FITZSIMMONS BEST OF MIDDLEWEIGHTS

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

CROSS TO MEET RIVERS AGAIN

MIDDLEWEIGHTS OF TO-DAY ARE JOKES COMPARED TO FITZSIMMONS IN HIS PRIME

Blacksmith From Australia Was Not Only the Best in His Class, but Was the Greatest Fighting Man That the Prize Ring Has Ever Known—Fitz Could Have Whipped Them All in a Night.

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I'M not stirring up any discussion when I say that Robert Fitzsimmons was the greatest of all our middleweight champions. He was not only the greatest middleweight, but the greatest fighting man, weight taken into consideration, that the ring has known since the Marquis of Queensberry rules were written.

R. Edgren's COLUMN

Fitzsimmons, fifty years of age, still believes in the power of his punch and longs for battle with the best of them. His present ambition is to fight Gunboat Smith. This may be regarded as a joke by some people, but to Fitzsimmons it seems a very ordinary idea. For when a man has been as great a champion as Bob Fitzsimmons it is hard to forget the glories of the past, the conscious superiority in skill and power, the ease with which a sturdy opponent can be anesthetized by a neatly placed, well calculated blow.

For his age, Fitzsimmons is a wonderfully strong and young looking man to-day. But to have known Fitzsimmons you had to see him fight in the days when he was knocking out Corbett, Sharkey, Ruhlin and the rest, and hurling his slight weight furiously against the immovable bulk of the great champion, Jeffries. At that time his fighting ability was almost superhuman.

So much has been written about Freckled Bob that it's hardly worth while to go into the details of his early life. Everybody knows that he was born in Cornwall, went to New Zealand when a very small boy, voyaged to Australia as a youth and made his fighting start there after developing a pair of knockout forearms as a horseshoer. The story of his landing in San Francisco and knocking out McCarty has been written a hundred times.

But the picture of the man as he was when I first saw him may be worth preserving. It was when Fitzsimmons was training for his first fight in San Francisco with Tom Sharkey. Incidentally, it was my first glimpse at a fighter's training camp, which may perhaps explain why it stands out in such high relief in my memory.

One fine day Bill Naughton, the famous sporting writer, asked me if I'd like to go over and see Fitzsimmons begin his training. I had a notion that I'd heard that name somewhere, and I went along out of boyish curiosity. We crossed San Francisco Bay to Sausalito and walked up from the wharf to a cottage on the hillside. The sun was shining. Up against the skyline rose a high ridge covered with brown, sundried grass. The dark leaves of the eucalyptus trees at the roadside were covered with dust. The road was dusty and dry, and as we walked along dust clouds hung motionless in the still air behind. There wasn't a sound to be heard. We climbed the front steps of Bob's cottage and wandered through it. Nobody in sight. Photographs cluttering the bureaus and tacked to the walls, a scrap book of fight clippings lying wide open on a table, ring togs and a punching bag on the floor beside Bob's unmade bed, with large bottles of rubdown fluid—but no human being.

Naughton and I wandered out again to the porch, and looking up and down the village street failed to see a living thing. It was as if the place had been deserted by people fleeing from an eruption.

WHILE we were standing there, puzzled, suddenly the stillness was broken by a swift rat-a-tat br-r-r-r-r-a muffled sound like the roll of drums in an armory. It came from near the waterside.

"Huh," exclaimed Naughton, "there he is."

Hurrying toward the sound we entered a building that might have been a boat club. There, huddled against the walls, were forty or fifty men, watching intently a fellow who was pummeling the bag at one side of the room.

For my part, I didn't see anything extraordinary about Fitzsimmons, at that first glance. He was a skinny legged, knock-kneed, freckled fellow with fairly wide shoulders, with a smooth face and thin reddish hair. His only striking features seemed to be a pair of sharp blue eyes that followed every movement of the bag. And he was an artist at bag pummeling. He kept the inflated leather beating a shifting tattoo. He played tunes with it. He hit it so fast that my eyes couldn't follow his hands. His feet shifted in and out and sideways, with a shuffling sound. He never lifted them from the floor entirely—just slipped around with a soft and deceiving ease that took him from one side of the bag to the other when it seemed that he had moved only a few inches.

