O'ROURKE WILL SEND WALCOTT AFTER BIG 'UNS.

Tom Is Confident That the Negro Can Lick All the Heavies Except Jeffries---Little Chance for the Scrappers Around New York.

BY J. B. (MACON) McCORMICK.
Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

New York, Sept. 28.—There was "nawthin doin'" in a fistic way in Gotham this week. Tom Sharkey, the bold sailor boy from "Dundalk, Ireland," opened his saloon opposite Tammany Hall, and Terry McGovern sold papers Monday afternoon to help the Galveston storm sufferers, and incidentally to boom his show, "The Bowery After Dark," at the Star Theater. Sharkey's gin mill ought to prove a veritable mint as a money-maker, and I think it will if he gives it proper attention. If he does give it the attention it requires to make it successful, I can see his speedy finish as a fighter.

In "the good old days," when the goal of a fighter's ambition in England was the proprietorship of a "public house," or of a barroom in this country, the pugilist usually retired from the ring before becoming a publican. They recognized the fact then that a man cannot drink with his patrons and admirers and retain his pugilistic powers. Of late, in this country, fighters like Corbett and McCoy, who own saloons, have endeavored to evade this excessive drinking requirement by employing "managers" to do it for them. I presume Sharkey will follow their example, but the jolly tars who will form a large portion of his patrons won't be satisfied if he doesn't personally "splice the main brace" with them, and even if he only takes a sup every time he is assed, out of his "private bottle," of weak tea colored to resemble whisky, the amount of fluid he will consume nightly may ruin his kidneys if it doesn't make him as fat as a prize pig.

Judging by the reports of it I have heard the opening of the Charter Oak Athletic Club at Hartford wasn't an unqualified success. It was expected that Joe Walcott and "Mysterious" Billy Smith would put up a rattling good fight, provided the affair was on the level. You see, since Walcott "laid down" to Tommy West the people have lost confidence in him, and they take very little stock in the genuineness of any contest in which he engages.

The men fought a rattling "rough house" fight, in which each man did all that he could in violation of the rules made and laid down by the Marquis of Queensberry that the referee would stand for.

Walcott had by far the best of the fistic argument, Smith claimed, after the ninth round, that he had "hurted" his hands on Walcott's head, so that they were practically useless as weapons of offense, and wanted to quit.

Johnny White, the referee, wouldn't hear of this, so in the tenth round Smith got out of further fighting by deliberately butting the "Black Demon," for which he was instantly disqualified.

There is no doubt in my mind that Walcott at present is capable of fighting better than he ever was before in his life, and if the public could be assured that he would battle on the level they might take pity on poor Tom O'Rourke's offer to back him against any man in the ring, big or little, and especially big.

The night Walcott defeated Joe Choynski at the Broadway Athletic Club I said to Tom O'Rourke: "Tom, if Sharkey ever gets gay with you you can probably get even with him by matching Walcott against him." Tom and the Sailor have quit, and the match that I then suggested would be worth crossing the continent to see.

This week O'Rourke, on behalf of the "Black Demon," reiterates his challenge to all the big fellows, except Jeffries, and especially names Sharkey as one of the ones that Walcott wants to meet, saying that Joe feels certain he can defeat the Sailor.

I would like to see these men matched. I have no doubt they would make a rattling good fight—for a few rounds—but after that I think Mr. Walcott's fighting days would be at the end, for, barring a chance blow, I think Sharkey would give him such a body drubbing as would take all the vim and all the fight out of him for the rest of his days.

* * * *

I know Colonel Groves, who is one of the lessees of the theater in which the Charter Oak Club is pulling off its contests, and I know him to be an honorable man, who will not permit any crooked contests to take place in his house if it is possible to prevent them. For this reason I wish the club success, but if I were Colonel Groves I would never permit a man to fight on my stage who ever had palpably quit in a contest or in any other way showed crookedness, unless he would give me such guarantee as would be perfectly satisfactory that he would fight honestly on it.

