

ENTIRELY A "BUILT UP" CHAMPION.

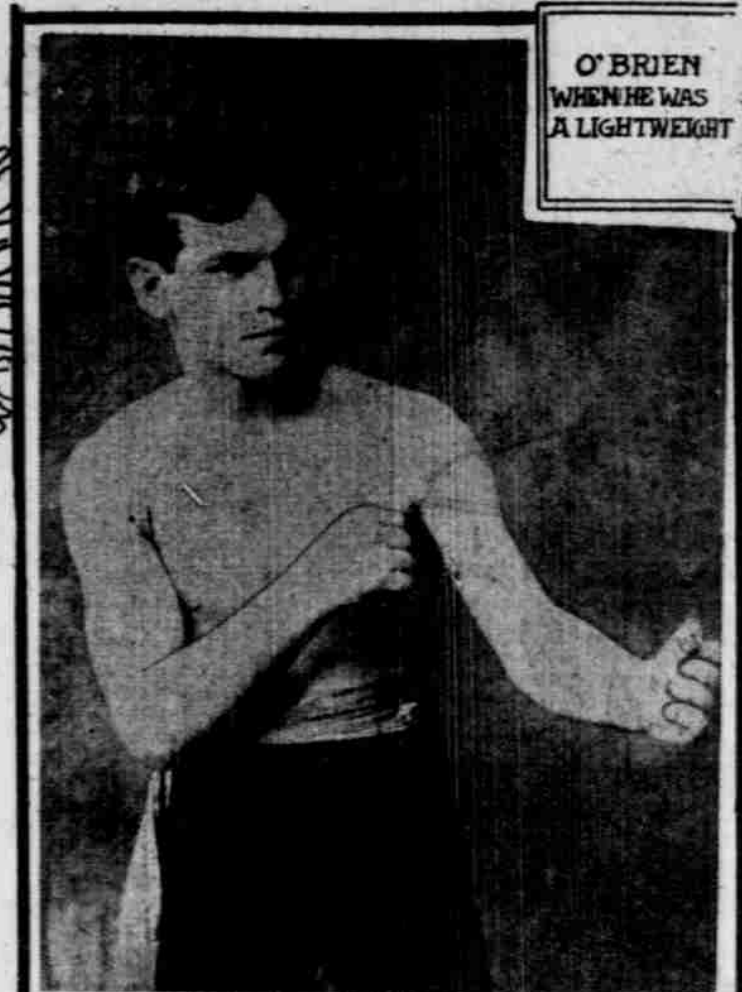
SYSTEMATIC EXERCISE ALONE
ENABLED JACK O'BRIEN TO
BECOME PREMIER
HEAVYWEIGHT

THE CHAMPION
O'BRIEN OF TO DAY
WHO BEAT FITZSIMMONS

O'BRIEN
WHEN HE WAS
A LIGHTWEIGHT



GENTLEMAN JACK O'BRIEN
WITH ALL HIS WAR PAINT ON



right idea as to how he could achieve the desired aim.

He used the light dumbbells unceasingly. He discovered new motions by which he could develop the muscles that figure in the delivering of punches. He invented "shadow boxing," an exercise in which the pugilist assumes that he has an opponent before him, and with lightning speed goes through all the motions of an actual contest. Indian clubs also played quite a part in this campaign of development.

Moreover, O'Brien took limitless road work. In the open air as much as possible was his motto, and in all kinds of weather, he kept up unceasingly the routine of running, tree cutting, jumping, swimming, etc.

Into a Heavier Class.

Gradually the rigorous regime began to show results. The one time frail lightweight was becoming rugged. The little fellows would no longer meet him, and he had to take on welterweights, and after a short time, middleweights. Then it took the best of the middleweights to cope with him, and eventually when the stock of these ran out, he had to go out of his class and take on the heavies.

