

Alive :: Alert
Up to the Minute

NEWS AND VIEWS ON SPORTS

Local :: Provincial
World in General

SPORT FACTS & FANCIES

Once again the Wiser curling trophy has moved. Not very far, it is true, but just enough to make things interesting. The Calgary Vics, headed by Sam Savage and Jack Palmer, visited the brief resting place of the trophy, the Granite rink, on Wednesday night, and before they left in the wee sma' hours of the mornin' they had the gigantic and much coveted piece of silverware tucked away under their belts, and if they have their way about it it will remain there for some time. But they are going to be kept busy defending it, for the Civics are hot after them, and on or about January 10 another big game will take place. The game on Wednesday night was one of the most exciting exhibitions of the great winter sport that has ever been shown in this city. With the ice in perfect condition, making it possible for draws from all angles, running shots, wicks, and hacks, and the curlers on their tip toes, Luck played but little part in the game. It was a match of skill and science with masters of the art playing. Sam Savage never played a better game in his life, and when that statement is made, it means something, for Sam is the hero of hundreds of battles on the ice. Wulf Forbes had a good rink, and under ordinary circumstances his game would have been considered a good one, but he was out-generated and out-curved by Sam Savage, as many other famous skips have been in times past. On the other hand, Art Smith's rink had it over Palmer almost as much as Savage did over Forbes, but several chances for big ends were spoiled just when they had been built up nicely. The trophy went to the Victoria club by the small margin of two points on the round, the total scores being 27 to 25. It was a great game of curling, and one in which the losers deserve almost as much credit as the winners.

Burns Calls Off Big Battle

Tommy Burns, one time heavyweight champion of the world, and later promoter of professional boxing in Calgary, and now an impresario in New Orleans, has decided to call off all arrangements for the contest which was to have been held on March 4 between Jess Willard, heavyweight champion of the world, and Fred Fulton. It seems the conflict could not be made very attractive to the fans who foot the bill, and so Tommy thought it would be better to quit before it was too late than quit after he had lost a pile of money. Tommy has been in the game altogether too long to take many chances on dropping any considerable sum. If he had been able to put the thing over he would have come out ahead, but it was a little bit too raw. However, taken all in all, it was a very good piece of advertising for Tommy Burns et al.

Calgary Hockey Gets Good Start

The gentle game of hockey got away to a good start on Christmas Day, when the Vics and the 56th team met at the Mercantile rink. The game more than made up in excitement what it lacked in finesse, and the big crowd of spectators were more than satisfied. The 56th team sprang a big surprise in the first half of the game when they held the Vics scoreless and carried the battle into the territory of the former champions. If the soldiers had been possessed of a couple of good sharpshooters they would have made things interesting for the former district champions and might have established a lead that could not be overcome. But they didn't have any goalkeepers, and time after time they carried the puck down to the nets only to have a wild shot bound against the wall. Not until the second half was about half over did the Vics come to life, and when they once were revived there was no stopping them. As stated before, the game was exciting, if not very high class.

CHANCE NOW TO DISCOVER THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMP.

Les Darcy is due in America from Australia January 5. Jeff Smith, Mike Gibbons, Young Ahern and a few other middleweights are already here. Looks like a fine chance to settle the question of supremacy, but no one will be optimistic enough to imagine such a climax to a chaotic condition which has existed since the death of Stanley Ketchel. Not so very long ago we had Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, George Chip, Jack Dillon, Young Ahern, and three or four other claimants buzzing around at the same time, but outside of a lot of talk there were no matches made and carried through that helped solve the problem. The present-day champion or near champion is not looking for the battle that directly affects the title. He desires to get as much money as possible without endangering his prestige.

F. FULTON HAS RECORD OF 29 KNOCKOUTS TO HIS CREDIT IN TWO YEARS

Fight fans about the country are making inquiries about Fred Fulton, the Gopher giant, who has been signed to fight Champion Jess Willard for the world's title on March 4. Fulton is in the time-light for the first time, as it was

Putting It Over on Willard

Local theatre goers will remember Harry Houdini, the gentleman who had the mysterious habit of crawling out of boxes, tin cans and packing cases, which were, apparently, sealed, while everyone in the audience wondered why he did it. They will also be interested in the following, which tells of the way the "Handcuff King" bawled out Jess Willard in his home town of Los Angeles, the other day.

