STORIES OF SPORTS TOLD BY EXPERTS

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

UP TO DATE, NEWSY AND WELL WRITTEN

JAMES M'SHERRY MAKES DEBUT AS COMING CHAMPION

The Evening World's Jury of Experts Sit in Judgment and Declare That He Is a Promising Heavyweight.

IN the presence of a jury of experts selected by The Evening World, James J. MacSherry made his debut yesterday as a candidate for the world's heavy weight honors. Jim Stewart, of Brooklyn, who served as the trial horse, fought four rounds with MacSherry at the National Athletic Club, and at the end agreed with the members of the jury that MacSherry is of championship calibre.

James MacSherry, twenty-seven years old, a native of New York, arrived in Manhattan a week ago. He came from Cornell University, where he had been boxing instructor for two years. For four years previous to that time he had been instructor at Yale. He had literally fought his way through school and came to New York to finish off his studies with the law firm of Daniel O'Reilly and James Sullivan, preparatory to hanging out his shingle.

MacSherry had no idea of entering the professional fighting game when he came to New York. For several years he had resisted the temptation to fight for glory and gold. He had battled Tom Shevlin, Yale's old football star, to a standstill in many a hair-raising go, and had been advised by Shevlin to go into the fighting business for all it was worth. And the great giant, Lee Talbot, of weight-throwing fame, had stood before him in several lively matches and advised him to try his mettle against the best in the world.

His Debut an Accident.

MacSherry's debut in New York was an accident of chance. He met several experts and was induced to try his worth.

"On one condition," he said. "If I make good in the trial I will go the limit. But if I fail you must all forget it."

The Evening World selected John J. White, the famous referee; Harry Tuthill, physical director of the National Athletic Club; James DeForest, trainer and manager of many well-known fighters, and Johnny Mack, the well-known sportsman, to sit in judgment on MacSherry. Throughout the four rounds they watched the new man's action with the keen eye of experience.

Before the first round Stewart was told to go after MacSherry. He weighed 211 pounds, against MacSherry's 174, but he was told to send 'em in with all his steam. When they were dressing for the encounter and laughing and talking of the coming go, MacSherry said to Stewart: "Now give it to me. You will do me a favor. I want to see if I can take it. If I can't I want to stop right now. Put me out in a punch if you can."

Ten seconds after the first round sufficed to demonstrate to the small audience that a fighter of merit had come to town. MacSherry tore into his big opponent, exchanged blow for blow, blocked neatly, shifted with lightning ease and was in and out like a shadow.

MacSherry Warming Up.

During the four rounds Stewart hit him hard and often, but never feazed him. Several times MacSherry was caught flush on the jaw, but he kept boring in. At the end he seemed to be warming up to his work and getting faster.

"Well, you are all right," said Stewart, after it was over. I wish I could box with you every day. You are the only man I ever boxed with who could take it and not stop. Usually I have to pull my punches in training."

In passing let it be known that Jim Stewart is 100 per cent. better than ever. He has developed into a slugger.

"This boy can be developed into a great fighter," said Johnny White. "He could enter the ring to-day and beat all the Burkes and Thomases in the game. He is a fighter of Ketchel's style, and will soon be able to give Ketchel an argumnt. The chief fault with him is that he has been teaching boxing so long and pulling his punches that he is afraid to let them go. He has a great left hand—in fact, the best left I have seen since George Dixon's time. He gets his left to the body in the same way George Dixon fought his way to the championship. He needs three or four weeks' work with tough men."

