

WAS HE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD? L. Sullivan Has a Big Guess That He Was Just That.

GOES INTO THE FACTS, MAKING DEMONSTRATION Discusses the Respective Merits of Fitzsimmons and O'Brien.

By John L. Sullivan. When time to time, the question is put to John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, to give his opinion on the merits of the two world champions since he has been champion in this country, Joe Goss, the English champion, and John L. Sullivan, the American champion, who won the championship by defeating Goss in less than five min-

mill, never raised any doubt about his being the world's champion. We were first friends from the hour we first met up to the hour of his death, and Goss held the title who was able to stand before me in my prime. Paddy Ryan had the same story to tell, so I guess when they said so, the evidence ought to pass muster. The owner of the picture paper spent thousands of dollars trying to prove that there was a fighter somewhere in the world who could hand me the count, but he never found him, although he sent runners as far away as Australia to get candidates. When I did pull in the sign of a champion, I was a dirty rogue, I was caught in a running race and beaten when the bellows was in bad shape. Long Growl With Charley Mitchell. When in London I signed to fight Mitchell, it took three hours to get the articles drawn up. Charley disputed every point and insisted upon a twenty-four-foot ring and Phillips, who was acting for me, told him that he wasn't signing for a footrace. But he agreed to a twenty-four-foot ring, insisting, however, that the fight take place within one thousand miles of London, as no place for holding the fight was agreed upon. I told Tony Moore, who was acting for Mitchell, that as a friend of Charley's, he might insist upon going to the Cannibal Islands when the time came to battle a pinkie in the room and turning to his followers said: "Ho, ho, boys, now I've got him." I laughed. "You'll find you're a twenty-four-foot ring too small to hit in when the day comes," said I. "Charley was a lot of hot talk at me during the hours we had been chewing over the articles. Finally, he passed me information that I was a dirty rogue, from the South Boston flats to Kamchatka, this is scragging talk, and I took it up on the minute. "You son of a gun," says I to him, "I've got a couple of strings at the door, and if you'll get into one, I'll take the other and we'll drive out to the first vacant lot and I'll knock your block off." I started toward the door and Charley, with a kind of sickly grin on his prize, came a few steps. Mr. Allison, editor of the Sportsman, who had been with my friends, pulled me away. "I'll make it worth your while for waiting," I yelled back, and the long growl was over. "Please Omit Right on Jaw, John L." The punch that I packed as my favorite was in the ring was the right to the jaw. This punch surely delivers the goods when adjusted on the other fellow's mug, and although there are other books, invented names taken out of doctors' heads, and names taken out of doctors' heads, come up to a right on the jaw. With speed and beef behind it, there isn't any other way of bringing home the money. It has for me many a time. One man who was screwing up his courage to go into the ring with me for four rounds tried to make a deal for me to cut out this punch entirely, while he be allowed to hit when and where he pleased. I wouldn't agree to any such thing, of course, for it would be impossible for me to carry out such a bargain if I made it. I always entered the ring determined to hit, and I know that my jaw was opened up for me to hit it. I'd do it. "I'll tell you what I will do," I said to this candidate. "I can't agree to omit the right to the jaw, but I'll agree that every time I hit you with my right on the jaw, it won't count. I'll wait till you recover, and then we'll start over again. "Like a hen we will," he roared. "What do you take me for to be starting in again after one of your smashes? The starting in I'd be doing would be starting into a hospital." So he wouldn't try it, thereby failing to get for himself quite a bunch of valuable experience. As he is dead now, I hold back his name. Freak Finishes Expected From Fitz. There isn't any use of crying "Shame" at Jack O'Brien because he's going to assault an old man like Fitz, at least not till we get the returns from the fight. Fitz has a blanket of muscle around his solar plexus that has made many a wallop that would have made good on most fighters amount to not much when it reached him. He built up that muscle blanket when he worked at the forge and because he has had this protection along in all his fights is one of the big reasons why he has won so often. O'Brien is young, sure enough, but not so young as he was the last time he met Fitz in a limited go, in that fight, it was anybody's battle, because there wasn't room to work in a finish, but the coming scrap will certainly settle the question between these mitt artists. Tales as to Fitz's had feet, lame hands, weak knees and old age don't go for so much. He is a very foxy fighter, and in many of his fights he has passed over the knockout at just the time when the other fellow was sure he had him all in. O'Brien is fast, and he may be able to keep away from those shifts of the old man, but Philadelphia shouldn't gamble too heavily against Fitz simply because O'Brien is a good-looking young fellow and needs the money. It is time Fitz got his, of course, but the wise ones always remember that the regular rules don't apply to Fitz. He's a freak if there ever was one in the ring, and freak finishes are to be expected in his fights. Can the Quaker Stand the Gaff? As far back as the time Fitz fought Jack Dempsey, about every battle the Cornishman has been in, he was, before



TOM CHANDLER, jockey, who has won the winter season at New Orleans. The little fellow has a wonderful skill as a rider and has become one of the stars of the



Beavers, the West Point Half-Back, Trying for a Goal From Placement, During the Great Princeton Game, in Which the Cadets Were Tried With the Middies.

