BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

HEAVYWEIGHT HISTORY SHOWS OLD-TIMERS BEST FIGHTERS

John L. Never Developed Much Strategy, but There Were Many Skilful Men in the Ring When He Was Champion—Peter Jackson Was a Wonder, and Frank P. Slavin and Joe Goddard Ranked High—Old Prize Ring Rules of Bare Knuckle Days Produced Men Superior to Those of the Softer Modern Sport.

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R. Edgren COLUMN

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was the last Champion of the World with the "raw 'uns." The last championship fight was between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., in July, 1889. It was held under London Prize Ring Rules. The first champion of England was James Figg, in 1719. He was virtually champion of the world, as there was no boxing worth recording at that time in any other country.

It was John L. Sullivan who introduced the use of padded gloves in a heavyweight championship bout, under Queensberry Rules, and as he lost he resigned also the title that he held under London Prize Ring Rules. At any rate, he didn't care to fight again, and so there never has been another bare fist champion.

Civilization has been making slow strides in ring affairs. The ancient Greeks held boxing to be their greatest sport. Championship boxing contests were held every four years in the Stadium at Olympus, and the fights were to a finish, not with gloves or bare knuckles, but with the cestus, which was really a deadly weapon.

The cestus covered the wrists and hands. It was usually made of hard dried rawhide, with strips of lead or brass studs covering the knuckles. As a properly landed blow usually ended the fight and might kill the recipient or smash his jaw, boxers were compelled to use a great deal of swiftness and skill. There was no boring in, head down, and swinging both hands. Sometimes the contestants fenced and feinted and avoided blows for hours before a decisive blow was struck. There is an ancient record of a championship fight that lasted a whole afternoon and ended when one contestant struck a body blow with his fingers extended. The fingers were protected by bronze shields—which penetrated his opponent's abdomen and killed him. The blow was adjudged "foul" and the survivor banished from Greece. It took something to make a foul in those days, but the punishment was in proportion to the offense.

Greek boxers stood with right foot and right hand extended, their theory being that this gave better protection to the heart. A blow over the heart with a cestus-encased hand was no joke.

Boxing died out when the Romans conquered and held Greece. It was revived many centuries later in England, where James Figg first made it a recognized sport. There had been boxing before Figg's time, but without rules to govern. During the next hundred years England had a score of good boxing champions. Ireland furnished many of them. Under the English rules wrestling and throwing and falling on an opponent were legitimate, each throw or knockdown ending a round. Fights were always to a finish.

John L. Sullivan's many early ring battles, fought under all manner of difficulties, were of about the same sort as the old-time English fights.

When the padded gloves came in boxing became a much gentler sport. It is difficult to compare exactly the men of John L. Sullivan's time and the men who have fought for the heavyweight title in more recent years. Boxing with five-ounce gloves is a strenuous sport, but there are few long fights, and boxers have not had to make the same study of generalship that was needed in finish fights.

Not Much Skill in Sullivan's Methods.

Sullivan, of course, never developed much strategy, for until he passed his prime he never found a man who could stand up to him. His method was a sudden rush and a flurry of blows and make the other man drop.

But there were many very skilful men, even when Sullivan was king of the heavyweights. Bob Fitzsimmons came in before Sullivan went out and tried hard to induce Sullivan to fight him. Sullivan refused on the ground that a challenge from a middleweight was a joke. Perhaps that wasn't exactly John L's private opinion.

Peter Jackson was wonderfully clever and a hard hitter. Peter wasn't an Australian. He was born in St. Croix, West Indies, July 1, 1861. He went to Australia when a boy and began boxing there, winning a lot of fights with knockouts. He came to America in 1888. He beat George Godfrey and Joe McAuliffe in nineteen and twenty-four rounds. He beat a lot of other heavyweights, sailed to England, beat Jem Smith, champion of England, in two rounds, returned to America and went on to Australia after stopping Denver Ed Smith in five rounds. It was when he returned to America again that Jackson fought Corbett sixty-one rounds. Jackson had a bad ankle, so that he stood on one spot and turned to face Corbett, who danced around him. The bout was declared "no contest" when no more blows were struck. Jackson went to England and knocked out Frank Slavin in ten rounds for the championship of England and Australia.

