JAMES E. SULLIVAN, THE AMATEUR'S FRIEND.

He Has Done More For Purity In Sports Than Any Other Man Now Living—Was a Good Athlete In His Day and Is Well Known In the Business World.

The recent amalgamation of the Knickerbocker Athletic club of New York and the New Jersey Athletic club at Bayonne City, N. J., was the biggest event that has occurred in the amateur sporting world in a good many years. Both of these organizations have been conspicuous supporters of amateur sports of all kinds. The New Jersey A. C. has been one of the most prominent contestants for the New York A. C. in field sports, and every athletic lover will recall the wholesome rivalry between the latter club and the old Manhattan A. C., the famous Cherry Diamond. The Knickerbocker A. C. is the old Manhattan A. C. under a new name and better management. Her athletes still compete under the same colors and are fast making it as renowned and feared once more on the cinder path and turf as in the days of yore.

While the Knickerbockers possessed a magnificent clubhouse, fitted up with every appliance that an athlete could wish for, such as gymnasium, swimming tank, handball courts, bowling alleys, rifle and revolver ranges and billiard and pool tables, they did not have any grounds on which to practice and take part in outdoor games. The N. J. A. C. nonetheless possessed the very advantages that the New Yorkers lacked. They had a fine country home, with a clubhouse well fitted up. The grounds, which lie on the shores of Newark bay, afford excellent facilities for baseball, tennis, cricket, rowing, and outside one of the finest quarter mile running tracks in the country, but they had no city clubhouse for a base on.

The president of the club was Mr. James E. Sullivan, than whom no man is better known to amateur sportsmen in the United States. He was also a member of the K. A. C., and that organization was very anxious to have him for its president. For several years past the N. J. A. C. had been in financial difficulties, which it seemed impossible to lift. After being approached several times and asked to run for president of the K. A. C., Mr. Sullivan thought of a plan which would benefit both organizations. This was nothing less than the amalgamation of both clubs. To think with him is to act. He broached the idea to the trustees of both clubs, and they instantly met with a hearty approval. The preliminaries were soon arranged on a satisfactory basis. Mr. Sullivan was elected president of the K. A. C., and now the consolidation is a matter of history.

The consolidated K. A. C.-N. J. A. C. clubs, which are known by the former title, now have a membership close on to 2,000 and include an array of athletes in all branches that will give any other organization of the sort in the country a hard tussle for supremacy. Their coming battles with the victors on N. Y. A. C. turf in field and track athletics will probably be memorable and are being looked forward to with immense interest by all athletes.

James E. Sullivan is well known wherever a spiked shoe is worn. When he became president of the consolidated clubs his friends began to count up the different athletic and other combinations in a sporting line with which he is or has been connected in an official capacity. They got tired at last and were afraid they might make some other or fellow jealous, when they had nominated the following: President Knickerbocker A. C., president Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., president Outdoor Recreation league, president New Jersey A. C., president Amateur Sports Publishing company, ex-president Pastime Athletic club of New York, secretary A. A. U. of the United States and ex-director of the New York Baseball club.

Mr. Sullivan is an old time athlete himself and consequently can enter into the feelings and cater to the interests of the boys very thoroughly. He made his first appearance on the cinder path in a set of games held under the auspices of a church society in New York as a walker and won a two mile event with a 30 seconds handicap. The facts which led to his entering this event, and thus laying the foundation of his athletic career, are rather humorous. This is what he told me about it a few days ago:

"I was always interested in athletics, although I had never entered a race. In 1879 I was training a friend of mine named Joe Casey, now the Rev. Joseph Casey of Fordham, N. Y., Casey was entered for the two mile walk. Another entry was that of a fellow named Billy Quillan, and his trainer was J. M. Nolan, now of Buffalo. We used to take our men every morning about 5 o'clock and make them walk round the reservoir in Central park. Every time they got back to us there would be some fellow or friends, the best always wearing his fellow at walking uniform.

