BEST BLOWS OF BIG FIGHTERS

CHAMPION JOHNSON DEPENDS ON A RIGHT UPPERCUT.

Jeffries Most Effective With a Left Hook—Sullivan's Fame Due to a Right Swing and Fitzsimmons's Reliance a Short Jolt—McCoy's Corkscrew.

When Jack Johnson knocked Stanley Ketchel out at Colma recently he used his favorite blow, a right hand uppercut or hook, delivered squarely on the point of the jaw when the Michigan pugilist came rushing at him full tilt. Johnson was "set" firmly on both feet when he landed this punch and in that way he employed the same method that won for him the heavyweight championship of the world. Going back through pugilistic history you can find many instances of fighters who depended wholly upon one particular punch delivered at the crucial moment. Sixty years ago Tom Hyer won the championship of America with straight hitting from the shoulder. He punched like a battering ram with either hand and in that way he beat down the famous Yankee Sullivan, who was one of the trickiest fighters that ever toed the scratch.

John L. Sullivan's best blow was a right hand swing for the point of the chin. He usually rushed in with the left hand to brush aside his antagonist's defence and then followed with a terrific right. There wasn't much science in Sullivan's tactics, but he just bored in like a wild bull and beat his opponents down by main strength. A man who was clever enough to avoid Sullivan's right hand generally had him guessing. Charley Mitchell, having a correct line on John L.'s most effective smash, successfully stood him off for thirty-nine rounds, at the same time dodging and ducking the big fellow's sledgehammer swings with remarkable skill. Dominick McCaffrey also balked Sullivan's attack in this way for six rounds, and Kilrain with similar tactics stayed seventy-five rounds.

Corbett's science and agility made Sullivan hit nothing but air with his famous knockout blow at New Orleans. In fact Sullivan's lack of boxing skill in that memorable battle was the cause of his downfall. He had just one punch, the right swing for the jaw, and Corbett knew how to avoid it. Corbett's best blow was a sharp, cutting left, which he drove into the face with great rapidity, but he did not have enough power behind it to inflict much harm. He chopped Sullivan to pieces with those left hand jabs and also dropped the ancient Mitchell with them at Jacksonville. In his battles with Sharkey, Jeffries and McCoy Corbett used the left for many clean cut points, but he never had these men in trouble, and was simply a boxer, not a fighter. Corbett used his right on the defence a greater part of the time, and whenever he landed a blow with it there was little or no steam behind it.

A snappy left hand wallop was Jack Dempsey's mainstay. The way he met rushing sluggers with his left was well worth seeing. Dempsey had a good right hand too, and could do a lot of damage with it, but in practically all of his important fights he used the left with effect. Joe Gans, former lightweight champion, had a great right hand hook which made him famous, but at that he was a wonderful two handed fighter. Before Gans fought Frank Erne for the title at Fort Erie he was awake nights planning how to win. Erne had a habit of moving back only a few inches from a feint and then jumping forward again to put in a jab. Gans planned therefore to feint simultaneously and as Erne drew back to hook his right to the jaw. When the fight started Erne did exactly what Gans expected. They both feinted. Erne drew back a trifle and stopped for the fraction of a second. Gans followed quickly with the right hook and landed it flush on the jaw just as Erne bobbed his head back within range. In that way Gans scored one of the most scientific knockouts on record.

This incident showed what a close student of the manly art Joe Gans was. He was one of the quickest thinkers that ever stood in the ring. When Dal Hawkins in their first encounter put Gans down with a corking left hand smash it looked as if the Baltimore negro was out, but Gans, weak and dazed, got up at the count of "six" and worked the right hook to the jaw for a clean knockdown just as Hawkins closed in to finish him. Another great right hook put Hawkins away in the second round.

Nearly all of Robert Fitzsimmons's victories were due to half arm jolts on the jaw or stomach at close quarters or in breakaways. He stopped Hall, Maher, Creedon, Sharkey and others in this manner before he met Corbett for the world's title at Carson City. Fitz made a study of Corbett and decided that the latter's stomach was a weak spot. The Cornishman was the inventor of the "left hand shift," which he landed on Corbett's solar plexus in the fourteenth round and put Jim down for the fatal count. Before this Corbett had outboxed Fitzsimmons with remarkable ease.

Jeffries is essentially a left handed fighter. It is said that he can hit harder with that hand than with the right. His most effective punch is a rigid left hand hook, with which he stopped Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin, Corbett and Munroe. In each instance he reached the body with this wallop, following it quickly with a smash on the jaw. In his twenty-five round fight with Sharkey Jeff used the left with such telling effect that the sailor left the ring with several broken ribs. Tommy Ryan taught the boilermaker how to use his left hand in this effective manner, but it required some time to perfect the punch. In his first battle with Corbett at Coney Island in 1900 Jeffries hooked his left for the jaw just sixty-eight times without landing it. The sixty-ninth hook reached the vital spot in the twenty-third round, however, and Corbett went to sleep.

Can Jeffries land the left hook on Jack Johnson's jaw? The negro is noted for his invulnerable blocking and clinching. He is not so fast on his feet as Corbett was nine years ago and may find it a hard matter to keep out of harm's way, but it must be remembered that Johnson is three years younger than Jeffries and that the latter has been idle for four years or more. Jeffries, however, may surprise the sporting world if he can recover his old form, as he is able to stand the gaff, can hit like the kick of a mule and is a clever ring general. If he goes after the jaw or body and lands it is believed he will win, but if Johnson stalls and stays for any great length of time without sustaining serious punishment, Jeffries, because of a lack of the old stamina, may tire. It is conceded that it would take a terrific punch to put Jeffries out, even if he were half fit. In his last battle with Fitzimmons Jeffries received many heavy blows on the head, only to keep on trying for the blow that finally stowed the freckled man away. Jeffries is not a rusher, however. He and Johnson employ similar methods in that they await the attack of an opponent and hit when firmly planted on both feet. Johnson cannot land a knockout blow while under headway, but Jeffries can, and in this respect he may have an advantage over the champion.

