

ALL THE NEWS FROM THE ATHLETIC WORLD

RINGMEN REACH ZENITH OF EARNING POWERS AS MITCHELL INVOICE SHOWS

So far as we consider the income of the average champion fighter we might well exclaim the millennium has arrived. Only the other day the telegraphic dispatches told us that Willie Ritchie in a little over a year's time had earned \$50,000 by the activity of his fists and brain. Some earning capacity, we dare say, even for the most learned professional man or skilled inventor, to say nothing about a youngster with only twenty-two summers accounted for in his short life.

"Was not ever thus. In the day of real fighting, in the days when the champions were enticed with the sport and would fight for a button as quickly as they would for a hundred-dollar note. In the days when fighters were reckoned as pugilists and not as men who had learned their little 'b. c.' in the financial primer. Those were the days when they fought in the ring with their fists instead of in the box office with the indelible lead pencil. And, mind, we have not to retrace many years in order to prove this condition. Twenty-five years ago when Sullivan, Dempsey, McAniff, Tommy Warren and Gene Hornbacher ruled the roost in the different fighting divisions is not so awful long a span of years.

Even in so recent a time select gatherings met in the wee hours of the morning in some secluded spot or in the nearby woods. While the ring was being erected and the principals wrapped in big blankets awaiting the call of the referee, our sentinels were on the outskirts, and some of our officious sheriff was about to emulate the feat of Paul Revere in warning the constabulary and arousing them to action.

Wagering Fan Split With Sullivan

When in front of the hotel at Mississippi City, near the very spot at which President Wilson is now resting, it meant psychological moment of Sullivan's life had arrived. The battle had attracted world-wide attention. He was facing Paddy Ryan, the man who defeated Joe Goos for the title. And all he got out of that battle as his gross share was one-half of the 10,000 that Jim Keenan of Boston had wagered on his chance. Yet Jeffries was given just thirteen times Sullivan's share for his one-third interest in the moving pictures of his defeat at Reno, Nevada. Some difference, we should say. Mind, too, that out of the Sullivan share Billy Madden, Mike Gillespie and Pete McCoy were given their reward for assisting in preparing John L. for the issue.

Dempsey, although the undisputed middle weight champion of the world, a few years later offered to meet any man in the world for \$250 as a purse. Not until Dempsey fought the Marine did he ever dream of battling for a \$10,000 purse, and, strange to say, he only two times he did fight for big money (the Marine and Fitzsimmons) he lost on both occasions. Poor Jack would do an "Arab scoundrel" in his grave if he could realize what fighters—men not to be compared to him—are receiving for a ten-round bout now. Unfortunately, Jack was young.

ahead of his time. This seems to be the case of all achievements, and the fighter manages to get his portion of the tale as it swirls around the circle. He is, therefore, to consider himself lucky in having arrived at such a stage in the world's progress. That is the only way we can figure it.

In reviewing some old anecdotes, I ran across one regarding Charlie Mitchell that will bear repeating. It shows that one night Mitchell was slumming in the Whitechapel district of London. A rough female character was just at that moment bothering some men and women who were bent on the same mission that brought Mitchell to this disreputable neighborhood. Mitchell came to the rescue, pushing the troublesome woman out into the streets. She was angry beyond control, threatening to bring her "man" to trim the elegantly dressed fighter. Hardly had the Mitchell party been seated in a nearby cafe when the door suddenly opened.

"There she sits, Bob," she shouted, pointing to Mitchell.

"Why, that's Charley Mitchell, my word!" said Bob, and attempted to make a sneak for the door. Mitchell stepped in front of him.

"Say, Bob, you rotter! You've come here to get a battle and you shall have it, for I shan't let you have your journey for nothing." With this Mitchell stepped in front of him.

"Sandy, without a word, of reply, simply grabbed Lord Drumharry by the middle of the body and threw him clean over the hedge and then resumed his work as if nothing had happened. When his lordship got on his feet, however, the farmer looked up and said:

"Well, have ye anything to say to me?" His lordship simply said, "No, but perhaps you'll be so good as to throw me my horse."

Marquis of Queensbury vouched, when he told me this story, that it was absolutely authentic.

SPORTOGRAPHY "GRAVY" Old New York Boxing Club Passes its 21st Milestone.

One of New York's oldest boxing clubs, the New York Polo Athletic Association, will celebrate its twenty-first birthday anniversary tonight. The New York Polo Club, the scene of many great fist battles, was incorporated in 1893. Its exhibitions of the manly art were originally staged in a clubhouse near the Polo Grounds, but this was destroyed by fire about five years after the opening, and the club removed to a building at the corner of Park avenue and 129th street. For seven years the New Polo club operated under the old Horton law, which permitted twenty-round contests to be held at reputable clubs, to which an admission could be charged and at which the referees were allowed to render decisions.

