

A CHINESE FIGHT.

Mongolian Ideas of the "Noble Art of Self Defense"—Everything Goes.

A Chinese fight is a peculiar affair; it differs from the American and English prize fight materially. The Americans use their fists, which the Chinese consider brutal; the Celestial uses his feet and considers that method, which to every American appears inhuman, perfectly fair and allowable. The champion Chinese fighter, the John L. Sullivan of New York's Mott street, is Ah Giang, also female impersonator of the Huen Tieu Lok Theatrical company. Lo Toy, a heavy weight mongol, and Foo Jung, head acrobat of the company, will testify that Ah Giang is a dandy with his pedal extremities. They have bumped up against him to their sorrow.



SPURRED IN THE RIBS.

Giang and Jung fought recently in the Chinese quarters in New York. They appeared in full ring costume, which, by the way, is very elaborate. Each of Giang's legs was wrapped in about fifteen yards of black tweed, an inch wide, his green silk blouse was sleeveless, but tight fitting, and his arms were bare. Half a dozen yards of soft cotton material was twisted around his head, and his feet were incased in thin sandals, bound with thongs. Foo Jung was similarly attired. The fighting costumes are very costly. The one which Giang wore was worth \$150.

The Chinese boxing rules will allow a man to do everything but bite.

The only unfair advantage which can be taken of an opponent is to kick him when down. Everything else goes. Giang's methods are peculiar. Here is one:

Jung reached for Giang's face with both hands. In an instant he was seized by one wrist and made to spin around like a top, and as he came face about he received a swinging right hander on the cheek bone and a kick which was landed by the agile Giang somewhere under the right armpit. It was almost a knock out at the start, for as he fell to his knees Giang rushed at him and struck him under the chin with his knee. He fell over backward, and the few spectators on the stools signified approval:

"Ho sho shay."



KNEE JOLT.

Another scheme was to drop suddenly on the knees and butt Jung in the stomach. Here the ability of the acrobat was brought into play. Jung jumped over the kneeling form with one bound, at the same time giving Giang a terrific kick in the ribs. This made Giang mad. He kicked, cuffed, punched and butted the unfortunate Jung unmercifully. Frequently Jung would be obliged to jump over Giang in order to escape punishment, but the wiry athlete was on the lookout, and he would no sooner gain the floor than a kick back of the knee joint would send him rolling over and over. Although it may seem ridiculous to call such style of fighting scientific, nevertheless it is so considered by all Chinese, who in return stigmatize American boxing as brutal, inhuman and utterly devoid of science or merit. The cuts with which this sketch is illustrated are taken from The New York Evening Sun. They give one a good idea of Chinese agility