GOSSIP OF THE WEEK IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

HIS METHODS ARE ORIGINAL

CHAMPION ATHLETE HERETIC ABOUT TRAINING.

Pays No Attention to Diet and Follows No Strict Lines of Work in Preparing for a Contest—Says Physical Culture Should Be Made Play, Not Work.

Ellery H. Clark, champion all-around amateur athlete of America in 1897 and 1903, is a lawyer and author of law books. He won the championship last June after an absence of six years from competitive athletics—an unparalleled performance. In the current number of Physical Culture Mr. Clark outlines his methods of training, which are decidedly unconventional, as follows:

The program for the all-around track and field championship of America is rather an appalling one, not only to the layman, but to the trained athlete as well. In one afternoon, with five-minute intervals, the contestants must perform at least ten events, in the following order: One hundred yard dash, putting the sixteen-pound shot, running high jump, half-mile walk, throwing the sixteen-pound hammer, pole vault, 120-yard hurdle race, throwing the fifty-six-pound weight, running broad jump and mile run.

The popular idea has always been that to win this competition an athlete must go thru a strict course of training, and practically devote several months to getting in shape for the test, undergoing a rigid regime of exercises, diet, sleep, massage, etc., and sacrificing all other interests to getting in perfect physical trim.

On July 4, 1903, after an absence of six years from competitive athletics, I was fortunate enough to win the championship from a field of eight starters, coming thru the contest in first-rate shape, and taking advantage of my trip by playing two rounds of golf on the succeeding morning as if I felt the need of a little additional light exercise. When it became known that, so far from being the popular ideal of the trained athlete, I was a lawyer in active practice, the author of two law books, a member of the Boston school committee, whose duties are extremely arduous, and that I was interested in various other organizations and enterprises, and when, upon inquiry, I stated that I had paid absolutely no attention to strict training or dieting, followers of athletics held up their hands in holy horror, and accused me of violating all known athletic traditions. In consequence of these facts my ideas of health and exercise have been inquired into by many people.

To begin with, I want to emphasize one or two pretty obvious facts, for altho the late Thomas B. Reed made a witty epigram when he referred to President Roosevelt's discovery of the Ten Commandments, to my mind there is nothing so easy as to lose sight of cardinal principles in the hurry and confusion of our complex national life. There are surely two extreme types to be avoided. On the one hand, there is the busy, nervous American, intent on nothing but business, allowing his breakfast to go untasted as he scans the stock columns of the morning paper, snatching his hasty mid-day meal from the quick-lunch counter, and sometimes stopping a moment to wonder vaguely why it is that he has to hold himself constantly in check in order to avoid being irritable even to those who are nearest and dearest. At the other extreme is the young Englishman described by the inimitable Grossmith as "spending half his time in a gymnasium getting 'fit,' and spending the other half taking care of himself so that he will be sure of keeping 'fit.'" This is the same worthy who says to his long suffering friend: "Old man, hit me just as hard as you like. I'm hard as nails. Fit, sir, fit." And the tortured friend mutters to himself, "Fit! Great Heavens, I only wish he'd have one."

In a word, the happy mean in health culture, as in most other things, is the thing to be aimed at. It is wrong to think that physical culture deserves no place in our daily life, and it is equally wrong to allow it to crowd out other more important interests.

The fistic champion of England, rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed, hale and hearty at three score and ten, was asked the secret of his wonderful vitality. "Moderation," he replied, "moderation in eating, in drinking, in exercising," and then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "even in fighting."

The emblem of our Young Men's Christian associations, which are doing much splendid work along the lines of physical culture, is the triangle, the three sides representing spirit, mind, and body. This, to my thinking, is the ideal expression of the relation of physical culture to life as a whole. Spirit, mind and body, cannot even be referred to as three separate and individual things; they cannot stand alone, but form a trinity of interdependent characteristics.

