JEM MACE'S LAST DAYS ALWAYS OF OLD SCHOOL

English Fighter Could Find Nothing Good in Modern Methods—The Bare Knuckle Boys.

Jem Mace, hero of many prize fights, who died at Jarrow-on-Tyne from old age last week, used to boast that in the 600 battles he fought he was beaten only twice and that later he turned the tables on the men who beat him. Altho he said he made $1,000,000 in his fighting career, he fell on evil days, being penniless in his last few years and living on the pittances of some of his admirers. He celebrated his 78th birthday by applying to the British Government for an old age pension of $2.50 a week, but the government officials asked so many questions and wanted to know so many details of his life and resources that Jem decided to get along without a pension. His veteran manager, Old Bill Bayard, who was Jem's inseparable companion, persisted, and finally got the pension for both Jem and himself.

Mace was born in Beeston, near Norwich, England, and was of Romany extraction. He denied the racial derivation, but those who knew him in his youth said he was gypsy by nature. In his early life Jem was a wandering musician, and he entered the prize ring by changing his violin and singing acts at the country fairs to the more bruising pastime of bare knuckle fighting.

His Fighting Begins.

Jem did not begin his fighting career until he was 24 years old. His first battle was with Slack, whom he disposed of in 19 minutes and emerged from the battle without a scratch. Then he fought the hitherto undefeated Bill Thorpe, winning in 18 rounds. From that time on the career of George Brown's Novice, as Mace was known, was brilliant. With the exception of setbacks at the hands of Bob Brettle and Tom King, both of whom were later beaten by Mace, Jem's career was a series of straight victories. He was the heavyweight champion of his time.

Mace went to America in 1870, and in New Orleans beat Tom Allen for the championship and a $5000 purse. The following May he was matched to meet Joe Coburn in Canada, but, fearing trouble, the match was called off. Later they fought a three-hour battle in New Orleans to a draw. Mace paid his last visit to America in 1896, when he boxed as exhibition with Mike Donovan at the old Broadway A.C.

In his last year Jem lived in a little back room in Islington. He used to spend a few hours each day in the "snug" of the Bluecoat Boy, an old-fashioned Islington inn that was famous as a sporting resort in the old days. Almost any afternoon he could be found sitting there, surrounded by the crowd that always liked to listen to his tales of the old bare-knuckle days. Until two years ago Jem's grip was so hard as to be painful. On the back of each hand was a hard lump as large as a hen's egg. Last summer Jem was interviewed by a newspaper man.

"I got those punching men," he said, referring to the lumps, "500 of them, and all good men, too. Those were the days when we fought with bare fists, and we were not afraid of hurting our hands, either. Only two of those 500 men ever beat me. They beat me fair enough, but it was my own fault, and I beat them both afterwards. Tom King and Bob Brettle beat me. I was a bit careless the day I fought Brettle. I took him too cheap and he hit me one that smashed my jaw and knocked me clean out, but the next time I beat him. I was careless, too, when I fought Tom King the first time, and let him get in a punch that should never have reached me, but I beat him fair and good the next time.

Never Gave Him Thick Ears.

They never gave me thick ears—none of 'em. I suffered more in my hands from punching them than from their punching me. I knew more than they did. I had a better headpiece, but that was only in the ring. Out of the ring I always wanted a master, and since my poor wife died I have had no one to tell me what to do.

"More than $1,000,000 I took out of the prize ring, and now it is all gone. Ten championship belts and ten cups I won, and they have all gone. I have a bust of old Tom Sayers left, but I won't feet that go if I starve. Where has it all gone? Ask those that got most of it. I don't know where it has gone. I have nobody now to tell me.

"How have I kept fit, they all ask me. Well, I never drank too much, I never smoked too much, and I always took plenty of exercise. I am very fond of the fresh air and I am always out in it when I can be. I can walk four miles an hour to-day, and when I was younger I could run ten miles before breakfast and think nothing of it.

FERRAZAS PARK AT JUAREZ SPLENDID RACING PLANT

Jack Atkin Apparently Going Back—Gossip From the Mexican Running Track.