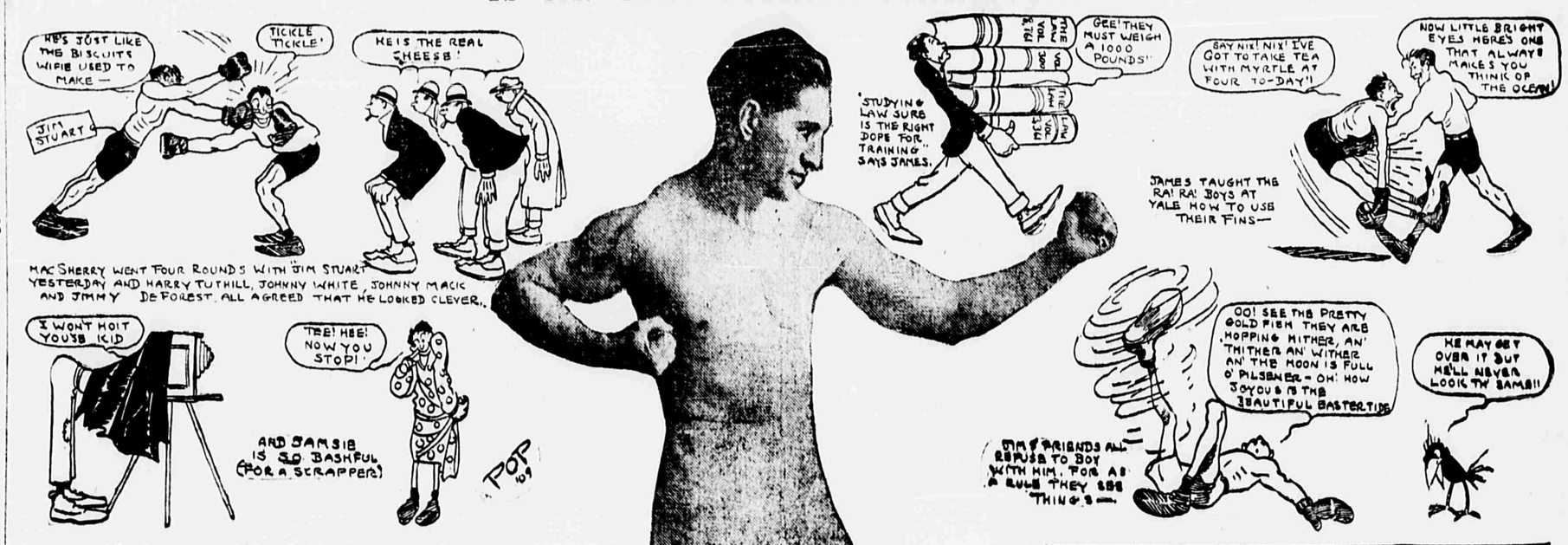
Harry Tuthill said MacSherry's left uppercut was a great punch. "He needs work with tough men," said Tuthill. "He has been used to standing off and drawing out students. He will soon learn to do the fighting himself and put all his steam into his punches."

Jimmy De Forest and Johnny Mack agreed that MacSherry looked like a comer.

"I will do lots better the next time," said MacSherry. "I know just where I made the mistake. It will take a little time to get used to trying to knock the other fellow down. The trouble with me to-day was that I put the maximum strength in the effort and the blows fell light. It was like a man raising a hammer with all his strength and energy and then letting it fall of its own weight. That is what I have to overcome."

MacSherry will begin active training to-day. He will probably be matched to meet one of the best men in the ring. He says he will fight any man in the world.

IS HE THE COMING CHAMPION?



JAMES J. MAC SHERRY.

What Four Local Experts Think of MacSherry's Fighting Ability

JOHNNIE WHITE—This boy can be developed into a great fighter. He could enter the ring to-day and beat all the Burkes and Thomases in the game. He is a fighter of the Ketchel class and will soon be able to give him an argument.

HARRY TUTHILL—He needs work with tough men. He has a left uppercut that carries a punch with it. He has been used to standing off and drawing out students. He will soon learn to do the fighting himself and put all his steam into the punches.

JIMMY DE FOREST—MacSherry looks like a comer to me. He has all the earmarks and I expect to hear from that boy before long. He handles himself well and has confidence. That's a big asset in a man like him.

JOHNNY MACK.—This fellow will bear watching. He is better than a lot of men who have been fighting professionally for years. The only inexperience he shows is that of always having trained other lads, but he will soon overcome that and then look out. If that left punch of his ever lands on anybody the man who gets it will know something has hit him.

