

RYAN LIKE DEMPSEY

HOW CLEVER EXPONENTS OF BOXING ARE HANDICAPPED BY WEIGHT

MUST GIVE AWAY POUNDS

Dempsey's Handicap Was Even Greater Than That of Ryan—Famous "Nonpareil" Heavier Than a Welter—Met and Defeated Half a Hundred Men of the Middle and Heavy Divisions.

The decisive victory achieved by Tommy Ryan in the twenty-round bout with Jack Bonner, at Coney Island, last week, stamps him as a second Dempsey. The famous "Nonpareil" in his prime was never better than a welterweight, and could hardly reach the pounds at any stage of his active career. True, when Dempsey was defeated by Fitzsimmons he was the heavier of the two, tipping the beam at a little above 154, while the Australian weighed in at below 152. Despite the disparity in advantage Fitz towered above his opponent and appeared the larger man. Dempsey was not at his best at the weight named, while Fitzsimmons was hard to fight, and would not have taken off another pound had he tried. Jimmy Carroll, who handled Fitzsimmons on that memorable occasion, is authority for the statement that Fitz was so hungry on the night he defeated Dempsey that immediately after the battle he repaired to a restaurant and ate, or devoured, a steak that would have fed a family. He abstained from food for many hours prior to the meeting in order to keep within the limit, and was as eager as a wild beast that he was scented its quarry after a fast of weeks.

DEMPSEY UNAPPROACHABLE.

When Jack Dempsey was at his best there was not a boxer in the world in any class who had license to say that he could defeat the "Nonpareil" because of superior weight. Dempsey asked no odds on that score. He took on all comers, without asking that they train down to his pounds, and he defeated all he met until, by sheer accident, he sustained his first reverse at the hands of George La Blanche, "the Marine." And in that battle Dempsey showed how skill masters strength, for he landed at will upon his bony opponent, receiving but one effective blow in return, save when La Blanche struck Dempsey foul after the going had sounded, and would have lost the contest had Dempsey been willing to have a claim of foul entered. The blow that won the battle for "The Marine" reached its mark when least expected by either Dempsey or La Blanche, and was admitted to be simply a chance that would not have been successful once a dozen battles. Prior to that crushing defeat Dempsey had been regarded as invincible. He had been urged to take on John L. Sullivan, but the friendship between the two great boxers prevented a trial of Dempsey's ability, hence it cannot be said that he was the equal of the champion of champions, though there was no other contender worthy of whom Dempsey could not have secured backing in any sum.

RYAN'S ONE DEFEAT.

Tommy Ryan has a record that is second alone to that of Dempsey. He has met and defeated all the best men in the country in the welterweight division, and was at all times willing to give away pounds. Ryan's most stubborn contests were with "Mysterious" Billy Smith, who made the success of Dempsey hinge to retain his laurels. His sole defeat, however, was administered by "Kid" McCoy, and Ryan has himself to blame for that. Ryan had worked with McCoy, and had the utmost confidence in his prowess. He lost sight of the fact that McCoy was a youngster, and seemed to have entirely forgotten that he was receiving better boxing than he was rounded out to the full of his physical marshall. It was for that reason alone that Ryan went into the ring with McCoy in no condition, and tasted for the first time the sting of defeat. In the second meeting between Ryan and McCoy the police stopped the contest, hence it cannot be even surmised which would have won, but the record shows that Ryan had the better of the exchanges up to the final blow.

RYAN'S CONFIDENCE.

Ryan, like Dempsey, is afraid of no boxer living. For years he tried to get on with Dan Creedon, at a time when Creedon was looked upon as the coming middleweight. Experts regarded Ryan's ambition as a piece of folly that ought to be discontinued, but the results have shown that Ryan was probably correct in his presumption that he was Creedon's master. Bonner beat Creedon and Ryan beat Bonner. That is the crucial test. All talk of Creedon's "misfortune" is both when it comes to figuring form in boxing. There is no middleweight in the world today, who has license to wrest the championship from Tommy Ryan. He is unquestionably the premier in that division, and will so remain until some youngster develops and wrests the title from the older man. That is the way of all champions. Sullivan beat the story at New Orleans when, after his defeat by Corbett he said: "I am older than I thought. I have fought one too often. This is the last. The old man has retired."

