

THE WORLD OF SPORT

FREDDIE WELSH MAY COME TO AMERICA TO ESCAPE WAR

Milwaukee, Wis., August 17.—With the spectacle of a terrible war before him in Europe, the world's lightweight champion, will try to get over to America from England in some manner and escape the trying times which are sure to follow. It was Welsh's intention to come to the States early in the fall, but his delay may prevent the fulfilling of prospective engagements here. If he does get over, it is almost certain that he will be matched again with Willie Ritchie, possibly over the ten-round route first, and later, if it is necessary, over the marathon distance. The report that Welsh had signed an agreement and posted a forfeit to give Ritchie another match by a certain date, whether he won or lost, is denied by the new title holder. Freddy sends word here that while he promised Ritchie another match, he did not sign up nor did he post a forfeit for a second match, although Ritchie has endeavored to have him place a good-sized forfeit with some American paper to insure another meeting under conditions agreeable to both. Welsh can have numerous good matches and for pretty good purses or percentages. D. J. Torrich has made him a good offer to meet Joe Mandot in New Orleans, while Tom McCarey wants him to meet Joe Rivers in Los Angeles. Jim Coffroth is after another match with Ritchie in San Francisco, and the Queensbury A. C. of Milwaukee will bid for a match between the two over the ten-round course. Milwaukee would no doubt prove more profitable to the boxers than any other city, even though they were to battle 20 rounds. Besides the boys named, there are others on his trail—for instance, Milburn Saylor, the Hoosier lightweight (now in Australia), and Charlie White, the Chicago champion, while Pal Brown, the Minnesota lightweight, still has his backers with \$5,000 to place as a side wager for a long battle. Ad Wolgast says he would not mind coming back for another marathon bout with Welsh, just to show that he is still there and willing to make good for the time he had to cancel his match with Freddy at Los Angeles, two years ago. Willie Beecher, the New York lightweight, is another one with a real backer. John J. Resler, his manager, has deposited \$1,000 in cold cash to go as a part side wager of \$5,000

for either Welsh or Ritchie, and he means business. Johnny Tillman, the Minneapolis 133-pounder, through his manager, Frank Tyrrell, has been anxious to post a forfeit of \$1,000 for a match with any of the stars—Welsh and White preferred. Tillman had an unfortunate experience on the coast. He was matched to meet Leach Cross at Los Angeles, but Promoter Tom McCarey called it off, claiming that Tillman did not show enough class in training. No one can blame McCarey for trying to protect himself, but according to Manager Tyrrell, his boy was working under wraps, and it is hardly fair to judge of his ability without giving him a good chance. Tillman has shown considerable class hereabouts, and I doubt whether Leach would be able to stop the boy in 20 rounds. Young Shugrue, the New York lightweight, is still another boy who seeks battle with the stars for the title. He is in Australia, and has made a splendid showing, good enough to entitle him to a match with the best we have here. At the present time there are numerous good lightweight—in fact, the class is away above what it was five years ago. Ad Wolgast, one of the greatest lightweight battlers for the light weight division, was here this week, having returned from the coast, where he lost a couple of profitable matches through hard luck—breaking his forearm at a time when he was in fine shape for his contest with Joe Rivers. Ad figures that the break cost him at least \$30,000, besides the inconvenience suffered, etc. The Michigan "Bear Cat" says his arm is in good shape again and that he will be well able to box again in September, although he doesn't intend to take unnecessary chances. "It has always been my contention," said Ad, "that I could whip Willie Ritchie in a long fight, and I think that his defeat by Freddy Welsh goes a long way to prove it. I always felt that I was too strong for Ritchie and would eventually wear him down in a long battle, although there is no getting away from the fact that he is a great fighter for all that. From what I have read about the fight with Welsh it seems to me that Freddy simply played a careful game and planned to outpoint him and take no chances whatever."

