EVENING WORLD SPORTS EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN

PRIVATE FIGHT ENDS IN A DRAW

HORSEMEN READY FOR THE CARTER

EDGREN'S COLUMN

THE Japanese exponents of jiu jitsu and judo are wrangling. A short time ago Higashi, who wrestled Bothner, told the reporters that judo was only an elementary sort of jiu jitsu. The jitsu men, he said, were the originators, and the judo artists the imitators. Jiu jitsu was the great art and judo was only a childish and incomplete copy of it.

But now the leading judo expert says that with judo instead of jitsu Higashi would have thrown Bothner easily. He claims that judo is really a great improvement on the ancient science.

Finally they'll have to fight it out—Judo vs. Jiu Jitsu, Jiu Jitsu vs. Judo, and ————. Those who prefer to see a boxing match please hold up their right hands.

MISTO JACK JOHNSING, the Moorish gentleman who was recently beaten by Marvin Hart, of Kentucky, is in Chicago. Mr. Johnsing went to the city by the lake without the "show" that was promised him if he won, and he feels sore.

"It was a rank robbery," says Misto Johnsing. "I was touched."

Johnsing's piteous wail may touch the hearts of those who have never noticed the breadth of his yellow streak.

THE experiment of doing away with betting messengers in the grand-stand has proved so successful at the Bennings race-track that it will be followed at the New York meetings. That this is a good move no one who has watched the spectacle of women and messengers quarrelling about the outcome of a bet, will deny. But why don't the racing authorities go further? Why don't they do away with the club-house commissioner?

IT is a notorious fact that many club-house commissioners—not all of them, of course—have become wealthy through the practice of "shading" odds, and it would seem as if the authorities ought to force club-house visitors to place their bets in the ring exactly the same as visitors who pay $2 to sit in the grand-stand. But, then, all "racing authorities" have access to the club-house, and that may explain why the club-house messengers will be in evidence this season, the same as ever.

IF visitors to Aqueduct next Saturday see a lot of long-haired men, wearing slouch hats, rushing through the betting ring with their hands filled with "yellow-backs," just put them down as Virginians. The Virginians have been cleaning up at Bennings, and many of them will flock to the New York meetings. The horses they have won on have been those trained by Billy Garth, Theodore Cole and Bernard Doswell. These three owners and trainers have led many a winner from in front of the judges' stand, and every time they did so it meant that thousands of dollars of the bookmakers' money had passed into the pockets of the Virginians.

JEFFRIES WAS WELL RECEIVED

James J. Jeffries was mobbed by a crowd of 3,000 people while attempting to leave St. George Cricket Grounds, in Hoboken, after the ball game yesterday afternoon. In the crush shirt sleeves and collars were torn off, hats went flying and several lads were knocked down and trampled upon, although luckily no one was hurt seriously.

Jeffries was the star attraction at the game in which the X-Hobokens trounced the Pearsalls, of Jersey City, by a score of 4 to 0. Jeffries made the decisions on the bases, while Paddy Dolan, with whom Jeffries boxed an exhibition bout at Jersey City recently, looked out for the balls and strikes.

When the last man was out in the ninth inning Jeff and a companion tried to beat it to the main exit of the grounds. Of a sudden he found himself in a swirling mass of several hundred men and boys, which carried him forward like a feather over a rapid. Projected with great velocity through the exit, the mighty pugilist tried to take refuge behind a big door, and as a last resource threw out handfuls of dimes and nickels into the crowd.

Then the fight began. The whole crowd closed in on him again, battling with fists and and elbows as it came. Fifty yards distant was Jeffries's automobile with his chauffeur at the lever. "Run for it, Jeff!" howed an admirer.