Fitzsimmons hadn't looked at us yet. I thought he hadn't seen Naughton come in, for Naughton was an Australian and would quite naturally be worth Fitzsimmon's attention. But as Bob was shifting about he suddenly hooked his right hand high up on the ball. The cord snapped and the flying leather struck the wall a few inches above my head with a bang, and even before I had risen from an instinctive duck Fitz was in front of me holding out a big bony paw in response to Naughton's introduction.

That was my first characteristic glimpse of the greatest fighter of his time. Fitz has seen us come in, but his first instinct was to do something unexpected. He let us stand waiting while he punched the ball. Apparently he didn't notice us, but out of the corner of his eye he watched until we were off guard entirely, and then suddenly snapped the cord and sent the leather sphere flying at our heads.

LOOKING Fitz over that day, even when he was boxing with his sparring partners, I wondered why he was regarded as a ring marvel. He was awkward, ungainly, shifting of foot, grinning. Yet there was something about the powerful forearms, the thick wrist, and the way they chugged home when his blows landed, that impressed me. I hadn't yet seen him in a real fight.

After boxing, Fitz went out and galloped a few hundred yards up the hillside, on that slippery dry grass, and came down again jumping like a schoolboy. Shower and rubdown, and then he took us to the deserted cottage and sat there showing us the scrapbook and the photographs of his wife and family, and talked about what the cook would get for dinner, and went out and played with a dog in the street, just like an overgrown boy.

"He's the greatest in the world," said Naughton, as we started back for 'Frisco. I wondered why—but I hadn't seen Fitzsimmons in a ring.

Yes, there was a difference. Outside the ropes Fitz was a practical joker. Inside the ropes he was a practical joker except when he was hurt. Hard stung, he became furious. Fitz might shift about and block and stall along waiting for a chance to play his favorite joke—knock his man cold with a single unexpected punch. But get him reeling, and there was no more dangerous man living than Fitzsimmons. Then the grin left his face and his eyes became three-cornered, like a tiger's. His lower lip was out-thrust, and as he came scuffling in, his arms swung with the knockout fury in every punch.

IN the sixth round at Carson Corbett's swift jabs had cut Fitzsimmons's lips until Bob was sickened by the blood that trickled down his throat. To that time he had been playing a joke on Corbett, letting Corbett land his cutting jabs with no attempt to block, scuffling about and thinking humorously how funny Corbett would feel when he woke up, as soon as Bob found his chance to slip one in. Now he was furious. He rushed from his corner, chased Corbett around the ring. Corbett, pale with terror, suddenly realizing the fact that Fitzsimmons had been playing with him, fled for his life, used every bit of skill he possessed, jabbed lightly and danced back, circled and hovered on the outskirt of the fight like a hawk, reaching in and tapping, going swiftly into full flight.

It took fourteen rounds to run him down and fool him into leaving the broad inverted V of the solar plexus exposed and unprotected, and within easy reach. In the fourteenth round Fitz made the solar plexus punch famous and became champion of the world. In that fight he was a middleweight, less than 158 pounds. Corbett weighed 183.

BOB'S career as a middleweight among middleweights wasn't long, for after he had completely outclassed and had beaten down the great Dempsey other middleweights weren't so foolish as to match themselves with Fitzsimmons. A middleweight champion, he was forced to fight the best of the heavyweights or go without matches. If he had been a heavyweight, and of just the same fighting force he had as a middleweight, he might have found it impossible to get heavyweight matches. As a middleweight, he looked an easy mark to big men who hadn't felt the weight of his punches. So he fought Tom Sharkey in San Francisco and knocked the rough sailor out with terrific body blows. Wyatt Earp gave Sharkey the decision on a foul. Ten thousand dollars went with the decision, winner take all. There was no foul.

He fought other big men long before he cornered the reluctant Corbett, who had dodged two or three matches, and forced him to fight at Carson. He fought Peter Maher. Maher said when he returned to consciousness: "He's no man; he's the devil!"

Fitzsimmons showed his gameness in that fight. Maher, a terrific puncher, landed one on Fitz in the first round and had him all but out. Fitz weathered the blow and knocked Maher "kicking." He had a knack of winning lost fights. Ruhlin had him staggering. He reeled into Ruhlin and hit him in the body so hard that Ruhlin thought for two weeks afterward that he was dying. When Jeffries had Fitz staggering Fitz fought like a fury to the end.

