THE WORLD OF SPORT AND DRAMA

ART OF WRESTLING

Views of Formidable Ismaiel Yousouf, "The Terrible Turk."

What Ernest Roeber, the Greco-Roman Champion, Has to Say.

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The art of wrestling? It is simply knowing how to throw your adversary down to the floor—hard down, so he won't come back for another fall. How would you learn this art? Nature must teach it to you. Others you can acquire it. There are rules, of course, but they come afterward. The laws of civilization require them. Acting in accordance with the laws of nature, however, that man is the best athlete who is able to conquer his antagonists by skill or strength, or by a combination of both, and hold them conquered.

With the people of my country it is held that a wrestler, like a fighter or a warrior, is made so by the great Allah and not by any rules or laws of man. The great Sullivan Pasha (John L.), for instance, of your country was in his day a fighter and not a wrestler, just as I am a wrestler at the present time. Allah built us that way. He did not intend that we should run, like race horses, or play tag, like children, when we got into the arena to measure our strength against others who would pretend to test us, but only make a bluff, as you Americans call it.

The art of wrestling does not consist in jumping, dodging, racing or swimming about the mat. Some foolish people call that "generalship." Allah forgive them! It is not. It is a game the children of my country call hide and seek.

Wrestling is an art, and there is skill as well as strength to it. The skill consists in breaking the hold of an opponent or of squirming out of it with an eel-like motion if one's strength is not sufficient to break it. For a small man, for instance, to wriggle out of the clutches of a big, powerful adversary who has secured a double Nelson hold I call a clever trick. For a strong man to break that double Nelson and get away from a man equally strong I call a plucky turn, as the suffering he undergoes in the operation is something distressing. For my own part, I can honestly say that I never had any great difficulty in breaking any of the Greco-Roman holds, including the famous "strangle" hold, which most American wrestlers seem to dread. It is not my hold, but I do not bar it in any of the matches I have made, nor will I in any match to come. If an American wrestler can strangle me, he is welcome. So far none of the great men of Turkey, Russia, Greece or Persia has been able to do the trick, and I don't think Roeber, Heraklides, Jenkins, "Strangler" Lewis or any of the mighty men of America will have any better luck at the game.

In my country as well as here there are many styles of wrestling. There are Greco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can, Japanese, collar and elbow, Swiss and mixed styles. Greco-Roman, however, prevails, as it is the most manly and calls for the most strength. Next in favor is catch as catch-can, as that is very artistic and nice to look upon. Japanese, Swiss and collar and elbow, as well as the mixed styles of wrestling, are only practiced by small men who are tricky and spry. The public does not look favorably upon these styles, so I confine myself to Greco-Roman as most exclusively, only taking a hand in catch as catch-can when an adversary insists upon one of the falls being that way.

In my four big matches with Ernest Roeber, the American champion, Tom Jenkins, the strong man of Ohio, Heraklides, "The Terrible Greek," and Evan Lewis, "The Strangler," I hope to the grace of Allah to achieve a clean score of victories.

With them vanquished, I will meet whatever champions may present certain Billy Muldoon, Frank Rain for the and Osman Digmuh with joy in my heart, to my highest martyr, the soldan.

ISMAIEL YOUSOUF.

EVAN LEWIS.

ISMAIEL YOUSOUF.

Contrary to the general belief, the art of wrestling is not one of modern birth. It is as old as the hills and, in fact, antedates boxing by many centuries. Indeed it is the most ancient test of physical skill, strength and endurance known to man. It did not originate with the mighty men of ancient Greece, as many students of history suppose. It was known to the Phoenicians and largely practiced by the Egyptians, who transmitted the art to the Greeks. With the latter it was the greatest of all sports. Homer immortalized the game in his celebrated "Iliad," wherein he tells of a mighty bout between the wise Ulysses and the doughty Ajax, who used to go around defying the lightning. It was a great contest, according to old boy Homer, and that King of fighters, the Bob Fitzsimmons of his day, the renowned Achilles, very properly called it a draw.

Of course such a magnificent sport took a strong hold on popular favor in the halcyon days of the old Roman empire, and the style now known as Greco-Roman wrestling was the prevailing one, just as it was in ancient Greece. The knowledge of Greek and Roman wrestlers, however, was not confined to this one style. They knew fully as much as if not more than our boys about catch as catch can, Cumberland and collar and elbow wrestling. Greco-Roman, however, was the most popular style, as it afforded between men of equal size and skill the finest possible display of strength and activity.

