

DAVENPORT PLEADS FOR ANIMALS TORTURED TO MAKE MAN'S PLEASURE

II. NOT HARD TO SHOOT TAME BIRDS.

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At least once a year we read in the papers cabled news of some member of royalty enjoying the slaughter of the beautiful pheasants which their gamekeepers have so tenderly reared during the previous spring. I remember once, when some offshoot of a certain king's family came to see him, he celebrated the occasion by a big hunt among the young pheasants that had just gotten their fine plumage. The dispatch read something like this:

"The king and his guest, Prince So-and-so, killed 700 pheasants to-day, and were so tired that they remained for the night at the king's country estate, at So-and-so. The king enjoyed the day and outshot his guest. It was the first shoot of the season and, considering the time of the year, the birds flew very well. The king and his guest will shoot grouse to-morrow."

that, you wonder if the fact that several hundred wounded birds crawl away to suffer for several days and finally die ever bothers the royal sportsman. The cartoon above doesn't show royalty killing pheasants; it shows our home folks indulging in the slaughter. A king may be excused for killing pheasants, for he has nothing else to do to keep him from stumbling into all sorts of ruts. But with any one else it's different. This man in the picture doesn't want birds for eating. He is suffering from indigestion, and possibly gout. Still, he is immensely pleased at the shot he has just made.

In it his desire merely to kill? No, he has a curiosity to see a beautiful creature suddenly fall from the air. A man in Oregon, whom I knew, was going on one occasion for a ten-mile drive, and some one remarked that he had better take a shotgun, as the young China pheasants were getting to be quite big. So he borrowed a gun. I went with him. We hadn't gone more than three miles when we saw, just over the fence, a fine covey of pheasants—father, mother and nine half-grown young ones.

The man climbed out of the carriage quietly and tiptoed alongside the fence to where the blackberry bushes were thicker. Then, resting his gun on the fence, he took good aim. But he didn't fire, and I asked him why not. He replied in a whisper that he was waiting until he could get more of the pheasants together. While he was waiting the male pheasant, as beautiful a specimen as you ever saw, picked a grub from the ground and, with a low note, called some of his

round the proud glittering pheasant young near and as they bunched cock the man with the gun prepared to pull the trigger. The next moment his dyspepsia gave him a twinge of pain, he paused, let the hammers down on his gun and walked back to the buggy, some of the pheasants flying away and the rest running off across the field.

When I asked him why he didn't shoot, he said: "Why should I have killed and crippled that beautiful family? I saw they were enjoying life even more than we, as they were not bothered with dyspepsia, and I didn't believe I had any right to inflict wanton pain on such beautiful, harmless creatures."

Jolts From John L.

Boxers who are in the ring to-day with the valets, private secretaries, press agents, cooks, 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 many tries to dump me over: "John, he can't throw you; why don't you give him a toss to the floor?" "Because," says I, "I want him to know that I can lick him without throwing him."

In the sixth 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. **MADDEN'S 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 he and Madden had a growl and we parted. He has followed the game from the bare knuckle days to the present time of fakes. He was a fighter himself, and his first battle was in the ring at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, where Joe Coburn, "the Irish

lad," and Jem 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-side were selling at \$10 per. He was 19 years of age, and determined to see the fight, he walked the 20 miles of muddy, rotten roads. When he got to the ring-side, there was a collection taken up of \$120 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 \$120 Madden got \$12.50, for they held out on him at the finish. **WHAT GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN THOUGHT OF JOHN L.** Gen. Phil Sheridan once said that if I'd been along with him in the war, he'd made me a soldier worth while. "With a couple of troops of men like you on good horses," said the little general, "I'd 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 make 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 made sudden death cheap and handy. He laughed good and hearty and I had a good mind to give him a poke. **A TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT MOKE KELLY, THE BALL PLAYER.** There are some great little men playing ball to-day, 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 ginger 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 earning big money, he never had a dollar. Mike was with me when I fought John Donaldson in Cincinnati in 1880. 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. "You keep quiet and you'll get all the fighting you want, for Donaldson is going to hammer some manners into you right away," said 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 \$198 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 us with the law. I could talk 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. **THE FOX MYSTERY AND THE BUSTED 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 gens 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 \$1,000 I hung up for any candidate who could stay a few rounds with me. Every candidate that wore the Fox label got big swift and hearty as soon as I could lay a glove on his right. At Galveston, Texas, when Al Marx tried for the \$1,000, I sized 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.



