

"PENNY'S" PRIZE RING GOSSIP

Coming Fight Between Jimmy
Britt and Joe Gans At-
tracts Attention.

It is astonishing that competent critics of the Queensbury are paying a great deal of attention to the coming fight between Jimmy Britt and Joe Gans and treating it subject seriously, that is, they are giving the native son about an even chance to beat the black wonder, and the only explanation they offer is that Britt is full of confidence. Whoever heard of a fighter who was not "full of confidence" and sure to "bring home the money." Britt is a good talker and may have induced some to believe that he will really give Gans a hard battle.

Why should he be conceded an even chance against the champion? The last fight Britt had was with poor little Terry McGovern, of unbalanced mind, and according to ringside reports, he and the native son all over the butted. In spite of this, Britt's friends on the coast have figured out to their own satisfaction how he can win the colossus of the invincible Baltimorean, but in Salt Lake and east of here the wise ones do not share this optimism.

It is pretty hard to forget how Gans has looked the knowing ones in the past. Who believed he would be able to stay six rounds with a bull-dog like Battling Nelson? Who believed he would be able to make such a low weight and be strong? But he did it. Herman was surely going to whip Gans. The Chicago boy was a mere plaything in the hands of the feroceous master. In his last two fights the negro has demonstrated beyond doubt that he retains his old-time cleverness, endurance, speed and will.

Nelson knocked Britt out in 18 rounds. Terry McGovern gave Britt a good lacing in a 10-round go, Gans won from the Durand in 12 rounds. Notwithstanding his immensity, Mackenzie would stand as much chance against Jeff as a steam roller would have in a race with a Vanderbilt Cup automobile.

Mackenzie is 31 years old and is a graduate of Toronto university. He is a scholar in the Gaelic language, is an athlete and is skilled in the use of the bagpipes.



MAJOR R. D. MACKENZIE
CHALLENGER

GIANT WANTS TO FIGHT JIM JEFFRIES.

Major, Roderick Mackenzie, who challenged James J. Jeffries some time ago to fight for the heavy-weight championship of the world, believes that he has scared the champion out of making a match. Mackenzie is seven feet seven and a half inches in height and weighs 327 pounds with his shoes off. Notwithstanding his immensity, Mackenzie would stand as much chance against Jeff as a steam roller would have in a race with a Vanderbilt Cup automobile.

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THEY DREAD CRITICS.

Paul Magoffin, known to his teammates as "Maggie," has been elected captain of the football team of the University of Michigan for the year 1906-1907. The unanimous vote of the football men, Magoffin is a junior at the university, and claims Washington, D. C., as his residence. In his freshman year he played substitute half-back, and in 1905 won a place on the regular team, playing with great success both that year and during the past season. He is 21 years old and weighs 165 pounds.

CAPTAIN FOR MICHIGAN.

Ballplayers, says Elmer Bates in the Cleveland Press, are very much like actors in their dread of youthful and inexperienced critics. In these red-letter days of popularity for the national game, when every little hamlet has its club and every corner of cities graphically linked its league, it is hard for the men who play the game to understand why the baseball department of every newspaper is not in the charge of some familiar with both the political and artistic phases of the game. Strangely enough, it is in the big cities rather than in the provinces that the players sometimes find it hardest to endure the things they read about themselves or their rivals.

RECORDS OF TWO GREAT ATHLETES.

SHERIDAN'S.	
Games, date and event.	Position.
Athens, May 1, putting the shot.	1
Athens, May 1, throwing discus.	1
Athens, May 1, standing high jump.	1
Athens, May 1, broad jump.	2
Athens, May 1, stone throw, 14 lbs.	1
A. A. C. C. May 20, discus.	1
Monument club, June 18, discus.	1
Clan-na-Gael, July 1, discus.	1
American League, Aug. 4, discus.	1
Met. Champs., Sept. 22, discus.	1
Met. Champs., Sept. 1, putting shot.	1
Irish Volunteers, Aug. 19, discus.	1
Nat. Champs., Sept. 8, discus.	1
Oceania outing, Sept. 12, discus.	1
Canadian Champs., Sept. 22, putting the shot.	2
I. A. A. C. C. Oct. 14, discus.	1
I. A. A. C. C. May 20, hammer.	1
I. A. A. C. C. Oct. 14, 23 lbs.	3
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, 24 lbs.	1
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, 8 lbs.	1
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, 56 lbs.	1
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, pole vault.	1
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, three jumps.	1
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, standing.	2
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, pole vault.	2
Indoor Champs., Nov. 9, hop, step, jump.	3

FLANAGAN'S.