While in America Jackson tried to get a match with Sullivan. Joan L. drew the "color line." He was no longer in condition to fight any good man, and was shortly afterward beaten with ease by Corbett.

Frank P. Slavin, the Australian, was a great heavyweight. He beat Jake Kilrain in Hoboken in 1894. He fought Jem Smith of England for the English title and had the Englishman whipped, when a gang broke into the ring and attacked him with "knuckle-dusters." He stopped Joe McAuliffe in five rounds.

This McAuliffe, by the way, was a giant like Jess Willard, six and a half feet tall and weighing about 280 pounds. He was groomed for a long time to take the championship away from John L. Sullivan, but never became good enough. He was from San Francisco, where he was known as "The Mission Giant."

Down in New South Wales (lot of heavyweight contenders in the Antipodes in those days) Joe Goddard, the Barrier Champion, won some sensational fights. In Australia he challenged John L. Sullivan, who was touring. Sullivan matched a sparring partner, Jack Ashton, against him, and Goddard knocked Ashton out. He knocked out big Joe McAuliffe then, in fifteen rounds, and was recognized as a great heavyweight, but didn't have his chance with Sullivan. Coming to America, Goddard knocked out Peter Maher in three rounds for a $7,500 purse, and was heading straight for the championship when he was unexpectedly knocked out by Denver Ed Smith in eighteen rounds. After that Goddard met several defeats and dropped out. Goddard knocked out Joe Choynski twice in Australia.

Jim Hall, another Australian, might have become world's heavyweight champion if he had taken care of himself. He was over six feet tall and a marvellous boxer. Starting as a middleweight, he once knocked out Fitzsimmons. Coming to America later, he fought Fitzsimmons for the middleweight title at New Orleans. This time Fitz made a monkey of him and knocked him out in four rounds. Hall afterward knocked out Slavin in England, but dissipation had finished his chance to go higher. He died years afterward, like Peter Jackson, of consumption.

Joe Coburn was one of the best of Sullivan's contemporaries. He boxed an exhibition once with John L., and beat a lot of good men, but never had a chance at the championship. Jem Mace was a wonderful fighter, but too light for Sullivan. He developed boxing skill to a remarkable extent and started boxing schools in England and Australia that did more to develop the art of boxing than the work of any other man. Fitzsimmons and all the great fighters of that date followed the Mace school. Mace was still fighting when sixty years of age, when he boxed several bouts in South Africa.

Mitchell Great—but Like Modern Middleweights.

Charlie Mitchell was one of the greatest boxers in Sullivan's time. He was developed by Billy Madden in England when Madden was trying to dig up a man to beat Sullivan. Mitchell was only a welterweight then, but Madden was so impressed with his skill that he thought he could beat Sullivan. In fact, although able to make a great showing through sheer skill and speed, he never was Sullivan's equal as a fighter.

A great proportion of the men Sullivan whipped would be counted "dubs" to-day. Slade and Patsy Cardiff, both giants, had little skill or experience, and some of the others had been in the ring only a few times.

I don't believe the superior of Jeffries ever stepped between ropes. Jeffries in his prime could have whipped them all, for he was a good boxer, fast, a hard hitter and the strongest man that ever fought under Queensberry Rules.

Willard is something like Jeffries, but so much bigger that it is hard to compare him with other champions. His 6 feet 7 inches and 250 pounds of real fighting weight, coupled with rare skill, would make him the greatest champion on record if he had real fighting spirit. This comes to him only when he is hurt, and there is some question about how much aggressiveness he would show against a man of his own bulk.

In one thing the men of Sullivan's time were undoubtedly superior. The Prize Ring Rules made them real fighters. There was no chance to stall or box safely through a finish fight with the bare knuckles. So the old school of fighting undoubtedly developed more real fighting men than the softer modern sport.