JEFFRIES was the only master the greatest middleweight ever found, and Jeffries was master only because of his tremendous advantage in weight and strength, an advantage which, coupled with Jeff's grim courage and marvellous endurance and hard hitting, made it a physically impossible task for even the greatest middleweight to knock him out.

We have some fair middleweights to-day, but they are jokes, inconsequential novices, compared with Fitzsimmons. Fitz in his prime could have whipped them all in a round each on one night.

The greatest middleweight champion he was—and I think he'll be remembered as the greatest for many years to come.

Baseball To-day. J. P. M. N. T. American at Chicago. Polo division. Aqueduct.—2:30.

BOB FITZSIMMONS GREATEST OF ALL MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

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THIS LAST FIGHT,—AT THE AGE OF 48,—AGAINST LANG IN AUSTRALIA.

FAVORITE SPORT—PLAYING WITH WILD ANIMALS.

NO MIDDLEWEIGHT COULD HAVE OVERCOME THE GREAT BULK AND STRENGTH OF JEFFRIES.

HIGHLANDERS.

(Continued from First Page.)

a wild throw to catch Larry off first and Kuhn scored. Berger walked. Lord died to Knight on a grounder, unassisted. Three Runs. Two Left.

Weaver threw out Peckinpaugh. Knight fired to Fournier. Cree poked a single to right, but Midkiff flied to Collins. No Runs. One Left.

THIRD INNING—Midkiff threw out Chase. Collins walked, but was forced out by Fournier, Peckinpaugh to Hartzell. Weaver was out, Midkiff to Knight. No Runs. No Hits. One Left.

Weaver tossed out Sweeney and Warhop died, Berger to Chase. Scott made a great stop of Hartzell's bounder and tossed him out at first. No Runs.

FOURTH INNING—Kuhn walked. Scott sacrificed, Warhop to Hartzell, the latter covering first and Kuhn went to second. Chapelle drove a hot single into right, his second hit and Kuhn scored. McConnell took Warhop's place in the box. Wolter made a wonderful catch of Berger's long drive to left centre and threw to Knight doubling up Chappelle before he could get back to the bag. One Run.

Wolter flied to Fournier. Daniels was hit by the pitcher and went to second as Berger threw out Peckinpaugh. Knight beat out an infield hit, Daniels going to third. Cree flied to Collins. No Runs. Two Left.

FIFTH INNING—Lord smashed a liner straight into Knight's hands. Midkiff tossed out Chase. Collins singled to centre and stole second. Fournier walked. Weaver attempted to bunt, but Midkiff made a pretty stop and nailed him at first. No Runs. Two Left.

Midkiff grounded to Weaver, who made a great stop and nailed him at first. Sweeney was out on a weak splash in front of the plate, Kuhn to Chase. Weaver threw out McConnell. No runs.

SIXTH INNING—McConnell threw out Kuhn. Scott was out to Knight unassisted. Chappelle struck out. No Runs.

Hartzell opened with a clean single into left. Weaver made a great stop of Wolter's hot smash and threw to Berger, forcing out Hartzell. Daniels walked. Peckinpaugh popped out to Chase. Knight lined a single into centre, scoring Wolter. Cree popped out to Weaver. One Run.

SEVENTH INNING—Cree caught Berger's high fly to left. Hartzell threw out Lord. Chase was out, Midkiff to Knight. No Runs.

Midkiff struck out. Berger tossed out Sweeney. McConnell flied to Fournier. No Runs.

EIGHTH INNING—Collins was out on a long fly to Cree. Fournier out the same way. Weaver beat out an infield hit; Weaver stole second. Kuhn walked. McConnell caught Weaver napping by a quick throw to Peckinpaugh. No Runs. One Left.

Hartzell struck out. Wolter popped to Weaver. Daniels also fanned. No Runs.

NINTH INNING—Scott struck out. Chappelle was out to Knight, unassisted. Berger flied to Wolter. No Runs.

Berger threw out Peckinpaugh. Knight struck out. Weaver tossed out Cree. No runs.

BROOKLYNS.

(Continued from First Page.)

at second. Fisher struck out. No Runs. One Left.

Wagner out, Walker to Daubert. Miller flew to Scheer. Wilson out to Daubert unassisted. No Runs.

THIRD INNING—Otto Miller fouled out to Byrne. Walker popped to Hendrix. Stengel got a safety on his hot rap to Vlox, too hard to handle. He was caught napping by Hendrix and was out at second, Miller to Wagner. No Runs.

