest of the show. In the first few rounds Allard outboxed and outpunched his opponent, but the effort told on him, and during the latter part of the contest Rogers assumed the aggressive and once had Allard in distress. The men finished strong, with honors even in the last round. Both were willing all the way, and there was hardly an idle moment in the contest. In the third round Allard dropped Rogers, who took the count of nine, and stilled for the rest of the period.

Tommy McCarthy made a favorable impression on the fight fans last night, while McAllister did not do the work that was expected of him, and several times gave his backers occasion to

worry. McCarthy assumed the aggressive in the very first round and never let up. Tommy would lead with his left, and follow this with a right swing, hoping to land on a vital spot, but McAllister depended on a left jab that was very disconcerting, and several times when they were close together he mixed with both hands, showing to advantage owing to his great speed.

There was little actual work in the first round, each man sizing up his opponent. In the second McCarthy got his chance and drew blood from McAllister's nose. During the third round McCarthy sent in several good body punches, and both men showed a willingness to mix matters more. McAllister turned on a little more speed in the fourth, and with an uppercut to the head and a left to the face worried McCarthy considerably and, using his strength, the Montana man pushed McAllister violently against the ropes.

The rest of the bout was practically a repetition, McCarthy doggedly following his man, whose cleverness enabled him to avoid any punishing blows. In the eighth round McAllister showed a desire to stand up and fight, mixing matters with McCarthy until "Doc" Flynn, who was seconding the Californian, yelled to him to stop fighting and box. In the ninth round McAllister ran into a right hook that hurt him, but he kept McCarthy from following his advantage. Bob did his best work in the tenth round, when he landed often, and with a hard right smash brought blood from McCarthy's nose. McCarthy was very earnest in his efforts in the eleventh round, but McAllister slipped out of danger. In the twelfth round McCarthy redoubled his efforts, but could not break through McAllister's defense.

The attendance was very poor, and the receipts were only \$2,631, of which McAllister gets \$1,000. The club receives 20 per cent, the state gets 10 per cent, and McCarthy gets the balance, \$711, with which he must pay the other boxers and the expenses of the bout.

Give a baseball player his hits and he rests content; rob him of them and he is ready to do battle for the rest of his life. The saying holds good, from class X to the big leagues, and it is a noticeable fact that the higher the classification, the more liberal the scorers are, generally speaking, in their distinction between a hit and an error.

As a matter of fact, while the scoring rules are often condemned as being too lax in their definitions, there is no good reason for criticizing them in respect to base hits. The statement, that if there is any doubt in the scorer's mind as to a hit, that it must be scored a hit, ought to be sufficient. Yet it frequently happens that when several persons are scoring together and a doubtful play arises, after a lengthy argument back and forth an error is given. The fact that a doubt exists in the minds of the parties to the debate is in itself absolute evidence under the rules that a hit should be scored.

Books have been written around the rule, none the less, and as long as the present code exists the argument will continue. In the final analysis there is no one, not even the player making it, who can always tell absolutely whether he should have been able to make the play or not, so close is the margin.

At a meeting in Inwood, W. Va., tonight the most remarkable baseball team in the country was organized. The nine players have twelve legs, seven and one-half feet, and seventeen arms.

Most of them were maimed at one time or another in the industries of the town. The players are: William Robusky, manager and shortstop, one leg and one arm; Joe Lick, first base, no legs; Leg Lannon, second base, one leg; George Ottemiller, third base, one leg; Ralph Ford, catcher, one foot; Crip Ironsides,

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pitcher, one foot; Cotton Bowers, left field, one foot; Edward Pearl, center field, one and one-half feet; George Miller, right field, one leg.

The manager has issued a challenge to any club of maimed baseball players in this section of the country. Each member of the "half-and-half" team, as they have been christened by the fans here, before being maimed was a first-class player, and several of the men can still put up a fair game.

Ty Cobb is the greatest ball player in the world, says Hugh Fullerton. Everyone says he is. Therefore it must be true.

Why is Ty Cobb the greatest? That isn't a riddle. Can you tell why he is? How can an outfielder, averaging only two "chances" a game to catch flies and make throws, be the greatest player?

What a bunch of nerve and brain that fellow is. He is tense, alert, on his toes, moving with every pitched ball, thinking. He has forgotten that there is a crowd, forgotten everything excepting baseball, and that he must win. Not a move escapes him. If you want to enjoy the game do as I did. Take a field glass and watch Cobb's face. You can tell by the way he clenches his hands and the quick spasm of the facial muscles what the pitcher pitched and whether it was right or wrong. You can tell by the jump of his muscles when the ball is pitched and by the sudden relaxation whether it was strike or ball. If it is hit, anywhere, any direction, drop the glass and watch Cobb, for he is going to the scene of action.

