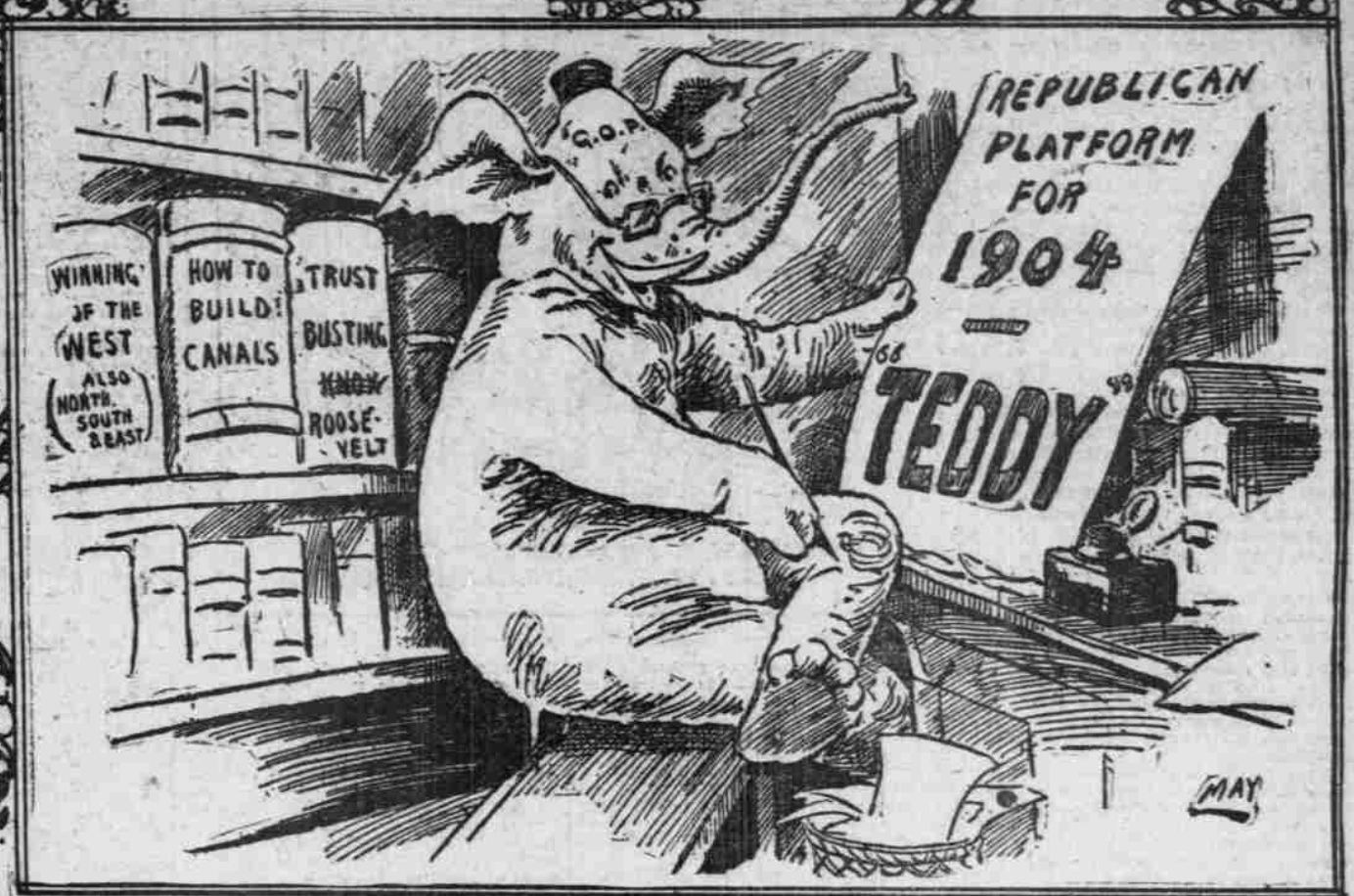


# TOPICS THAT CARTOONISTS HAVE FOUND AVAILABLE



THE REPUBLICAN VICE-PRESIDENTIAL RACE. THE LAST MAN WINS. —Philadelphia Inquirer.



THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM WILL BE VERY BRIEF THIS YEAR.—NEWS ITEM. —Detroit Journal.



HOUSE-HUNTING. —Harper's Weekly.



LURING THE WILY JAP TO DESTRUCTION. —Philadelphia Inquirer.



