

BASEBALL—SPORTS OF ALL SORTS—BOXING

Gus Christie Whips Jack Sullivan—
Bunk Fights Tiresome.

Gus Christie of Milwaukee defeated Jack (Twin) Sullivan of Boston in ten rounds at Fond du Lac last night. Christie, who is an aspiring middleweight, jumped to a big lead in the early rounds and fought Sullivan off when the latter rallied. Christie is matched with Zanders Monday night in Milwaukee.

Prize fighters, their managers and others connected with the game are reliable gents. They are the acme of veracity—NOT.

Now comes Ad Wolgast with a challenge to winner of the Cross-Ritchie bout in New York. We don't doubt but what Ad would meet the winner, because the money inducement would be tempting, and he would be willing to take a sweet mauling for a bunch of coin.

But in his challenge Ad is reported to have said he did NOT have a broken rib, which was the excuse he gave for canceling his fight scheduled for tomorrow night with Charlie White.

We'll admit we don't know the truth of Ad's condition. It is seldom that a newspaperman does not know much about a prize fighter, so much bunk is shot at him. If Wolgast has a broken rib there is something fishy about his latest challenge. If he has not a broken rib he simply used a fake injury as an excuse to run out of his fight with White.

This business of publishing challenges and giving notice of prospective fights, only to have them called off a few days before they are set, is becoming monotonous.

After Wolgast threw White down there was no chance of getting an opponent for Charlie for Monday night, as the date was already filled, yet we were bunked with a lot of stuff about guys who would take White on.

Baseball is One Thing—Dope is
Something Else Again.

This is the season of the year when the delirious baseball dopist gets in his best licks. Actual playing warfare is ended, and hop dreams in many instances take the place of diamond combats.

Just how far the average reader of a sport page believes these yen yarns we don't know, but it is hard to figure that intelligence among baseball followers is at such a low ebb that they will fall for the latest rumor from Philadelphia.

This report, upon which several papers were gullible enough to pay telegraph tolls, informs us that Frank Baker, third baseman of the Mackmen, and destroyer of Giant hopes, is to retire from baseball to take up a business career.

That is the best we have had shot at us in some time. The only way Baker can be retired is to turn Henry Spencer loose on him or mail him a letter containing a couple of million germs. These methods are respectfully suggested to the management of the Giants and the seven other clubs of the American League.

Baseball is Baker's "business," and he is making a lot of money out of it. Just what branch of commercialism Baker would go into we don't know. He was a farmer before he became a ballplayer, and all the money he has come from the diamond. His salary is in the neighborhood of \$4,000 a year, and in the last four seasons he has taken part in three battles for a world's championship. He was on the winning side in each, and his share of the spoils must have amounted to at least \$8,000.

That sounds like a pretty good business to be in. We hear a lot of ballplayers quitting the diamond to go into business, and when the smoke