

# The Busy Bees

**W**E DO NOT question the meaning of the word "patriotism" these days when we are paying homage to the memories of the two outstanding figures in American history, Lincoln, the emancipator of the nation, and Washington, the father of his country, and glowing tributes are being sung on every side. The very sight of the Stars and Stripes, which are floating over most every public building, as well as many homes, demonstrating loyalty to Uncle Sam in his trying problem concerning the war, or the sound of the "Star Spangled Banner" gives us patriotic thrills such as we never before have experienced.

What comes to your mind when you hear the word patriot? Doubtless you think it is one who defends the rights of his country by physical force and you boys courageously picture yourselves uniformed in a khaki suit carrying a gun, while the little girls loyally consider the prospect of becoming Red Cross nurses.

A patriot, you say, is one who through unselfish love devotes himself to the welfare of his country. Very true indeed, but there is another kind of patriot of a far nobler type and much more suitable and optimistic for the Busy Bees to think about, and that is the one who makes life worth living, the boy or girl with true moral courage.

That patriotism which permeates and prompts little boys and girls to deeds of service in the commonplace happenings of life, in the home, in the school, and in your cities, is after all, the desirable type which accomplishes the greatest good for one's country and fellowmen.

Proper conduct on the street, for example, is one way of meeting your responsibilities, for there are duties to be fulfilled even there. Do you always make way for the poor person, the feeble old man, the woman with a child in her arms, the cripple with crutches and the family in mourning?

Tagore, the noted poet from India, who has just visited our shores, said the only fault he had to find with American children was that they were not polite. Can we afford to let a foreigner gain that false impression of us and our country to carry back with him to the Indian children? Perhaps some little children laughed at his native costume or his customs instead of showing the utmost respect for so great a man.

The prize story for last week was won by Vera Frances Bradley, of the Blue Side, and Tillie Krambeck and Augusta Stephens, both of the Blue Side, won honorable mention. Interesting letters, which could not be printed because of lack of space, were received from Ruby Petersen, Charlotte Tomlinson, Helen John, Lucille John, Ruth Markey, Glen Kruger, Emma Hiebert, Dorothy Tomlinson, Blanche Ringer, Mamie Paustian, Mary Vanek, Agnes Davis, Hazel Monson, Ruby Milton, Lois Davis, Ruyaima Eisor, Margaret Thorn, Raymond McConnell and Harold Baruff.

Are there not enough sidewalks to coast on? Surely there are, for everywhere in Omaha there are plenty of walks, and if you coast on these you will always coast in safety.

If you older children obey the safety first rules the young children who are just learning to coast, will follow your example and coast on the sidewalk.

Now, remember, Busy Bees, if you will obey the safety first rules you will save many heartaches, besides helping the street car motorman, for if you are not coasting on the track he will not be afraid that any minute he may strike a child.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father died when he was 11 years old and his education was directed by his mother. She taught him to be truthful and obedient and there were few of his age who could equal him in running, swimming or throwing.

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## Three Little Busy Bees, Who Are Also Sisters, Greet Friends



CORNELIA, DOROTHY, AND MARGARET GILBERT

Three little Gilbert girls all in a row! They are Dorothy Catherine, the oldest, who is 12; Cornelia Mathilda, 10, and Margaret Fern, who is just 7 years old. Their father is Dr. G. R. Gilbert.

All three little girls go to Lothrop school. Dorothy and Cornelia delight their friends by playing piano duets together, and when Margaret is big enough so that her fingers will stretch an octave she will begin to take piano lessons, too, and then maybe we will have a Gilbert trio. Reading is another favorite pastime with this charming group of little girls.

"The moon has gone in the water." The fox thought of a plan at once. He told the bear to go to the mill and get the sieve. The bear fox and wolf went out in the pond and tried to take the sieve and pull the moon out, but they did not succeed. Consequently the fishing party was a failure.

Just then the boards began creaking and the robbers said, "Someone is coming," and departed. Dick opened the door and who do you suppose he saw—Tom, Pussy and Nell, coming for their supper. They had saved Dick's life and he fondled them and never hated cats after that.