THOSE PRODIGAL FIGHTERS.

I have a letter from a Twin City ring devotee, asking why "Kid" McCoy, Jack McAuliffe and a few other ring celebrities were omitted from the story of the rise and fall of prominent pugilistic heroes in a financial way. The prodigality of McAuliffe is so well known that it was scarcely necessary to speak of it. The Brooklyn cooper has been rich half a dozen times in his career in the ring. He has won as much as \$40,000 on a single battle, and kept it less than a month. As to McCoy, he is just entering upon his career, and while he has money, there is nothing upon which to base a guess as to how long he will keep it. Corbett was rich until he lost his head and went blindly against fate to financial destruction. Who knows but McCoy may do the same? All the successful fighters of modern times have had money, and the majority have failed to hold onto it. McCoy might

profit by the experience of those who have gone before him. Will he?

MCCOOLE'S FATE.

From the days of Mendoza there has been no famous fighter who ended his career in as abject poverty as did Mike McCool. While McCool was never rich, he had plenty until he struck the pugilistic toboggan, and then he went to the bottom with a rush. He was finally compelled to eke out a miserable livelihood as a roustabout, and would have been buried as a pauper, but for the good offices of generous John L. Sullivan. And yet the writer can remember when Mike McCool was one of the handsomest specimens in the ring, and his career never immaculate was his attire, and his friends were legion. Defeat was so humiliating that the giant sought forgetfulness in drink, and the end then came quickly.

OTHER OLD-TIMERS.

Of the early-day fighters there were a few who did fairly well, financially, considering the fact that they lacked the opportunities of acquiring wealth that came later to their kind. Nat Langham, the only man who had the honor of a victory over Tom Sayers, stood fast against the giant until the ring, and finished his career in a little inn that brought him an easy living. Ben Caunt also became a boniface, and revelled in the life of ease that that position meant to those days. Perrin and Johnson did not die in want, and the famous Tom Cribb managed to make the events of life in comfort. The events of life in comfort, however, hence his closing career was on "w" the sports world designate "Easy street" Sayers had no money when the day of reckoning came. And what is said of Sayers can be applied to the great majority of the gladiators of yore old time.

RING GOSSIP.

Billy Stitt, of Chicago, who defeated Dan Creedon, wants a match with Tommy Ryan. Stitt had better seek easier game.

"Myastorous" Billy Smith will go to San Francisco to box Young Corbett twenty rounds.

Jim Corbett may give a boxing exhibition in Chicago this week.

There is talk of a match between Tommy White and George Dixon, to take place in Chicago. White says he is willing to go against "Kid" Lavigne.

How the mighty have fallen! White is but a heavy "feather." George Dixon is at Bay Ridge, getting into shape for his go with Dave Sullivan, which is scheduled to take place at the Lenox club, on Nov. 11.

Tom Sharkey's announcement that he will not "rough" Corbett in their approaching bout, leads up to a suggestion that all that is now lacking is Wyatt Earp for referee. Being has become a "good thing," and is being vigorously "pushed along."

Tommy Sharkey and "Kid" McCoy may again meet in the squared circle. Ryan will challenge McCoy for the middleweight championship, if he does it, it is as good as certain that Ryan will fit himself for the occasion.

After Corbett defeats Sharkey he will make another effort to get on a "w" with Fitzsimmons. Perhaps he will be able to do so. It is about time for Fitz to be doing something. He ought to be about "broke" by this time.

And St. Louis is now open to boxers! What next? Well, St. Louis will be a gold mine so long as the "Kid" is in the ring. There are a great many of the ring to the square foot in that town that there are in the square yard in many a more pretentious "place."

Jack Everhardt now has a manager, in the person of Billy Roach. Everhardt may meet George Dixon's contumacious in Chicago, in the near future. —Willie Green.

STARTED TO SWING.

