

WEIGHTS ARE QUITE COMMON THESE DAYS; THERE WAS ONE IN THE KENTUCKY DERBY SATURDAY

MIKE O'DOWD IS STILL CHAMPION, DECLARES MIKE O'DOWD, CLAIMING JOHNNY WILSON NOT 158-POUNDER

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

MIKE O'DOWD is the middleweight champion of the world, according to Mike O'Dowd. He said so himself in his home in Brooklyn yesterday, and further stated he would go on his merry way wearing the crown which was supposed to have been turned over to Johnny Wilson in Boston last Thursday night. Michael insists nothing more than a decision was lost in that now highly advertised battle, and as for decisions—why, they mean nothing in his boxing life.

"It's this way," explained the champion, or ex-champion, or whatever he is. "The championship was not at stake when I boxed Wilson. According to the articles of agreement, we weighed in at 160 pounds ringside. Now everybody knows the middleweight limit is 158 ringside, so how could a guy weighing 160 pounds win the 158-pound title?"

"I'm not saying anything about the decision. The referee had the final say, and whether he was right or wrong, his ruling is the same as a verdict rendered by the United States Supreme Court. At the end of the twelfth round Mr. McInnes said I had lost. I was the most surprised man in the arena, for I had an idea I had won easily. But, as I said before, the weight in the world and will leave it to the American public to judge for itself. I will prove it in Camden Tuesday night and in the other bouts I have scheduled. I will go on just the same as before, meeting all comers and scoring decisive victories. You can't fool the public and I know the public will be with me.

"Don't think I am belittling Johnny Wilson. He was awarded the decision and I long to get a lot of money out of it. But I still maintain he weighed 160 pounds, and that makes him a light-heavyweight. If I lost to Battling Levinsky, would the Battler be the middleweight champion? Did Benny Leonard claim the featherweight title after he had knocked out Johnny Kilbane? Well, Wilson has as much of a claim as Kilbane or Leonard.

"I KNOW a champion is expected to put up a big bout after he loses, and for that reason I have refrained until now from making a statement. Of course I am sure I can't deny that—but all I ask is a fair deal, and I expect it from the American public."

Wilson Requests 160 Pounds

WE VISITED Mike at his home in Brooklyn yesterday. The Fighting Karp was seated near a window and newspapers were piled knee-deep around him. His pompadour bristled aggressively as he talked, and a badly battered but quite prominent left ear stuck out at a rakish angle. There was a faint suggestion of a black eye on the upper left hand corner of his face, but that was the only recent injury we could notice. Mike emphasized his remarks with gestures and was very frank and sincere.

"Now about the match with Wilson," he continued, as he freed one of his legs from the literary debris. "Some time ago my manager, Paddy Mullen, received an offer from Roy Green, matchmaker of the Fenway A. C. in Boston, to box Johnny Wilson at 158 pounds. I accepted, but on April 23 Green called up from Boston stating that Wilson could not make the weight, and asked that it be raised to 160 pounds. I consented and the contracts were signed.

"To prove what I said," continued Mike as he kicked the other foot free and dug into his coat pocket, "take a look at this." And he handed us a formidable looking document. It read as follows:

"Agreement made this day between Roy Green, matchmaker Fenway A. C., and Paddy Mullen, manager of Mike O'Dowd.

"Roy Green agrees for the Fenway A. C. to guarantee Mike O'Dowd five thousand (\$5000) dollars, with a penalty of thirty-five per cent of the gross receipts, for the bout to be held in Mechanics' Building, Boston, Thursday, May the sixth, 1920.

"Both men, Wilson and O'Dowd, have agreed to make weight, one hundred and sixty (160) pounds ringside. A forfeit of one thousand (1000) dollars must be posted in the hands of the Boston Traveler for said weight and appearance one week before the bout.

"Signed: Paddy Mullen then took the floor. "There are the articles of agreement," he said. "The men weighed in at 160 pounds, and you cannot call that a middleweight contest."