Ketchel's best blow is a left swing used in conjunction with a feint and a shift. It was this wallop that knocked Johnson down in the last round at Colma and raised a lump on the negro's jaw in one of the earlier rounds. His style is awkward and a lack of science in point of self-protection is a fatal weakness. If Ketchel meets Langford he will be subjected to another severe test. Langford's most effective punches are delivered at close quarters. He is a hard hitter with either hand and has knocked out numerous pugilists with jolts that have travelled but a few inches to the jaw. Langford has a powerful left, which he can swing or hook as the occasion requires, but he depends often upon a right hand swing to the neck or jaw. He is a boxer as well as a slugger, which makes him a decidedly dangerous proposition for any man.

Kid McCoy earned fame with what was termed a corkscrew punch. When he shot it in he gave his wrist a sudden twist, and the result was remarkable. Though comparatively frail in build, McCoy with this blow knocked out such heavyweights as Choynski, Maher, O'Donnell and Plaacke, while among the middleweights he stopped or bested were Creedon, Tommy Ryan, Jack Bonner, Dick O'Brien, Billy Smith, Tommy West, Dave Barry and others. McCoy with his left hand jabs cut nearly all of these men to ribbons.

Papke has a combination punch with right and left. Last May he put Hugo Kelly to sleep with this double wallop in the first round. Papke holds both arms almost rigid, with the elbows stiff, and yet wallops away with tremendous power. He knocked all the fight out of Ketchel with a smash between the eyes in their mill at Vernon, Cal., first driving the left to the neck and following with a blinding right squarely in the face; but he fell from grace when he failed to beat Ketchel in twenty rounds at Colma in spite of the fact that the latter broke his hands.

Battling Nelson, the lightweight champion, says he has introduced more novel blows than any other man in the ring. He says his "half scissors hook" is dealt with the side of the left hand.

"In coming out of a clinch," Nelson explains, "it will be noticed as a rule that a fighter's left hand is withdrawn from under the right arm of his opponent. It is just at this moment that the blow must be delivered. Instead of hitting with the knuckles of the hand I take a swing of not more than six inches and plunge the side of my hand, with the thumb and forefinger on top of my rival's liver. A smash on that spot will send a pain shooting all the way down the spine. Men I have punched in this manner have fallen in a heap."

Nelson has another blow he calls "the whiskers punch." He goes without a shave a week or more before a battle, and when he gets into clinches he rubs his bristly beard against the other fellow's neck and shoulders until the skin is raw. His "wire hair punch" consists of rubbing the top of his head across a man's eyes. They even say that Nelson soaks his hair in alkali water to make it as hard as a brush before he enters the ring.

The pivot blow, which was introduced by La Blanche, the marine, in his memorable fight with Dempsey, was simply a trick. Dempsey had La Blanche beaten to a standstill, when suddenly the marine whirled completely around and let go a back handed swing. The blow caught Dempsey on the point of the jaw and knocked him cold. It was Dempsey's first defeat, and although he followed the marine all over the country seeking another match he was persistently turned down. The pivot blow was afterward barred by all classes of fighters.

The kidney punch, so-called, is used by many pugilists, but as a matter of fact it is misnamed because the blow is generally landed in the small of the back below the proper place. Other queer blows are in use, but the veteran Jem Mace still insists that there are few new punches except the round arm swing, which has taken the place of straight arm hitting prevalent in the days of long ago.

"OPEN SEASON ON GUIDES."

Old Adirondack Hunters Not Taking Chances With Green Hunters.

SARANAC LAKE, Oct. 30.—While many deer, and some of them very large, have been brought into the village, a score or more of the oldest and best deer hunters of this district have not entered the woods so far this season to hunt.

"Have you been hunting?" was asked of one of them the other day.

"No," replied the man. "I have not been in the woods. It is getting so that the street, the road and even the trail are filled with youths with guns. They are ready to fire at almost anything, and nowadays the man who puts any value upon his own safety is pretty careful that he does not come within the aim of some one who is not experienced with the use of a gun in the woods. This is the open season on guides," he said with a laugh, "and I do not think I will take any chances in the woods until the season for shooting guides closes."

This sentiment seems to prevail among hunters who have been accustomed to enter the woods at the opening of the season for deer. One of the best of them declared that he had "rather take chances with the game protector and hunt out of season than to take chances of getting shot while hunting in season."

Other hunters have declared that they would wait until the season closes before going hunting, meaning that they propose to break the game law instead of running the risk of offering themselves as targets for the careless shooter who is abroad in the woods during the open season.

It is a significant fact, however, that where the hunters are thickest the shooting accidents are reduced to a minimum. Beaver River is one of the points most frequented by hunters. It is a short run from Utica and, once at the Beaver River station, the hunter may get into the deer woods in a short time and with little effort.

Many tents, platforms and shacks may be seen from the railway in the Beaver River district. Some very good hunters go to this point year after year and some very green hunters also visit it. The Beaver River station has the record for shipping the greatest number of deer each season. Yet accidents from careless shooting are few.