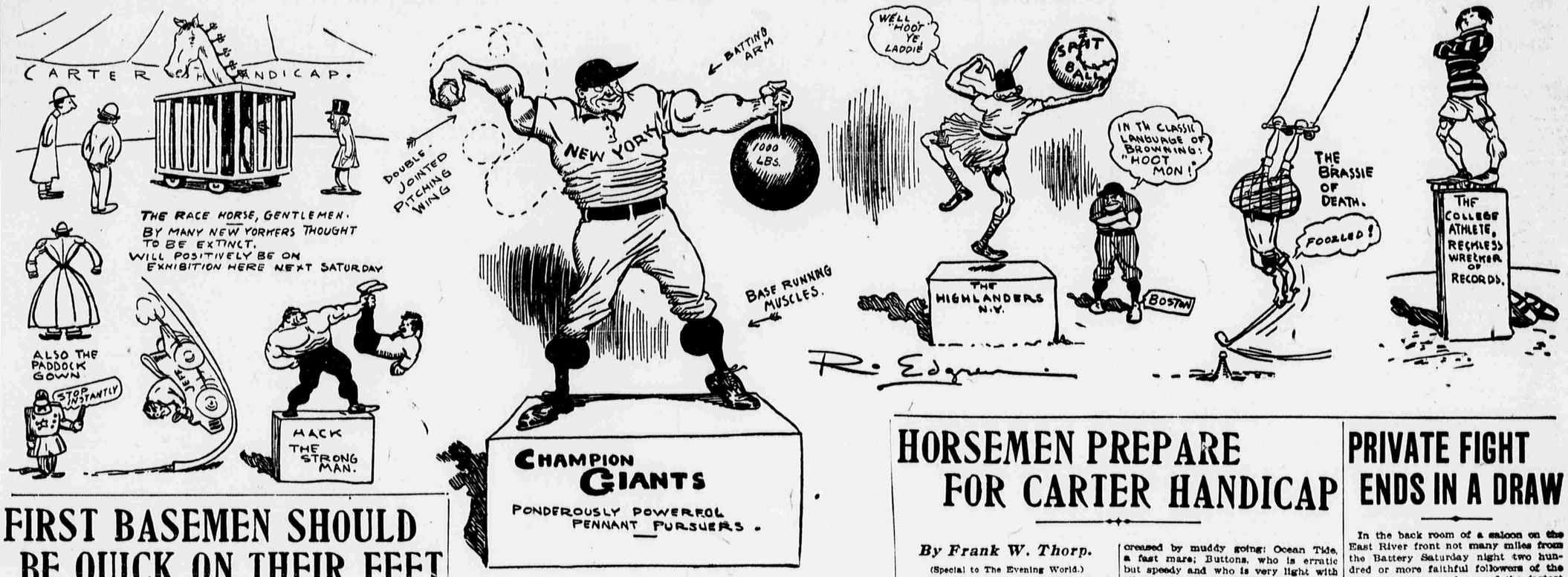
Jeffries crouched low and with three big policemen at either elbow made a flying wedge through the mob. They hit the line so hard that it gave way, and with one mighty effort he at last leaped into the motor car amid the howling of the crowd and the throwing of caps in the air.

A pleasant incident of the game was the meeting between Jeffries and Henry Chadwick, the venerable "Father of Baseball," now an octogenarian. Chadwick said to Jeffries as he held a big mitt, "You ought to have gone into baseball instead of prizefighting," was the veteran's comment.

WANT BASEBALL GAMES.

The Oregon A. C. want games with unlimited teams fifteen to sixteen years old. Address Oregon Crescents, Clipers and Olympics. The line-up is as follows: Lapidus, p.; Ryan, pitchers; Maggie, Podger, catchers; Ryan, first base; Lapidus, second base; A. Goldstein, third base; Fink, shortstop; Podger, left field; Lapidus, centre field; Arons, right field. J. J. Goldstein, No. 312 Ninth street.

COMING! COMING! GREAT HIPPODROME OF SPORT—OPENS THIS WEEK



FIRST BASEMEN SHOULD BE QUICK ON THEIR FEET

HOW VARIOUS POSITIONS SHOULD BE PLAYED.

This is a series of technical articles to appear in The Evening World on the requirements of the several positions on a baseball team. They are gleaned from practical experience and from long association with such well-known players as John J. McGraw, Clark Griffith, Jim McGuire, William Dahlen and William Keeler.

BY BOZEMAN BULGER

The position of first base and its greatest requirement is one which few regular baseball attendants seriously consider. They see the man hold out his mitt and catch the thrown ball, and then yell because the runner of the opposing team is out. If the first baseman has to reach high for the ball or pick it from the ground on what is known in baseball parlance as the "short bounce," they yell louder. Seeing those things and appreciating such fast work, a majority of them still fail to observe what is the keynote to success in a player occupying that responsible position.

Did it ever occur to the ordinary fan how often a base runner and the ball reach first base at the same time and how seldom the runner and the baseman collide?

