

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

A Peep Into the World of Base Ball, Racing, of Bowling and Athletic Sports Generally

HOCKEY

THE WANDERERS' RETURN.

Players Arrived From the West Yesterday in Good Shape.

The Wanderers returned from their trip to the west yesterday, but there were no new faces in the party that stepped from the train at the Windsor station.

Many of the players complained of feeling slightly sore as a result of the games they had come through, and Glass carries a decoration over his eye as a memento of a collision with the puck in one of the fixtures with the Maple Leafs. Walter Smalls, also, has an injured nose.

Bruce Stuart is suffering from the effects of a kick with a skate just below the knee, received in the last game, but one of the series. The injury will keep him out of the game for a few days.

Except for feeling a bit travel-worn Arthur Ross appears to be in the best of shape. He expressed himself as thoroughly pleased with the result of the trip, and would say nothing of new players coming from the west, although he admitted that such a player as Tom Hooper of Kenora, would be just the man to fit on the Wanderer defence.

Ross has a funny story to tell of the second game with the Maple Leafs. The Wanderers were leading by 5 to 2, but the second half seemed to drag on interminably and the Maple Leafs, who were comparatively fresh, were able to tie the score before the bell sounded for full time.

Then it was discovered that the game had gone twenty minutes over the hour. The whole thing was laughed off as a joke, however, especially when it was found that the Wanderers had neglected to appoint a time-keeper at the commencement of the game.

The trip was a success financially.

THE RING

Fries had to separate them. Jeffries' decision was received with approval. There came near being no fight, owing to the fact that Moran was two ounces over weight. Attell had to be paid \$250 for this overweight, before he would consent to go into the ring. Moran's manager stated that the Englishman had found it extremely difficult to get down to weight.

COLMA, Arena, San Francisco, January 2.—Owen Moran, champion feather-weight of England, fought twenty-five rounds to a draw yesterday with Abe Attell, champion of America. Moran was strong and aggressive, quick as a flash, and kept after Attell all the time. Attell had plenty of opportunity to show his cleverness in keeping away from the rushes of the Briton.

Attell's punches seemed to lack force, and he found it difficult to land a blow on a vital spot. Moran's eye was blackened, and his nose bled, but punishing blows to the stomach and swings to the jaw were lacking. Moran's plan was to lead with either right or left and then close in. In the clinches he fought audaciously, but he did not do Attell much harm.

The final round was most exciting. Moran seemed to take on new vigor, and with head down he went at Attell, swinging rights and lefts. When the gong rang for the close, both men kept on fighting fiercely. Referee Jai-and at eleven o'clock this morning he was compelled to do two miles of vigorous road work. While interesting the fight was not particularly exciting, standard of a championship contest, and it did not come up to the between 7,000 and 8,000 persons witnessed it.

Referee Jeffries said that the fight was so close that he found it impossible to decide in favor of either man. He thought Attell had slightly the better on points, but not enough to justify a decision in his favor.

No match in years between small fighters aroused so tremendous an interest locally as the contest, and despite the many counter-attractions, the attendance was a record breaker for a fight of this character.

Moran arrived from San Rafael yesterday at nine o'clock, and immediately sought quarters close to the arena where he remained until weighing-in time. Attell was also early on the grounds, and advised his friends to wager their money on him.

Betting on the outcome continued brisk all morning. The seconds of the fighters were announced as follows:—For Attell: Battling Nelson, Kid Farmer, Mante and Catsar Attell. For Moran: Alf Wicks, Tiv Creling and Jim Kelly.

Although the sun shone brightly, Manager Cofforth covered the huge Colma arena with canvas. At two o'clock the canvas was entirely spread over the arena thoroughly protecting the spectators and photographers from the sun and cool air. At 1.50 o'clock every seat in the arena was taken, and many women were in attendance.

At 2.15 o'clock the preliminary was over, word was sent to Moran and Attell to come to the ring. At 2.30 o'clock the amphitheatre was filled to overflowing, and many of the gallery seat holders were forced down to the body of the structure by the crowd, which continued to pore in from the rear entrances.

Bets were then made at 100 to 60 that Attell would win inside of fifteen rounds.

Moran was first presented to the crowd by Announcer Jordan, as the "English crack-a-lack and champion." He was wildly applauded. Attell was introduced as the "cleverest boy in the world, and America's feather-weight champion." Attell was freely cheered. Tommy O'Toole, of Phila-

delphia, wired a challenge to the winner, as did also Spider Morrissey. Ed. Kelly, of Buffalo, jumped into the ring with a challenge to Attell. Several other minor fights also challenged the winner.

The principals, after Referee Jeffries had been presented, posed for the photographer. Time was called at 2.52 o'clock.

MISCELLANEOUS

RESOLUTIONS BY FAMOUS MEN. What the Stars in the Sporting Firmament Intend To Do.

The New York American prints the following New Year's resolution by famous men:

"Jes' while the resolvin' am good Ah'm goin' to resolve to dog dat Burns man's steps till Ah co'nah him on the tip toe of the noath pole an' jes' foace him to fight."—JACK JOHNSON.

"I am firmly resolved to get around as many dollars as I can. It may be that Rockefeller is getting jealous but you simply can't keep us moneyed men down. A prosperous New Year to myself."—TOMMY BURNS.

