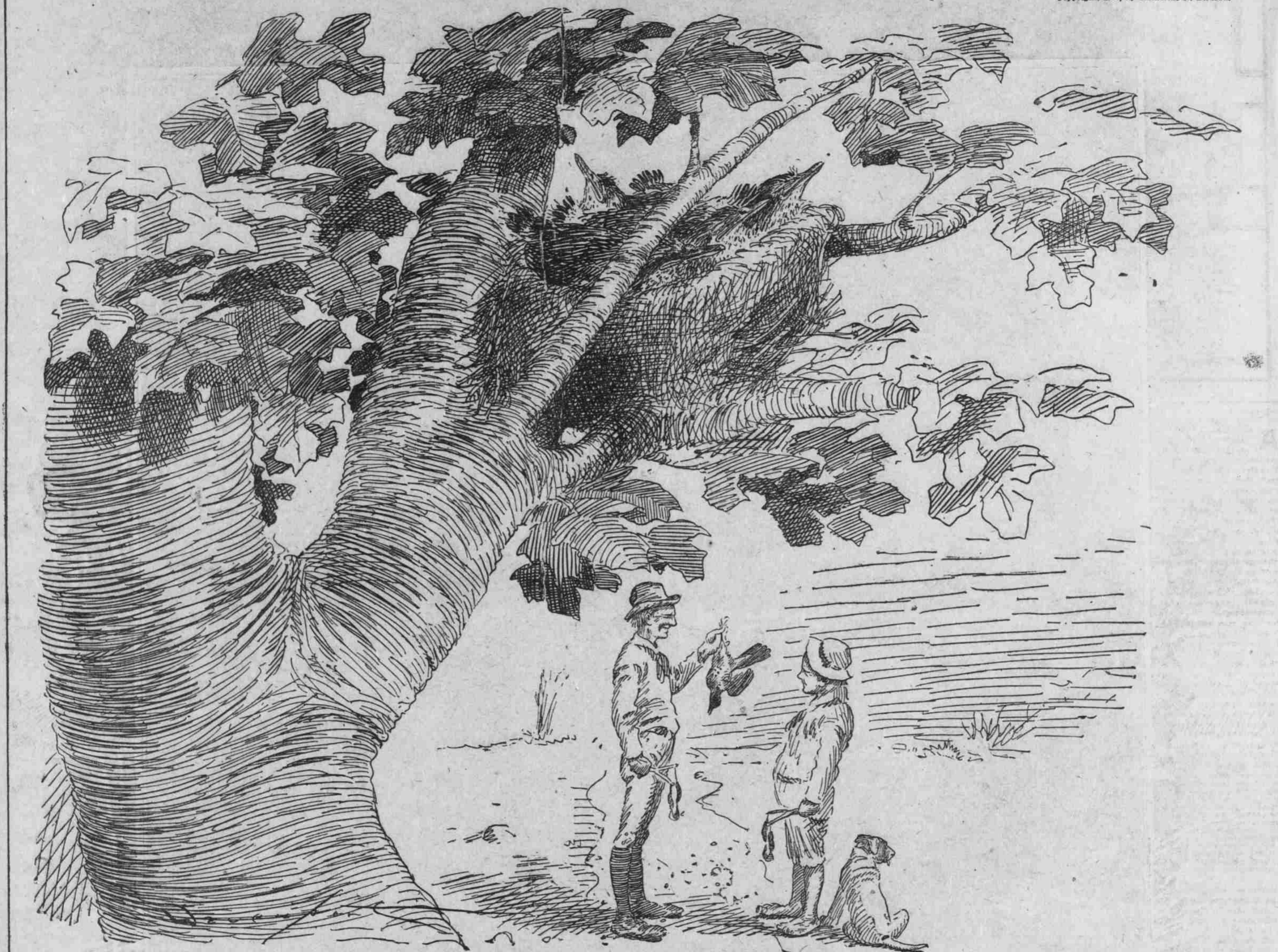


WOMER DAVENPORT PLEADS FOR ANIMALS TORTURED TO MAKE MAN'S PLEASURE

NO. VI.—CRUEL BUT THOUGHTLESS.

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There are few boys who haven't at some time in their lives robbed birds' nests. This does not mean that these boys are really cruel; that they kill and destroy with a desire to be inhuman. It of course means that they do not think. You cannot find a boy that would kill a robin with his slingshot if he knew that, somewhere, hidden away in a tree, there was a nest containing helpless young robins

dependent entirely on the mother bird. But you can find thousands of boys who would kill a robin or any other bird with a brand-new slingshot without stopping to think of just what it means. Boys like to hunt and kill mainly because they hear the hunting stories of their elders. These stories take them through a wilder age, where the heroes hunt and kill.