JUAREZ, Dec. 24. — Of Ferrazas Park as a racecourse much might be said. It is really a splendid plant. The grand stand is about the size of Buffalo's Kenilworth Park, and is built on concrete, with a squat tower at either end. Rising solemnly from the barren lands just back of Juarez, its solid majesty is accentuated by the few low adobe huts scattered gloomily here and there, while on approach the heavy, dull grey pile stands out against the distant mountains in lonely, almost imposing grandeur.

Ferrazas Park contains all that a modern race track should contain for the accommodation of its patrons. The course proper is a mile and an eighth, with the usual chutes for the mile dash and shorter sprints. Fast time has been made over the track, despite the fact that a rather deep, soft top dressing has not yet been thoroly pounded in. Gold Finn, carrying 115 pounds, did 5½ furlongs in 1.05 2-5 last season, the record here for the distance. Seventul, with 106 pounds up, has run six furlongs in 1.11 3-5, while Knight Deck set the seven-furlong and mile records at 1.25 1-5 and 1.27 4-5, figures which compare well with any race track in America. A fast track is the general rule here, for there is little rain during the winter months.

The Big Train About Thru.

Our old friend, Jack Atkin, the Sain—El Salada horse, which ran such a magnificent race in the Dominion Handicap at Fort Erie, last fall, seems to have gone to pieces since striking Mexico. In his first two starts here at a mile and a furlong and a mile, he was very soundly thrashed. The big fellow showed none of his usual speed in either effort. Some horsemen account for Atkin's disappointing showing by saying that the Juarez going is utterly unsuited to his needs, while others do not hesitate to express their belief that the once great Schreiber champion is all in. Jack Atkin will soon be a seven-year-old, has had a lot of tough racing, and it may be true that the former champion sprinter has seen his best days. Retirement is really what Jack Atkin deserves, for he has established a record upon the American turf which is likely to stand unshattered by aspiring sprinters for some years to come.

June Weather in Mexico.

Up to date the weather has been ideal here, with an average temperature of about what Toronto might experience in the middle of June, altho some of the afternoons have been really hot. There is a considerable drop in temperature hereabouts as soon as the sun disappears. A day or so ago a thermometer in the sun registered 95 degrees at 11 a.m. At 8 o'clock in the evening the same thermometer showed 71. Pretty nice for December. But the natives say some rather chilly breezes blow, and not infrequently snow drops in here around the latter part of January. But cold snaps in El Paso are of short duration, and the sun seldom stops work for more than three or four days at a time.

Just a word about the Mexican revolution and the chance of this section of the country proving dangerous winter quarters for citizens of the United States: There is much more anxiety in the north than there is here. Few in either El Paso or Juarez are worrying about the movements of the insurrectionists, and Mexicans and Americans mingle with perfect freedom and good-feeling on both sides of the Rio Grande. But, of course, one can't tell what might happen if Diaz's foot should slip.

Back to racing once more: The list of the officials of Terrazas Park this season might prove of interest. The stewards are Charles F. Price, Alberto Terrazas, M. J. Winn, J. G. Follansbee and W. H. Fenchter; placing judges, W. H. Shettey, H. F. Greivogel and Edward Jasper; secretary, Lyman H. Davis; assistant secretary, Edward Jasper; starter, Mars Cassidy; timer, George Lindenberger; paddock and patrol judge, J. L. Hall; clerk of the scales, W. H. Shelley; physician, Dr. J. Samaniego.

KENTUCKY TODD AS A SIRE.

Remarkable Achievement of Miss K. L. Wilks' Grand Young Stallion.

One of the most remarkable and significant incidents of the late training and racing season, outside of the developments of the racing itself, was the achievement of the well-known Kentucky trainer, Clem Beachey, Jr., of Lexington, of giving records better than 2.30 to three yearling trotters, all the get of the same sire out of the first crop of his foals and he but six years old himself. If there has ever been anything more remarkable than this, or more pointedly suggestive of the swift progress that is being made in speed development by American breeders, in all the history of the trotter, it has never come to the attention of the public.

