

# INTEREST IN BOXING REVIVED DOWN SOUTH

# History of Careers of Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson

By C. E. Van Loan

# MULTNOMAH GROUNDS TOO WET FOR GAME

By Will J. Slatery.

San Francisco, Nov. 20.—The arrival of San Francisco has apparently revived the interest in lightweight boxing, which has practically been dead since Nelson beat Gans the last time and Pauley McFarland turned welterweight. The coming match between Wolgast and Low Powell of this city is expected to develop a suitable opponent for Battling Nelson, and a fight for the lightweight championship of the world is looked for during the coming spring or summer.

Wolgast has never fought in San Francisco, but since he flattened Henri Diet, the Frenchman, in New Orleans last Sunday afternoon, the local fight fans have apparently gone daffy over him. He is rated as a stinger and a knock-out, and incidentally, he is very much impressed with his own importance and is not at all backward in singing his own praises.

"I came out here to wipe Powell off the lightweight map," said Wolgast upon his arrival. "Now, when I am through with him, I will give Nelson a chance. Nelson has gone back, and I do not look for much of a fight from him. I had him beaten in 19 rounds in Los Angeles last July. I am better now than I was then, so there is no reason why I cannot repeat the trick this time. I think Powell will give me more trouble than Nelson."

**Attell Soft for Elm.**

"Yes, I will meet Abe Attell for the featherweight title, which I have won from the others out of my way. I can make 123 pounds for Attell. This is soft for me. He has challenged me and I am ready to accommodate him. But he will have to go over the Marathon route. I know what Attell is just as everybody else does. Let him agree to go the distance with me and he can get all the action he likes for his money."

Wolgast is a tough, sturdy looking little fellow. He is built on the lines of Joe Wolcott, very near the ground, but very broad of beam and well muscled. He drinks beer and smokes big cigars, just like Sam Langford. He says that he will bet his money on his chances against Powell. It is likely that the betting will be even money now since Wolgast has laid the Frenchman away. Wolgast fights Powell before the Mission club on the evening of November 23. He looks to be in good shape after his mixup with Piet. But he will have to show a lot of fight, for he has only about a week in which to get into shape for his next ring encounter.

There is a possibility that the winner of the Wolgast-Powell bout will be pitted against Freddie Welsh, the British lightweight champion next month. Welsh is now on his way to this country. Before he left, he announced with a great flare of trumpets that he was on his way to the United States to camp upon the trail of Nelson. However, when he finds out that Nelson probably will not meet him till after he has beaten either Powell or Wolgast, the chances are that Welsh will

take the tip and sign up with the winner of the next lightweight bout.

Welsh is one of the most thrifty of the modern ring performers. He is in a class with Jimmy Britt and Tommy Burns. He came to the United States two years ago with nothing and last spring he went back to his native land, Wales, with about \$25,000 in his kick. Since then, he has doubled this amount by fighting and beating such soft ones as Piet, Johnny Summers, Young Joseph and other quinces, which he plucked from the European trees.

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Jim Jeffries, undefeated heavyweight champion, and Jack Johnson, the present holder of the title with a few of their earlier opponents. The picture in the upper left hand corner is that of Sharkey, taken at the time of his first fight with Jeffries, which the latter won by a decision. Peter Jackson and Gus Ruhlin, two more of the big fellow's earlier victims, are shown in the lower left hand corner. In the lower right hand corner is a photograph of Ed Martin on the left and George Gardner on the right, two of the men that Johnson conquered when he first started in the game.

**JACK JOHNSON.**

**CHAPTER III.**

New York, Nov. 20.—George Gardner was always willing to fight anything on two legs, and after the Childs affair San Francisco took another look at Johnson in a match with a good white man several pounds lighter than himself.

Johnson was a surprise to the north-erners, who were rather inclined to regard Johnson as a southern California product, hence a lemon or something else of the citrus variety. This was a year before Gardner thought himself good enough to beat Fitzsimmons for the light heavyweight championship, the class which Jeff's bulk made necessary.

Gardner took Johnson as a pickup, and was walloped, consistently through 20 rounds. The negro was too clever for him and as in dozens of his other fights Johnson might have waded in and won by a knockout had he been so inclined.