Houdini, as is his usual custom, invited a committee on the stage. Having heard Willard was in the audience he made a polite speech inviting Jess on the stage. Willard, who was seated in one of the balcony loges with his trainer, simply scowled and made no move.

Houdini then said: "I am sure you would please everyone present, Mr. Willard, and to prove it to you, will everyone present who wishes Mr. Willard to come on the stage applaud?" Applause, lasting over three minutes, greeted this speech, and Willard, when the audience quieted, blurted out: "Hey, if you will pay me what you are paying those seven men, I'll come down."

The audience was taken aback by the remark and started in to hoot and hiss Willard. Houdini accepted the challenge of Willard by remarking: "All right, you come down, and I'll pay you exactly what I am paying these gentlemen, for I have never seen them before in my life; so kindly make good and come right down."

"Go on, you faker. You're a four-flusher, and I know it. Certainly you're a four-flusher," yelled Willard from his box.

Houdini dashed down to the footlights and shouted back: "Look here, I don't care how big you are, you have thrown down the gauntlet and I will not let you get away with that slur. I want to tell you one thing, and that is that I will still be Harry Houdini and a gentleman when you are no longer champion of the world."

The audience went wild with excitement and yelled and applauded for ten minutes. Not a word could be heard above the din. Every time Willard tried to speak they hissed and hooted him until he left the theatre.

On Knowing When to Quit

All the delving into the dusty archives of sport history that can be done fails to uncover a man who knew that he couldn't come back, and that goes for the regular brand of history approved by the boards of education as well. Napoleon thought he could do it, and so for that matter did Hannibal, while under more immediate notice come the cases of James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson. Jeffries came nearest to accomplishing the feat, apparently a temperamental impossibility, and we all know what happened to him. Johnson essayed to pit his middle-aged frame and fading midriff against awkward strength, backed by the elasticity of youth, just once the often, and the result was as inevitable as it is historic.

All of which leads us to the case of Frank Gotch, who is now, after many moons of peaceful retirement, again inclining a listening ear to the honeyed words of the promoters, who think they can see money in a match for the heavyweight wrestling title between the champion and Joseph Stecher, the Omaha behemoth, whatever that is. Gotch has so far resisted all efforts to persuade him to sail forth in defence of his title, but the signs point to an early submission on the Iowa man's part to the lure of the bright lights, backed by the rustling sound of many crisp new dollars being paid in at the box office window.

They all fall for it. Knowing when to quit is, it seems, a sixth sense not yet developed among those who occupy for ever so brief a period the center of the sport stage.

only recently that fans learned anything about him. Comparatively he is a newcomer, but his successes have caused such battles as Frank Moran to sidestep.

Fulton has been boxing about two years, and in the 38 fights is credited with 29 knockouts. Among the fighters who took the count were Jack Morgan, Jack Lewis, Tim Logan, Arthur Pelky and Andre Anderson.

Sporting men point out that physically Fulton compares favorably with the champion. His fighting weight is about 220 pounds, as against Willard's 240. Although Willard's height of 6-feet 6 inches is greater by two inches than that of the Rochester fighter, Fulton's reach of 84 1/2 inches is longer by one and one-half inches than that of the Kansan, and is said to be the greatest of any living boxer.

OPPOSITION TO KENNEDY'S IRON "STAKE HOLDERS" SURE

According to Montreal papers, when George Kennedy, the well-known wrestling-lacrosse-hockey promoter, installs his betting machines in the eastern metropolis he will meet with a warm reception, judging from present indications. These machines are the so-called "mechanical stake-holders" to be used in connection with hockey and other games, just as the pari-mutuel machines are used on the racetracks. Their introduction, it

is claimed by the promoters, would practically legalize gambling and render Montreal "wide open" so far as that line of sport is concerned.

The Montreal Ministerial Association is leading the fight against Kennedy, and an appeal has been made to the authorities to prevent the promoter from installing his machines. Kennedy planned to get by all opposition by securing a provincial charter, but the crown prosecutor of Montreal declares that no provincial charter in the world will allow anyone to break the laws of Canada. Kennedy, however, has stirred up a lot of trouble and the end is not yet.