This he did with courage and persistence. Some of those who make light of O'Brien's pretensions, really have no idea of the number of bouts he has fought or the good men he has tackled. In the welterweight class he has had such rivals as Joe Walcott, Tommy West and Young Peter Jackson, surely three of the hardest nuts that any boxer was ever called on to crack. In the middleweight class his opponents have numbered such men as Kid McCoy and Tommy Ryan. Of the heavies he has met Kid Carter, Marvin Hart, Fitzsimmons, Choyinski and a host of others, and always with credit to himself.

Each of these men started the boxing game better equipped than O'Brien, but his industry has enabled him to equalize their advantages to such an extent that today he is probably the master of any of them. Only one Marvin Hart, looms up as a real danger, and Jack has the advantage of having met him twice, and knowing exactly what he can do.

Saves His Money.

The new champion has the financial sense developed to an unusual degree. He knows how to take care of his money, and when he quits the game, it won't be necessary to hold any benefits for him.

From the time when he first began to make money down to the present he has taken the most scrupulous care of his cash. This does not mean that he has been selfish, or lacking in gratitude to those who really had claims. His has been merely a policy of good sense.

Most of his investments have been real estate. He owns several rows of small houses in South Philadelphia, and reaps a good profit from their rental.

As a birthday present to his mother, O'Brien recently bought a \$20,000 house in one of the most fashionable sections of Philadelphia, 3812 Locust street. On all sides he is surrounded by leaders of the exclusive Quaker City society, who looked askance when the master hand of fists took his place as their neighbor.

But O'Brien's presence in this section has not been an offense. He is known how to make friends. He has all the wit that is the mark of the true Celt, and away from the prize ring he has the tact to exhibit a modesty real or assumed, that is very attractive when exhibited by a man in his line.

In another respect, too, the new champion differs from most of his predecessors, and that is in his love for good clothes.

Nobody in the pugilistic line ever dressed better than he does.

There have been other boxers who did the Beat Brummel act, but as a rule their taste was garish. They went to the extremes; the loud plaids; the vociferous neckwear.

O'Brien dresses in perfect taste. His clothes are the best that money can buy, and they are either imported from London or modeled on the best English lines.

No one of his fashionable neighbors presents any better appearance than the champion, for in addition to having the liking for good clothes and the knowledge of how to select them, O'Brien has also the ability to wear them.

His big shoulders set off a great coat to advantage, and his square-cut face, with the powerful jaw, never looks so well as when it is topped by a silk hat.

It is an entirely new type of champion that O'Brien presents, one about as radically different from the old type of barroom swagger as could well be imagined, and it shows that even in pugilism, modern ideas are taking hold and that the premier in the slugging game has more regard for appearances and the conventions than did his forbears.

JACK O'BRIEN, who by his victory over Robert Fitzsimmons, attains a clear title to the middle and heavy-weight championship of the world, is perhaps the smallest man who ever held that honor.

Compared to John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett and Fitzsimmons, not to speak of James J. Jeffries, he is a veritable mid-set. In condition he seldom weighs more than 160 pounds, and would have little difficulty in making 158.

It is true that Fitzsimmons weighed little more than that at one time, and even today is probably not above 165, but in the days when he downed Corbett he was around the 170 mark, and moreover he had the shoulders and hitting equipment of a giant. It was his spider-like legs that reduced his weight, and allowed him to spend a large part of his career putting middleweights to sleep.

Most champions, particularly those above instanced, have been especially favored by Nature with the sort of muscular make-up needed to outpunch their fellows.

Thus Jeffries has always had his mammoth frame, with its wonderful shoulders, huge arms and massive chest; Corbett was endowed with a frame peculiarly adapted for speed, and Fitzsimmons' shoulders were naturally those of the heavy fighter.

All these men, of course, developed what Nature had given them, but making due allowance for all that was improved as a result of hard work, it is none the less true that they never would have gone into the front rank, but for what they were born to.

Entirely a "Built-Up" Champion.

With O'Brien the case is different. He is entirely a "built-up" champion.

