

HOW JOHNSON TRAINS FOR MILL

Colored Champion Has Laid Out Strenuous Schedule.

BOXES TWELVE ROUNDS DAILY

Negro Encourages Rough Work From His Sparring Partners—Has Tom Flanagan Helping Him, but "Jack Johnson" Is His Trainer.

By TOMMY CLARK.

Jack Johnson's adherents are breathing easy now that the colored champion has begun earnest training for his mill with Jeffries at Ocean Beach, near San Francisco. Johnson has outlined a schedule which he intends to follow strictly from now on until a week or so before the big fight. According to the colored champion, it will be all work at his camp. Johnson has declared that he has a real respect for the routine training formalities and that he will not prepare in the haphazard fashion that bids fair to characterize Camp Jeffries at Rowdennan.

Johnson is a stickler for doing one thing at a certain hour each day. On the other hand, Jeffries, while working hard and faithfully, follows a plan that allows him to do practically what he feels like. The wisdom of the daily sameness of Johnson's plan or the wide range in Jeffries' work will not be known until Independence day.

Johnson's program provides for a daily rising time of 6 o'clock. He then dons spike shoes and runs or walks ten miles over the roads as a starter, accompanied by two trainers. Then come the rubbers, who work over the negro while the morning meal is being prepared. At 7:30 o'clock breakfast will be served.

Having enjoyed his possum and beverage, which incidentally is not served in a bucket, Johnson tests the country's automobile speed laws. A spin around San Francisco in a motorcar is calculated to aid the digestion of the day's first meal. A visit to the gymnasium is billed for 10 o'clock. Here the usual bag punching, shadow boxing, medicine ball drill and other stunts are enacted. A rest follows, and then Johnson assaults the midday efforts of his cooks.

Another rest is taken after dinner, followed by the real work of the day. At 3 o'clock Johnson begins boxing. The negro boxes twelve rounds daily. These bouts are the real article without the posing of the vaudeville stage. Rough work is encouraged. Another spin in the ever ready automobile, supper and an orchestral entertainment



JOHNSON FEEDING HIS MASCOT.

by the camp's talent completes the routine. At 10 o'clock Johnson is tucked away in his little crib.

Tom Flanagan, the old trainer of pedestrians, bicycle riders and fighters, is conditioning him. While Flanagan is in charge of his road work, the colored champion has made it clear that "Jack Johnson" will be his trainer.

Joe Rogers, the wrestler, is helping him train. Rogers, who commonly is known as the American Apollo, is one of the biggest men in the country. He weighs close to 300 pounds and is fairly active for his weight. Besides being a good mat artist, Rogers can go a few with the gloves, and Johnson believes the big fellow will do him a lot of good.

Kid Cotton, Joe Choynski's protege, and Monte Cutler, who has been Jack's sparring partner in his theatrical work, are his other sparring partners. All of his training partners weigh over 190 pounds, and they are young, strong fellows.

After Her.

"Darling," said the count, "I have loved you from the moment I first feasted my eyes upon you."

"It is very kind of you to say so," replied the daughter of the American millionaire, "but I am compelled to inform you that I wouldn't give 10 cents to become a countess."

"Well, please don't engage yourself to anybody else until I can communicate with my brother, who is a marquis. We must get you into our family somehow."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE NEEDY FAR AWAY.

With a Word About the Man Just Around the Corner.

On a certain Sunday last fall I attended the morning service of a village church in an eastern state. At the close of the sermon—a helpful sermon—the pastor reminded his congregation of the barrel of clothing regularly sent at this time to the poor of a city some fifty miles away.

I was just a bit startled, because I have been accustomed to hear city pastors remind their congregations of barrels to be sent to the poor of villages. It had not occurred to me that villages might be concerned about the poor in cities. I knew, of course, that cities whose churches are sending barrels to villages have their own desperately poor always with them, and I was in a position to know that this village whose church was preparing a barrel also had its proportion of sadly reduced families.

The situation struck me somehow as incongruous, illogical, out of gear. Why should good people in the cities distress themselves about suffering in the villages and good people in the villages distress themselves about suffering in the cities and both apparently feel little distress about the suffering right at their very doors—both apparently be more concerned about the distress of a stranger whom they have not seen than they are about the suffering of a neighbor whom they know?