Wrestling is essentially a hardy sport. It savors of green fields and grassy knolls. This it is that one made so much in the old English sports, those about boats at country fairs and royal outings. Such scenes as Shakespeare describes in "As You Like It," wherein the hightoon Orlando copes with the champion wrestler, Charles, at the duke's country seat, are quite common in the ancient history of "Merrie England."

In Germany, too, and in Russia, as well as in America, wrestling is practiced more generally in the country than in the city, although the cities, old or young, produce more champions out of a limited number of wrestlers than the country. Out where the scent of the new mown hay strikes the nostrils every little hallwick has its champion, and everybody wrestles. It is thus we hear of "Farmer" Burns, "Yokel" Flagg, "Country" McCloskey and "Rube" McMahon. They are good wrestlers, too, and they generally get down when they meet city chaps who have thoroughly studied the art like your humble servant, Billy Muldoon, Evan Lewis and Tom Jenkins.

I could write a whole book about wrestling and yet not be able to make any sort of a wrestler in that way. I have had some mighty good pupils, who became proficient in the art by practice, but by training. That is the only way to master half and double Nelsons, strangle holds, bar holds, hedges and the like. There are something like 300 methods of attack and defense in the various styles of wrestling, so you can see what a long and arduous study a man ambitious to master these separate styles would have to go through.

Wrestling is eminently an acquired art. Unlike the poet, the wrestler is made and not born. A man must have a natural aptitude for the game, of course, and be strong, active, courageous and enduring. He must, however, study the fine points of the game. This is the work of years. A wrestler is not made in a day. It requires months and much patience, skill, time and labor to become a great wrestler as it does to become a great baker, but when the art is once acquired you have as nearly perfect a man physically as it is possible to get. The wrestler is a far better man physically than the boxer. That is natural, for his exercise brings into play every muscle of the body, while that of the boxer only develops one set of muscles at the expense of the others. Again, the wrestler is a far sounder, healthier man than the boxer, for the simple reason that his work, no matter how hard the contest, calls up, while that of the boxer, no matter how easy may seem the strength, tears down. The proof of the building is in the eating, as our friend Johnny Bull says. A champion boxer is generally broken down physically before he reaches the age of 35 years, but when a wrestler is in his prime, while the latter often holds the championship at his game when he is past the half century mark. Is this not the best evidence in the world that wrestling is the healthiest of sports? You never hear of fighters, saracen, pedestrians, runners or other athletes lasting as long as the wrestler, do you?

ERNEST ROEBER.

The public knows my record, and there is scarcely any need to declare myself as the sportsman put it, I have never licked, and I never will. I will win or lose on the level. I have met Muldoon, Miller, "Strangler" Lewis, Carkeek and the best men in America, at home, as well as the champions of Germany, France and Russia, abroad, at the Greco-Roman game and never been beaten. I will gladly take on any man breathing for any fair stake at any place where fair play is assured.

ERNEST ROEBER.

Looking For a Nickname.

Chicago baseball cranks are endeavoring to find a new nickname for their team in view of the fact that the club has decided to discard the title of Colts. Somebody has suggested Bloomers, in honor of the new manager, Tommy Burns, and it looks like a go. The idea of nicknaming ball teams is not a new one, as every team in the National league labors under some alleged pet name. Many of the teams are inappropriately named, however. To call the Brooklyns the Bridegrooms nowadays is enough to drive a rabid crank to a country retreat where he will never hear of baseball again. There are very few married men on the team. The Clevelands are still called the Spiders in spite of the fact that Tebeau, McKean, Young, O'Connor, Zimmer and Alderson, who are decidedly intrenched in the heavyweight class. If the name Giants was applied to the Chicagos, it might fit well, as the Windy City experts are noted for being the largest men physically in the League. Boston's players will always be termed the Beaneaters, because the name is appropriate, especially as the evidence that developed at a feed in Baltimore immediately after the game that decided the championship last fall. Then there are the Reds, fresh out of Cincinnati and had traded into the Sitting Bull, they set up a roar that deafened the waiters.

