

CAN RYAN BEST FITZSIMMONS

Cornishman is Ready to Defend the Middle Weight Title—Says He Can Fight at 158 Pounds and Wants Battle With Syracuse Pugilist.

Robert Fitzsimmons is still anxious to fight somebody and in order to show that he can make at least 158 pounds he expresses a willingness to meet Tommy Ryan of Syracuse for the middleweight championship, and Ryan says he will make a match. Ryan for some time past has been declaring that he is the middleweight champion of America, and, barring Fitzsimmons, he is justly entitled to the honor. But Fitzsimmons, who won the middle-weight championship from Jack Dempsey, has never been beaten for the title.

The Cornishman says that he can easily get below the middleweight limit. He has always maintained that he weighed less than 158 pounds when he whipped Jim Corbett at Carson City and when Jeffries put him away at Coney Island in eleven rounds, but there are ring followers who insist that Robert in those battles weighed all of 165 pounds. Still, if Fitzsimmons can make 158 pounds it is up to Ryan to fight him at that weight or cease laying claim to middleweight honors.

Ryan is a wonderful pugilist as far as science goes. He has often been pronounced the cleverest fighter in the world, with the exception of Corbett, who at that never had much on the Syracuse man.

But Ryan has had a penchant for easy marks and has been very wary of men in the foremost ranks. It was at Coney Island several years ago when Ryan entered the ring to fight the colored heavyweight known as "The Harlem Coffee Cooler" that Tom O'Rourke challenged him to meet Joe Walcott, the "Giant Killer." Walcott's money was up and a match seemed unavoidable when Ryan suddenly concluded to draw the color line, which, of course, shut Walcott out.

Had Ryan consented to meet Walcott then he might have suffered defeat, as Joe was in wonderful condition and was beating all comers with a consistency that made him the talk of the fighting world. But Ryan evidently knew on which side his bread was buttered, so he avoided a match and has taken good care to steer clear of Walcott ever since.

For this reason it has been charged that Ryan possesses a white feather somewhere in his make-up which, some people believe he will show before he gets through negotiating with Fitzsimmons. Ryan met "Mysterious Billy" Smith over at Maspeth several years ago in a fierce, rough-house affair. Tim Hurst was the referee, and he cautioned Smith for foul tactics in the very first round. Soon afterward Smith went to fouling again and butted Ryan over the eye, cutting a deep gash. Ryan burst into tears and implored Hurst to stop the mill. The referee complied with the request and disqualified Smith, who followed Ryan out of the building, denouncing him as a coward.

Ryan, as a welterweight, was soundly whipped by Kid McCoy. This battle also took place at Maspeth. McCoy was Ryan's pupil, and before going into the ring the Kid told Tommy that he was feeling ill. Ryan promised not to hurt him, but before the fight had gone five rounds McCoy had Ryan in all kinds of trouble. Tommy was literally cut to ribbons. Under fearful punishment he displayed remarkable game-ness right up to the point where McCoy knocked him cold with a smash on the jaw. Today, should Ryan and McCoy meet, the tables would probably be reversed, for the reason that Ryan has vastly improved in science, is bigger and heavier than ever, while McCoy has gone so far back that only the most rigid training would ever make him fit enough to have a chance.

But when it comes down to fighting Fitzsimmons, Ryan would face a proposition different from anything that he has ever before experienced. Fitz is taller than Ryan, has a long reach and above the waist is a heavyweight. The Cornishman is probably the heaviest puncher in the world, with a possible exception of Jeffries. He is a wonderful ring general, clever, tricky and has had so much experience that he appears to overshadow Ryan. The Syracuse man, if he really possesses a weak-

heart, would find it a difficult matter to mix it up with Fitz, who is game to the core and a glutton for punishment.

Ryan probably bases his belief that he can beat Fitz solely on his wonderful science. He probably figures that he is faster than the veteran Cornishman in point of leg work and that he can outpoint the Antipodean in a limited round bout. But, in attempting to do this, Ryan would run the chance of receiving just one good punch which, if delivered on the proper spot, would probably dispose of him just as readily as Fitz has packed others away in a similar manner. Fitzsimmons is so confident that he can beat Ryan that he is willing to forfeit \$250 if he cannot stop the Syracusean in four rounds, but this offer does not specify any fixed weight, Fitz's meaning, no doubt, that he would meet Ryan under these conditions at catch weights. But for the middleweight championship, Robert would probably be unwilling to wager much money that he could stop such a fast, elusive boxer as Ryan inside such a small limit.