Games, date and event.	Position.
I. A. A. C. C. Feb. 3, 50 lbs.	3
I. A. A. C. C. May 20, hammer.	1
—, June 23, hammer.	1
Pastime A. C. C. June 30, 50 lbs.	1
Am. League, Aug. 4, hammer.	2
Am. League, Aug. 4, 56 lbs.	1
Irish Volunteers, Aug. 19, hammer.	1
A. O. H. Aug. 25, 28 lbs.	1
Met. Champs., Sept. 1, hammer.	1
Met. Champs., Sept. 1, 56 lbs.	1
Met. Champs., Sept. 1, discus.	2
Nat. Champs., Sept. 8, discus.	1
Nat. Champs., Sept. 8, hammer.	1
Nat. Champs., Sept. 8, 56 lbs.	1
I. A. A. C. C. Sept. 3, all-round wt.	1
throwing.	1
Canadian Champs., Sept. 22, hammer.	1
Canadian Champs., Sept. 22, 56 lbs.	1
Canadian Champs., Sept. 22, discus.	3
I. A. A. C. C. Oct. 14, hammer.	1
I. A. A. C. C. Oct. 14, 56 lbs.	1
I. A. A. C. C. Oct. 14, 23 lbs.	1

AN UMPIRE WHO WAS ACTUALLY CHEERED.

"What would you think if I told you that in Baltimore when that city was in the American league one of Bob Johnson's umpires was actually cheered every time he came on the field?" asked Mike Donlin of a crowd of players and newspaper men at the recent baseball meeting in Chicago.

"I should think you were a base player," spoke up Charley Carr, "but I might not say so."

"Well, it happened," Donlin went on. "Ask Jennings, there."

Hughes came over and verified Donlin's assertion. It was Joe Cantillon, Jennings said. "He was there for two-week stretch and got the glad hand every day."

"How did you work it, Joe?" Hank

YARNS ABOUT BALL TOSSERS

A Few Choice Ones Recently
Spun by Hugh S. Fullerton.

SOME GASTRONOMIC FEATS.

Eating Feats Usually Confined to
Breakfast and Dinner—An Experiment by Pullman.

Baseball stimulates the appetite, and possibly there is no class of gastronomic artists in the world, excepting harvest hands, that can compare with professional ball players as feeders. Usually they confine their eating feats to breakfast and dinner, and are content with a light lunch before the game, but there are exceptions to that rule, says Hugh S. Fullerton.

Harry Pullman, when he was running the old Louisville club for Dreyfuss, once attempted an experiment which he never repeated. He put the team up at a European hotel in New York and thought he was saving money. When the bill for that first meal was rendered to him by the apprehensive proprietor, who figured that the total receipts of the Colonies might not meet a week at that rate, Pullman turned as red as his vest, then wrote as his collar. Hannus Wagner led with a total of \$14.25, and Pete Dowling was second with \$12 even, with the rest ranging from \$5 upward. The next meal was on the American plan.

But even among such enthusiastic eaters there are some who stand out prominently as feeders. Perhaps the best feeder that ever broke into the game was Walter Thornton, the big pitcher, who started with Aaron's couple of years and was driven out of baseball because he declined to sign a contract at the terms offered by Col. Hart. Thornton was big and vulgarly healthy, and never was there such an appetite. He could spot Bill Everitt two lamb chops and a dish of peas and beat him easily, which in itself was something. Not only did he hold the championship for a single meal, but he was one of the most persistent eaters that ever happened. He was a little handicapped because he used only a fork in eating, which gave some of the knave manipulators an advantage, but he was there. Many times at night when the train was running along with all its lights out in the sleepers and everybody seemingly dead to the world the train would stop and anyone who was awake would hear a tap on the door and then Thornton's voice would say: "Say, boy, is there any place near here you can get me a sandwich?"

One extremely hot night in Philadelphia Thornton played two games in one afternoon. The heat was intense, so great that Frank Chance, who was catching him, was wading in water and cooled from perspiration dripping from his uniform. The players of both teams were suffering intensely. During the second game I dropped down and Thornton spoke to some one and T. Donohue met me with: "What do you think of him?"