BATTLING NELSON TELLS HOW HE WON FIRST BIG BATTLE WITH A KNOCKOUT

Waited for Six Rounds and Let Dakota Champion Punish Him Unmercifully, Then Got Busy.

The Life, Battles and Career of Battling Nelson, the Lightweight Champion of the World.
(Copyright, 1908, by Battling Nelson.)

BY BATTLING NELSON.

I WAS up against a real classy fighter in Freddie Green. He had been bucking the padded arena for several years and was then known as "the Champion of the Dakotas." He was a shifty, clever fellow, raw of bone and had a reach like a gorilla. I entered the arena, unknown and unannounced, as it were. I didn't even have a trainer.

From the tap of the gong in the first round to its finish Green danced around me like a grasshopper, pecking bad jabs into my face repeatedly, and then dancing out of harm's way. My style then was slow and awkward, but I felt from the start that he couldn't knock me out, so as the fight progressed I became confident. He drew first blood in the fourth round. It was the first time in my short career that I had suffered such humiliation and you can bet I was angry. I grew a bit wild and commenced to carry the fight to him. I worked him into a clinch and almost put him out with body blows. After this round he was over cautious and kept away from me.

It was a new experience for me, this slapping and getting away business of Green. I was really tiring, as I could not catch up with him at all. I changed my tactics then and laid back a while. The crowd, under the impression that I was giving in, began to cry frantically to Green to rush in and finish me.

This was in the sixth round of the battle. Green was a game sort of a fellow, and right there I didn't doubt the stories told about his many successful battles and many knockouts. He tried to exchange blows with me, and here's where he made the same mistake as did Wallace's Terrible Unknown, as well as Ole Olson. Ah! how I did tickle his ribs and crack my left into his jaw during this round.

I was warming up to the real fighter's work now. At the end of the round I had the champion hanging on to me, tired and badly battered, though still in the ring.

He came up at the call of time in the seventh round in an extremely cautious manner, not making the slightest move to follow up his rushing tactics of the early rounds.

Wins Championship.

On the other hand, I assumed the aggressive, and when the old bell tapped I was out of my corner in a jiffy and was on him like a tiger cat. I cut out a dizzy pace for Freddie, which I don't think he will ever forget, if he is still on earth—and I hope he is.

They Carried Him Out Unconscious.

I boxed and cuffed him all about the ring until he was groggy. Then I stepped back and handed him a left hook full on the jaw. They carried him out of the ring unconscious. I was thereupon proclaimed the champion of the Dakotas before I had shed my boxing gloves. My titles so far acquired were: Champion of Hegewisch, Champion of Wallace's Circus and Champion of the Dakotas.

Pretty good, boys, for a kid who had only fought three battles. The purse for the fight amounted to $7.50, which was collected from the ringside in hats. As I had been doing all along, I sent half of the purse back to mother at Hegewisch, Ill.

I was, of course, the town topic of Sioux Falls that evening and the next morning.

I showed up at the restaurant on time, as I did not want to take any chances on losing my job. That day the tips came in pretty strong, as nearly every customer wanted to see the waiter who had knocked out Freddie Green. The manager also took quite a liking to me all of a sudden, and he notified me that I was to be head waiter.

At first I thought this a compliment that had come as a result of my being "there" on the hash slinging job, but later I found out that he was a little bit afraid of some of his waiters and wanted a fighter in charge who could handle them. Another thing that caused me to get the head waiter job was the fact that my face was somewhat cut up and I wasn't the best looking fellow in the world at best. The job as head waiter permitted me to stay behind a screen a large part of the time.

The manager of the club came around to see me early and made good his promise to fight me against the noted Soldier Williams that afternoon. He raised the purse to $10, which I readily accepted. Soldier Williams was no spring chicken at the game. He was a successful fighter and had a string of victories to his credit up to the time he met me.

Fought in Open Air

We met in the open ring which was pitched on the picnic grounds of the fight club. You can bet I was a bit stiff and tired after my night's battle, but was out to win myself some reputation and as a result was chock full of ginger. Williams was not a fancy boxer, but a rough, determined strong fellow like myself.