HARD FOR RIDERS KEEP DOWN WEIGHT

Prominent Jockeys Are Getting Fat, Perhaps Because of Prosperity.

SOME GOOD HORSEMEN MAY BE DISQUALIFIED

Records Made by Men Long String of Victories This Season.

Can Fishes Hear?

A question that is constantly being debated by zoologists and forms the subject of experimental research is, "Can fishes hear?" While some plausible arguments are advanced in the affirmative, the general opinion of zoologists is opposed to this view, and the reasons have recently been summed up in a German zoological journal by Dr. O. Kerner. Though many fishes are sensitive to rapid consecutive vibrations transmitted through the water, yet it is not believed that these are perceived by so-called auditory organs, for in the cases of some twenty-five species of fish single loud explosions were totally disregarded. The sense of sight and touch in fishes can be readily demonstrated and studied, and there is no logical reason why the sense of hearing should be so difficult of determination. The most conclusive argument, however, is that fishes and other vertebrates that are deaf are the only members of the class that do not have organs corresponding to the cutaneous nerve terminations. These organs, it is believed, are the only ones that are capable of transmitting auditory vibrations, as there is no reason for believing that such vibrations can be received by the vestibular apparatus.—Harper's Weekly.

An Epicure.

A fastidious man undertook to transmit instructions through the water to the cook. He wanted an oyster stew. These were his instructions: "Now, waiter, kindly tell the cook I don't want the oysters and the milk merely mixed and heated. I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the liquor. The liquor should not be put in until the seasoning is added. Be very particular to get good, rich milk and nothing but the best gilt-edged butter. As for the oysters, I want Cape Cod salts. No ordinary stock oysters for me. Do you understand?" "I think I do, sir," replied the waiter; "but do you wish the oysters with or without?" "With or without what?" asked the customer. "Pearls, sir."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ARE COMING BACK HOME.

Several of the prominent American jockeys who have been riding in different parts of Europe during the year have been arriving back home and more are expected within the next few days. Among those who have recently returned are Fred Taral and Harry Lewis, who rode in Austria, Hoar and Ranch, the little Californian, who was W. K. Vanderbilt's leading jockey on the French tracks.

Records of Riders.

Table with columns: Name, Mounts, Wins, P. C. Lists names like E. Wheatley, D. Maher, G. Madden, etc.

Passing of Club.

News that the Washington Park Jockey club of Chicago will pass out of existence shortly has been received with regret by turfmen in the East.

Patronized by Leaders.

In recent years such prominent American turfmen as August Belmont, the late William C. Whitney, James R. Keene,

Good Work of Maher.

The two American jockeys who remain on the English course are Danny Maher and J. H. Mortifi. Maher, with 101 victories, finished second on the list of winning jockeys, while Mortifi was ninth on the list. E. Wheatley finished first with 116 victories. Martin's poor showing is attributed to the lack of good mounts. Maher had 41 mounts and with 101 victories had a percentage of 24.7. Wheatley had 57 mounts, 12 more than Maher, and with 116 victories had a percentage of 21.9. G. Madden, who finished third on the list, had 43 mounts and only had 20 victories, with a percentage of 15.0.

Opinion in London.

Regarding the records of jockeys on the other side of the water the London Sporting Life has the following to say: "Maher and Madden have met with considerable difficulty in reaching their hundredth win this season, but strangely each accomplished the desirable attainment on Friday last, Madden being first to do so. Maher brought his score to 101 by a further victory later in the day, but he was not seen on Sunday at Hurst park, and Madden, by winning the last race, now ties with the American for second position. It is extremely unlikely that either of the pair named will now overhaul Wheatley, even if he only adds two or three further victories between now and the end of the season, for Maher usually returns to America before the close, and Madden, brilliant horseman though he be, will have to ride with phenomenal success to catch the Baumber jockey. Higgs continues to pile up victories, and with 37 wins, is well in the running for second prize, which he may quite conceivably secure. Randall, recovered from his indisposition, has not been seen so frequently in the saddle, and may now reach his 100. Templeman and Blades have each done well, and with the smack that Martin and Haisey scored their fifth wins at Newmarket, the appended figures may be left to explain the doings of the leading group:

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J.P.

