

CHINESE JOHN L. SULLIVAN

His Name Is Ah Giang and He
Downed Foo Jung in a
Rattling Go.

Both Are Members of the Suen Tien Lok
Company, and Are Professional
Boxers and Wrestlers.

New York Evening Sun: Ah Giang is the female impersonator and all-round bantam athlete of the Suen Tien Lok theatrical company. He is a little Chinaman, slightly built, but he makes up in distinguished appearance what he lacks in physical proportions. For a Celestial he is, from an American standpoint, fine looking, and is possessed of such finely cut and delicate features as to render his stage impersonations comparatively easy.

Less than a week ago he quarreled with Le Toy, manager of the theatrical company, and in the struggle which followed Le Toy, who is a heavyweight Mongol, was so badly battered and bruised by the 105-pound Giang that he has not yet recovered. The fight took place on the upper floor of 4 Mott street, where the actors live on the bounty of their admirers. There was only one man in the troupe who sympathized with Le Toy, and that was Foo Jung. He is the head acrobat of the show and he has been known to turn thirty back somersaults in succession. He felt so bad over the thrashing administered to the manager that he concluded to fight the effeminate looking Ah Giang himself.

Both had plenty of friends, and the preliminaries were soon arranged. Jung wanted satisfaction, and Giang was perfectly willing he should have it. The fight took place yesterday afternoon on the second floor of 4 Mott street. The fighters were equal in height, for both could walk under a string five feet from the floor and never touch a hair, but Jung had a slight advantage in weight, which was counteracted by Giang's science in art.

They appeared in full ring costume, so carefully arranged that the business of dressing occupied three-quarters of an hour. Each of Giang's legs were 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, turban-like, around his head, and his feet were encased in thin sandals bound with thongs.

Foo Jung was similarly attired, but the color of the goods was different. Light blue strips encased his nether limbs, and his blouse was an old gold. Handbaking at the beginning of the bout was dispensed with, and as soon as Yee Chan, master of ceremonies, shouted "Li gah foh," they were at it.

Both were neatly and compactly built and their biceps and shoulder blades were developed until they almost looked abnormal. The calves of the legs were also possessed of an unusual rotundity. Giang's bangs were neatly cut to a feather edge and his long, carefully groomed queue was coiled about his neck. A great deal of the impersonator's glory is in his hair, which is as soft as silk and glossy as a raven's wing.

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 shav."

The acrobat began to realize that his lines were cast in hard places, and he became rather wary. He advanced with one hand outstretched, with the other on guard. Several times he struck at his opponent, but each time the blows were cleverly warded. No attempt was made to counter. It seemed as though these tactics were unknown. Suddenly Giang saw an opening. He rushed in, and using both hands struck Jung a succession of blows on the ribs. Then dropping to his knees he attempted to butt Jung in the stomach. Here the ability of the acrobat was brought into play. Lightly he cleared the kneeling form at a bound, and almost the same instant one foot touched the floor the heel of the other landed on Giang's side with a force which was remarkable. Giang arose quickly, but he had no sooner regained his feet when he was sent down again by a kick back of the knee.

It was an even thing so far, but when Giang started in on what might be termed the second round his superior knowledge of fighting asserted itself. He kicked, cuffed, punched, and butted the unfortunate Jung unmercifully. His movements were so rapid that no note could be made of them. He was like a bundle of steel springs, which shot out an arm here or a leg there at will. Half a dozen times Jung went to the floor, and as many times he arose only to return again. Frequently he cleared Giang's lead at a bound to evade certain punishment, but no sooner would he gain the floor than a kick back of the knee joint would send him rolling over and over.

The movements of the fighters were intensely scientific. It did not seem as though any attempt was made to cause severe bodily injuries, and good openings were often disregarded. Most of the fighting was done at close range, and the rapid motions of Giang's arms as they moved about in self defense were audibly commented on.

At the conclusion of the fight he was patted on the back by his friends, while the defeated Jung was entirely ignored. Giang walked nonchalantly toward a table, picked up a package of cigarettes, took one himself, offered one to Jung, and the battle was at an end.

In his own peculiar style Giang is looked upon by his countrymen as the Chinese John L. Sullivan. He has been known to defend himself successfully from the attacks of four men, and it is said as an evidence of his agility that he can defeat a man who is armed with a sword.

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 hit or kick him when he is down. Everything else is all right. The fighting costumes are very costly. The one which Giang wore yesterday was worth \$150. The value lies in the strength and quality of the material, which is all woven by hand.