The accident free record which the Beaver River district enjoys indicates that every hunter who enters the woods there is mindful of the fact that there are other hunters in his immediate vicinity and that when he fires he must be extremely cautious. When this fact is fully impressed upon a hunter the danger is materially lessened.

Some of the most distressing accidents in the Adirondack game field have occurred in remote localities where there were few hunters. In many of these instances the man who was shot was a member of the same party as the man who did the shooting. It is apparent when the hunters entered camp they got the idea that they were far away from every one and that there was no danger of being shot or of shooting any other hunter in mistake for game.

Turned loose in the woods on the runway of a deer, separated from his companions and with an indefinite knowledge or understanding of the movements of his companions, a hunter has thrown caution to the winds and when a companion or guide comes through the brush from some unexpected quarter he shoots without waiting to ascertain what he is aiming at. This is the analysis of several of the worst accidents.

Public Letter Writers of Mexico.

From the Mexican Herald.

The "evangelistas" are easily among the most unique figures of the city, and they meet a great demand, as one realizes who passes that way frequently, for they pen daily many letters of business and stories of happiness and sorry—not to mention the "cartas de amor" for brown Romeos and dark eyed Juliets.

There are about eighteen of these men and women—however, there are only two or three women—who from 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon offer their services with pen or typewriter to the unlettered ones of the capital at from 6 to 12 cents, according to the length of the epistle.

There is a blond young woman among the number who is an expert typewriter; another woman, no longer young, offers her services free to the poor the nineteenth day of every month; this is one of her ways of honoring San José, as he is guardian of the nineteenth day of March. She is a woman of benevolent bearing who seems to thoroughly enjoy a good cigarette. Her family's name once represented both wealth and pride in this city, and she is able to converse and write in three languages.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PLUNGERS

TREMENDOUS TURF WAGERS MADE IN THE '60S.

Hastings's Wild Career Ended by Loss of $555,000 on Hermit's Derby—Duke of Hamilton Laid $900,000 to $30,000 on Race—Other Famous Betters.

In these days when you hear of a man making a bet of $20,000 on a horse race you are apt to throw up your hands in surprise, but there were times, especially in connection with the English turf, when such a wager would be considered mere child's play and unworthy of notice. The '60s, and perhaps for a generation earlier, might be characterized as the golden age of the plungers, for a string of bets is on record for that period which completely dwarfs anything since or before.

These were the days of the Marquis of Hastings and the Duke of Hamilton, while somewhat earlier were the Earl of Glasgow, the Marquis of Exeter, Leviathan Davies, Lord George Bentinck and several others. Of this brigade of reckless plungers undoubtedly the most remarkable character was the Marquis of Hastings, whose short life was one continuous romance of the maddest plunging. It could be said of him that he was a born plunger, for he let no event of note pass without wagering on it.

When he was about 25 years of age and at the heyday of his career he owned a crack two-year-old filly named Lady Elizabeth and she held a nomination for all the big three-year-old classics. For the first few times she carried silk the filly was fairly successful and the Marquis thought he saw in her a chance to retrieve his waning fortune. The climax of her two-year-old season came in the Middle Park Plate. Then as now the race was considered the two-year-old Derby. Lady Elizabeth was a splendid animal to the eye and for the test her trainer had her in the best possible fettle, and at the same time he informed the owner that she was a sure winner, and acting on the advice he backed her for the sum of $250,000.

As the horses went to the post the owner of Lady Elizabeth was sitting with Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury in her carriage and he watched every move of the horses through a field glass. The horses were a long way off, but very early in the fray the keen eye of the Marquis saw that Lady Elizabeth had not the ghost of a chance, but being one of the best losers he never quailed. Only as the horses flashed past the post he was a trifle pale, but his mouth was set and his eyes glared. Then the Marchioness, noticing his pallor and being a woman of quick perception and at the same time resourceful, offered the Marquis her betting book and asked him to calculate how much she had lost. He did some figuring, and returning the book in the coolest and politest manner informed her that she had lost about £25. It was a most clever interruption executed for the purpose of detracting the thoughts of the Marquis for the time being from his disaster, and yet the Marchioness only guessed that he must have had a heavy bet on the race.

In her three-year-old year Lady Elizabeth gave every promise that she would land the Derby, for in the early spring races she showed some classic form. Her most dangerous opponent was Hermit, who belonged to a wealthy man named Chaplin, who was at the time engaged to marry the Marchioness of Ailesbury. This state of affairs involved a romance—the Marchioness was madly in love with the Marquis of Hastings, and it was an open secret that he had the highest regard for her. However, the Derby came around and some enormous betting was recorded. The Marquis took one last chance and he backed Lady Elizabeth to the amount of $555,000, but he was doomed once more to disappointment, for Hermit won the much coveted race and his owner gathered in the handsome sum of $700,000, which is probably the biggest amount ever won by one man over the race. The Marchioness never became the wife of Chaplin, for she eloped with the Marquis and married him and shared some of the misfortune which befell him later on.

Over this same race of Hermit's there was a still more tragic episode, William, the third Duke of Hamilton, being the chief actor. People went mad over the chances of Hermit, and especially when it was reported that he had burst a blood vessel. All sorts of bets were laid against him and the wildest sort of plunging was done over what he might do in the race. His trainer was the famous Capt. Machell, the very keenest judge of horses, and of course he knew whether the bursting of the blood vessel affected the horse's chances. One night about a couple of weeks before the race Machell walked into Long's Hotel, where there was some brisk betting going on. No matter what size bet a man wanted to make he could always find a taker at Long's, for it was a plungers' resort.