FED. PLAYERS HAD GOOD FRIEND IN JOHN TENER

The players who jumped to the Federals may not realize it, but John Kinley Tener was their best friend through all the fighting, and when it came to the squaring of accounts. Gov. Tener, in his adventurous youth, had been a jumping player. He was one of the men who leaped to the Players' league in 1890, and he could understand the situation as few others could, both from the viewpoint of a player and a league official. Gov. Tener stood firm against all suggestions of a blacklist, and much of the credit for the final settlement should go to him.

THE MURPHYS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A FIGHTING CLAN BUT IT TOOK A LONG TIME TO PRODUCE A CHAMPION

In the Latter Part of Nineteenth Century There Were Three Famous Little Men Bearing That Name—Some Old Time Battles.

From the dim beginning of the many art two centuries ago, the name of Murphy has appeared with great frequency in the annals of the ring. In fact, it may safely be predicted that ever since "a little bit of heaven fell" and they called it Ireland, the Emerald Isle has had its Murphys, and the said Murphys have been scrappers.

Mike, Mike and Ned—these are three of many Murphys who fought and bled in the early days of the bare-knuckle game. It was Ned Murphy, back in 1823, who gave that other famous Patlander, Jem Burke, "the Dear 'Un," his first battle in the square ring. A big crowd of big round sports had gathered to witness a battle between two dwarf boxers, Dave Morgan and Peter McBean. Both were under four feet in height, and they were perhaps the tallest giants the ring had ever had. The little fighting cocks went twenty-one rounds before Morgan, a Welshman, was awarded the victory over his opponent, who was a Scotchman.

Only Whetted The Appetite. The battle of the Lilliputians served only to whet the appetite of the sports, and they were eager for a fray between real men. The hat was passed by Lord Chesterfield, and the sum of 65 pounds was collected. Ned Murphy, the clever Irish pugilist, volunteered to meet any man present, and "Dear" Burke, although he had never before been inside a twenty-four foot ring, accepted the challenge. The two Elberfelders fought fifty rounds without either having any advantage. Murphy's cleverness being offset by Burke's superior height and bulk. In the end it was agreed that the men should stop and divide the prize. Great as was their fighting prowess, however, the Murphys failed to get their name on the roll of champions until the latter part of the nineteenth century. Then from came the first of three of the greatest, cleverest little men who have ever competed in the ring. Billy Murphy of Australia, Frank Murphy of England, Johnny Murphy of Boston. In the featherweight ranks today can be found a boxer equal to either of them.

Johnny Murphy was a native of Boston, and the idol of the Irish sporting fraternity of the city of Boston. Developed into the greatest, most scientific boxer of the day, and, after a notable career in the ring, he was engaged as boxing instructor at Harvard University. Johnny's greatest battle was in 1887, when he fought the Weir in Boston. Murphy and Weir were the chief candidates for the featherweight title, then held by Tommy Warren, the Californian.

The Police Interfered. In those days the featherweight limit was 115 pounds. Johnny Murphy tipped the beam at only 112 pounds, and today would be light for a bantamweight. The Murphy-Weir contest was to be a fight to a finish, with three-ounce gloves. As such affairs were illegal, the sports sought to keep the matter a secret, and, for a time it appeared that they had succeeded. No blue-clad guardian of Boston's peace was in sight when the bout began, and the sports who filled the clubhouse believed they had put one over on the "harness bulls." Many big bets were made, for Murphy had a host of friends in Boston, while the Belfast contender had not as yet gained his big following of Boston fans. As the mill proceeded it became plain to the most fervent of Murphy's rooters that their fight was doomed to take a licking. Johnny had the true Murphy game, however, and, although almost blinded, he was still in the ring when the police broke into the place. The seventh round was in progress when the festivities were interrupted, and the referee called it a draw. It was only a few weeks later that the Weir went to Minneapolis and captured the featherweight title by defeating Tommy Warren.

