



A FAMOUS JOCKEY IS DYING.

"Dick" Clawson, the berry picker, known at one time as one of the best lightweight jockeys in the country, can live but a short time. Clawson and his wife left New York this week for the Adirondacks in the hopes that his life may be prolonged, but little hope is held out.

Clawson has fallen a victim to consumption as the result of too much reducing in order to make weight. Clawson was proud of his ability to take off from 10 to 20 pounds of weight in a single day and was not warned by a couple of breakdowns as the result of his foolish system. He was growing rather rapidly and this caused him to work the harder to keep within the limits. His stomach became weak so that he could stand scarcely any food and he finally had to give up training altogether. This did not give him any relief, and soon it was noticed that his lungs were affected.

Clawson is a product of San Francisco tracks and was known as the "berry picker" because of a previous occupation. He was brought east by Sam Hildreth and soon made a great name for himself on tracks in New York and in Chicago. Jack Atkins ("California Jack"), of the firm of Atkins & Lottridge, had the first occa-



"DICK" CLAWSON.

tract with Clawson, but Hildreth got him away from them. He has been riding since 1897 and is 29 years old. He was married this summer to a daughter of Jimmy McLaughlin, once one of the greatest jockeys of the world.

Good Word for Fitz.

There are no fighters in New York who have made more money in the past year through the practice of their profession than they could earn in any other way in a lifetime, writes Macdon McCormick. Some of them have been "straight as an arrow," while others have been, I fear, as crooked as rams' horns. Two of the straight ones have been Bob Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin. I am not stuck on Fitz as a man. There is no law on the statute books which compels me to like him, and I don't, but as a fighter there is no gainsaying the fact that since his arrival in America all his battles have been on the level and that he has done his best to win every time he has toed the scratch in a ring.

The Dull Season.

Since the death of the Horton law in New York state there has been "nothing doing" in the world of pugilism save an abundance of fight talk that has little or nothing behind it. Billy Madden claims the championship for Gus Ruhlin on account of Jeffries ignoring the challenge of the Akron man's backer. Jeff issues a deft to Fitz but the latter says he is out of the game for good and is not going to give Billy Brady any cheap advertising for the champion. Tom Sharkey also emerges from the obscurity of defeat and opines that he thinks he is entitled to a meeting with Jeff on account of having stayed with him for 25 rounds. Corbett and "Kid" McCoy have been filling up more than their share of the newspapers through the medium of their wives and the public is heartily sick of them. Now that all have had their say, in one way or another, it is doubtful if a big battle could be pulled off any place in this country. Carson City and San Francisco are the only two places available, but it is possible that legislation will be passed shutting out the big fellows before they could have a chance to meet in the ring.

Choyanski's Long Ring Career.

To Joe Choyanski belongs the honor of being the oldest pugilist in point of service in the ring today. Choyanski is still taking active part in the game of self-defense which he has followed now for more than 16 years. John L. Sullivan began his ring career much earlier than Choyanski, but the former has retired, while Choyanski is still in the harness, and everything considered he is the "iron horse" of the ring today. Other boxers who have gone through the mill and are still ambitious enough to stick to the game are: Jim Corbett, Dal Hawkins, George Dixon, Tommy Ryan, Tommy White and Joe Goddard.

A Shift in Opinions.

Kansas City Journal: The domestic troubles of McCoy and Corbett still seem to be the one thing of interest

in the east. Corbett is coming home to face the music and have it out with the people he says have been false to him. This is about the best thing he could do for the sake of his reputation. Despite the continued statements of one or two writers that the McCoy-Corbett fight was a fake, the bulk of opinion is still favorable to the idea that the fight was perfectly on the level. Among the men who have taken a strong stand against the fake story are Naughton and Sam Austin, both of whom must be adjudged good men at sizing up a fight, and neither one of whom is slow to tell the truth as he sees it.

Critics have big differences of opinion, however, regarding fights. Naughton once concluded that Root and Ryan were in a bad-looking fight, and the different opinions at the time were interesting. The men who thought Root and Ryan fought a hard, genuine battle are the ones who are the strongest in their opinion that Corbett and McCoy were guilty of fake.

McGovern May Fight Gans.

A match has practically been arranged between Joe Gans, the colored lightweight champion, and Terry McGovern. The only hitch in the proposed match was the weight question, but it has been finally settled by the managers of the boxers that Gans is to weigh in at 133 pounds at the ring-side. The contest may take place in Chicago, although the selection of a battleground has not been definitely decided. If pulled off in Chicago the contest will be of six rounds duration.

MISS ABBOTT WINS IN PARIS.