On this occasion they were laying 20 to 1 against Hermit and before he was long in the house Machell had covered bets which would bring him $225,000. He put up his money so freely that a few of the wiser division began to think the trainer had a good thing, knowing of course what Hermit could do, so naturally after a little while there came a lull in the anxiety to lay odds against Hermit. Then it was Machell's turn to create a surprise, and he did it when in a loud voice he announced that he stood ready to take $100,000 to $5,000 about the horse and in a very short time the money was covered. Just at that moment in walked the Duke of Hamilton and he was immediately told about the betting and he was aflame in a minute for a plunge, but when a few of his retainers who were there wanted to give him the exact figures he waved them aside saying that the sums were not worth talking about.

At the same instant he walked over to where Capt. Machell was standing, and drawing himself up to his fullest height said he would lay $150,000 to $5,000 against Hermit—that he would do so once, twice, three times, four times, five times and six times. It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen, and then every one present looked toward Machell, and after a few moments pause he quietly but firmly informed the Duke that he would take the full amount—that is, $900,000 to $30,000. The end of this wager was rather tame, for later in the evening the Duke offered a nice sum to have the bet cancelled, but Machell refused. Next day, however, he took a different view of the situation, for he declared the bet off altogether.

A generation earlier George, fourth Earl of Glasgow, flourished, and though he was a notorious plunger he was the worst kind of a loser and a testy sort of a sportsman at the best. He did some heavy betting over the St. Leger in 1824, and after he balanced up his accounts he found that he was a winner to the amount of $85,000, but he lost $135,000 over the Derby in 1827, when he laid long odds against the winner, Mameluke. There is a story told of Lord Glasgow having jumped up on the table at the Star Hotel, Doncaster, the night before the St. Leger of 1823 and offering 25 to 1 against Brutandorf in thousands, John Gully getting a big slice of the odds on the spot.

Some years later Lord Glasgow and Lord George Bentinck were constant opponents in the plunging line. Whenever the least opportunity arose they wagered against each other. Lord Bentinck had a horse named Gaper in the Derby of 1843, and the night before the race he strolled into Cockford's to make a few wagers. Cockford's was in St. James street and in those days was the great haunt of the plungers. Lord Glasgow, who happened to be there, said he was willing to lay £90,000—something like $450,000—at odds of 3 to 1 against Gaper. The size of the bet staggered Lord Bentinck and for once in his life he had to take water by admitting that the sum was a little larger than he expected.

The second Marquis of Exeter was another of the big turfmen who liked to do some plunging occasionally, and he did it in the most offhand manner. One day at Newmarket he walked up to the betting ring and asked for Mr. Davies. He meant Leviathan Davies, a bookmaker who at the time handled the biggest bets on the turf and was well known to all the noblemen. On Davies making his appearance Exeter asked him how much he would lay against his horse who happened to be running in one of the races. Davies told his lordship $50,000 to $15,000, and the figures being satisfactory the bookmaker was told to jot them down, after which Exeter strolled away to the paddock.

The advent of Davies as a bookmaker occurred in a most peculiar way. He was a carpenter by trade and when a young man was sent to Newmarket to do some work around the stables. There was a meeting under way and on the advice of some stable hands he made a few small bets which were successful. Another acquaintance which he made around the stable advised him to back Attila for the Derby of the following year. At that time the horse was not even mentioned for the classic and in the winter books Davies got 100 to 1 against the $5 which he invested. Attila won and the money along with other small wagers which Davies made on the horse tempted him to give up work and take to bookmaking. That he was a success can be gleaned from the fact that when he was 30 years of age he was worth $700,000. One of his biggest losses while in business was over West Australian's Derby, when he dropped $600,000, but that same year he won $250,000 on the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch.

One of the most peculiar instances of plunging occurred once at Tattersalls to Fry the bookmaker. A somewhat seedy looking stranger presented himself at the box and asked for the price against Common for the St. Leger. Fry, not being impressed with the stranger's looks, answered 2 to 1 sharply, and the new investor was further informed that he would have to put up cash or get a reference. Thereupon the stranger coolly took out a greasy old wallet and from it extracted five Bank of England notes each for £1,000 and laid them in front of the bookmaker. Fry was so surprised that he nearly fell off his chair. Common won and the shabby person sauntered back out of the crowd to collect the equivalent of $75,000. Fry had to give him an open check and a letter to his banker as the stranger refused to tell his name.

SHOEING THE RACERS.

Experts Who Accompany the Horses Around the Circuit.

If any class of men shoeing horses have a good chance to study the real intricacies of the trade, says the *Horseshoers Journal*, it is those who follow the different tracks shoeing the fast horses.

Not less than nine shops did business at the initial meeting of the Grand Circuit in Detroit. One of them is permanently located on the State fair grounds. Some others are attached to training stables, while the majority of the shops come and go with the crowds, their entry being made with the stable to which they are attached and which comes from the place where the last meeting was held.

The horseshoeing business as viewed down the Grand Circuit is far more important than the average man credits it with being. A walk down the grand avenue where the stables and shops are located presents a picture of deep interest and one which is seen but once a year.