It was another Murphy who gave the Weir his longest and hardest battle for the championship. Frank Murphy, although hailing from England and the featherweight champion of John Bull's island, was of Irish parentage and blood. He came to America in 1889, and was matched with Weir for the world's title. The battle was pulled off in a little Indian town on a dark and rainy night in March. The villagers were all asleep when the fighters and about a hundred sports waded through the muddy street to the hall where the contest was staged. The mill was for \$1,500 a side and the title.

"Handsome Dan" Murphy, one of the squarest sports of that period, was appointed timekeeper. He objected to this selection, on the ground that he was a doctor, and he kicked, but he was overruled by his seconds. Murphy Became The Favorite. Frank Murphy proved that night that he was a true descendant of the original scrappers. He kicked in a straight, upstanding style, and in the early rounds he had the better of the argument. As the night wore on, however, the tide changed, and with it the betting. Murphy became the favorite. He followed his usual tactics of trying to blind his opponent, but he found Murphy too clever for him. Frank depended largely on a

straight jab with his right, and he landed so often on Ike's tum-tum that Weir's supporters began to grow scared. For nearly five hours the little fellows banged away at each other, both gradually weakening, and although Murphy showed the stronger in the last hour or two, he lacked sufficient vigor to put over a knockout wallop. Along about 6 o'clock the sheriff arrived and ordered the bout stopped. The referee ordered the fight to continue a week later, but Weir was not anxious for another dose of Murphy, and the upshot was that the purse was divided, each boy clearing about \$700 from the eighty-round battle.

At this time another little Murphy, Billy by name, was arousing the enthusiasm of the Australian sports by his cleverness and gentleness. Australian Billy was a native of New Zealand, and a tailor by trade. In his boyhood he joined a boxing club, and became so proficient with his fists that he entered the professional ring, and cleaned up most of the boys of his size in New Zealand and Australia. In 1889, shortly after Frank Murphy's memorable battle with Weir, Billy Murphy sailed for San Francisco on the Zealandia. This was the same ship on which another famous New Zealander, Bob Fitzsimmons, came to America the following year.

Billy Murphy defeated Johnny Griffin in San Francisco soon after his arrival, and then took on Frank Murphy, the hero of the Indiana fight. The Birmingham Murphy proved to be fully a match for the Australian Murphy, and after twenty-seven rounds had been fought it was called a draw. Early in 1890 Billy was matched with Ike Weir for the featherweight title, and the Fox diamond belt. The Spider more than held his own against the Australian until the fourteenth round, when he pulled one of his stunts by turning a back flop in the ring. Murphy took advantage of the funny business to land his famous "Mary Ann," and the Weir was counted out. The first Murphy to hold a world's title did not retain his honors, but he fought several good battles, including a forty round draw with Johnny Murphy in London before he returned to Australia and settled down as a tailor.

WHEN PEGGY BARTH FRAMED UP ON OLD JACK SHUSTER, ESQ.

Hy. Chandler Tells Interesting Story of the Well Known Western Canada League Player.

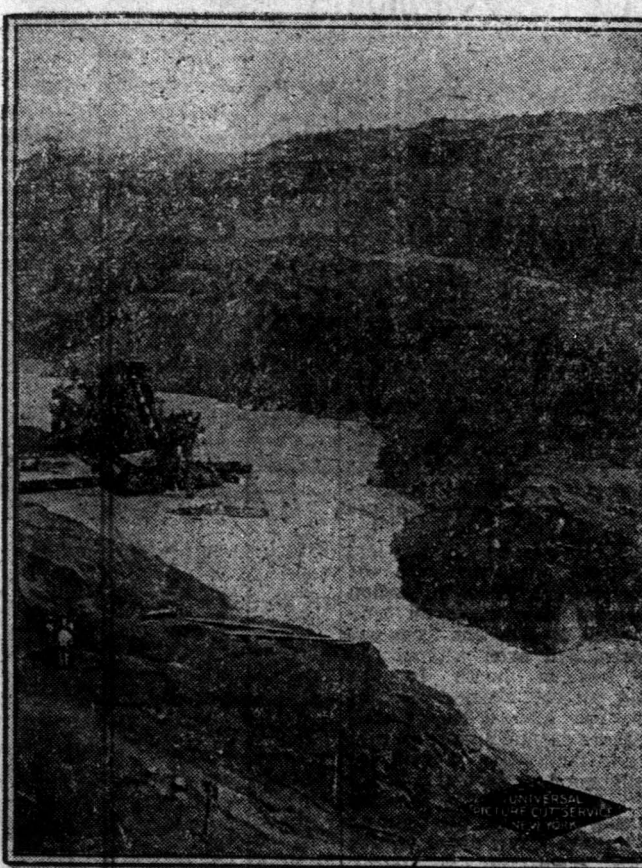
Calgary baseball fans have heard Hy. Chandler, baseball player, manager, umpire and booster, tell the story about Jack Shuster, another well-known figure in western Canada baseball, who handled the Moose Jaw club for a while, and later did some rank umpiring, when he took French leave from a California team that he was managing, accompanied by the club uniforms and the players' personal property. Chan is once again in California, and, learning of the death of "Peggy" Barth, Medicine Hat, who was sold to Brooklyn last fall, retells the story, connecting Barth with the tale. It is a good story, worth retelling, especially as Chan, Barth and Shuster are all well known in this locality. Says Chan in "Sporting News":