EVERY MEAL A POISONOUS INJECTION

Few folks suffering from kidney and bladder troubles ever think that the meals which they are taking are hastening their death. Every morsel of food taken gives up its quantity of uric acid. This poison is taken into the system through a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder. In the healthy man nature provides an outlet for this poison. Those in ill-health must take a medicinal help to drive this death-dealing poison from the system. For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules have been doing this work. They effect prompt relief in all diseases arising from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't put off this vital matter of attending to your health until it is time to make your funeral arrangements. Get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules to-day. Look for the genuine. Your druggist sells them. They are guaranteed or money refunded. Insist on GOLD MEDAL Brand.—Advt.

JOHN L. AND MODERN CHAMPIONS

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BASEBALL'S HALL OF FAME

Name of Cobb Stands for Nearly All That Is Classified With Success in American League Circles—Detroit Star Stood Alone in 1917 as Batter and Base Stealer.

(Following his annual custom, Mr. Foster has picked his Hall of Fame celebrities for the National and the American Leagues, with his reasons for such selections. His deductions are printed in Spalding's official ball record, which has just been issued.)

By John B. Foster
(Secretary of the New York Giants.)

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

AFTER relinquishing the batting championship of the American League for one year, Cobb of Detroit regained the honor in 1917, and not only won that distinction but pretty much everything else in the American League that had to do with batting or with making runs. His principal rivals in 1917 for batting honors were Sisler of St. Louis and Speaker of Cleveland. It was Speaker who took the championship away from Cobb in 1916. Neither Speaker nor Sisler played in as many games in 1917 as Cobb. That fact, however, would have little or no bearing on Cobb's achievement, as his percentage ran so much higher in proportion to the chances involved there is little possibility that he could have been overtaken. So often has Cobb accomplished this feat of making more base hits and leading his league in batting that it is small wonder his name stands for pretty much all that is classified with success in American League circles.

Not only did Cobb win the batting championship of the American League for the year just past, but he also made more single base hits than any other player in that circuit. His total of singles is 151 out of a total of 225 base hits. He also led the league in making three-base hits, with 23 to his credit against 17 for Jackson. Not satisfied with that, he led his league in making two-base hits, with 44 as his total against 42 that were made by Speaker of the Cleveland club. Still another honor was gained when he stole the most bases of any player in the American League, having a total of 55 against 53 for E. Collins of Chicago, 52 for Chapman of Cleveland and 51 for Roth, also of Cleveland. There were four players in the American League who stole more than 50 bases, while the best base stealer in the National League was Carey of Pittsburgh, with only 46. Either there is better base running in the American League or catching of an inferior quality to that of the National League. The reader may take his choice.

In one achievement Cobb did not hold up to his reputation of 1916. In that year he made the most runs of any player in his league, but in 1917 he lost this honor to Bush, shortstop of his own club. Bush had a total of 112 runs against 107 for Cobb.

The best home run batter in the American League was Pipp of New York. His total was 9. No player in the American League reached double figures as did players in the National League. The best sacrifice hitter in the American League was Chapman of Cleveland, who had a much greater total than the best sacrifice hitter of the National League. In fact, his total was practically double that of Deal of Chicago, who led in the older organization.

With two exceptions, every fielding honor in the American League was reversed over the record of 1916. In that year the best first baseman was Gandil. In 1917 he retained that distinction by playing up to the form displayed in the season preceding. There was only one player who led him, Leonard of Washington. The latter had a percentage of 1.000, but he played in only twenty games, which were too few for a record. Gandil had a close rival in McInnis of Philadelphia, who played in 150 games, as against 149 for Gandil, with a fielding average of .992 as against .995 for Gandil. It will be noted, therefore, that Gandil did not have an easy task to retain the distinction of being the leading first baseman.

Gedeon of New York and Turner of Cleveland both led Barry of Boston in fielding averages, but neither of them played in enough games to be entitled to a record. For that reason Barry, in 116 games, with a percentage of .973, should go into history as the leading second baseman of the American League for 1917. He just overtons E. Collins of Chicago, who played in 156 games with an average of .969.

There are two third basemen in the American League with fielding averages higher than that of Baker of New York. One of them is Magee, with a perfect record in twenty games, and the other is Turner of Cleveland, with a fielding record of .980 in forty games.

Owing to injury, Weaver played but ten games at shortstop for Chicago. His percentage was .983. Scott of Boston played in 157 games, with a fielding average of .953, and easily retained the distinction that was his the previous year.

