

THE FEATHERWEIGHT.

How Solly Smith Proposes to Defeat Dixon This Month.

He Does Not Win Through Luck—Points to Light-Weights with Some Secrets of Success in the Ring—Many Battles Won.

On the 25th of September I hope to become the featherweight champion of the world.

The sporting world is aware that I have been matched to fight George Dixon for a purse of ten thousand dollars and the title which he is anxious to retain and I to acquire at the Coney Island Athletic club on September 25.

I do not by any means underrate the task which I have before me, yet I am confident—and I speak with due modesty—that I will whip him. I do not



MR. ABRAHAMSON, SOLLY SMITH'S BACKER.

know that I can give any definite logical reason for my belief, but I feel it in me and confidence is half the battle.

The trouble with most of Dixon's adversaries is that they are half frightened to death before they cross arms with him. The "colored wonder," as he is fondly dubbed by his admirers, seems to have the same faculty for inspiring terror in the hearts of his opponents as the renowned John L. Sullivan could at one time in the breasts of the men pitted against him.

I noticed this particularly in the case of Eddie Pierce, the "pride of the Nonpareil club," as he is called. When he met Dixon a fortnight ago the ex-amateur looked nervous and even flinched the moment he stepped over the ropes. He is a mighty good boy, I am told, and can fight at hurricane speed when in a proper frame of mind. The other night, though, he seemed to be suffering from what actors term stage fright, and was really unable to fight with a fourth-rate man. He was the most popular favorite that ever entered a ring—judging by the tremendous ovation he received—and the responsibility of his position appalled him. He was unnerved from the start, and although he gave a remarkable exhibition of gameness he really was "never in it," to use a sporting phrase. Pierce, I understand, is a rapid, aggressive fighter, yet on this occasion he stayed away from the colored boy. Fatal mistake! Dixon is far cleverer than he, has a longer reach and is by long odds a better general. Had Pierce rushed in and "mixed it" with the "sable wonder," he might have had a lively chance. Infighting was his play and he neglected to take advantage of it. As it was he was the mere punching bag for the coffee-colored lad, or rather he was the victim led to slaughter and Dixon the executioner.

Cal McCarthy, his erstwhile rival, I am informed, adopted the same tactics at Troy and got soundly trounced in consequence. So did Nunc Wallace in England, and he too proved an easy mark.

The only way to fight Dixon is to go at him. Never give him a chance to breathe or think, but make him fight all the time. That is the way I propose to battle with him, and if he whips me I shall have no excuses to offer. I have seen him fight twice; once with Abe Willis, of Australia, in San Francisco, and with Eddie Pierce, at the Coney

Island club, and I think I know how his game can be met. At least I will do my best to prove the truth of my theory. One thing I do know in substantiation of this theory is that pugilists who fight as did Tom Iyer, in the olden time, John L. Sullivan, when that warrior was in his prime, and as Paddy Slavin, Joe Goddard, "Myserious" Billy Smith and your humble servant do are generally successful.

The winner of the battle of September 25 will unquestionably be the featherweight champion of the world. Dixon has defeated the champions of three countries—Cal McCarthy of America, Nunc Wallace of England and Abe Willis, of Australia. He has also added to his belt the scalp of Fred Johnston, of England, who claimed the one-handed and twenty-two-pound championship of England. Besides these magnificent victories he has conquered fifty other aspiring pugilists besides winning innumerable four-round bouts.

It has been asked what I have done to warrant my battling with the champion. I will reply by saying that I have won thirteen hard fought battles, defeating, among other good men, Johnny Van Heest, the greatest little fighter of the south and west, and Johnny Griffin, the doughty Brantree lad, whom many sportsmen, Pat Sheedy and Al Smith among the number, thought that George Dixon was afraid to meet.

Many people affect to believe that I am a lucky fighter and have won most



SOLLY SMITH.

of my battles by a chance blow. It is a common thing, even in my own country, California, to hear the remark that "Solly has again won by a fluke." It must strike any rational man as an extremely peculiar fact, that this so-called "fluke" has occurred thirteen times in succession. Frequently the press of the country has reported me as being exceedingly "groggy" and all but out when my gameness stood me in good stead and that I managed to land the "auctioneer" at the last moment, thereby winning the battle. This was notably so in the case of my late contest with Johnny Griffin.