He is now grown and earns \$18 a week, which supports both him and his mother.

Unwise Mr. Fox. By Irene Tooker, Aged 12 Years, Fullerton, Neb. This is the first time I have ever written to the Busy Bee page, but I read your stories every week.

I am in the sixth grade in school and I have two brothers. My teacher's name is Miss Alice Nunn and I like her very much. I am going to tell you how the fox, the tortoise, the bear, the hare and the wolf were fooled at a fishing party.

Once a rabbit met a tortoise. The hare said he had planned a fishing party and the tortoise said it would be splendid. Pretty soon they met Mr. Bear, Mr. Fox and Mr. Wolf. The hare and tortoise told their friends about the party and they all said it would be just splendid. The hare told them the time and when the evening came they all met under the moon down by the old mill.

The hare said there would be no fishing that night and they wanted to know why. "Well," said the hare, back when he should be forcing the pace. Welling has a big advantage in his unusual height and reach. He is the tallest of all the men who claim to be lightweights and yet he can weigh in at the American limit of 133 pounds and still be strong.

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Richie Mitchell, the westerner who recently made a show of Welsh, can make the weight and is a fast, clever boxer, but without much hitting ability. On the strength of his performance with Welsh, Mitchell's stock took a big boom, but it immediately fell off many points when he refused to go through with his match with Johnny Kilbane.

If the limit for the American championship is set at 133 pounds, Kilbane might be a strong, if not the strongest, contender for the honors. None of the lightweights has shown any desire to tackle the featherweight champion. On the other hand, neither has Kilbane gone out of his way to force the issue. Although he can get no matches in his own class, Kilbane is not a reckless matchmaker, and he is very careful about running undue risk.

## Little Tots' Birthday Book

Six Years Old Tomorrow (Feb. 19): Name, School. Brackley, Jean, Monmouth Park Goldsmith, Dorothy, Windsor McInnough, John, Kellom Poliard, Francis, Clifton Hill Redd, Thelma, Highland Rohan, Ruth, Long

Seven Years Old Tomorrow: Ainstworth, Beulah Elnora, Saratoga Cox, Lela, Junngmann Mangunaro, Teresa, Pacific Neihart, Creola, Beals Pollack, Fred, St. Joseph's Scholes, Milton, Lothrop Smith, Herbert P., Monmouth Park

Eight Years Old Tomorrow: Anderson, Veneta, Central Park Cvitak, John, St. Wenceslaus Dario, Antonette, Mason Mlejnek, Marie, Comenius Nielsen, Martin, Walnut Hill Venska, Morine Anna, St. Agnes Watson, Robert, Hawthorne Watts, Harold, Kellom

Nine Years Old Tomorrow: Anania, Angelo, Mason Ellington, Jean, Clifton Hill Hargis, Alice E., Highland Kohn, Helen, Columbian Parks, Joseph Brendan, St. Agnes Spalek, Mary, Lincoln

our house. When it became warmer two little wrens came and made a nest in the house. We liked to sit down on the grass and watch them and hear them sing.

Once we saw the mother wren go away and come back later on with a worm in her mouth. Then she went in the house and gave it to the little birds.

I am going to build some more houses this spring.

Clever Pets. By Gilbert Fleck, Aged 10 Years, Box 38, Gretna, Neb. Red Side. I have three rabbits, five chickens, one cat and two dogs for pets. The rabbits' names are Bunny, Blackie and Buckskin. They jump around and are very happy all the time.

The chickens are great pets, too. They are Rhode Island Reds. I feed them warm water and cooked oats and we get two and three eggs a day. My cat is very large. Everyone who sees it says it is the largest cat they have ever seen. It is white and gray.

My dogs are very smart, one being an Eskimo dog and the other one a shepherd spitz. Their names are Buster and Toodles. We got Buster from grandma and Toodles from Mr. O'Brien of the state's fisheries. Buster can speak, sit up, shake hands, dance and do many other things. Toodles can sit down when we tell him to.