**Dark Spot on Record.**

Next we come to one of the dark spots on Johnson's record. Since appearing in Los Angeles, he had not lost a decision bet for his adherents, and the impression gained ground that Johnson was a good, safe man on whom to place a bet. The gamblers figured that the best bet for a match with Fred Russell, a whale of a heavyweight with all the appearances of a demon, was brought down for Johnson, and the betting began. At the last minute it was discovered that all of Johnson's friends had been betting heavily on Russell, and the club management took Johnson into a side room and informed him that if he did not fight to win he might as well figure his career closed.

In the eighth round Russell clinched and said to Johnson:

"Are you going through with it?"

A Deliberate Foul.

Johnson did not "go through with it," and as a result, Russell, who was no gamer than he should have been, deliberately "kicked" Johnson—three times—and lost the fight on a foul.

There are hundreds of sporting men in Los Angeles and on the coast who knew of the proposed frame-up between Johnson and Russell, but the affair blew over in time and Johnson was not "certainly" die away. Johnson's recognition in all his matches. Cerf is a mighty clever fellow with a good deal of experience and a reputation as a man with a brace of hay-makers ready to slip out at any minute. He and Sullivan are expected to put up one of the classiest bouts seen here in years.

The card for the coming smoker will be every bit as good as that which brought the membership of the club out on the first occasion.

**JIM JEFFRIES.**

**CHAPTER III.**

New York, Nov. 20.—After the draws with Ruhlin and Choynek, Jeffries decided to give his home people a chance to see him perform in the ring. It is an odd thing, but in all his years of fighting, Los Angeles had but two chances to see Jeffries in the ring, and the first time was with a poor old broken down fighter and the second time was in an exhibition joke bout with Hank Griffin. Somebody had to be the goat, and Hank was elected.

At the beginning of 1898 a few people had decided that there was something in Jeffries after all. He was the place Kaufman occupied before his fight with Johnson—folks thought he might amount to something. If properly nursed and not rushed up against men who knew too much about the game.

**Picked Some Dead Ones.**

With this idea, Jeff's managers and handlers—and he had them even in those days—decided to "sic" him onto a few dead ones for the sake of his record. Five fights to date, three knock-outs and two draws, did not constitute much in the line of a war history, so they proceeded to fatten Jim on soft food.

The first man to be led to the slaughter for the good of Jim's record was poor old Joe Godard, the Barrier champion. Now back in the paleozoic age Joe Godard was somebody. He was nobody when Jeff got him, and Jim made him still less than that in four rounds by the watch.

It was a poor fight, but it was the best Jeffries fight Los Angeles ever drew, and Hazard's pavilion was jammed to the roof to see the affair.

**Then Poor Old Peter.**

In less than a month San Francisco had another ripe alligator pear for the chopping block. This time it was nobody in the world but Peter Jackson. What? Ole Peter? Pre-cisely. Ole Peter. The same fellow.

Every sporting editor in the world has had to settle this question a thousand times over.

Peter had come back from England and was on his way to Australia, and he was a sick man at the time. The disease which finally carried him off had already made him but a shadow of the dashing black man who gave Corbett the toughest fight of his life seven years before.

But Jackson needed the money, and Jackson was game, and Jeffries needed "P. Jackson, knockout" on his record; so the match was hurried through.

**Couldn't Hurt a Boy.**

Peter opened with his old time speed, but that was all he had left. His blows would not hurt a boy. Jim finished him mercifully as possible, and the referee intervened in the third round.

Still another fine large man for Jeffries—this time that celebrated man with yellow paint in his veins, Mexican Pete Everett.

Jeff fought three fights inside two months. Mexican Pete was the third man. He was big, and he had a bold look, but when it came to real fight, Mexican Pete quit like a sheep in the snow, and Jeff was very much disgusted with him.

**Picked a Live One.**

Three rounds the fiasco lasted and then the vice promoter picked a real live one for Jeff—the man who gave him the hardest fight of his life and but for the great difference in the weight and size, might have shuffed the tank builder to the bottom of the deck—Thomas Sharkey.

Tom was no novice. He had been fighting for six years, and he had a formidable record. He had whipped men like Australian Billy Smith, Joe Choynek, in eight rounds; fought a draw with Corbett; stayed eight rounds with Fitzsimmons to win on a foul, and he had, and whaled all sorts of lesser lights in the navy, where he was surely, as they say in Wyoming, "a curly wolf with long claws."

**His Marvelous Record.**

Oh, by the way, he has one world's record—a string of 14 knockouts all secured in Honolulu. Most have trimmed the entire white population.

This was the demon who was plucked for the coming champion, and of the two men Sharkey had far the better record. He is also being groomed for the championship.

