

THE ROUND OF SPORTS.

INTERESTING CHAT OF THE DOINGS OF THE ATHLETES IN MANY LINES.

EVER since the untimely death of "Father Bill" Curtis on Mount Washington recently, old and new stories of the veteran athlete's kindness and prowess have been told at the many sporting clubs and other places where he was known and loved.

Everybody who has followed amateur athletics in this country has read of Mr. Curtis' little eccentricities. How he never sat down to his desk when at work in his office, or even had a chair in the place. Many a time have I talked to him while he was standing up, pounding away at his typewriting machine, which was perched up on a sort of shelf. Another of his peculiarities was that he would never stop to talk to an acquaintance, or even to an intimate friend, if he met one accidentally in the street.

Harry Buermeyer, the old time amateur champion boxer, probably knew William B. Curtis better than any one else. Mr. Buermeyer told me that he would not dare to relate for publication some of the feats of strength he has seen Curtis perform for fear he would lose his reputation as a truth speaking man. Buermeyer himself is considerably over six feet in height and a veritable Hercules in build and strength, but he says when it came to a trial of strength his friend Curtis, though a much older and smaller man, could easily beat him.

Curtis did not look to be of more than average strength, yet he lifted a strong man, heavier than himself, and pitched him head foremost out of the back end of a car when the fellow dared to insult a colored woman on board. Buermeyer was present when the incident took place, and said that the surprise on the faces of the victim and passengers was wonderful when they saw a slight, gray bearded man pick up a big six footer, carry him bodily down the aisle and hurl him over the dashboard into the street, which, fortunately, was soft and muddy.

At one time the employees of The Spirit of the Times, of which Mr. Curtis was managing editor for 20 years, wished to show their appreciation of him. So they purchased and had suitably engraved a handsome loving cup. Mr. Fiske, the dramatic editor of the paper, who was noted for his flowery speeches, was to make the presentation. The men gathered round, expecting a masterpiece. When all was ready, Mr. Fiske walked over to Mr. Curtis' corner and said, "Ho, Bill Curtis!"

Curtis, who knew nothing of the arrangement, came wondering forward at the sight of the peeping crowd.

"Say, Bill," went on the speaker, "if you love us as we love you, then nothing can cut our love in two. Here, Bill," and he handed the silver cup to the wondering recipient. The men who had expected a great speech at once caught on and laughed and cheered, and when Bill Curtis afterward knew what he had escaped, he, too, was devotedly thankful, for he hated praise of any sort.

Mr. Curtis, as everybody knows, was a magnificent all around athlete, being a champion sprinter in his day, a great skater even to the last and a magnifi-

many tramps to take their lunches with them. The younger members of the party used to think it great sport to get Mr. Curtis' lunch away from him whenever they could. They did this so often that at last he had an extra deep pocket made in the tail of his cutaway coat and used to put a frugal meal in that receptacle.

One day Mr. Curtis had as part of his lunch half an apple pie knocking against the back of his legs. In climbing down a steep incline he slipped, and when he again got up the pie and other comestibles, when taken out of his pocket, would have to have been eaten with a spoon, so mixed up and "scrambled" were they. This incident always afforded the "fresh aldit" great sport at Mr. Curtis' expense. But he always laughed at his own mishaps.

I was talking with a well known carman a few weeks ago while we were waiting for the races to start at the recent intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson. Said he: "I don't care who wins, or by how much, today, but if Ed Hanlan is appointed coach of the Columbia crew next season I'll put my money on the blue and white."

Of course, Columbia's defeat at the regatta this year cannot be laid at the great ex-champion's door, for he only took charge of them a few days before the races, after they had been experimented on by several more or less experienced coaches.