Vlox out, Cutshaw to Daubert. Simon fouled out to Otto Miller. Hendrix hit over second for a safety, but a moment later was caught napping, Walker to Daubert. No Runs.

FOURTH INNING—Cutshaw out, Hendrix to Jack Miller. Scheer popped to Vlox. Wheat beat out an infield hit to Vlox. Daubert out, Byrne to J. Miller, on a close play. No Runs. One Left.

Byrne was passed on four straight balls. Carey struck out. Kommers popped to Otto Miller. Byrne stole second and went to third on Otto Miller's wild throw. Wagner hit safely through the pitcher's box, scoring Byrne. Miller out, Cutshaw to Daubert. One Run. One Left.

FIFTH INNING.—Smith got two bases on his Texas Leaguer to left. Fisher flew out to Carey. Miller doubled to right centre, scoring Smith. Walker out to Jack Miller, unassisted. Stengel doubled to left, scoring O. Miller. Cutshaw singled to centre, scoring Stengel. Cutshaw took second on a wild pitch. Scheer struck out. Three Runs. One Left.

Wilson doubled to right and took third on Scheer's fumble. Wilson scored on Vlox's out, Fisher to Daubert. Simon doubled over third base. Hendrix singled to centre, scoring Simon. Byrne out, Cutshaw to Daubert. Hendrix taking second. Carey flew out to Stengel, who made a marvellous catch. Two Runs. One Left.

SIXTH INNING—Wheat out, Vlox to J. Miller. Daubert was passed. Daubert out trying to steal second. Simon to Vlox. Smith was passed. Fisher singled to left. Smith being held at second. O. Miller singled to left, scoring Smith. Callahan batted for Walker. Callahan struck out. One Run. Two Left.

Curtis went in to pitch for Brooklyn. Kommers out. Cutshaw to Daubert. Wagner was safe on his hit third. Miller was called out on strikes. Wilson struck out. No runs. One Left.

SEVENTH INNING—McQuillan now pitching for Pittsburg. Stengel flew out to Kommers. Cutshaw lined to Kommers. Scheer hit ever short for a safety. Scheer stole second and went to third on Simon's wild throw. Wheat struck out. No Runs. One Left.

Vlox doubled to left field wall. Simon was called out on strikes. McQuillan also called out on strikes. Byrne popped to Fisher. No Runs. One Left.

EIGHTH INNING—Daubert beat out an infield hit. Smith popped to Miller, attempting to sacrifice. Daubert out, attempting to steal, Simon to Wagner. Fisher out, McQuillan to Jack Miller. No Runs.

Carey flew out to Fisher. Kommers flew out to Wheat. Wagner was nicked on the ear and went to first. Wagner stole second and went to third on Daubert's wild throw. Wagner scored on Miller's single. Wilson brought Miller home on his single to centre and reached third on a wild throw by Scheer and scored on a triple by Vlox to the centre field fence. Simon sent a triple to right, Vlox scoring. McQuillan struck out. Four Runs.

NINTH INNING—Miller lined to Byrne. oran batted for Curtis. Moran flew out to Kommers. Stengel struck out. No Runs.

GIANTS.

(Continued from First Page.)

thrown out by Zimmerman. One Run. One Left.

Leach walked again. Evers forced Leach, Shafer to Fletcher. Fletcher ran back on the grass and got Schulte's pop fly. Evers was out stealing, Meyers to Shafer. No Runs.

FOURTH INNING.—Herzog singled over second. Herzog went to third on a wild pitch. Cheney threw out Merkle; Herzog was held on third. Murray popped to Evers. Meyers was hit by a pitched ball. Snodgrass forced Meyers. Bridwell unassisted. No Runs. Two Left.

Zimmerman led off with a single to centre. Saier walked. Zimmerman and Saier got mixed up in their signals, Saier ran to second and Zimmerman was trapped between second and third, Meyers to Herzog to Shafer. Miller struck out. Bridwell walked. Bresnahan flied to Snodgrass. No runs, two left.

FIFTH INNING—Tesreau struck out. Burns singled to left. Shafter flied to Miller. Burns stole second. Fletcher fanned. No Runs. One Left.

Cheney struck out. Leach was disposed of by Herzog and Merkle. Evers out, Shafer to Merkle. No Runs.

