

FITZ AND RUHLIN.

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

THE sports are getting their thinking caps away and losing much valuable gray matter just now trying to figure out the winner in the forthcoming fight between Ruhl and Fitz. The opponents and all other recognized methods have been vainly sought. Of course each man has his admirers, but there are thousands who are not sure which way to place their money.

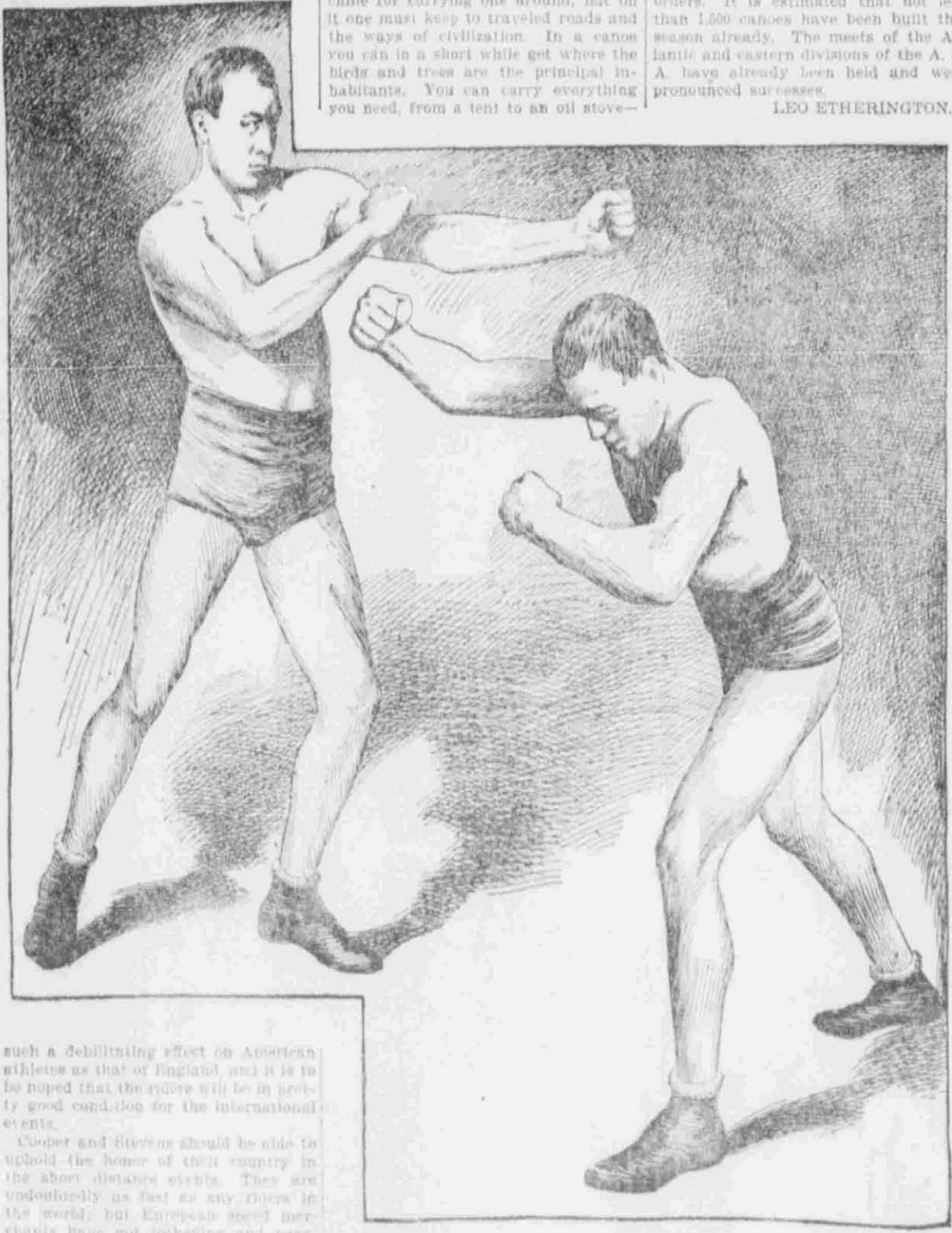
Ruhl's recent victory over Tom Sharkey has naturally boosted his stock considerably, but Bob has lots of friends, despite his defeat at the hands of Jeffries. They consider that the Cornishman was not in first class condition when he met the present champion and that the year's rest he has had has done him a world of good. If Fitz's friends are entirely recovered from the injury to his hand, he ought to give Ruhl plenty to go when they meet. Fitz is a very hard hitter and is certainly clever enough to put him out. If he does get in a knock on the right spot, he may not be a temporary quitter upon the Chicago championship aspirations.