The first fight in May, 1898, and a rough, walloping fight it was. Sharkey rushed and pegged away with the round-house right swings for the head, and Jeffries walked into him and met him with his right hand on the body. Sharkey did not get men to be able to

No game was played in the association football league yesterday and none is scheduled for this afternoon. Yesterday's fixture was to have been between the Multnomah Amateur Athletic club eleven and the rejuvenated Nationals. It was called off because of flooded grounds.

This leaves all soccer eyes turned toward the next league game, over which there is an amount of subdued excitement as often attained in any branch of local sports. It will take place Thanksgiving forenoon on the Vaughn street baseball grounds between Multnomah and the new Queen's Park team. It depends a good deal on the condition of the baseball grounds whether this will be Portland's premier soccer game. If the grounds are dry and fast, it will be; but even if they are wet and muddy, there will be a desperate tone to the game that will reward the eager soccer spectators who have for weeks been looking forward to a game that is not unlikely to mean the first downfall of Multnomah. For this is the keynote of the coming game; Multnomah's soccer bunch has never been defeated; the Queen's Park men expect to do it; the soccer following, outside of Multnomah, is looking to them to do it and urging them on to it.

**All Have Had Chance.**

While only three fixtures have been pulled off in the association league, all the five teams have had a chance to show themselves, and it is possible to get a glance at the prospective quality of ball in the first place, the standard is some 50 per cent better than last year, and for some inexplicable reason, this is one of soccer's fat years so far as players are concerned, for there is a plethora of them, where last year it was hard for some of the teams to round out an eleven. An increased number of players naturally means competition for places, and competition for places in its turn means harder training and improved success. This game at best is a hard one to play. It requires not only an adaptability to it, but in the case of 90 per cent of players, hard work and steady practice. When a man starts an hour and a half game, during most of which he will be in rapid motion and throughout which he must take far more punishment than he would in any other game, he must attack the game out, else his side plays one man short. There is no substituting players in association football. Thus the best of condition is required; otherwise, a man's efficiency begins to dwindle after the first few minutes and he can't be taken out.

**Team of Scotchmen.**

The Queen's Park men are all Scotchmen. They have a trainer and a coach. They have a splendid manager in William Richmond, who, though himself a first class goalie, is not participating in the game. They have a very good manager, non-playing trainer and a coach. It is possible to handle the team right. When players on the other teams, not so ambitious maybe, are luxuriating with a book under a gas jet, the Queen's Park man are plodding in the rain to get in training and to familiarize themselves with conditions. They are all outside

workers, mostly building trades employees, and are strong and hard. The Multnomah men, with scarcely an exception, are office workers and much lighter, and in spite of the Multnomah record it will probably take the likes of pluck and combination to hold the Queen's men down.

The Multnomah outlook, however, is much better than it was. At the opening of the season it looked like the real white war was on. The clubman made a good catch, however, when they landed Buchan, a Scotch fullback, who promises to fill Crosby's shoes and may be, if he stretches himself up to full length, outgrow them. Young at center field, and very nearly a first baseman, the matter of the team is the same as last year's and is in the same position. Eleven is probably almost as good as one that ended the 1908-09 league so brilliantly, but it has not worked to the advantage of the club, for the first game will play next time and it will be hard for anybody to run up anything like six goals on the Nationals again.

The Cricketers are the surprise of the season. Everybody felt in his bones the Queen's Park team would be strong but no one looked for an aggregation such as Manager Gledsted and Captain Eyles have put out so far. The Cricketers made a good guess when they put R. M. Karr, an S. P. & S. employee, in goal. Karr is an American, a baseball catcher and a bundle of pluck. He takes to soccer like a duck to water and the way he handled the veteran Queen's Park forwards last Sunday was a caution. In front of him, the Cricketers' heavy backs, Pratt and Banham, are tough propositions to get through. Banham is the classier man at present, Pratt is a classy man but is not in condition. The half line is doing much better than was predicted for it and the forward line is constantly dangerous with Gray, Albiston, Coppinger and the others in action. Coppinger is often ineffective when close to goal—markedly so last Sunday against Queen's Park—but it must be remembered he had Drake, one of the best left fullbacks on this coast, to contend with, and Drake is an effective way of spoiling what the other fellow tries to do. Even when he can't handle the ball himself, as for Albiston, the sailor, he is one of the bright spots of the league. It is unfortunate he is not a permanent resident of Portland.