Are warm-hearted, helpfully inclined people more distressed by suffering a thousand miles, fifty miles, away than they are by suffering around the corner? I could not seem to get an answer to this query until I turned it on myself. Is it true of me? Am I more distressed, am I more strongly appealed to, by remote suffering?

Well, it's unselfish and good for us to think of others. Yes, but that poor devil right around the corner! Oh, he might not like it! He may be proud, and, besides, he does not seem so badly off. At any rate, he got himself where he is, and he will be stronger and have more self respect to dig his own way out.

True enough! And that other poor devil fifty miles away? Oh, that's different—terribly pathetic case!

What makes it so different?—Erman J. Ridgway in Delineator.

His Punishment.

Colley Cibber, known for some years by the name of Master Colley, made his first appearance on the stage in a very subordinate situation. After waiting impatiently for the prompter's notice he by good fortune obtained the honor of carrying a message on the stage to one of the principal actors of that day, whom he greatly disconcerted by his awkwardness.

Betterton in anger inquired who it was that had committed such a blunder. Drones, the prompter, replied:

"Master Colley."

"Then fine him," rejoined Betterton.

"Why, sir, he has no salary!"

"No? Then put him down 10 shillings a week and fine him 5."

To this good natured adjustment of rewards and punishments Cibber owed the first money he received from the dramatic treasury.

Florence Nightingale's Real Name.

The family name of Florence Nightingale was not originally Nightingale, but Shore. Her father was a rich Sheffield banker of the name of Shore and connected with an old family which had been in possession of land in the counties of Derby and York since the fifteenth century. Mr. Shore assumed the name of Nightingale long after the birth of his children and because he inherited the fortune and estates of his mother's uncle. There were but two children in the family, both girls. The eldest was named Parthenos, because she was born in Athens, and this name was supposed to indicate her father's profound admiration for the Parthenon. The younger, Florence, was also named after the city of her birth.

The Turkey.

The turkey, rather than the eagle, is the real American bird. Eagles are found all over the world, but the turkey is a foreigner everywhere else except in America, his native home. The wild turkey of America is the progenitor of all the turkeys in the world. In North America, Mexico and Honduras the turkey was found in great numbers by the white men, but in South America the bird is unknown. Scientists are agreed that the turkey resides outside of his continent only as an immigrant, and that his native home must be sought somewhere north of the isthmus of Panama.—Aronaut.

GO TCH TO TAKE ON ZBYSCO.

Champion Wrestler and Pole to Meet in Finish Bout.

FOREIGNER GIANT IN STATURE

Weights 270 Pounds and Is Five Feet Eleven Inches Tall—Has Defeated Every Wrestler of Note Since His Arrival in This Country.

What promises to be one of the greatest wrestling contests ever held in this country is now in order. Frank Gotch, the world's champion, has agreed to take on Zbyesco, "the terrible Pole," for a bout to a finish in Chicago May 30. The contest between the pair



MAT ARTISTS WHO ARE TO WRESTLE FOR TITLE AND CHAMPION GO TCH IN ACTION.

is attracting widespread attention and should result in one of the best ever staged. The two wrestled in Buffalo last fall, but Gotch was unable to earn a victory over Zbyesco.

Since that meeting the Pole has had the championship bee buzzing in his bonnet. He has made a systematic campaign in the west, beating all comers. Zbyesco is in excellent shape and will take on a few preliminary bouts before his meeting with Gotch.

The Pole is a giant in stature. He really has every appearance of the professional strong man. He has got his knowledge of the wrestling game in the last ten years. He is twenty-seven years old, weighs 270 pounds in wrestling togs and is five feet eleven inches tall. His neck is 22 inches round, his chest 55 inches, waist 42 inches, upper arm 22 inches, forearm 18 inches, wrist 13 inches, biceps 31 inches and calf 19 1/2 inches.

Zbyesco's real name is Stanislaus Cganiewicz, and any one trying to pronounce that name twice in one day will realize at once that the wrestler did a humane act when he adopted Zbyesco as his professional name. He is without question the best wrestler Europe has sent to these shores since Hackenschmidt's time.