Nature's way is the way of the racetrack horseshoer. He plies his vocation in the open light of the day, sheltered from the sun by a canopy and protected from the wind and rain if need be by

No. 1, a square toed shoe recommended as the most effective design for steadying the action. Nos. 2 and 3, front and hind shoes worn by Amy Brooks when doing her best work, 1908.

side curtains of canvas which he carries along from early summer until late in the fall. About 6 o'clock in the morning, according to the amount of work which is ahead of him, the ringing anvil may be heard in the shop of the track shoer, and its resounding notes are often never quieted until the sun sets.

The average life of a shoe on the track is less than a week. All depends on the weight of the horse, his way of going and the amount of work done. Three or four days is a good life for some shoes, especially those worn by the dweller—the kind of a horse that grinds out metal in about half the time some of his light travelling stablemates do.

In the case of the short lived shoe care is taken to get the nail holes in exactly the same location as were the holes in the shoe which had been removed, and not unless the hoof needs taking down after several weeks of untouched growth are new holes taken. As is well known the weight of the shoes of a harness performer is regulated according to his needs, and those needs are understood thoroughly by both trainer and shoer only after an experience which in some cases has been extremely trying as well as costly.

As to the percentage of credit which should be given horseshoers for the part that they take in straightening defective cases and thereby assisting in the production of speed, Dr. James Seiter expresses himself as believing that not less than 50 per cent. of credit is due the shoer. This is from a man bearing the degree of D. V. S. behind his name.

In speaking of some intricate cases shod by him Dr. Seiter relates this of Montell and Just-The-Thing, both trotters, and both travelled much the same, being addicted to the habit of skipping behind. The shoe which was used with effect on each of these horses was made with the heels long, considerably longer than the foot, with a long outside calk and a grab toe.

Grab toes are something that Dr. Seiter does not believe in and he proves his position by citing the case of Sonoma Girl, that once wore such a shoe, but in obtaining her fastest mark she carried a shoe not grab toed but with toe rolled. At the present time this same mare carries a bar shoe with rolled toe.

Spanish Queen is shod in a somewhat peculiar fashion, inasmuch as her right hind shoe is carried inward at the outside heel. This same M. & M. stake winner was a somewhat difficult case to master. Originally carrying a three ounce shoe the weight was increased to five ounces, later on made seven ounces, and it is in this that the Queen does her best work.

Formerly Spanish Queen had a very bad quarter and this was built up with a wedge of aluminum between the hoof and shoe much after the same fashion that a double wedge of leather might be used, the aluminum being the substitute which was found best in her case. She is very much afraid of concussion and to relieve this carries a leather rim between the shoe and hoof.

Woman Gold Digger.

From the Westminster Gazette.

Lady Sybil Grey is the latest distinguished gold digger. She accompanied her father, Earl Grey, Governor General of the Dominion, on his recent trip to the Canadian Arctic goldfields. Near Dawson City, the capital of the Klondike, she pegged out a claim for herself with all the prescribed legal formalities and christened it the Sybil.

Her first panning out produced $20 worth of gold, which she considers a very promising start. During the long Arctic winter Lady Sybil will work her claim by deputy, but she says she will return next summer to supervise operations and examine results in person.

ODDITIES OF BASEBALL RACE

FREAK RESULTS OF SEASON IN MAJOR LEAGUES.

Also Some Coincidences Out of the Ordinary—Two Remarkable Batting Streaks by the Pittsburgs—When Six Runs Came From One Base Hit.

In baseball it sometimes happens that Providence isn't on the side with the strongest batteries. In the long run the team with the hardest punch stands a fine chance of getting there, but there will be a goodly number of instances in the meanwhile in which harder hitting will go hand in hand with defeat because of weakness in some other respect. Every year produces a certain proportion of games in which a team outbats its opponent decidedly, but loses. Cases of teams doing the more hitting and yet losing are too common for notice, but there are other cases in which one team has been so decidedly superior, yet lost, as to put the game in the oddity class.

For instance on April 24 last the St. Louis Cardinals flogged the Cincinnati pitcher for eight hits and Cincinnati made only one half as many, yet the Cincinnatis made three runs to St. Louis's two and the Cardinals put up as good a fielding game as their opponents. There are of course bases on balls and bunched hits to account for a few hits accomplishing more than a greater number, but even so such a proportion as this is unusual and freakish. St Louis got a similar dose from Chicago the very next day, outbatting their opponents, ten hits to five, but losing by 5 to 4.

A game of April 27 was notable not for any paradoxical phase but for the rare completeness with which one team beat the other, the beaten team being vastly a better team on the whole season. The winners were the weak Boston Doves and the losers the Giants. The Giants were obliterated in all departments. They made no runs, two hits and seven errors, while the Bostons whaled out fifteen hits, ten men scampered home and the fielding was without a flaw. That was about the most thorough drubbing the Giants got last season.

The Brooklyns made six runs from six hits on April 28 while the Phillies were plucking one lonesome tally from eight bingles. The Pittsburgs won a double header from the Cubs in Chicago in May, and an odd happening in the second game was the way figures were reversed. Chicago made no runs, six hits and five errors. Pittsburg made six runs, five hits and no errors—6, 5 and 0, as against 0, 6 and 5. On May 6 the Giants swatted McCarthy of Boston for an even dozen safeties, but netted only one run therefrom. They won the game, however. It was the second clash of a double header, the Giants making two runs off six hits in the first encounter.

The Boston-Cincinnati game of May 11 was conspicuous for its action. There were eighteen runs, twenty-three hits and ten errors, and five pitcher were involved. Two days later a total of twenty-seven hits in the Boston-Cincinnati game yielded only five runs, nearly six hits to a run. On May 17 and 18 there was a curious frequency of 11s in conjunction with 1s. The Pittsburgs made eleven hits, eleven runs and one error, and the Giants and Cincinnatis each made eleven hits and one error. The Giants played invincible ball against Cincinnati on May 19 and made fifteen runs from eighteen hits.