These performances were rendered during the progress of the meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association at Lexington last October. The precocious youngsters who achieved this distinction are the black filly Princess Todd, out of Grace Bingen, by Bingen, 2.06¼, who took a record of 2.29¼, which she later reduced to 2.24¼, making her the fastest yearling filly of the year; the bay colt K. L. Todd, 2.29¾, out of Katherine L., 2.12¼, by Liberty Chimes, and the black colt The Baronet, 2.28¼, out of Baroness Helena, by Baron Wilkes, 2.18. Their sire is the six-year-old stallion Kentucky Todd, three-year-old record, 2.08¾, a son of Todd (3), 2.14¾, owned by Miss K. L. Wilks, mistress of the Cruickston Stock Farm, Galt Ontario, by whom the colts were bred. They are the first of the get of Kentucky Todd, who has launched himself upon a career as a sire in which he promises to set the pace as fast as he did as a colt trotter when a three-year-old. This trio of yearlings were sent to Mr. Beachy from Cruickston Farm last spring, and he has attended to their training and development during the summer, bringing them to a form never before revealed by three colts of that age in any one trainer's string. Mr. Beachey personally directed every particle of the education of the colts, tho he was magnanimous enough to allow his assistant, Wick Curry, the distinction of driving them to their records, considering the fact that he (Mr. Beachy) weighs over 200 pounds. Just to show, however, that he has some claims to proficiency as a reinsman, and to display the strong and rugged development which his methods had enabled his pupils to attain, he hooked Princess Todd to a cart one afternoon during the Lexington meeting and drove her an exhibition quarter in 32 seconds, to the amazement of every beholder. This is the fastest public quarter ever trotted by a yearling over the Kentucky track. It might easily be imagined that after the strenuous work ordinarily necessary to enable a colt to display a mile in 2.30 as a yearling, he would be nervous and low in flesh, but on the contrary, these colts went into winter quarters as strong and virile as if they had not even been broken.

HOPPE EXPLAINS DIFFICULT SHOTS

By the diagrams Willie Hoppe explains two difficult shots which made possible his recent world's billiard average record. The photograph on the left shows how Willie Hoppe holds his cue for a nip masse shot, and the one on the right shows Hoppe making a simple masse shot.

(By Willie Hoppe, World's Champion 18.1 and 18.2 Billiardist).

During the course of my match in defending the 18.1 balk-line championship against George Slosson recently, I had occasion to use several difficult position shots. Most of them are known to expert billiardists but are seldom used in a championship. They are generally classed as fancy shots, being so difficult of execution as to be used only in exhibition where nothing is risked by a miss.

Two of these shots made my new world's record average of 335-15 for 500 points possible. The situation twice confronted me during my high runs where the shot was simple enough, but by counting the obvious way I would have taken a chance of losing control of the balls. In one instance it was necessary to get the balls out of balk; in the other the balls were out of balk but the easy carom would have scattered the object balls to far corners of the table.

In diagram No. 1, printed herewith, is shown the position where the balls were in balk. I chose a cushion carom masse as the best way out of the difficulty. By hitting the cue ball with a heavy top masse English I forced the cue ball around the red ball, which I struck very lightly on the side nearest the cushion. In this manner the red ball was impelled toward the end rail at an angle that avoided the kiss and with just sufficient force to drive it out of balk. The cue ball twisted on the side rail and thence to the end rail, where it struck the object ball so gently that all three were gathered within a radius of six inches and in perfect position for the next shot on the end rail.

The second shot which I have chosen to explain is depicted in diagram No. 2. The cue ball and red ball were aligned in the lower corner of the table in such position that a direct drive around the table was impossible. I might have attempted to carom off the white ball, but in so doing the chances were against a "good leave." There was only one course open to me, what is known as a difficult swing gather shot.