Tom Sharkey Mixed Things Up in a New York Court.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, Lawyer Fred, Jack Dowell, matchmaker of the Greater New York Athletic club, and a host of legal talent and pugilists small fry sparred for pointers, legal and otherwise, in the city court. The affair started in plain, everyday civil suit, and came within a hair's breadth of ending as a free fight. The heavyweight boxers were suing the money due them by the club for certain battles at Coney Island on July 29.—The district judge rendered a verdict of \$1,800 for Sharkey and \$200 for Dowell, and when the verdict was rendered the matchmaker leaped over and threatened to damage the attorney's countenance.

"I dare you to come outside," exclaimed Dowell.

"I dare you," retorted Mr. Fried, who is but five feet tall. Sharkey sat beside his lawyer and overheard Dowell's threat. Suddenly he started a right-hand swing which Dowell ducked. Tom O'Rourke, his manager, Charley White, and several others of his party were upon Sharkey in an instant. They plucked his hands and prevented further trouble. Even when the party had gone outside there came near being a free fight, but Sharkey was again restrained.

Last Week's Bowling Scores.

The following scores have been made this past week at Amort Bros' bowling alley: Acme—Pierce, 146; Warwick, 239; Albert, 124; Faber, 135; Kahl, 137; Totton, 146; Schade, 144; Mattak, 143; Bulena, 141; Uher, 163; Heiglein, 107; Pringle, 127.

Broadway—Larson, 187; Henderson, 157; McArthur, 205; Huntsman, 198; Reinke, 162; Matterson, 192; Dr. Murphy, 137; McLaren, 163; Marsden, 138.

Enterprise—Drewry, 238; Krawler, 135; Warwick, 192; Oertel, 137; Keyes, 133; Jungbauer, 201; Dehn, 149; Turner, 143; Kistner, man, 205; Plaska, 220; Confar, 181; Kimball, 175; Kuhn, 145; Meyer, 170; Andrew, 167.

Capital—Bromley, 174; Balzer, 203; Debel, 150; Fisher, 158; Karot, 169; Painter, 184; Geisenhager, 166.

Won at Duluth.

DULUTH, Minn., Oct. 29.—(Special).—The Minneapolis High School football team won from the Duluth team today by a score of 29 to 0. The teams were very unevenly matched as to weight, Minneapolis averaging 150 pounds, and Duluth averaging 125 pounds. The Duluth men were much better as to science and training. They put up a good game, but could do little with such odds against them.

Other Football Games.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Oct. 29.—The University of Michigan football team today beat a team made up from the college alumni, 11 to 2.

BRINGFIELD, O., Oct. 29.—Football: Wittenberg university, 10; Oberlin university, 0.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 29.—Western Reserve vs. Ohio State university, 0.

Want a Return Game.

The St. Anthony hill eleven want a game with any team in or near this city. Cleveland's preferred, as their former game was a tie.

At the Point of Death.

NORWICH, Conn., Oct. 29.—David A. Wells, the noted economist, is at the point of death at his residence in this city. He has been in feeble health for several months. The patient has been unconscious eighteen hours and his death is expected at any moment.

Globe want ads at reduced rates. See announcement on want page.

THIS HORSE IS WISE

KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS OF THE TURF AND CHEWS TOBACCO

IS ALSO FOND OF MUSIC

Drinks Beer, Dislikes Roosters, Sleeps With His Head on a Pillow, Trots Like a Whirlwind and Obeys the Instructions of His Master to the Letter—Wheat of All Equine Wonders.

Stories of the almost human intelligence of animals, especially of the equine species, are frequent, but perhaps the most remarkable animal that for years has come to the attention of the public is Bert Sheldon, the most popular trotter on the National Trotting association tracks. That he knows all of the tricks of his trade he has given evidence of time and again, and at a word from his driver will obey as readily as a soldier the commands of his superior officer. He is about as cranky as a genius. He has strong likes and dislikes, and never forgats an insult or a kindness. He will allow only one man to drive him. He is fond of tobacco and beer, and plays a banjo. He has won races aggregating \$27,000. Bert Sheldon is a black gelding, sixteen hands high, with sound legs and feet and wonderful staying qualities. He was born on June 23, 1883, sired by Warwick Boy dam role, by Priestman. W. R. Coles, of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, bought him when he was a yearling, and kept him four years before allowing him to enter a race.