He had little to start with. The man who was eventually to beat Fitzsimmons, the next best man to Jeffries, and succeed to the title that the latter abandoned when he quit the ring, began fighting as a lightweight, a flat-chested, poorly developed youngster, who after he graduated from the amateur ranks, was for a long time hardly deemed good enough for the place in the preliminary bouts of a really good show.



O'BRIEN'S NEW HOME IN FASHIONABLE SECTION OF PHILADELPHIA

In that dogged power that one looks for in the man who is going to prove his physical superiority over his fellows.

There was little muscling to his body, and in his earlier bouts he gave no evidence of hitting ability.

He was fairly fast, and showed some possibilities as a boxer, but that was about all that his best friends would claim for Jack, when he first essayed to pit his strength against men weighing in the neighborhood of 125 and 140 pounds.

But this was a man with a purpose. From the time he broke into the game, the Philadelphia had confidence in his own powers. He felt that he had latent ability. It was up to him to bring it out. Then began a long series of exercises

directed to building up the shoulders and chest and adding to his hitting power. He did not resort to the lifting of heavy weights, as many other mistaken boxers have done. He wanted weight and strength, but not at the expense of speed.

His plan was to keep up all the natural fitness of foot and quickness of arm and eye that was his, and to supplement it with all the strength he could get without putting the fitness in jeopardy.

It was a good system, and he had the



O'BRIEN
ON HIS RETURN FROM
ENGLAND AS
MIDDLE AND
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION OF
GREAT BRITAIN

Where Is New England's Old Puritan Stock?

Boston Congregational Club Asks This Question Without Receiving a Satisfactory Answer.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 15.—(Special Correspondent of the Sunday Oregonian.)—What has become of the old Puritan stock of New England? This is a question that has received a good deal of attention of late from many loyal admirers of the old Bay State. We still point with pride to the time-honored landmarks, and from year to year we continue to relate to our children the story of the brave and sturdy Puritan pioneers who, in their day, fought the good fight and made the Commonwealth of Massachusetts not only possible, but glorious for all time. But in the political and religious life of today, where are the revered and historical names, and what has become of the world-famed Puritan ideals? For, after all governing methods have been considered, conduct in life remains the true standard of nobility and the test of all character from that of a man up to that of a nation.

At the annual gathering of the Boston Congregational Club the other day, very interesting remarks were made on this subject by some of the speakers. It was justly asserted that no republic can survive or continue save through the virtue of the individual citizen. The Pilgrims built the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the faith that citizenship could be trusted. Therefore, upon each citizen rests the responsibility of maintaining the principles which the Pilgrims brought to this country.

The address of Dr. Albright, the president of the club, was of a somewhat startling nature. Attention was called to the fact that the Puritan of old was above all a fighter for God and good government, whereas the Puritan of today is a dreamer, a sinner apart from his fellows, a man of spasmodic energy who, when drawn into a contest, usually gets beaten, where-

upon he invariably retires into a kind of aristocratic seclusion from which nothing under heaven can rouse him.

On the other hand the speaker drew a striking portrait of the man who has stepped into the Puritan's boots, the Irish-American. From the standpoint of this man is a fighter, and we may just as well recognize the fact that according to history, the man with the push and the push of it not always a world-better is usually a world-better.

This doughy successor to the Puritan is more than a fighter. He has brains, he has courage, he is intensely patriotic, he is a man of boundless enthusiasm and resource, above all he is a silver-tongued persuasive fellow who knows just what he wants and his share, as some say, is everything in sight.

According to Dr. Albright our Celtic friends desire nothing better than that New England should be renamed New Ireland. Meantime they have taken possession of about everything in sight and the descendants of the Puritan and the Pilgrims seem to have very little to say about it. They look on with a kind of bewildered impotence. They go on talking optimistically while strangers make light of their history and politicians run away with the spoils. Nevertheless our best traditions and our truest glory are identified with our Pilgrim and Puritan forbears and their influence was the mightiest power for righteousness and the public weal this age has known.