Frequently both dash to the bag from different directions at the same time, and yet in professional baseball a collision between the two is a rare occurrence.

The secret of this is fast footwork, and unless a player is agile enough to shift from one foot to the other with lightning-like rapidity he can never become a good first baseman. He must catch the ball, touch the bag and then swing his body so as to avoid the swift-moving runner who gets there, in many instances, almost at the same time.

In other words, the first baseman must be as active on his feet as a prize fighter and must learn to shift either way without losing his balance.

Of the old-tibe first basemen, well-versed men in the art of baseball have unanimously decided that Dan McGann, of the New York Nationals, and Fred Tenney, of the Bostons, embody practically all the good qualities necessary for the position. Of the newcomers, young Chase, whom Clark Griffith recently obtained from California, seems to have been naturally fitted for the place.

It is true he lacks the experience of the old-timers, both in the field and at the bat, but he has plenty of time to develop.

In the game at Jersey City Saturday, Chase was the most closely watched man on the team. Being fresh to the league and new to fandom's critical gaze, his work was minutely followed. On his first put-out the ball was thrown very high, but, with the runner nearly upon him, he made a quick "stab" with his gloved hand, caught the ball and cleverly ducked out of the way. This might have been an accident, but his playing throughout the game demonstrated the fact that he could do the same thing every day in the week.

At the bat and on the bases, Chase is yet a novice, but under the watchful eye of Griffith he is likely to become a star. What he lacks in weight and muscle he makes up in cleverness.

Another interesting feature to the Jersey City game was the catching of Jim McGuire. This veteran of the diamond is the oldest ball player in point of service in the profession. Many predicted that last year would see his finish, but he still has many good games in him, and says he will not quit until somebody shows him up. He throws with remarkable accuracy, and his assistance to young pitchers is worth much to any team. His coolness keeps the young twirlers out of close places, and if they follow his advice there is no reason for becoming rattled or "going up in the air."

McGuire has got fleshy and is a little slow on the bases, but otherwise he is just as good as in days of yore, when many of to-day's stars were yet in knickerbockers.

SUNDAY BALL IS NO CRIME IF PEACEFUL.

Sunday baseball which is played on private grounds and which does not interfere with the peace of those outside is legal, even if an admission is charged, according to a decision made to-day by Magistrate Flammer in Yorkville Court. The ruling was made in refusing a request by Capt. Langan for a summons for President John W. Boyle, of the Pastime Athletic Club, for allowing Sunday baseball for an admission fee on the club grounds at East River between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth streets, said to be leased from the Trinity Corporation.

Capt. Langan with Detectives McAvoy and Ryan went to the grounds yesterday and found a game in progress. No admission fee was supposed to be charged, but score cards were sold outside the grounds and no one without a score card was admitted.

Magistrate Flammer's decision is regarded as important by the police, who have had conflicting decisions on Sunday ball.

Magistrate Breen in Morrisania Court to-day ruled in favor of Sunday baseball where no admission is charged, when four players, who took part in a game at the Catholic Protectory grounds in Van Cortlandt Park, between the New York National League team and the Emeralds yesterday, were discharged. Of the four arrested three were Emeralds and one a "dummy," who went to the bat for the league team in order that no regular member would be arrested.

"No violation of law," said the Magistrate when told no admission had been charged.

A. A. W. PUNISHES PLAYERS.

The Registration Committee of the New England Association of the A. A. U. has suspended the Middletown, Conn., Y. M. C. A. basket-ball team for competing against the St. George Field Club team of Hoboken, N. J., a disqualified team. C. Sturgis, W. Sturgis, W. Nixon, G. Nixon and R. Bergen, of the West Side A. C. basket-ball team of Jersey City, have been suspended by the Registration Committee of the Metropolitan Association for playing basket-ball games with unregistered teams.

Baseball, Polo Grounds, To-day, 3 P. M. Champion Giants vs. Jersey City.

SUNDAY GAMES.

Hoboken, 4; Pearsalls, 0.

Champion Jim Jeffries umpired the game at Hoboken yesterday between the X-Hobokens and the Pearsalls. The champion was mobbed after the game, finally escaping from his enthusiastic well-wishers in an automobile. Score by innings:

									R.	H.	E.
Hoboken	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	0—4	6	1
Pearsalls	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	4	4

Batteries—Finch and Masterson; Vaughn and Gormley.

