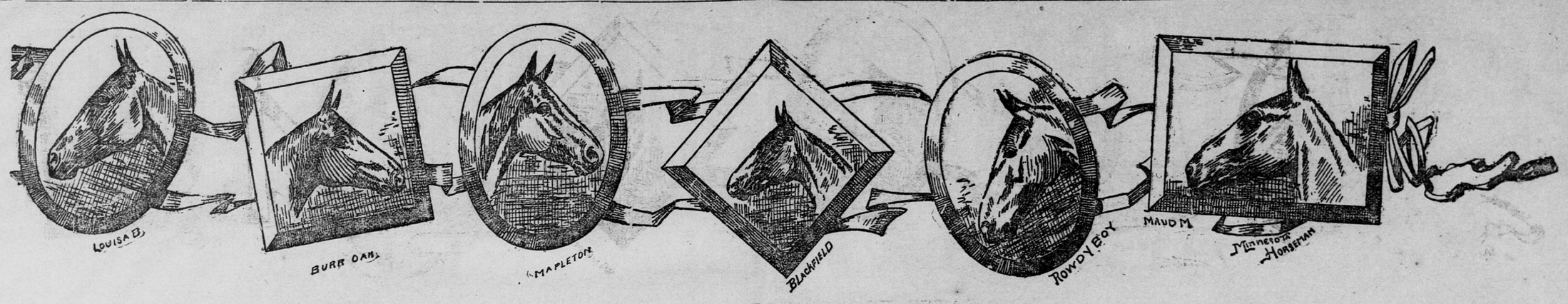


CANDIDATES FOR THE MINNEAPOLIS DERBY.

July. Thirty thousand dollars in stakes to be competed for and nearly 400 horses, famous the world over, will contest for the rich prizes. 2:06, the acknowledged queen of the trotting family; Old Hal Pointer, 2:04½, the famous fleet pacer, and many others equally as noted. promised. Reduced Rates on all the railways. Electric cars to the gates from the Twin Cities and the best accommodations at the grounds.

Monday, July 1st, Is Derby Day.

MINNEAPOLIS DRIVING CLUB,
W. E. STEELE, Treasurer.
R. F. JONES, Secretary.

DAY WITH CORBETT

THE CHAMPION IS DOING MILD TRAINING AT ASBURY PARK.

HE CORDIALLY HATES FITZ.

IT WILL MAKE THE BATTLE FOR $61,000 ALL THE MERRIER.

FRIENDS FEAR HIS RAGE

May Give Lanky Bob an Advantage at a Very Critical Moment.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 28.—Jim Corbett is a mighty interesting gentleman just now while he is taking his preliminary canter, so to speak, in his training for his coming fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, late of Australia.

Although Corbett has not yet got down to hard work, a day spent with him is a pretty busy one, particularly if the visitor be somewhat larger about the girth than the law allows and decidedly shy in what the fighters call wind. The fight with Fitzsimmons at Dallas, Tex., on Oct. 31, is a great way off, yet the fact that both men are beginning at this early day to train for it shows better than anything else that each has a deep respect for the pugilistic ability of the other, notwithstanding the hard names bandied between them. Sixty-one thousand dollars, the total of the sum to be battled for, has a fascinating glitter that has caught the eyes of both men, and, while the honor of being champion of the world is no empty title in these days of theatrical returns, each man asserts with charming innocence that he is out for the dust.

Aside from these inspiring motives for a battle royal, the men hate each other cordially. Corbett, in particular, dislikes Fitzsimmons, and his friends at Asbury Park, particularly the cool and calm Billy Brady, see a danger signal in this hatred. Jim came within an ace of losing the fight with Mitchell at Jacksonville because he allowed his rage to get the better of his judgment. Some thought that he really committed a foul, but this was not so. When face to face with Fitzsimmons Corbett cannot allow personal hatred to play any part in his fighting tactics. It might give Fitz an opening that would be taken advantage of like a flash of lightning. Fitz is always calm and cool, and never allows personal antagonisms to interfere with business. Corbett has been told this a dozen times lately, and has been cautioned against nursing his grievances against Fitz.

CORBETT'S FINE CONDITION.