That fellow tries to make a play on every ball that is pitched, hit or thrown in a ball game. Here is one of the things he did:

There was a runner on second, one out, and the score was close. A short fly was hit toward left center. It was not Cobb's ball. Nor did he claim it. He came tearing toward where the ball was falling. Bush was racing backward toward the ball. Veach was sprinting in to make the catch.

Suddenly Cobb yelled, "I have it!" The others hesitated. Cobb himself half stopped. The base runner at second saw the situation. It looked as if the Tigers were all mixed up, and that the ball would fall safe. The runner leaped toward third.

At the last instant Cobb hurled himself forward, grabbed the ball just as it was nearing the ground, and, like a flash, shot it to second base. The runner slid back desperately and escaped being doubled by an eyelash. Cobb had figured it out and claimed the catch merely in the hope of leading the runner into thinking the ball would fall safe, and on the chance of making a double play.

I have talked to Cobb a score of times about how he does it. He does not know. He just does it.

From now out Walter Johnson may travel at the fastest known pitching clip, but he has little or no chance to equal the Joe Wood record of 1912. That season the Red Sox premier worked 38 games, winning 33 and losing only five. Johnson has dropped three of his first five starts, and to equal Wood's mark he would be forced to win 31 out of his next 33 games.

The robust hammering that Johnson has received is only an addition to the queer upsets of this milledew spring. The Rex Sox, with a club batting average of about .180, hit him savagely, and the Mackmen hit him even harder. Still, as we patter along to press, no report has been received that Griff had requested waivers or that Walter had purchased a one-way ticket back to Weiser, Idaho.

There died the other day Lewis Cameron. He was a college football and baseball player of renown, but had his heart set on becoming a civil engineer. To help him through his studies, he became a Southern leaguer—a good pitcher and a clever outfielder as well. Still in the dawn of his baseball career, and—so say the managers who knew him—a sure success had he kept on, Cameron gave up the diamond and embarked on his chosen profession. He had an uphill climb.

Cameron is best remembered in the south for the performance of a feat probably never equalled, probably never to be done again. He was the only man who went clean through a fence and caught a ball outside a park. That record will probably stand forever.

"This stunning deed took place at Birmingham, before that city had its present concrete park and modern arena. The right field fence was close up, and composed of ancient lumber. Cameron, playing right on days he wasn't pitching, started after a fly ball—an easy chance in an open field, but almost a sure home run on that bandbox park. Never stopping, never hearing the warning cries of crowd and players, Cameron smashed at top speed against the rickety old fence and went through it like a bullet. He tore a hole big enough to dive through, and panels fell on either side. Uninjured, not even a bruise upon him, Cameron stumbled free—and caught the ball as he shook loose from the debris of the wall. So much of the

fence was down that the catch was clearly visible to the umpire and no chance to dispute the putout.

How Hungary Was Enslaved.
The treaty of Carlowitz, concluded 215 years ago between Turkey and the allied powers, forged the chain from which the land of Kossuth has never since been able to free itself.

Two years before, September, 1697, at Zeuta, the great captain, Eugene of Savoy, had administered a crushing defeat to the Turks, and it was because of that defeat that the treaty of Carlowitz became possible. It was the first consultation of the powers over the "Sick Man," who is now just about breathing his last. The treaty finished up the good work that had been begun by Sobrikski at Vienna in 1683, and henceforth the Turks ceased to be a danger to Christian Europe.

But "Christian Europe," through its representatives at Carlowitz, having paid its respects to the Turks, went on to commit an unpardonable crime against a sister nation. They gave Austria the whole of Hungary with the exception of the banat of Timesvar. In other words, they deliberately, and in cold blood, robbed a people of their liberties and made them the political slaves of a nation that had no claim upon them except the one that is born of the lust of greed and dominion.

The infamy of this transaction appears all the deeper and blacker when one stops to think of the services that Hungarians had rendered in the cause of Europe against the Turk. Who that knows history can ever forget the name of the "Great John Hunyady," who, with his Hungarians and their allies, in 1456, dealt the Turks that terrible blow before Belgrade, defeating their army of 150,000 men, utterly routing it, inflicting upon it a loss of 40,000 killed and many thousands of prisoners. After beating Murad to a finish at Belgrade, Hunyady invaded Turkey, beat the Moslems in battle after battle, captured Sofia, and forced the sultan to sign a treaty by which he gave over all claims to Serbia and gave over Wallachia to Hungary.

It was the very first experience in the way of defeat that the haughty invaders had ever met with, and they never forgot it. And it was administered by Hungary—the land that was robbed of its freedom by the conscienceless scamps who presided at the Carlowitz conference.

Quaint or Curious.
In the course of army maneuvers in a country district Prince Arthur of Connaught and some brother officers lunched on top of a haystack. Presently the farmer appeared and forcibly expressed his opinions on the subject of his haystacks being used as a mess-room. An orderly hurried up and explained who the officers were, and he added that one of them was Prince Arthur, King George's cousin. The indignant farmer flatly refused to believe him. "Any way, prince or no prince, they've got to come off my stack," he declared, and, turning to the amused officer, he added: "Dash it all, from the looks of you, the next thing you'd do with the stack would be to eat it!"