The best catcher, according to the fielding records, was Henry of Washington, with a percentage of .988 in 53 games. Thomas of Boston ran second, with .986 in 77 games, while Schalk of Chicago, who caught in 159 games, more than any other catcher in the American League, had a fielding percentage of .981.

The leading pitcher in the American League, on the basis of earned runs, was Cicotte of Chicago. He took part in 49 games, with an average of 1.53 earned runs per game.

CHICAGO HAS FOUR OF BEST ELEVEN PLAYERS IN AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Cobb (Detroit), best batter; hit most singles, doubles and three baggers, also stole most bases.

Pipp (New York), best home run hitter, with nine circuit drives.

Chapman (Cleveland), made most sacrifice hits.

Gandil (Chicago), heading first basemen.

Barry (Boston), best of second basemen.

Baker (New York), best of third basemen.

Scott (Boston), led all the shortstops.

Schalk (Chicago), best of season's catchers.

J. Collins (Chicago), leading outfielder.

Johnson (Washington), best pitcher on fielding basis.

Cicotte (Chicago), best pitcher on earned run basis.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Ray Caldwell will be the ace of the Yankee pitching corps in 1918. The lanky marvel is to get another chance, and Miller Huggins believes he can get away with it.

Rob Shawkey, Philadelphia reports, is being sued for divorce. With the Yankee pitchers it's just one thing after another.

Huggins has received Darrill Pratt's unsigned contract, together with a letter in which the Yanks' new second baseman made it plain that while he is not averse to getting a raise over his St. Louis salary—which is what the Yankee management offered him—the most important reason for his refusal to sign up at once is the slander suit which Pratt and Johnny Lavan have begun against Phil Ball, President of the St. Louis Club.

Jimmy Johnston, the Robins' young outfielder, who will get a steady berth, now that Casey Stengel is gone, has signed his contract.

Yale, Harvard and Princeton To Confer on Athletic Policy

Military Training at New Haven Will Cut Into Available Sport Material.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 9.—No definite arrangements for athletic competition between Yale, Harvard and Princeton the coming spring has been made, according to Prof. R. N. Corwin of Yale. He said to-day that a conference would take place shortly. Dean McClanahan of Princeton, in charge of athletic policy there, is on war service. Dean Briggs has written that it is imperative that Prof. Corwin, Dean McClanahan and himself "get together in the near future over certain matters regarding the athletic policy to be pursued by the universities this spring."

At Yale the announced policy of requiring members of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps to increase military work three hours a week, effective at once, is expected to cut deep into available material for all sports. The entire student body was to-day asked to participate in an indoor track meet Feb. 23 in order to bring out all possible candidates for track and other teams. The college faculty has decided that to increase military work a student must drop an academic course. High stand men may take the additional military work as an "extra."

Spitball Should Be Abolished, Says Pres. Tener

President Tener of the National League, and at one time a star baseball pitcher, is much opposed to the spitball in use to-day. He thinks it should be eliminated, saying:

"While I do not go so far as to say the spitball should be abolished by the stroke of a pen, I think, for the best interests of baseball, the delivery should be discouraged and gradually done away with.

"I will be frank and say I never cared for the spitball. I do not like the idea of putting any foreign substance on the ball, other than such as it picks up in the normal course of play. It seems to me such practice is against the spirit of baseball. It gives the pitcher an artificial aid which he is not supposed to have, and I have always contended that the spitter is an artificial delivery, not a natural one."

KIECKHEFER TAKES TITLE AWAY FROM DE ORO.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—Augie Kieckhefer of Chicago won the world's championship at three-cushion billiards from Alfredo De Oro of Cuba by scoring 50 points to the former champion's 31 in last night's play, giving him a total of 150, to De Oro's 126, for the entire match.

Kieckhefer made the high run of the match by scoring 10 consecutive points.

Kieckhefer, who in the first two blocks repeatedly broke through De Oro's safety play with phenomenal shots, continued his wonderful shooting last night, and held his lead gained in Thursday night's play. He scored the fifty points necessary to win in fifty-one innings last night, a feat seldom equalled in a championship match.