It is like resurrecting the dead to mention some of the star boxers who have fought at the Polo Club. Some of them are dead, and many of them are all but forgotten, such being the temporary nature of fame, as has been pointed out by other gifted authors. The Weir, the Belfast Spider, first Queensbury featherweight of the world, now dead, displayed his prowess be-

FIVE FINGER BROWN



NEWLY FOUND PORTRAIT OF FAMOUS TROTTER.



Ever since George Wilkes (222) came into overshadowing prominence as a propogator of trotters horsemen have been searching for a portrait of the little brown stallion made in action in his lifetime. One painted in 1864 by Marshall, a noted animal painter of that day, was mentioned in the Times many years ago, but it remained undiscovered until Ed. L. Weitzel found it recently on Long Island in the hands of a son of "Sam" McLaughlin, the man who trained and drove the horse fifty years ago and who is portrayed in the skeleton wagon behind him. The Spirit of the Times called it a capital likeness of Wilkes in action.

HINTS ON HEALTH AND EXERCISE

By Mac Levy of Babylon.

(The author of these "Hints" is recognized as one of the world's foremost authorities on the subjects of physical culture and athletic training, and his advice is based on an experience of eighteen years.)

The campaign recently conducted by a New York newspaper to have the Metropolitan Art Museum opened in the evenings, so that those employed during the day might have an opportunity to enjoy its treasures, should appeal to physical culturists, as well as those who advocate the innovation on intellectual and esthetic grounds. The relation between art and muscle, and the development of an appreciation of both, is closer than it may seem at first thought. The sane and normal mind finds its fit habitation in a sound, healthy and beautiful body. What greater incentive and inspiration to physical improvement and well-rounded muscular development could be found than the study of the great works of the master sculptors and artists of the perfectly formed, magnificent and virile specimens of manhood and womanhood. The sculptors of ancient Greece found models in the youths who participated in the Olympian games, and in turn, the athletes were encouraged to seek a nobler and more perfect physical development by the work of the sculptors. Art and athletics inspired each other in that distant period when Greece was great. During my experience of eighteen years as a trainer and body-builder I have come across many young men who have been shamed into undertaking the work of a healthy development by "odious comparisons" between their own insignificant physiques and the perfect sculptured figures shown at museums and art galleries. Americans, especially the inhabitants of great cities, are rapidly degenerating into a race of weaklings, with flabby muscles, jump nerves, narrow chests, round shoulders and spindling legs and arms. This is true largely because they lack the inspiration of the ideal, such as is supplied by the works of the great sculptors. This is a phase of the usefulness of art museums to which little attention has been paid, and yet it is highly important.

should be taken to begin with. Do not walk directly after meals. About two hours should elapse after meals before beginning active exercise. Breathe deeply and fully as you walk, filling the lungs with fresh air, which not only develops the lungs but strengthens the heart action and invigorates the whole system. After a few days of walking change the pace to an easy jog, not too fast, and cover about the same distance. This should be followed by a shower or sponge bath, using cold water, and a thorough rub-down and kneading of the muscles. After a few days of jogging, begin walking again, extending the distance to five miles. Later the five miles can be covered at a jog trot. Don't extend yourself to the limit, nor subject yourself to undue strain, for this winter work is only preparatory, and is designed to maintain your general health and to keep your muscles limber and active. As to diet the same rule applies to runners as to other athletes. Eat meals at regular hours—each meal at exactly the same time each day, if possible. Substantial, nutritious, well-cooked food is demanded. The idea that a runner must have a strict and faddish diet is nonsense. Of course, indigestible foods should be taboo, as well as tobacco and alcohol. Unless the candidate for running honors be in bad condition, and burdened with surplus fat, to begin with, this preparatory work should not cause any decrease in weight. Rather, after the first week or two, there should be a slight gain. Go to bed early and get enough sleep. By following these directions, the runner will be in the condition to begin real training for either a sprint or a Marathon.

Women and Athletics.

We are now so accustomed to the athletic woman that we accept her as a matter of course, although she is still more the exception than the rule. When it is considered, however, that she should not cause any decrease in weight, it is a development of the last quarter of a century, it must be admitted that wonderful progress has been made. Outside of Denmark, Saler looks the class of the National League. He has brains and youth to combine with batting, fielding and base running ability.

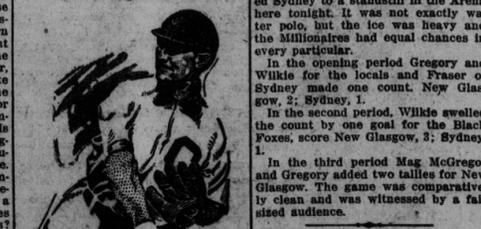
SYDNEY DEFEATED BY NEW GLASGOW

New Glasgow, Jan. 30.—To the tune of 5 to 1, the New Glasgow team played Sydney to a standstill in the Arena here tonight. It was not exactly winter polo, but the ice was heavy and the Millionaires had equal chances in every particular.

In the opening period Gregory and Wilkie for the locals and Fraser of Sydney made one count, New Glasgow, 2; Sydney, 1.