Jim is now in fine fettle, almost good enough to go in the ring tomorrow and put up the fight of his life. He is living quietly at his Lock Arbor house, which is within a few minutes' walk of the gaieties of Asbury Park. He will probably go into the ring weighing 185 pounds, and he is only a few pounds heavier than that now. This makes training comparatively easy for him, as he will not have to go through any arduous course for the removal of thirty or forty pounds. Weight reduction is the great bane of fighters and jockeys, and Corbett has always been spared this task, as he never allows himself to lapse into indolence, otherwise he might now tip the scales at 230 instead of 190 pounds. He has never succumbed to the fascinations of King Alcohol, and this has also been of the greatest benefit to him. But these conditions give him no advantage over Fitz, who cannot be induced to do the slightest thing that might interfere with his ability as a fighter.

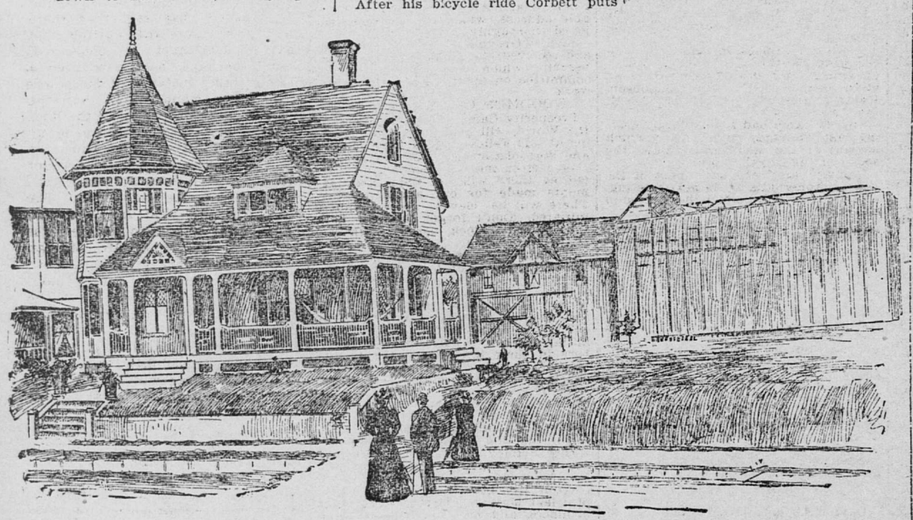
EATS WHAT HE LIKES.

Jim gets up these mornings at 6 o'clock, and after a cold bath shaves himself and then sits down to breakfast. In the old days fighters were trained on "red rags," otherwise beefsteaks that had just been waved over the fire a few times, and scarcely touched by the heat. Corbett eats a variety of good, wholesome food, and "Young Corbett" and Steve O'Donnell, who are also training there, do the same. They argue, and very correctly, too, that if they follow in the footsteps of Jim in all things pugilistically they will not be far from the right.

After breakfast Jim takes a short walk with his dogs or sits on the piazza of the house for a half-hour. Then he takes his bicycle for a ten-mile spin through the pretty country. Oftentimes he pays a short visit to Parson Davies, who has a "farm" about a mile west of Asbury Park. The parson has a fine collection of "pugs" on hand just now, including Jimmie Barry, Joe Choynski and Bob Armstrong, a big black, who stands 6 feet 3¾ inches without shoes and stockings, and a fist like a dark ham. Bob hopes to be the successor of Peter Jackson, but it is difficult to train him, he is so big and husky. He has strength and a willingness to learn, but up to date is a long way from being scientific. Joe Choynski, who looks like a midget beside him, can punch holes in him. Bob is good-natured, but sometimes a particularly nasty jab makes him hot, and then the onlookers chase around for clubs to defend themselves. Jim enjoys these diversions, and cheers the big negro on in his work by telling him that he is a wonder.

HANDBALL A MAKER OF SPEED.

After his bicycle ride Corbett puts himself in the hands of his rubbers, and they work on his lithe muscles until the skin is almost blood-red. A dip in the ocean surf comes next, and there is another rub down. A handball court has just been built on the grounds and for the next hour Corbett plays the game with Steve O'Donnell and "Young Corbett," otherwise George Green, pitted against him. This is Jim's favorite game, and he regards it as one of the best methods in vogue to give the fighter that greatest of all requisites, speed. The game makes one active in leg, back and arm work, and calls into quick action every muscle of the body. It also develops the eye and the exercise of instant vision. Corbett pays great attention to his sight, for when pitted against a speedy man like Fitzsimmons, accurate and quick vision is as necessary as a strong arm and a valiant heart. Another benefit derived from constant playing of handball is that it improves a man's aim, and forces him to swing his arm while his body is in all kinds of positions. Corbett can swat the little ball with terrible force, when running, walking or jumping. There is no doubt that handball is a great game for the training fighter to play, and it would be well for Fitz to profit by the example it gives in Corbett's marvellous speed.