"Give us beans!" they yelled. "We want the good old Boston beans, and we want them quick!" Then they commenced all the beans in sight and went to bed singing:

We're the sixteen Bean Blowers
Blow, blow, the musical horn!
We're the Boston Beaneaters
And we're happy! Hip, hip, hip!

The Senators, Orioles, Quakers, Pirates, Reds, Bluejays and Colonels are all popular with baseball cranks. Whoever invented Yannigans, however, had no consideration for a suffering public.

Emma Eames, who has been resting this winter in Paris, has learned all of her Wagnerian roles in German—Eva, Elsa, Elisabeth and Sieglinde. She will sing in the Nibelung cycles in London.

QUEEN CITY'S CLUB.

The Excellent Material Which Manager Ewing Has Got Together to Represent Cincinnati.

Now that the baseball season has fairly commenced the cranks are having a chance to find out what truth there was in the reports that are so plentiful at the beginning of every season as to the fitness of the individual players and the strength of the teams. The "phenoms" who have been discussed all winter are now proving their worth on Westlake's nines and creating a feeling of joy or despondency, according to the result.

The general consensus of opinion is that the Cincinnati baseball club of 1898 is the strongest that ever represented that city in the National league. As a club the organization has had a varied experience. For the past two years the team has been fully in the race part of the time and at the finish maintained a "respectable position." The glaring fault last season was the weak stick work of the outfield. Captain Ewing recognized the deficiency before the season was very far advanced and has profited from the lesson then taught. He has been engaged during the winter months in securing a probably lot of youngsters from minor leagues and some tried and true material from other National league clubs. He now feels confident of an assured degree of success.

The eight recently acquired men among the Reds are Pitch Hawley, William Hill, Joe Oeer, Algie McBride, H. McFarland, Elmer Smith, Harry Bushfeldt and Robert Wood. Hawley, Smith and Hill were in the League last year, the former two with Pittsburg and "Bill Bill," as he is fondlingly called, with the Louisville. Smith formerly wore the red when the club was a member of the American association.

The trio named have demonstrated the possession of all their old time vigor and ability, and the youngsters have made a very satisfactory debut. It is acknowledged that there is not a weakling in the lot. As in the Chicago club, the newcomers have the good will of their associates and this presages excellent and effective work by the nine.

There are 18 players under contract with the Cincinnatis. Six of them are pitchers—namely, Dreihentzein, Dwyer, Dammann, Hawley, Hill and Oeer. Hawley's ability as a twirler is well known. He has been a star ever since his entrance to the big league. Hill was a phenomenon in 1896, but last year he injured his arm and could not do his best work. All these men are expected to pitch the best ball of their careers. Joe Oeer, who was the star pitcher of the Western league last season, is strong and powerful, with an arm of iron and a good head, and is cool as a cucumber when in the box. He was with the Pittsburg team in 1896, but ill health prevented his making a record last year.

There are but four outfielders for active use, though five—Holliday, McBride, McFarland, Miller and Smith—are assigned. The latter is the same as it was during the major portion of 1897. "Easy" Beckley comes first, "Reliable" John McPhee second, Charley Irwin third and Tommy Corcoran short stop. Kitchey, who was the general utility last season, has been displaced by Steinfeldt, a much more promising player, who is, in fact, considered the find of the season. During the winter he was advertised as a hard thrower, who stopped the ball with his shins, which were covered with pads, and then rolled upon his strong arm to do the rest. But this was a dainty fiction. He is a clean fielder and does not wear the pads for the purpose stated, but as a protection against the sharp spikes of that class of players who delight in cutting up a rival's shins, and he has suffered that unfortunate experience. After his recovery he secured whalebone shin pads that cannot be penetrated by spikes.

Smith and McBride fill left and center fields respectively, and "Dusty" Miller, who is in his 1894 form, is in the right field. But there is still conjecture as to the ultimate position of some of the players. McFarland is fast, a sure fielder and wields the bat with telling effect. Ewing has a warm place in his heart for this man, and should Miller fail to keep up the pace with which he has commenced he may be supplanted by McFarland. Otherwise the latter will continue in the place of Holliday as utility outfielder.

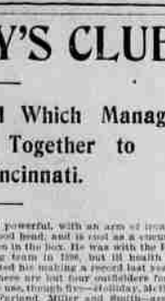
The Reds' corps of pitchers is a delight to the eye. The twirlers of last season were a good set, and had the outfield done its share of hitting the team would have won many more games and naturally been higher on the list.