SIXTH INNING—Bridwell threw Herzog at first. Merkle grounded out to Saier unassisted. Murray popped a foul to Zimmerman. No Runs.

Schulte struck out. Zimmerman flied to Snodgrass. Saier walked again. Saier stole second. Miller flied to Snodgrass. No Runs. One Left.

SEVENTH INNING — Zimmerman threw Meyers out at first. Evers and Saier retired Snodgrass. Tesreau fanned. No Runs.

Bridwell was called out on strikes. Bresnahan got a base on balls. Cheney struck out. Bresnahan stole second. Leach struck out. No Runs. One Left.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club.	W.	L.	PC.	Club.	W.	L.	PC.
New York	62	29	.682	Brooklyn	49	48	.505
Phila'phia	55	35	.611	Boston	41	50	.451
Chicago	50	40	.556	Cincinnati	35	51	.407
Pittsburgh	48	40	.511	St. Louis	27	60	.310

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club.	W.	L.	PC.	Club.	W.	L.	PC.
Phila'phia	67	19	.779	Boston	45	40	.529
Cleveland	61	33	.649	Detroit	42	48	.467
Wash'ton	58	42	.580	St. Louis	31	56	.356
Chicago	51	41	.500	New York	31	62	.333

RESULTS OF YESTERDAY'S GAMES

New York, 8; Chicago, 2.
Pittsburgh, 9; Brooklyn, 2. 10 innings.
Philadelphia, 8; Cincinnati, 2.
Boston, 8; St. Louis, 0.

Cleveland, 8; Boston, 3.
St. Louis, 5; Philadelphia, 8.
Detroit, 9; Washington, 8.
New York-Chicago game postponed. Rain.

GAMES SCHEDULED FOR TO-DAY

New York at Chicago.
Brooklyn at Pittsburgh.
Philadelphia at Cincinnati.
Boston at St. Louis.

Chicago at New York.
Cleveland at Boston.
St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Detroit at Washington.

GOLF UNDER DIFFICULTIES ON SHAWNEE CLUB LINKS.

WATER GAP, Pa., Aug. 2.—Shawnee-on Delaware, Pa., Aug. 2—After the worst flood and washout that old residents can remember along the mountain steeps of Delaware Water Gap, interrupted play was resumed today in the Shawnee Country Club's golf tournament. Pumps were used to lower water on the greens.

By cutting the final from 36 to 18 holes it was possible to offset the loss of yesterday's afternoon round.

In the first set McCall beat Scott 1 up, 19 holes. Collins beat Worthington 3 up and 2 to go. Second set—H. S. Hicks, Philadelphia Country, beat George F. Henris, Huntingdon Valley, 6 up and 5 to go. L. M. Schoch, of the Philadelphia Country Club, beat C. H. Murray, North Hills, 2 up. Third set—Charles Leedom, Philadelphia Country Club, beat R. L. Mishler, Landsdowne, 3 up and 2 to go. A. B. Gayley of the Ardsley, won from E. R. Perkins, Moorestown, by default.

Beaten eight, first sixteen—F. W. L. Fullerton, Baltusrol beat Bert Allen, Fox Hills, 1 up. That match was carried over from yesterday. Semi-final—H. L. Ridge beat Aleck Coles of the Siwanoy Club, 3 up and 2 to go. Fullerton beat C. H. Lovett, Buck's County, 1 up and 19 holes.

Beaten eight, second sixteen—A. J. Carty of the Philadelphia Country Club beat J. W. Allen, Ridgefield, 6 up and 5 to go. W. B. Supplee, Bala, beat W. H. Evans, Landsdown, 2 up.

Beaten eight, third sixteen—J. F. Meehan jr., North Hills, beat Thomas Meehan, North Hills, 3 up and 1 to go. F. B. Sheble, North Hills, beat J. N. Risley, Philadelphia Country, 6 up and 4 to go.

Sheble previously finished his match, postponed from yesterday, in which he beat H. Chashi, Englewoodd, 1 up.

HORACE FOGEL PLANS RIVAL BALL CLUB IN NEW YORK.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 2.—Horace Fogel, former National League club owner, to-day submitted a proposition to the directors of the Federal League of Baseball Clubs to place a club in New York City. Philadelphia and Baltimore, also made bids for clubs and the directors began considering the advisibility of making the Federal an eight club league next year. No action, other than the appointing of committees to consider the claims of each city and look over the ground that could be obtained for the ball parks, was taken to-day, and the directors adjourned to meet to-night.