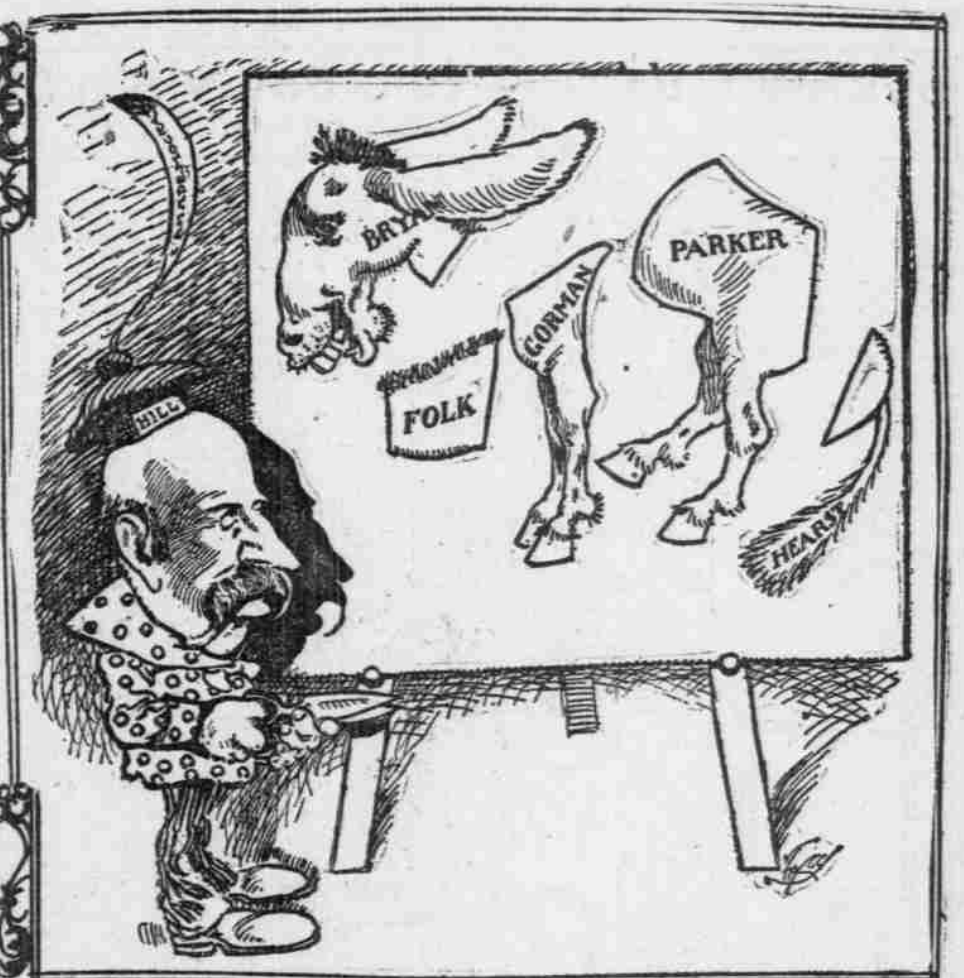
EUROPAKIN—IT'S OF NO IMPORTANCE, OLD CHAP. MY PLAN WAS TO HAVE THE JAPS CROSS THE RIVER. —New York Evening Mail.



BUSHING THE GROWLER. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.



TRYING TO DODGE THE SHELVE. —Philadelphia Record.



THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY—A CUT-OUT PUZZLE FOR DAVY. WILL HE GET THE BEAST TOGETHER AGAIN? —New York Press.

## CHARLEY MITCHELL VISITS AMERICA

Details of His Great Fight With Sullivan in France.

CHARLEY MITCHELL'S visit to America again brings up the great battle which the English champion fought with John L. Sullivan in France. Mitchell was the only fighter who ever fought the great American champion to a draw, something for which he was never given credit. On the subject of this battle Otto Floto has this to say:

How time does fly. It's but a seemingly short time ago that the newsboys were shouting themselves hoarse on old Broadway with the 'extra' announcing the fact that Sullivan, the pride of all America, had fought a draw with Charley Mitchell, the brainiest boxer that ever stepped within the roped arena.

"I don't believe it," said Jerry Mahoney, the big New York bookmaker, as he in company with Dick Roche was seated at the Gilsey House awaiting the news.

"It must be a fake," joined in Larry Kilian.

"That's one of those English yarns," added Bill Muldoon.

"They must have robbed John L. if that is true," said Charlie Fox.