Murray Hills, 8; Royal Giants, 5.
AT ONTARIO FIELD.

									R.	H.	E.
Murray Hills	0	1	2	0	0	2	1	2	—8	8	2
Royal Giants	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0—3	7	1

Batteries—Whitse and O'Neil; Henry and Smith.

Bayside A. C., 6; All-Nationals, 5.
AT BAYONNE.

									R.	H.	E.
All-Nationals	0	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	1—5	6	4
Bayside A. C.	0	1	0	2	2	0	1	0	0—6	12	2

Batteries—McGinnity and Johnson; Nutley and McDermott.

All-Americans, 5; Bay Ridge, 3.
AT BAY RIDGE.

									R.	H.	E.
All-Americans	0	0	2	2	0	1	0	0	0—5	12	2
Bay Ridge	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3	11	3

Batteries—Halligan and Fred Hohman; Dan Hohman and Fleischmann.

Loughlins, 9; Hartford, 8.
AT LOUGHLIN OVAL.

									R.	H.	E.
Hartfords	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0—3	5	2
Loughlins	0	1	2	0	1	2	0	3	—9	13	1

Batteries—Whitther and Stanhope; Miran and Lyons.

Manhattans, 5; Phila. Giants, 1.
AT OLYMPIC FIELD.

									R.	H.	E.
Manhattan	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	—5	8	1
Phila. Giants	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1	4	5

Batteries—Waller and Coyer; Bowman and Johnson.

Athletics, 3; Newark, 2.

									R.	H.	E.
Phila. (A. L.)	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	—3	9	1
Newark (E. L.)	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2	7	1

Batteries—Waddell and Schreck; Henley and Noonan; Skopec and Shea; Bonno and Latimer.

Empires, 8; Puritans, 4.
AT BELMONT PARK.

									R.	H.	E.
Empires	2	0	4	0	2	0	0	0	—8	10	2
Puritans	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	—4	7	3

Batteries—Dean, Cavanaugh and Zittaris; Weather and Sachs.

BUCOLIC JOYS WIN WHITELY'S HEART

BY ALLEN SANGREE.

His folks never did want Reub to play ball. "Reub Whitely," they said, "sure as you live, it will bring you to some bad end. Stay here on the farm. That was good enough for your father and your grandfather. It ought to satisfy you."

But Reub was headstrong. He wanted to see the world, and when Amos Rusie told him one day that he would make a great pitcher, wild horses could not hold him. And Reub likes horses, at that. Any one could see it on the Southern trip.

Night after night famous men of the Highlanders stood before the hotel, puffing mighty cigars encircled by gold bands whereon were inscribed famous words like "Cabana," or "Nonpareil." The gaping crowds looked on amazed. "Did you notice," they asked, "that Keeler, the most scientific batter in the world, smokes a black cigar, while Chesbro smokes a light one? And there's Dave Fultz! Just see him roll a cigarette. Wouldn't you reckon that'd hurt him?"

None of that for Reub! Poor boy, he bought three for five, and all alone strolled to the country. Here we might have seen him leaning over the fence talking to the cows, running his practiced hand from horn to retlook. The little calves all knew him, and would dip their soft pink noses in his pocket and filch peanuts. Reub just laughed. He didn't care if they ate the buttons off his coat.

Then the little pigs! How they loved to chew Reub's highwaters, and squeal with delight as Reub complimented them on their condition and bright future.

But most of all did Reub joy in fondling a horse. While the team sweat and cursed over defeat, and the mob howled, Reub was over talking to a darky coachman, asking what time this trotter could make, and what they fed a two-year-old to make him sleek. Gradually Reub lost pretty much all interest in baseball. At first he worked zealously to make good with manager and men.

One night Jimmy Williams was lying on the bed, his heels sore, his temper crabbed.

"Reub," he ordered, "take off my shoes."

At the first hint of mutiny Jack Kleinow added his command. "Don't you know," he asked, "that minor leaguers always act as valet for a regular? We all had to do it."

Patiently Reub removed them, saying that he had done the same for his father; sock, too. "Never mind the socks," from Williams, "just turn on the hot water and ring for towels."

It was some nights later that Reub rebelled at this duty, and the same day he ordered a darky boy to "pick out a light bat." Evidently Reub had tired of the game. Only the low of kine or the neigh of horse could wake him. Once he milked the cows for a hotel proprietor.