Hanlan is known among the fraternity as one of the greatest "jolliers" afloat. He always keeps his men in good temper and declares that to be half the battle. His charges are always willing to work their arms out for him. Until a year ago no Canadian crew had ever rowed in an eight oared shell, for four oared boats are what they use there. Hanlan, however, made up an eight in Montreal last year and took them down to the Philadelphia regatta, where they rowed a dead heat with the crack eight of the Pennsylvania Barque club in the senior finals. Some who saw the race consider that if the referee had been in a better position to see the finish he would have awarded the race to the Canadians.

College authorities have by this time learned some useful lessons in reference to the management of crews and teams. A few years ago Ellis Ward was bothered by all sorts of restrictions at the University of Pennsylvania, and as a result his crews were the laughing stock of the world. Three seasons ago supreme authority was vested in him, and since then he has each year turned out a winning varsity crew, once at Saratoga and twice on the Hudson.

It would be a good thing for college athletics in other institutions if Pennsylvania's policy in regard to rowing were carried out in other lines of sport. First, pick out a good coach in the sport you are working on, and then give him full sway.

Speculation over a fight between Jeffries and Ruhlin is already rife in sporting resorts. Both men have their adherents. It is probable that no two more evenly matched heavyweights, as regards size, ability, weight and experi-



HENRY E. DIXEY TO STAR ONCE MORE.

Henry E. Dixey, who is to resume stellar rank on the stage next season, has had a long and remarkable career, ranging through all the realms of the drama and from the heights of popular success to downright disaster. Born in Boston on Jan. 4, 1859, he began his stage career at the age of 8 years, playing boys' parts at the old Howard Athenaeum. He grew up there with the excellent stock company of the theater and enjoyed a thorough dramatic education which was offered by contact with some of the best actors of the day, as well as by practical experience. Dixey's most phenomenal success was in "Adonis," which ran for two solid seasons in New York, with corresponding career on the road, and was afterward revived with success. Later he gave "The Seven Ages," in which his impersonation of all the stages of man's life from childhood to decrepit old age was considered by critics the finest artistic work Dixey ever did. Last season he surprised every one who did not know of his early training by his admirable assumption of the triple role of David Garrick, Twicken, the bailiff, and a cockney cabman in "Oliver Goldsmith" in support of Stuart Robson. When Liebler & Co. secured the dramatization of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, "The Adventures of Francois," they at once engaged Dixey as perhaps the only American actor who could play the protean title role. Francois is a street waif who begins life as a thief, afterward becoming a juggler and fencing master, winding up as the friend and champion of an aristocratic family during the French revolution.

now living, and while neither is extremely fast, both are active for their weight. The one who is in the better condition on the night of the battle and can outlast his opponent will probably win. As both they and their trainers well know this, it is to be expected that they will show up in splendid fettle.

It would not be at all surprising if the two men were at all surfeited at the end of the 25 rounds of the encounter and the result were decided on points.

LEO ETHERINGTON.

VIEWS OF A THIRD BASE MAN.

Third base man Irwin of the Cincinnati club has a notion that most players play too long in one club. He says: "The League should pass a rule calling for a general shuffling up of players every three years. That's long enough



A FLEET SPRINTER.

A. H. Kent of the Pastime A. C. of New York is one of the fleetest runners that famous aggregation of "Indians," as they are termed from their well known club yell, has turned out in many years. His most recent success was in breaking the record for the 60 yard dash, which he reduced to 6 2-5 seconds.

cent man at weight lifting. His record at this last has never been surpassed, for he has raised a dead weight of over a ton and a half. But the greatest pleasure and fun of Mr. Curtis' later years outside of his love of music and the opera was the famous Fresh Air club, of which he was the originator and pathfinder. It was Mr. Curtis' custom to make a journey every week to the place which the club was to explore the following Sunday or holiday and find out the best paths and best way to travel, so as to get the finest scenery and views.

It is a rule of the club that roads and the abodes of men shall be avoided when possible on these tramps, and as much as possible they kept to the heart of nature. On this account they had on

ence, ever stepped into a 24 foot ring. Jeffries, as the present champion and owing to the fact that he has defeated more prominent men than his prospective opponent, will be the favorite in the betting with the public.