Assuming, then, that rational physical exercise is a valuable thing, and an acknowledged benefit to us in daily life, the question arises as to what is the best kind of exercise to take. Taste, environment and characteristics of the individual all come into play, and I suppose a dozen experts might give as many different answers. My own standard is to select some form of exercise that is a real pleasure and relaxation, and to stick as closely as possible to nature. It is sometimes said that fame flees from her pursuers and comes to the man who does not seek her. In somewhat the same way I doubt if a campaign for health can give as good results as the natural good health which comes with a proper amount of exercise taken as a recreation and not as duty. If a personal reminiscence will be pardoned I think I can make my point clear. I acknowledge, with regret, that I was brought up a city boy, much addicted to reading in the house when I should have been out doors. A doctor prescribed a certain amount of fresh air every day, and I recall vividly how I dragged around, looking anxiously at my watch about every other minute, to see if my time was up and I could return to my reading. No relaxation, and no benefit. A year or two later, when I was more of a boy, and belonged to the "gang," I would return half an hour late to supper, with the knees gone from my stockings, with much dirt on face and hands, with an abnormal appetite, and a thrilling account of how I "knocked a bully three-bagger way out to left field." Absolute forgetfulness of self, complete relaxation, were of inestimable benefit.

Of course, we cannot always choose our form of diversion. Fall and winter give us little opportunity, but early mornings and long evenings in spring and summer furnish an opportunity for storing up a fund of health and vigor. I happen to be a devotee of track athletics, and I believe that there is much to be said for them. The open-air tracks and gymnasia furnish an opportunity to the people as a whole, and the spirit of track athletics is thoroly democratic in its tendency. Nevertheless, I am not "crank" enough to insist that my form of sport is the only one. If I had more time very likely tennis or golf would appeal to me; if I had more money I might aspire to a horse or an automobile. As it is, after a long day in the office or in court, the ten-minute ride to the cinder track seems all too long. With the crisp crunch of the cinders under foot, the swift run down to the take-off, and the exultant bound of the broad jump, the turn and heave of the hammer or the fifty-six, the worries of the day vanish, and the shower and the rub down leave me at peace with the world.

Occasional competition I believe to be a good thing. I am not hypocrite enough to deny that I like the "goudium certaminis," and enjoy the fruits of a hard-earned victory; but, as a nation, I think we carry our sports too far. When I see mere schoolboys prematurely trained so that they are veterans on entering college, when captains of college football and baseball teams break down and cry after defeat, I cannot help feeling that the strain is too great, the pace too fast. If I could preach one doctrine from my experience in competitive athletics it would be that of sport for sport's sake. It is the strain of competition that is distasteful to me; the anxious look, the heart pounding against the ribs, the feeling that it will be a relief when the contest is over. In place of all this I like to see the well-trained man, in perfect condition, go out for exercise or competition—calm, cool, thoroly interested in all that is going on, but out for fun, with winning or losing a matter of no moment. That makes sport of value to a man.

Thus, while the words of President Eliot, the best thing for us in daily life is work—plenty of good, hard work—it is not only our right, but our duty, to have some play along with it, not as a competitor, but as a cheering and valued ally, to be relied on when the battle is hardest.

Believing thoroly in this doctrine, I am glad to add a word from actual experience to the great mass of testimony in favor of sane, rational physical culture.

LOU DILLON VS. GOLDSMITH MAID

BUDD DOBLE THINKS THEM ABOUT EQUAL IN SPEED.

Thinks the Old Champion Could Have Trotted in Two Minutes Under Conditions Similar to Those Which Favored Present Queen of Track.

Budd Doble, the veteran trainer and reinsman, thinks little has been accomplished by scientific breeding in developing the two-minute trotter. Improvement in building sulkies, in building, surfacing and caring for tracks, in methods of shoeing, and in devising appliances to correct natural defects in gait, are considered by Doble the most potent factors in the reduction of the trotting record. In a recent article, the veteran says:

"Since the day of my advent to the trotting arena with Dexter, in 1866, vast sums of money have been expended in the attempt to improve the blood of the trotting horse, and this so-called 'scientific breeding problem' has claimed the attention of some of the most brilliant minds of the country, and yet in my judgment it has accomplished comparatively little towards the evolution.

"Where there was one horse bred for harness racing forty years ago, many hundreds are bred to-day, and still, with all this immense number, I am unable to discover that there has been any perceptible improvement in the quality of race horses that contest in important races. Breeding upon purely trotting lines has undoubtedly produced a race of horses in which the trotting instinct has become more intensified than it was in the days when the only aim was the production of a common purpose horse, and his speed was incidental; but in point of natural speed, stamina and gameness, I very much doubt if modern race followers have witnessed the superiors of that great quartet, Goldsmith Maid, Lady Thorne, Lucy and American Girl, or of Dexter, Ethan Allen, General Butler and George M. Patchen, Jr.

"While, therefore, I am unable to agree with those who claim that the scientific breeding of modern days has revolutionized racing records, I am of the opinion that by reason of the trotting gait being more deeply instilled into the nature of the present-day performers, their education is easier of accomplishment and they are naturally more steady in races, and in this respect a great improvement has been made.

"That this enlightened age has made rapid strides in improving the arts and sciences is nowhere more manifest than in the marvelous transformation which has occurred in the equipment of the harness horse and the modern facilities designed for his use; and in my judgment it is to those appliances and facilities which we must look to discover the cause that has enabled this popular horse to reduce the record nearly twenty seconds in the past forty-four years.

"When I commenced my driving career with Dexter, such things as boots and toe weights were unknown, nor had the art of scientific shoeing been discovered, and as late as the years that Goldsmith Maid was in my charge such a thing as weighing shoes was unheard of. When a horse needed shoeing he was sent to the shop, and the blacksmith put on whatever suited his fancy, without any regard to the requirements of the horse.

"That the want of knowledge as to the correct weight of shoes to be worn by a racehorse was a serious handicap to his ability to demonstrate his greatness is too clear for argument. Goldsmith Maid was a striking illustration of the injustice suffered by many great horses before the weighing of shoes and art of balancing became a part of the trainer's equipments. In all the races in which I drove her, I never knew what the weight of her front shoes was, and it was only by an accident that I discovered the weight of any of her hind shoes. I preserved the shoes she wore behind when she established the record at 2:14, and they each weighed almost ten ounces. I presume the front shoes must have weighed about a pound each. My experience with other horses after the process of weighing shoes came in vogue satisfies me that she should have worn about an eight-ounce shoe in front and a four-ounce shoe behind. Just what difference this defect of shoeing would make is, of course, problematical, but I am thoroly satisfied that it was somewhere between five and ten seconds.

"Perhaps there has been no one thing connected with the equipment of the light harness race horse in which so much improvement has been made as in the sulky. The sulky Dexter drew when he acquired his record weighed seventy-two pounds, and had a straight axle. The lightest sulky Goldsmith Maid ever drew weighed fifty-four pounds. The one Nancy Hanks drew when she placed the record at 2:04 weighed forty-two pounds, while the one drawn by Lou Dillon weighed but twenty-four pounds and one ounce. Those of Dexter and Goldsmith Maid were of the old-fashioned, high-wheeled variety. What advantage a horse drawing a bicycle, ball-bearing sulky weighing twenty-four pounds and one ounce has over a horse hitched to an old-fashioned sulky weighing seventy-two pounds, is a question upon which trainers and horsemen generally are not agreed. But the fact that the trotting record of 2:08¾, made by Maud S., and the pacing record of 2:06¼, made by Johnstone, to high-wheeled sulkies have never been equaled, altho the two-minute mark has been made by the trotter and passed by the pacer, would seem to be conclusive evidence that the high-wheeled sulky is a handicap of several seconds without regard to its weight.

"Again, in the days of Dexter and Goldsmith Maid, the modern art of track improvement had not been discovered. At that time the tracks were not surfaced, sprinkled and harrowed as they are to-day, the result being that many of the tracks over which I drove those horses were rough and uneven, which, of course, had a tendency to retard speed as compared with the tracks now in use. There can be no doubt that this difference in track conditions made another difference of at least several seconds—just how many no one can tell.

"The racing history of Goldsmith Maid is so familiar to the public that I hardly need mention it. When it is considered that at 19 years of age she won the fastest six-heat race in the history of the trotting turf up to that time, and after having been annually campaigned for more than ten years, at the age of 21 she trotted a mile in 2:14¼, something of her speed and stamina can be realized. In point of racing intelligence, speed, stamina, gameness and all the qualities that go to make a great race horse, she was in a class by herself, and I do not believe the world has ever seen her equal. What her speed would be to-day with the aid of scientific shoeing, the light bicycle sulky and improved race track is, of course, a matter of conjecture, but I firmly believe that if I had her and Dexter in my stable now, as they were when they made their respective records, that I could drive either one of them a mile in two minutes.

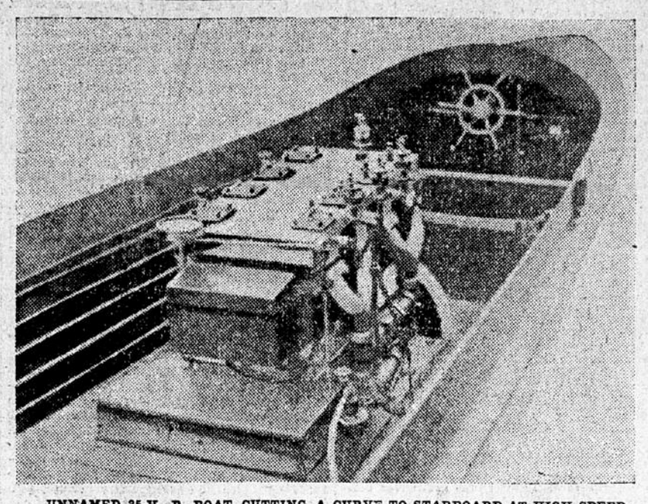
"My conclusion therefore is that while the number of fast horses has been greatly augmented during the past thirty years, the quality of the better class has not been materially improved, and that if the same conditions now in vogue had existed then, the two-minute trotter would have made his appearance long ago."

AUTO LAUNCHES ARE THE LATEST FAD

New Type of Motor Boat Developed in France, Quickly Wins Popularity in America, Both as a Pleasure Craft and as a Racing Machine—Fast Time Made by These Small Boats.

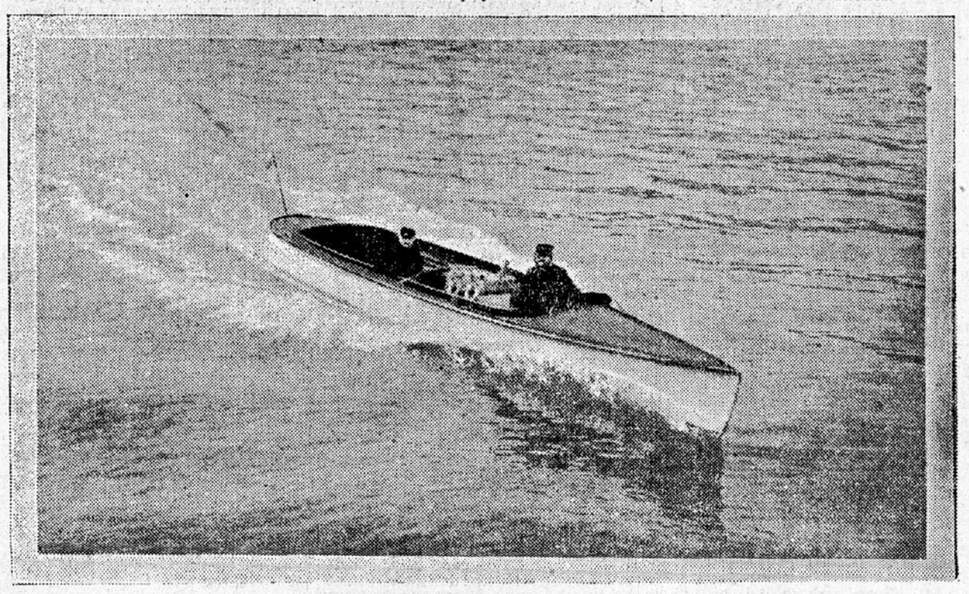
The automobile launch, an importation from France, is the latest fad among the wealthy class of the eastern citse, especially New York. Just ern cities, especially New York. Just hard to determine. These boats differ from the power launches of twenty-five years ago only in that they use gasolene instead of steam for motor power, and are consequently lighter, faster and more powerful. Their maximum speed ranges from 12 to 25 miles an hour, and their light draft makes them the ideal craft for pleasure cruises in inland waters such as Lake George, or the Hudson and St. Lawrence rivers. Another advantage of the auto boat is that a licensed engineer or fireman is not required, for a novice can learn to manage one of these launches in an hour or two.

The French, who took the lead in developing the auto boat to its present standard, decorate their launches with striking shades and delightful combinations of wood, metal and fabric. Annual regattas are now held on the Seine. These bring together boats of all types, from the slow, comfortable family launches, to ungainly freak racing machines of high speed. England was slow to discard the old steam launches for the gasolene boats, but within the last year or two the Britishers have awakened to the possibilities of the new craft, and last year the regatta for the Harmsworth cup was held in Queenstown harbor shortly after the contest for the Bennett cup for automobiles held on shore.



UNNAMED 35-H. P. BOAT CUTTING A CURVE TO STARBOARD AT HIGH SPEED.

In America the auto boat quickly achieved popularity both as a pleasure craft and as a racing machine. Next year the American Power Boat association offers a trophy to be known as the American Power Boat Open Cup, with a value of about $500. A motor boat exposition in New York is also contemplated by the firms which manufacture these launches.



THE 55-H. P. MOTOR BOAT, GEE-WHIZ, CLEAVING THE WATERS OF THE HARLEM.

PLAY BASKET BALL IN FANCY DRESS

Famous Foresters Team of Red Win g Appears in Practice Game in Masquerade Costume.

The famous Red Wing "Foresters" basketball team played a game in masquerade Dec. 11, the members being dressed to represent various characters made famous in the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers. Most of the players were members of Company G, Thirteenth Minnesota U. S. V., and have played basketball in San Francisco and Manila, as well as locally. They are also well known as a fast team in central Wisconsin, where they tour each year. Players from left to right standing, are:

H. M. Bird, right guard (Simple Simon's Dad); H. Isaacson, second team (Simple Simon); J. Fisher, left guard (Mama Katzenjammer); W. Esterly, center (Alphonse); H. Anderson, second team (Gaston); O. P. Gustafson, second team (Happy Hooligan); C. Ahlers, captain and left field (Happy's Policeman); G. Foster, second team (Gloomy Gus); E. P. Neill, manager and referee (Leon in armor). Sitting: M. Kappel, right field (Hans); C. Fisher, sub (Fritz).

RED WING BASKET BALL TEAM IN MASQUERADE.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE AUTO

STATISTICS SHOW THAT WAGONS AND STREET CARS ARE MORE DANGEROUS TO LIFE.

Illustrated Sporting News.

Wild exaggeration of the danger to life spread by the automobile, has given to a splendid recreation and a notable industry a bad reputation by no means deserved. There are reckless and careless motorists, lots of them, and no one is more anxious to tame them than the organized automobile interests of the country. The impression in the public mind is that the "red devil" and other demons, of sundry and vivid hues, slay and maim ten pedestrians where the horse vehicle causes one accident. But a recent official report of the New York health department is an argument which every automobilist ought to paste in his hat. Last year the appalling number of 365 deaths were due to reckless driving and speeding in New York streets. In other words, on every day of the year, some one luckless citizen, or one of his family, left home doomed to be carried back dead as the result of a street accident.

Now, of that tragic roll, 146 deaths resulted from being knocked down by trucks and wagons, two by bicycles, seven by runaways, 172 by street cars and only nine by automobiles, or less than 3 per cent of the total. This is not an alarming showing for the automobile.

These tragedies were, however, nine too many, and more care and less reckless and ignorant handling of powerful cars are impressively needed. Yet the menace to life in the streets of New York is not the automobile, but the trolley and the deadly truck, as the figures show.

PRESIDENTS AS SPORTSMEN

Nine National Executives Devoted to Outdoor Recreations.

Nine presidents of these United States have been true sportsmen, and there have been sixteen who have enjoyed sports at some period of their lives. Of the twenty-five executives of the nation, only eight had no love for outdoor games—rod, hunting gun or fast horses—and it is significant that these were distinguished for their adroitness as politicians.

The first president set as fine an example in his amusements as in his statesmanship, for the "father of his country," the "model American," the "most illustrious citizen," was as noble a type of the true sportsman as ever lived. He has had worthy followers among his successors; but nearly a hundred years elapsed between his inaugural and that of a president whose passion for fishing and gunning equaled that of Washington. It is doubtful if all the sporting experiences of all the presidents, save Cleveland, equaled those of Washington, and it requires the least ingenuity to draw therefrom corollaries which make the apocryphal cherry tree yarn a feeble thing.

If one epitomizes the sporting proclivities of the twenty-five men who have ruled this country, it is plain that good horses and fast horses appealed to the larger number. Gunning comes next. Only three were distinguished as fishermen—Washington, Tyler and Cleveland. Jackson was the "real sport" among them, and he is also one of the four who were athletes, the others being Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt.—Hartley Davis, in The Illustrated Sporting News for Christmas.

CANNOT DAUNT THE "CHUFFERS"

AUTOS SEEN ALMOST AS FREQUENTLY AS IN SUMMER.

Air-Cooled Motors and Non-Freezing Solutions Solve the Problem of Running Horseless Machines in the North—Physicians Find the Auto a Blessing—How the Driver May Keep Warm.

Time was when the automobile was considered simply a pleasure vehicle, and the fact that it might be useful in winter was not thought of. In the last year, however, the popular opinion has changed. This year autos are almost as common sights on the street as they were five months ago.

The introduction of air-cooled motors has had much to do with this change. As every chauffeur knows, it is impracticable to run a water-cooled motor machine in Minnesota in December or January without danger of the water freezing. The subsequent events are too harrowing to be printed. Non-freezing cooling solutions are being used to some extent but are experimental to a certain degree. One business firm in town has run a delivery wagon thru the early months of the winter and has not had a moment's delay from breakdowns.

The auto is rapidly gaining favor as a mode of conveyance in winter. As a pleasure vehicle it has some faults still—at least between Dec. 1 and March 15. Physicians and other professional men, however, find the auto very convenient in making calls. There is no fear that a valuable animal may be damaged by leaving it outdoors in cold weather, nor is the doctor liable to prosecution for leaving his auto unblanketed on the street.

Recognizing the fact that automaniacs may wish to enjoy drives in their machines the year round, manufacturers have invented many devices whereby chauffeurs can keep comfortable, tho in an auto in December. It is now possible to buy a glass top for any make of auto. These tops can be put on or removed at pleasure, and they afford ample protection from the wind. A fur-lined sack also has been devised, and into this the chauffeur may tuck his feet and legs and be warm as the proverbial slice of toast, however fiercely the polar blasts rage. Face masks, and many other appliances, enable the driver to keep warm in even thirty-below-zero weather.

Many Minneapolis men have already bought new machines for next year. E. J. Phelps, Swan Turnblad, R. R. Rand, A. C. Loring and W. F. Brooks have secured twenty-horse power machines, and are now gloating over their brethren who cannot run their autos in such cold weather.

TERRIER WHIPS WILDCAT

BULLDOG IS TOO MUCH FOR THE FELINE IN MATCH HELD IN GEORGIA.

New York Sun Special Service.

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 26.—A flash of tangle tawniness, a quick turn, a growl, a whirl across the sanded floor, a howl, another whirl, wild gyrations, a shake of a dog's head and the Christmas Day match fight between a newly caught 30-pound wildcat from the Ogeechee region and Dewey, a 38-pound bull terrier, was ended, the latter winning.

The fight was the main event in a sporting carnival pen near here yesterday. A board floor had been sanded two inches deep and a wire netting cage 12 feet long, 5 feet high and 6 feet wide, divided by a board screen, was placed on it, this separating the animals.

As soon as the partition was raised the cat sprang like lightning at the waiting dog, growling fiercely.

Dewey gripped the wildcat's right shoulder. The cat fastened on the dog's nose and for the next three minutes the latter's efforts were only to get free. Round and round they whirled, the cat underneath all the time, his opponent fighting fiercely for the throat hold, throwing the cat around while his muzzle was crimsoned with his own blood. A brief lull and the dog howled piteously, the cat's long teeth being buried in his leg. But that was the undoing of the wildcat. Dewey snapped his powerful jaws together in the throat and began the death shake. In a minute it was over, the dog was called off, his face like a raw beefsteak, the wildcat in death agony.

Time of fight, 8 minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS

A baseball team comprising some crack league players sailed yesterday on the Ward line steamship Havana, from New York. Before the next month and a half they will meet the best Cuban nines. As baseball is quite popular on the island, the players are confident that the trip will be financially profitable.

Superior team work and an abundance of tricky plays, coupled with more thoro training, gave the Carlisle Indian football team a decisive victory over the All-California eleven at San Francisco yesterday afternoon. The score was 23 to 0.

Myron McHenry, driver of Dan Patch, who has been threatening to get into the thorobred business for several years has bought the 2-year-old filly Any Day, by Lochohatchee, dam Happy Day. Any Day will make a good wind shield for a 2-minute trotter.

Low Rates South via the North-Western Line.

Winter Tourist tickets are now on sale to points in Florida, also Havana, Nassau and many other points in the south at special low rates. For information call at 600 Nicollet av, Minneapolis, Minn.

WHAT IS BEST KNOCKOUT BLOW?

CHAMPIONS OF SEVEN CLASSES ARE AT VARIANCE.

Four Prefer to Try for the Jaw, While Three Aim for the Body—Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and Neill All Like the Heart or Solar Plexus Punch.

What are the most popular knockout blows?

That question has been asked repeatedly by those interested in boxing, and the opinions of the champions of the different classes on the subject are interesting.

Contrary to the general impression there are many knockout blows and few champions depend upon the same punch to do the trick. Some prefer the jaw, while others favor a blow in the body similar to the solar plexus, made famous by Fitzsimmons at Carson City in his battle with Corbett. Which has the advantage is not made apparent, as both seem to bring about the same result.

Jeffries, who has gone down the line, defeating all comers in the heavyweight division, says that a heart or body punch is good enough for him. Jeffries says he makes the body his main point of attack because he believes he can weaken a man quicker there than in any other part of his anatomy. The champion showed this in his championship battles with Ruhlin, Fitzsimmons and Corbett. Jeffries pummeled the trio and defeated them all in almost the same manner—punching the body. As a result of the champion's punishment they all took the count.

Fitzsimmons, the new light heavyweight champion of the world, still insists that the solar plexus blow is the best knockout punch, and he says that he shall continue to use it in all his fights. Fitzsimmons first used the blow with good effect at Carson City in 1897, when he won the heavyweight championship of the world from Corbett.

In fact, Fitzsimmons worked the solar plexus shifts successfully in all of his fights, except his bout with Champion Jeffries. Fitzsimmons never got a chance to land it on the champion, altho he landed repeatedly on his jaw.

"Give me the solar plexus every time," said Fitzsimmons, "I prefer it to any other punch. Once you land it properly there is no fear that your man will ever recover within the time limit. The effect is more lasting than a blow on the jaw."

Tommy Ryan, the recognized middle-weight champion, is one of those who is satisfied with landing on the jaw. Ryan's favorite blow is a right-hand one to that point. Ryan is a terrific hitter, and he has put out many aspirants for middle-weight honors. Joe Walcott is another head puncher, and the little colored demon says that his favorite knockout blow is a right jolt on the jaw.

"I have seen many big fellows take the count from a jolt on the jaw," said Walcott, "and I have never seen the man who could get away from it once you landed properly. I always jolt whenever the opportunity is offered, and if the first blow doesn't do the trick, why, you can bet that the next one will."

Walcott has fought many big men in his time, and has often been obliged to concede much weight. He has, however, in most cases, succeeded in putting his men out. He generally makes a bluff lead with the left and lets go the right to the jaw.

Joe Gans, the lightweight champion and the victor of many hard-fought battles, relies upon the right-hand inside cross to put out his opponents. Gans has had considerable experience in knocking men out. He prefers to jab his man with the left until he is ready to start the right across. He is never too eager to force matters, but cautiously awaits an opportunity to land the right with all the force at his command.

"Young" Corbett, champion featherweight, prefers a left-hand hook to the jaw with which to score a knockout. Corbett uses his left and right effectively.

"I can put a man out with a left-hand hook or a right-hand swing," said the champion, "but I really prefer the former blow. I often land the right first and that just about puts a fellow in a position whereby I can finish him with the left hook."

Frankie Neil, the champion bantam weight of the world, has taken up the Fitzsimmons solar plexus blow, and he believes that it is the most effective knockout blow that a boxer can land.

"Even if you don't put your man out with the blow it puts him in such a condition that he can do little damage," declares Neil.

Among the seven champions mentioned above it will be seen at a glance that four of them prefer the jaw for landing a knockout blow, while the other three prefer the body.

Young Corbett, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans and Tommy Ryan are the boxers who make the jaw the main point of attack in their effort to score a knockout, while Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and Neil rely upon their body delivery to win out.

Following are the opinions of four leading fighters in regard to the best knockout punch:

Jeffries—The right-hand body or heart punch is, I believe, the most effective blow that a boxer can land. I prefer it to the jaw blow. I have worked the body blow in nearly all of my battles, and it is due to that I have come out a winner. It may not be called a knock-out blow because my opponents have not been unconscious. Still, they have been counted out, and that serves the purpose.

Fitzsimmons—The good old solar plexus blow is good enough for me when it comes to securing a knock-out. It is a shift from the left to the right. It is the left hand that I let go to the stomach. If you land the blow properly there will be no doubt as to who will get the winner's share of the purse. It beats any other punch in the whole category of effective blows.

Joe Gans—Feint your opponent into a lead and when he lets go, step inside and shoot the right hand across to the jaw. That is the way to score a knock-out. At least, that is my method when I am trying to put the other fellow away. You can land with terrific force, as your opponent is coming to you with great speed.

Young Corbett—When I intend to knock a man out I try to land a left hook. That is my favorite knock-out blow, altho sometimes I do the trick with the right swing. Both blows are effective, and when landed with the proper force generally have the desired effect.

Holiday Rates.

The North-Western line will sell round trip tickets at fare and one-third within 200 miles radius Dec. 24, 25 and 31, and Jan. 1, with return limit of Jan. 4. For information call at city ticket office, 600 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Defective Page