CORBETT'S TRAINING QUARTERS.

PUNCHING THE BAG.

MAKES O'DONNELL WINCE.

After dinner Corbett and Steve O'Donnell put on the mits and bang each other at lively clip for half a dozen rounds. It's hard work for Steve, as Jim often puts considerable steam in his blows in the excitement of the game. Jim doesn't do any jabbing, but fights two-handed all the time, paying particular attention to body blows.

Corbett is already at work mapping out the style of fight that he will put up against Fitz. In his famous fight with Sullivan Corbett jabbed him in the face with his left a score of times, filling his opponent's nose and throat with blood until it almost choked him. Corbett has invariably adopted the jabbing process, but in his fight with Fitz he will have to use some other method, as Fitz is also a jabber, and, if anything, the calmer of the two. Besides, Fitz has a trifle the best of it in the matter of reach, although Corbett is the taller by an inch and a quarter. Arms extended and measuring straight across from the finger tips, Fitz measures 75¾ of an inch in the reach of a single arm, inches. Fitz has an advantage of ¾ of an inch in the reach of a single arm, and it is never safe to jab a speedy man whose reach is the superior.

Jim is thinking of all these things, and at the same time is enjoying himself. He often plays ball in the afternoon with a scrub club, made up by the hangers on about the place. Sometimes he knocks out flies to the small boys of the place, who regard Jim as a king. To chase a ball from the bat of Corbett is an honor that they fight for right merrily.

Corbett will not begin real hard work until the end of August, as he is careful not to put on the fine edge too soon and then find himself stale before the fight. He punches the bag after O'Donnell has had enough, and for a short time each day the two toss a heavy iron ball between them to keep the muscles strong. Corbett is in bed every night at 10 o'clock, and Brady says they almost have to turn a hose on him in the morning to get him up.

CORBETT SHOULD WIN.

Sullivan Talks Entertainingly About the Fight.

Corbett and I met at New Orleans, Corbett and Mitchell at Jacksonville, and it is a golden eagle to a red cherry that Corbett and Fitzsimmons will meet at Dallas, Tex., in October next. The men could not get out of a battle if they wanted to, and to give each his due I honestly believe that neither wishes to dodge a meeting. There is too much feeling between these chaps to admit of any such argument. They hate each other just as cordially as the boys who sport the orange and the green over in old Ireland. That will give zest to the meeting. There will be no love taps, but red-hot jabs and peppery upper cuts.

Aside from the antipathy each bears the other there are other reasons which conduce to their coming together. These are the love of glory and the gold which follows in its wake and the force of public opinion. All athletes, be they fighters, wrestlers, oarsmen, pedestrians or what not, fear public opinion as much as they love gold. Once let the public get on to the fact that a champion of any kind is afraid his days as an athlete are numbered. He could not draw brass pennies, not to talk of silver dollars, to the box office of any show that he might give. Indeed, he would be lucky if he did not get bouquets of ancient eggs thrown at him from the gallery. Therefore it is safe to bet a national bank against a Coney Island barn that the boys will face each other in the roped arena; if not in Texas, then in Mexico or some other spot; if not in public, then in private.

What kind of a battle will it be, and what are the chances of the men? I have been asked these questions at least 100 times and will answer here to the best of my ability. Corbett should win, as he has height and weight in his favor, besides a trifle the best of it in the way of shiftiness. In skill, speed, reach, courage and strength they are pretty near even, although Fitzsimmons is by far the harder hitter. Corbett, however, has no airtight cinch. This is an era of surprises, and Fitz may land one of his knockout blows.

If Corbett should go at lanky Bob as he did at Mitchell, he would get whipped to a dead moral certainty. He can never mix it with Fitz at infighting and exchange blow for blow, simply because the Australian's punches are about twice as dangerous as the Californian's. Corbett's forte is outfighting, and, mark my words, you will see that he plays that game when he and Fitz meet at Dallas. He will try simply to jab Bob out, which, if he can keep away from the Australian, he may do in twenty or twenty-five rounds.