In the last eleven years, during which he has been raced, he has never been sick or lame, except once when he walked into a manhole in Newark. He has always started in a race when entered, has been entered in some 300 races, and has won exactly 236 heats on tracks where record is kept. Besides, he figures frequently on tracks that are not in the National Trotting association.

IN PLAYFUL MOOD.

On race mornings Bert is in his ugliest mood. To see him go in his driver, with ears back and mouth open, one would think Bert was going to eat him alive. But they know each other. Instead of making use of his teeth, Bert will caress his master and show his impatience to be on the track. When he goes out for his walk before breakfast, all hooded and caped, he saves his strength and cuts no capers like other horses. He walks demurely in the wet grass, scarcely lifting his feet, and is content with gulping his six quarts of grain, eats it slowly so as to digest it well. As the hour for the race approaches, Mr. Smith talks to the horse about the different horses in the race, the number of heats, and the horse listens attentively.

RARE PECULIARITIES.

In his stall Bert is a character. If a rooster enters the stall ten to one he will never get out alive. He wrings the rooster's neck, and then dispatches him with avidity. But let a hen fly up on the door he is all cordiality. He has a great antipathy for dogs, and has never allowed one near him. The dogs have learned this peculiarity; only one in the entire county will swallow near him. Another peculiarity is his fondness for tobacco. If he sees any one taking a chew he feels slighted for eleven years, and he has chewed Bert never lacks tobacco.

Everything that most men like Bert likes—beer, for instance. His driver happens to get him drunk, but he has given him a pal for his sins at a time. And Bert would call for more. This is not all. Bert likes potatoes, bananas, oranges—if jelled. He does not stand the late hours. He likes the stones; he eats prunes, jelly, bread and butter, pickles, corned beef and cabbage, carrots and string beans. He is fond of apples, pears, grapes and sugar.

Bert's peculiarities on the road are funny. A boy sleeps in the same car on a cot. Bert never goes to sleep until the entire coach is in motion. He lays his head against the same pillow and sleeps that way. One night the boy attended a show. Bert had raced hard that day and could not stand the late hours. He rolled the bed clothes back so the boy could jump into bed without waking him up and then laid his head on the edge of the pillow so the lad would have room.

Through many states Bert is known by even the women and children, and for such an ugly horse he is a great favorite. It is funny that he is so well liked when to half who meet him he will show his teeth.

HIS BANJO PLAYING.

Last year at Frederick, Md., the boy who has a banjo, hung it up at the side of the stall. Bert used to amuse himself making a noise by rubbing the strings with his nose. He tried it with his lips, but the moisture broke the strings, and he used his nose next time, and has ever since.

His driver, in speaking of how the horse understands him, says: "Two years ago the boy was jogging him on a track near the house, and I was driving another horse. 'Bert,' I said, as I passed him, 'you stay behind!' Well, sir, that boy couldn't drive that stretch where some friends were standing. They had bet Bert wouldn't understand me. Then I rose in my seat and beckoned. Bert had his eye on me, and when I motioned to him he came like the wind. 'Now wait,' I said; 'don't you dare pass me, and the boy couldn't get him by me until I told him to go.'

"As for the track, Bert is as good a horseman as there is on the turf. His class is 2:17. His official time is 2:16 1/4. That places him in the 2:17 class, and he is entitled to race anything in that class or under."

"I always tell him how many heats there are to be. He watches the horses

behind him just as a man would, only Bert has four feet and he don't wobble when he is looking back. When they begin to get within talking distance he takes the bit for the homestretch."