"I intend to go to Boston soon and get affidavits from each of these men to prove that Wilson weighed 160 pounds the night he was given the decision over O'Dowd."

Different Angles in Weight Question THIS weight question seems to have many different angles. According to one Boston writer whose honesty and integrity cannot be questioned, Wilson failed to make the beam at 160 and really weighed 156 pounds the night of the battle. That throws a different light on the affair and tends to support Wilson's contention.

Another thing is that the \$1000 forfeit, according to Mullen, never was put up and there was no official weighing. That also complicates matters for O'Dowd. The third is the referee's decision, which will stand regardless of adverse comment. Too bad we don't have a national commission in boxing so the game could be regulated like a regular sport. If these were rules governing all championship matches this trouble never would have occurred.

However, O'Dowd is making his claim because he thinks it's just one. He says he is the best 158-pounder in the world and will prove it at any time or any place. "I want a return match with Wilson," he said as we were leaving. "I don't care where it is, how many rounds or the weight. I will weigh in at 158 pounds ringside and Wilson can come in weighing 160 pounds if he cares to. I will box him for nothing, just to get a chance to show I am his master.

"Last Thursday night he didn't hurt me at all. He can't punch hard. When I went down in the second round I was off balance and the blow hit me on the head. I was up immediately, despite the stories that I took the count of four. In the seventh round I hit him flush on the jaw, but when he went down he grabbed me and pulled me with him. I never got credit for that. It really was an easy battle for me and I can't see how I lost.

"BUT I will leave everything to the American public. Watch me at Camden next Tuesday. See if I don't deliver the goods, and then judge for yourself."

Herman Taylor has offered Wilson \$10,000 for a bout in Camden, but as yet has not received a reply.

No Game Here Today

TODAY is an unusual one in local baseball circles. Neither club is playing at home, something which seldom happens. The Athletics are finishing their series with the Red Sox and the Phils open their western tour in Pittsburgh. Tomorrow the A's will mingle with the St. Louis Browns and will stick around the home lot until the 29th, taking on the Browns, Detroit, Cleveland and the Chicago White Sox in order. After the westerners leave Washington comes here for two games, and then the Phils will return the entire month of June.

Connie's team will have a good chance to show what it can do in the long stay home. The western clubs are considered the class of the league, both first and string. Cleveland and Chicago are fighting it out for first place, the Browns are in the middle and Detroit is making a heroic effort to prevent the Macks from going back into their old home in the cellar. It will be interesting to see the contending clubs in action.

The Phils will play Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago and then jump back to New York for three games.

TWO games will be played with Boston on the hour lot on May 31.

AFTER the treatment handed out by the Braves recently, if the Phils never see them again it will be soon enough.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



HAGEN IS CONFIDENT ON EVE OF SAILING

U. S. Golf Champion Says British Play Will Not Hinder Him Abroad

By SANDY McMBLICK New York, May 10. "I HEAR they are betting abroad that I won't even qualify," stated Walter Hagen, open golf champion of the United States, as he practiced his golf at Rye, N. Y., before his last exhibition match yesterday before going abroad this week to compete in the open golf championship of Great Britain.

"I also hear that they have at least 300 golfers over there good enough to beat me out."

The American golfer rolled one until from a fair corner of the green that stood on the lip of the cup a breath and then dove in.

Hagen straightened up and smiled. "But you can put that all down as bunk. Only one man generally wins a golf tournament. I haven't made any money except to myself. I am not going over there to try to qualify, or to try to finish in the money. I'm going to play my own game and the best way I know how. Then we shall see what we shall see."

The open champion laughed and bent over another long putt, this time down-hill. It rimmed the cup, two inches past.

"That's Hagen's game. From the tee he wants to be as far and as straight as he can. He straightens up and smiles. "But you can put that all down as bunk. Only one man generally wins a golf tournament. I haven't made any money except to myself. I am not going over there to try to qualify, or to try to finish in the money. I'm going to play my own game and the best way I know how. Then we shall see what we shall see."

Approaching to the green to be on the flag, not just "up there some where." On a chip, he wants to be dead, but he doesn't want to have to make a chip.