Fitz, on the other hand, I am satisfied, will go at Corbett from the very moment time is called. He will try to mix it with Corbett in every possible way and land a knockout blow. It may puzzle the champion to keep away from him, as Fitz is a mighty spry fellow, and can get around a ring like a race horse. I predict that Corbett when cornered, as he is bound to be by Fitz some time, will resort to clinches to save himself from punishment. He is a far better wrestler than Fitz, and as he will be about twenty pounds heavier and can use his strength to greater advantage he may even wear Fitz out at fighting. Wrestling is terribly exhausting, especially so to the lighter, weaker and less skillful man. Should Fitz get in one or two hard blows, however, before the clinch Corbett may become so weak that his wrestling skill will not avail him much.

The fight will be one of the best, I think, that have occurred between big men in this country for a long time, as both fellows are so clever, speedy and strategic. Corbett will try to make it wholly a scientific battle and win by a long encounter. Fitzsimmons will endeavor to use force with science and win or be whipped in short order. He is as sensible in his plan as Corbett is in his. One can win out best by waiting, the other by rushing.

Leaving the element of chance out of it, Corbett, for the reasons I have already given, should win, although the other man has a cracking good chance to capture first money. He is big and strong just where he needs these qualities—in the shoulders, arms and muscles of the back. His shoulders are indeed broader than the champion's, his back muscles rounder and bigger and his chest expansion greater. His legs are not near as shapely or as large as Jim's but Bob says they are strong enough and tough enough to hold him up all day.

Anyhow, whichever way the battle goes, it will be worth going a long way to see, and all I can say to the boys to cheer them on and help the grand old sport along is the motto which always adorned my colors in my fighting days, "May the best man win."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

THROWING THE IRON BALL.

RIDES BACKWARD.

Remarkable Young Trick Rider and His Wonderful Feats Awheel.

Lee Richardson, the young Chicago trick bicyclist, can ride a wheel backward faster than the average bicyclist can make it go in the conventional manner. Richardson is a mere boy of sixteen, but he has already made a wide reputation, owing to his wonderful speed in riding backward and owing to the clever tricks that he performs on his safety wheel. In Louisville recently he established a record for two-thirds of a mile in the backward style of riding by making the distance in 2 minutes 32 1-5 seconds. Master Richardson is open to ride any man in the world any distance in his own peculiar style, and up to the present time he has remained the undisputed champion.

LEE RICHARDSON

At the big race meet in Waltham June 17 Richardson created considerable of a sensation by riding half a mile backward in 1 minute 54 2-5 seconds. In his exhibitions of this character his back is not only turned toward the track the wheel is following, but the wheel itself is pedaled backward.

As a trick rider Richardson seems to be master of most of the feats that have made Canary, Kaufmann, Barber and Kilpatrick so well known.

FOLDING BICYCLE.

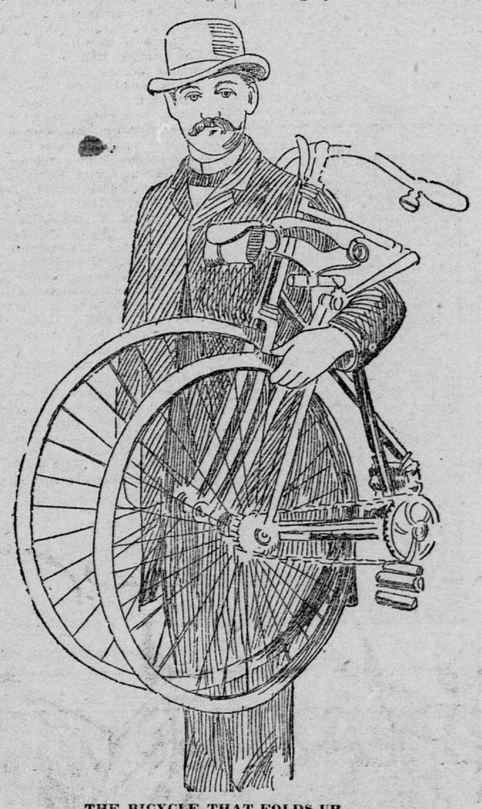
It May Be Doubled Up So as to Occupy Half Its Ordinary Space

Bicycle inventors come thick and fast. American inventive genius apparently has concentrated upon the wheel. Every week some inventor comes forward with some new device designed to make cycling easier or safer or faster or to make a wheel lighter. In France, however, the inventors are experimenting with petroleum-driven bicyclettes. Why petroleum is better than the human leg, and why the machine should be dubbed bicyclette are questions only a plausible Frenchman can answer. The petroleum bicyclette participated in the recent road race between Paris and Bordeaux. It gave a good account of itself.