"One morning it was suggested that such trainer walk with the school's pet and proved superior after all the exercise and time had cut of what their boys really equaled. So off we started, after throwing off our coats, I with his sash and fellow with mine. Quillan showed signs of a fair pace, and I after one lap check and up with my hands and he on after him. As we went along I found I could without him with ease and proved at the starting point some yards ahead of him, while the other men were yet just in sight around the curve.

"The set up so to speak, the result of my exhibition being that I let Joe go and started to train for the race myself. And I won it too."

After that Sullivan entered a good many walking contests and was fairly successful. As he himself says: "I had the reputation of winning every race in which I finished. Too bad, my gait was a rather peculiar one, which nearly always disqualified me, but which, when allowed by some very shortsighted official, was generally a winner."

The last contest that Jim Sullivan got beaten that it led to a fairly incident, in which, as Jim says, "For the only time in my life I got the better of Ed Plummer." Plummer, who is now connected with the London Sporting Life, was a judge at athletic games in those days.

Sullivan, it seems, was entered in a walking match in a set of games at which Plummer was the judge. It happened to get dark before the last event started and was quite dark before the event was finished. Sullivan did not compete, but sat on the club porch near the starting mark. As a bunch of competitors passed the spot, Plummer, knowing Sullivan was entered and recalling his peculiar stride, called out, "Sullivan, you're disqualified!" thinking he was one of the walkers.

The fellows on the club porch caught on to the joke at once and had great fun at the expense of their both.

So many times was he disqualified that at last Sullivan thought he would quit the walking game and turn his attention to running. The mile was his favorite distance, though he did not care to carry off prizes at the 440 and 1,000 yard distances. A record of his athletic victories would cover several columns, for he entered every race he possibly could and was successful in a good percentage of them. One of his best races was run on June 13, 1881. He was scratch man in the one mile run at Jerome park, and finished fifth out of 17 starters, close behind the winner, who ran from the 44 yard mark, the time being 4:27½. Three races were all run under the roof of the Pastime A. C., of which he afterward became president. In those days he used to work about the theatre, and he used to let to bring in his stockings. He now weighs in the neighborhood of 224 pounds. Though many an athlete who has chosen the roles of the A. A. U. will swear that the weight of his disposition is in the neighborhood of 300 pounds and that he bears up many inches higher.

Mr. Sullivan has represented his athletic ability and interest in sports in his two children. His son, who is only 3 years old, is a fine cricket and gymnast and is the youngest member of the Knickerbocker Athletic club. His daughter, Miss Delia Sullivan, is well known as a swimmer, having accomplished some long distance feats in the ocean that would have been creditable to even the best swimmers. She is also a song artist of no mean.

Jim Sullivan has had the pod of amateur of the A. A. U. ever since its foundation. He has always given ample evidence of his immense interest in all that pertained to amateur sport, especially in preventing every branch of it that he has had control of from the slightest taint of professionalism. His interests and his things are sought for and respected in the world of the club. Great to the office, for while he is a strict disciplinarian he is just, and cash is the unfortunate amateur who venturesome dispute his decisions.

That his interest in amateur sport is not mercenary, but actuated by every love of the game, has been proved on hundreds of occasions. In 1891, when he became president of the Metropolitan association, A. A. U., that body was deep in debt and apparently had no way out. He faced the question boldly, however, by holding championship meets and in other ways fostering interest in the association in particular and athletics in general and in the remarkably short space of one year had lifted not only the burden of debt, but had a considerable amount of cash in the treasury. This has been his plan of action in everything he has undertaken in connection with the union. Whether it was a set of games or a boxing tourney, he has always thought how best to handle the affair for the pecuniary and general interest of the association.

But James E. Sullivan is famous not only in the sporting world. As a business man he is equaled by but few. Ever since he was a boy he has been in the publishing business, having started as office boy in the Frank Leslie Publishing company. While with that firm he familiarized himself with the workings of nearly every branch of the concern, from composing room to business office. When he left there, he was in charge of the advertising and circulation departments. In 1893 he assumed control of the New York Sporting Times and has since become president of the American Sports Publishing company, which does an immense business in placing the ads of several large business houses throughout the country. Mr. Sullivan is justly regarded as a recognized authority on proper advertising methods.