It is quite useless to repeat the foolish report that Ewing will carry the 15 men through the season. Not a club in the League will keep attached that amount of talent. It is too expensive, unwieldy and unnecessary, even with the usual per cent of casualties and disasters.

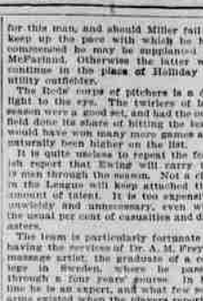
The team is particularly fortunate in having the services of Dr. A. M. Frey, a massage artist, the graduate of a college in Sweden, where he passed through a four years' course. In his line he is an expert, and what few sore arms existed among the players reported for duty were speedily cured by his treatment. He gave especial attention to the twirlers' "whips" while they were in the south, and he guarantees that every one would jump into his work fit and ready was fully realized.

The Reds have entered the pennant fight in a condition superior to most of their rivals. As the season progresses the teams which are still a bit off will come into form, and then will occur the real test of endurance and skill. During the past two years the Cincinnatis more than held their own until the 12 clubs rounded into the stretch, when an apparently unavoidable streak of bad luck overtook them. This year it is believed there will be a change in the historical precedent and that a successful array they will march boldly up toward the top.

This is the fourth year that Manager Ewing has been in charge, and he is regarded as generally having made an enviable record. He will do his coaching from the bench and the coacher's box. John A. McPhee, the recognized king of the players, McFarland is fast, a sure fielder and wields the bat with telling effect. Ewing has a warm place in his heart



WILLIAM EWING.



J. A. M'PHEE.

NELLA BERGEN.

Nella Bergen is the prima donna of "The Bride Elect" company. The opera, the score and book of which are by John Philip Sousa, the famous "March King," is now having a remarkably successful run at the Knickerbocker theater, New York city. The music has been highly praised by the critics of Gotham, but there has been a disposition on their part to speak patronizingly of Sousa's first efforts as a librettist. There are all agreed, however, on the question of the success scored by Nella Bergen. She was always a fine singer, and as she has also developed into an excellent actress she has made a hit of exceptionally pleasing character in New York. Miss Bergen is a large and handsome woman of decidedly striking appearance.

Stories of The Stage.

An admirer of Nat Goodwin's histrionic powers recalled an incident that happened way out in Montana, where in the long ago Goodwin gave a burlesque of Lawrence Barrett to a lot of the unsophisticated. After the performance one of the leading men of the town called on the actor, patted him on the shoulder and said:

"I thought I knew you tonight, Mr. Barrett, when I saw you on the stage, but now, when I come to look at you, I think it must have been your twin."

"My father?" said Mr. Goodwin, not quite understanding for the moment what the man was driving at.

"Yes, your father, Lawrence Barrett," he replied. "I used to know him some years ago. But I have this to say to you, young fellow—Barrett's are a better lot than the old man ever dared to be."

In one of the Boston newspapers of Sept. 5, 1873, appeared a little notice of a concert which took place in the town hall, Stoughton, Mass., for the benefit of Miss Gregory. It stated that the beneficiary was suffering from a severe cold and was unable to sing more than one of her selections, "Cherry Ripe." Continuing, the article said: "Miss Hudersdorf, who kindly consented to sing, gave two selections adopted to the tar's of the audience. A young gentleman who was mentioned on the programme as 'Mr. R. M.' sang a German song and 'The Young Mountaineer,' by Randegger. At the end of the concert this same young gentleman informed the audience, with much apparent delight, that Miss Gregory was too indisposed to sing and instead was glad to say that he was going to sing for her, and much to the astonishment of everybody he sang in a high falsetto 'Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?' after the style of Miss. Liebhart, and for an encore, as he made quite a hit, he rendered the 'Carnival of Venice' in Carlotta Patti."

"Mr. R. M." was the great Richard Mansfield of today.

Miss Hudersdorf, who gave the concert for Miss Gregory, was the mother of Richard Mansfield, and at that time she was a music teacher in Boston.

