NIGHT EDITION

The World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

BASEBALL and RACING

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RESULTS OF RACES | BASEBALL

BALLYHOO BEY WON FUTURITY

JEFFRIES SAYS: "I'LL FIGHT FITZ"

"Lanky Bob" Would Like to Fight Next Frida but Jeffries Wants Time to Advertise and Draw a Big Crowd.

"I'LL FIGHT JIM JEFFRIES AUG. 31."

That was the first thing Bob Fitzsimmons said after getting out of bed this morning.

He came out in his nightrobe to talk to an Evening World reporter about last night's fight.

"Jeff says he will meet me in six months. Well, that's all right, but either of us may be dead by that time. He's ready, so am I. The advantage is his.

"I have just gone through two hard fights. Why not have it out right away and be done with it?

"I want to quit the game. My wife says she will not let me fight again, but she will not kick if I get another chance at Jeff right away.

DANCED AFTER THE FIGHT.

"I'll fight him in six months if he wants, but I'm ready for him now, and when I get done with him I'll give the public a rest on 'old Fitz.'

"How do I feel to-day? All right. I danced until 3 o'clock this morning at a ball given by Percy Williams at the Bergen Beach Alhambra.

"Mrs. Fitzsimmons and I led the dance and my friends made me make a speech and sing a song. I went to bed tired, but slept well, and of course I feel like a winner all over to-day.

"I want to say that my opinion of Sharkey was not lessened by what happened in the ring last night. He always could put up a stiff argument, but he has grown shifty and quick. His boxing ability has wonderfully improved.

"I want to say for him, in the light of our former meeting, that he fought a fast and a fair bout last night.

"He still hits hard. I got three cracks from him that hurt. One was on the lip, another on the left shoulder and a third on the right hip as I turned away from him."

The chat was interrupted here by the arrival of the fighter's three children, who had been out for a walk with their nurse before he got up. The girls brought their father big bunches of wild flowers. Bob, jr., sang out:

"You're all right, dad. I guess you're a wonder."

"I want to explain the delay last night," said Fitz. "There wasn't money enough in the house to pay the purse and I demanded my share before I went into the ring.

"I have been in the game long enough to look out for Fitz and I have learned a few lessons.

"I got my money. Charlie White caused a delay by demanding $500. I thought it was arranged for the club and the fighters to give him $100 each. Sharkey and I made up the difference.

"Do I think that the knowledge that the purse would be split had any effect on the attendance? Decidedly not. The weather kept the crowd away.

"Everybody that follows the fighting game knows that the purse has been split in every big fight that has taken place around here for the last two years.

"I wasn't surprised in winning in two rounds. That's as long as I expected the fight to go, and I never had to change my prearranged plan of attack.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

Poland Water Lands All. Prescribed by 5,000 physicians.

Fitzsimmons in His Latest Song and Dance.

JEFFRIES REPLIES TO FITZSIMMONS.

"I have read in The Evening World that Fitzsimmons wants to fight me on August 31.

"In reply I would say that I will not challenge Fitzsimmons.

"I have defeated him once and, judging from his last two battles, I can do it again, and quicker than before. This is my opinion, no matter what anybody else thinks, and I am prepared to back my opinion with my money up to $10,000. If Fitz wants to win his title back, I am ready to give him that chance, but he must issue the challenge and put up his deposit, which I shall immediately cover and at once stand ready to arrange details.

"I shall allow no engagement to interfere with my championship battles, but I reserve the right to set aside sufficient time to train and to leave the bids for the contest open long enough to secure the best financial inducements.

"Fitz nor his friends need not worry about securing a battle with me. I compliment Fitz on the fact that he has fought his way back to a place where he is undoubtedly entitled to another chance with me, and, unlike himself and other men who have held the championship, I cheerfully agree to give him the opportunity.

(Signed.) "JAMES J JEFFRIES."

By JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

(Reported at the Ringside Exclusively for The Evening World.)

That fellow Fitzsimmons is a wonder all right. There's no getting away from that. He simply put it all over Sharkey at Coney Island last night, and that left-hand hook of his did the business. It was a short fight, but I tell you they were at it fast for those two rounds.

Sharkey tried hard, but Fitz was too good for him. I don't want to plug myself for picking winners, but I always thought Sharkey would lose, and I said I didn't think the fight would go six rounds, either. A whole lot of people around the ring heard me say it.