Ruhl, of course, will find Fitz a much more crafty and shifty opponent than Sharkey, and one who will not rush at him and throw himself in the way of his heavy straight arm deliveries. In looking over Fitz's career it will be observed that scarcely any fighter has met him experienced difficulty in reaching him, and Ruhl's friends argue that the Akron man will be able to hold off Fitz in his attack, and, at the same time, land on him often and hard enough to put him out. If Fitz's friends win, he will have only Sharkey, whom he is to meet later in the month, between himself and the champion. If Ruhl emerges from the contest a victor, Jeffries will have no valid excuse for not having it out with him.

Oscar Gardner has been busy fighting all who cared to meet him ever since his defeat at the hands of Terry McGovern last winter. The Brooklyn boy's victory was a great setback for the "Omaha Kid," but he has been coming ever since and once more is knocking at the champions door. Since the middle of February Gardner has fought no less than 15 battles. His opponents have been Terry McGovern, Tommy White, Jack Hamilton, Patsy Haley (twice), Joe Bernstein, Eddie Santy (twice), Kid Brand, Gus Hezneh, Harry Forbes, Larry Gleason, Billy Ryan, Billy Barrett and Jack McCalland.

Oscar drew with Hamilton and McClelland and was knocked out by McGovern. In his last fight with Santy he lost on points after whipping him in their first encounter. The rest of the bunch he defeated. Among his admirers Gardner is known as the "fighting machine," and he well deserves the title.

When cyclists Cooper, MacFarland and Stevens arrive in France, these riders, together with Harry Eikes and Arthur Ross, now in Paris, will make a most formidable team, and one which should score well in competition with the foreign cracks. The greatest handicap the Americans will have will be that the three newcomers will have no time to become acclimated before the races for the championships are held. However, the French climate has not



GUS RUHLIN IN TWO CHARACTERISTIC POSES.

such a debilitating effect on American athletes as that of England, and it is to be hoped that the prize will be in pretty good condition for the international events.

Cooper and Stevens should be able to uphold the honor of their country in the short distance events. They are undoubtedly as fast as any there in the world, but European speed events have got jockeying and passing-making down to a fine point. Our

THE STAGE IN AUGUST.

Cos Will has secured the dramatic meditations, "The Tenth Muse," by H. Edward Lewis, in which Theodore Babcock will star. The new musical farce in which William Harris will present Louis Mann and Clara Lipman will be called "All on Account of Ezra." The new drama for Gabriel Byrne, "Le Boite Rouge," written for her by

Costly Brink and founded on incidents in the Dreyfus trial, has won the prize of Elton offered by the French academy for the best play of the year.

Viola Allen played the part of Gloria Quixote on times without missing a performance.

Gertrude Corbin is to star next season in a dramatization of "Vanity

which you cannot do on a wheel. If you have a friend along and are in a double canoe, so much the better, for in case of a portage, or when putting up for the night, two can do much better than one.

There are canoe clubs all over the country and the annual meet of the American Canoe association will soon take place. It is to be held this year in the Muskegon lake district of Canada, out of courtesy to the Western Canoe association, which recently amalgamated with the A. C. A.

It is expected that the number of enthusiasts at the meet this year will break all records. The racing faction, which has been in control for some seasons past, has been superseded by those who pay more attention to cruising and canoeing for pleasure. The result has been that hundreds who had forsaken the sport have returned with redoubled enthusiasm, and many recruits have

The lawmakers of the Empire State have decided that pugilism is wrong and consequently the sport will soon pass under the ban of legal prohibition along with cockfighting and bull baiting. During the past few weeks, however, some mistaken women have been pelting away for dear life on the Long Island roads under the delusion that they were engaged in a sportsmanlike undertaking. There is a Mrs. Payne, who is wheeling along the famous century course over the Merrick road, to establish a record by covering 100 miles in 30 days. And there is a Mrs. Lambey, who scooped away day and night during some of the hottest weather experienced this summer, in a successful effort to smash records established by similarly foolish women. But there is no forbidding these self-inflicted tortures by women century riders.