On the Farm. By Eola Gass, Aged 10 Years, 104 West Fifteenth Street, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side. Jimmy and Marie were on their way to the country in a car. Jimmy was 9 years old and Marie was 6. They were going to spend a week with their uncle and aunt on the farm.

It was a very hot day and when they arrived Marie wanted to see the little chicks, kittens and puppies. Jimmy liked the horses, chicks and geese. Their uncle had a swing and a sand pile for them and their aunt gave them old dishes and spoons to play in the sand with.

The next morning Marie fed the chickens while Jimmy was riding his cousin's pony. Their cousin's name was Billy. He was 7 years old, with yellow curls. Billy and Marie played in the sand until Jimmy got tired riding.

Marie took a nap and when she awoke she found the boys had gone riding. She played with her pets. They spent a week of fun and on Sat-

urday their father came for them. The children did not want to go, but their father said, "A week and school will start." So they packed their grips and went home.

A Noble Dog. By Helen Crabb, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Age 9 Years. Red Side. In the mountains of Colorado many of the streams go dry in the summer and fall, but in the spring they are very strong and dangerous.

A family who did not know about this built a cabin near one of these dry stream beds and remained all winter. The father cut pine trees and made telephone poles, while the mother and baby and large dog kept house.

One rainy night they were all awakened by a loud roaring noise, and before they could even get up their cabin was struck by a great flood of water. The cabin was broken into pieces and floated away. The father held the mother on one of the logs and landed safely further down, but the baby in its wooden cradle and the dog had gone from sight.

In the morning at daylight the anxious parents hunted up and down the stream, which had gone down again, for the baby and dog. They found them together, the baby in a clump of bushes, where the faithful dog was guarding it. The baby was not hurt, but only hungry and had been carried to the place by the dog. Her papa and mamma were very happy. "Wasn't he a noble dog?"

Abraham Lincoln. By Mildred Johnson, Aged 12, 1724 Lake Street, Omaha, Blue Side. Abraham Lincoln was the sixteenth president of the United States. He was born in Kentucky February 12, 1809. His father, who was a poor farmer, moved from Kentucky to Indiana in 1816. Lincoln went to school for about a year.

When he was in Illinois another man and himself took up the work of splitting 3,000 rails in one day and he was given the name, the "Rail-splitter."

His leisure hours were spent in studying law. In 1834 he was elected to the Illinois legislature. He was elected to this legislature three times and in 1854 he was a leader of the republican party.

On the 1st day of January, 1863, Lincoln announced that all slaves should be free.

On April 14, 1865, Lincoln was murdered by an actor named John Booth in a theater at Washington.

From an Indian Reservation. By Dorothy Rook, Aged 10 Years, Pine Ridge S. D., Blue Side. Papa teaches on the Indian reservation so we all live there. We have horses, cows, chickens, pigs, a dog and a cat.

I will tell you some of the Indian children's names. I know Nancy Eagle Horse, Lizzie Swift Bird, Bill and Benny Buckman, Jacob White Whirl Wind, Sam Cow Killer, Ross Yellow Boy, Julie Plenty Wound and Olive Red Shirt. These children came to papa's school.

On the last day of school we gave the children a dinner. The Indians have a funny way of eating. They use their fingers instead of knives and forks. They make a noise when they drink soup. I will write again and tell more about the Indians.

A Disastrous Storm. By Grace Dewesse, 317 West Thomas, Shenandoah Ia., Blue Side. I am 8 years old and in the third grade.

I will tell you about our trip to Talmage, Neb., last summer. We drove in our car and stopped at Nebraska City and several other towns on our way there. We had a nice time visiting our cousins who live on a farm. I frequently rode horse-back.

While we were there a bad storm came up one morning while we children were in bed and the house was

trunk by lightning. It struck the room where my two sisters, brother and I were. Mamma and my aunt thought we were all killed, but we were safe, though black with soot, as the chimney was struck.