A folding bicycle is the newest novelty in the steel steed line. By a simple and ingenious arrangement the connecting rods of the frame may be folded until the machine is reduced to the size of one wheel, as shown in the illustration.

The inventor claims for the folding bicycle the possibility of storing it in one's room, the ease with which it may be carried up or down stairs or hoisted in dumbwaiters or elevators. It can be readily doubled up for carrying on the shoulder up and down bad roads. Such a bicycle can be readily placed in a carriage or other vehicle for transportation. Doubtless, also, the policeman who has had an experience in leading the bicycle of a prisoner to the stationhouse will appreciate the merits of a machine that can be folded up and carried under the arm, where it is powerless to work injury.

The inventor claims further that in its folded shape the bicycle may be securely locked, but seems to forget that in its portable shape it presents an extraordinary inducement to the intending thief.



THE BICYCLE THAT FOLDS UP.

The folding bicycle is one of the things that, now that it has been invented, will cause people to wonder why it had not been thought of before. Dwellers in flats, however, where there are tenants given to storing their wheels in the lower hallway, will be inclined to send their personal thanks to the genius who has shown how the most unwieldy thing ever invented—that is, while in state of repose—may be made less obtrusive and less dangerous. There is no reason why it shouldn't be hung up on a peg out of everybody's way.

The man who invented the baby carriage which could be flattened out and jerked under the bed or stool against the wall behind a sofa worked a great benefaction. It was the best thing since the jointed fishing rod. Then a Brooklyn man invented a piano which could be readily taken apart and carried up the narrow stairways of an apartment house and then set up in a little room, instead of being swung into an outside window, as a safe is generally put into an office building. But there are more bicycles than there are either baby carriages or pianos in New York, so for the present the inventor of the folding bicycle is entitled to a seat on the right side of the throne.

PRINCE AMONG TRAINERS.

Monroe Salisbury, Who Made Alix and Directum Wonders.

The shrewdest and most successful trainer of harness horses on the turf today is Monroe Salisbury, and he is now generally regarded as the greatest trotting horse manager in America. The recital of Salisbury's triumphs in the training of world beaters would fill columns of space. Every year he electrifies the turf world by bringing out some new star of the first magnitude. In 1889 Cricket, Direct, Margaret S and Katy S were sprung by Salisbury. In 1891 the game campaign made by Little Albert attracted general attention, while Direct, who took a record of 2:06, created a furore by beating Hal Pointer, who at that time was regarded as invincible. In the year 1892 Salisbury uncorked Flying Jib and Directum. The latter took a three-year-old record of 2:11¼. Little Albert cut his record to 2:10 during the season. In 1893 Salisbury had the trump card in Directum, who made the most wonderful campaign ever known, and cut the stallion record down to 2:05½. Director's Flower was that year the biggest winning two-year-old of the year. The following year Directum was in other hands, and was the greatest disappointment of the season.

MONROE SALISBURY.

In 1894, under Salisbury's management, Alix lowered the world's trotting record to 2:03¾, dethroning Nancy Hanks, 2:04. The black stallion Directly went faster than any two-year-old that was ever hitched to a sulky; Azote's campaign was a magnificent one, while Expressive not only won thousands of dollars, but proved herself the greatest three-year-old campaigner ever known.