While, gawd, dusty, parched, blistered and in pain, these tattered females wearily and sleepily pedal away to premature graves—not, mind you, for filthy lucre, but solely to gratify a morbid desire for the notoriety to be gained by such acts. Accompanied by male century riders, who act as their pacemakers and who are old enough to know better, these women work like galley slaves undergoing torture against which the world would cry out if it were inflicted by the Boxers in China. But the women want the "glory" to be gained by a few extra century bars, and thus undergo suffering, which if brought on by bending over a wash-tub instead of a handle bar they would consider good cause for divorce.

Surely there is great work for the fool killer on Long Island these days.

The great desideratum of thousands of men who work in stores or offices for 50 weeks in the year is to get away from the haunts of men and the cares of business for the two weeks when they are free. To do this in the most complete manner, and at the same time get the change of air, scene and action required, I can think of no better method than to go in for a canoe and spend one's vacation cruising in it.

Canoeing is one of the most cosmopolitan of sports and is indulged in by people in every part of the United States. A bicycle is a convenient machine for carrying one around, but on it one must keep to traveled roads and the ways of civilization. In a canoe you can in a short while get where the birds and trees are the principal inhabitants. You can carry everything you need, from a tent to an oil stove—

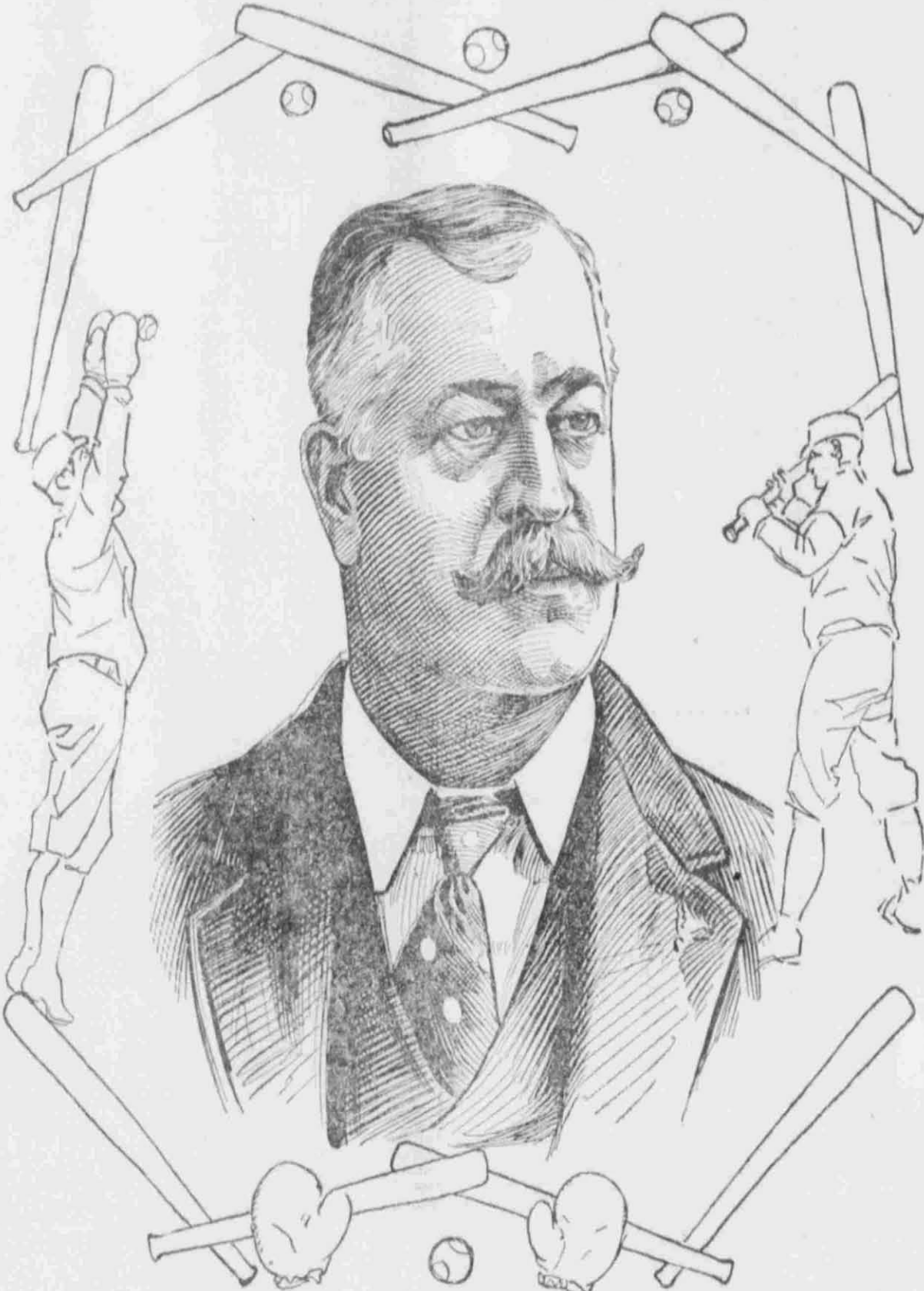
taken up the recreation. Dealers report that not in years has there been such a rush in their line, and they are working day and night to keep up with their orders. It is estimated that not less than 1,500 canoes have been built this season already. The meets of the Atlantic and eastern divisions of the A. C. A. have already been held and were pronounced successes.