Tom Sharkey was hired last Monday night by one of our afternoon papers to go to Elizabeth and to write up (?) Jim Jeffries's appearance there as an actor. On the way to the Jersey town he had a confab with Billy Brady, who, it is said, promised him a six-round go with Jeffries in Chicago some time in the near future. Such a bout would no doubt pay well, but I don't think even if both men were well and fit that it would be a decisive test of their real ability. In view of the fact that Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago has put his ban upon heavy weights boxing in the Windy City, I don't see how Mr. Brady can make good his promise. Maybe he didn't intend to when he made it, and that it was made "for advertising purposes only." We shall see about this later on.

Ah me! What woes beset the lives
Of scrappers who quarrel with their wives.
For who can stop a woman's tongue,
Which often's in the middle hung?
She defies all rules, is full of spunk,
And is anxious only to get hunk.
No "parry" or "block" yet invented
Can evade or circumvent it.

The answer to this poetic conundrum is Kid McCoy, for he has patched up some sort of a truce with his better half, and we haven't heard a chirp out of her or a "revelation" for a week.

As I write Jim Corbett is on the "shaughran," and by the time this reaches your eyes he should be in New York. He was quoted by cable as saying the most charming things about his wife, and also as breathing threats of dire vengeance against the newspapers which stated that he had run away from her and gone off with another woman. I hardly think Jim will sue any of the papers for libel, even if he establishes the fact that he did not elope with Marguerite Cornelius. It wouldn't be wise to bring such a suit, especially here in New York, where the press enjoys the largest possible amount of liberty. However, it is not worth while speculating about what Corbett may or may not do, in view of the fact that his acts will speak for themselves. I think if he had been wise he would have stayed abroad for awhile; but that's his business and mainly concerns himself and his wife, though the public will take a lively interest in his sayings and his doings in the immediate future.

A correspondent writes me as follows:

"Nicetown, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24, 1900.—Dear Macon: Do you not believe that there are plenty of men who do not claim to be pugilists, much less having fought in the P. R., able to whip, right off the reel in a street fight, many of the professional pugilists?

"Why any man, in good health, who has any combativeness in his make-up should get out of the way of a man simply because he is dubbed a professional pugilist is more than I can understand.

"An expression of your views is requested. Respectfully, BROUGHTON."

This is virtually, in a new form, the old conundrum, "Can a gentleman whip a cad?" and has been the cause of many a battle fought, both single-handed and en masse, in college towns between "town and gown." There are, no doubt, large numbers of amateur boxers—I use the word amateur in its strictest sense—who would be able to give an excellent account of themselves in pugilistic contests with professional boxers.

When Jem Mace was champion of England it used to be stated of a certain gentleman, largely connected with mercantile interests in London, that he was able to hold the wily gypsy level in a glove encounter. They had the mitts on a number of times, and in these mimic battles Mace was said to have had none the best of them. It may be, however, that Jem did not do his level best.

There are a number of gentlemen in America who are renowned for their pugilistic skill and prowess who would scorn to fight for a monetary consideration. When he was alive and in his prime, James W. Collier, the actor and manager, frequently sparred with noted professionals, among them John C. Heenan, "The Benicia Boy," Joe Coburn and other men of their grade. He only weighed about 175 pounds, and I think, had he seen fit to enter the professional ring, few men of his weight in his day would have had any license to take liberties with him.

Herman Oelrichs of this city is one of the best amateur boxers America has ever produced, and at one time it was said that he had a desire to pit himself against John L. Sullivan just "for fun and a benefit," but he did not do it, because he dreaded the notoriety such a contest would occasion.

Maurice Barrymore is another actor who is justly famed as an amateur boxer, or rather was, for I guess Barry is getting a little out of practice nowadays, owing, perhaps, to his growing "weight for age," as turfmen say.