Apart from Jeffries himself, with whom Ruhlin fought a 20 round draw, when both were inexperienced, the "Akron Giant" has only met one of the first flight of fighters—Tom Sharkey. It is true he defeated Peter Maher, but the Irishman was never regarded as in the front rank by the majority of expert ring followers.

In height Ruhlin has slightly the advantage over his opponent, and in other points they are on an equality in most respects. Both men have learned to box under the best teachers of the art

for a player to remain in one city. Most players wear out their welcome if they are kept in a city too long. I've often wished Cincinnati could find a man for my shoes."

There was little occasion for this pessimistic outburst. No players in red have received greater applause at home this year than Irwin and Steinfield, the marks for antiseason attack. The Irwin doctrine, however, is not new. It is a revival of Frank Richer's millennium plan, promulgated in Sporting Life late in the eighties. To voice such a doctrine a couple of days after the organization of the Ball Players' Protective association shows that at least one delegate from Cincinnati favors the "transplanting system" and would make it obligatory.

In English is one of the theatrical exploits in Paris. Presumably it is expected that patriotic American tourists will provide the audiences.

It is stated that Joseph Jefferson and one of his sons have established a new settlement in Florida, which is to be called Jeffersonville, and several actors have bought building lots there. The Bostonians will begin their next

GUS RUHLIN A BALL PLAYER.

"This pitching game and myself," said Gus Ruhlin recently, "have been on handshaking acquaintance for ten years off and on. When I worked in the machine shops and paper mills at Akron, I picked up pitching, and twirled many a game for a local picked nine. I always had speed to burn and pretty fair control of the ball, though control didn't cut much of a figure, as the hitters who bunched against my delivery shut their eyes and swung regardless, nibbling at wild pitches and dipping their sticks at the downhoppers. This down break of the ball, or the drop, as they call it, was my pet slant, and I remember one game in which I had the batters looking like an aggregation of electric fan wheels. Every other ball I served was a down shoot, and they flunked blindly for it with their bats. I struck out 20 that day.

"One of the managers of the Ohio State league—Charlie Morton—came over to Akron, witnessed my next performance and offered me \$150 per month to sign with his team. I preferred a steady job at my trade, however, and stuck to it till Bill Madden came along and enticed me into the boxing game. For several winters I played center rush with Akron football team and boxed in exhibition bouts at our gymnasium. When I was in Frisco finishing up my training for the bout with Jeffries, I pitched three games for a local picked nine. I had lost none of my speed, and my pet curve, the down shoot, was still a trick that I palmed off, as I had full control of it, and won two of the three games.

"If Jeffries had happened to pulverize my championship ambitions in that fight, I might have signed with one of the teams in the California league. But I stood off the boiler maker in 20 rounds, and hope to go him one better by getting the decision the next time we meet. I am not stuck on making trouble with my mauls for a living, but there is money in the game for a first class heavyweight, and if, after trying myself out for a year or so, I find that I cannot pull myself out of 'dub' or mixed air' class for boxers, I may be open to offers to pitch ball."

STYLES IN CHORUS GIRLS.

"The style of chorus girl changes season after season," said Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian of "Three Little Lambs." "Just at present the most popular style of chorus girl is the large, massive figure, weighing about 160 pounds. Three seasons ago it was the small, fragile style. The girls of slender build have to adopt artificial means to remain in the front row. Big girls in short trousers—not tight—are the most popular on the ends. Then the color has changed. Brunettes were the vogue three seasons ago, and before that blonds. Then the blonds came into style again, and just now it is the red-dyed haired girl who stands the best chance of a prominent position. Girls with intensely dark hair are also high in the chorus girl market. Nearly every chorus girl wears a wig, however, so all can be in style."

CYCLISTS AND HEAVEN.