LEO ETHERINGTON.

REMINISCENCES OF A BASEBALL MANAGER.

WHAT VETERAN JOHN C. CHAPMAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE GAME. :: ::

OUR great national game is today in bad shape both financially and in other ways. Whether this situation is caused by the rowdism of the players I cannot say, but it seems to



JOHN C. CHAPMAN.

me that if the rules were strictly lived up to and the chief of umpires and his staff did their duty the game would soon climb back to the high plane that it once occupied. Where Brooklyn ought to draw crowds averaging at least 3,500 people not half that number pass the gates on ordinary days. This falling off in attendance is certainly not the fault of Manager Ed Hanlon, who has got together a superb team. Hanlon is my ideal of a baseball manager. His success at Baltimore and Brooklyn prove that his methods are right. He is popular with the players and the public, and he well deserves all the success he has achieved.

As I have been for many years a manager of baseball teams, I can speak with some authority on this subject. There is something wrong with affairs in the National league. It is not that the public is tired of the game. If the major league were managed with the shrewdness and good sense that characterize the conduct of things in the Eastern league, over which my friend P. T. Powers holds sway, the managers of the national association would make money as their brethren in the smaller organization are doing.

Just at present I am not managing any club, but am connected with one of the best houses in the country. I manage, however, to keep in touch with the sport and hope in the not distant future to be in harness once more. My last club was that of Norwich of the Connecticut State league, which I took hold of when it was in bad shape. When I recently gave away the franchise, it was on its feet. I only left it because I could do better in my present business. I am proud of the fact that whenever I have taken hold of a club I have always made money for the owners, and have done it in a way to preserve my own respect and that of the public and my employers.

When I first started playing baseball, many years ago, the game was very different from what it now is. But in all its changes, by means of which it has been made the fastest and most scientific of outdoor sports, I have always endeavored to keep abreast of the times and well informed of everything that pertains to the game. In my young days underhand pitching was the only kind known.

I have noted the many changes that have taken place in the game and am glad to be able to say that most of them have been for the good of the sport and now the rules cover almost every possible point that can arise.

Probably no other man has brought out so many players as I have, mainly because I always have made it a point to be on the lookout for new blood by means of which I could improve my team. This constant watching of players has enabled me to tell a green player who has the material in him to make

prime story, "The Spiritually Romantic of Marnes," the rights to which they secured several months ago. It will be presented during the coming season, with a well known star in the principal role.

Each Chinese mandarin has his own theater. The actresses are his slaves. No man appears on the stage. Rich mandarins have as many as a hundred actresses.