Remarkable Railroad Accidents.

I suppose railroad accidents are very much the same all over the world and yet investigation into a number that have occurred recently in this vicinity has revealed a somewhat curious state of affairs. A record of six accidents on the same system inside of 10 days, in which 22 persons were killed outright and a much larger number seriously injured, is surely enough to startle any community. It is doubtful if there is any other place on earth where railroad men are better educated or better paid than here in New

England. Furthermore the duties they have to perform are much easier and pleasanter, the day's work is much shorter than it used to be, and in regard to other privileges and rights they now, by means of schedules and agreements, have more than half the say, and yet it is very doubtful if the average railroad man's sense of responsibility, his vigilance in looking out for and protecting human life have kept pace with his increased and increasing prosperity. Indeed one is almost tempted to come to the uncomfortable conclusion that the mechanical and electrical devices that of late years have been invented for the protection of trains have had a soporific effect upon many trainmen and robbed them of a good deal of their old-time vigilance and caution. What these accidents are and how they happen make interesting reading.

Some time ago the president of the Boston and Maine Railroad stated that he could only account for certain distressing accidents on the theory of "failure of mechanical brain action" at critical moments. A simpler expression for this theory would be I think "absence of mind." I will give an illustration of failure of mechanical brain action in its simplest form.

Some time ago an engineer, one of the most level-headed and reliable men who ever sat in a cab and pulled a throttle, arrived with a main line express passenger train at a certain junction. The signals for the main line were at danger and the track happened to be set for a branch route. With his eyes wide open in broad daylight this engineer ran his train past the horizontal semaphore and round the curve on to the branch track. Then he came to himself. This man was a very fine, conscientious fellow and that evening when he arrived at his destination he went straight to the office of the superintendent and reported his misfortune. Then he dropped into a chair and died in a few minutes.

But now let us take another illustration of President Tuttle's theory.

It is a remarkable instance in which the failure of mechanical brain action was prolonged under extraordinary circumstances. A short time ago a night passenger train left the city for stations on the main line. After a while the train arrived at a junction a few miles out. Through some misunderstanding the track was set and the signals were right for a branch route. The engineer instead of calling for main line signals took his main line train up the branch. He whistled for imaginary crossings and otherwise handled his train for all the world as if he was on the main-line and finally brought the train to a standstill at the first station on the branch. When the passengers alighted there was some little confusion in the darkness, but the engineer remained under the spell until the conductor rushed up to him and shouted: "Jack, where are we?"

J. O. F.

Good, but Probably Not Dr. Hale.

New York Tribune.

"Edward Everett Hale," said a lawyer, "was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner. The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. And as the dinner progressed he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him a piece.

"The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes cheerily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said: 'Would you mind cutting me off about \$1.37 worth more, please.'"

Missed by His Donkey.

The late William M. Evans, Secretary of State under President Hayes, once sent a donkey up to his farm at Windsor, Vt., and about a week afterward received the following letter from one of his grandchildren:

"Dear Grandpa—The little donkey is very gentle, but he makes a big noise at night. He is very handsome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come up soon, and then he won't be lonesome."

Will Spend Her Honeymoon in the Arctic

The Bride of a Cincinnati Millionaire and Big Game-Hunter Makes a Unique Journey.

AT ANY rate, there is still one thing left for a woman to do, and Mrs. Julia Fleischmann proposes to do it—an Arctic honeymoon.

No doubt for niente for this bride of one of Cincinnati's millionaires. No orange groves or purling brooks or splashing fountains or fragrant gardens for her. Her romance will find its fruition among bears and does and glaciers and icecaps, to the grovel of polar bears and the baying of Arctic dogs.

It was the bride's scheme, all planned out when she was Miss Sarah Sherlock, only a few days ago. They were married on December 20 and are away now on a honeymoon which is to last ten months.