I was amused before shooting at the thought that I had practised the shot frequently for exhibition work, but never before had used it in a championship match. The result was so good as to almost exceed my expectations. I struck the cue ball hard with low reverse draw English. The force was sufficient to drive the red ball around the table, the cue ball going directly to the side rail and taking the reverse swing. The cue ball crossed the table slowly, owing to the reverse English, and counted gently on the object ball. The red ball meanwhile struck three cushions and rolled to within an inch of the object ball. After that I managed to nurse the balls with short drives and counted some forty more points before missing.

In my next instalment I intend describing with diagrams some of the simple position shoes which depend almost entirely upon English for their success.

HUMANITY OF THE ARAB.

How He Trains His Horse to Be Good.

Altho the Arabs consider the education of a colt should begin at 18 months old, it begins in realty at an earlier age. No sooner is a foal born than it is made to swallow two or three eggs. A bystander then takes it in his arms and walks it up and down in the midst of an almost inconceivable din, which is supposed to accustom it to terrible sounds so that ever after it will be impervious to fright, no matter how terrifying the noises that assail its ears. To teach it to suck, a fig or date soaked in milk and slightly salted is put into its mouth, and, when possible, it is given camel's or cow's or ewe's milk, which is supposed to make the coat more soft and sleek. At 18 months old the colt is mounted by a child, who takes it to water and to pasture, guiding it with a soft mule's bit, but it is not saddled until it is quite accustomed to the bridle. Careful owners, before allowing a colt to be mounted by a grown man, have it led up and down for a fortnight with a pack saddle on its back, carrying two baskets filled with sand. A most important part of a horse's education is to teach it not to break loose when its rider dismounts. For this purpose, a slave stands beside it ready to put his foot on the bridle whenever it attempts to steal off, which gives an unpleasant shock to its mouth. After a few months of this training, the horse will stand still and wait any time for its master. An Arab arrives at market, dismounts in the midst of a score of horses and mares, passes the bridle over his horse's head and lets it fall to the ground, then, placing a stone upon it, goes off to transact his business, returning at the end of several hours, finds his horse in the same spot. The first thing an Arab does after killing his enemy, if he covets his horse, is to pass the bridle quickly over its head.

Medium Sized Mares Breed Best.

(American Horse Breeder):

As a rule the most valuable brood mares, that is, the ones most successful in producing trotters have been of medium size. There are exceptions, however. Miss Russell, one of the most valuable of all the great brood mares stood 16 hands. Beautiful Bells (2.29½) was 15.2 hands high; Green Mountain Maid 15 hands, Alma Mater about 15.1, Estabella about 15 hands, Clara a little under 15 hands, and Minnehaha only 14.2 hands.

Horse Sales for the Week.

Monday, Dec. 26—At Maher's Horse Exchange, 200 horses, all kinds, including a consignment from the Hendrie aCriage Co. and a carload of hardy fellows, specially selected for the west.

Tuesday, Dec. 27—At the Repository, Simcoe-st., 150 horses, including a number specially selected for city work. A special consignment of blankets will be put up along with cutters, sleighs, and harness in first-class condition. A special reduction on horse goods is offered at The Repository during the local ice race meeting.

Wednesday, Dec. 28—At the Union Stock Yards, 250 horses of all classes as well as a number of buggies, wagons and a quantity of harness and stable equipment.

Thursday, Dec. 29—At Maher's Horse Exchange, 150 horses, all kinds, including a number of delivery horses used in the Christmas trade.

Friday, Dec. 30—At The Repository, 100 horses of all classes.

Mrs. Crawford—How is it you get more rest since you live in the suburbs?

Mrs. Crabshaw—I don't have to sit up all night for my husband. When he doesn't arrive by the last train I know he won't be home till the next day.—Judge.

Hotel Krausmann, King and Church Sts. Ladies and gentlemen. German grill with music, open till 12 p.m. Imported German Beers on draught.

In the Grampian Hills.