After the fight somebody asked me if I thought Fitz had a chance with Jeffries. I don't say, remember, that he can lick Jeffries, but he's got a rosy chance, and that's all some people need in any game.

Why, that fight last night was one of the best I ever saw. Here is Fitz, an old man what the people call him, going up against one of the strongest men in the business and putting him out in jig time, and with a left-hand smash at that. Why, he's entitled to all that's coming to him and more, too.

THE STORY IN DETAIL.

When I went down to the fight to write her up for The Evening World I said to the editor:

"Now tell me what you want and I'll try my best. Do you just want the punches and is that all?"

He says: "No. We want you to write a good descriptive running story of the whole business." I thought I was up

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

Single Fair to Chicago and Return Via Pennsylvania Railroad Aug. 25, 26 and 27, good to return until Aug. 31, or, on payment of 50 cents additional, until Sept. 30. Apply to ticket agents.

PHILADELPHIA.

1 0 0 2 0 0 2 0 0 — 5

NEW YORK.

1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 — 3

BROOKLYN VS. BOSTON.

BROOKLYN	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
BOSTON	0	1	1	2	0	0	2	2	—8

STARTERS AND BETTING IN FUTURITY.

	Straight	Place
[illegible]	even	out
[illegible]	even	out
[illegible]	even	out
[illegible]	5—2	3—5
[illegible]	5—2	3—5
[illegible]	15—1	6—1
[illegible]	40—1	12—1
[illegible]	50—1	20—1
[illegible]	8—1	3—1
[illegible] 110 (Minder)	15—1	6—1
[illegible] 110 (Wood-mound)	80—1	10—1
[illegible]	15—1	6—1

[illegible] unusual in betting.

1 Ba 7. Time 1 and Finish 2. Champions 3.

ANARCHIST WAS TO-DAY TO KILL BRYAN

Captured by the Omaha Police Before He Could Carry Out Threat.

(Special to The Evening World.)

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 25.—William M. Williams, an avowed Anarchist, confidentially informed a fellow-workman in a smelter to-day that he intended to assassinate William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for President, at the Jacksonian picnic this afternoon.

He asked the other workman to aid him. The man refused and notified the police.

Williams was promptly arrested. He is now in jail.

Mr. Bryan arrived from his home in Lincoln and was notified by the police of the plot against his life. He took it coolly.

The police insisted on guarding him while he remains in Omaha, as there are many known Anarchists here. Detectives are closely watching every suspicious looking person at the picnic.

SLOAN ON WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S BALLYHOO BEY.

FOURTH RACE.
The Futurity; Futurity course.

Starter, weight, jockey.	St.	Half.	Finish.	Betting.
Ballyhoo Bey, 12, R. Sloan	2	2½	1½	11-5
Olympian, 112, Henry	8	3	2½	4-5
Tommy Atkins, 126, O'Connor	5	1	3d	7
Sweet Lavender, 115, I. Bell	7	4	4	40
Elkhorn, 125, Turner	5	6	5	11-5
Blues, 126, Walker	10	8	6	15
All Green, 122, Hayes	6	7	7	40
Cap and Bells, 118, Spencer	1	12	8	4
Golden Age, 122, Sullivan	1	9	9	40
Belvine, 112, Shaw	11	10	10	20
Tower of Castile, W. Gaul	12	12	11	40
Lady of Valley, 116, M. Cox	3	11	12	20

Tommy Atkins, Cap and Bells and Olympian coupled. Ballyhoo Bey and Elkhorn coupled.
Start good. Won driving. Time—1:10.

RACETRACK, SHEEPSHEAD BAY, Aug. 25.—The great Futurity was won by Ballyhoo Bey. Olympian was second and Tommy Atkins third.

The flag fell at 4.46. Ballyhoo Bey immediately took the lead, with Cap and Bells second, Blues third and Olympian fourth.

At the quarter Cap and Bells led by a neck, Ballyhoo Bey was second and Olympian third.

At the half Cap and Bells still led by a neck, Ballyhoo Bey a neck in front of Sweet Lavender, who had crept into third place.

Coming into the stretch Ballyhoo Bey was leading, with Cap and Bells second, Sweet Lavender being still in third place.

Ballyhoo Bey won by a length from Olympian, who was a length in front of Tommy Atkins, who had come fast and wrested third place from Sweet Lavender.

The time was 1:10.

GREAT RACE, BIG CROWD.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY RACE TRACK, Aug. 25.