Probably the greatest amateur boxer of his weight and inches America ever produced was the late Dan Dawson of Philadelphia. Mr. Dawson in his day boxed in friendly encounters with Dominick McCaffrey and even Bob Fitzsimmons. I have never heard, however, of any of the gentlemen I have named whipping a professional pugilist. * * * I am of the opinion that in a contest such as "Broughton" names a professional boxer would be likely to have an advantage, and it stands to reason that this should be so. The professional boxer should have, apart from, say equal physical strength, an advantage over a nonprofessional in fistic experience gained in the only school in which such experience can be obtained. This experience should give him a shade the best of the encounter. I will give an example to illustrate this. It happened in the city of Erie, Pa., the night before Johnny Dwyer and Jimmy Elliott fought for the championship of America over in Canada.

Joe Goss, who was to second Dwyer, discovered that he had no long stockings for Dwyer to wear, and he asked me to go with him while he purchased a pair. After we had procured them we were returning to the Reed House, when we encountered a party of "bloods" who were "painting the town." One of them, for no reason whatever except perhaps an exuberance of animal spirits, verbally assaulted Goss. Joe made no response and his silence seemed to aggravate the young man, who was fully six feet tall, very athletically built, and, judging by the way he handled himself a few moments later, possessed considerable pugilistic ability.

Following after Goss he laid his hand on his shoulder and, whirling him around, said, "You cycle-fighting baby, I can thump the head off you." Joe attempted to mollify the young fellow by answering, "Because you can do it is no reason why you ought to. I haven't done or said anything to you. I am going about my business. Now, you go about yours."

This admonition only made the young man more anxious to scrap. Goss, finding that the young fellow was determined on a row, said in his mildest tones: "See here! I am in no condition for a fight, and besides I have got to second my man in the morning. There's no credit in you or me either, for that matter, scrapping on the street. Let me go about my business."

The young blood wouldn't have it that way, and his friends, who evidently had great faith in his fighting ability, began to jeer, saying: "What are you trying to sugar out of it for? You are afraid to fight."

Up to this time I had taken no part in the row, but now I interposed, saying: "Gentlemen, Mr. Goss is right. He doesn't want to fight. He has proved his fistic ability in the ring time and again. He don't need to indulge in street fights to show his courage, and if he was to scrap the possibilities are that we would all be arrested and we might be prevented from seeing tomorrow's fight, if this young man wants to establish a reputation for himself as a fighter, let him wait until after the fight to-morrow, and when we come back from Canada I think he can be accommodated."

Instead of this speech having a mollifying effect, it only poured oil on the fire. Before I could well comprehend how it came about, the young fellow had banged Goss alongside of the head and knocked him from the sidewalk out into the street. The Scriptures tell us that we should, if our enemy smites us on one cheek, turn to him the other, but I fear that Goss's early Sunday school education was sadly neglected. He didn't wait to pull off his coat, but put himself in pugilistic attitude, and he was as wary and as cautious as it was possible for a man to be. Seeing that the men would fight in spite of all I could do, I said: "Gentlemen, stand back and let these, these two men settle this between them."

"That's right," said one of them. * * *

The young belligerent who had caused the trouble was by this time forcing Goss before him, and several times he landed blows which, had they been properly distanced, might have floored the old champion. Joe was as cool as a cucumber. He backed away, seemingly half afraid of his antagonist, until he got him in the full glare of the street lamp. Suddenly he feinted with his left, and as the young fellow threw up his hand to ward the blow, Joe let him have his right with tremendous force. The blow landed on what would now be called the young fellow's solar plexus and he doubled up like a jack-knife. Instantly Joe drew back his left and shot it forward like a lightning flash. It caught the young fellow squarely on the nose, and he went down on the broad of his back with all the fight that was in him knocked skyhigh.

As the youngster's friends stooped to raise him to his feet, Goss said: "Gentlemen, I hope there will be no difficulty over this matter. I am an old man, and my fighting days are passed, but I can do a cookered yet."

We went our way and "our friends, the enemy," went theirs. I need hardly say it wasn't in the pursuit of us.