MR. WHITNEY'S PLANS.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Will Purchase a Stock Farm in Kentucky. NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—W. C. Whitney's next move on the turf checker board will be the purchasing of a farm in Kentucky. It is known that Whitney, who has just left New York with ten days for Lexington, and reports that he has several big tracts of land in mind. The \$40,000 Meddler and the high-priced mares must have a permanent home. For several good reasons Mr. Whitney has tried to keep these things in the Blue Grass region. One of the reasons is that he does not want to leave a farm or make a deal with some big speculator to take care of his mares and stallions. The latter plan is the one followed by the Morriszes and several other rich New York horsemen. Whitney's main reason for keeping quiet as to his latest scheme is that he doesn't care to be bothered by a thousand and one Kentuckians who have small, unimproved and inaccessible farms to sell. Whenever it becomes known at Lexington that New York millionaires are about to purchase a breeding establishment near there, all the potato patches and rack-rented places for miles around are put in the hands of real estate agents, the owners themselves become boomers and the helpless rich man of the hour becomes desperate and leaves for good. This is said to be one of the reasons the late William Astor didn't locate his Ferncliffe stud in the Blue Grass. The Kentucky farmers are much harder up today than they were when Mr. Astor was looking for a farm, so they had better be careful, or they will drive Mr. Whitney away before he has a chance to locate and become one of them. When it was published abroad that Tully Blackburn, Posters and other good mares had been bought by Mr. Whitney, the owners of "skates" moved on him with letters by the bushel. Mares ranging in price from \$50 to \$10,000 were offered to him, and the new turfman learned that fame on the track is as tiresome as that gained in politics. But Mr. Whitney needs a breeding establishment, and he says Kentucky is the only place to have one. He has acres by the tens of thousands in Massachusetts, many thousands more in South Carolina, and a big estate on Long Island, but none of these will do. He is away, and cherishes the hope that he will be able to buy a desirable farm without attracting attention of the potato patch mob.

DEAD LANGUAGES AND LIVE HORSES.

This Strange Combination Comprises the Things Mostly Loved by William Boots, of San Francisco.

The most peculiar character known to the American turf is W. T. Boots, of San Francisco. He is entitled to this distinction for several interesting reasons, which are hereafter enumerated.

Mr. Boots is a professor of dead languages and a lover of live horses.

He has the dignity of a clergyman and the shrewdness—one might say the horse sense—of the racing man.

His life is passed in a racing stable, yet what an array of virtues the recording angel is setting down to the earthly credit account of Mr. Boots. For the list is one to appal most sinners who turn over fresh pages each



W. T. BOOTS

LUCRETIA BORGIA AND OWNER, WHO IS THE ODDDEST MAN ON TURF.

New Year's day, only to blot them with good resolutions, gone a-glimmering as the sun.

Here is a certified list of this turfman's extraordinary aggregation of virtues: He does not drink. He never swears. He scorns gambling. He never bets. He declines to smoke.

When Mr. Boots is that very singular and impressive combination of a genuine sport and model gentleman. His home is practically a racing stable, yet he has an artistic temperament, and is a constant patron of the opera. He studies horses by day and music by night. Duplicate these characteristics elsewhere in the turf world if you can.

There is no good reason why a racing man should lack culture, refinement and musical instinct, but it usually happens that he is not of an aesthetic nature. Mr. Boots is the exception to the rule.

This particular Californian has proved what the majority of authorities declare is more than any one man can do—he breeds, trains and successfully races a big stable of horses. He has demonstrated that it is practicable to breed fine race horses and manage and supervise them during their racing career without doing the actual work necessary to their training.

From a university professorship to the racing business in a far cry. No many breeders of horse flesh began life as teachers of ancient tongues.

Your college man is not apt to jump to the race track to make a living. The dusty tomes of a library do not fit into a jockey picture at all. Poring over hicroglyphics and turning coits out to pasture are decidedly dissimilar occupations.

Graduating with classical honors from the University of the Pacific, Mr. Boots taught diligently for some years. But misting forth his duties in pedagogy was ever the alluring thought of horses. The heels of them unceremoniously kicked aside all of the young professor's educational ties and dead languages were abandoned for the fascination of training fast horses instead of young ideas. Putting the same ambition and zeal into the horse business that he had applied to the mastering of languages of the ancients, he achieved success from the start. He has had several brilliant seasons on the turf, but they have not turned his head. Quiet and unassuming in manner, he has earned a reputation for integrity and fair dealing.