The Brooklyns beat the Bostons twice on May 29 by a 4 to 1 score, and in each game there were twelve hits and two errors. On June 5 and 6 games between the New Yorks and Cardinals were instances of one team getting all there was out of its hitting. The New Yorks made a total of twenty runs and twenty-four hits, going down the line and hammering five pitchers. Sixteen hits for the Brooklyns to ten for the Pittsburgs on May 14 did not prevent the former from losing, and they made only one error too

The slugging Pirates cut loose with two remarkable batting streaks in June. For seven games in succession they made hits as follows: 11, 13, 13, 10, 13, 10, 12, a total of 82 in seven days. Beginning again on June 24, they made double figure hits as follows in six successive games: 12, 13, 12, 14, 10, 14, a total of 75. That was the best sustained batting of the year. They made twenty-six hits in two games on June 27. On the same day the Cincinnatis made twenty-five hits in two games. The winning teams made a total of fifty-one hits. On June 24 there was a total of seventy-nine hits in the four games played. That was an average of close to twenty a game, great stick work.

Sparse scoring attended the six games of July 5 on the part of the losers. They made only five runs altogether, and on July 6 in four games the losers made only three runs in all. The Pittsburgs accumulated twenty-eight wallops against St. Louis in two games on July 15. The Brooklyns played two errorless games on July 17. St. Louis, Pittsburg and Boston also played without an error on that day. The Brooklyns shut out St. Louis, 1 to 0, twice on July 24.

Although outbatted eight hits to four by Brooklyn on August 10, the Pittsburgs scored twice as often as their adversaries. Again on August 13 the Pittsburgs were outbatted, 11 to 6, by the Phillies, but beat them 2 to 1. The hit and run skill of the Pirates accounts in a great measure for their victories when outbatted. August 26 and 27 were batting days. In the eight games not less than 178 base hits were put in pickle, over twenty hits a game.

With three hits and five errors on September 22 the Giants made four runs and beat the Cardinals, who made twelve hits and only two errors. The Chicagos and Brooklyns beat each other 4 to 1 on September 23 and in each game the winner made eight hits and one error, an unusual coincidence of numerals. Three of the four games on the 24th produced heavy scoring in proportion to the hits—sixty-two hits and forty-nine runs.

Things went by threes in the Detroit-Chicago game of April 25. The Tigers made three runs, three times that many hits and three errors. The White Sox made one run, three times that many hits and three times as many hits as errors. The Clevelands wasted hits recklessly on April 23. They made sixteen of them, but gathered only four runs and were beaten by the Browns with twelve hits. Losing a game after making sixteen safe drives was a rarity indeed. As one sided an encounter as was played in the American League was on April 24, when the Highlanders drubbed the Washingtons 17 to 0, the winners making fifteen hits to their opponents' five.

Hits, runs and errors were spread about lavishly by the Highlanders and Athletics in their joust of May 3. The hits numbered twenty-one, the runs fifteen and the errors twelve. On May 11, 12 and 13 the Detroits made forty-three hits off of the New York pitchers, but on May 13 thirteen hits for the Chicagos netted only one run in a seventeen inning game. Light scoring attended stalwart hitting in the Detroit-Chicago game of May 28. The Detroits made twelve hits and two runs, and the Chicagos twelve hits and one run. The hitting must have been scattered.

The Bostons and Athletics reciprocated with 1 to 0 shutouts on June 2, the Bostons making seven hits and no errors in each game. The Detroits struck a scoring slump in June and in four successive games their runs were 0, 2, 1, 1, or four in four days. The Bostons perpetrated twice as many errors as hits on June 12. In the New York-Boston battle of the 23d there were the wholesale totals of nineteen runs, thirty-four hits and eight errors. The New Yorks got eleven runs out of ten hits on June 29 and the Washingtons got only three runs out of ten hits in the same game.

New York's runs were two, hits two and errors two in the game of July 3. Considerable difference between that and Boston's performance on the same day. The Red Sox made twenty-six hits in two games off the Washington pitchers. The winning teams of July 3 made an aggregate of seventy-three hits. Each batted into double figures. On July 5 the figure 7 occurs seven times in the runs and hits totals. The Clevelands and Washingtons each made eleven hits and one error on July 9. The Chicagos and Bostons each made eleven hits and one error in their game of July 12. The score of both games was 4 to 3, to prolong the coincidence. Note the evenness as well as the liberality of the total hits in the five games of July 19: 20, 18, 14, 18 and 17.

Three errorless games were played on July 22, and only one error was made in the four games. The three games on July 25 were all whitewashes for the losers. Appealing to crap shooters as well as others, on July 30 the Athletics and Bostons each made seven runs and eleven hits, and each held its opponent to one run. In the Cleveland-Philadelphia and Detroit-Washington tilts of August 21 sixteen runs and twenty-six hits were made in each. The New Yorks were shut out by St. Louis on August 25, though they made ten hits to the Browns' four and fielded as well.