DEATH TRAP LAUNCHES.

Naval Craft Called Unsafe—Lesson of Hampton Roads Calamity. The Navy. Launches like that of the Minnesota which was lost in Hampton Roads on the night of June 11, with the eleven officers and men aboard of her, are a disgrace to a modern navy. There has been talk of the air tanks capable of keeping these boats afloat in case of injury to the hull, but naval officers know well that these tanks are wholly insufficient. Several launches of this type, with which all our large warships are supplied, have sunk in broad daylight after bumping into target rats. They are safe as long as nothing happens to them—no longer. They are practically open boats, carrying a heavy load of machinery. They are covered with a tightly secured canvas top, fastened to a domed metal frame, and there is a narrow opening on each side by way of entrance to the passenger compartment; the engine space is usually completely housed in, and the man at the wheel, in front, has a scanty and inadequate hole in the canvas covering through which to lay his course. These boats are mere death traps when they receive serious injury. Their passengers and crew are in a canvas and iron cage, from which they have

not one chance in a thousand of escaping if the boat sinks. No other navy puts its men, or even its full dressed officers, into such snares. At Hampton Roads last month the British, German, Japanese and Austrian launches were boats with high, thin bows, fit for dealing with a sea. They were decked over for at least two-thirds of their length toward the stern, and the passenger space, instead of being a box, was an open place protected from spray by a buggy top awning folding forward, and easily put out of the way of passengers.

What Mary Said. Putnam's Magazine. Judge Brewer cites a striking example of the sort of spoke which the trieraster can insert in the wheels of justice.

A witness testified in a certain case that a person named Mary was present when a particular conversation took place, and the question was asked: "What did Mary say?" This was objected to and after some discussion the Judge ruled out the question. An exception to this decision was immediately taken, and on appeal the higher court reversed the verdict and ordered a new trial on the ground that the question should have been answered. At the second trial the same inquiry was propounded and elicited the information that Mary said nothing.

DEATH IN A NEW CRUISE.

Schemes That Landed a Hungarian Judge in Town Jail. Fall Mail Gazette. In a little village on the Hungarian frontier, not far from Pressburg, a peasant woman recently received 400 kronen (\$17) from her husband in America.

She promptly deposited it in the local branch of the Post Office Savings Bank, and then the next day went to withdraw the whole amount. The bank official was some what surprised, and asked for an explanation when she said that Death had appeared to her during the night and threatened to take her away with him unless she had the 400 crowns ready for him the next night.

The gendarmier were communicated with, and when "Death" made his promised appearance he was found to be very much alive, in the person of the local Judge.

CATARH AND CATARRHAL HEAD-ACHES.

are quickly relieved by Nosen's. It soothes the congested membranes, allays inflammation and thoroughly cleanses. It keeps moist all the passages whose tendency is to thicken and become dry. Cures colds, throat troubles, hoarseness, hay fever, "stopped" nose, breathing through mouth while sleeping, offensive breath, etc. It is antiseptic and contains no chemicals or drugs having a narcotic effect or that can cause the "drug habit." W. L. Scott & Co., Inc., 501 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo. **WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.** J. A. Brogdon, of the National Sign Co., Dayton, Ohio, writes under date of Oct. 12, 1906: "Nosen's is the only preparation I have ever used that relieves my affection so speedily and pleasantly. I am getting the first real pleasure out of breathing that I have experienced since I contracted catarrh six years ago. Money would not buy my tube of Nosen's if I could not get another." Buy Nosen's from W. L. Hand, Inc., 501 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo. Sample tube and booklet by mail 10 cents. **BROGDON MANUFACTURING CO.,** St. Louis, Mo., and Greenville, Tenn.

The woman's money, adds our Vienna correspondent who send the story, is still in the bank and the Judge is in jail.

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