And when he's on the green, he goes right for the back of the cup. He tries to sink every putt he makes and not to be just near enough to sink on his second.

He gives his ball a chance. "That's Hagen's game all the way through, except he knows he can make the shots and that's the reason the whole enormous turnout yesterday left Bellerose firmly convinced that Walter Hagen is going to win the British open."

"Uppish" Argument The burnt and knickered veteran of twenty-nine years in the game out of this way: "Jack McDermott went abroad as the greatest homebody we had developed up to that time. But Jack took the long out of him by what you might call 'uprightness' and refused to believe that McDermott had a chance. He tried too hard."

"Have you ever seen any golfer who cared less what they think, what they do, or how they play than he? He has the most ideal temperament for golf I've ever seen and I've seen them all. He can miss a putt that means everything and laugh. He can trail the ball badly the first day and win on the second."

The veteran motioned toward Hagen, striding out there in front of the dazed throng, twirling a moustache like a dream and grinning and joking the other two, dressed in resplendent gray and white and as sunny as the sunny day.

"I'd like to see Hagen over there," laughed the oldtimer. "Like to see the stolid British golfer giving him a looking over. Like to see him enjoying

RAIN PUTS CRIMP IN SMALL LEAGUES

Jupiter Pluvius Forces All to Remain Idle Excepting Clubs in Steel Circuit

Baseball Standings of Little League Teams

Table with 2 columns: Team Name and Record. Includes Commercial League, Manufacturers' League, and Philadelphia Manufacturers' League.

Old Jupiter Pluvius has started in playing havoc with the schedules of the Little Baseball Leagues. Last year he was exceptionally good to them, but does not intend to smile so kindly on the little fellows this season.

That was the only circuit that was able to get in five games, and as far as results are concerned they were the same as on opening day. Steelton and Sparrows Point were returned winners, while Lebanon and Bethlehem Steel were on the losing end.

Next Saturday will be a busy one for the little fellows, and no fewer than five additional clubs will get under way. These include Harold Pike's two leagues, the Montgomery County and Philadelphia Suburban, which rank with the best throughout the Main Line Amateur, the Northern Manufacturers' and Gloucester County. The following week the Delaware River Industrial and Delaware County Suburban swing into line.

ROBERT W. MAXWELL HEAD OF P. S. W. A.

Sports Editor of the Evening Ledger Elected President of Association

Robert W. Maxwell, sports editor of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, was elected president at the annual meeting and election of officers of the Philadelphia Sporting Writers' Association, held at the Hotel Walton yesterday afternoon.

Other election officers were: Vice president, T. V. Ziekarski; treasurer, Louis N. Goldsmith; secretary, James H. Stierrett; board of governors, James W. Gantz, W. Neagle Rawlins, Ross E. Kaufmann, Mark Wilson and Alex H. Brooke.

It was decided to decorate the graves of the deceased members of the association on Sunday, May 30, and President Maxwell appointed Harry B. Hoffman chairman of the memorial committee.

The association also voted on record in indorsement of Lawrence McCroskey for nomination to succeed the late Margistrate McNearney.

Answers to queries—Jimmy White is a Wilmington, Ardy, Charles' last encounter was over Joey Fox, in five rounds.

Hagen is in his element when the play is keenest. Galleries do anything but snore during his game. He's sure to have a big crowd of curious fans at his head over there all the time, and that's just what seems to bring out his best shots.

Hagen had a beautiful day yesterday before the hundreds of Gotham fans who trailed his final exhibition match over here before he sailed.

His 71 over the 6320-yard Bellerose course was only one over par, was five strokes better than the second man and was low mark for the new links. He and George Smith played through the match 3 and 2, the muzzak 4 up and both nine.

WHITE SOX WILL MAKE STRONG BID FOR FLAG

Any Team With Collins, Weaver, Schalk, Cicotte and Jackson Must Be Good—Cleveland's Leading Competitors—Red Sox Will Weaken

SOMEWHERE, beyond the bitterness of the hate beyond red wrath—where Faith and Peace descend— Race greed shall wane and friendship crown the state— Some day—somewhere beyond.