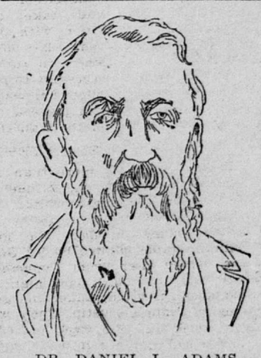
The Salisbury string for the campaign of 1895 is by long odds the greatest combination of light harness horses and side-wheelers ever banded together in America. This is the fifth annual campaign made by Salisbury, and the prospects are very bright for the most successful season ever experienced by the "Master of Pleasanton," says the San Francisco Chronicle. The bright particular star of the aggregation is Alix, the queen of the trotting turf, whose exploits last year eclipsed Nancy Hanks, Sunol, Maud S, Directum and all other famous performers of the turf. It is said Salisbury believes she will this year lower the record to 2:02. Among the other stars of the stable are Flying Jib, 2:04, the great pacer; Directly, 2:07¾, the phenomenal three-year-old side-wheeler; Azote, 2:08¾, the gelding that is considered one of Alix's most formidable rivals; Ella T, 2:12; Marin Jr., 2:13, and fourteen other good ones.

Azote, whose grand record last season caused such a great astonishment, especially as Salisbury purchased the son of Whips for the small sum of $1,500, will be the stable reliance in the fast classes. Azote is the biggest fast trotter ever hitched to a "bike." He is sixteen and a half hands high and scales almost 1,300 pounds. This Jumbo of the trotting turf last year trotted thirty-eight heats at an average speed of 2:11. He wound up the season by taking a mark of 2:08¾, and J. G. Morgan, the conditioner of the horse, expresses the opinion that Azote will trot dangerously close to the world's record before the end of the present season. Azote was one of the great money-winners of 1894. He started in twenty races and won no less than fourteen times, while he was four times second.

FATHER OF BASE BALL.

Originator of the National Game Still Lives in Connecticut.

Thousands of people who admire base ball will be interested in the fact that there is still living in New Haven the father of the game, Dr. Daniel L. Adams, an octogenarian, says the Chicago Chronicle. He is exceedingly well preserved, and his active step and unimpaired eyesight and hearing go far to prove the value of an active interest in athletics in early life. The doctor was one of the first men to belong to an organized base ball club, and quickly took the lead in all matters connected with the growth and character of the national game. He went to New York as a physician in 1838. He says: "In September, 1845, some young men formed the Knickerbocker base ball club. They went into it just for exercise and enjoyment, and I think used to get a good deal more solid fun of it than the players in the big games do nowadays. About a month after the organization of this club, several of us medical fellows joined it. The following year I was made president, and served as long as I was willing to retain the office. Twice a week we went over to the 'Elysian Fields' for practice. Once there we were free from all restraints, and throwing off our coats we played until it was too dark to see any longer. I was a left-handed batter, and sometimes used to get the ball into the river. People began to take an interest in the game presently, and sometimes we had as many as 100 spectators watching the practice. The rules at that time were very crude. The pitching was all underhand, and the catcher usually stood back and caught the ball on the bound.



DR. DANIEL L. ADAMS,
The Father of Base Ball.

"Our players were not very enthusiastic at first, and did not always turn out on practice days. There was then no rivalry, as no other club was formed until 1850, and during these five years base ball had a desperate struggle for existence. As captain, I had to employ all my rhetoric to induce attendance, and often thought it useless to continue the effort, but my love for the game, and the happy hours spent at the 'Elysian Fields' led me to persevere. During the summer months many of our members were out of town, thus leaving a very short playing season.

"We had a great deal of trouble in getting balls made, and for six or seven years I made all the balls myself, and not only for our own club, but also for other clubs when they were organized. I went all over New York to find some one who would undertake this work, but no one could be induced to try it for love or money. Finally I found a Scotch saddler who was able to show me a good way to cover the balls with horsehide, such as was used for whip lashes. I used to make the stuffing out of three or four ounces of rubber cuttings, wound with yarn and then covered with leather. These balls were of course a great deal softer than the balls now in use. It was not until some time after 1850 that a shoemaker was found who was willing to make them for us. This was the beginning of base ball manufacturing.

Through Car.

Through car service is appreciated on long journeys. If you have decided to send your wife and little ones to the White Mountains, to the Summer Resorts of the St. Lawrence, to Portland, Bar Harbor or points on the coast of Maine, the through car service of the Soo Line from St. Paul to Boston will be appreciated. Call and see the Agent in reference to the low excursion rates in effect July 4th to 8th, inclusive. Ticket Office, 398 Robert Street, Ryan Hotel Block.

Modernized Romance.

Chicago Record.

Teacher—When "young Lochinvar came out of the West," how did he manage to carry his lady love off with him?