In spite of the fact that he is such a busy man, Mr. Sullivan is very easy to approach. Any athlete with a grievance or other reason for wishing to see him can have an interview or get an appointment made for a letter. His office is constantly thronged with such interviews, and the number is that he can find time to get through any work besides that of taking to inquire about runners and other athletes. This fact has gained for him his great popularity, an instance of which was shown recently when the members of the old N. J. A. C. presented him with a handsome silver loving cup, in recognition of his vast services to that organization and of their personal regard for the man.

He has a most wonderful memory for faces, besides which he has an immense number of records at his tongue's end. He is very fond of getting a crowd of old timers together and talking over and recalling bygone experiences and the changes that have taken place since the time when they themselves were spiked shoes or won glory in other points of athletic enterprise. He told me a story the other day that illustrates the difference between handicapping as it was managed 20 years ago and the precise methods now in force. Ed Plummer, of whom I have already made mention, was the official in this instance. As the candidates for the race, which was a walking contest, came in the entrance, Plummer chanced to see one youth. "Ever been in a race before?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you don't look it; no spiked shoes or running costume. You take the limit. And you," to another, "what have you ever done?"

"Walked once before, sir."

"Did you win?"

"No; third."

"Well, you've got walking pumps and regular costume; you take 30 seconds."

And so on.

Another funny incident which Sullivan told me was in reference to a walking match he once entered. It took place in the old Fifth regiment armory, in Hester street, New York. The track was only four feet wide and was about 4 laps to the mile. The games that night were held for the benefit of Tim Sullivan, now the Hon. Timothy "Big Dollar" Sullivan, state senator, New York.

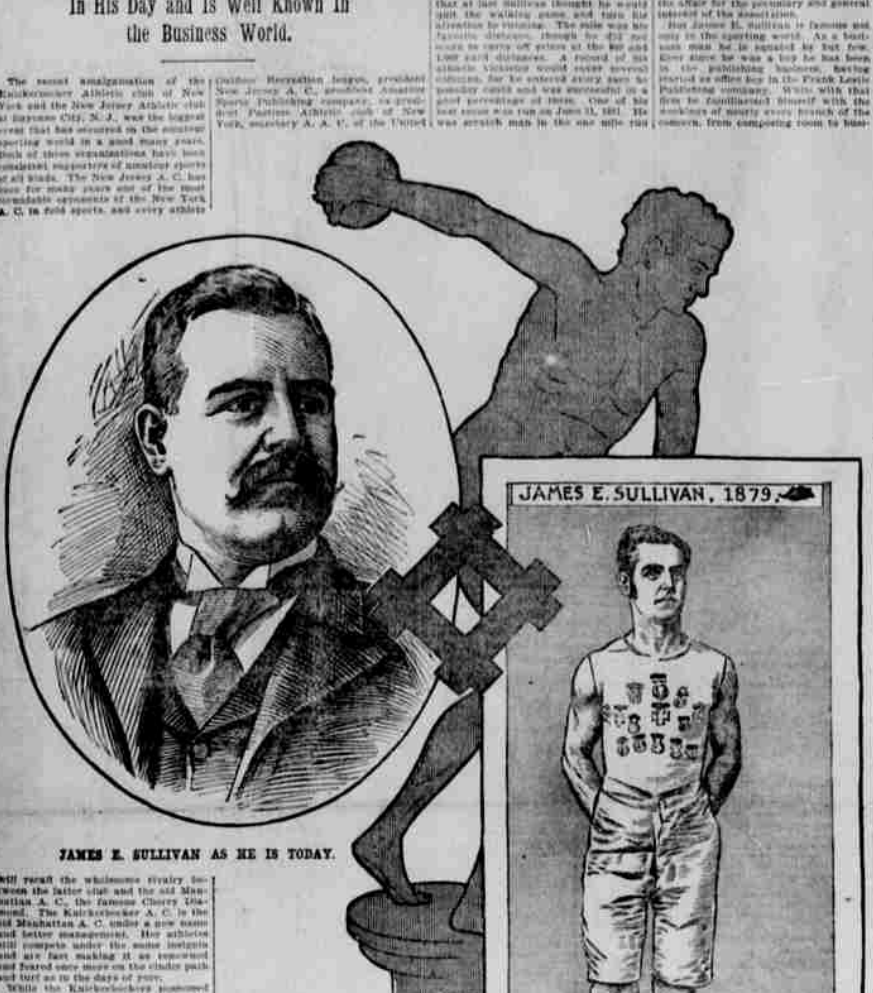
"The starter asked me my name," says Jim, "and I replied, 'Sullivan.'