"The death of Peggy Barth, the young Brooklyn recruit, while playing in the big league in the Empire Valley, has recalled a prank Peggy pulled off once upon a time that turned out differently from what he and his fellow players had expected. It was while Peggy was with the Pasadena club of the Southern California League, in which he made his start, and Jack Shuster was the team agent and manager. This is the way the story is told by Henry Chandler, who was an umpire in the league:

Shuster a Good Collector. "Things had been breaking badly for Shuster and judging from the attendance the natives were unaware of the fact that their city was represented by a ball club. The players were rebellious, too, for Shuster could, without a doubt, collect more of their dough without provocation than any manager I ever met, and I have known some who were strong on inflicting fines for this, that and the other thing. "The team was finishing a home stay and after the last game of the series all were in the club house galloping odds and ends. Enter Shuster: 'Pile all those uniforms in the corner, boys. We open at Long Beach tomorrow, and I want you fellows to show in style down there. I'll have them laundered and rushed down in time for the game.'

Put In Their Laundry. "With that Shuster took his departure from the club house. As the players began piling up their uniforms Peggy Barth, who always was pulling off something, said: 'Let's run up a laundry bill on Shuster that will even up a little on those fines,' and he started the idea by throwing shirt, socks, suit of underwear, etc., into the pile of uniforms. The other players caught the idea and every spare bit of wearing apparel was piled in with the uniforms, and then the whole lot of stuff so arranged that Shuster would not get wise if he should make an inspection. "That night Shuster decided to make his exit, and he made a good

THE GREAT SLIDE INTO THE PANAMA CANAL



Latest photo to reach America of the great slide of earth from the ledge at the Culebra cut. It is expected that the steam dredges will have removed this slide of earth shortly after the first of the year.

one, leaving Pasadena nothing but a franchise and a bunch of unpaid, hungry ball players. He took the uniforms, too, and with them went all that had been piled in to run up a fancy laundry bill, while a dozen ball players left behind were not only broke, but without even as much as a change of socks."

WANTS TO COME HOME, BUT CAN'T. Jack Johnson wants to come home. He is weary of wandering on foreign shores, and has asked the authorities if the case against him at Chicago can not be forgotten. The authorities answered that the law would have to take its course, meaning also that it would take Jack Johnson if he came along.

STRANGERS TO HER. "Pardon me, but can you tell me who won the half mile?" inquired the late arrival. "I don't know, I'm sure," smiled the sweet young thing, "but I heard some one say it was Nip and Tuck at the finish, so I suppose it was either of them."

New Class One. A new class has been opened in weight division. This takes to 115 pounds, and the Association recommended of Chicago, Artie Armstrong and Young Zulu Kid an elimination tournament be declared champion.

A conservative estimate of the number of contests held in the past year at the time of the new athletic year. From time to time critics will state that the reached in this or that, it seems that someone is up to smash the record.