CLARKE SAYS HANS WAGNER IS A VERY HEADY PLAYER

PITTSBURG, Aug. 16.—"When a man isn't hitting I do not worry about it, nor let him do any worrying on my account," said Fred Clarke the other night, as he sat in an armchair and looked back on the work of the Pirates this year and unfolded interesting reminiscences of his eighteen years in major league baseball. "I have been through the mill myself and I know what it means. While I have been through it, I can't explain it, and no other man in baseball can. When a hitter is out of his stride, nature must take its course with him, as in most other things. He cannot be driven to hit and he cannot drive himself to hit. In moments of confidence a man can hit any pitcher almost at any time. "I have been in hitting streaks where I knew full well that I could walk up to the plate and hit anything served to me, whether it be high, low, in or out, curve, spitter or anything, so long as it was within reach of the bat, and above the ankle or below the neck. Then again, I have seen periods where I would walk to the plate in practical helplessness maybe for a week at a time. I couldn't hit and seemed to feel it. "Early in life I would try to shake off this feeling, but as years went by I saw that the player can school his mind sufficiently to overcome a slump. He must do the best he can and wait until the natural eye, swing and judgment returns. "The Buccaneer chief talked along these lines in St. Louis a few hours after his club had lost a game by one run to the Cardinals. Some of the Pirates fretted a little over the beating, but Clarke seemed in a better humor and tried to make them feel the same. "It isn't often that the Kansas will entertain with reminiscences of the by-gones, but on this night in particular he proved very interesting. "Talking of hitting and obeying orders," laughed Fred. "Some amusing little features come up in the so-called inside work between pitcher and batter when the batter is trying to hit to a certain field. It was my custom to swing at a ball and make a bluff at hitting to a certain spot. This sometimes crossed the pitcher, who tried to make me hit the other way—or the way I really wanted to hit. "I had been hitting a lot of them to right field for a time while I was with Louisville, and one day in Boston, with a run badly needed and a runner on second, McCloskey ordered me to try to put one over first base. I deliberately swung late at a fast ball on the outside, which would have been a left field hit or putout had I hit it. The next one came on the inside, where I wanted it, and I put it over the first baseman's head as ordered, bringing in the run. "McCloskey called me down hard and demanded to know why I hadn't obeyed orders. I told him that I did obey orders and that I had hit to right in the very spot he had directed. 'I know,' he said, 'but why did you try to hit that first one to left?' "I told McCloskey that I hadn't tried any such thing. I told him that I had to make a bluff to cross the pitch-

er up and make him give me one where I wanted it. Nicholls was pitching that day and I never could have got what I wanted had I tried to pull that first one into right field. He knew too much. "Fred then talked of thinking pitchers, the kind he prefers and the kind which, in his opinion, prove the best winners. "Talking about thinkers," he continued, "Wagner is the greatest of them all. I have never said much about Dutch in my life. We always have understood each other pretty well, but it is getting rather late for both of us and when you ask me who I think is the brainiest player of all time I want to go on record as favoring Wag. "He seems to have eyes in the back of his head. He doesn't do all the things now that he did up until three or four years ago. The reason is simple. He can't let out his speed as he formerly did. But he makes up for it with his brains. "I shall never forget when he came to Louisville. He seemed to be the most awkward, clumsy and uncertain chap in the world. He was a three-ringed circus to watch. He played more through luck than by thinking. That is the way it seemed then. Mechanically, he was a sensation. "But none of us could figure how a man who handled himself so awkwardly could always do the right thing by means of thinking. We figured that he had only blundering luck. One day I said to a fellow-player, 'That Dutchman is the luckiest and most awkward guy I ever saw in spikes.' "But Honus kept it up. His baseball intuition was marvelous. He was here, there and everywhere in the field. He drove other clubs crazy on the bases. If a man is dumb, no matter how lucky he might be, his bone-headedness will show on the bases quicker than anywhere else. But when we saw him run bases, draw bad throws, slide around throws, taking advantage of every opening and so on it set us to thinking that we had all made a terrible mistake about that Dutchman. One day while I was on the bench, Honus shone in some particular brainy bit of work, and I said to the Louisville gang: 'Fellows, I take it all back. I said that Dutchman was lucky and awkward, but I now think he is the brainiest and finest chap that ever played ball in this or any other town.' I have thought so ever since. "Nowadays they are getting some interesting stories from great players about bone-head plays they have made. We have all made them. I don't mean mechanical blunders, but blunders of the intellect and bits of stupidity of which we have all been guilty. But honestly, I have never seen Wagner make a bone-head play in my life. I have seen him slip and fall mechanically like all human beings. I have seen a very few games lost by an occasional error by him, but I never saw a pitch where his brain wasn't more active than all others mixed up in the play. "Did you see Wagner thrown out at the plate while standing up in that first victory of Cammy's in New York?" asked Fred, as he leaned a little closer

The Housekeeper is Right

SOMETIMES a housekeeper requires a quick leavening agent, and finds she has no baking powder.

What does she do? She raises her biscuit by a mixture of cream of tartar and soda, and sour milk. She may not get the proportions quite right, but she knows her food is safe. But does she ever use a mixture of alum and soda? Was there ever a housekeeper who bought soda and alum to make a home made baking powder? Intuitively she feels it would be dangerous.

Then why listen to the story of the alum baking powder peddlers or demonstrators? They are offering the same mixture exactly that the housekeeper would not dare to buy and mix and use in her food.