We are familiar with the argument that a shilling is better than heaven, because a shilling is better than nothing and nothing is better than heaven. On the same principle a German periodical says: "He who cycles well sleeps well; he who sleeps well is no sinner; he who is no sinner gets into heaven; therefore, he who cycles will get into heaven."

at the Columbia theater, Brooklyn, Oct. 1, and will visit all the large cities, presenting "The Viceroy."

Edward Harrigan will revive several of his old plays next season. Dave Warfield, who started his professional career in a repertory company, then drifted into vaudeville and thence to the New York Casino and to Weber & Fields, has recently purchased

BREAKING

Some Interesting Facts For Wheelmen.

THE RECORDS.

How Motor Pacing Has Revolutionized Cycle Racing.

RECENT happenings in the cycle racing arena are remarkable in character and mighty instructive in several ways. To go back to the beginning of the month and trace some of the various events of the past three weeks will furnish sufficient food for reflection for some time to any intelligent wheelman who is interested in the racing game and the breaking of records.

Three men, riding in match races, broke world's records on the Fourth of July. Riding at the Woodside park track at Philadelphia, Floyd MacFarland, the lanky California sprinter, took little Jimmy Michael into camp in a 20 mile motor paced race by a matter of three yards. As the race was ridden 25 seconds faster than the previous world's record for the distance, it shows that the "Welsh Rarebit" is by no means a back number, and as only nine feet separated the two men Michael also broke the record.

While this race was in progress at Philadelphia Johnny Nelson of Chicago was defeating H. E. Caldwell of Manchester in a 25 mile motor paced race at Bridgeport, and was covering the ground at an even faster pace than MacFarland's. MacFarland rode the 20 miles in 32 minutes and 50 seconds, whereas Nelson covered the same distance in 31 minutes and 45 seconds. Continuing, he lowered the time for every mile up to the twenty-fifth, breaking the world's record for 25 miles by nearly two minutes.

The professionals were not alone in their record breaking spell on the recent holiday, however. During the same red letter afternoon the crack amateurs were getting in their fine work. At the Berkley oval track in New York John Lake defeated King in a ten mile race, and at the same time set up a new amateur world's record for the distance.

These races were especially interesting for several reasons. Floyd MacFarland had hitherto been known as a hard sprinter rider, with a finish, when he was in form, that no other man now on the track, with the possible exception of Frank Kramer, could cope with. MacFarland was also known as a star handspinning rider from scratch, but his abilities as a pace follower were unknown, though there were many of the talent who have long predicted that "Mac" could beat the world at pace following for middle distances if he would only take to it.

Lake's victory over King was another instance of a sprint rider defeating a recognized pace follower at his own game, and is but one more instance of the wonderful revolution that the "demon" motors have wrought in cycle racing this season.

Other examples of short distance experts who have shown speed at long distances are easy to find. A month or so ago Collett, who has since turned professional, started in a one hour race and made new amateur records. Maya and McEachern, both crack sprinters, entered the six day race at Madison Square Garden last winter as a team and finished in second place, while Bob Walthour, another rider who is essentially a sprinter, rode in the same six day grind and captured first prize for the best individual score.

Not only have the sprinters proved better than many of the recognized long distance men at the latter's own game this season, but many of the well known middle distance experts have shown wonderful bursts of speed at the short events. For instance, "Major" Taylor, who is now defeating the

best of the sprinters, first came into public notice as a six day rider. Harry Elkes, another six day contestant and afterward a star at distance work, paced and unpaced, entered last season in a half mile event at Ambrose park and finished second, defeating Floyd MacFarland and Tom Cooper. These occurrences lend color to the belief that if Michael and Elkes were to take to sprint racing they would be in the front ranks, and that some of the long distance road riders could also become star track racers.