To return to "Broughton's" mutton, I will say to him that while there is no doubt that there are many amateur boxers in America who would be able to give a good account of themselves with the common run of professionals, I doubt if there are any now, or that there ever has been, any who are the pugilistic equals of the topnotchers of the professional ring.

The talk that there is to be professional fighting in this city and State immediately after the election, doesn't seem to have any genuine foundation. If there was "anything doing" that way Tom O'Rourke would be sure to have a finger in the pie somehow or other. He now talks of organizing an athletic club with an arena situated "within thirty-five minutes of Broadway and Forty-second street." That means that the club is to be located somewhere in New Jersey or Connecticut. According to report the arena of this club is to be especially built for it, with seating accommodations for 8,000 people. It may be that this club will have such an arena, but at present, like the Scotchman, "I hae me doots about it."

Tourist Sleeper to Houston.
"KATY FLYER," October 2 and 16.

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BASEBALL SEASON IS ABOUT ENDED.

St. Louisans Considering the Chances for a Pennant Winner Next Year---Fans Hope for McGraw's Return---Either He or Donovan Will Manage.

As far as St. Louis is concerned the baseball season is about ended. The St. Louis club is carded to play a few more games at League Park. Manager Heilbronner and his crew return from Chicago to-morrow and tackle Pittsburg in the afternoon and Tuesday. The Pirates will also appear in St. Louis next Sunday, and after they leave St. Louis will have their baseball appetites satisfied with the best that can be handed out by the cheap team that is parading around the circuit in the Cincinnati uniform. After John T. Brush's minor leaguers take their departure St. Louis will have no more baseball for another year.

While the Cardinals will not occupy a high position when the curtain drops, St. Louis has been treated to some first-class baseball in spots this year. It has been a long time since such a good article of the national game was played in this city. While the team is not a pennant winner, it has upon its roster some of the greatest ball players in the profession, and the exhibitions that they have given has been worth the trip to League Park, even if the team did not win.

Never before have residents of this city had the pleasure of seeing such premiers of the game as McGraw, Robinson and Donovan playing in St. Louis uniforms. They are past masters in the art. Their services cost the St. Louis club considerable money. They earned it as they did everything in their power to win the pennant for St. Louis. So did the other players, but they were St. Louis players before this year, and are well acquainted with the fact that their services are appreciated by St. Louisans even if they did not land the flag. They tried and what more can be expected of them.

Maybe the team is not as strong as it appears on paper. When a team does not win the best players are held responsible. No good reason is given, but the public which supports the game is always willing to lay the most prominent players on the team, if they err they are charged with the loss of the game.

But then it is hardly worth while to give excuses or criticise the team or the players individually now, as it is late in the season and the followers of the game have their minds set on what they may expect next year. What they expect is, of course, a pennant-winning team. But then they will be satisfied if the club is fighting in the first division, and if McGraw and Robinson are with the team again.

The Baltimoreans made a great hit in St. Louis. Since their arrival here they have played a good, honest game, and tried their utmost to make things change for the better. McGraw's playing has made baseball worth while this season. To see him play was worth the admission and a long trip. Always trying and continually making great plays of the sort that win out in this city. His style of play is popular in St. Louis and it is to be hoped that he will be with the team next year.

Donovan also made many friends in this city. He is one of the greatest players that ever donned a St. Louis uniform. Mr. Frank De Hass Robison made no mistake when he secured the ex-Pirate to play with St. Louis. He has been a tower of strength to the team. As a base-runner he leads the League. All the Sheckards, Keelers, Hamiltons and other noted cushion pilferers will have to take a back seat to Donovan this year. Although he has played in less games than these great base thieves of other years, he ranks well above them now, and will surely finish the season in front. With the stick Donovan has had few better years. He is well above the .320 mark in the batting averages. It has been several years since Pat has been as prominent among the League's sluggers. True, in other years he has been handicapped with the management of the Pittsburg team. No matter what the player is it hurts his playing to direct the team on the field. Donovan also leads the League's outfielders. There is not a surer catch playing ball than the guardian of St. Louis's right garden. He goes after a fly in an awkward manner, but seldom misses. In fact, he will finish the season with less than five errors. What misplays he has made have been on ground balls, and many of them were speckbitle ones.