This, of course, is very flattering to me, as not one "groggy" man in a hundred has the heart or head to turn the tables at the last moment. However, I must confess that my friendly critics have always been wide of the mark. I never was groggy in the ring in my life. When I put out Johnny Griffin at Roby, Ind., I was as clear-headed as I ever was at a matinee. I drew him on to me and was laying low for an opportunity to plant my right on his jaw. That opportunity came when Johnny thinking I was gone rushed at me with both right and left hands and tried to end the encounter right then and there. I was in a semi-crouching attitude and apparently on the retreat. The moment his guard was down I whipped my right like lightning over his left guard and caught him fairly on the point of the jaw. That ended the battle. That I was not "groggy" is proven by the fact I stood erect and motionless over Griffin waiting for him to rise, while the referee was counting the ten seconds allotted him to do so. If I whip Dixon the public may say that is another case of "luck." That, however, will not worry me if I get there.

Should I be fortunate enough to win I will be prepared to defend the championship against all comers, but I will never make the mistake of gallant Jack Dempsey by going out of my class. I will fight featherweights and none others. I fully realize the force of the old aphorism: "A good big man can always whip a good little man." Had brave Jack Dempsey given this a thought he would not be in a mad house to-day. His defeat by Bob Fitzsimmons broke his proud heart, drove him to drink and finally upset his mental equilibrium. Now I am told that the one time "Nonpareil" is no longer for this world. Poor Jack! I trust that he will dispense the predictions of the diagnosis, but should he die no better epitaph of him could be written than a paraphrase of Byron's immortal lines:

"He left a fighter's name to other times
Linked with a thousand virtues and a single crime."

LENOX 'MID THE HILLS.

Autumn's Glories on the Far-Famed Berkshire "Farm."

The Maud Mullers of a Modern Age—Picture Hats and Gowns of Philistia—What the Melancholy Days Portend—Combinations of Colors.

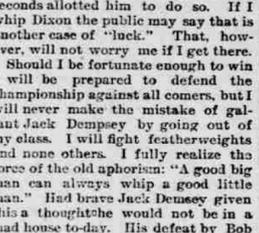
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Autumn tints already appear among these northern hills. Vividly scarlet woodbine tendrils shoot like flames across the foliage of low copses here and there, and as if they were flame indeed the foliage near at hand is brown and seared. Away to the south the hills that lie about Great Barrington show blue with the haze of distance, save when, at sunset, they are tipped with pale, rosy light. Society, in its sylvan and moral surroundings, is very

susceptible to bose influences. One talks of his "house" in town, or his "cottage" at Newport or Tuxedo. At Lenox it is the "farm" which figures, though Darby and Joan would look aghast at some of the methods of the gentlemen who till—strictly by proxy—these broad acres.

The sports are rural. Haying is done and the grain put by—and the summer crop of engagements is weighed and discussed. Come, then, for an excursion in wagon or "brake," where you will, to Roaring Branch, maybe, which roars you now as gently as a sucking dove, so little water has the drought left; or to Pittsfield, which is so much the town that our ruralists shudder at its wiles and flee its dangers soon; or to Laurel lake near by, or the beautiful Stockbridge Bawl over west, or to Great Barrington, if time hangs heavy and the road is good. It is the "farmers'" holiday.

And oh! the farmers' daughters! Surely Maud Muller on a summer's day never wore such a beauty of a picture



THE LATEST IN SLEEVES.

hat and the belt and on the collar are wider strips of the same design. But the sleeves with their pinked flounces are the head and front of offending. In their shadow—may it soon be less—one read portents of the future.

It is an autumn of flounce, furbelow, frill, flutter, froon-frou. The dress of fifty-two flounces, whose fame I was first to trumpet forth, is perhaps an extreme. The dress of six or twenty-one's sister will wear according as her patience and her purse hold out. Yet it will be a forgiving fashion, with scope for variety. The plain skirt will fight for its life and smaller sleeves will almost certainly win their skirmish for recognition unnoticed in the crush of mightier matters.

Frolic fancy will have full swing in the hats of the "melancholy days." There will be in their simple trimness enough for coquetry of conceit, and their own quaint conceits of tilted plumes and uplifted pompons. Straw will hold its own well towards winter and be wrought into bizarre and fantastic effects suiting well the age of crinoline.

A girl who has been out after hazel nuts and caught burdock instead may extemporize for herself a sample of the autumn's looped overskirts by catching up her skirt a foot or so at intervals with a ball of the hated burrs. Such are the effects which the overskirts, longer or shorter, will produce. Nothing can show so well the power as to be like care the own ugly, graceless, forbidding and unnecessary self, and of that we shall not be long spared the sight.

If it be artistic to decorate construction, but inartistic to construct decoration, the fall of the year of ungrace '93 will be memorable in the annals of Philistia.

A goldenrod festival yesterday brought out the prettiest costumes I have seen here. Would a more glorious flower exist if it didn't remind one of the coming of the winter? The gold of it is so dazzling, the spray so feathery and the combination of it with the deep red of the cardinal flower so satisfying to every eye that cares for color and cares warmly.