RACING.

(Continued from First Page.)

ture. He is now suffering from a badly strained tendon.

MARS CASSIDY STARTS 'EM OFF.

Mars Cassidy was back on the job in the starter's box for the first time on the Metropolitan circuit since August, 1910.

In the office of the District-Attorney on Broadway, the Pinkertons, Sheriff and Deputies, spent an hour this morning getting instructions as to how to enforce the law against betting.

The first race saw the defeat of the first favorite of the meeting, Palanquin. He did nothing to justify the confidence reposed in him by the oral wagerers. He was away none too well, but he never did improve his position. Hobnob broke first, ran Scallywag into the ground in the run to the stretch and came on to win cleverly. Oliver Lodge, who ran third to the stretch, passed Scallywag in the run home and got the place money handily from the Fitzsimmon gelding.

The Shillelah Steeplechase furnished one of the most interesting races through the field seen this year. It marked the debut of Charley Grand as a chaser. He rode Simon Dale, and excellently at that, at the end being second to Shannon River, after leading all the way, and in front of Delirium. Not more than five lengths separated the field at any stage of the two-and-half-mile course. At the end Shannon River was a length and a half in front of Simon Dale and the latter one and a half lengths in front of Delirium.

COCK O' THE WALK GETS THERE.

Cock o' the Walk took the $5,000 Saratoga Handicap in clever fashion from Lahore by half a length, with Rolling Stone six lengths back, third. Cock o' the Walk won like a good three-year-old after a careful well judged ride by Glass. He trailed the pace of the lightly weighted Rolling Stone until the latter became tired just before the stretch turn. Then Glass took him around Rolling Stone and came away. Lahore, third most of the way, passed Rolling Stone in the stretch run and, although Butwell whipped him vigorously, he had no chance of getting to the winner.

Fred Mulholland tore off two plates in the paddock as he was going to the post in the fifth and cut a tendon in the right foreleg, still he was started. He finished fourth after a game effort. Col. Ashmeade led all the way after the first ten jumps and came home six lengths in front of Beaucoup. The Wilson veteran was second throughout and never got nearer than five lengths to the winner.

FIRST RACE.

Three-year-olds; selling; six furlongs.—Hobnob 111 (Musgrave), 7 to 2, 4 to 5 and 1 to 3, first; Oliver Lodge 108 (G. Burns), 12 to 1, 3 to 1 and even, second; Scallywag 108 (McCahey), 7 to 2, 4 to 5 and 1 to 3, third. Time, 1.13 1-5. Palanquin 114, Orowoc 106 and Lodona 102 also ran.

SECOND RACE.

The Shillelah Steeplechase; selling; four-year-olds and upward; about two and a half miles.—Shannon River, 131 (Allen), 3 to 2, 1 to 3 and out, first; Simon Dale, 120 (Grand), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and out, second; Delirium, 142 (Heider), 9 to 10, 1 to 4 and out, third. Time—5.36 2-5. Tillie D., 130, also ran.

THIRD RACE.

Two-year-olds; the Flash Stakes; five and a half furlongs.—Old Rosebud, 124 (McCabe), 3 to 5, out, out, first; Stromboli, 112 (McTaggart), 8 to 5, out, out, second; Black Broom, 109 (Musgrave), 25 to 1, 4 to 1 and 7 to 5, third. Time, 1.07. Flittergold, Prairie, Bradley's Choice also ran.

FOURTH RACE.

The Saratoga Handicap; three-year-olds and upward; one and one-quarter miles.—Cock o' the Walk, 107 (Glass), 7 to 5, 2 to 5 and out, first; Lahore, 110 (Butwell), 8 to 5, 1 to 2 and out, second; Rolling Stone, 95 (Martin), 15 to 1, 4 to 1, 7 to 5, third. Time, 2.00. Bob R., 100; Col. Holloway, 93; G. M. Miller, 105, also ran.

FIFTH RACE.

Three-year-olds and upward; selling; one mile.—Col. Ashmeade, 96 (J. McTaggart), 7 to 2, even and 1 to 2, first; Beaucoup, 106 (Wolfe), 8 to 1, even and 1 to 2, second; Mary Ann K., 91 (McCahey), 6 to 1, 2 to 1 and even, third. Time, 1.39 4-5. Breaker Boy, Star O'Ryan, Fred Mulholland and Sand Hog also ran.