John Maguire, the veteran theatrical manager, tells a number of entertaining stories of the early days when the drama was first presented in the Nevada mining camps. Mr. Maguire was at one time a member of a stock company at Virginia City, Nev., and a young lady who has since mounted high upon the ladder of fame played that parts with him. She was none other than Mme. Maude Adams, the prominent of the present New York season in "The Little Minister." The veteran says that those were the days of Mark Twain and Dan de Quille. Of the latter wider known writer Mr. Maguire recalls on very interesting criticism, Junius Booth and Agnes Booth, according to the veteran, arrived in Virginia City and announced a production of "Romeo and Juliet." Maguire was engaged to play Capulet. He enjoyed a wide reputation in the mining district as an Irish comedian, and this doubtless prompted the following observations from the humorous Dan de Quille:

"Romeo and Juliet" was played by the Booths to a large and appreciative Virginia City audience. The characters were all well taken, but Capulet had a touch of brogue. Upon consideration we are inclined to think this was all right, for Capulet not more than a week ago was Miles Na Coppaleen in "Colleen Bawn." Romeo and Juliet never voted before entering Harvard, but last year he was a member of the Weld crew, which won the eight oared race at Philadelphia, beating a field that included the University of Pennsylvania eight. He is rowing in the Weld crew now and has greatly improved in his style. Coleman and his friends are greatly pleased with Ten Eyck's favorable opinion, and Harvard men generally hope that the young oarsman will visit Philadelphia next year to have a try at the celebrated aquatic emblem.

Trotting Races In Russia.

In Russia laying up of heats in harness races is not practiced, for each horse is timed separately, and in a dash race the horse making the fastest time gets first money, while in a race of heats the horse making the fastest average time is the winner. Some American racing managers could evidently take a lesson from the Russians in more ways than one. For instance, a Russian is not allowed to bet, but the betting men 10 per cent of the money handled and charges an entrance fee of 2 per cent from members of the association and 4 per cent from nonmembers. This is exactly opposite to the way business is done in this country.

Color of Race Horses.

Winning race horses are generally bays, chestnuts or browns. And for every 100 bays among them there are 50 chestnuts and 50 browns. There is no record of an important race being won by a piebald.

TOPICS OF STAGELAND.

The memory of some musicians is more than phenomenal. Dr. Hichens knows the scores of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" by heart. Herr Motl also remembers the score of "Tristan und Isolde." When Jean de Reszke first sang Vasco in "L'Africaine" he was absolutely note perfect, although on the day before he had only learned our art. Dr. von Bulow is said to have read one of Saint-Saens' pianoforte compositions in a railway train and played it by heart at a concert the same night. Mascagni also has a splendid memory, and so, of necessity, now have most pianists. Rubinstein is credited with a remarkable repertory of a thousand pieces.

Signora Eleanora Duse has achieved a great success in Florence in an Italian version of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Critics who have seen both say that she did not look the part as Duse as well as Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but far surpassed her in force of acting.

Miss Henrietta Crossman will star next season in a comedy written expressly for her by Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Sara."

Fran Wagner's attention is not exclusively taken up by Wagner performances. Very recently in the great room of the hotel of the Golden Sun, which Baireuth pilgrims know so well, she organized a performance of a little play, "Very Just," by Sholto Douglas, which is said to be strictly in Shaw's first efforts as a librettist. They are all agreed, however, on the question of the success scored by Nella Bergen. She was always a fine singer, and as she has also developed into an excellent actress she has made a hit of exceptionally pleasing character in New York. Miss Bergen is a large and handsome woman of decidedly striking appearance.

Augustus Piton is writing a new romantic play for Chauncey Olcott, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland in 1800. There will be four acts to the play, with the introduction of some new music, which will be written especially for Mr. Olcott.

Adelina Patti, Clara Butt, Edward Lloyd and Charles Santley will sing with a festival chorus of some 2,000 and an orchestra of 500, led by August Manns, at a concert in the Crystal palace June 11. Patti has not sung at the Crystal palace since the Handel festival of 1880.

Mrs. J. H. Gilbert and Charles Richman will probably play with the Frawley company in France during the summer.

In London the chorus girls are expected to pawn, smile at acquaintances, treat or insignificant, in the audience or talk in animated fashion to one another.

There is a project to establish Russian opera in Paris. The company will, it is said, be exclusively Russian, the principal artists coming from St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Deaman Thompson appeared in Charlotte Cushman's production of "Macbeth" in 1850.

Pol Plancon is studying German to sing in Wagnerian operas.