But there is no need to stop making slingshots and slingshots. Our boys can keep on using these good old "weapons" if we will only give them the proper training. I believe the most hardened bird-nest-robbing boy in New York would be reformed if he could spend a season with a man like John Burroughs. Such a naturalist as Mr. Burroughs could show the boy how diligently mother and father birds

work to build their nest and to rear their young and with what care they protect their nestlings. He could teach him to see the real beauty of the birds' life. To know well the difference in species of birds at once lessens the desire to kill. To see, year after year, the same bluebirds return to the same bird house to nest; to watch the orioles weave and lace their stocking-like

nests—if this is once taught and explained to a boy, even if he is an expert with a slingshot, the finer side of his nature will rule and he will have less desire to aim his boyish "weapon" at a feathered mark. Killing by boys, any way, is done for the most part to study the bird or animal at close range. It takes only a brief explanation to convince a boy that to kill a beautiful creature just to

see the few red feathers of his neck or the blue feathers of his wings is heartless as well as foolish selfishness. Reverse the process. Imagine the horror and sadness in the world if a certain kind of bird, just to tell whether boys had blue or brown eyes, killed children! You have, however, seen boys exhibiting with pride some beautiful little wild canary they killed as he sang on the backyard fence. They

were attracted first by this bird's beautiful song, next by his pretty plumage. They knew when they killed him that the song would stop, never to be heard again, but they wanted to examine his bright yellow breast at closer range. An hour's talk a week would stop boys from deprecations of this kind; they would awake to the fact that a life is a life.

THE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN

Sample of Old-Time Brutality Before Gentlemen Lent Presence to Prize Ring Crowds.

BY JOHN L. SULLIVAN.
With their valets, private secretaries, press agents, cooks, and so forth, don't know what we old-timers went through to pull off a fight. Take my fight with John Flood on a barge in the Hudson River as a bad sample of what we used to go up against. That was in 1881. The purse was \$750, under London prize ring rules, two-minute rests, and one-ounce gloves. All the New York crowd had Flood money and they had it framed for him to win, even to a fixed referee to make sure. Billy Madden was my manager, and he has often said he never expected to get off that barge alive. We wouldn't stand for the fixed referee, sticking out for Al Smith, and a fair show. We finally got Smith. Madden warned me to keep away from the ropes during the fight, because if I got within arm's reach of the tough crowd of Flood men I might get an eye gouged out with a cane by some of the thugs that lined the ring. Flood's strong play was to cripple his man by throwing him and giving him knee and elbow when he went down. Early in the fight Madden said to me, after Flood had made several tries to dump me over: "John, he can't throw you; why don't you give him the toss to the floor?" "Because," says I, "I want him to

know that I can lick him without throwing him." In the eighth round, when I had Flood going, the crowd started to cut the ropes, so as to make it easy to kick and gouge me to save their man, but Al Smith swore that if they cut into the ring he'd give the fight to me. Smith took his life in his hands in saying that, but it went, and I finished Mr. Flood. We managed to get home alive. **Hard Battle After a 20-Mile Walk.** Madden was one of my early friends. He was with me as manager one year, at the end of which I was champion; then me and Madden had a growl and we parted. He has followed the game from the bare knuckle days to the present time of takes. He was a fighter himself, and his first real battle was in the same ring at Bay St. Louis, Miss., where Joe Coburn, "the Irish lad," and Jim Mace, of England, fought in 1872. Just before the Coburn-Mace fight Madden reached New Orleans, broke, and tickets on the train out to the ring were selling at \$19 per. He was 15 years of age, and, determined to see the fight, he walked the 20 miles of muddy, rotten roads. When he got to the ring there was a collection taken up of \$125 for a fight between any two men present. Madden, at the end of his 20-mile walk, hungry and dirty, jumped into the ring. He was faced by Tom Hart, and Madden got down to business. Hart took an awful beating, and he was helpless, with

both eyes closed, when Jack Ford, a b-a-d man, who was in Hart's corner, took a hand. "You son of a gun," says Ford to Hart, pulling a big knife, "I've bet \$7 on you, and if you don't go in and lick that kid I'll cut your gizzard out." Hart couldn't obey orders, though, and Madden won. Of the purse of \$150 Madden got \$12.50, for they held out on him at the finish. **Phil Sheridan's Opinion of John L.** General Phil Sheridan once said to me that if I'd been along with him in the war he'd have made me a soldier worth while. "With a couple of troops of men like you on good horses," said the little General, "I'll guarantee to go anywhere and do anything." A Confederate Colonel I met in Louisville gave me the tip that if he had a couple of hundred men built on my plan in the war he'd guarantee to ride into Washington before getting stopped. I don't know anything about that kind of fighting, but it's your one best bet that if I was old enough to be in that war you'd see me come out with a record or I'd come out dead. But what's the use of that kind of scrapping. If the nations would agree to pick a dozen of their boxers to settle arguments with their fists you'd get just as much satisfaction and there wouldn't be half the damage done. With the right price of admission there would be money to fix up the