Fitz it may be said, has all the fighters beaten a mile when it comes down to trickiness in the ring. Those who saw him indulge in a fake knockout with Jeff Thorne in the Madison Square Garden at John L. Sullivan's benefit three years ago will never forget the antics of the Cornishman. But it was in a four-round bout over in Newark ten years ago that Fitz gave his best imitation of faking. In order to draw a crowd some local sporting men dug up an Irishman named Jack Hickey, who had just come over from the Emerald Isle with the declaration that he was the middleweight champion of that country. Hickey wanted to know what kind of a fighter Fitzsimmons was and his newly made friends told him that the Cornishman could not fight a little bit and was a bluff.

"I'll bate the spalpeen!" cried Hickey to an admiring throng one day. "Only let me at him!"

So a match was made between Hickey and Fitz for four rounds at Shooting Park. Those who had Hickey in tow told him that the only way to beat Fitz was to wade right in from the start, swinging right and left for the head. They also told Fitz about the Irishman and Bob got into the humor of the affair immediately. When Hickey got into the ring that night he was confident of winning an easy victory.

"I never seen this here Fitzsimmons," said he to his seconds, "but when I do I'll tell ye how easy it'll be!"

The crowd broke into cheers as Fitz appeared. Robert wore a scared look and apparently was so rattled that he could not climb through the ropes. One of his seconds showed him how to get into his corner and the moment he sat down he was seeringly in a tremble.

"Why the spalpeen is licked now," exclaimed Hickey. "His knees is a knockin' together, and he wants to quit! Keep him from climbing out of the ring so that I can do him quick."

Fitz made an attempt to climb out of the ring but his seconds dragged him back. Then Hickey was dead sure he had the much vaunted Cornishman at his mercy. Bob knew so little about the gloves that his seconds had to show him how to draw them on. The gong rang for the men to shake hands but when Fitz shuffled up with the scared look still covering his freckled face, Hickey refused the shake with him saying:

"He's a coward, begob! I'll soon knock his red head off!"

The battle began and Hickey sailed in, right and left. Fitz saw him coming and turned tail. In a moment Hickey was chasing Bob all over the ring.

"Stand up and fight!" roared the Irishman. "You're no man at all, at all!" Fitz turned and clinched. The referee had great trouble to break them. Again Hickey rushed out to find the Cornishman on the dead run.

"Wot kind of a fighter are ye?" fairly screamed Hickey, as he stopped short, puffing like a grampus. But Fitz, covering in a corner, made no reply. When he had regained his breath, Hickey rushed again and this

time he planted a right hander on the side of Fitz's head. Bob reeled against the ropes and grabbed them with both hands to keep from falling.

"Aha, begorra, I've got yez," bel-lowed the Irishman, who piled in with all of his strength. Fitz was groggy, apparently, and Hickey was so excited that he lost his head completely. The gong rang just as they came together and Hickey, dancing a jig, hurried to his corner in high glee.

"I'll bate him to dith," he exclaimed as he glared across the ring at Fitz, who seemed to be in great distress. When the gong rang again Bob came out of his corner like a man 70 years of age. He shuffled along to the middle of the ring and feebly threw his arms around Hickey's neck as they clashed.

"Stand back," shrieked Hickey, beside himself with rage. Fitz drew away and ducked half a dozen blows. Then he turned his back and allowed Hickey to chase him to a corner. With a yell of triumph Hickey was in the act of raining blows on the Cornishman's head when something happened. Fitz steadied himself, let go the right for a head blow, which pulled up Hickey's guard; and then drove the left home to the pit of the stomach with terrific force. It sounded like a butcher striking a piece of beef with a cleaver. Hickey was lifted completely off his feet and tumbled over backward unconscious. His second instantly threw up the sponge. Ten minutes later the Irishman opened his eyes.

"Was it a house that fell on me," he asked, "or was it a horse car?"

"Fitz knocked you out," said his seconds.

"The spalpeen did nothing of the kind," insisted Hickey. "I had a faintin' spell. Maloney, who the hell told yez to throw up the sponge? Let me at him, for I'll bate him to dith."

But Fitz, convulsed with laughter, had dressed and gone away.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Bible School Lesson for Mar. 1

Title: Paul and Apollos. Acts 18: 24-9, 6.

Golden Text: If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.—Luke 11: 13.