The international golf competition at Compiègne in connection with the Paris exposition was concluded last week. In the ladies' championship, where there were ten entries, the results were as follows:

First, Miss Abbott of Chicago, 47; second, Miss P. Whittier of St. Moritz, 49; third, Mrs. Hunger Pratt of Dunard, 53, and Mrs. Froment Maurice of Compeigne, 53; fourth, Mrs. Ridgeway of D'Euville, 57, and sixth, Mrs. Fournier Sarlozev of Compeigne, 64. In the men's handicap, where there were twenty-nine entries, the following were the results:

First, A. B. Lambert of Paris, 73; second, P. Deschamps of Paris, 75; third, Lord of Duard, 81; fourth, G.



MISS ABBOTT.

Thorpe of Weston Supremere, 84, and Mackenzie Turpie of Scotland, 84, and fifth, W. B. Dove of England, 85.

OTHER SPORTING MATTERS.

The Yale football team received a most welcome addition to her giant rush line in the person of Richard Sheldon, the champion weight thrower. Sheldon was a member of the Yale eleven in 1896, but only remained in college a year, leaving the institution to pursue a business career.

Major Taylor will soon go after records in Chicago, where he secured honors last season. He will again use the Garfield park one-half-mile cement track in that city. It is quite probable that he will follow the Charlie Miller motor, the McDuffee steam motor and the pacing machines of Albert Champion. Taylor hopes to place the mile record at 1:15, and will try to do 40 miles in the hour.

Jim Corbett is the latest fighter to announce his retirement from the ring. He has made the declaration in a manner which indicated that he meant it, says a New York telegram.

Corbett was seen at his cafe, and when asked what his plans were for the future the ex-champion said: "I don't think I will ever fight again, and to tell you the truth I don't care if I never do, for I am disgusted with everything.

"If I should fight what would the public think? Why, they would say I was going to 'fake' it with my opponent. I have never been mixed up in a fake fight in my life and I defy anyone to come forward and prove that my fight with McCoy was a fake.

"If I was in the habit of quitting I think I would be better thought of by the public. This false statement as to the McCoy fight would never have been made but for 'Honest John' Kelly and a few others who had lost a few dollars on McCoy. These kind of people told my wife my fight was a fake one, and during her excitement, of course, she made the false announcement."

BOER PERSEVERANCE

AND BRAVERY EXPLAINED BY PROF. LOMBROSO.

He Says Their Blood Is Richer than That of Other Nations—Calls Them a Select People Superior to Europeans—Scientists Started at Figures.

Many theories have been advanced in explanation of the dogged perseverance with which the Boers have carried on their struggle to maintain their independence, and now Professor Cesare Lombroso, the distinguished criminologist, comes forward and assures the world that the one great reason why the Boers are such stubborn fighters is because their blood is richer than that of other nations. His article on the subject appears in Nuova Antologia.

According to him, the Boers of today have in them the blood of four nations, namely the Dutch, the French, the Scotch and the German. Dutch blood preponderates, but with it, we are told, is intermingled the precise quantity of French, German and Scotch blood which is needed in order to produce such valiant warriors as the people of the Transvaal.

In order to obtain exact knowledge of the point Professor Lombroso made a chemical analysis of Boer blood, and then he compared the results which he had obtained with those obtained by Herr Kuyser, a Dutch scientist who had been working in the same direction. The conclusion at which he has arrived, is that the Boer blood is composed of seventy-eight per cent Dutch blood, twelve per cent of French, twelve per cent of Scotch and three per cent of German. All obtainable statistics, he maintains, point to the correctness of these figures. In conclusion he asks: "Such being the chemical composition of their blood, what is there astonishing in the fact that this mixture of the four best nations of Europe, in a climate which is not enervating and in which an energetic mode of life is necessary promises to form of the Boers a select people who will prove themselves the bulwark of liberty and civilization and who will be a race superior to all those of Europe?" Scientists attach a good deal of weight to Professor Lombroso's views on a matter of this kind. Nevertheless this article has startled them a good deal, and for the simple reason that the figures which it contains are, to say the least, bewildering. The Boer blood, says the professor, is composed of four elements. Quite possible, reply the scientists; but how can seventy-eight per cent of Dutch blood, twelve per cent of French, twelve per cent of Scotch and three per cent of German make 100 per cent of Boer blood, for do not these figures, when added together make a total of 105. The misleading figures, it is thought by some, may be due to a typographical blunder, but such does not seem to be the general opinion.