Not even New York stirred Reub. Coming from Jersey City the boys tried to enthuse him; in the Subway they tried to scare him. Vain effort! Reub went with the other tyros to the Washington Inn, stolcal as a doped Indian, unmoved as a dictionary.

What and where were his wanderings yesterday nobody knows, but Clark Griffith called up late last night to know if he could send out a general alarm for Reub without making any fuss. Grif and Jack Powell searched the town, and with the help of Central Office men finally located our hero this morning.

What do you suppose he had been up to? Why, driving a Grand street horse car! To-day he is a policeman in uniform, since he refuses to rejoin the Highlanders and must earn some money.

"Mr. Whitely," said the inspector, "got on car No. 16 yesterday afternoon and asked Jack Meader to let him drive. Jack had been working two shifts and was tired. He says the way this gent handled old Jerry and Lena was wonderful. Nobody ever got such speed out of them. Last night we just had to make him get off. He wanted to drive till morning. He wouldn't let nobody feed 'em, but cut up their hay and bedded them hisself. Then he slept in a vacant stall and was singin' somethin' about the 'sycamores' and 'village lights.' If that fellow stays here he'll be President of the Grand street line inside of a year."

* * *

Baseball in country,
Baseball in town,
Baseball for children,
Same for the grown.
Fetch a bat and ball, lad,
Baseball's come!

* * *

Well, as predicted, the Southern trip this year did marvels for the Giants and Highlanders. It was a cruel day for rooters, but all seemed to enjoy the preliminary opening. What the Giants did to Yale was worse than the weather. If "Matty" had a grudge against Yale he sure revenged himself. They were a pathetic spectacle before his tornado shoots. The big fellow looks to be in perfect shape.

McGinnity used his raise ball and easy underhand lobs, grinning when the collegians smote in vain. No one can rank with the "Iron Man" as the acme of grace and efficiency. He could pitch for the next ten years.

Any one who saw the Giants kill that ball would hardly contend that there is no hitting nowadays. Donlin had three; Strang, McGann, Devlin and Gilbert each two. The team looks to be, at least, 15 per cent. stronger than last year, and how Cincinnati can give them a run puzzles us? Maybe Chicago and Pittsburg will be able. On the grandstand a rooter sagely declared that McGraw would have to ease up to make the season interesting.

We wish to say that McGraw will do no such thing. Even if he wanted to the pitchers would not stand for it. They are after the percentage. But McGraw never did and never will think of throwing a game. You can bet your summer clothes that he will fight for every game just as hard as though he were at the tail end.

* * *

The American League Park will be thrown open this afternoon with a game between the Highlanders and the Newark club of the Eastern League as the opening attraction. Chesbro, accompanied by his famous "spit" ball, is here ready for duty, and it is likely that he will pitch part of the game.

The Giants will clash with the "Skeeters," from Jersey City, and those who make the trip to the Polo Grounds will see a fast game.

BENNINGS ENTRIES.

BENNINGS RACE TRACK, WASHINGTON, April 10.—The entries for to-morrow's races are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Maidens; three-year-olds and up; five furlongs; Columbia course.

Caled 107
Old Glory 104
Little Johnson 103
Farmer Healy 94
Life Buoy 91
High Life 89
Aqua 103
Berry Waddell 103
Maggie G. 102
Hyperion 91
Lilac 89
Judge Fuller 104
Phelps 103
Sugaway 102
Rosemary 91
Mary March 89

SECOND RACE—Maiden two-year-olds; four and one-half furlongs; old course.

Leredemain 107
Racine II 104
Judge White 104
Ava 104
Ambitious 104
*Merry Bell 104
Away 104
Moonshine 104
Brunnie 104
* Maudin's entry.

THIRD RACE—Fillies and mares.

Tootsey Mack 103
Flinders 101
Ta Stoughton 101
Miss Kael 101
Santa Catalina 101
Curtness 89

FOURTH RACE—Southern Steeplechase; about two miles.

Richelieu II 168
Emigrant 138
Aasin 159
Red, White and Blue 137
Follow On 131
Montrip 161
Twilight 166

FIFTH RACE—Amateur Cup; six furlongs; Columbia course.