Alum is alum, whether bought in the drug store or in the baking powder.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is made from pure cream of tartar and contains no alum, lime or phosphate. Absolute safety is in its use.

to his group of young players. "Don't you remember when Meyers took the throw from the outfield after Miller had singled and put the ball on Honus about ten feet from the plate? "Well, I have been with the Dutchman for sixteen years and not until that game did I ever see Wag caught on such a play. They never got him that way before and he probably will ever have a chance at him again. In the next five years they never will get him standing up. "Yes, sir, Dutch is some thinker. He could have been a .215 batter and his brains still would have earned for him a niche in the so-called halls of fame."

MAY BE O'HERN AND KEGG FOR HELENA'S NEXT CARD

Had Dick Gilbert defeated Tom McMahon at the Great Falls boxing show, it is probable he would have been signed up with Tommy McCarty for the September date of the Capital City A. C. of Helena, during the state fair. But he didn't win and as McMahon treked immediately for his home at Los Angeles, the idea of a heavyweight bout was abandoned by Manager Bob Hay.

But, as a matter of fact, Manager Hay was divided in his intention of looking Gilbert and McCarty as the main event and Paddy O'Hern and Lem Kegg for that enviable position on the September card and since the heavyweight plan is out of the way, Manager Hay is now considering booking the lightweights for the big show.

Would Attract a Crowd.

Kegg, who is a lad with a punch that spells trouble for anybody he meets, hooked up with Paddy O'Hern at Lewistown some two months ago and Paddy was returned the winner by a hairline decision. A lot of money changed hands on the result and Lem has been half wild to get another whack at Paddy ever since that memorable occasion. His chance will likely come during the state fair, for Paddy has signified his willingness to meet him again. Kegg recently broke his hand in a bout and has been resting up since. The injured mitt is now in first-class condition and he has renewed his efforts to get Paddy in the ring. The Lewistown boxer is dead willing, it is said, so it is likely that Manager Hay will sign up these two for the main event of the card, providing of course, the boxers don't want all there is in the house.

Willis in Semi-Windup.

Walter Willis, who like Le McKegg, has been out of it on account of a splintered hand, is now ready to meet all comers at his weight—the middle division—and Manager Hay figures on using him in the semi-windup. Willis broke his hand while training for the semi of the recent Lewistown show, at which he was to meet a hustling, ambitious youth from Butte. Accordingly another man had to be substituted and the Butte man hung it on to the aspirant.

A while ago Willis had a chance to get on with Jack Collins, a tough battler from the navy with four years' experience. The boxing commission believed, however, that Collins outclassed Willis, and, accordingly, objected, the result being that a man was substituted who was stowed away by Willis in the second round, about as easily as he laid away one Curly Ryer during the Lester-McCarthy show.

Now, Perhaps, Collins.

Willis has been anxious to see what he could do against a man of class, so it is possible he will be signed with Collins. If the deal cannot be made, Willis will probably go on with a chap named Kid Conrad, a Racine middleweight, who has been doing a good line of business through the middle west. Conrad is said to be a tough Indian—tougher than Collins, but not as experienced. It makes no difference to Willis, however, which of the two comes to the front—Collins or Conrad—he is willing to take on either of them and he believes he will be returned a winner.

Gilbert is Fooled.

The defeat of Dick Gilbert at Great Falls must be something of a surprise to that doughty scrapper, who figured that he would have easy pickings against Tom McMahon. The latter has developed a good deal since Gilbert last squinted at him and he entered the ring an even money proposition, after the Great Falls fans had seen him in action during training. A number of Helena fans saw the bout and they are unanimous in saying that McMahon had the better of the mill. McMahon has a bad left, which did all the execution on Gilbert. The latter is a tough man and fought with courage and craft all through the battle. He knocked McMahon down in the first round, yet the latter came back and his pecking left open Dick's cheek and his snout and there was quite a bit of censure during the remainder of the rounds. The fight from start to finish is said to have been one of the best ever seen in the state, for there was hardly a clinch, and the men milled hard and steadily, both trying for a knockout.

JOE BONDS THROUGH WITH SILENT GORMAN AS MANAGER

Joe Bonds, the young light-heavyweight who made such a fine showing against Tommy McCarthy here, and was later hammered into submission by Al Norton at Butte, is back home and gives out an interesting interview regarding his experiences in Montana. It is well known that Bonds was unfortunate enough to contract a very severe cold a short time before his fight with Norton, and his claim that he was entirely out of shape is undoubtedly true. The account giving the interview with him is as follows: Joe Bonds, Tacoma boxer, candidate for heavyweight championship honors, has severed his connections with "Sil-

ent Joe" Gorman, who had been acting in the capacity of rubber-in-chief manager for the boxer. Bonds declares that Gorman gave him the worst of it in money matters and various other ways and that he quit him for this reason. Gorman has gone to California to secure a position as janitor in one of the vaudeville houses there, it is said, and Bonds is rustivating in the open near Tacoma in an endeavor to regain some of the vitality he said he lost just prior to the contest at Butte, Mont., with Al Norton last month.