"The supposition that there is a mistake in the figures," says a French writer, "is hardly tenable, since statistics are an exact science and a statistician like Lombroso is not likely to make a mistake of this kind. No; the figures themselves, are correct, although the theory based on them may seem highly improbable. They furnish, indeed, as they stand at present, an additional argument in favor of Lombroso's theory that the surprising valor of the Boers is due to their blood, since it can readily be seen that a nation ought to be unusually brave whose blood is above par and is rated at 105 per cent."

A plausible explanation of the puzzling figures is that the seventy-eight ought to be seventy-three. The Boers in this case would have five per cent less of Dutch blood than Lombroso assigns to them; yet by this simple change they would be freed from the charge of being abnormal, which is now brought against them by certain philistines, who maintain that those persons cannot be normal human beings the elements of whose blood exceed 100 per cent.

Fighting Seals with Dynamite.

The seals and sea lions which infest the mouth of the Columbia river have created such havoc among the salmon fisheries that a crusade with dynamite is soon to be begun against them. The animals are both shrewd and bold, and it is said that a seal will police a set net with great regularity, and take a bite out of the throat of every salmon it contains. Frequently when a fisherman is taking his net into a boat and is about to gaff a fish which is entangled in the meshes, a seal will rise and bite the fisherman's throat. The seal herds congregate on a certain sandspit in the mouth of the river, and it is proposed that dynamite mines be sunk in the sand and connected with the main land by wires. When the animals are ashore the mines will be exploded. Similar plans are laid for the destruction of the sea lions, which do not gather with the seals.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Queen Will Confer Orders.

The queen is going to confer the first class of the Order of the Bath, G. C. B., upon Prince George of Greece, governor general of Crete, and Sir John Fisher, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean squadron, will proceed shortly to Crete to invest his royal highness with the ribbon and insignia of the decoration.

Americans Leaving Cuba.

There are not half as many Americans in Cuba as there were one year ago. The mails from the United States are 50 per cent lighter, and are dropping off daily.

SEA FISH IN LAKE.

Strange Discoveries in Central Africa by Explorer Moore.

The problem of how the apple got into the dumping sinks into insignificance beside that of the jellyfish, the crustaceans and Lake Tanganyika; but J. H. S. Moore, who has just come back from Central Africa, believes he has discovered how the fish from the sea got into the lake in the middle of the continent. Mr. Moore is one of the young men at the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. He was leader of an expedition largely subsidized by the Royal Geographical Society, and after a year's march of over 3,800 miles, from the Zambesi to Uganda, he has come back with hundreds of specimens and several important additions to the knowledge of Central Africa. He has encountered cannibals, volcanoes and glacier and scaled an ice-clad peak called "Sitchwi," in the Rwenzori mountains, or Moutains of the Moon, at a height of about 16,500 feet. The mountains took ten days to climb. The peaks of the range are covered with ice to a depth of hundreds of feet, for the snow melts in the day and freezes at night. Mr. Moore and the twenty Ujiji boys who accompanied him lived on goats during the ascent and descent, driving the goats and killing them when food was wanted. The Ujiji boys were so struck with the phenomenon of ice that they tried to carry bits down to Ujiji. The tropical sun nearly boiled the ice on the way. Between Tanganyika and Lake Albert Edward is a lake called Kivu. The best atlas published gives it as about one-tenth the size of Albert Edward. Mr. Moore, who was accompanied by Malcolm Ferguson, geologist and geographer, found that Kivu is larger than Albert Edward. The north end of Tanganyika was found to be fifty miles westward of its ascribed position. It was between this lake and Kivu that the cannibals were met. They are tall, light-colored men, more like Arabs than negroes, and are born thieves. They gave much trouble and killed two or three bearers, but Mr. Moore never had to fight them outright. The primary object of the expedition was to dredge and sound the lakes with reference to the marine forms which Mr. Moore found there four years ago. The question was whether the jellyfish and crustaceans originally got into Tanganyika by way of the Nile or the Congo. Having determined that these marine species are to be found in none of the lakes north of Tanganyika, Mr. Moore believes that Tanganyika was once joined to the sea by way of a great basin in the Congo state. When Tanganyika was left high, if not dry, in the center of Africa, the jellyfish and crustaceans of the sea remained behind and their descendants are flourishing today. They have been there many thousands of years, for fossils they resemble are to be found below the chalk level.

Electricity Causes Rheumatism.