Redeye 136
Wild Irishman 140
Fort Arthur 133
Pat Dunphy 133
W. B. Fatig 153
Junius Roane 150
Transeist 152
Cincinnevalli 152

SIXTH RACE—Selling; five-year-olds and up; one mile and one hundred yards; old course.

Standard Bearer 100
Reliance 104
xEagle 98
Phantom 107
xGold Dome 113
Warranted 114
Winchester 104
*Jewish Boy 104
xand xGerrel Wilson 94
* Maudin entry.
xAccessories allowance.

HORSEMEN PREPARE FOR CARTER HANDICAP

By Frank W. Thorp.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 10.—Turfmen are now turning their eyes to the Carter Handicap, which, by virtue of having $5,000 added, has risen from a cheap handicap to one of the most coveted prizes of the early racing season. The Carter is a seven-furlong dash, and it is run on the opening day at Aqueduct, which marks the opening of the racing season in the East so far as metropolitan racegoers are concerned.

Last year's Carter was won by Beldame, who went on through the season after that race and swept everything before her, finally going into winter quarters with the reputation of being the greatest mare ever seen in this country. Beldame then ran in the colors of Newton Bennington, who had leased the running qualities of the mare from August Belmont. Fred Burlew trained Beldame, and Burlew thinks he has another Beldame in Chrysitis, who is an eligible for the Carter this year. She has been going along very well in her training.

Chrysitis as a two-year-old was not much above the ordinary, nor was Beldame for that matter, but Beldame improved most wonderfully as a three-year-old. The same future may be in front of Chrysitis.

The list of probable starters in the Carter may include Floral King, who raced in this section as a two-year-old and later went West to develop into a very fast sprinter; Roseben, who has raced fast at Bennings, but who will do better at Aqueduct because the track is harder and faster; Toscan, winner of the Bennings Spring Handicap, whose chances would be greatly increased by muddy going; Ocean Tide, a fast mare; Buttons, who is erratic but speedy and who is very light with 102 pounds; Chrysitis, mentioned in the first part of this article; Preen, who has run very fast races at Bennings and who is extremely light at 97 pounds; Santa Catalina, who at 95 pounds is as good as Roseben with 113 pounds; Witch Hazel, who though a maiden until late last fall, has developed into a fast sprinter, and Bohemia, who Wyndham Walden thinks is better than Santa Catalina.

There may be others in course of preparation and who may flash into the limelight within the next few days, but the above are known starters. The writer has a strong fancy for Bohemia, who has improved into a rattling good filly of a strong-going, game type, and who is likely to give a very good account of herself. She has won all her races here with ease; which is not saying much, however, as soft places have been picked for her and she has beaten nothing. As a two-year-old she was troubled with rheumatism and did not develop until late. Preen has a lot of early speed, but is not too fond of a route.

The Carter should be a very interesting race, and is likely to be witnessed by the greatest crowd that ever saw the running of this stake.

CHAMPION RUNNERS TO MEET

Several of the champions of the long-distance running class will meet next Wednesday night in the annual spring games of the Twenty-second Regiment Engineers, to be held in the armory, Sixty-eighth street and Broadway. In the half mile two of the intercholiastic ex-champions, McKenzie and Jack Ellingwood, will be the foremost competitors. Banks and Cohn, ex-Columbia University distance men, will be seen in the mile handicap.

ALTIERI WINS AT POOL.

Carmine Altieri defeated Robert Buttle last night at Sander's Billiard Academy in the tournament for the professional pool championship of Greater New York. Altieri's total was 125 and his high run 20. He made 4 scratches. Buttle made a total of 112 and a high run of 18. He made 7 scratches. To-morrow night Peter Rogers plays Charles Otis, winner of last year's tourney.

NEW ORLEANS ENTRIES.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEW ORLEANS, April 10.—The entries for to-morrow's races are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Five furlongs; selling; for three-year-old fillies.

*Miss Deuce 100
*Virgie Withers 100
*Halcyon Days 100
*Alice Lloyd 100
*Precious Band 100
*Florlac 105

SECOND RACE—Half-mile; purse; maiden two-year-olds.

Pearl Russell 100
Annie Bryan 100
Slam 103
Grove Centre 103
Filnap 108
Tennoon 100
Number Eleven 103
Lady Waddell 105
Miss Finch 105
McDougal 108
Nola B. 100
Petros 103
Helen S. 105
Fortunate 108

THIRD RACE—Six furlongs; four-year-olds and upward.