"He's going along pretty well," I responded.

"I don't mean pitching," said T. "I mean eating. He's eaten a sandwich every two innings since he started, and has gone in after a piece of pie."

CRUEL TO TELL HIS NAME.

There was a player in one of the big league clubs years ago—it would be cruel to tell his name—who was a candidate for gastronomic honors and yet was handicapped out of it. His handicap consisted of inability to read even the bill of fare, and yet to hide his ignorance he made it a habit of looking over the card and then ordering things he knew were there. Generally he had to confine himself to eggs at breakfast, roast beef at luncheon, and whatever he saw the others eating at dinner. For a long time the fact that he could not read was kept a secret by him, but in a small moment Jack Donohue discovered the fact. The next day at luncheon Jack sat next to the player, and remarked: "Old man, I'm on that you can't read; let me tell you for you."

The ignorant one whispered grateful thanks, never suspecting what he was letting himself in for. Jack issued an order that staggered the waiter.

"The next day," said the ignorant one sought Jack's companionship and profited by his ability to read. For a week or more the plan worked to perfection. Then one day Jack came late and took a sea, clear across the diningroom from his friend. He ordered his meal and then, arising and looking around the room, stood pointing to a great stew pan of possum and one said loudly:

"That gentleman in the blue suit at the seventh table will take the same thing."

During the rest of the season Jack made life miserable for the other fellow by ordering loudly for him and exposing him in every opportunity.

A HANDICAP EATING MATCH.

Bert Cunningham, the clever little pitcher who now is in business in Chicago, could hold his own at a baseball eating match with the big fellows, but he met his superior when he tackled Carey, the tall, slender young man who played first for Louisville for a couple of seasons. Now neither Bert nor Carey looked to be a candidate for catforal honors, but when the club was training at Louisville one eventful spring they simply made the big fellows retire honorably.

One day Carey and Bert took a drive far down into the country, and it happened that they were caught at nightfall miles from the hotel and filled with hunger. There was a negro cabin at the roadside and they halted there and asked the old colored mammy if she could cook supper for them.

"I ain't got nothin' but wild meat and corn cakes," said the old woman. The players agreed to tackle that, and she warmed up a great stew pan of possum and corn mixed together, parboiled and then baked.

"I stuck to Carey through five helpings of the meat and 22 corn cakes," said Carey. "Then I quit and walked home. He ate up the 94 cakes and then quit, being too polite to ask the old lady to mix another bowl of batter. When we paid the old woman the 50 cents for the feed, she asked, who said: 'Good Lord, white man, you eat more lard a nigrah than any white man I ever see.'"

GREAT ON COCONUT PIES.

George Edward Waddell is something in a gastronomic line himself, but he is a first feeder. George Ed had trained on coconut pie. On the road many times, as I was preparing for bed toward or after midnight, there would come a gentle tap on the door and George Edward would enter and remark: "Say, Hughie, let me take six bits." When the coin was forthcoming he would ring the bell, and when the boy came he would say: "I want three of those 10-cent coconut pies, a roll of jelly cake and three oranges, and keep the change."

DONOHUE SEA FOOD EATER.

sea food eaters of baseball. As he came from Massachusetts and from down Cape Cod way he came legitimately by his love for clams, squab, shrod, crab, and such like dainties, and one of his favorite feasts was cracked ice crab served in his room just before he retired.

One time when Bazzaz Kilroy and Tim were rooming together—some one down at Portsmouth, N. H., presented Bazzaz with a case of fine ale to take home to his brother Mike. There were 24 quarts in the case, and rather than ship it Mattie took it to his room, intending to take it with him when the team jumped from Boston to Philadelphia a couple of days later.

Bazzaz was out that first night and Tim returned to the room about 10 o'clock. At 1 o'clock Bazzaz returned and found Tim, with the remnants of many cracked crabs around him, sitting smoking a big cigar and drinking a glass of ale.

"First, a Mattie," remarked Tim. Then there was a scene, but finally Mattie quit rebuking Tim and decided that, as the case was broken he might as well drink a bottle himself. To his astonishment he couldn't drink a full bottle—Tim was finishing the last one. Again Mattie stormed, but Tim simply remarked:

"I had an ale thirst this evening."

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