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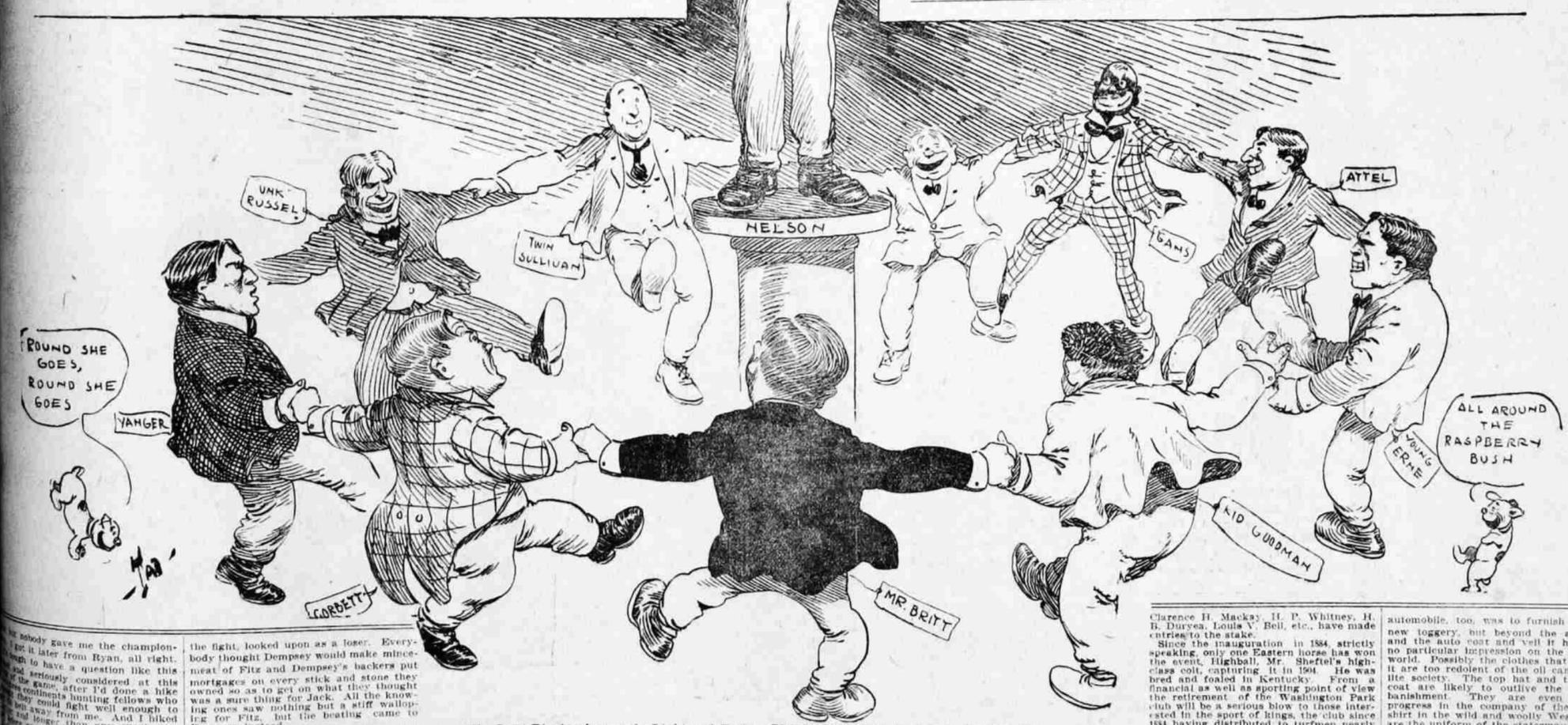
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The Top Hat and the Frock Coat.

From New York comes the report that the top hat, which recently celebrated its centenary, is doomed to obsolescence. From Paris we hear that the frock coat is to be discarded. Take the top hat first. It survived an infancy of ridicule and the missiles of hostile youth to attain a ripe old age of dignity and even veneration. The frock coat, after many vicissitudes, became the badge of orators, from the barrier outside the medicine show to the statesman in the Cabinet. Combined, the top hat and the frock coat were a certificate of respectability, present or past, entitling the wearer to a seat on the stage or a sympathetic hand out at the side door. But there may yet be hope. The top hat and the frock coat are not the only articles of attire that have been sentenced to join the horse in the museum of antiquity. We can all recall how, when the cycling craze swept over the country, the "long pants" that send a thrill of adolescence through every boy at some period of his career were doomed to disappear before the advancing wave of knickerbockers. Yet "the dog it was that died," the bicycle had won first. The



The Great Rivalry Among the Light and Feather-weight Pugs for a Coonac at Battling Nelson, as Depicted by a Cartoonist.

Clarence H. Mackay, H. P. Whitney, H. B. Durfee, Louis V. Bell, etc., have made entries to the stake. Park club's greatest event since its inauguration has been the American Derby, which is one of the extremely few great American turf classics known to English turfmen. The start made by the club in 1883 to encourage international racing are largely responsible for the fame of the event abroad. In that year Duke of Beaufort sent a starter to the post in Stratthrose, shipping him all the way from England to run in this race. Stratthrose was beaten, incidentally. Patronized by Leaders. In recent years such prominent American turfmen as August Belmont, the late William C. Whitney, James R. Keene, automobile, too, was to furnish us with new togery, but beyond the auto cap and the auto coat and veil it has made no particular impression on the sartorial world. Possibly the clothes that go with it are too redolent of the oil can for polite society. The top hat and the frock coat are likely to outlive the edict of banishment. They are even making progress in the company of the "billed" shirt in the wild and woolly West. They are the uniform of the statesman in every cross-roads hamlet. What would Congress be without them?—Pittsburg Dispatch.