We all ran out to the summer house through the pouring rain, for we thought the house was on fire. We were very glad there was no fire, for it was the worst storm we were ever in. We children will always be afraid of lightning.

Fishing. By Esther Hahn, Aged 12 Years, David City, Neb. Red Side. My cousin and I were sitting on a wooden fence, continually dangling our feet. It was very hot, but we did not notice the heat.

"It seems that we always have so much fun, but I don't know what to do today," said my cousin. "Yes," I suppose fun can't last forever," all answered.

After we had dangled our feet till we could dangle them no more, we got down from the fence and went down by the cool creek, where a few small fish darted about.

"Let's go over to the pond and fish!" cried my cousin. I assented, so we got the lines, hooks and bait and with two straw hats carefully adjusted on our heads we started out.

At first luck seemed against us. Although the sun beat through our hats we did not notice it, but three out our lines with an air of true fishermen.

At last the bites did come. We pulled out our lines one after another, always to find a fish struggling on the hook.

Finally we trudged away, satisfied with our work. When we ate the fish that night we felt that we had earned our dinner.

A Camping Trip. By Helen Green Aged 11, 200 Graham Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia., Red Side.

Last summer we went to Whiting, Ia., and while we were there I was invited to go camping for a few days. We decided to go to Blue lake, about two miles from Whiting.

When the morning came I could hardly wait till my friend, her father and the rest of the girls would come for me. We went in the automobile and took a girl to cook for us. We arrived about dinner time, so we gathered sticks for the fire.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(Prize Story.) Safety First. By Vera Frances Bradley, Aged 12 Years, 1010 Center Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Now is the best time to memorize and practice your safety first rules, Busy Bees. In the winter time accidents are more apt to happen, for there are many, many careless and stubborn boys and girls who persist in coasting on the streets.

There is one rule, however, that needs to be emphasized more than any other one. That is this: "Do not coast on street car tracks."

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(Honorable Mention.) George Washington. By Tillie Krambeck, Aged 13 Years, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

As I have been reading the children's page for a long time I decided to write a story for it.

I am 13 years old now. When I was 6 years I had infantile paralysis, which has left both of my limbs paralyzed, so that I can only walk by the aid of crutches. My papa takes me to school every day and I am in the eighth grade. I also take music lessons, which I enjoy very much.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father died when he was 11 years old and his education was directed by his mother. She taught him to be truthful and obedient and there were few of his age who could equal him in running, swimming or throwing.

Early one morning a wild colt was racing about one of Mrs. Washington's fields. This happened after George's father died. George liked to do things that frightened other people, so he said to some of his

rally by Moran forced him to come back hard in order to hold his lead, he always stopped just when it appeared that he was about to land the knockout. After the bout he pleaded an injured hand, and also said that he did not want to injure the game by polishing off his opponent, but neither of these excuses rang true.

Wind Willard Weak Part. So far, Willard's lack of wind is the most noticeable weakness that is apparent in the big fellow, and if he is to be defeated it is likely to be done by taking advantage of it. In order to beat him it will be necessary to make him work at top speed and prevent him from resting. This is even of far more importance than landing clean blows, for if he can be kept from resting he will beat himself.

In sizing up the lanky Fulton's chances his ability to carry Willard along at a hot pace should be considered above hitting ability or boxing skill. Willard's next opponent need not fear receiving a great deal of punishment, for unless all signs are misleading the champion in the future will confine himself strictly to defensive work and will not chase after his younger and better conditioned opponents.

At long range work Fulton, with his rapid-fire left jab, should do well enough, but in order to force Willard to exert himself all the time a great deal of in-fighting will be necessary, and Fulton has shown himself to be very weak at that style of work. He is too frail to pull and haul with the giant Willard on equal terms. The best that Fulton could expect would be to outspeed the champion and secure a shade decision on points.

If that happened it would not benefit the game in general to any great extent. It would simply cheapen Willard without having any effect on the title, and the bout itself probably would be so disappointing that there would be a loud outcry from the spectators. Every time a champion is defeated in a no-decision affair interest falls off in the class in which he belongs. So far the heavyweight division has escaped, and Willard is looked upon as the real thing and not a champion in name only.

### Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only the margin.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

A prize book will be given each week to the best contribution. Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

friends: "Boys, I want to break that colt." They caught it and put a bridle on him. The colt ran back and forth across the field, then stopped short and fell to the ground dead. The boys went home feeling badly.

At breakfast time Mrs. Washington asked George how the colt was. The boy did not say anything for a moment, then George answered: "The colt is dead. I killed him."

His mother looked grieved, but said nothing. She did not scold him, because he had told the truth.

He was the first president of the United States and was revered by all. He died at Mount Vernon December 14, 1799.

(Honorable Mention.) By Augusta Stephens, Aged 12 Years, 4311 South Twenty-sixth street, South Side, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Dick was a boy 14 years old. His father was dead and he and his mother lived together in a small house. They were dependent upon his mother's earnings and when she was taken ill one day Dick had no money with which to provide for a doctor or food.

His mother suggested that he work for the grain man. Dick disliked doing this because the man had three cats and the boys would call him "Dick Whittington with the cats."

As food was needed, he went to the feed store and got the position, which paid him five dollars a week. Mrs. Jones, the feed man's wife, gave him his dinner. The cats would sit on his lap while he ate, making him nervous.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Jones were called away and left Dick in charge, since they trusted him. That night, as he was going to feed the cats who

back when he should be forcing the pace. Welling has a big advantage in his unusual height and reach. He is the tallest of all the men who claim to be lightweights and yet he can weigh in at the American limit of 133 pounds and still be strong.

Johnny Dundee's knockout at the hands of Willie Jackson, while probably a fluke, puts him out of the running for a time. Whether Dundee will ever come back again as well as ever is somewhat doubtful, as for some time before the Jackson affair he had shown signs of losing his once remarkable ability to shake off punishment without showing its effects.

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## AMERICAN TITLE WITHOUT HOLDER

No Recognized Lightweight Champion Since Ritchie Lost World's Title.

LEONARD HAS THE EDGE. New York, Feb. 17.—When Willie Ritchie lost the world's title to Freddie Welsh, a foreigner, it was conceded that the American retained the championship of this country. Ritchie neglected to press this point, however, as for the first year or so he was too intent upon winning back the honors he had lost to Welsh. By the time Ritchie was satisfied that Welsh did not intend to give him a chance to regain the world's title, the Californian had outgrown the class. Therefore at the present time there is no recognized American lightweight champion.

Since Welsh appears to have no intention of meeting a live contender in a championship battle to a decision, it looks like a good time to feature the American championship. In the past the world's title was held here for so long that there was no reason to mention the lesser honor, but now that Welsh has withdrawn the world's title from competition, the only thing to do is to feature the American title unless the men who are willing and anxious to fight are to be left with nothing to fight for.

On past performances Benny Leonard is the most impressive performer and undoubtedly would be elected American champion if the matter were put to the vote of those who have seen him in action. Leonard has done everything in his power to induce Welsh to meet him over the twenty-round route, but the latter's demands have been so absurdly high that it is clear that he has not the faintest idea of fighting.

Welling is Next. Next to Leonard come Joe Welling and Charley White, who seem to be about on a par. Welling is a good boxer and a very clean, sharp hitter with his right. Like White, his worst fault is that he is inclined to hold

## MISKE WILL TRY THE LONG ROUTE

Goes Twenty Rounds with Gunboat Smith at New Orleans This Month.

KILBANE WINS FAVOR. New York, Feb. 17.—Billy Miske is one fighter who is not afraid to fight. Having cleaned up all the available light heavyweights in this section, Miske is now going to try his hand at twenty-round bouts at New Orleans. Usually when a boxer begins to attract a little attention he carefully avoids the labor and risk of a long distance battle.

Miske is going to face Gunboat Smith this month in the Crescent city. This should not be a particularly hard task for the conqueror of Jack Dillon, but Miske, in his enthusiasm, has been doing so much fighting of late that there is danger of going stale. Jack Dillon was the promoter's first selection, but, as expected, the alleged man killer refused.