The song dies out upon the far winds blown. Where cheerless clamor of the clannish And out old ways lost Fairness walks alone. Beneath drear sunless skies.

The race of faith across old twilight ways. Greening the last red splendor of the west. Shows, through the wrath of vanished hours only for Life's breast.

Yet we shall see somewhere across the seas. Last seen the shadows by a starless stream. Old days return where Friendships conquer fears— A dream wrought from a dream.

Wearily the waiting for the new road when The song will call once more across The age night. And side by side the clans will walk again Through darkness toward to light.

FOR ten years Joe Jackson's main ambition has been to lead Ty Cobb at bat. Jackson batted over 400 one season and even then was beaten out. So far he has secured an impressive lead over his Georgia rival, but two or three things can happen between May and October.

FIGURED in the dope, the Giants looked to have one of the best clubs in baseball. The main strength of the team was a hard-hitting, brilliant outfield and a strong catching staff, with Barnes, Neff, Benton, Toney and Douglas.

The catching was good, but the infield only fair. Yet for the better part of three weeks now the New York club has been far off the trail, one of the big disappointments of the year.

QUIMET, meeting Vardon and Ray as he is now much more experienced than he was as a kid of nineteen." Yes, but the "kid of nineteen" is seven years more away from youth's confidence and unconcern.

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DREDGING NEEDED AT BOATHOUSES

Ships at Various Clubs Are High and Dry Along the Schuylkill

Unless something is done shortly to deepen the water in front of the boat clubs in Fairmount Park, it will be impossible for some of the clubs to launch their boats.

The Maltin's slip is high and dry, the water is about fifteen feet from the bank and young trees are growing in the water in front of the boat club.

The first of the big barges to be held in Philadelphia this year will be May 25 when the American Rowing Association will hold its annual event on the mile and five-sixteenths course.

Each slip of the boathouse has a number of boats to make up for the boats that are not to be made up for.

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PHILS ARE OFF ON WESTERN INVASION

Cravath and His Crowd Are in Pittsburgh for Four-Game Stand

Pittsburgh, May 10. The Phils are here on the first leg of their opening western invasion of the 1920 season.

Before pulling into the city of soot and smoke the Cravathian clan dropped another perfectly good ball game, the fifth straight, and again to Brooklyn in one of the latter's usual long matches.

Love Meadows pitched the first eight innings. Cravath batted for him in the ninth and was purposely walked.

Leon Cadore was knocked out of the box in the fifth inning by four hits and four runs. Two of these were on an easy pop fly.

Cravath batted for Meadows and was purposely walked, filling the bases. Baneroff loomed slowly to Johnston, who made a throw to the plate which was not in time to prevent Cravath from scoring.

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Advertisement for Herbert Tareyton London Cigarettes. Features a cartoon character and the text 'There's something about them you'll like' and 'Twenty to the package'.

Advertisement for Marshall & Bush SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN. Text: 'TROPICAL CLOTHING—HATS—HABERDASHERY Largest Distributors of MANHATTAN SHIRTS in Philadelphia'.

Advertisement for Atlantic Motor Oils. Text: 'Quality—for You Atlantic Motor Oils never compromise with heat or friction. They ward it off with a thin, enduring film. Instead of trying to solve your lubricating problem yourself use ATLANTIC MOTOR OILS'.

Advertisement for a clothing store. Text: 'We Know Not What Was on His Mind Other than to start a movement to arrest and break the state of ever-increasing prices by manufacturers, justified or otherwise. Now his idea may do the trick, it may turn the tide—but we feel that other stores must follow and make it a general movement. Call us an imitator if you wish—we think the prince of department stores is right, and we shall be the first men's specialty store to back him up. We therefore shall, until further notice, take 20% Off the Marked Price of all merchandise purchased in our stores, Manhattan Shirts excepted, for we have agreed not to cut established prices on these goods.' Address: 1018 Chestnut St. 113 S. 13th St.