It has been a by-word the mile professional record of George of England, to be beaten, but during the amateur runner have a wonderful performance, the former Brown University later a Rhodes scholar, land, smashed all records, when he covered the same in Cambridge, Mass.

There appears to be a time to it, critics will state that the reached in this or that, it seems that someone is up to smash the record.

It has been a by-word the mile professional record of George of England, to be beaten, but during the amateur runner have a wonderful performance, the former Brown University later a Rhodes scholar, land, smashed all records, when he covered the same in Cambridge, Mass.

Distance does not make any difference to our prices

For Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating and Furnace Work, Phone

PHELPS BROS.

(Pronounced FELPS)
PHONE M1630

SPROTT-SHAW : BUSINESS COLLEGE :

R. J. SPROTT, B.A., President

Extends the Compliments of the Season to all persons interested in Practical Business Education, and thanks the Business Community for its Liberal Patronage.

Splendid opening for young women. Ten times the number of choice situations for boys and men that we have been able to fill. Attend the College with the best equipment and an established reputation for thoroughness. All Practical Commercial Subjects taught by Expert Teachers.

For Full Particulars, Address DAVID ELSTON, Principal,
PHONE M4488 405-7, EIGHTH AVENUE W., CALGARY

Prin

New York, Jan. 1. It has been conducted under the commission of the past year, has proven that the followers of the game and unless occur to give it a set more states adopting the sport.

There have been many different parts of the success of the sport plan, many of them would be much better given instead of going rule. This may cases, but on the who been connected with the commissions are co decision rule is a life. They are positive that given in some parts could spill ruin for short time as there are tations where decision single referee.

During the year the Association was brought in the game met at formed. It is a fact which is to bring about standing between box promoters, and to the game and at the same bringing about the beginning of the sport in those states prohibited.

The was in Europe with the boxing game land, where it flourish. Many of the best boxers the world have been from reports recent that that the game is over there just the same as at the front or in the age to keep up the spine of the battlefields. In Australia it has the same way. The every up in the case of the young men put a damper upon the not be lifted until the

Dillon a Champion. Jack Dillon, without a greatest fighters who ever the 165 pound mark, was a heavyweight champion of new boxing association, and by well qualified to represent.

There was little doing in the matter of a championship question still rest Mike Gibbons proved his ability in a recent fight. The championship could not that manner, and the question.

The welterweight division out a recognition of the person is Kid Graves, of Graves has been recognized and should be given the title against the division.

Willie Ritchie announced claim the championship of but he must first defeat G can do so, and the same of Farland, McFarland proved with Mike Gibbons at 177 is a wonderfully clever fighter and should be given the title against the division.

There has been considerable to the lightweight division. The American might be said that Willie Ritchie, holder, but he make the weight for Chan challenged him, and this bring White into the line in that division.

In the featherweight class of Cleveland, O., see with his title. George G more is the most favored championship battle with him. In the bantam weight class, it is not so secure ago, for he has two very on his trail in the person of St. Paul, and Frankie Jersey.

New Class One. A new class has been opened in weight division. This takes to 115 pounds, and the Association recommended of Chicago, Artie Armstrong and Young Zulu Kid an elimination tournament be declared champion.

A conservative estimate of the number of contests held in the past year at the time of the new athletic year. From time to time critics will state that the reached in this or that, it seems that someone is up to smash the record.

It has been a by-word the mile professional record of George of England, to be beaten, but during the amateur runner have a wonderful performance, the former Brown University later a Rhodes scholar, land, smashed all records, when he covered the same in Cambridge, Mass.

Distance does not make any difference to our prices

For Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating and Furnace Work, Phone

PHELPS BROS.

(Pronounced FELPS)
PHONE M1630

Distance does not make any difference to our prices

For Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating and Furnace Work, Phone

PHELPS BROS.

(Pronounced FELPS)
PHONE M1630

Distance does not make any difference to our prices

For Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating and Furnace Work, Phone

PHELPS BROS.

(Pronounced FELPS)
PHONE M1630

Distance does not make any difference to our prices

For Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating and Furnace Work, Phone

PHELPS BROS.

(Pronounced FELPS)
PHONE M1630

Distance does not make any difference to our prices

For Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating and Furnace Work, Phone