When Mr. Boots changed his vocation he owned a small string of home-bred horses. Realizing that a new infusion of blood was needed, he purchased imported Erutus, the young steers from the start showed that his judgment was good, for they began winning in the spring in their two-year-old form and have continued in a winning vein ever since. One of the

and one Kentuckians who have small, unimproved and inaccessible farms to sell. Whenever it becomes known at Lexington that New York millionaires are about to purchase a breeding establishment near there, all the potato patches and rack-rented places for miles around are put in the hands of real estate agents, the owners themselves become boomers and the helpless rich man of the hour becomes desperate and leaves for good. This is said to be one of the reasons the late William Astor didn't locate his Ferncliffe stud in the Blue Grass. The Kentucky farmers are much harder up today than they were when Mr. Astor was looking for a farm, so they had better be careful, or they will drive Mr. Whitney away before he has a chance to locate and become one of them. When it was published abroad that Tully Blackburn, Posters and other good mares had been bought by Mr. Whitney, the owners of "skates" moved on him with letters by the bushel. Mares ranging in price from \$50 to \$10,000 were offered to him, and the new turfman learned that fame on the track is as tiresome as that gained in politics. But Mr. Whitney needs a breeding establishment, and he says Kentucky is the only place to have one. He has acres by the tens of thousands in Massachusetts, many thousands more in South Carolina, and a big estate on Long Island, but none of these will do. He is away, and cherishes the hope that he will be able to buy a desirable farm without attracting attention of the potato patch mob.

HAVANA HAPPENINGS.

Blanco Dissolves the Colonial Congress and Institutes Reforms.

HAVANA, Oct. 29.—The colonial congress has been dissolved by decree of Capt. Gen. Blanco.

Capt. Brooks has been assigned by the United States military commissioners to make a detailed inventory of every gun mounted on the fortifications of Havana, as agreed upon at yesterday's meeting of the officers appointed by the Spanish side. This morning, in company with two Spanish officers, he will be taken to the commission to investigate on its own account the ordnance existing here.

Several telegrams have been exchanged recently between the Spanish government and Capt. Gen. Blanco, with reference to the policy pursued by some of the latter's friends in the government characterized the action of Blanco as not only imprudent but unpatriotic.

The civil governor of Havana recently ordered the removal of all the beggars who are infesting the public thoroughfares. They will be taken to homes, hospitals and asylums designated for that purpose.

IMPORTANT TO VOLUNTEERS.

Circular Issued by Gen. Miles Bearing Upon Discharge From Service.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Maj. Gen. Miles to-day issued a circular to the army which is of great interest to all volunteer regiments. It affects particularly all the enlisted men in the volunteer regiments who were transferred during the Spanish war to the hospital corps of the regular army. The circular provides as follows:

"States of the hospital corps, U. S. A., who have been transferred from volunteer regiments which are to be mustered out of the service, will be discharged, if they so request, upon the day on which their former regiment is mustered out, providing that they are honorably and faithfully discharged. The names of such men will be forwarded by the surgeons commanding hospitals and ambulances, complete through the channels to the adjutant general with as little delay as practicable. Applications for discharge of such men will be considered as valid if that corps or who were transferred from regiments still in service will not be approved unless under extraordinary circumstances."

Silver Movement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—The gold and silver movement at New York for the week ending today: Exports of gold, \$2,225,000; of silver, \$204,708. Imports of gold, \$1,017,600; of silver, \$31,391.

Five More Mussulmans Hanged.

CANDIA, Island of Crete, Oct. 29.—Five more of the Mussulmans convicted of taking part in the massacre of British soldiers on Sept. 24, were hanged today at Candia. The Bahi Bazarous have been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment at hard labor.

Advertisement for Schroeder's Storm Sash Hangers, featuring a circular logo with 'A ROUND ROBIN' and 'FELT WEATHER STRIPS ARE BEST'. Text includes 'Schroeder's Storm Sash Hangers', 'Felt Weather Strips', 'Ideal Food Cutter', and 'St. Paul Hardware Co. Seventh and Minnesota. The Acme Razor Store.'

Advertisement for 'TRIX' Rifles, featuring an illustration of a rifle and text: 'TRIX RIFLES... Winchester, Marlin, Colt, Savage—every kind made. M. F. KENNEDY & BROS., Cor. Robert and 3rd Sts., St. Paul.'