As everybody in Cincinnati knows, Colonel Julius Fleischmann is the brother of Mayor Max Fleischmann. He is very rich, popular, an athlete and sportsman and a man-about-town, as much in New York as in the city of his home.

Having hunted and brought down game everywhere save in the far and frozen North, Colonel Fleischmann decided to spend last Summer on the cold side of the Arctic Circle hunting bears and walrus. He corresponded with a Norwegian ship company and had a vessel already chartered for himself and a jolly company of his cronies.

But Colonel Fleischmann found that Cupid, instead of polar bear, had crossed his path; He proposed; Miss Sherlock accepted. That knocked the Arctic trip into a cocked hat. Instead of plans for a hunting trip it was plans for a wedding. Everything was called off until Miss Sherlock heard of it.

"Not for a minute!" she exclaimed. "Nothing I would like better."

Colonel Fleischmann was overjoyed. Here he had made up his mind to abandon his most cherished project when the woman for whom he had planned the sacrifice suggested the very same thing herself. No sooner said than done. Negotiations were at once reopened with the Norwegian ship people and the Arctic trip will come off as scheduled, except that it will be this Summer instead of

last and a strictly family party, including only two pet cats.

The happy couple had a jolly wedding and then journeyed leisurely down to St. Augustine, Fla. They sailed from there for a cruise in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico aboard the Colonel's brigantine, Haida. They will be on the boat until April 1 and then come home to Cincinnati. There a few brief weeks will be spent in fitting out for the Arctic journey and on May 24 the bride and bridegroom will sail for Portsmouth, England, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Holmes and their son, Carl, of Cincinnati.

Mrs. Holmes is Colonel Fleischmann's sister and consequently sister-in-law of the bride. On the other side they will be joined by Captain Noel Leamouth, an enthusiastic hunter of big game and a former officer in the British army. The six will take ships to Tromsø, Norway, where they will board the Laura, that sturdy ship which has already won her spurs in the frozen Arctic Seas. It will be about June 15 when the party is ready to sail.

Captain Gieseler, of Christiania, will be in command and with him will be six sailors, all veterans of the Arctic. No better ship could have been chosen. The Laura is 200 feet over all and 30 feet beam, big, roomy, sturdy and safe. She has steam engines and sails as well, to take advantage of all conditions.

In the shore hunting trips the three men will go alone and penetrate far inland, while the two women will spend their time near the ship shooting small game and fowls among which the older duck is reported as very plentiful. The big game sought will be, besides the polar bear, the musk ox, seal and walrus. Reindeer are numerous, but only enough of them will be killed to furnish fresh meat, the outfit taking no fresh meats of any kind.

probable, however, that most of the hunting will be in Greenland.

Colonel Fleischmann, the millionaire, who will take his bride on such a unique wedding trip, is a sportsman of national reputation. He is besides vice-president of the Fleischmann Yeast Company and vice-president and director in a dozen other companies that make up the great Fleischmann interest.

He has already made two excursions into the ice fields above Newfoundland, where he hunted the caribou and caught salmon from his steel yacht the Haida, but was compelled to return because a steel yacht will not stand the pressure of the ice. It was through his connection with racing that he came to meet Miss Sherlock, her father, John C. Sherlock, the retired capitalist, being some years ago president of the Latona Jockey Club. Mr. Fleischmann is only in his 24th year despite his many achievements.

Think Every Day.

Monday.

No man has a poorer outlook than he who is in the lookout for himself only.

Tuesday.

Friendships sown in youth furnish the sweetest fruits for old age.

Wednesday.

Use not today what tomorrow may want; neither leave that to hazard which foresight may provide for or care prevent.

Thursday.

Your concern should not so much be what you get as what you do for what you get.

Friday.

Politeness is the golden key that unlocks the door to many an opportunity.

Saturday.

The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves.

Sunday.

The richest people on earth are those who make the most of what they have and the least of what they are.