"Resolved that the louder these promoting fanatics holler the closer will I stick to the old armchair by the fireplace. Jawn Lawrence Sullivan and the rest of them notwithstanding. Step into my Wine of Wizardry Palace and hear my new cash register jingle. Greatest chimes you ever heard."—JIM JEFFRIES.

"Resolved that if Colin is ever beaten, I will start the bird that will do it. Just been shooting around the barnyard where Jimmy Rowe has the babies sunning each day, and Jim told your Uncle Jim that he's got Colin coppered with one of those little tykes. Great!"—JIM KEENE.

"Resolved, absolutely. That if I ever get out of this jockey game I will eat myself black in the face. Here I am with more money each year than Teddy gets, and they won't let me buy myself a cream puff. Got to eat cotton and marshmallows to keep down to weight. I like the money, but I'd like the square meal better."—MARVELOUS WALTER MILLER.

"Seeing that resolutions are the proper caper, I'm going to dip in myself. Bought a farm and have discovered a fountain of perpetual youth back of the cherry orchard. Drank a gallon yesterday, and this morning found that my hair had reappeared on the scene, and I look like Buffalo Bill. Creaking has disappeared from these old joints and I feel thirty years younger. Am resolved to be a boy again, and am going to re-enter the ring, and make some of the present holders of my three titles climb a rope. Just bought myself a goat."—BOB FITZSIMMONS.

"Resolved to get that pennant this year or break the flag pole in the attempt. I'm going on the line and do the Comanche morning, noon and night. You won't hear that cry this year, of where is Mugsey? Why isn't he on the firing line? They'll go back to the old one of 'Call a cop and throw Mugsey out of the lot. Can't please them all unless you win the bunting, and that's me.'—JOHN MCGRAW.

"You know my resolution—get off in front and stay there. Those close finishes spoil the disposition. It takes a winter on the ranch to smooth things out. Watch our smoke this brand new year."—CLARK GRIFFITH.

"Say for Willus Squires that he's bound that he's a champion and will be yet. I'm young, and all the live ones will die off in time. Then I can step in and cop. Being a champ in Australia and being one in America isn't quite the same, still I hope isn't quite the same, still I'm the hopeful Henry of the lot, and I'll win a fight yet."—BILL SQUIRES.

"Hit's habout toime that we Hinglish fellows got into the loimelight. Since Hi' ad the 'onor of learning that the blooming Yankee beat my Gunner, I've resolved to teach the rising generation a bit 'o the steps an' looks meself. Never moind where Hi' learned hit. Guess you fellows forgot that Johnnie Sullivan came hover from Hamerica once and showed me a couple. Hi' made 'im promise never to tell, but we 'ad the mitts on back of the old castle, and Sully said Hi was a bit of a mixer."—EDWARD, KING OF ENGLAND.

"Haint goin' to resolve hat hall Hi' ham mad clear through."—GUNNER MOIR.

"Me neither."—JIMMY BRITT.

"What the use? They won't believe me."—JACK O'BRIEN.

BIRDS AND BEASTS IN UPROAR

(New York Herald.)

Spectators at the Sportsmen's Show at the Grand Central Palace yesterday were treated to unscheduled performances by Ibides, a beaver, waterfowl and a bear. The Ibides began it. Seven of them escaped while the crate containing them was being opened and flew to all parts of the building, snatching in flight. One swooped in and out among the musicians, who played all sorts of weird

discords, while dodging the flapping wings.

While the crowd was laughing at the ludicrous and exciting bird chase, the beaver in the centre of the room decided to change his quarters, and slipped out of his small private pond into the main pool, where wild fowl and swans were serenely preening themselves. Bedlam immediately broke loose, and there was a grand chorus of honks, squawks and cackles.

While the riot among the water fowl was at its height, Clem, a black bear from New Brunswick, weighing three hundred pounds, tugged so hard at his chain that he broke the links. He climbed over the frail barrier that enclosed him, and sauntered into the art exhibit. The exhibitors beat a hasty retreat. Clem took exception to some of the works of art and tore them from the wall. His keeper corralled him after a tussle. One of the deer also escaped during the turmoil, but was recaptured without trouble. One Ibides is still floating around the upper galleries.

A BOY PADEREWSKI.

Little Fellow who has Astonished London.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—A sensation was created yesterday at the London Symphony Orchestra concert at Queen's hall, by Ernest Lengyel Von Bagots, a pianist of fourteen years of age. The boy is a protegee of Dr. Richter, who conducted, and his performance was remarkable.

Dr. Richter chose for his protegee, who will in the future be known merely as Bagots, the exerting Liszt concerto in E-flat to play first, which speaks for the dauntlessness of the boy's age. The massive chords and brilliant octave passages which open the concerto made every member in the audience literally and figuratively "sit up." It was the touch and grip of a man.

After his second solo—Bach's difficult chromatic fantasia—a vain attempt was made on the part of the enraptured audience to make the boy play again, but, although called some seven or eight times to the platform he did not comply.

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If the stomach is upset, tongue coated with white fur, and no appetite—you have Kidney Disease.

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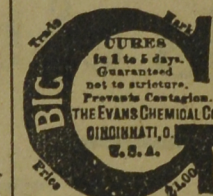
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