Gee! but we certainly busted the atmosphere with wild punches right from the jump. He came at me in the first round determined to finish me right then and there and, of course, knock my reputation and ambition as a kid champion into smithereens. I, of course, loved just that sort of a game. He was there with the aggressiveness and stamina, and in him I found the toughest fellow whom I had met to date.

He really had the edge on me up to sixth round of the battle, just as Green had had the night before. His condition, however, was beginning to tell on him, and I was watching for just such signs of weariness.

In the seventh round I reached out and planted my right deep into his wind in order to see how he would stand the gaff. Then I broke ground to discover if he was game enough to come back again and counter.

Instead he retreated, muttering something under his breath.

"Ha! ha!" said I, handing over a left hook on the jaw. "So you're quitting, are you?"

The Referee Held Up Both Hands.

Biff! came another from my right, and then I set sail and fairly smothered him with uppercuts, full swings and body blows.

The gong in this round saved him. He came back all out in the eighth, which proved to be the final round. I again carried the fight to him, and in a few seconds had him stretched out on the floor, alive.

He did manage to get to his feet, but I wheeled and then planted my right hard on his wind, and over he went for the count.

Down went Soldier Williams, the champion of the army!

Returns Home and Fights.

After defeating several Northern champions I decided to return home and secure, if possible, a few good bouts in the neighborhood of Chicago. Eddie Herman, another Hegewisch product, had been cleaning up every fighter in the vicinity when I arrived, and my admirers in Chicago and at home prevailed upon me to go after him. My great success in the North had reached home before me, and I was greeted as the coming champion.

Herman agreed to fight me on my own doormat. Yes, and he certainly made me go some during the six rounds fought. He was fast on his feet, shifty on the order of Abe Attell, and for the first three rounds I could not get inside his guard. He refused to mix things with me, and as the scrap was for points the fourth round opened with his having the edge because of his cleverness. He tired in the fourth after I had reached him a few times, and then the fun began. I forced the fighting, and at the conclusion of this round poor Eddie was a sight. He stalled during the first half of the fifth, but I got him and broke down his defense prettily. In the final round I beat him badly. The referee, however, gave him a shade when he held up both our hands for a draw decision. I had done well, his friends said, even to stand him off that long. I say to this day that I defeated him in this bout. The purse in this fight was $16.

(To Be Continued.)

The next chapter of Battling Nelson's story will appear in The Evening World on Monday.

Young Otto to Invade England's Prize Rings

After Battle With Leach Cross Next Week Local Lightweight Goes Abroad.

BY JOHN POLLOCK.

"YOUNG OTTO," the lightweight fighter with the terrific wallop, is going to England, where he has been promised several bouts with the best men at his weight in that country. He will sail with his manager on the steamship Baltic, which leaves here on Jan. 30. Otto will only engage in one more battle before he starts for the other side, his opponent being Leach Cross, the clever boxer whom he will tackle in a ten-round bout at the Fairmont A. C. stag on next Thursday night.

Otto is working at the Sharkey A. C., where he boxes six rounds every day with Battling Jack Nelson. Jimmy Howard, the Quaker City trainer of pugilists, who has prepared Tommy Murphy for all of his recent important battles, is handling Otto.

"If Cross can beat me," said Otto yesterday, "I will have no excuse to offer. I am in great condition and intend to wade right into him from the sound of the bell." Cross is getting into shape at Johnson's roadhouse, on upper Jerome avenue. Johnny Loftus is in charge of his training, and ought to have the dentist on edge for the contest. As both boys have a big following, the clubhouse should be taxed to its capacity.

Willie Lewis, the American middleweight who is in Paris, will meet Bill Curzon, the English middleweight, for twenty rounds at the Bowling Palace A. C. to-night. Lewis is signed up for ten battles, and as the best men on the other side will be pitted against him he will surely have to pay strict attention to his training, or else he is liable to get beaten. Curzon is said to be a promising fighter with a punch.