In literary and historic allusion the Grampians are rich. Over the hills to the south is Blair, the seat of one of the mightiest chieftains, visited by kings and queens, and honored, for a while, by the presence of "the greatest lyric poet the world has ever seen," our Scottish plowman poet Burns—at whose instance, I am told, the pass of Killiecrankie was planted with trees and decked with its present loveliness. Turning toward the west, again, and sweeping away over the waters of Loch Erlicht, is Ben Alder, a giant indeed, and the loveliest mountain by far seen from our manse window. Its wizardry is enchanting, its charms immense, and its changeabiliness of mood and aspect a source of hourly, nay momentary, wonder and enrichment. Again to the west, over the great hills and down by Ardverikie is Loch Laggan, the scene of Landseers famous pictures, "The Challenge" and "Who but the Brave Deserve the Fair." Further to the north is Laggan bridge, in the centre of a beautiful verdant valley, with loamy soil, and fair farmsteads, and prosperous looks. Hence we had the "Letters from the Mountains" by Mrs. Grant of that ilk. "Green Laggan," she called it, and green it verily is, and beautiful for situation. Within easy reach of her lived Macpherson of "Ossian" fame, and many another of whom her "Letters" tell. But, rich as they are in literary and historic allusion, I incline t othink the Grampians have not yet been "discovered," and wait their poet and romancer alike.—Scotsman.

What They Want Most.

The zoubrette—The prima donna's part.

The father of twins—A lodge in some vast wilderness.

The editor—A subscribers' waiting list.

The lover—A later midnight.

The poet—A position as star boarder.

The press agent—An increase of faith.

The public officeholder—To be let alone.

The colonel—More worlds to conquer.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Health Note.

The exercise of tending a furnace is believed to be a sovereign remedy for slothfulness, ingrowing appetite and general disability.—Baltimore Sun.

HEAD-ON COLLISION.

UPPER SANDUSKY, Ohio, Dec. 24.—In a collision between passenger train No. 15 and an express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Attica, Ohio, eight miles east of here, to-day, at 2 a.m., eight people were killed outright and 12 seriously inurjed.

The wreck occurred on a curve and the two trains crashed into each other head-on.

MINE WORKERS JAILED.

DENVER, Dec. 24.—Sixteen members of the Lafayette, Col., of the United Mine Workers of America will spend the next 12 months in the county jail. The sentence was imposed by District Judge Whitford, for the violation of a temporary inunjction restraining striking miners of the northern Colorado ccal district from interfering with non-union men.

Fact and Fun.

A fountain of oil at Lakeview, Cal., 156 feet high, is said to be the second in volume of flow. It has been exceeded only by the burning gusher at Tampico, Mexico, which caught fire at the moment of starting and caused a serious loss.

"Darn these automobiles," said the Kansas farmer.

"Bother you much?" asked the tourist.

"I sh'd say so. W'en a fellow sees a tunnel-shaped cloud coming down the pike he don't know whether to run for a gun or a cyclone cellar."—Toledo Blade.

Buenos Ayres is also working for the "city beautiful." In nine years it has set out 142,000 trees and opened 30 parks.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

Toronto Branch Celebrates Christmas With Real Yuletide Spirit.

No body celebrates Christmas with greater cordiality and warmth than the Dickens Fellowship, the Toronto branch of which is the largest in the world. The members filled the theatre of the normal school at their Christmas meeting last week, and the program was a real celebration of the Dickens Yuletide spirit. President E. S. Williamson was out of town, but the vice-president, Mrs. Jean Blewett, took the chair. Miss Jackes was excellent in one of a series of thumb-nail sketches of scenes from the novels, as Betsy Prig. The Smallweed family caused great hilarity as depicted by Mr. Harrison, Miss Scoley, Miss Webster and Mr. Rumley. F. M. Bell-Smith as Scrooge recalled "the inimitable" himself by his picture of the metamorphosed miser, and his recital of "Bob Cratchit's Christmas Dinner," and Tiny Tim's "God Bless us Every One," was the climax of the entertainment. Miss Madeline Hunt sang two songs. Her voice, a sympathetic contralto, while immature, displays great promise. The proceeds of a collection were devoted to charity.

"Do you believe in Santa Claus, little boy?"

"How long is it till Christmas?"

"Only about two weeks."

"Betcher life I do."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed up plain for weeks.
—Columbia Jester.

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