In the second period, Wilkie swelled the count by one goal for the Black Foxes, score New Glasgow, 3; Sydney, 1.

In the third period Mag McGregor and Gregory added two tallies for New Glasgow. The game was comparatively clean and was witnessed by a fair sized audience.



Buddy Ryan

Buddy Ryan has a grievance. Last season in 75 games he battled 296, yet Manager Birmingham replaced him in the field with "Nemo" Liebold, who batted much lower, at a .260 clip, to be accurate. Ryan's fielding average was way up, too, being the highest of the Cleveland holders.

Frank Chance was anxious to get Ryan, but the clubs couldn't get to either on terms. Buddy would like to play in New York, there seems to be a good chance there for a live fielder.

TRAINING FOR LONG RUNS

Young men who are ambitious to shine as runners in spring and summer should begin now to get into condition. A morning or evening walk of three miles or so, at a brisk pace,

ST. JOHN DEFEATED BY SUSSEX, SCORE 8 TO 0

There was a large crowd of spectators at the Queen's Rink last night when the Sussex hockey team handed a decided defeat to the St. John team with a score of 8 to 0. The Sussex team arrived in the city yesterday with a delegation of nearly one hundred rooters, and they were all on hand with a loud noise.

The teams lined up as follows:

Sussex:	Goal, St. John.
McCulley	Lee
Hay	Point, P. McAvity
John LeClair	Cover Point, Phillips
Maggs	Centre, B. Gilbert
E. Withers	Right Wing, Tait
	Left Wing, J. McGowan

Playing the fastest game for the home team and time after time he would carry the puck away from his goal and rush down the ice only to be checked before he could get a chance to shoot for the Sussex net.

After about seven minutes play Withers shot the first goal. There was time wasted when the puck was in motion again and play had hardly gone a minute when Maggs shot the second goal for his team from the side. The game had only gone a few minutes and there was a rushing of the puck up and down the ice, when Withers came over with another goal for Sussex and when the whistle sounded for time the score for the first period was 3 to 0 in favor of the visitors.

Second Period.

In the second period the play was somewhat faster than in the first and it was well towards the end of the period when McClair, the wing player, managed to shoot from the side and made the fourth goal for his team. This period ended with the score four to nothing in favor of the visitors and there was joy in the Sussex camp.

Third Period.

The visitors appeared to be playing a faster game and went at their task in the last period harder than ever, and they had not been playing long when Maggs managed to get in the fifth goal for his team. St. John then kept Sussex on the defence for a time and had a number of tries for goal without success, but a short time after Maggs managed to get a chance from the side again and slipped another goal for his team, making the sixth one.

The players had hardly faced off and the puck was sent about the ice for only a minute or so, when Joe DeClair banged the rubber into the net for the seventh score.

There appeared to be no hope for the St. John team and the game was about all Sussex, and only a few minutes before the call for the finish of the game Withers sent the puck into the St. John net for the eighth score and in this manner the game finished.

LOCAL BOWLING YESTERDAY

On Black's alleys last night in the City League the Ramblers took three points from the Wanderers.

The individual score follows:

Johnson	87	88	88	263	87	3
Logan	85	77	95	257	85	3
Miller	87	92	75	234	78	
Christie	88	87	84	259	86	1.3
Foshey	85	82	90	256	85	2.3
	412	426	441	1279		

Ramblers:

Wilson	94	82	94	270	90	
Jordan	80	81	94	255	85	
Sutherland	86	82	97	275	91	2.3
Kirkpatrick	89	93	86	268	89	1.3
Beattay	78	79	96	253	84	1.3
	437	417	467	1321		

VICTORIA ALLEYS.

Two Men League.

Kiley	88	85	87	87	434	86	3.5	
Stocum	81	109	78	87	33	448	89	3.5
	169	194	165	174	180	882		
Dennison	90	78	80	88	78	414	82	4.5
McCann	74	73	74	93	83	297	79	2.5
	164	151	154	181	161	811		

Kiley and Stocum took 5 points.

CRESCENTS, 6; SOCIALS, 3

Halifax, Jan. 30.—The Crescents maintained their unbeaten record on Halifax ice tonight, when they defeated the Socials in a fast and exciting game by six goals to three before about 1,000 fans.

New Business House

It is reported that in view of the growth of St. John, MacDougal and Cowan, brokers of Montreal, intend to establish an office here in the near future. This firm has branches in a large number of Canadian cities.

Dugan Was Safe

Dugan, the roofer, was sent to a millionaire's palatial home, to try to find a leak in the roof. As he entered the front hall, the butler whispered to Dugan, "You are requested to be careful of the hardwood floors as you go upstairs, they've just been polished." "Sure, there's no danger as me slipping on them," Dugan replied. "Oh, boy, spikes in me shoes."

Essence of Courtesy

She—"Did you make plans come to town, as you said you would?"

He—"Yes, and they were the very worst that anyone ever applied to me."

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