Jim Flynn, who was knocked out in one round by Sam Langford at San Francisco a few weeks ago, has this to say about the colored fighter: "I have been thrown out of locomotives when working as a fireman, have fallen down a mining shaft, have twenty-six scars on my head where I have been hit with different tools, but in all my life I have never been rapped as hard as Langford hit me. When he landed that double punch on me I did not know whether I was fighting or firing an engine."

Billy McCarney, manager of "Young Erne," the Quaker City lightweight, last night posted a forfeit of $500 in Philadelphia and issued a challenge to match Erne against Joe Gans, Packey McFarland or Freddie Welsh at 133 pounds, weigh in at 6 o'clock or ring side. Erne will probably be matched to fight Mickey Gannon for fifteen rounds at Essington, Pa., in a few days.

"Cyclone Johnny" Thompson, the Western lightweight, has just wired Harry Gilmore, manager of Packey McFarland, stating that he will meet McFarland either in a twenty-five or forty-five round battle for a side bet of $2,000. McFarland has been side-stepping Thompson for some time, and the latter thought that he might get a match with him or he agreed to make a side bet on the battle.

Al Kubiak, the heavy weight of Michigan, who has been winning all his battles in Philadelphia, will figure in another scrap in that city to-night. He will have for his opponent a big rugged football player named Ed Casey, who has an idea that he can fight. Casey was star tackle on the Villanova team. They will battle for six rounds at the National A. C. Casey will probably get his in a few rounds.

Abe Attell, the feather weight champion, who is picking up considerable money these days by boxing third-rate fighters, has just signed up for another bout. He will meet Ray Bronson, the Indianapolis lightweight, for twenty rounds at a show to take place at Dayton, O., on the night of Feb. 12. They will clash at 128 pounds, weigh in at the ring side.

Jimmy Clabby, the Milwaukee welter weight, who has fought Jimmy Gardner two hard battles, will be seen in a bout at the National A. C., of this city, in the near future. Clabby has been made a member of the club, and Manager Johnny White has decided to put him on with the best man at his weight that can be secured at one of the club's stags.

"Young Erne" who recently outpointed Mickey Gannon, the cyclone lightweight of Pittsburg, in a six-round bout at the Washington Sporting Club, of Philadelphia, is so confident that he can also beat him in a fifteen-round bout that he has authorized his manager, Billy McCarney, to offer Jack McGuigan, manager of Gannon, $1,000 for his end of the bout.

Johnny Oliver, manager of Tommy Murphy, is certainly sour on Battling Nelson. Johnny took offense at remarks passed by Nelson about Murphy's fighting in his recent bout with Frankie Madden, and he declared last night that he is willing to let Murphy box Nelson ten rounds at any time, as he is certain that Tommy could beat him in a bout of this duration.

Jem Driscoll's next bout will be with Grover Hayes, the Quaker City lightweight. They have been secured to try conclusions in a twelve round bout at the next show of the Armory A. A., of Boston, on Thursday night. Driscoll has already bested Hayes in two six round bouts, but as Grover was fighting better in the last round of both bouts than he was in the earlier ones, Miah Murray decided to give him a chance at a longer distance.

The following bouts have been arranged to be decided at the local club stags next week: At the Dry Dock A. C., on Monday, Patsey Kline, of Newark, will tackle Young Frenchy, of this city, for six rounds in the main bout, and at the Brown Gymnasium, A. A., on Tuesday night Jack Daly, the old-time fighter, will meet Jimmy Powers for six rounds in the star bout.

M'Farland Beats Hyland In Fierce Ten-Round Bout

Chicago Lad Proves Far Too Clever for Californian in Contest at Los Angeles.

(Special to The Evening World.)

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 16.—Packy McFarland, of Chicago, won a decision over "Fighting Dick" Hyland, of San Francisco, last night at the Pacific A. C. after ten rounds of the most terrific fighting seen at that resort for many months. The Chicago lad lacked his usual strength because of necessity to make weight below his natural mark. Time and again Packy sent across rights and lefts to Dick's head that should have ended matters.