The very thought that Mitchell was able to fight a "draw" with the seemingly invincible John L. Sullivan could not be conceived. I went to the Police Gazette office in Franklin square for something definite, and there, sure enough, was a telegram from Billy Harding, who went over to represent Richard K. Fox, announcing that the fight had been called a draw.

Up town they were still discussing the affair and the sporting crowd gathered at Dave Holland's restaurant on Fourth avenue. While seated there Billy McGlorey received a cable from Dominick McCaffrey confirming the report already received.

Then the arguments began and reasons were sought. No one could fancy how it all happened. They had all prepared themselves to hear that John had knocked Mitchell out in a round or two. Their opinions as to the cause of it all were varied and amusing. No one, not a single man present, would give Mitchell credit for the great and game battle he had fought.

The weather at the time was very bad in Gotham. It was the same year and time that New York suffered from the great blizzard that will be remembered by all, and everybody was forced to remain indoors. The Sullivan-Mitchell battle, therefore, furnished food enough to make the hours fly by, so that at night more definite information was received, as both Mitchell and Sullivan had been arrested and taken to Paris, where they were jailed, while the correspondents of the different papers were able to send better

news from that city than from Chantilly. Each and every report was the same: "Sullivan and Mitchell fight, draw; American suffered greatly from exposure." That was the sentence sent to the New York dailies. All of which left matters unexplained to Sullivan's friends. They could not simply understand what had happened.

While the men were in jail in France they for the first time made up and spoke friendly. I have the exact conversation from Mitchell when he came back to this country and complained bitterly how little regard Sullivan had for his word.

"When we were in jail," said Mitchell, "the big fellow grabbed my hand and said: 'You are the greatest man I ever met, and I want to be your friend. If ever you come to America again call upon me, and I will be there first, last and all the time.'" They shook hands and decided to stand together, no matter what occurred in regard to their fight, against the French authorities. Both paid an equal amount to get out of the trouble, and both occupied the same carriage to the depot to take the train for Havre.

It was thought that all old sores and

grievances had been healed and forgotten. No sooner, however, did Mitchell land in this country with Kilrain than Sullivan began to abuse him through the press and "vis" his friends on him. Mitchell was greatly pained, and often said: "I will never forget John for that treatment."

Soon the London papers came to this country containing an account of the affair. Charley Johnson, Billy Harding and Dominick McCaffrey were the first Americans to return, and Johnson circulated the story that "It was a foot-race, and the big fellow could not catch Mitchell in the heavy going."

This was believed for the time being, owing to the great popularity of the Boston fighter. The more conservative ones, however, began to figure out the fight for themselves after reading the rounds. At that round where Mitchell grabbed John by the mustache and wound his finger around it and nearly jerked it off, they scratched their heads and said:

"How can a man be running away all the time and then all but pull his opponent's mustache out by the roots?" The Sullivanites made some sort of excuses for this and said: "It was an accident."

Then they read down a little further and saw where Mitchell deliberately "spiked" Sullivan through the foot. Now they again reasoned:

"How can a man be running away all the time and still 'spike' his opponent through the foot?" Again came the answer: "It was an accident." And in that manner excuse after excuse was furnished. No one would give little Mitchell credit for his wonderful performance, the only man who ever fought a draw with the mighty John L. Sullivan in the prize ring, according to London prize ring rules. They simply would not concede his grand exhibition in that ring.

It was not long before rumors began to be heard about some one receiving \$200. They would not down, and on investigation there appeared something to it after all. Like murder, a shady transaction will not get down, nor can a secret of this kind be kept. Then finally the truth became known.

Harry Phillips, of Toronto, paid Jack Baldoek and Jimmy Carney \$250 to make the fight a draw. The rain and mud had so exhausted the Boston man that he could not have lasted much longer, and

rather than see him defeated Phillips entered into the deal with Baldoek.

**The Firing Line.**

For glory? For good? For fortune or fame? Why, ho for the front where the battle is on!

Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the lame; Go forward, as ever the valiant have gone; Whether city or field, whether mountains or mine,

Go forward; go fight on the Firing Line.

Whether newsboy or plowboy, cowboy or clerk, Fight forward, be ready, be steady, be first; Be fairest, be bravest, be best at your work; Beut and be glad; dare to hunger, to thirst, As David, as Alfred—let dogs skulk and whine.

There is room but for men on the Firing Line.

Aye, the place to fight and the place to fall— As fall we must, all in God's good time— It is where the manliest man the wall, Where the boys are as men in their pride and prime.

Where glory gleams brightest, where brightest eyes shine, Far out on the roaring, red Firing Line. —Joseph Miller, in Success.