"'Sullivan, is it?' said he. 'Well, take No. 1.' And so I did.

"The race began, and I soon noticed that whenever any of the other walkers neared in the rear of me, they were promptly disqualified for fouling one or other walking or some other reason. Almost every man in the building, it seemed, was a Sullivan, and they thought by my name that I was one of them. Of course I was 'in a walk.' And who shall say after that there's nothing in a name? One of the walkers who was not disqualified, but whom I beat by some two laps, was F. P. Murray, now champion amateur mile walker of America. But it was here for my peculiar gait and my identical name to cause me to win him though."

It would be one of the hardest blows that could be inflicted on amateur sports of all sorts in this country were James E. Sullivan to lose interest in them either and fail to devote his extraordinary attention to their well being for any cause whatever. He is a good companion and a gentleman and always willing and anxious to help a friend in need, as many a one can testify with gratitude, though he is the last man on earth to make any parade of his philanthropy.

LEO ETHERINGTON.



JAMES E. SULLIVAN AS HE IS TODAY.

MANY ARE VETERANS.

Of the 155 players in the Western Baseball league 15 of them have seen service in the National league. The entire 15 are not old National league men, but about half that number have seen duty in the big organization for some years. The balance are men who have been drafted by the leagues, who tried and found wanting and then turned back for a little more experience. They are valuable to the Western league teams, inasmuch that their steady the younger players in this league, and also help to coach them. Many of the National league men who have been turned adrift as past the useful age have recovered their vigorous form and been sought back by the big league clubs. That was the case with Tom Daly and Phillipe last season.

BIG EARNINGS OF TROTTERS.

That the earning capacity of the trotter is increasing rather than shown by the annual increase in the winnings of the leading campaigners and should the season of 1899 bring forth another John Nolan or Directum Kelly, he will be able to land even more money than the sensations of 1898. Like Hilma, the champion of 1897, the leader of last year was a green horse when the campaign opened in the spring, and had little heard of outside of Montana. John Nolan was a natural pacer, but revolted and took to the trot and stuck to it, in spite of all the efforts of his trainer to make him pace. Although but a year old, he won over $18,000, including in his victories such prized events as the Charter Oak and the Transylvania.

PREACHER WANTS GOLF HONORS.

Minnesota is the town along the Mississippi are contemplating an amusing discussion as to which one laid out the first golf course on the banks of the river. By common consent of Chicago reports the honor was conceded to Rev. Mr. Dana, Quincy, Ills., Rev. W. H. Cheadle, Lansing, Ia., has now come forward as a contestant and has proved conclusively that two years ago he constructed the first green of a nine hole course on the very spot where Jefferson Davis fired a pistol in the Black Hawk war.

Incomparable Sardou, Author of "Robespierre."

His Early Struggles and Ultimate Triumphs.

Sardou is not a Shakespeare; the second: But 10,000,000 is a lot of money. For one man to fill that much cold cash out of an ink pot is not a usual thing. In fact, it has been done very few times indeed. The only living man who has accomplished this feat is Victorien Sardou—Sardou, the supreme master of modern dramatic art.

London has just been electrified by his "Robespierre" (which has been carried back to popularity so in England has been stunned by it, and the name of his author is on the tip of every tongue. Few indeed are the men who could fling off a great drama in two or three months. Sardou, however, had always revolted to the French Revolution and was glad enough to have a dramatic element on such well known ground. It was a great moment for Paris when the news of the great Lyceum success flashed across the channel. It was on the same night, at an opposite hour, for an obscure English actor so he waited for the first sign of approval from the Lyceum audiences. It did not come till the end of the second act. When it did come, it came in a storm.