Speaking to the writer about his troubles with Gorman, Bonds delivered himself of the following:

"I have had nothing whatever to do with Gorman ever since I came back from Montana. He won't do, that fellow; he gave me the worst of it in many ways. I am through with him for all time. Personally, I never liked the fellow from the start. He doesn't know anything about the boxing game, and I don't know why I ever hooked up with him. I should never have boxed Norton that time. I was in no shape. I was sick for six days prior to the contest and only boxed to save Gorman's skin."

Bonds said Gorman talked too much; that he got him in bad with a lot of people misrepresenting things. "He would tell the darndest yarns you ever heard of," said Joe, "and of course he couldn't make good with them and that would make me look foolish. I don't want anything to do with fellows like that. I'm mighty sorry I ever got mixed up with him."

Not much is known of Gorman here in Tacoma excepting that he was a great talker. To hear him chirp one would imagine he was a Tom O'Rourke, Parson Davies or a Billy Brady in the boxing game, when as a matter of fact he knew little or nothing about boxing. Sammy McClintic, manager for Jimmy Fox, who passed through Tacoma a few weeks ago, told the writer Gorman (which, by the way, is not his correct name) at one time was a bootblack in Los Angeles, and later a bathhouse rubber. He posed as a preliminary boxer in Stockton, Cal., when Bert Donnellan was president of an athletic club there, and Mark Shaughnessy, who gave Gorman a severe beating at Seattle recently for alleged insults, says Gorman was a program hustler and peanut vender in Nevada when he (Shaughnessy) was interested in mining properties there.

Bonds says he is feeling a lot better than when he returned from Montana and that he will soon take up training again. "After I have regained my strength fully," says Joe, "I will be ready to take any matches that are offered me. I may not get very far in the boxing game, but I am always willing to try." No man has ever been ruled off for trying.

Not So Strange After All.

You may think it strange that so many people are cured of stomach trouble by Chamberlain's Tablets. You would not, however, if you should give them a trial. They strengthen and invigorate the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Mrs. Rosie Rish, Wabash, Ind., writes, "Nothing did me the least good until I began using Chamberlain's Tablets. It is decidedly the best medicine for stomach trouble I have ever used." For sale by all dealers.

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"THE BOOTERY" AN EXCLUSIVE SHOE AND HOSIERY STORE

IS TO BE OPENED IN THE NEAR FUTURE BY OWNERS OF THE FAD ESTABLISHMENT.

Owing to the growth of the business of the Fad Shoe & Clothing company it has been decided to organize another corporation to take over the stocks of ladies and childrens shoes and the hosiery stock of the Fad and a complete line of men's shoes will be added. For this new business, the store until now occupied by the Jackson Ten Cent store, on Main street, near Fourth avenue, has been leased. A handsome new front will be put in and about the middle of next month the new establishment will open as "The Bootery." Lewistown's exclusive shoe store.

The incorporators will be A. L. d'Autremont, A. S. d'Autremont, Charles J. Marshall and a few others. The Bootery will be under the management of Ben Zock, the popular Fad salesman, and Floyd Gurnett and Miss Florence d'Autremont will also go to the new establishment.

With this change effected the Fad will utilize the additional room by putting in a full stock of boys' clothing. For this new department new fixtures and considerable alterations will be necessary.

The Twenty-Year Test.

"Some twenty years ago I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Geo. W. Brock, publisher of the Enterprise, Aberdeen, Md. "I discovered that it was a quick and safe cure for diarrhoea. Since then no one can sell me anything said to be 'just as good.' During all these years I have used it and recommended it many times, and it has never disappointed anyone." For sale by all dealers.

PITTSBURG RACES.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 18.—The last race, the 2:16 trot, in the Pittsburg Driving club's Grand Circuit meeting at Bruno's Island track today, went six heats before Farmer Gentry proved his superiority over Hazel Laing, which was touted as a hot favorite. The race completely overshadowed the feature, the Homewood stake, for baby trotters, which was won by Native Spirit in straight heats. Guy Nello won the first event in hollow style, and Marietta captured honors in the second race from King Daphne, after a stiff argument.

The Case of L. L. Cantelou.

The case of L. L. Cantelou, Clarendon, Texas, is similar to that of many others who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says, "After trying a doctor for several months, and using different kinds of medicine for my wife who had been troubled with severe bowel complaint for several months, I bought a 25c bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using the second bottle she was entirely cured." For sale by all dealers.

NEW GREEK MINISTER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—A. Vouras, in charge of the Greek legation for the last year and a half, has been appointed assistant to the director general of the Greek state department and will leave for Athens in about a week. The new Greek minister, Mr. Schliemann, presented his credentials to President Wilson yesterday.

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