Should McGraw choose to take chances with the promoters of the proposed new league, Donovan will be found at the head of the St. Louis team next year. He is a natural leader and the management of the St. Louis club realize this. Of course, it prefers McGraw. The record made by the Baltimorean with the Orioles in '99 has never been equaled. By securing him, Mr. F. de Hass Robison will remove the strongest pillar from the new league that is at present bothering the National League magnates. McGraw likes St. Louis, but naturally he likes his home town better. His business is in Baltimore, and he would like to be there. If there is a chance he will place a team in that city. No money that the Robisons can offer him will make him change his mind. With McGraw out of the way, the St. Louis magnates will have to look to Donovan to take charge of their club. He is the best man that can be secured outside of McGraw. But it is no cinch that Donovan would accept. It might be that he will be found among the new league promoters. He has not said anything that would make one think so, but he is among the successful leaders in the profession, and that is what the builders of the new organization are after.

"The last champion of the West vs. East series, which ended in the East on September 19, was noteworthy only for the remarkable success of the Pittsburg team," says Henry Chadwick. "During this competition—which began on Labor Day, September 3—but for the victories won by the Pittsburg team the record would have been below the average figures of the international tours of the Western clubs in the East. As it was, the Eastern teams won by the percentage figures of .576 for the four Eastern teams to .424 by the four Western. Of the twenty-eight victories won by the West, Pittsburg's share was thirteen, not another Western team getting double figures in victories; while in defeats Pittsburg had but three charged to them out of their sixteen won and lost. The other three Western teams all had double figures in defeats. In all sixty-six games were won and lost, and four were drawn, a greater number than in all the previous months of the season.

Philadelphia led the Eastern teams on this last Western campaign in the East with twelve out of seventeen games, only four being lost and one drawn, these giving a percentage of victories at .750, to Brooklyn's .611, New York's .421, and Boston's .407; the last two clubs losing as many games than they won. The Western record left Pittsburg with the percentage of victories' figure at .813 to St. Louis's .375, Chicago's .250, and Cincinnati's .235 only, the latter three teams aggregating but fifteen victories out of fifty-three games played, of which thirty-five were lost and three were drawn.

During the campaign Brooklyn won but a single game from a first-division club, while Pittsburg won no less than ten from first-division clubs, Brooklyn winning ten from the second-division clubs. Here is the full record of the campaign, the names being given in the order of the pennant race record as it stood on the closing day of the campaign:

PITTSBURG vs.	1st Div. Clubs. Philadelphia	Boston	Brooklyn	Total	2d Div. Clubs. Chicago	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Total	Grand totals
Victories	11	11	12	34	19	8	7	16	50	84
Defeats	8	9	10	27	7	13	8	9	37	64
Totals	19	20	22	61	26	21	15	25	87	148

The Pittsburg team is now engaged in the closing home and home series with its three Western adversaries of St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati, and what its success is likely to be may be judged from the appended record of what they have done up to September 21 inclusive:

BROOKLYN vs.	1st Div. Clubs. Pittsburg	Philadelphia	Boston	Total	2d Div. Clubs. Chicago	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Total	Grand totals
Victories	8	8	10	26	10	12	10	9	41	72
Defeats	11	6	3	20	6	2	4	7	20	40
Totals	19	14	13	46	16	20	19	16	71	117

Billy Keeler still leads the Brooklyns in batting with a percentage of .362. Kelley comes second, with .331. The leaders just an old ball player, revived the Athletics about 1889, as an independent club, and found the Quakers red hot for the old sport. Later on the League was anxious to get into the Quaker City, and, knowing this, Messrs. Reach and Rogers, now sole proprietors of the Philadelphia club, organized the Philadelphia club as an independent organization, and later on they were taken into the big League, while the Athletics became a member of the American Association and remained a member of that organization until 1894, when the Players' League took away the best players, and the Athletics went out of business as a first-class organization.