One of the most whimsical results of the season was on August 28, when the White Sox made only one hit but beat the Washingtons, who made seven hits, by a score of 6 to 4. Furthermore the Sox made three errors, while the Washingtons fielded without a misplay. In the Washington-St. Louis game of September 18 there were twenty-three runs, thirty-one hits and ten errors. On September 25 eight games were played, the four victors each taking both ends of the double header. On October 3 three games were played, Chicago vs Detroit, St. Louis vs. Cleveland and St. Louis vs. Cleveland in a second game. The Sox and Tigers made eight hits in their game, the Browns and Naps made ten hits each in their first game and five each in their second.

ONE BROTHER NEGLECTED.

The Hostler Complains of the Narrowmindedness of the Rich.

"No, 'tain't often you hear of a rich man that's liberal with his poor relations," observed the Hanksville hostler as he brushed the drummer's gray mare, "an' you never hear o' one that don't cut out some o' his kin in the deal. Ain't I right?"

"Well, as I never had any rich relations I couldn't say," the drummer answered diplomatically.

"I can," the hostler remarked. "Take the case of Squire Bradley, for instance. Nobody ever heard o' him until he went West an' made a fortune. Then he came to Hanksville, bought the biggest house in town and got into society. Bein' the richest man in town, he was nacherly the leader in the 400, which is composed of about twenty. Everything he did was copied by everybody in town.

"He'd been livin' here about six months when his brother Bill happened to strike the place. Bill wanted a lift.

"'What kin you do?' asks the Squire.

"'I'm a painter by trade,' says Bill, 'but I ain't got no objections to livin' here with you.'

"'Well, Bill,' the Squire comes back, 'you don't exactly come up to specifications as a household pet, but I'll set you up in business. I'll give you a job painting my house if you'll give me a rakeoff on all the other jobs I get you.'

"Of course when the Squire had his house painted everybody in town that owned a house had to have it decorated. Bill got the jobs and the Squire got the rakeoff.

"A few weeks later he got a letter from his brother Joe. Joe was a plumber. The squire told him to come on and he'd give him a job puttin' new plumbing in his house. He offered him the same proposition as Bill. Then the folks in town saw what a horrible condition their plumbing was in. Now Joe's got the finest plumbing shop in the county. Next came Tom, and his rich brother hired him to put a tower on his house. Now every house in town sports a tower and the squire made enough on the deal to pay all expenses on his.

"By this time the squire figgered that brothers was a mighty handy thing and he sent for the rest of 'em. Brother Jim was in the insurance business, an' now everybody in town has their property insured in his company. Charley started a grocery store an' of course everybody in town gets their groceries from him an' the squire gets his free."

"But I don't see where he cut out any of his relatives or showed favoritism," said the drummer.

"You don't," snapped the hostler; "look at me."

"Have you a trade?" inquired the drummer.

"Trade?" snorted the hostler disgustedly; "no, I ain't got no trade. I got a profession."

"Why don't you work at it?" persisted the drummer.

"Ain't I been tellin' you that everything that's done in this town is did because Squire Bradley does it first? He won't patronize me."

"Are you a lawyer?" asked the drummer.

"Lawyer! No, I ain't no lawyer," he grunted. "Maybe if I'd spent four years learnin' law same's I did the undertakin' business he might broaden out sufficient to let me make a livin' 'stead o' hangin' on to life the way he does. Darn such a narrowminded, unbrotherly cuss!"

HOW MONGOOSE KILLS COBRA.

Description of a Contest in Which the Little Animal Came Off Victor.

From the Times of Ceylon.

I had the good fortune this evening to witness a fight between a four foot cobra di capella and a mongoose.

On first catching sight of the cobra rikki tik (as Rudyard Kipling calls the Indian mongoose) quietly smelt its tail and then hung around awaiting events with curiosity, but he had not long to wait, for the cobra spread its hood, hissed out its death sentence and prepared to dart from its coil at its natural and hated enemy.

Now commenced a most interesting and deadly battle—of feint and counter feint by the mongoose and strike and lightninglike recovery by his adversary, who was also on the defensive, all the time watching for the opportunity to get in his properly aimed bite.

Time after time rikki tik squirmed slowly up to within reach of those terrible fangs—belly on ground—with every gray hair of his body erect with anger and excitement, his eyes glaring from his head, which, by the way, he invariably held sideways during this approach and attack; but the moment the cobra struck in a flash back sprang master mongoose and although often it appeared as if impossible that he could have escaped the dreaded fangs, ne'er a scratch harmed him and there he would be again wearing the cobra out and pressing his advantage inch by inch. At last with a growl and sharp rikky cry the plucky little beast flew in, avoided the strike and seized the snake behind the head, never for a moment getting under its mouth, but right at the nape of the neck and head which he scrunched with a loud cracking sound despite the struggles and twisting and turning of the cobra. Again and again rikki returned to the now writing reptile and bit its head and body until it lay dying.

Finally he ate three or four inches of his mortal foe, but carefully avoided eating the fangs and poison glands, which I picked up by a stick and found them broken but with the venom sacks attached.

Contrary to popular belief I am of opinion the mongoose is not immune from snake poison, else why should he so particularly and carefully avoid being bitten? It is only by his marvellous activity that he escapes the spring and darting strike of his deadly enemy, the cobra di capella.

DIFFER ABOUT CLUB ETHICS

PRINCIPLES MEN CAN'T MAKE SOME WOMEN GRASP.

A Feminine View of Resigning When Dues Are Unpaid—Practical Effect of Tipping—Conscience and Club Stationery—The Troubles of a Certain Golf Club.

Social clubs have been recommended to women as a preparation for the exercise of political suffrage. Meanwhile some funny things happen in the course of this political education.