RESULTS AT HAMILTON.

FIRST RACE—Juvenile Handicap; $600 added; two-year-olds; six furlongs.—Hodge, 116 (Tehan), 3 to 4 and out, won; Birdie Williams, 105 (Buxton), 5 to 2, 11 to 20 and out, second; Fathom, 98 (Deronde), 5 to 1, 6 to 5 and 1 to 3, third. Time, 1.13 1-5. Beaupere also ran.

SECOND RACE—Purse $500; three-year-olds and upward; selling; five and a half furlongs.—Pat Rutledge, 95 (Deronde), 9 to 5, 7 to 10 and 1 to 3, won; Louise Travers, 94 (Ward), 10 to 1, 4 to 1 and 8 to 5, second; Requifam, 98 (Buxton), 8 to 1, 3 to 1 and 8 to 5, third. Time, 1.07 4-5. The Urchin, Tattler, Single and Dick Dodie also ran.

THIRD RACE—Pure $600; three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs.—Marjoola A., 102 (Deronde), 11 to 2, 8 to 5 and 7 to 10, first; Pansareta, 99 (Callahan), 3 to 1, 7 to 10 and out, second; Sir Blaise, 108 (Tehan), 7 to 2, even and 1 to 3, third. Time—1.12 3-5. Sun Queen and Mediator also ran.

FOURTH RACE.—Hamilton Cup; Handicap; $2,000 added; three-year-olds and up; one and a quarter mile.—Hamilton, 105 (Buxton), 9 to 5, 3 to 5 and out, first; Flabbergast, 108 (Turner), 11 to 5, even and 1 to 4, second; Flora Fina, 107 (Tehan), 8 to 1, 2 to 1 and 4 to 5, third. Time, 2.02 3-5. Paton and Lochiel also ran.

SARATOGA ENTRIES.

SARATOGA RACE TRACK, SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 2.—The entries for Monday are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Two-year-old fillies; selling; five and a half furlongs.—Edith W., 108; Hanko Tree, 107; Charmouse, 101; *Ione, 94; Polly H., 99; Susan B., 100; Delft, 114; Floria, 109; *Fisak, 100; Naiad, 106; Harvest Queen, ; Lily Orme, 109; *Notoriety, 109.

SECOND RACE—Three-year-olds and upward; maiden steeplechase; about two miles.—Son of the Wind, 148; Bayport, 134; True Heart, 133; Turbine, 142; Hands All Round, 130; Bd Notes, 145; Summary, 132; Fallaweather, 123; Cliftonian, 154; Broiler Folk, 132; Repentant, 130; Eaton, 132.

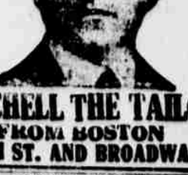
THIRD RACE—Three-year-olds and upward; selling; seven furlongs.—Montrosor, 101; *Velvet, 103; *Virile, 99; Flying Yankee, 110; *Ella Bryson, 107; Orowoc, 105; Trifle, 107; *Sulenya, 94.

FOURTH RACE—Fillies; three-year-olds and upward; The Alabama; one mile and a furlong.—Cadeau, 113; Always First, 104; Flying Fairy, 113; Lodona, 109.

FIFTH RACE—Three-year-olds and upward; selling; one mile.—Lord of Langdon, 108; Oliver Lodge, 109; Flying Feet, 100; Beaucoup, 106; Breaker Boy, 112; *Ella Bryson, 108; Regal Meteor, 107.

SIXTH RACE—Two-year-olds; allowances; five and one-half furlongs.—O'Hagan, 115; Hillstream, 102; Bringhurst, 115; Boots and Saddle, 118; Pomeite Bleu, 102; Hi Nile, 102; Scorched, 110; Trade Mark, 107; Dr. Samuel, 118; Surprising, 115.

*Apprentice allowance claimed.



MITCHELL THE TAILOR
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

In the Metropolitan Section of next Sunday's World will be found a coupon, the presentation of which at the main or branch offices of The World will entitle the holder to a splendid "Vacation Kit" containing five articles; also a 48-page booklet on "First Aid to the Injured," both of which will be invaluable in the home or on the Summer Vacation. Be sure you cut the coupon out. Order your next Sunday World early.