Sir James Grant, a medical man of Canada, has evolved the wonderful theory that rheumatism is due to an abnormal electrical storage in the human system. He says that for many years he has been in the habit of treating cases of supposed muscular rheumatism by the insertion of small fine steel needles, the number varying according to the extent of the affected parts, and, as a rule, the seat of pain will indicate the precise place and extent to which the needles should be used. They remain stuck into the muscles for from one to two minutes. The previous hard, tense condition approximating one of tetany relaxes, the needles are removed without force, and the patient is able at once to use the muscles. Experiments point to an abnormal storage of electricity in the tissues. It may be stored as a result of sudden draughts and cold. When the inserted needles are touched the electrical accumulation is simultaneously discharged, passing through the body of the operator without any serious result. There is almost immediate relief in lumbago from the treatment.—New York Press.

Hotting Metal Plates.

Some fairly successful experiments have recently been made in drilling holes in and engraving on metal by means of electrolytic solutions. A nozzle of special construction was used. The lower end, which is pressed against the metal plate, is divided into two compartments, through which the electrolytic fluid flows. The upper end has two openings; through one the electrolyte flows in, down to finally up and out of the other. The end of the nozzle, which is pressed against the plate to be drilled, is fitted the lower end against the plate, and with a rubber washer, whose shape determines that of the hole bored. A strong electric current is caused to flow through the plate of electricity. The nozzle circulation of the electrolyte in the nozzle carries off the metal as fast as the electrolysis liberates it. Some of the best results for iron were obtained with sulphuric acid as the electrolyte, but good work was also done with ordinary salt water.

Bob White in Australia.

Bob White is making his way around the globe. From New Zealand comes a favorable report of the work of introducing American quail into that country. The birds were sent from Kansas City via San Francisco, and after a long and tempestuous voyage which proved fatal to a large number, 430 of the first consignment reached their destination, but the death rate then proved to be very high. Subsequent shipments were more successful and lots of from twenty to 200 have been distributed at a dozen different points.

HEROINE OF ALASKA.

HOW MISS HEWITT BRAVED THE STORMS.

Chicago Woman in Quest of Her Husband Passed Through All the Horrors of a Northern Winter—Lost Her Way in Land of Gold.

Some years ago Dr. C. W. Hewitt, a well-known physician of Chicago, decided to go to Alaska. He went, and Mrs. Hewitt awaited his return. Time dragged wearily with the little woman. She sat by her lone fireside and did a heap of thinking, and, as a result of the thinking, she packed her trunks and valises one day and started westward and northward. She proposed to be with her husband if all the chiblain medicine in Alaska were required to make her comfortable while there.

From Dawson to Nome is a long and frozen way, but when Mrs. Hewitt reached the former city she learned that her husband was in the latter. Here, however, she found Dr. Crothers, formerly of Pittsburg, a friend of her husband, and arranged to go with him and a party down the Yukon on the ice.

The party started and proceeded as



MRS. C. W. HEWITT.

far as Fort Hamlin, encountering no more hardships than are experienced by all travelers through that frigid world. At Fort Hamlin, however, it was learned that gold in quantity had been found near the source of the Koyukuk, and the party determined to strike across the intervening sterile regions and be "in at the killing."

From the Yukon, then, they started northward, and, after thirty days of travel, reached the Koyukuk river. Here began for Mrs. Hewitt a series of misfortunes which in their progress and final outcome demonstrate her to be one of the bravest members of a sex that generally receives less credit for bravery than it deserves.

One day Mrs. Hewitt started with a dog team, and alone, to do a little exploring on her own account along the branch of the Koyukuk. It is a country where rivers, creeks and tributaries abound, and in the maze of them the woman was lost. Up one branch and down another she wandered with her dogs until she had hopelessly lost all idea of direction and distance.

Fortunately in her wanderings she came upon a deserted cabin, and it afforded her a poor sort of shelter on the first night of her struggle with the wilderness. She had with her a gun and ammunition, and they alone stood between her and starvation during the weary months that passed before she again looked upon the face of a human being.

On the next morning a bit of good fortune came to Mrs. Hewitt. That is, she succeeded in killing a moose. Its meat kept her alive. She froze some of the moose meat, and, carrying it with her, again started out to find the camp from which she had strayed. So she searched for her companions while they sought her, but in that pathless wild it was small wonder that they missed one another. Perhaps it would have been greater wonder if their paths had crossed.

She gave up the weary quest at last and, finding another deserted hut, made her winter home in it. There she stayed while days, weeks and months of ceaseless monotony dragged on; there she waited for the help that never came; there she occasionally shot a moose or caribou, and, subsisting solely on its meat, grew more and more like a living skeleton. The winter passed, as even a winter of slow starvation must. Very late in the

spring of 1899—it was, indeed, almost June 1—the ice in the Koyukuk broke, and then Mrs. Hewitt determined on a step in which seemed to lie her one forlorn hope of salvation. Slowly and laboriously she made for herself a raft of the fallen trees and limbs that abound in the Alaskan wilderness, binding them together with strips cut from the hides of the animals she had killed for food. Then, knowing the current could carry her but in one direction, she launched her rude craft on the bosom of the river and, still with moose or caribou for her only food, floated southward.