bloody noses, and we'd lick the world at that kind of a war. No, not any murder under the name of war for mine. I think any maker of firearms has murder in his heart. He supplies the means to made sudden death easy. I told a fellow who has all kinds of money made out of firearms that he ought to be ashamed to tell about how he got it. I told him that he had a lot to answer for because he'd made sudden death cheap and handy. He laughed good and hearty and I had a good mind to give him a poke. **Tribute to the Great Mike Kelly.** There are some great little men playing ball today and I haven't a knock for any of them, but there's never been a ball-player the equal of Mike Kelly, Lord have mercy on him. He could think quicker, make up baseball tricks faster and put more sugar into a game than any man that ever wore spikes. Mike was full of spunk, he could sing a song, tell a story, and although always earning big money he never had a dollar. Mike was with me when I fought John Donaldson in Cincinnati in 1888. There was only one chair in the place where the fight was pulled off and Donaldson sat on that, while I sat on the edge of a trunk. Kelly was puffing cigarette smoke in my face before the fight started and I roared at him. "Take that punk away or I'll begin on you." "You keep quiet and you'll get all the fighting you want, for Donaldson is

going to hammer some manners into you right away," says Mike. He didn't think that, nor want it to come out that way, for all his money was on me, and if I lost he'd have to walk to Chicago. I got \$108 for licking Donaldson the day before Christmas, and the next day when we got a Christmas present in the shape of an arrest, Mike went to work spending all the money he'd made on the fight trying to square up with the law. I could talk all day about Kelly, "the \$10,000 beauty," whose baseball shoes ain't ever going to be filled. Anson, I understand, has been knocking Kelly, now that he is dead and can't talk back, but Kelly had a good deal to do with making Anson, and he did it while the Chicago club was paying Mike about one-tenth what he was worth. **For Mystery and the Bass Drum.** One of the men who worked overtime trying to find some man to wallop me was one R. K. Fox. If I told all the things he tried to hand me it would fill a book. At the Paddy Ryan fight Billy Harding burned up a basketful of Fox's money betting on Ryan, and Red Leary, Jimmy Hope and some more gents of easy money who were present and saw the blaze, were surprised that Fox could do so foolish a thing. For quite a stretch while on the big tour I was always looking for some new candidate Fox was going to shove forward to try to get the \$100 I hung up for any candidate who could stay a few rounds with me. Every candidate that

wore the Fox label "got his" swift and hearty as soon as I could lay a glove on him right. At Galveston, Texas, when Al Marx tried for the \$1000 I sided him as a Fox come-on, and when we met in the Tremont Opera House I got up steam for him. We were going about a minute when I swung on his neck. He went over the footlights kerplunk and smash into the bass drum. He didn't come out of the trance for 10 minutes, and it was thought the clout had killed him. They made Frank Moran, my manager, pay \$24 for the smashing of the drum. But after all, Richard K. Fox did a lot to help boxing, and never had any use for four-flushers. He started in when things were on the level and he hasn't learned the new way. I am glad to say this of a man who certainly went the limit to drive a lot of spikes into my coffin. (Copyright, 1907, by John L. Sullivan.) **Mock Funeral Figures in Ducal Sait** London Cable Dispatch in New York Times. A sensational and, perhaps, very important statement relating to the claim of George Hollamby Druce to the title and estates of the fifth Duke of Portland has just been made by Robert Caldwell, of New York City. If an English jury can be convinced that Caldwell's statement is true, it will go a long way toward making good the claimant's case. Druce's claim is based on the allegation that Thomas Charles Druce, who owned and conducted, from 1836 to 1864, what was known as the Baker-Street Bazar,

was none other than the fifth Duke of Portland. Mr. Caldwell declares that he knows that Thomas Charles Druce and the fifth Duke of Portland were the same man. He knew the Duke personally and associated with him, both at Welbeck Abbey, his ducal home, and at the Baker-Street Bazar, where he figured as Mr. Druce. The Duke, being determined to rid himself and the world of Mr. Druce," says Caldwell, "arranged the plans and procured me to carry them out in part. The Duke arranged that it be given out that Druce had died, and that a funeral be held next day from the Bazar. There was a hearse and a great many carriages. I should even say 50, which appeared to be occupied by several from the house in Baker street and some from Welbeck Abbey. Under instructions from the Duke, I bought the contents of the coffin, which consisted of several sheets of lead, held in place by screws. The lead was placed in the coffin by myself and a very old man in the Duke's employ in Baker street. **Lighting at Her Finger-Tips.** Wilmington, Delaware Dispatch to the Philadelphia Press. Striking shears with which she was cleaning her finger nails and breaking them in three pieces, lighting played another of his peculiar pranks upon Miss Mary Hinworth, of Newport, near here, who is employed in a department store in this city. Although the shears were knocked against the opposite wall, the young woman was uninjured.