Although it was freely predicted before the beginning of the outdoor racing season that many records were destined to fall before the autumn leaves made their appearance once more, yet it is doubtful if the most sanguine would have dared to predict such a wholesale and radical cutting down of the records. The season is yet young, and as the men get into better form and more used to following the flying machines and controlling their mounts at the sharp curves of the tracks there is no doubt that the figures now on the slate, which have only been up for a few days, will have to be rubbed off in favor of new ones.

Developments seem to show that motor pacing is far more superior to human pacing than was supposed, and it also seems evident that the riders, under proper conditions, can keep on increasing their speed incredibly. Charlie Murphy demonstrated last summer that a rider, when not impeded by atmospheric resistance, can keep up with a railroad train traveling faster than a mile a minute. Motor tandems, however, offer very little more protection to the rider than those propelled by human agency, and even when the fact is considered that with the new system a more even pace is preserved and little or no change of pacing machines is necessary, the increased speed of the men who follow them is not sufficiently explained.

The only available supposition that is at all reasonable is that the men have all along been able to follow much faster pace than they have been able to get. In fact, in former years it will be remembered that in many match races Jimmy Michael and Harry Elkes were often heard urging their pacing teams to give them a faster gait to follow.

The experimental stage of the machines is practically over, and from now on there will be fewer breakdowns and faster speed. The inadequate banking of the tracks has held down the pace of the motor cycles to some extent, but with better machines and higher bankings the operators will get bolder. There is one thing, however, which will tend to increase, and that is the danger of accidents. In former years when a man fell those behind were generally able to go up the bank and thus escape a collision with him. But when the pace is almost equal to that of a locomotive and tracks are built more and more in the shape of a bowl this will not be easy or even possible. Again, if anything happens to a machine while traveling with such frightful rapidity which leaves the guiding hand without control, we are likely to have a repetition of the disaster which took place on Memorial day at the Waltham track.

This is a phase of the business which the riders have been fearing ever since the "devil" machines were introduced, but they do not care to talk much about it, perhaps from a sort of fear that mere mention of it is likely to bring on the evil, for the racing cyclists, take them all in all, are a very superstitious lot of fellows.

CHARLES E. EDWARDS.



A GREAT CYCLE RIDING FEAT.

Lin Hendricks of Norristown, Pa., started out on Jan. 1, 1899, to break the continuous day's road riding record, and he has not only succeeded in breaking all Century Road club records, but piled up a mileage that has brought him many century medals. Hendricks never failed in any one of 599 days to ride at least three miles on his wheel, and many days he managed to squeeze out 100 miles before stopping. On three occasions he covered nearly 200 miles during the day. Up to the time that he quit the Norristown boy ranked ninth in the Century club mileage competition. Hendricks says that he would not have given up his riding had it not been for the fact that his new position, which he recently accepted, interfered with his bicycling.

a house in New York, for which he paid \$72,000. Warfield is one of the cleverest actors on the stage.

It seems that San Francisco had a stage version of "Sapho" 15 years ago. Mrs. McKee Rankin was the siren, and she was killed by the convict lover.

Della Fox is to play the part of Belle Money, a sprightly young girl, in "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park."

John J. McNally is to write a part expressly for her in this humorous vaudeville skit. Miss Fox has entirely recovered from her recent severe illness.

Joseph Haworth will star next season in a play by Grace Furniss. A New York dramatist has seized upon the recent raids on women's pool-rooms in that city as the central idea of a play he calls "Trapped by Treach-

DE WOLF HOPPER AND THE NEW WOMAN.

De Wolf Hopper was on an open street car the other day, when he ran across the severest type of the new woman. He was sitting on one of the back seats with the smokers when the woman got on and took a place right beside him. She had no business on earth there, but she got there. In speaking about the affair afterward Mr. Hopper said:

"She was the ugliest looking woman I think I ever saw. Her nose turned up into the air, and I knew the moment that I saw her I could never be her friend. She looked at me suspiciously, as if she were wondering what 'And if you were my reason I had for being alive. Now, it happened that I had a very severe cold, and a friend had recommended a strong onion sirup, and I had just purchased at a grocery store three or four old fashioned onions that I had slipped in my coat pocket. I took out one of these onions and began to peel and eat it."