Billy Sharsig has since managed minor league clubs. Lew Simmons is now doing a black-faced turn, with the hope of once more entering the game at Philadelphia, while Mason has passed on to the great beyond. Reach and Rogers are sailing on the top wave of success, owning a franchise in the best ball town in the country, besides having all kinds of good luck in their business affairs. In the early days of the Athletics, Colonel Rogers was a small stockholder and a director, while Reach drew a fair salary and played when he felt like it. Charley Spearing, one of the principal backers of the old favorite club, is now one of the regular ushers at the Philadelphia ball park. Baseball was a good thing for Mr. Reach, for now he can walk on velvet the rest of his life.

The crowd that makes Baltimore its headquarters would have trouble in organizing a minor league on a footing with the leagues now under the care of Ban Johnson and P. T. Powers. A new organization without the universal support of the great army of ball players would have a hard time to start unless some millionaire was back of the venture and was ready to blow in several "barrels" for a starter. Working along legitimate lines a new organization would have to build up, and this would take several years, simply for the reason that the people with their money now invested in the business are not going to take to the dark woods to get out of the way of the new promoters who would like to save the game.

I see that Richter has counted Adrian Anson out. This will bother the grand old man a lot. As McGraw has declared he would have nothing to do with Richter it looks as if the two men that could do something for a new organization have been ousted, and now the move will depend on a lot of men many of whom don't know a base hit from a doughnut.

Charley Dryden, writing from Brooklyn, says: "Say, doesn't that beat the pipe organ? This makes the third umpire mutiny in two weeks here in the home of the baseball union and the not bed of brotherly love. The Lobster Trust, recently formed in New Jersey, should really make an effort to include a majority of the teams now playing ball in the big League. Hurst certainly did stretch the limit when he compelled the athletes to finish in the dark, but there is much justification when we reflect that both teams played like a string of fish—dead ones at that."

"Say, if you ever looked at fast games of ball, let me tell you that I will match those louts at St. Louis against anything speedy that you can remember, and I'll guarantee that I will beat you out." Thus declared Colonel Harry Pulliam at a fanning bee in the headquarters about noon.

"Talk all you please that the St. Louis club men want us to win above the Brooklyns. That's a fine little jolly. It doesn't go with me or with any of the Pirates after the way that most members of the St. Louis team played against us. I tell you that they would not have lost four out of the five games there. Mebbe McGraw and Robinson did not play a rapid game against us. Murphy acted as if he was playing for the old Baltimore team. It was that dash that attracted my attention. He made one stop—well, it was the finest I looked at this year. It robbed Beaumont of a base hit. And Crisler—did he throw the ball? Well, he put up the greatest throwing that I have seen this year. That man was too sick to play when the St. Louis team was at Brooklyn. Sick? Well, if a sick man can throw like that, I think I would prefer having him feeling bad every day.

Ritchey came along at this point and added strength to Colonel Harry's assertion regarding the fine throwing of Crisler. "It was Johnny-on-the-spot," said Ritchey.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Every move that John T. Brush, president of the Cincinnati club, has made to foster the game of baseball has been a step in the wrong direction. He has done more to cheapen the game and drag it down to its present low stage than all of the rowdy ball players who have attracted so much of his attention in the past several years. Interest in the sport has been decreasing gradually ever since the clothing-house proprietor has been dabbling in the game. Every move that he makes served to send a number of the patrons of the game to the races, golf or some other sport. He has the cheapest team in the League, and because he cannot get crowds out to see it play, he is endeavoring to make changes in the rules to make the game popular. He has tried before and failed. By this time he should be tired of trying to control the game. He can do so in the hotels in the winter, but not on the ball field in the summer.

TRUANT OFFICER ARRESTED CADDIES

CLUB CARRIERS AT BRAEBURN LINKS REPORTED FOR CONTINUED ABSENCE FROM SCHOOL.