A good many men after generations of training do not quickly understand club ethics, and in this matter feminine intuition is often at fault. The posted list has more terrors for women than for men, but the women sometimes find it hard work to retire gracefully from a club for which they no longer have any use.

"You know, I think I'll resign from the Polyanthus," says the wife, holding out a bit of printed paper to her husband.

"What's this?" asks the man. "Oh, the bill for annual dues?"

"Yes, and it's enough to buy that lovely little mantel clock I've been wanting so long."

Then the husband very gently, but wearily, as one retravelling a long familiar road, explains that the little paper in his hand, which has lain six weeks on the lady's desk, is a demand for dues in the club year already begun. She cannot decently resign from a club with dues unpaid.

But she forgot the pesky thing, she replies, and besides the year began only ten days ago and she has not been in the clubhouse once in that whole time. The man is inexorable, and the lady, unconvinced, writes a check because he intimates that if she doesn't he will, but he buys the mantel clock.

"Didn't I see you tip the coat room boy?" asks the husband after a luncheon with his wife at her luxurious new club.

"Why, of course; I always do."

"But I read in your by-laws only two hours ago that the tipping of servants is prohibited."

Yes, the lady remembers that, but she's sure she's seen others tip the servants, and she suspects it's the only way to make sure of proper attention. The man sighs and tells her that if he caught a man doing the like at his club he'd at once report him to the house committee.

Well, she doesn't see why, and the husband explains the elementary principle that tipping is prohibited in order that members rich and poor shall be on an exact equality as to service. He sees a little reddish spot on the lady's cheek, and if he were a mind reader he would know that she is thinking of the many times that she has tipped the maid in the ladies' room of his own favorite club and would realize that that slight toss of her head accompanies her private reflection that every woman of her acquaintance has tipped the very same maid.

"Writing on club stationery at home?" asks the husband, genuinely surprised and shocked as he stoops to kiss the lady at the pretty rosewood desk.

The clear eyes turned up to him are guileless as she explains that she especially likes that particular paper and slips a little sheaf of it into her handbag almost every time she visits the clubhouse.

"Why, it was for just that thing that we dropped Swiggett from the Equines," he says with wrath at the recollection.

And then he must meet as best he may the argument that she is permitted to write as many letters as she will at the club, and why not fetch a sheet or so of the pretty paper home? Doesn't he write whatever he chooses at his club?

No, he says, he writes ordinary social notes there and sometimes a business letter, but he would not think of sending out fifty invitations of any sort on club paper. He mercilessly figures up the matter and announces that she is using the full amount of her dues in club stationery. The club would go into bankruptcy at the end of six months, he says, if every woman did the like.

It is the men's club, where wives and daughters have restricted privileges, that are hardest put to it in the education of women for full club life and politics. In one such club in New York small toilet articles so persistently disappeared from the ladies' room that the club gave up the attempt to keep even so much as a nail file.

The ladies are incurable individualists who find it hard to accept the form of socialism implied in club life. There are men's golf clubs to which the wives and daughters are admitted upon the stipulation that they do not use the links on holidays, when the men have their exclusive innings, and it is here that feminine individualism especially appears.

"Didn't I see you and Elizabeth playing golf Saturday afternoon?" asks the husband and father. The charge is not denied; there is a plea in confession and avoidance. It was before 3 o'clock, and there was not a man on the links. If anybody had come they would have quit playing or let him pass them.

Not anger but something akin to despair creeps into the husband's face, and wearily he goes over the old lesson. A golf club, like all clubs, exists upon the theory that every member shall scrupulously regard the rights of every other and shall attempt to exact for himself no special privileges. Women, at home and at leisure often when men are at work, have the use of the links free or for one-fourth the annual dues, and they are equally bound in honor with the men to observe club rules with nice punctuality.

He finishes with the feeling that he has made an unanswerable demonstration, but with the conviction that the lady thinks him in the wrong and that within three months she'll be busy on the links some Saturday afternoon when there are no men in possession.

ANIMALS PREDICT QUAKES.

Dogs Deserted a Chilean Town—Crocodiles Leave the Orinoco.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Domestic animals seem to be especially susceptible to the approach of the quake. In 1825 in Chile every dog fled from the city before the inhabitants perceived the faintest hint of the impending catastrophe. In 1867 in Java immediately before the earthquake every rooster crowed shrilly and left the doomed town. In 1868 in the city of Iquique the terrific disaster was announced many hours beforehand by great swarms of screaming gulls and other sea birds which flew inland. On the Orinoco crocodiles invariably leave the river on the imminence of earthquake.

Five days before the earthquake that destroyed Elike in 373 B. C. is said to have driven to the surface of the earth mice, moles, weasels and serpents that nest underground. Before the Sicilian earthquake of 1783 animals came to the surface, as well as various creatures of the sea, especially fish, in stupendous numbers, among them also such as are found only in the greatest depths of the water. The unrest of the animals also heralded the coming of the recent Sicily and Calabria seismic disasters.

The basis of this remarkable instinct of animals, reptiles, birds and fish is held by many observers to be responsible for their early perception. Others attribute to these creatures an unknown sixth sense, in its way as enigmatic as the sense of locality in many animals. Others say it is the sense of hearing or their sensibility to agitation that enables animals to notice the effect of the occurrences in the interior of the earth long before mankind with courser senses can perceive it.

But in this case has arisen the objection that the delicacy of the animal senses exceeds that of the finest seismographic apparatus. The animals can foretell earthquakes with a probability that approaches certainty, and we by no means have satisfactorily explained their superiority to mankind in this regard.