Brown earthen pots filled the verandas and the hall and the drawing rooms of the goldenrod hostess, and the graceful flower rose up from out them and nodded cordially.

A tall, slim girl with red brown hair wore well a thing I detest, though new and then it is not unbecoming—a black gown. Hers was a soft thing of crepon with black chiffon ruffles for the neck, edged with narrow white Valenciennes. I think it must have been for in general black is as odious as it is convenient, and that is saying a very great deal.

The oddest frock on show, and yet not at all a bad one, was made of a deep pink silk with wide black ribbon, with a large sailor collar at the open throat and with a broad band at the waist line. A black picture hat was worn with it, with great wild pink hollyhocks tumbling from the crown.

White and green is a curious costume combination, or would be curious in any season less catholic in its choice of colors. Yet a white and green ensemble can be made most picturesque.

WHERE SHE MADE HER MISTAKE. An interesting side remark that escaped attention.

It is amusing to see how thoroughly a Frenchwoman is a natural match-maker, and how she supposes that the search for a "bon parti" must ever be uppermost in the mind of a properly regulated young woman. At a dinner in Paris, given by a hostess noted for tact and elaborate entertainments, the pretty woman, conveying a tall, awkward youth, fluttered up to an American girl, saying: "Allow me to present Monsieur N., Miss X.; he is to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner" adding in a quick little "aside" behind her fan, "He is worth ten million francs, my dear." At the table Miss X. discovered her escort to be decidedly uninteresting, while her other neighbor, Monsieur T., proved to be most amusing, though a middle-aged, plain little man. To him she devoted herself throughout the dinner, continuing the conversation afterward in the drawing-room, where the neglected Cressus promptly deserted her.

A short time after, when making her dinner call, the American girl remarked to her hostess that she had found Monsieur T. such a clever man.

"O, yes, quite a clever little man; but what did you think of Monsieur N?" inquired the hostess.

"He was rather young, and there didn't seem to be anything particularly interesting about him," replied Miss X., hoping to excuse her evident neglect of her escort at the dinner.

"Ah," exclaimed her hostess, "I felt sure when I saw how little he interested you that you did not hear me tell you that he was worth ten million francs."—Chicago Tribune.

A BAD PLAN TO SCOLD.

It Makes Women Grow Older Than Their Years.

Not long ago a man was seen to take a big dose of quinine as unconcernedly as he would have swallowed so much sugar.

"Macey" exclaimed his friend, "how could you do that?"

"Very easily; I have been accustomed to it. It happened that I began taking it about the time I had discovered that I had married a scold. One dose was as bitter as the other; now I can swallow either without giving it a thought."

Not a very gallant speech, but wonderfully suggestive.

The most delicate mortal in the world is the woman who fancies that much is gained by scolding, or whining, or complaining. She may seem to gain her ends for a while (for at first one will do most anything to avoid swallowing a bitter dose), but if she would stop to consider, she would soon discover that every day she has better cause for scolding or whining or complaining, whichever method she adopts, and that, as the month rolls by, an ever-increasing amount is required to accomplish the same result.

The scolding woman never has things her own way without a vast expenditure of nervous strength—much more than the object to be gained is worth. Why can not she realize that and adopt some pleasanter method?—Philadelphia Times.

Japanese Swords.

People who are fond of rummaging about in curio shops are no doubt surprised at the cheapness of Japanese swords. They are cheap because they are plenty. When the nobles threw off the native customs and adopted European ways they look to European customs also and seemed to acquire a distaste for many of the things that had been personal or house belongings.

The short, needle-pointed, razor-edged swords worn by the samurai and their retainers, though of the finest steel and ornamented, were discarded for English sabers and dress swords and came to this country by thousands. In San Francisco a dozen years ago they were heaped in boxes and tubs and were sold for less than one dollar a piece. The price has advanced a little since then, the values ranging from two dollars to ten dollars, according to the condition of the blade, the richness of lacquer on the scabbard, the ornamentation in gold and bronze on the handle. But plenty of good ones are still to be had. One cranky freak of collectors is to break up the weapons, preserving only the bronze and iron guards, which are often decorated with flowers and figures of exquisite workmanship in gold and silver. One man in New York has dismantled over five hundred swords for this purpose and wants more.—N. Y. Sun.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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The Battered Student. "He's an entomologist. Just been to New Jersey to study the mosquito." "Why did he leave?" "Found out that instead of learning entomology he was teaching anthropology."—Life.

"Why are you so naughty, Johnny? It seems to me that with mamma worn out and papa with a broken arm, you might try to be good." "Mama!" said Johnny; "that's just the time to be bad. No one can lick me."

"IT IS IGNORANCE THAT WASTES EFFORT." TRAINED SERVANTS USE

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