LYKE WINS FOUR RACES AT NEW ORLEANS TRACK.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 9.—L. Lyke, the little jockey who rode for James Butler on the metropolitan tracks last summer, scored a quadruple success in the saddle at the Fair Grounds tracks this afternoon. He rode four heavily backed favorites home in front. They were Lady Eileen in the first race, Woodward in the Chalmette purse, the fourth event on the programme; Irish Kiss in the fifth race, and Obolus in the sixth.

He has changed his style of riding since his arrival here, and in many of his contests he outgenerals and outrides his more experienced opponents.

Runner Devaney Drafted.

Mike Devaney of the Millrose A. A., national half-mile A. A. U. champion, has been drafted and ordered to be ready for immediate call to service. Devaney was examined by his local board last week and was certified for service. It is understood that he will join the 77th Division at Camp Upton at Yaphank within a fortnight.

McLean Is Skating Champion.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Feb. 9.—Bobby McLean won the world's professional speed skating championship, defeating Edmund Lamy in the 440-yard, half-mile pursuit and three-mile pursuit races before a crowd of about 2,000 persons. It was almost a clean sweep for the Chicago man, as he won five of the six matches in their two days' encounter.

Earl Caddock Wins Mat Title From Zbyszko

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 9.—Earl Caddock of Anita, Ia., a private in the National Army, was awarded a referee's decision on points over Wladek Zbyszko, the Polish wrestler, in their match here last night, after each participant had won a fall.

Caddock won the first fall in one hour and twenty minutes. Caddock pinned his opponent to the mat by a quick shift from a half-nelson to a head scissors and wrist lock.

Zbyszko won the second fall in thirty-one minutes with a side hip lock.

Fistic News and Gossip

By John Pollock

Billy Miske of St. Paul and Tom Cowler, the English heavyweight, have been matched to meet in a ten-round bout at the Grand Opera House at Superior, Wis., on the night of Feb. 15. Al Lippe, manager of Cowler, notified this office to-day about the match, stating that he has accepted the terms offered him by the promoter of the club there. It is probable that the club officials, after learning that Jim Flynn, the Pueblo heavyweight, was practically "all in" and would be outclassed by Miske, promptly substituted Cowler and set the date back from Feb. 12 to Feb. 15.

Soldier Barthold, the husky Brooklyn fighter, was booked up to-day by his manager to meet Jack McCarron, the same middleweight of Allentown, Pa., in a fifteen-round bout, to a decision, at Dayton, O., on Feb. 18. The scrap should be one of those slugging affairs, as both men like to wade into an opponent and are noted for their ability to take punishment.

Frankie Callahan of Brooklyn will journey over to Philadelphia to-night, where he will engage in another one of those easy six-round no-decision bouts. To fighter Frankie will go against is Terry McGovern, the Quaker City lightweight. They will clash at the National A. C. Mickey Dunn of this city and Joe Tuber of Philadelphia come together in the semi-final.

A special boxing show, the proceeds of which will be turned over to the soldiers at Camp Merritt at Tenafly, N. J., to buy boxing gloves with, will be held at the Fairmont A. C. of the Bronx on Tuesday night. Three ten-round bouts will be fought. Joe Lynch meeting Terry Miller, Corona kid going against Mickey Dunn, and K. O. Circus taking on George Brown.

Gunboat Smith began training to-day at Billy Gump's Gymnasium in Harlem for his ten-round go with Kid Wagner, the light heavyweight of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., which is slated to be contested in the latter city on Feb. 18. If Smith wins, his manager will try and sign him up for a six-round go with Fred Fulton at the Olympic A. A. of Philadelphia.

As Young Brown, the local fighter, is unable to meet Young Joe Borrell, the Philadelphia lightweight, in the semi-final of six rounds to the main event between Tommy Tuohey of Paterson, N. J., and Lew Tendler of Philadelphia on Monday night, Matchmaker Hanlon has secured Harlem Eddie Kelly to go against Borrell. Tuohey has a hard row on his hands, as Tendler is one of the best fighters in 127lb. at present.