That perhaps was such a journey as never before was undertaken—a lone woman, on a rude raft, floating seaward through a weary frozen waste to such waiting perils as she knew not. When she began her voyage ice was still in the river, and the floating floes again and again threatened her raft with destruction. Sometimes the swift current would bear her against trees fallen, but still clinging to the earth by their roots, known as "sweepers" in the northern wilds, and more than once her journey nearly ended in such a place. Once her raft struck a sand bar, she was thrown into the water and saved her life only by the supreme exertions born of the despair that comes to us when death stares us in the face.

So she floated down and ever down until, after traversing some 750 miles in twenty-six days, she reached the waters of the mighty Yukon. On the next day she was picked up, a skeleton that walked and talked, by the crew of the steamer Hannah. Then, having made a record of endurance and heroism that has few parallels, she fainted.

So ends the story, except for the sad sequel that Mrs. Hewitt's health is said to be permanently wrecked.

New Pictures of Wild Game.

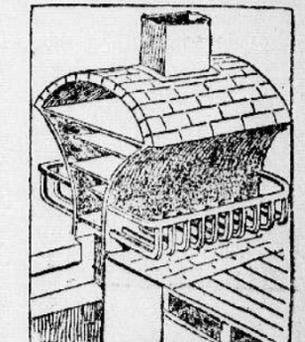
George Shiras III, has just returned from a long trip to Marquette, Mich., where he succeeded in taking a number of flashlight photographs of wild game, similar to those pictures exhibited by the United States government at the Paris exposition. This year he divided his time between wild game and wild birds, with excellent results. Hon. George Shiras, Jr., associate judge of the supreme court of the United States, was with his son, and helped in the sport with the camera, taking a number of excellent pictures himself. Mr. Shiras' pictures at Paris, according to reports at Washington, have attracted the attention of many prominent foreigners and visitors in the exposition. They are hung in the Forestry building, surrounded by native woods and forestry exhibits of this continent. The new pictures obtained by Mr. Shiras during the past nine weeks in the Michigan woods and along the shores of Lake Superior compare favorably with, and in some instances outclass, those of earlier date. Among the 12 good ones which Mr. Shiras has preserved are pictures of deer in groups, owls, wild ducks in the act of rising from the waters, and other wild birds. Mr. Shiras has taken up this new line of bird photography with considerable pleasure, and will try to obtain a picture of an American eagle in its native haunts.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Our Samoan Possessions. Rose Island, over which the American flag was raised by Commodore Tilley on July 10, is one of the smaller islands of the Samoan group, lying to the eastward of the other important islands. Commercially and strategically it is not of great importance. The island of Tutuila, however, which has become ours by right of cession of the native chiefs, is the third in size of the Samoan archipelago, and besides possessing Pago-Pago harbor, which is important to use as a naval station, it has three towns, Leone, Massafusa and Fagaitua, each being of less than 4,000 inhabitants. This island lies next to Upolu, in which is the harbor of Apia, and the capital of the islands. The soil of Tutuila is fertile and the inhabitants are a peaceful race, as industrious as can be expected of a tropical population where the means of support are almost ready to hand without labor. Some years ago an effort was made to raise quantities of cacao for export, and it has proved fairly successful.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.—Hare.

HEATS THE UPPER ROOMS.

Fireplaces in a house are both a convenience and a luxury, and it is certain they would be used more frequently if any reliable means could be provided whereby the upper chambers of the building could be heated without the necessity of using separate stoves for the purpose. In the drawing we show a fireplace designed by John F. Beck, of Atlanta, Ga., which seems capable of heating the rooms to a comfortable temperature. It consists of a metallic casing, which is inserted in place of the brick partition usually placed between fireplaces set opposite each other in the adjoining rooms. The lower portion of the drum is narrow and any pattern of grate can be attached to it, while the upper portion flares out of the grate, leaving, however, sufficient room for the passage of smoke through the chimney. Inside the drum a series of plates are so arranged that the air is caused to circulate back and forth in a circuitous route before entering the pipe at the top of the drum. The fresh air is conducted into the bottom of the drum through a tube laid under the floor and



HOT-AIR DRUM FOR FIREPLACES, extending to one of the basement windows. As the air is heated it rises through the pipe to the chambers, causing the fresh air to enter and providing not only sufficient heat for the upper rooms, but also a perfect ventilation of air free from all smoke of the fireplace.