The metal hands on the municipal clock in Springfield, Mass., are to be taken off and wooden hands substituted because of the difference in weight. The metal hands weigh 100 pounds each while the wooden ones would not weigh more than 50 pounds.

While New York art lovers are rejoicing over the coming of the priceless Morgan collections to that city, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts has received a handsome gift from one of its trustees, Francis Bartlett, by which the museum will receive an income of \$60,000 a year for 200 years.

Joshua D. Wheaton, of Virginia, claims the distinction of being the only goose farmer in this country. He has 250 acres of land, and at the present time more than 1,500 wild geese on the place. He ships them alive to the northern markets and gets an average price of \$5 a pair.

The privilege of transmitting farm products, such as butter, eggs, cheese, meat, fruit and fresh vegetables, by parcel post in the United Kingdom is not very generally utilized, most farm produce being sent to neighboring markets by carts and wagons, or sold to dealers and retail stores in the surrounding towns, while in many instances producers are under contract to sell their whole output to factories or wholesale merchants.

M. Jean Henri Fabre, the greatest living entomologist, maintains that journalism, rightly applied, may help people to keep the clothes in good condition. He has discovered that newspapers afford a far more trustworthy protection against the ravages of moths than any of the old-fashioned preservatives such as camphor. Mr. Fabre advises housewives to pack any garments about to be stowed away in newspapers, joining the edges with a double fold. If the joining is carefully effected and well pinned, moths will never work their way inside.

Scraps.
The New York Edison company has perfected an apparatus for eliminating the smoke and cinder nuisance at its great Wateride station, New York. The smoke from the boiler plant, laden with soot and cinders, is driven at high speed through a sheet of water, by means of which practically all of the material which constitutes a nuisance is deposited in a big water tank. The recent test showed an average efficiency of extraction of 85 per cent.

A very effective check has been placed on automobile speeding by the city of Chilliwack, British Columbia, by a system of raised concrete street crossings, constructed sufficiently high above the roadbed to give the passengers of a low-wheeled, fast-driven automobile a severe shock, but so constructed that a horse-driven vehicle can cross at a moderate speed without discomfort to the occupants. In addition to their use as a speed preventive, the crossings are of value to pedestrians as a protection from muddy streets.

Scotland still produces pearls, found mainly in the fresh water mussel. Cleopatra was not the only person who swallowed a dissolved pearl. Until

comparatively recent times they were used medicinally in Europe and still appear in the materia medica of China. According to one Chinese authority, a pearl, after being treated with pumice stone and honeycomb, mixed with the gall of a serpent, "might be drawn out to the length of three or four feet. Make it into pills and swallow them—henceforth food will be unnecessary." The suggestion is not that the patient would be finished off, but that he would live, foodless, forever.

Sir Archibald Geikie, the famous classical and theological scholar and geologist, has celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday shortly after retiring from the highest office which an English scientist can hold—the presidency of the Royal Society. In 1911 he was president of the classical association, and has been president of the Geographical Society and British Association. The position he has attained of first rank in authority in the worlds of both science and letters is almost unique, and is the fruit of an extraordinary intelligence and scholarship. Of Scotch origin, he was originally intended for a career in a bank, and served for a short time in that business. But nature called him, and while he was still a boy he wrote articles on the geology of Arran for a newspaper. This led to his being appointed to the geological survey of the United Kingdom, and this was the beginning of his career.

According to the statistics of the last Japanese Blue Book, there are very few Japanese women who do not marry. The majority of Japanese girls marry at 21 years of age. The men usually marry at 26, but marriage at the age of 15 is not unknown, and 4,000 marriages at the age of 17 were registered in the case of men last year, while 7,000 girls of the age of 16 were married. The number of women who married at 30 was only 1,000 more, but the number of men who set up house for themselves at 30 was 18,000. The decline in the figures after this is rapid; only 3,700 men and 1,600 women of the age of 40 married last year in Japan. Practically every Japanese man who does not join a Buddhist monastery marries. The old bachelor and the old maid are almost unknown in the land of the chrysanthemum.—Westminster Gazette.

Criminal trials used to be conducted with wonderful speed in London, espe-

cially after the court had dined. An old observer of the ways of the central criminal court cites a case in which a prisoner had picked a pocket of a handkerchief. Two witnesses were called, the man robbed and a constable, who stated the facts in a few words. Then the judge addressed the prisoner. "Nothing to say, I suppose?" The summing up was as follows: "Gentlemen, I suppose you have no doubt? I have none." Jury: "Guilty, my lord." Judge to prisoner: "We have met before—we shall not meet again for some time—seven years' transportation." Time of trial, two minutes fifty-three seconds. It was said that these after-dinner trials did not average more than four minutes each.

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