Nearly fifty caddies were responsible for no end of trouble and inconvenience to the sixty players who entered the qualifying round of the big invitation open tournament on the Braeburn links at West Newton yesterday. When the little fellows engaged themselves to caddy for so far as the players were sincere enough so far as their agreements with golfers were concerned, but they were practicing deception upon their parents and school teachers.

The absence of small boys from the school on pleasant days has been noticed by teachers in many of the schools since sessions were resumed. September 19 Truant Officer Furbush was called into service, and after ascertaining many names, started on a still and successful hunt.

Yesterday, after all arrangements had been completed, and there was every indication that the preliminary round would begin auspiciously, Mr. Furbush appeared on the Braeburn links. This was about 1 p. m. His presence was unknown to the golfers, yet the caddies themselves got an advance tip and dropped the bags they were carrying and dashed for the woods. It was no use, for they were summarily called back and made to face the music.

Finally they assembled at the clubhouse while Truant Officer Furbush talked to them. He ordered them to return to school or to their homes, and that quickly. A protest on the part of Caddie Master J. W. Showler availed nothing for them. Mr. Furbush repeated the law against the employment of minors.

It was with considerable difficulty that Mr. Furbush induced the caddies to form in line and leave the grounds. This they did and marched away peacefully enough.

It was only another case of deception, however, for the truant officer had hardly left them in West Newton when some of them scampered back to the links. Again Mr. Furbush returned to Braeburn, and again another procession was made up.

This time Mr. Furbush ruled them with an iron hand within a velvet glove, and soon afterward the number of pupils in some of the West Newton schools was augmented by the presence of the caddies.

Caddie Master Showler had to do considerable of a hustle to fill vacancies, but he managed to secure a sufficient number, and the afternoon's play was resumed.

Of the 150 players entered, sixty were on the links.—Boston Traveler.

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See "Katy's" ticket agents.

NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Paper Merchant Elected to That Exalted Position Yesterday.

London, Sept. 29.—Alderman Frank Green was formally elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year, at the Guild Hall to-day.

Mr. Green is a native of Maidstone, Kent, and is a paper merchant. His wife, a daughter of Joseph Haydn, the author of "The Dictionary of Dates," died last winter, so the duties of Lady Mayoress will be undertaken by Mr. Green's daughter.

WHEN EDWARDS MET CHAMBERS.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE BARE-KNUCKLE FIGHT BETWEEN THESE GREAT LIGHT WEIGHTS.

At present the pugilistic world is stirred up over the recent scandal regarding the big fighters and the selling of the public by the favorites of the roped arena. Continual references are made to the good old days of bare-fist fighting, when the best man won and jobs were unknown. The following account of a fight in those golden days of honest pugilism will show that even then there were "shady" incidents in the ring. The memorable old fight between Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers, back in 1872, which was witnessed under disheartening and depressing difficulties, forms a startling contrast to one of the fin de siecle affairs of 1900 in Madison Square Garden:

In the then sleepy little town of Detroit one early autumn day there suddenly gathered a mysterious concourse of low-browed, heavily mustached, and flashily-dressed strangers, whose dress and general bearing at once proclaimed their sporting proclivities. They had been chased out of Ohio by a Sheriff's posse, and were anxiously searching for a favorable locality in which to pull off a good thing. That night at old Merrill Hall a sparring exhibition was given. It was a tame and uneventful affair, in which mediocre talent engaged, and the boxing gloves were as big as pillows, but there was intense excitement among the local and visiting sports, for the fight rendezvous tip was to be given out. Shortly before midnight, in twos and threes, and half dozens, the lovers of fistic encounters, with affected indifference, strolled down to the foot of Woodward avenue and boarded a venerable ferryboat which ran across the river to the little village of Windsor, just opposite, and on the Canadian side.