Johnny—Had a tandem bicycle.

Y Is the Fourth of July?

Take advantage of the exceedingly low rates offered by the Soo Line, and go fishing. Fishermen are having splendid sport and very successful at Buffalo, Paynesville and Glenwood. For full particulars see or write W. S. Thorne, 398 Robert street, St. Paul.

SHE LED, BUT LOST.

PRINCE OF WALES' BRITANNIA DEFEATS VALKYRIE III. ON TIME ALLOWANCE

HER FIRST RACE A FAILURE

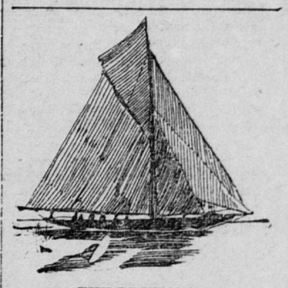
DUNRAVEN'S CHALLENGER HAD A POOR CHANCE TO SHOW CAPABILITIES.

SEVERAL TIMES BECALMED

Britannia Finished Nearly Two Minutes Behind, but Had Two Minutes to Spare

ROTHESAY Scotland, June 29.—The "Clyde fortnight" of yacht racing opened today with the regatta of the Royal Northern Yacht club. Enormous crowds assembled to witness the first race of Valkyrie III., Lord Dunraven's syndicate yacht. The racing programme comprised eleven contests. The course for the big yachts was a total distance of fifty miles. Valkyrie III. gave Ailsa 2 minutes and 59 seconds, and Britannia 4 minutes and 2 seconds.

When the gun was fired at 10:30 a. m. Ailsa was pointing direct for the line, and went over first. The Valkyrie was handled well, and before half a mile of the course had been covered took the lead, with Britannia close to her and Ailsa a long distance astern. The yachts, however, were merely drifting. Valkyrie, just as she was entering Largs bay, got rather close to the shore, lost the wind, and became completely becalmed. Ailsa and Britannia, standing more out in the channel, got a little breeze, and gradually drew up and passed Valkyrie, with the Britannia about half a mile astern. But Ailsa did not succeed in passing the mark boat ahead of Valkyrie, as she got too far to leeward. Valkyrie, still standing in, got the breeze, and rounded the mark boat before Ailsa and Britannia, which two yachts were virtually becalmed. Valkyrie kept on with the assistance of a fair wind, left the others far behind, and at 2 p. m. was nearly five miles ahead, and making for the Skelmorlie markboat, which she passed at 3:21:33, Ailsa and Britannia being a mile astern. Valkyrie maintained her lead easily on the second round. The breeze was fresher and the new yacht showed good speed.



THE BRITANNIA.

Britannia caught up while the Valkyrie was becalmed, and eventually only a few lengths separated them. But Valkyrie crept along and there was hardly a breath of air blowing as she crossed the finishing line. The following were the times of the two yachts at the finish: Valkyrie, 7:37:30; Britannia, 7:39:16. But although Valkyrie crossed the line 1:46 ahead of Britannia, the latter won the race, as she had a time allowance of 4 minutes 20 seconds, consequently winning on corrected time by 2 minutes 34 seconds.

The race for twenty-raters was stopped at the end of the first round and Gould's yacht Niagara was declared the winner. The following were the times: Niagara, 4 hours 27 minutes and 38 seconds; Zinita, 4 hours 33 minutes 35 seconds; Dakotah, 4 hours 35 minutes 22 seconds.

The Lakes in the Clouds.

Lake Louise, Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes are three gems in the heart of the Rockies, easily reached from Laggan, on the Soo-Pacific Line, and the cost of reaching Laggan from St. Paul has been made very low, only $50 for the round trip, including double berth in the first-class sleeper of every Tuesday in July and August. Apply at Ticket office, 398 Robert Street, Hotel Ryan Block.

Wood Cloth.

"Woop-pulp cotton" is made from white wood, which has been macerated with chemicals until it can be drawn into a thread. The threads so produced can be readily woven, and it is said that "cotton duck" made from them can be washed.

Banff Springs

Is worth reading about. Call on or write W. S. Thorne, 398 Robert street, St. Paul, and get a copy of the Soo-Pacific Line publications, "Glaciers and Mountain Ranges," and "Banff and the Lakes in the Clouds."