Hyland showed great gameness and recuperative power all through the contest. Dick kept his head at most critical times, and only in the tenth round was he in the slightest danger. Packy shoved across a terrific right full on the chin that sent Dick staggering half way across the ring, and followed it with a rush, swinging right and left, and ripping in for the body. It all failed when the smaller lad clinched, and in a few seconds he recovered and was fighting back, blow for blow.

Hyland made a good impression on the crowd by his gameness and willingness at all times to take a blow to get in a return. At times, notably in the sixth, the San Francisco boy forced the fighting and had the Chicago boxer ducking and covering. In the ninth round Packy switched his tactics and tried to win a knockout via solar plexus. He struck low and was hissed by the crowd. Packy continued leads for the body, but received quick returns which forced him back into his old game. The last round brought the crowd to its feet cheering for Hyland because of his wonderful rally and gameness.

JOHNNY HAYES WILL DEFEAT ALL THE MARATHONERS YET

Ernie Hjertberg, His New Trainer, Says He Will Soon Be Ready to Race.

BY VINCENT TREANOR.

"JOHNNY HAYES will come back within a month and beat the world over the Marathon distance."

Ernie Hjertberg, the capable trainer of the Irish-American A. C., made this statement to-day, and when Hjertberg talks so positively he commands attention. There is no better judge of an athlete in the world to-day than this same Hjertberg. He has developed many of the stars of recent years, among them the great and only Melvin Sheppard. He saw in Sheppard as a schoolboy the makings of a great runner, and under his coaching "Shep" stands to-day the best middle-distance man in the world. It is doubtful if the old half-mile record holder, Charlie Kilpatrick, or even Tommy Conneff ever compared with the great Olympic point winner. Hjertberg made Sheppard the wonder that he is, and "Shep" knows it.

But to get back to Johnny Hayes. Hjertberg has had him in training for nearly two weeks, and the little fellow, whose great race at Shepherd's Bush, in England, last year brought him world-wide fame, is just beginning to show traces of his real form. He is being properly trained this time, and, as Hjertberg says, "he'll come back in good condition, fit to run Longboat, Shrubb and Dorando off their feet."

Defeat Hurtful to Hayes.

Hayes took his defeat by Dorando at Madison Square Garden very much to heart. He knew before the race that he wasn't "right," and so did Hjertberg, but he raced the Italian on sheer nerve and pluck. It was only gameness that enabled him to finish that night.

Right after that race Hayes made up his mind to train quietly and without the customary blare of trumpets and newspaper stories. He hunted up Hjertberg.

"Ernie, I want you to take hold of me," he said. "I want to get in good condition again and beat Dorando. I know I can do it. I beat him in England when I was in good shape, and even at the Garden afterward, when only half fit, he couldn't get more than a couple of feet ahead of me until the last lap."

Hjertberg took hold of Hayes, and to-day he has the little Marathoner near the point of perfection. Two weeks more of steady, regular work will have him as fit as he was on that great day in England when he led the best distance runners of the world across the tape.

Breezed After Eighteen Miles.

Hayes ran eighteen miles yesterday in a manner that surprised Hjerberg. "He was as fresh at the finish as when he started," said Hjerberg, "and I am satisfied, and will bet anything I own that within two weeks he could go out and beat either Longboat or Shrubb and lose Dorando entirely."

TWO BOXING STAGS ON CARD FOR TO-NIGHT.

There will be two boxing stags to-night, one in this city and the other in Brooklyn. The show here will be at the Long Acre A. C., on West Twenty-ninth street. In the main bout Kid Burns, the sturdy west side pugilist, will tackle Harry Stone, the east side lightweight, for six rounds. Four other bouts will precede it.

In Brooklyn the National A. C. has a good card of bouts arranged for its stag. The principals in the star bout will be Freddie Dipples and Willie Howard. They will battle for six rounds. In the semi-final Dave Hennessey, of New Brunswick, N. J., will tackle Harry Phillips.

Sullivan Beats Thompson.

POCATELLO, Ida., Jan. 16.—Pete Sullivan, of Salt Lake, won the decision last night over "Cyclone" Johnny Thompson, of Chicago, in a fast twenty-five-round bout.