Zbyesco's most important matches have been at the Greco-Roman style, but since the assurance from Gotch that he may have a chance at the catch-as-catch-can style the foreigner has been daily familiarizing himself with the fine points of the take-a-hold-anywhere style. His bulk and tremendous strength alone would make him a hard man to beat. He adheres to a strict physical culture daily program and wastes none of his strength in dissipation of any kind. His endurance has never been really tested, for he has always won his bouts in fast time. Since his arrival in the country a little over a year ago Zbyesco has met and defeated every wrestler of note in the United States. Now he believes he is capable of beating Frank Gotch. Zbyesco has never been defeated.

Gotch is in excellent shape and has been meeting all comers for the past four months. He will prepare himself for his coming match with Zbyesco at Jim Jeffries' training camp at Ben Lomond. The champion is confident that he will defeat the Pole, but not until after a hard struggle.

Beckley Out of League Baseball.

"Old Eagle Eye" Jake Beckley has passed out of league baseball after a continuous service of more than twenty-three years. The veteran first baseman was given his unconditional release by Danny Shay, manager of the Kansas City American association team.

Beckley took his release philosophically. He says he will remain in Kansas City and possibly play with a semi-professional team.

Beckley is forty-eight years old, and for twenty years, until 1906, he played in the major leagues. His last year was with the St. Louis National league team in 1906. In 1907 he joined the American association team and that year led the league in batting, hitting .338.

Jennings Wants Kleinow.

Hughy Jennings, it is said, wants to get Jack Kleinow from New York. What Jennings wants to do with the veteran is not apparent. Still, Jack ought to have a lot of good baseball left at that.

Arguing With Umps a Waste of Time.

Ball players who bother their heads about the decisions of umpires belong to the "solid ivory" class.

UMPIRES BELIEVE WHAT CLYDE MILAN SAYS.

Clyde Milan, the Washington American's clever outfielder, is one of the few players in whom the umpire have implicit confidence. This was illustrated in the sixth inning of a recent game with New York. Milan was barely touched by a pitched ball and ran down to first. The New York players protested. Evans called Milan back to the plate, and, thinking that Evans was not going to allow his claim of having been hit, Milan started to pick up his bat.

"Did that ball hit you, Clyde?" inquired Umpire Evans.

"Yes; it just touched my shirt," was the reply.

"Well, then, take your base," ordered Evans.

JEFF CAN'T COME BACK.

So Says Billy Delaney, His Old Manager.

Billy Delaney, the veteran manager and the man who made Jeffries the heavyweight champion of the world, does not believe that the big fellow can come back. Although he has not seen Jeffries in his recent workouts, he has watched his movements very closely since the former champion started out on his theatrical tour, and now Delaney has about come to the conclusion that Jeff has bitten off a larger hunk than he can chew.

"Those severe sweating spells are bad for the big fellow, and, in my opinion, they show signs of internal weakness," said Delaney. "Jeffries never can come back and fight if he stiffens up and sweats, falls to respond to rubbing and treatment, as they tell me he does. It's too much to think that a man of his build can stay out of the game for five years and then expect to come on and regain his lost speed. I may be mistaken, but I have had forty years of experience with the best of them, and I can't see where Jeff is an exception.

"This statement coming from me may not be taken seriously by men who know that Jeff and I have split up, but nevertheless I am giving my candid opinion of the big fellow. When I had him he was like a bull, and he never stiffened up. His perspiration was natural, and his excess weight always came off slowly, but surely. He never worried while in training camp. He was a hard man to manage, but what I said generally went, although I used to have many a tough old time trying to make him do as I wanted.

"I have not seen Jeff in training, and I don't want to. We have parted forever."

WELSH FEELS CONFIDENT.

Britain Believes He Will Have No Trouble Defeating McFarland.

Freddie Welsh, England's lightweight champion, is so confident of defeating Paakey McFarland of Chicago at the National Sporting club of London the night of May 30 that he has announced his intention of meeting young Josephs, the British welterweight champion, in a bout for the latter's title. As a matter of fact Welsh has already laid claim to the welterweight title for the reason that he whipped Josephs in eleven rounds at Mountain Ash, in Wales, last July. Josephs was not the welterweight champion at that time, and, besides, Welsh won on a foul. Since then Josephs has beaten the recognized title holder, while Welsh has secured clear right to be called lightweight champion, having received Lord Lonsdale's belt.

FUTURE SPORT EVENTS

Syracuse crews will go to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 9.

The annual New York shoot will be held in Syracuse, N. Y., June 7 to 10.

An agreement has been entered into between the Amateur Rowing association of England and the Russian Rowing association.