But "Robespierre," while redoubling living, glorified Sardou. It showed that the hand that fashioned "La Tosca" had lost none of its cunning. It clinched his reputation as a maker of great plays. It decided that thousands and thousands of francs were to pour into the coffers of a man who was already rolling in wealth, every dollar of it made from the drama.

But life was not always a bed of roses for Victorien Sardou. There was a time when he was the under dog, and days there were when he went hungry and poorly clad and lived in a garret and had few friends, as to and was the one with many another honest genius. Those days were long, long ago, but Sardou, the opulent owner of the beautiful Chateau de Marly, has never forgotten those early years of hunger and want and adversity. In fact it was these youthful struggles that gave to his artist, whose duty it is to fill the mirror up to nature the very money which he takes the use to bring about his ultimate success.

Forty-three years ago a tall, sallow faced youth dressed in rugged and unbeaut clothes, smelling of drugs and the disinfecting room, walked timidly to the door of the Odeon theater in the Quarter Latin of Paris and nervously asked if he might see the manager. The ragged looking youth had a big roll of script under his arm, and the attendant eied him as at once.

No, the manager could not be seen. He was very busy, but the gentleman might call again in a month or two. The young man with the manuscript looked disappointed. He was tired and hungry and sick, for he had had little to eat for the last few days. He finally decided to leave the manuscript. The attendant took it, passed it over to the house manager, and the manager, of course, saw in it a play for an unknown man and tossed it lightly to one side.

In the meantime the young man with shabby clothes was walking away in a sweaty little garret, making a free France by writing humorous and light hearted sketches for the newspapers. It was very hard work. Some of them and sold some of them for little.

In the meantime the bundle of manuscript lay collecting the dust on a little table in one corner of the Odeon office. One afternoon after rehearsal Mlle. de Brissac, a young actress, the heroine, the golden young actress with a face like a flower, caught sight of the bundle, with its carefully penned title of "La Tosca" and pulled it out. She shook the dust from the sheets and looked carefully through the bundle, her interest suddenly aroused.

"Ah, just look! What a beautiful handwriting! Genuine parlor de sorcerer."

The girl took the play home and read it. Such a dainty hand, she said, must show a dainty fancy. The next day she returned with the manuscript, and the pretty actress and the gruff manager of the Odeon had a long conversation together. Just what they said no one will ever know, but the outcome of that talk was that in two weeks "The Diabolic Tavern" was put on the stage. The young author was sent for, and a little money was advanced to him. He blushingly took the hand of his benefactress and tried to thank her but could not.

That young man was Sardou, the great dramatist. The opening night of "The Diabolic Tavern" was an extreme one for him. Transported by his success, he watched the curtain go up on his first play. But the audience did not feel. The patrons of the Odeon were mostly students, and they did not take kindly to a dramatic treatment of their pranks and adventures. Hisses, whistling and howls rang through the house, and the faces of that night was his earnest recorded in the Parisian stage annals of that year. A second attempt was attempted, but the fates ordained that it should be the third act, and the curtain was rung down. Never again did it go on on "The Diabolic Tavern."

The youthful Sardou was broken hearted. Starvation stared him in the face, and long regret had broken his health. He crept up to his dark lonely garret. There he brooded alone over his misfortunes and in two days was ill with typhoid fever. He would certainly have died like a pet in a hole but for a good angel came to his rescue. The good angel was the spoiled and petted Mlle. de Brissac of the Odeon, who had been greatly impressed by the style faced young author. She personally came rustling up the narrow dim stairs in search of her new friend. She found him in the delirium of fever. She tenderly took off her gloves, made herself at home and with her own hands fed him, nursed him and was him back to health and strength.

There could be only one end to such an affair. The two fell head over heels in love with each other, and soon after married. Life for them was merely just and joyous, for Sardou's fame was soaring. But it was the happy ending of a romance or comedy than the millionaire dramatist of France has ever written.

And before times were serious. The young married pair private tutors for two years, wrote little pot boilers and made commencements and indices for classic authors at so much per page. He also wrote the famous tragedies, and to her submitted his colonial tragedy in Alexandrines, entitled "La Reine Usine."