The National A. C. of Brooklyn, which is one of the oldest and most legitimate clubs of its kind in that borough, will hold a boxing show to-night in its club house, at Nos. 11 and 13 Cedar Place. Only members will be admitted to witness the bouts, and Manager Grundy says he has arranged a good card of scraps for the occasion.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S STORY OF HIS LIFE

The story of John L.'s life was written by the old gladiator especially for The Evening World long after his ring career ended. In it he tells of his famous battles, in his own peculiar style, mixing wit, humor and philosophy. Nothing more interesting gets ever printed. It will live as pugilistic history to the present day generation of boxing enthusiasts and revive old times to their dads and granddads.

His Fight With Flood on a Hudson River Barge Was Full of Exciting Incidents.

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CHAPTER VI.

I WAS seated on a camp stool in one of the dark corners of the old barge. My only companion for most of the trip was Joe Goss, the old champion whom I had licked in Boston. As we moved slowly up the stream I could hear the choppy waters of the Hudson River slushing against the sides of the old boat. I thought of the good old times around Boston and couldn't help being reminded of how far I had gone to realize my ambition of being a great fighter. The only light we had was that from a flickering torch stuck over in a corner. There was a haze of tobacco smoke all over the barge, and through it I could see men drinking from wine bottles and wagering money by the handfuls. There was occasionally a burst of laughter, but the principal noise was the popping of champagne corks.

The chill of the night had begun to make me shiver when Jim Wakely, the famous New York sport, came over and threw an extra blanket around my shoulders. I was already dressed for the fight, and Goss had to continually rub me to prevent stiffness of my muscles. The tug that was towing us up the river made as little noise as possible. The torches were backed up with reflectors to prevent them being so easily seen from the shore. The whole affair seemed weird and mysterious. We were dodging the police.

POLICE ALWAYS A THORN IN THE SIDE.

Since the days of Sayers and Yankee Sullivan the police have been a constant thorn in the side of the prizefighter. Even to this day matches have to be so arranged that conditions are introduced in the agreements covering a possible interference by these officers of the law. They gave us some lively chases in those days, but by some hook or crook we always managed to ward off arrest until after the fights had been decided. After all my big fights, or rather the greater part of them, I had to undergo arrest.

As we proceeded up the river that memorable night—it was April, 1881—I was constantly on the lookout for any boat that might put out from the shore. In another corner of the barge sat John Flood, a noted heavyweight, known far and wide as the "Bull's Head Terror." He and his party were watching the other side of the river.

Having failed to get a match with the Englishman, Con Morris, Billy Borst and Jim Wakely had arranged for Flood and myself to fight to a finish under London prize ring rules for a purse of $1,000. Of that amount $750 was to go to the winner and $250 to the loser. In addition to that we made several side bets. We had been warned of interference by the police, and the managers had conceived the idea of slipping up the Hudson in a barge and holding the fight in the middle of the stream opposite Yonkers. Five hundred men were taken on the barge at $10 a piece, which, as you will see, made a sum total of $5,000. Of course the managers had to come in for something as well as to pay the expenses of the trip, the referee, timekeepers, &c.

GOSS TELLS JOHN L. TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT.

As I sat there keeping an eye on the shore Joe Goss, who had left me for a moment, came back and tapped me on the shoulder.

"John," he whispered, "they have framed it up to beat you out of this. Now you want to be on the lookout, for they intend to play some trick on you."

"I don't believe they would take the chance," I replied. Goss insisted that he knew what he was talking about, however, and again he left me for a minute.

"They are all ready to try it," he whispered, as he came back to my corner. "There are several toughs over in that end of the boat and they have been letting their heads off on Flood. If he does not win it is their plan to jump in the ring, put out the lights and stop the fight. If they can not win any other way they will throw you overboard."

I still refused to believe that men would be capable of such a thing. Despite this belief I later found that it was true. Jim Wakely, Billy Borst and some others came around with the same information. By the time the old barge had reached the end of Manhattan Island the rumor had spread all over the boat, and I looked for a while as if there was going to be serious trouble.

It was something like 10 o'clock when we reached a point off Yonkers ad there we anchored. I knew now that it was time to fight.

Al Smith, one of the most reliable and straightforward men that the sporting world ever knew was selected as referee and Joe Elliott, at one time sporting editor of the New York Herald, acted as stakeholder.