Advertisement for 'A Clever Wing-Shot', featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'Miss Mamie Hyland, Though but Twelve Years Old, Accomplishes Wonders With Her Rifle.'

Advertisement for 'ESTHER HYLAND TAKING AIM', featuring an illustration of a woman aiming a rifle and text: 'Miss Mamie Esther Hyland is probably the youngest woman shot in the world; despite the fact that she is only twelve years old, and has only been shooting two years, she has defeated experienced men of more than three times her age, and has never been defeated by a number of her own sex. Little Miss Hyland lives at North Tarrytown, N. Y., and her father says that wing shooting seems to be a natural gift to her. She has been able also to teach her many trick shots, such as started, father taking great interest in me and keeping me at it constantly. I have frequently broken twenty-five out of twenty-five birds. I have done so clay pigeon shooting than shooting at live birds, as the latter are so hard to get. I have broken in my first attempt at live birds I scored seven out of nine. I am hardly strong enough yet to use a gun of sufficient weight in which I could use a killing weight for live birds. My shotgun weighs but six pounds, and I have to use a very light load, or else the recoil would be so great that it would bruise me; therefore, a great many birds that I shoot at I hit, but the load has not penetration enough to stop them at once. In my first shoot at the Westchester county handicap, at White Plains, N. Y., on Jan. 22 last, I shot at fifteen live birds. I hit every bird, but only scored ten, with three birds out of bounds, believe me! All the shooters present agreed with me—that had I had a heavier I would have scored fifteen straight hits. 'Father has succeeded in teaching me many trick shots with the rifle, such as breaking swinging balls and breaking them aided by the reflection of mirrors with both rifle and pistol. One of her most interesting feats is to take two pistols and hit two balls placed side by side at once. Miss Hyland tells of her career as a rifle shot as follows: 'My first acquaintance with firearms goes back as far as I can remember. At the age of ten, father bought for me a very light double-barreled shotgun, 14 caliber, and weighing five pounds. With this I would roam through the woods near home in quest of small game. One day father and some friends were shooting clay pigeons from traps; naturally, I was a very interested onlooker. As I had my little shotgun with me, father asked me to shoot at a few clay birds. Greatly to his surprise, and I must say, to my own, I broke three out of five shot at. From that time my trap shooting

Advertisement for 'MISS RUSSELL'S MANY NAMES', featuring text: 'A Study in Progressive Nomenclature. Helen Louise (stage name), Lillian Russell (stage name), Helen Louise Braham (as the wife of Henry Braham), Helen Louise Solomon (as the wife of Edward Solomon), Helen Louise Braham (after the annulment with Solomon), Helen Louise Leonard (maiden name resumed), Helen Louise Chatterton (as the wife of John Chatterton), Helen Louise Russell (with reference to her husband's name), Lillian Leonard Russell (a name conferred by the courts last May, prior to her departure for Europe, for use in all going legal documents in foreign countries). —New York Herald.'

Advertisement for 'FRANK COLLIER'S CASE', featuring text: 'An Effort to Remove the Cause of His Temporary Insanity. CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Frank Collier, the lawyer of this city, who has been insane for years, as a result of a blow received on the head in an election fracas some years ago, underwent the operation of trephining today at the county hospital. The operation itself was entirely successful, but the physicians did not find the pressure at the point where the blow was struck. It was demonstrated, conclusively, however, that there is a heavy pressure from the interior of the brain, and the physicians are now of the opinion that there is an internal tumor in the brain, but they were not able to locate it today. Collier, called White Plains, N. Y., another operation will be performed for the purpose of locating and removing the tumor in the brain.'

Advertisement for 'EVOLUTION OF THE PRIZE FIGHTER'S WEAPONS FROM ROME TO BUFFALO', featuring illustrations of various weapons: 'GESTUS', 'FIST', 'GLOVE', 'BELLOWS', and 'Star Brand Butter'. Text includes 'Cents the pound is the delightful Star Brand Butter. The same price that any old stuff costs. MILTON DUFF CO., ST. PAUL, MINN. Telephone 281 - 100 WABANA STREET.'