One of the latest novelties in London

often put to me. I am compelled to reply in the negative. The players of 10 and 15 years ago were just as fast, tricky and well up in the game as those of today. Old tricks are being constantly brought out, and lots of people think they are new, but it would be almost an impossibility to spring an absolutely new play on the diamond today. And besides, in those days there was no senseless kicking, such as almost every game is burdened with now, although the players were just as aggressive and anxious to win.

Baseball nowadays is played probably more scientifically than ever before, especially this season, since the reduction in the major league has made those teams so much stronger. As a matter of fact, I think this scientific playing is being carried too far. There is too much bunting done. What the spectators want to see is lots of hitting and running, and as they make the games a possibility their wishes should be respected. There are lots of batters who can put their sticks in front of the ball and bunt it, but what we want is to develop more hard hitters like the players on the Philadelphia team.

Years ago the ball used to have two and one-half ounces of rubber in it, whereas now there is only one ounce. This reduction has made the sphere less lively and consequently easier to field. It has also lessened the number of outfield hits. The men are also now harnessed almost like football players, with gloves, pads, masks and other paraphernalia. We had these accessories in the old days, yet I don't think the fielding is much improved.

If any change be made in the pitching distance again, it should be to reduce it. If the pitcher had to throw the ball five feet less, it would take an immense strain off their arms. As a result a club instead of having eight or nine pitchers on its pay roll would be able to get along just as well with four or five.

One of the chief factors in keeping baseball up to its high standard is that everybody knows that the game is absolutely on the square. You never hear of a man making a book on a baseball game as they do on the race tracks. Both men have an equal chance to win a baseball bet, and there's no "percentage for the house" in crooked games. Away back in the seventies there was some betting done, but it resulted in such dissatisfaction and talk of thrown games that the practice has never been revived.

When I was manager of the Louisville club, I had four men of my own team—Hall, Craver, Nichols and Devlin—put out of the league because they were caught throwing a game. That was the first time such a thing had ever occurred, and it caused a great sensation at the time.

I was once asked to put a club in the Polo grounds at New York, but refused, thinking there was no money in it. Jim Mutrie then took up the franchise and got John B. Day, now chief of umpires, and two others to go in with him. The owners split up \$115,000 between them as the profits of one season two years later. What a difference between that sum and the losses that the New York club will have to stand at the end of the present summer!

What the Giants need is to have a capable manager at their head, one who is not a player, because a man can control a team much better from the bench. He should have entire liberty to buy what players he needs and make what changes he thinks are best. In fact, he should have entire control of the team, without which the Giants will never be successful. If that were done, baseball would boom in New York, and the result would be very beneficial all over the country. I am afraid it will not be done, however, while the president now at the head has anything to do with the club. Whether Mr. Freedman understands the game or not I don't know, as I have never had the pleasure of meeting him, but I judge not from the way things have been conducted in the New York club for the past few years.

The recent death of William Barnie has deprived baseball of one of the best men the game ever had. He has



ELEONORA DUSE'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

Eleonora Duse, who divides with Sara Bernhardt the honor of being the greatest actress in the world, is coming to the United States during the season of 1900-1. She will play only in the very large cities, and will, it is said, be in receipt during her American tour of a larger weekly income than any dramatic artist who has ever visited this country. The accompanying portrait, which is made from her latest photograph, would seem to indicate that time has dealt gently with the great Italian actress in the years which have elapsed since she was last here.

Hohenzollerns to celebrate the bicentennial of the Prussian kingdom next year.

The etiquette of the theater gives the leading lady the first choice of colors, and after her the lady next in importance.

Ida Conquest will be John Drew's leading lady the coming season.

Mme. Schneider, the ex-queen of opera bouffe who made La Belle Helene and the Grand Duchesse in the six-

ties, when she was the rage of Paris, London and St. Petersburg, continues entering the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

A parrot will be conspicuous in Guy de Erlanger's new opera, "Foxy Quiller." It will be trained to repeat certain lines and will respond to "cues."

It is said that Mr. Herne does not smoke and had to take lessons on how to handle the pipe which he pretends to smoke in "Bag Harbor."