Ephesus, the capital and most important city of Asia Minor, became in time a great Christian centre, the head of a diocese over which the Apostle John presided. It was here where John, the only one of the apostles who died a natural death, was buried.

The development of the church at Ephesus was due largely to the influence of a certain Alexandrian Jew by the name of Apollos, who had imbibed the teaching of John the Baptist, and particularly that concerning the office and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was evidently a man of culture and ability, learned in the Old Testament Scriptures, and inspired with their evident prophetic reference to Christ.

He was a zealous exponent of the truth, and though not acquainted with the teaching concerning the Holy Spirit, or with His power and influence, he nevertheless boldly proclaimed the truth he was in possession of, with the result that many of the Jews were persuaded of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Aquila and Priscilla, with whom we became acquainted at Corinth, and who had proceeded as far as Ephesus in the company of Paul, who was bound for Jerusalem, heard this young zealot preach, and took the opportunity to explain the word more fully to him.

The result was that he started out on a missionary tour through Greece, (Achaia), with letters of introduction from the church at Ephesus. At Corinth he heartily co-operated with the brethren in their work, and, through the grace of God, was able to strengthen their faith, "shewing by the scriptures that Jesus was the Christ."

"It was perhaps the knowledge of that bitter hostile spirit to Jesus of Nazareth, on the part of his countrymen at Corinth, which led Apollos, conscious of his powers in such controversies, to desire this Corinthian mission.—Peloubet.

Paul returns and resumes his labors at Ephesus. Here he found at least a dozen disciples, who were led into the truth through the labors of Apollos.

These new converts were only possessed of the truth imparted by John the Baptist, and were unacquainted with the pentecostal baptism by the Holy Spirit.

"John's baptism was a confession of repentance, a hope of a Messiah, an effort to lead a new life, but without the aid of a present Christ, and the special gifts of the Holy Spirit. They were leading a life of fasting, and prayers, and alms, but they had not passed on to righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Plumptre.

John's baptism was a preparation for the Christ. When this was made known to these twelve disciples of John, they were baptised in the name of Jesus. "This state of things shows that baptism is important, but not itself the means of salvation."—Riddle.

Paul placed his hands upon them, and immediately the Holy Spirit descended upon them all, with the usual manifestations which attended the outpouring of the day of Pentecost.

The contrast between the "Baptism into Repentance," and the baptism of the Holy Spirit, may be illustrated by the old-fashioned method of rocking out—the gold contrasted with the improved method of sluicing. The true Christian is always seeking a deeper consecration and a fuller revelation of truth. He will faithfully make use of his opportunities to spread the truth, and seek to benefit by the experience of others.

How many of us are living beneath our privileges. A higher, a grander type of Christian experience is for us, and we seem satisfied with a superficial grasp of truth.

BOUND TO GET THERE

Will Pull Their Sleds All the Way

Party of Five Left This Afternoon for Tanana With a Large Outfit.

It is an impossibility to give an exact estimate of the number of people who leave for the Tanana district every day, as there is no means of registering them as they depart. Every day there are quite a number of teams start out and each is accompanied by two or more people.

The United States consular office is experiencing the biggest rush of the year in making out invoices for intending travellers who are taking this precaution to avoid trouble at the boundary.

This morning a party of five intrepid mushers fitted up their outfits in front of C. J. Stewart's store on First avenue. They had three sleds each of which was heavily loaded. The word "mushers" is the most fitting term to apply to these travellers as they have neither dogs nor horses to help pull their outfits. Two sleds will each be handled by two of the party, one pulling while another pushes, and the third sled which is much smaller will be pulled by the fifth man.

The names of the party are Joseph Sacho, Paul Hapel, John Modvein, Philip Frenovich, and George Vedas.

Power of Attorney Blanks for the Tanana-Nugget Office.

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Didn't Like Show
Utica, N.Y., Jan. 31.—Last night, at the Cronkrite opera house in Little Falls, the audience hurled decayed eggs and vegetables at a dramatic company whose performance did not fill expectations. For several weeks A. B. Charles has been recruiting a troupe in Little Falls. He advertised for amateur performers and said he would make professionals of them.

The trouble last night began when a female member of the troupe was showered with pennies. She resented the insult, but the performance was continued. In the midst of a love scene in the second act an egg was thrown from the gallery and struck Miss Kelley of Oneida, the leading lady. A shower of eggs and decayed fruit was then directed at the stage and the members of the troupe lured badly before the curtain could be lowered.

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