AL SMITH GETS MEN INTO THE RING.

The anchor had hardly struck the mud when we were ordered to get in the ring. I did not know it then, but it developed later that Al Smith had hurried things so as to stall off any trouble regarding the plot to beat me out of the fight if I won.

As Flood and I took seats opposite each other in the canvas covered ring Al Smith threw off his coat and stood up between us.

"Gentlemen," said Smith, "I have an important announcement to make, and I want you to listen. There has been a plot formed here to beat Sullivan out of this fight if he wins, and I want to tell you right now that you are not going to get away with it. If any man other than the fighters puts his foot into this ring or attempts to start any trouble I will award this fight to John L. Sullivan, and have friends enough on hand to see that he gets the money. Have you got the money, Mr. Elliott?"

The stakeholder announced that he had the money on hand and that he would turn it over according to the referee's directions, no matter what happened.

"You are right, Al; you are right," yelled a gang from Cherry Hill. "And we'll stick by you."

That put a decided crimp into the scheme, and Flood and myself got ready to fight.

As I was walking over to shake hands with my opponent I caught a glimpse of the smiling face of Paddy Ryan in the edge of the crowd.

"I'll get you next," I said to him, and he laughed good naturedly.

"You'll get a chance yet," he replied, and some one in the crowd added: "But you will have to get up some dough to fight the champion."

Flood and myself pulled on our skin tight gloves, and with a shout from the crowd we went at it. Still fearing some trick on the part of Flood's friends I made up my mind to end the fight just as quickly as I could.

Without waiting for any preliminary sparring I rushed at Flood and let both fists drive at his face and stomach. He stood me off for a second and then I caught him on the ear with a right hand swing that sent him flopping to the floor. The round had lasted less than a minute. You must bear in mind that we were fighting under London prize ring rules and that a round was ended when one or the other of the fighters was down.

FLOOD IS KNOCKED OUT IN THE EIGHTH.

In the eighth round Flood showed a little new life and came at me with a rush. That was just what I wanted. He had been keeping out of reach for several minutes. We had been fighting sixteen minutes when Flood suddenly made a second dash toward me. A wave then lurched the boat a little, which only served to increase his momentum. I saw his right fist coming and dodged it. I knew that my chance had arrived. Instead of stepping to one side I braced myself and, as his fist shot over my head, my right landed squarely on his jaw and he flopped to the floor. It was an awful jawbreaker that I hit him, and without waiting for him to revive Flood's own backers threw up the sponge and admitted that I had won.

"There is no use in letting a willing man be killed," said one of Flood's backers. "He is completely outclassed."

Though I still had in mind the attempt that had been made to stop the fight and cheat me out of my honest victory, I felt very sorry for Flood. I knew he had nothing to do with that scheme. He was too honest and too game.

I went over to the corner and took him by the hand. "We met as friends, old fellow," I said to Flood. "And I want to part that way."

I then grabbed a hat and went all over the boat taking up a collection for the man I had beaten. After that fight John Flood was one of the best friends I ever had.

Paddy Ryan came over and congratulated me. The next morning there appeared an interview in one of the papers in which Ryan said: "Sullivan is a clever young fellow, and he looks as if he would turn out to be a good fighter."

"Are you willing to give me a fight now?" I asked of Ryan when I met him on the street.

"Show me another good victory and I'll talk to you," replied Ryan.

Still determined, I started out looking for another customer.

(Chapter 7 of this story will appear in Monday's Evening World.)

Valger Knocks Out Regan.

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—Benny Valger, the sensational French bantamweight, knocked out Tommy Regan of East Boston in the eighth round of a twelve-round contest before a capacity crowd at the Commercial A. C. here last night.

MOTHERS, DO THIS—

When the Children Cough, Rub Musterole on Throats and Chests

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then's when you're glad you have a jar of Musterole at hand to give prompt, sure relief. It does not blister.

As first aid and a certain remedy, Musterole is excellent. Thousands of mothers know it. You should keep a jar in the house, ready for instant use.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet and colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

30c and 60c jars; hospital size $2.50.

MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER