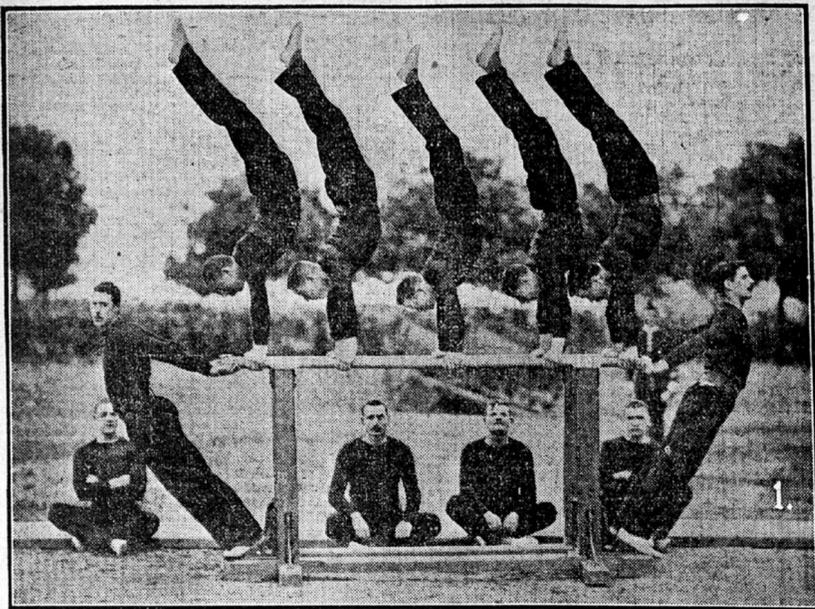


# SOME OF THE ODDITIES FROM THE FOUR WINDS OF SPORT



There are curious practices and odd things in sport as well as the more simple life. The Journal has been collecting these oddities and while the pictures tell their own stories some little explanation is not out of place.

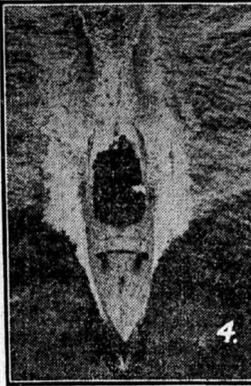
First—The British soldiers are going in for athletics as strongly as the American warriors and working outdoors as well as in. This picture shows a group of parallel bar workers in an unusual pose.

Second—Thackeray Soda is a British-

bred specimen of the bulldog, having been produced in the kennels of C. S. Chandler on Sept. 13, 1898. All the tongue of the bulldog world wagged when the news was cabled that Mr. Lawson had purchased Thackeray Soda, one of the best that ever lived. Some one used to remark years ago that a bulldog should have jaws that, when opened, would remind you of a mouth of a carpet-bag—wide and capacious. This dog, the fanciers say, meets all the requirements.

Third—Famous trotting horses have often had their memories perpetuated on weather vanes, but to apply the same scheme to sportsmen is a new wrinkle. It has just been done at the Handsworth Golf club, England. A large figure of Edward Blackwell, runner-up to Walter J. Travis in the British amateur championship of 1904, has been accurately reproduced from late drawings.

Fourth—Motor boats kick up a terrific fuss in speeding. A New York photographer has caught one of these



flies just as the boat was passing beneath a bridge, showing the swell and wake with good effect.

Fifth—Basketball advertising is done in different ways. In Minneapolis the games are given publicity thru a covered van with label sides. In San Francisco a player in uniform is mounted upon the back of a horse and

rides up and down the main thoroughfares announcing the game in a "loud tone of voice."

Sixth—James Figg was the first prize fighter to hold a championship under recognized ring rules. History paints him as a pet of royalty and the painter shows him with as bald a pate as that of Bob Fitz.



JAMES FIGG, FIRST ENGLISH CHAMPION, (1719) OF THE PRIZE RING, FROM SIR JAMES THORNHILL'S PORTRAIT, 1726.

## TALES from the TALL TIMBER

By C. C. KELLY

VERY certain it is that of all the merry parties of hunters out during the deer season, there was never a more merrier, more successful, or which had a better time than that composed of the Old Man, State Treasurer Block, Charlie Grimm and George Hall. Old men there be galore in Minnesota, but there is just one Old Man in this country. He is Theodore S. Powers of Grand Rapids, acknowledged dean of fishermen and hunters of the north-country, reincarnation of the gentle, courteous, considerate spirit of Father Isaac, and the only fisherman and hunter I have ever known who spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth and his experiences abound and abound.

Everybody knows Mr. Block and everybody likes him; at any rate, so far as this country is concerned he can come up at any old time and find every latechasing ant and two seats vacant for him at every table. Of Charlie

participated happiness as broad, genial and all-pervasive as the glory of Texas; Grimm and Hall "chewin' the rag," according to the trapper—which exercise they kept up until they got back to town, but in all friendship, mind; and the Old Man his usual sunny, congenial self. They brought along a colored gentleman, a consummate cook, and all they had to do was to provide meat for the larder and revel in the fat of the land.

Afraid to Die?

When they returned I readily gathered that they had enjoyed the time of their lives and only dreaded one thing on earth, that they might die before the next season came around and enabled them to repeat, but the details of the trip which go to make the history thereof, I was unable to obtain in the short time they remained in town. Each had his legal quota of deer, Block had a magnificent black bear,

em changed the whisky jug for one full o' ker'sene, 'n' ketch'd me w' n' took a quiet pull at it. I was sick'er'n a dog all night, but it was all right. The Old Man he played a little joke on the rest when his folks sent him up a demijohn full o' milk. He sneaked it out the wagon like he was 'fraid somebody 'd see him, 'n' took it off 'n' hid it, 'n' sure's you're born Hall 'n' Grimm laid in that afternoon 'n' hunted all over till they found it.

"They didn't know the Old Man never teches no liquor, 'n' they thought he'd something extra good, 'n' wanted ter hog it all himself. I couldn't begin ter tell you what all them fellers didn't do for the fun of it, but there was one good one on Hall all right. The cook filled up some cabbage one day fer dinner, 'n' Hall had a beer cold in his head so's he couldn't smell nothin' hardly, 'n' that give Grimm an idea how to play a joke on him. Grimm sneaked the vinegar bottle which was a quart whisky flask, 'n' w'en Hall asked fer vinegar to put on his cabbage, he passed him one nearly full of whisky. Hall sussed lots of it over his cabbage, 'n' 't the mess nearly all up 'fore he ketch'd on. Then he throwed the rest out o' the slop pile, 'n' told Grimm that he might be all right with the scattergun, but he warn't no better with the rifle than he was with jokes; said he wasted lead same way he did whisky, 'n' wouldn't learn how to handle either in seventeen years.

"That afternoon Hall put it up he'd go after a moose, 'n' there warn't no stoppin' him. There was moose t'other side of a big muskeg near the camp, but the blame muskeg was 'bout two miles and a half 'cross, 'n' long's the world, 'sides bein' only froze enough to 'bout half bear a man up, 'n' I tried to stop him, but he wouldn't have it, 'n' he'd get the pikod. He didn't git back till nearly midnight, 'n' he was so plum tuckered that Mr. Block made him strip 'n' rubbed him all over with liniment he'd fetched along, while the Old Man made him a strong hot toddy 'n' Grimm wanted to know if Hall would learn enough in seventeen years not to try to cross a muskeg where a rabbit'd bog in five minutes.

Got a Bear.

"It was the next mornin' that Block got the bear, but I'd left 'fore day to look at my traps, 'n' wasn't there to see just how he got him. Don't you never believe the fool yarn they've got 'bout town that Block set down on the log where the bear was downed up 'n' smashed it in, 'n' killed him that way. Block may weigh 350, but no bear will den up in no log that won't hold up a whole lot bigger weight than that. Grimm he told me that Henry had just started his fire in the mornin', 'n' looked up at the winder 'n' see the bear with his head on the sill, 'n' fast asleep. He said the bear'd been prowlin' 'round 'n' found the whisky-soaked cabbage Hall throwed out, 'n' et it, 'n' soon's it thawed out in his belly it went to his head, 'n' put him asleep jest to his ear 'red up to look in the winder.

"Then he said Henry let out a yell, 'n' Block come a runnin' 'n' shot Mr. Bear. Anyway that's how Grimm tells it; I dunno how 'twas, but that log-squashin' story's plum 'ree'dious. That same day Hall got a buck, a bobcat, and a mink, 'n' he was way up in G, I tell you. Grimm went two miles outter his way to get to the place where Hall's buck was, 'n' he swore Hall got the first shot at fifteen yards, 'n' put fifteen bullets into the buck 'fore he downed him. Block held a whale of a buck hung up before, 'n' nothing'd do Hall but he must measure 'em both 'cause he was sure his was the biggest.

"But when he got thru he said he would admit Block had a little mite the best of him. Said, Hall did, 'at Block's buck weighed nine ounces more 'n' his, 'n' 'n' was seven inches longer from nose to tail. All this time the Old Man was doin' his allers does, lettin' 't'other fellers have all the best chances, 'n' never hoggin' nothin' fer himself. 'Course he didn't lose nothin' by doin' it, fer he got his share, same's he allers does, but it's mighty few men would play it his way, you bet your life on that. They all got the limit, 'n' they'd a got a whole lot more, 'n' they'd a wanted to. But they had a bully time, all the while they was out, 'n' they never quit till the big storm made 'em. Then they packed up 'n' left, 'n' the last I heard of 'em was Hall 'n' Grimm a chewin' the rag as they went down the road."

Altho Pat Flaherty is on the list of players to go from the platers, President Dreyfus has given it out that the twiler will not leave the National League.



The rumor that it happened thus has been denied.

Grimm, erstwhile the champion wing camp as headquarters, regarding the fact that a wandering trapper had squatted there ahead of him as beneficial rather than otherwise, and had things cleaned and fixed up so as to make the place comfortable as well as habitable, getting the work all done, wood out and hay for the horses provided, before the season opened and the rest of the party arrived. By the opening day they were on the ground, Block wearing a red suit and a smile of an-

Hall a bobcat and a mink, but as to how they got them I am compelled to fall back on the testimony of the trapper who was in town recently, and think on the whole it will be best to let that worthy relate the story in his own way and his own words.

"I sized them fellers up for all right when I first seen 'em," began the ensnarer, and continued, "and I warn't mistook, either. 'Course I knowed the Old Man; ev'rybody knows him. That big feller 'ith the red wamus, he's all right, too. I thought first off Hall 'n' Grimm would scrap ev'ry ten minutes, fer they come there achewin' the rag 'n' kep' it up all the time they was eatin' or sleepin', but I soon seen it was all jest joshin' 'n' nothin' meant. That cook they fetched up, Henry his name was, he was a dandy, too, and I tell you I lived higher while they was there 'n' ever I done before in all my life. Hall 'n' Grimm was perpetually tryin' to play tricks on ev'rybody, but it was all in fun, 'n' nobody kicked. I didn't kick none myself when one of

## When I Was Scared in the Prize Ring

### Two Famous Boxers Tell Stories of the Arena

By Tommy Ryan.

"The only time I was ever scared in the prize ring was right here in Minneapolis. That was when I came here to fight Danny Needham. I was a boy then, only 18 years old, and Needham was quite a boxer with a reputation. I felt like going to a slaughter going into that ring and the I had met with a little success previously. I felt that Needham was too much for me.

"But I thought I would take the chance and do the best I knew how. When the bell rang in the first round and Joe Mannix called us to the center to fight I felt more like jumping over the ropes. Needham hit me an awful blow over my heart in the second round and then turned around to tell me that he felt sorry he was asked to whip a poor kid. Well that was the needle.

"It gave me courage and the result of the bout is too well known in Minneapolis for me to go into details. My fight with Tommy West, in Louisville, is the toughest I was ever in, and thereby hangs a story. I fought and defeated West in the east and when I returned to Chicago the Louisville club offered me a tempting purse and a large bonus on the side to come and box before their organization. I immediately named Tommy West and never gave him a moment's thought until ring time. By that I don't mean that I did not train, but I never questioned my ability to defeat him as easily as I did down east. But I got fooled and no one who saw that fight will ever forget it.

West Hit Hard.

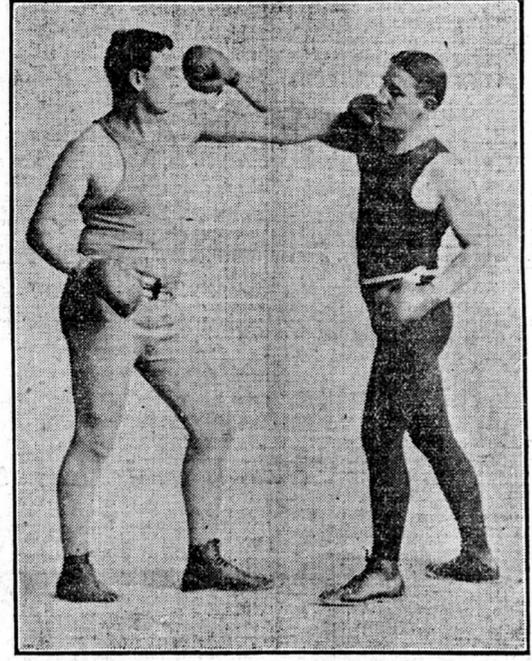
In the second round West hit me so hard that I went down for the eight count and no sooner got up than I went down again. I heard the referee say f-i-v-e, s-i-x and then I woke up and began to laugh at West. I made a swing which missed him two yards and began "kidding" him. He thought I was trying to draw him one and told me that I could not trap him. That gave me long enough to recover and during the rest of the battle I was more careful and finally won in the sixteenth round.

The night that I fought Needham I promised him, during the fight, more than \$10,000 if I could win and every time I got a chance I raised the offer. Later it turned my way and I defeated him by skill. In the West fight I had experience, headwork and my feet to carry me along and made no promises.

When I fought Mysterious Billy Smith, that fight also was in Minneapolis, Smith hit me on my throat and I could not shut my mouth for ten rounds. It happened in the fourth round coming out of a clinch and I could not remember anything on account of the pain until the fifteenth or sixteenth round. I hate to call it scared, but I was certainly nervous and saw defeat coming my way during all this time.

Sureness Was Misplaced.

The surest I ever was of a fight is the one I lost at Maspeth, L. I., to Kid McCoy. I never was so surprised in my life and like the Tommy West battle I picked the opponent myself. McCoy had been my trainer and rubber. He was broke and continuously wrote me letters telling me of his plight and making "touches" of \$1, \$2 or once in a while \$3. So when I was running my business in Syracuse and received a letter from the Maspeth club I promptly named McCoy. I continued to attend to the buffet business and never trained a single minute. It was the only time in my entire career that I neglected training for a bout. Always before and since I trained, no matter how easy my opponent appeared. But I made the mistake that time and the result is well known. McCoy put himself into good hands and was trained to the minute and meanwhile continued writing me letters and asking me for small loans—until after our bout. I afterwards learned that it was a ruse to make me careless with my training and it worked perfectly. Later McCoy and I met in Syracuse and I beat him so bad that the police kept him from getting knocked out in the fifth round and still later in Chicago I boxed him six rounds—both on their feet, a draw—and at the conclusion of the bout the referee in the excitement



MARVIN HART. TOMMY RYAN.

gave McCoy an unjust decision. This decision, however, was reversed by the club managers and directors.

Tommy Ryan

By Marvin Hart.

Any time a fighter says he never was scared, he is not telling the truth. In order to tell when I was scared the most I must first tell how I first started as a boxer.

Quarrel in Smithy.

One night I went to watch two local men fight in a blacksmith shop for a decision and to a finish. I was called out of the crowd to handle one of the boys and my man won. After the fight, while the men were dressing in a barn next door, the backer of the winner got into an argument with one of my best friends. This backer continued to brag about his boy's ability and offered to wager \$100 he could whip anybody. My friend took him up and named me for the opponent. I was forced to take a chance and began training.

The fellow's name was Joe Eichenberger. So Joe sent for a fellow by the name of Schiller to train him and the first time Eichenberger and Schiller boxed, the latter knocked him out in a punch and Eichenberger's backer immediately forfeited the \$100 to us. So I won my first fight without entering a ring.

But gossip continued to link me with the boxing game and in a few weeks I was matched to fight Schiller, the man who knocked out Joe Eichenberger. Schiller helped coax me into this match by suggesting that we box an exhibition, etc., and I consented.

Badly Scared.

The night of the fight came around and I was the worse scared boy in the world. Twice, going to the barn, I started to turn back home, but my seconds were with me and I could not stand for their calling me a coward. So it was fear of being called a coward that forced me into the ring and when I finally reached my corner I was shaking like a leaf. Schiller came into the arena and wore a big red blanket which made him look like a ferocious Indian, which scared me more yet. I could justly,

left handed fighter, and Carter the "toughest" all around man.

Marvin Hart

President Ebbets of the Brooklyn ball club announces that he has twenty-nine men from whom the search of 1906 will be picked and that a deal is under way for another pitcher. The men are: Pitches, Briggs, Bell, Doeschler, Strickland, Eason, McIntire, Pastorella, Stubble, Scanlon, Suggs, Durham and Corbett; catchers, Bergen, Hittler, Egan and Hurley; outfielders, Donovan, Lunney, Maloney, McCarthy, Dobbs, Hatch and Maler; infielders, Casey, Lewis, Gessler, Hummel, Alperman and Patten. Mr. Ebbets said that Hatch and Maler, who are infielders, will be tried in the outfield, there being no place in the infield for them. The men may do their spring training in Columbia, S. C., as in the past two or three years, and the start south will be made about March 15.

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A good car cannot be built by any concern purchasing parts from different factories throughout the country and assembling them. Neither can it be built by a concern that has not had years of experience in Gas Engine construction.

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I also handle their complete line of stock cars, which can be seen at my place of business at any time.

Trusting to have the pleasure of hearing from you, and thanking you for the same in advance, I beg to remain,

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Northwestern Distributor for the MODEL.

P. S.—I also have a number of new and second-hand machines which I wish to close out this season. Write for full details or call and see them.

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