Whether Dillon is going back or not, it is evident that he has the greatest respect for the St. Paul man. Endurance is Miske's long suit. He never seems to tire, no matter how fast the going, and there is no doubt that he would outlast Dillon in a long fight and would have a very good chance to score a knockout.

Unless Miske agrees to face the giant Fred Fulton or can induce Les Darcy to take him on, there will be few good matches in sight for Miske after he has taken the measure of Smith. In the few short months since he first made his appearance in New York he has gone right through the list of the lighter heavyweights and now he must either take a chance with the giants or box return matches with men he already has defeated.

Apparently Miske has been impressed with Fulton's size, for he admits that he is not ready to mix it up with the tall man from Minnesota. He would like to meet Frank Moran, but the latter can see no profit in an encounter to Moran in his match with Jack Dillon and he is satisfied to confine his efforts to meeting the big fellows who are only less slow and clumsy than himself.

Admirers of David Fultz, and he has admirers as well as enemies who can see no good in him, declare David is absolutely serious in his opinion that the ball player always gets the worst of it from the club owner and that it is his (Fultz's) bounden duty as a former player to secure the rights of the athlete. This fixed opinion in the mind of Fultz may be due to an experience he had himself when he first broke into base ball as a youngster just out of college, where he had made a reputation as great in those days almost as that which George Sisler in these times brought into professional ball with him.

Fultz came fresh from Brown university with offers from several clubs in his pocket. He decided to accept that of Colonel Rogers, who then owned the Phillies, and the contract called for \$2,400 for the season. That amount was then the National league salary limit and Fultz thus was ranked with the high-priced stars of the game. He played good ball and everybody told him he was worth the limit.

## HERE'S THE REASON DAVE FULTZ IS MAD

Players' Frat Head Gets Shady Deal When He Was an Athlete.

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The next year, however, he received a contract for \$1,200, and went at once to Rogers to protest. "Why," said the latter, "surely you didn't suppose you got \$2,400 for playing? Half of that was a bonus for signing with us."

"There was nothing in the original contract to that effect," comments Fultz, "and I remember going out of Rogers' office and saying to myself, 'My gorry, is that what we ball players are up against?'"

From that day to this Fultz seems to have nursed his grievance. Instead of being a light-hearted college boy he changed to a man obsessed with the notion that every man's hand—if that man happened to be a club owner—was against him and every other ball player.

## MANY FANS STRING ALONG WITH FULTON

Believe Minnesota Giant Will Lick Willard Because of Latter's Condition.

WIND HAS BECOME BAD. New York, Feb. 17.—If Fred Fulton is matched with Jess Willard this winter there are many who will string along with the tall man from Minnesota. This is not so much because Fulton is considered so very dangerous, although he no longer is looked upon as a dub. The wise ones who pick Fulton do so because they believe that it is impossible for Willard ever to regain fighting form.

This is the same old argument that applied to Johnson, and it seldom proves wrong. Condition is everything in a glove bout, and in Willard's case it is even more important than it was at Havana, because Willard has little or nothing of the wonderful defensive skill that the black possessed.

Willard's backers, of course, deny that the champion has gone back, but those in a position to know say that he is not only hopelessly over weight, but he has not taken any more care of himself than some of the other champions who strayed from the simple life and so fell victims before their time. Even if it were true that the gigantic Kansan had lived like a Spartan, it is natural to expect him to be on the down grade at this stage of his career.

Willard always has had trouble with his wind. When he first appeared in New York it was noticed that after every rally he stopped dead, although frequently it would have taken but another blow or two to end the bout. This was always put down to his "good nature." It was said that he lacked pugnacity and that he would only fight when hurt. But the real reason was nothing more nor less than lack of wind. Being an extremely cautious fellow, he preferred to take no chances of becoming tired and leaving himself open.

In his bout with Moran, although he was winning without having to exert himself, his old habit was more pronounced than ever. Whenever