Spurred on by the wild cheers of many thousands, the winner of the thirteenth Futurity flew by the judges at beautiful Sheepshead Bay this afternoon. From the brushes of the old masters there have sprung many famous paintings, but there never lived the artist who could transfer to canvas with flashes of blue, red, green and other colors of the spectrum the picture that the great three-decked grandstand at Sheepshead framed while the young thoroughbreds were dashing through the broad stretch in noble strife for riches and honors for their owners.

The multitude was on its feet frantically cheering the youngsters on. Hoarse words of encouragement were hurled at the riders, who, with strained, whitened faces, were urging on their mounts to the utmost. The cruel whips were raising long welts on the satin coats. The sharp spurs were cleaving of voluntary. The composite was not the flesh so that bright, red blood spurted at every desperate thrust.

A GAME STRUGGLE.

Tired, but game and resolute, the field struggled hopelessly on behind the leader, and the crowd pitilessly urged them to further exertion. To the tense-nerved thousands the race seemed ages long, but in reality it was only a few seconds from start to finish. As the winner flashed by the judges the enthusiastic mob clambered down out of the grandstand and flocked to the judges' inclosure. Hundreds leaped the fence to shake the hand of the little jockey who rode the winner. The happy-faced youngster was lifted into the great, gorgeous horseshoe of flowers provided for the occasion, a photographer got in his deadly work, and then the curtain was rung down on the Futurity of 1900.

GREAT CROWD SAW RACE.

It was a great crowd that assembled to see the rich prize raced for. It was a happy-go-lucky crowd peculiar to the race track. No such crowds are seen elsewhere. Here was true democracy and simplicity. No man needed an introduction to his fellow. The walls of class distinction were rudely swept aside and it was not deemed odd to see the most exclusive of society's uppercrust conversing affably with the negro tout or exchanging confidences with an unwashed stable hand. There never was a truer saying that "all men are equal on the turf."

The searcher after faces concerning the makeup of human nature would find much food for digestion in a survey of a race track crowd such as gathered at Sheepshead to-day. The emotions of the vast crowd, as depicted on their faces, furnished painful study. Here could be found joy, grief, despair, vexation, horror, terror and many kindred discomforts of the human countenance. And on all the faces the lines of speculation left its mark in tinted cheeks and brightened eyes.

A LIVING MOSAIC.

Viewed from a distance, the stand had the appearance of having been tiled with living mosaic. The whole effect was one of black and white relieved here and there with splashes of vivid red, bright blue or other tints of the rainbow, wherever the women with their charming costumes gathered. The men, crowded with men, looked for all the world like a field of daisies. This was the illusion presented by the predominance of white straw hats.

There came to the ears of the observer standing out in the field a curious babel, musical except when races were run. It might have been compared to the gentle lapping of the surf on the sands during the intervals between races, but when the horses started the sound swelled into a reverberating roar like that heard at the ocean's edge when mountainous waves are pounding the shores in an angry fury.

SCENES AT THE TRACK.

It was a remarkable sight, this great assemblage, and one might go on writing forever of the various sights and sounds that impressed the senses. It took hours for the crowd to assemble in all its imposing strength. Trains and trolleys were taxed to the limit of carrying capacity from early morning until late in the afternoon.

At noon the people were trickling through the gates in ones and twos just like the pebbles that precede a landslide to give warning of its coming. At 2 o'clock the avalanche was on its way in full tilt. The entrances were choked with people and each train added to the crush. Carriages, automobiles and bicycles were going through the main gate in a never ending procession. One wondered where all this great crowd was going to find room inside. So vast is the capacity of the grand stand, however, that it took many hours to fill up.

CRUSH IN THE RING.

While the first three races were being run the crowd sat and chattered and laughed. Their appetites were being whetted for the big event to come. After the Fall Handicap was over a common impulse moved the crowd into the betting ring. The crush had been bad enough in the early races, but now it assumed awful proportions. Men fought desperately, yet good-naturedly, for the privilege of getting near a layer to place a bet. The brick-paved inclosure became a seething, struggling mass of humans, bumping about like kernels of corn on a popper.

They pumped, pushed and shoved one another, regardless of damage to clothing, and on the outside of it all, like a fringe of spiders around the edge of a barn cornice, sat the layers, patiently waiting for the human flies to struggle to their webs. They had plenty of business, more than they could handle. The money popped out of the cash-boxes in huge bunches. William Jennings Bryan could have found here a material for a

(Continued on Second Page.)

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