It was a great showing of celebrities that soon began to line up in front of the Canadian bars. There was O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, towering head and shoulders above the blurt Tom Allen and the saturnine, gypsy-like Jem Mace. There were Tim Collins, "The Cast Iron Man," and the little cockney known as "Surdons' Mose," and such hardened veterans as Hurst, "the Staleybridge Infant," a Colossus beside whom the immortal Bankhurst, then unborn, would have been dwarfed, and the blunt old John Mackay, who had seconded Heenan in his fight with Sayers. There were consumptive Arthur Gore, with his broken nose, and Charley McDonald, the exact prototype of Dickens' Bill Sykes, and a score of others, not forgetting Harry Hill and Barney Aaron. Almost every name, in fact, prominently known in the ring-side annals of the day, could have been located, together with a goodly representation of burglars, safeblowers and gamblers, and a few furtive-eyed, timorous gentlemen of great eminence in Detroit's business circles, who looked uncomfortable, and kept nervously fingering their pocketbooks and watches.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning, dark and drizzly, when these enthusiasts were hurried aboard a couple of tugs, which hastily cast off and steamed up the river into Lake St. Clair. It was almost sunrise when they disembarked in leaky boats and were rowed ashore to Walpole Island, uninhabited, except by a few Indian basketmakers, who took to the woods at the unexpected raid of their pale-faced brethren. Everybody was morose, tired, hungry, and more or less drunk, and the only cheerful incident to beguile the tedium of disembarkation was when Jem Mace, with sudden inspiration of humor, bribed the boatman to capsize Mr. Collins, "the Castiron Man," in shallow water. The pursuit of the offender was spirited, and would have ended with homicide had not some one thoughtfully tripped up Mr. Collins just as he was overhauling his victim. The incident put everybody in good humor, except Mr. Collins, who subsequently disrobed and gloomily sat at the ring-side, clad only in a Greeley hat and a pair of flannel drawers.

A dozen volunteers drove the stakes and stretched the ropes, and just as the sun began to blaze down upon the little clearing the men squared off and hammered away with bared but well-plicked and seasoned fists. No two fighters could have been more dissimilar in appearance or style. Chambers was sturdy, compact, slow and bulldoggish, the ideal type of the English pugilist; Edwards, slender, graceful, rosy-cheeked and quick as a panther. Both were in splendid condition and gluttons for punishment, and while it lasted it was a great fight. But all at once a "job" was pulled off. Edwards was beating his man to a pulp and apparently was a sure winner. At the end of something like the twelfth round, when Chambers went to his corner, one of his seconds put his head under the blanket which had been thrown about his shoulders, and deliberately bit him on the breast. The next instant time was called, and as they faced each other Chambers ran into a clinch and fell, dragging Edwards with him. The next instant he set up a howl of protest. "He's eating me!" he cried. There were the teeth marks, and he was instantly declared a winner on a foul. Edwards, dazed and confused by the summary success of this pleasing bit of trickery, ran down to the waterside, half mad with rage and grief, and plunged into the lake. He was evidently thinking of suicide, but changed his mind and came out again, shaking the water from him like a spaniel and hurling forth protests and frantic remonstrances, but all in vain. It was not his day. It was late in the afternoon before the famished, irate and altogether woebegone crowd of real sports landed on the American side. By nightfall they had scattered in every direction. Some warrants had been issued. And for all these discomforts and the honor of an unearned victory, Mr. Chambers was rewarded by something like $1.00. Mr. Edwardes had nothing but vain regrets. Pugilism, straight or crooked, was not vastly remunerative in those days. Latter-day exponents of the art of self-defense know how to do the trick far more easily and profitably.

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Young Man, are you afflicted with Varicocele? You surely must realize that it is very essential to your future health, happiness and success that you be cured of this dread disease at once. We are thoroughly familiar with every symptom of this condition, and, knowing as we do the awful results of neglect, our sympathies are enlisted with every sufferer from the disease.

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Why not take preventive measures before it is too late? If your typewriter is broken, you have it repaired immediately. Why not be as considerate of your own person? It is a duty you owe yourself and family that you be cured at once.

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