EVENING WORLD'S 10-MILE RACE FEATURE OF TO-NIGHT'S CARNIVAL

Brooklyn Post Office Clerk's Meet Biggest of Indoor Season So Far — 1,000 Entries Received.

JOYCE BONHAG BELLAIRS COHN

MORE than 1,000 athletes will dash about the Forty-seventh Regiment Armory floor in Brooklyn to-night at the carnival of the Brooklyn Post Office Clerks, and still there are some misguided folk who insist that athletics is dead. When 1,000 young men pay fifty cents each for the privilege of competing for less than one-tenth that number of prizes, who is he who can say that this isn't an age of athletic booms?

The clerk's games are of course the biggest of the indoor season thus far. There are fifteen separate events scheduled in addition to a dancing competition by the Scottish and Gaelic societies, a military drill by representatives of the United States and British armies and a musical treat furnished by the New York Scottish Highlanders Fife and Drum Band. That's a lot of entertainment to crowd into one night, but it's all on the programme.

The big athletic feature, of course, will be the ten-mile run for The Evening World's medals, probably the richest ever offered for a similar race. There are ten in all, the first three being solid gold, one diamond-studded and seven bronze fobs, suitably inscribed. The best distance men in the East, sixty-three in all, attracted by the prizes, have sent in their entries, and the race of the season should result.

With such men as Bonhag, Harvey Cohn, Tom Collins, Bellars, Driscoll, the old champion, Johnny Joyce; the present champion, John Daly, Fred Lorz, Crowley and Maloney, the Marathoner, the contest should be full of exciting incidents from start to finish.

The series of relay races carded promises to bring out the stars of the metropolitan district. In the regimental relay, entries have been received from every regiment in the greater city, and these include many A. A. A. champions.

National Union Games.

Empire Council team, largely made up of the legal profession, defeated Lynn Council, made up from Wanamaker's, in a National Union series of games at Washington Square alleys, University place, the score standing 594 to 579. Tournament games are rolled every Thursday night.

Phil Lewis Will Not Be on the Brooklyn 1909 Payroll

PHIL LEWIS, the "Gibson" shortstop of the Brooklyn National League Club for a few years, will not be a member of the Trolley Dodgers this season. Manager Harry Lumley has come to the conclusion that young McMillan, who played so well at short during the last few weeks of the season last year, is good enough for that position again, and on that account he is trying hard to make a deal in which he will get a good man for Lewis. Lumley called on Johnny McGraw last night, and offered him Lewis for Herzog, but the Giants' manager let Lumley down easily by stating that he had no intention of letting Herzog go. If any other manager but Lumley had made McGraw the same offer the chances are that little Mac would have asked him if he was joking.

It is certain now that Lewis will be let out, for it is learned from a reliable source that the club officials do not require his services any longer. Lumley paid his first visit to the Brooklyn Club headquarters yesterday since he was appointed manageer of the club. He looked in good shape, and said that he was many pounds lighter than he has been for several years. After a short walk with President Ebbets Lumley announced that fifteen players have sent in their signed contracts for 1909. They are as follows:

Charles A. Alperman, P. M. McElveen and Herbert E. Pattee, infielders; Harry G. Lumley, Al W. Burch, Thomas Catterson, John E. Hummel, Julius Kustus and James D. Sebring, outfielders; William A. Bergen and Joseph E. Dunn, catchers, and George Napoleon Rucker, Irving K. Wilhelm and George H. Hunter, pitchers.

Finlayson, the young twirler farmed out to the Brockton Club last season, will probably be sent back to that club again, as he did great work for that team.

John Ganzel, manager of the Rochester Club, of the Eastern League, held a long consultation with President Ebbets in regard to securing a pitcher and two infielders, but the best Ebbets could offer him was Pitcher Holmes, who pitched but few games for the Dodgers last season. Ganzel said he would let Ebbets know in a few days if he wanted him or not. Manager Lumley intends to start for Hot Springs on Feb. 10. He is trying to induce Sebring, Pastorius, Scanlon, Al Burch and Bill Bergen to go along with him, so that they can take off some weight.

Trade Mark. BIG G. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.
MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75.