The scene of this was laid in Sweden, and the troubled and capricious queen crushed the heart of its young author by crying: "Sweden is too cold for me. I prefer Greece!" Then Sardou tried his luck with the famous Mlle. de Dejazet and Mme. Rose Chéri, but with no success. Yet not once did he give up. He pursued Sardou, the most popular dramatist of the time, and made his life miserable with his manuscripts. One one day he came across Mlle. Fargueil of the Vaudeville and thrust into her hand his new "Les Pattes de Mouche." The actress handed it onward to the manager of the Vaudeville, who straightway poked it into a pigeonhole or his desk among hundreds of other such unfortunates. One day Hugh Chéri chanced to see a new play. The neglected manuscript was pulled out of the pigeon hole and looked over. It was accepted and presented. It caught like wildfire. All Paris came to see it, and Sardou's name soared almost to the morning papers.

That was the turning point in the career of the Parisian gay writer. In his 40th year he had established a reputation and was acknowledged to be the greatest dramatic virtuoso in France. He was elected a member of the Academy, and every crunch from his pen was received into half a dozen languages. Theatrical actors and actresses came flocking to him, begging for plays. He moved down from his little garret and became a nabob in the world; a czar of fashion. Then was Sardou in his prime.

Then something happened. His wife, the woman who had made him, died. There was nothing left for him to do but work and regret. And work he did, and he made real Victorien Sardou, a brusque and hard hearted man and a colossal egotist. Such he is in his study, but those who know him best, who have had a glimpse of the man who in his work is forgotten and who he shows himself as he really is in his beautiful old home at Marly, have reason to believe that the water of "Robespierre" comes under his gruff exterior one of the warmest and kindliest of hearts.

ARTHUR TITCOMB.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

London is just now in the throes of a revival of the rage for a kind of tank drama. It is all due to the submarine longs of a stick named Wallenda, one of a troupe of aquatic females who are appearing at a London theater. Miss Wallenda staid under water recently for the extraordinarily long time of 4 minutes 2 5-6 seconds. James Fisher, of the Canterbury music hall, on April 1, 1895, remained 4 minutes 20½ seconds. There are even better records. On Jan. 25, 1891, Charles Cavill stood under water in a tank at the Metropolitan music hall 6 minutes 5 seconds.

Only the other day, over a box office hoodoo, a request was made for two seats for "Julius" Marlowe. The next day a lady wanted tickets for Julia "Melon." The most flagrant perversion of the kind, however, was a person who wanted seats for Julia Marlowe in "Go as You Please."

A pessimist, who is probably so sick of everything that he can hardly believe what he says himself, says: "Other actresses have now stopped losing their diamonds and are kept busy doctoring olives to go to London."

Mme. Patti now earns about $100,000 a year, but has made as much as $250,000. Melba's income when fully engaged is $150,000, and Mme. Sternbach has for years averaged $150,000.

"Hamlet" was recently given in St. Petersburg at the palace of the Grand Duke Constantine. The Russian translation of the play was made by the grand duke, who also appeared in the chief role.

H. J. Byron's "Our Boys" has recently been revived in England. It holds the record for the longest unbroken run of a play in one theater, as it lost a run of four years.

No other than Spanish and native theatricals are known as yet in Manila, though an English variety show is to open soon.

One of Uncle Davis' exhibitions is to be in Paris.

At Stratford-on-Avon, the poet's birthplace, is a desk said to have been used by Shakespeare. Considering how modern managers have cut his plays, it hardly seems that it is beyond the pretensions of scholarship had whittled it.

It is estimated that an expenditure of $1,000 will be required for an adequate representation of "Don Juan" when dramatized.

Louis Mann wants to be a serious actor and is said to have designs on Shylock.

Theresa Vaughan will go to Berlin this summer to sing her German ballads, some of popular songs at the Wintergarden.

May Irwin's younger sister Harry has been appointed as a cadet in the United States Naval academy at Annapolis.

Eugene Walgam is to have a play produced. It remains to be seen whether his pen is mightier than his sword.

The cage of Bonnie once over Sheridan. Considering the part he plays in the world, even this is not a surprisingly