*Glad Smile 99
Trossachs 104
*Ogonia 104
*Sid Silver 112
Flamboyant 112
*Lady Felix 102
*Hilarity 104
Mizzenmast 106
St. Tammany 111
*Rance 104
*Carl Kahler 106
Volney 106
Moderator 112

FOURTH RACE—One mile; selling; for four-year-olds and upwards.

*Bradley Bell 104
*Susie Cook 106
*Sodul 108
*Blue Blaze 113
Drop o'Rye 113
*Spring Fox 104
*Woodlyn 107
T. C. Scarborough 109
Drummond 113
Curtness 113
*Roger Smith 106
Alice Commoner 107
*Monograph 111
Southampton 112

FIFTH RACE—One mile and a sixteenth; selling; for three-year-olds.

*Gasconne 95
Lady Goodrich 100
*The Eye 104
*Thora Lee 106
*By Play 104
Dunning 105
*Chancy 96
*Lionel 104
Melodious 107

SIXTH RACE—One mile; selling; for four-year-olds and upwards.

*Gisbock 104
*Scordia 100
Hemlock 108
*Dr. Stephens 111
Romorse 113
*Ada N. 106
Pride of Surrey 108
Stalker 111
*St. Wood 113
A. Convict 108
*Lady Mistake 106
*Haklim 106
*Jacob Snow 109
Jean Gravier 112
Jim Hale 113
*Jewish Boy 104

PRIVATE FIGHT ENDS IN A DRAW

In the back room of a saloon on the East River front not many miles from the Battery Saturday night two hundred or more faithful followers of the prize ring witnessed one of the fastest and cleverest private fights ever pulled off in this city. The principals were Joe Wagner, the little west side featherweight, and "Kid" Ginger, a shifty lad from the Five Points A. C. The boys met at catch weights, and the distance was ten rounds for a purse of $250.

Wagner was the first to lead, but his left for the jaw was neatly blocked by Ginger. The lads then mixed it up, with honors about even.

In the second round Wagner began work by landing a wicked swing on Ginger's nose, drawing the claret. Ginger tried hard for Wagner's jaw, bu his swings went around his opponent's neck. Wagner feinted with his right, and, drawing Ginger's guard down, slammed a terrific left swing flush on Ginger's jaw, sending the Italian to the floor. He was up again in a jiffy, however, and mixed it up furiously with Wagner. Wagner had a shade the best of the round. From that until the last round the pace was a hot one.

Both lads came up for the final round in good shape. Ginger was first to lead, putting a left swing to Wagner's wind, and following it up with an uppercut to the chin. Wagner tried another of his left swings for the jaw, but fell short. A mix-up followed, both lads fighting fast and furiously until separated by the referee. Ginger seemed to be the more clever in infighting. Wagner tried again for the jaw, but missed by a mile. A straight jab to the nose caused the claret to flow from Ginger's nose. The sight of blood seemed to infuriate the Italian, and he started after Wagner, forcing him to the ropes, but doing little or no damage. Wagner continued his jabbing tactics, and had Ginger's nose in a bad way when the gong sounded.

Although Wagner seemed to be the cleverer of the two, landing more clean punches, the referee called the bout a draw.

LENGTHENING GOLF LINKS.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., April 10.—The South Orange Field Club is lengthening its nine-hole course from 2,800 yards to 3,015 yards. While the turf is in good shape now, the playing thus far has been over the winter course. A shift is to be made this week to the summer greens.

BROWNS WIN FINAL GAME.

ST. LOUIS, April 10.—In a sensational ten-inning game the Browns beat the Cardinals yesterday in the final game of the inter-league series. The Browns played a strong uphill game, batted Nichols out of the box and got the victory.

MILITARY SHOW PROGRAMME.

During the week of May 8 the annual Military show will be held at Madison Square Garden by the Military Athletic League of which Col. George R. Dyer is president and commanding officer. There will be reviews each night, followed by athletic programmes. An important feature will be the presence of the Ninety-first Highlanders, of Hamilton, Canada.

WANT MAYOR TO AWARD THEM

The boys of Public School Districts 8 and 12, who number over 150,000, have asked Mayor McClellan to award the prizes after their athletic meet, to be held in the Twenty-second Regiment Armory on May 6.

SSS FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge.

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "tired feeling" left and I was again myself.
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