"The woman eyed me from head to foot, looked me up and down. But she didn't say anything—not then. So I went into my pocket again. In order to make the onion sirup according to instructions, I had bought a small flask of whiskey. Well, I drew out this flask, and I took the cork out of the flask and deliberately took a long pull at it before the new woman. She sized me up again good and hard. Then she said in a severe voice:

"Do you know what I would do to you if you were my husband?"

"No, ma'am," I said. "What would you do to me if I were your husband?"

"I'd give you poison," said she.

"And if you were my wife I'd take it," said I."

COLONEL CHINN AS A STARTER.

The troubles of starters are numerous. Many petty annoyances are provocative of much laughter and merriment.

Colonel Jack Chinn, the well known horseman, tells us himself: "I was starting horses several years ago down

In Texas at a mixed running and trotting meeting. On the second day the field for the county trot lined up at the start in front of the judges' stand. The field was small but fractious, and the pole horse gave me much trouble. The driver persisted in getting the best of the start. The reinsman was a great big fellow that to hunt bears, reached about five over six feet when put under standard. He was driving a little dun colored horse about 12 hands in height which the driver should have been able to take up with his arms and carry away. After shutting myself loose I called the driver over to the stand and asked him why he did not hold his horse in line with the others and not break up so many starts. He said he was not able to hold his sag. 'Not able to hold him?' said I. I was thoroughly exasperated now and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Why, you are big enough to hunt bears with your empty fist.' This brought down the stand, and the horses got away the next break."

A GREAT TWIRLER. If Charley Nichols will be compelled to retire permanently from the game, the chances of the Boston team for taking a high place in the championship race will be materially lessened. It will also mark the passing of one of the greatest twirlers that the game has ever known. For years Nichols has been the mainstay of the Boston club in the box. He has been a most consistent performer, and the Boston club will indeed have a hard time in finding a worthy successor to him. Nichols has been a painstaking, hard working twirler who has always had the good of his team uppermost in his mind. The unfortunate affair which removed Marty Bergen, the great catcher, from the game is still fresh in the minds of enthusiasts. Now comes the injury to Nichols' arm, and the great twirler is said to be permanently disabled. Bergen was the greatest catcher in the National league. Where is the receiver of today who can throw the ball around to the bags to catch runners napping with the ease and grace of the late Marty Bergen? His familiar attitude standing behind the plate with outstretched arms to give his pitcher something to guide him, is still remembered. Just why his example in this respect has not been emulated by other catchers is more or less of a mystery. When Bergen wanted Nichols to put the ball over, he had a position behind the bat that was a picture. His outstretched hands might be likened to an oyster shell, into which the twirler was supposed to speed the ball in order to make the batsman strike at it. Nichols and Bergen formed a great battery about the best in the profession.

INGENIOUS CYCLIST SMUGGLERS.

A story which has come across the ocean tells how an ingenious Parisian cyclist conceived the idea of utilizing his cycle for the smuggling of spirits into the city without the usual disbursement of "octroi" dues. He went twice a day for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, and at a point beyond the barrier he deflated his tires and filled them with brandy. By making two journeys only per day, he has been able, it is believed, to make an income of \$2,000 a year. In an untimely moment, however, his confederates became dissatisfied with their earnings by smuggling. They not only smuggled the brandy, but stole it from a distillery into the bargain. The theft was detected, and they are now in durance vile.

One of the scenes shows a post-room, with women betting on the races in high excitement. Adolph Zink, the Miltiputan comedian, who is to play the opposite role to Jerry Sikes in "Foxy Quiller," is very fond of attending glove contests. Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will return to the United States a year from next fall.

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