Cincinnati will have a regatta, including motorboat races, on the Ohio river this summer. Prizes of \$2,000 will be given for the motor races.

Nat Butler, the old bicycle racer, will make his first appearance as a professional aviator at the big meet to be held at Atlantic City from June 30 to July 10.

The Harlem regatta committee of New York city has appointed a committee to arrange the handicaps for a senior single sculls handicap event over a one and one-quarter mile course for the May 30 regatta. The scullers will be given a time handicap.

FORTUNES WILL BE BET ON BIG MILL.

As a betting proposition the forthcoming fight between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson will probably be without equal in the history of the sporting world. Counting the wagers that are being made in this country, as well as the hundreds of thousands of dollars that will be staked on the outcome in other quarters of the globe, it is estimated that between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000 all told will change hands.

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Fox's Wit.

The following is one of the many stories told about Charles James Fox, the English statesman and orator:

Mr. Hare, envoy to the court of Poland, occupied rooms in the statesman's "diggings." He was a great personal friend and indeed a man of very similar tastes. They were each the objects of continual inquiry on the part of tradesmen and others. One day Fox, looking out of the upper window, descried two men watching the house and waiting. With a genial smile he shouted, "Pray, gentlemen, will you tell me, are you Fox hunting or Hare hunting today?"

The bailiffs were so tickled that they went away.

Treasure Trove.

Treasure trove is the description given to valuables, such as coin, gold or silver plate or bullion, found hidden in the ground or some private place, the owner being unknown. According to the Roman law, such treasure, if found by a man on his own land, belonged to the finder, but if found on the land of another was divided between the finder and the landowner. According to English law treasure trove belongs to the state, and concealment by the finder is an indictable offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment. If, however, the treasure is not actually covered by earth it belongs to the finder.

Why Two Ears Are Necessary.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being the greatest in the ear nearest to the source. This being the case, a person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite near him.

LATEST MEASUREMENTS OF JIM JEFFRIES.

The measurements taken of Jim Jeffries made recently by "Farmer" Burns are as follows:

Age	35
Weight	160 lbs., 6 feet 1 1/2
Height	228
Neck	18
Chest, normal	45
Chest, expanded	50 1/2
Waist	36
Thigh	17
Calf	15
Ankle	10
Biceps	16
Forearm	18
Wrist	8 1/2

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OILED THE RAILS.

The Way a Runaway Locomotive Was Conquered.

One dark night when a conductor was taking three passenger cars through to a town called Sunbury he noticed the headlight of a locomotive in his rear. He instantly informed the engineer of the fact, and both began to speculate what it meant. The train was running at a high speed, but the headlight in the rear was steadily gaining on them.

As no lights were displayed in the rear of the headlight, they concluded that it must be an empty engine.

The road twists in and out among the mountains and skirts the banks of the Susquehanna river in such a way as to permit any one looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance.

The conductor ordered the engineer to put on more steam, so the latter pulled the throttle wide open. Then followed a wild chase. Pursued and pursuer tore along at the highest speed. Everybody on the cars believed that the engineer of the pursuing engine was either drunk or crazy.

Finally a bright idea occurred to the passenger engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make but little progress on greasy rails. Accordingly the contents of two large cans of lard oil were poured on the track from the rear of the last passenger coach. The idea proved a good one. Soon the headlight of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance, and when it was safe to do so the train stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. An odd sight was revealed.

One of the finest engines on the road had broken away from the train shed at Williamsport and started down the track on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had baffled all the destructive ability that the locomotive possessed. There it stood, puffing and snorting and pawing like a wild steer, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like a flywheel in a machine shop, but moving hardly an inch.

Not a sign of engineer was found, and the fireman of the pursued train mounted the engine and shut her off. She was towed into Sunbury, and there a dispatch was found ordering the crew to a sidetrack out of the way of the runaway.—Harper's Weekly.

Luxury.

Though luxury is something which only fools go in for, the incidental crumbs thereof are what feed the multitude. It is proof that Providence doesn't wish the multitude to go hungry when fools with a knack for making money keep on being born. If all men were wise and luxury therefore a thing unknown we might still be fed after a fashion, but the sum total of happiness would be less. Nobody would be happier, except those few who have been permitted by trial to discover what a poor thing luxury is, while the rest of us, having nobody to envy, would be miserable.—Puck.