The Nationals so far look like the weakest team but they have considerable unattached material to strengthen from and ought to take the opportunity. They will meet the Cricketers Thanksgiving afternoon, on the baseball grounds, making two league matches for that holiday.

# REVIVE RACING ON GRAND SCALE

(Publishers Press Leased Wire.)

New York, Nov. 20.—The eastern racing season next year will be the most successful since the old days before the anti-betting law was enacted, according to all the indications of the present. Ever since the court of appeals last week sustained the lower courts in declaring that oral betting was legal, there has been a steady current of plans for next season which speak volumes for racing to come.

It must be admitted that taps were sounded on racing in the east this year under the most unpropitious circumstances. The season ended was quite a strenuous one at times, but never satisfactory. Indeed, the outlook became so gloomy at the end that the Empire City meet of six days was called off, ringing down the curtain a week before the usual closing season.

The revival in racing next year will have the support of John H. Madden, August Belmont, Harry Payne Whitney, James R. Whitney, S. C. Hildreth and others of wealth who follow the sport. Many of the weather of the turfmen, like the Whitneys, Vanderbilts, Keenes, and Belmonts, will split their stables, holding some of their string on this side of the water and sending other racers abroad.

Mr. Madden is going to keep near the east during the coming winter, and has leased the Homedale Stud farm in New Jersey, where he will quarter his yearlings. There is a radical departure for this turfman, he always shipped his string to Kentucky for the winter.

**Best Fight of His Life.**

Early in 1899 Johnson fought the best fight of his life. His opponent was Denver Ed Martin—anybody remember him? Denver Ed was about six feet four inches in his stockings, weighed close to 200 pounds and was about the cleverest boxer, as well as the hardest, cleanest fighter, in the heavyweight ranks. He had gained a great following in Los Angeles by nearly killing Hank Griffin with one punch.

The men who saw that fight may congratulate themselves on witnessing one of the fastest heavyweight battles in history. Denver Ed was just about at the turning point of his career. He was older than Johnson and probably had not the stamina of the younger man. Certainly he was not as well equipped to take punishment, for the giant mulatto had the long "tissue paper jaw" of a white man.

**Best Was Fast.**

For more than 10 rounds the men boxed at a lightning fast clip. It was against speed, cleverness against cleverness, and punch against punch, and the way those two big men worked for opening was beautiful to see.

I have forgotten the exact round which I took the fight out of the "draw" club and threw the victory to the Galveston negro, but I think it was about the twelfth.

The men were working in the middle of the ring, feinting so fast that it was next to impossible to follow the play of the gloves. Suddenly Johnson shot his right hand upward through Martin's guard to the chin, and down went Denver Ed.

**Martin Never Moved.**

Martin never moved for as much as five seconds, and then he rolled over, face to his knees and staggered to his feet. His eyes were glazed, his knees rapped together and his hands at his sides. The least tap would have finished him. Johnson scooped and down went Martin again. This time he was down also seconds, but he had sense enough to run when he found his feet the second time, and so based on the evidence did not attack him after

# AFTER O'CONNELL

Joe Campbell, the new wrestling instructor at the Y. M. C. A., who has been hounding Eddie O'Connell into a match. Campbell has posted \$100 forfeit for a \$200 side bet for a match with O'Connell. The match will be held in private next Tuesday afternoon. Campbell's backers think he is a wonder, and his torso shows him to be a well developed fellow.

# TRAINING CAMPS LIVELY PLACES

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

boxer as an amateur. Two years with the professionals had made a new man out of him and he will be a strong opponent for Bennett. He is not so sturdily built as Bennett, but is said to possess just as hard a punch as the jockey, and staying powers that have won him recognition in all his matches.

Cerf is a mighty clever fellow with a good deal of experience and a reputation as a man with a brace of hay-makers ready to slip out at any minute. He and Sullivan are expected to put up one of the classiest bouts seen here in years.

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# MOGULS TO MEET AGAIN THIS WEEK

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

against the step toward what is popularly termed by the organized powers as lawlessness, the fans can reasonably expect that all the talk about desertion will gradually die away. Walter said yesterday that he wanted to lead another Coast league team and that is paramount to saying that he will remain in organized baseball.

The meeting of the northern managers will be watched with much interest. Should President Lucas not arrive from Memphis before the judge leaves for Washington to assume his congressional duties, the meeting will be held without him.

**Woman Ball Player Dies Broke.**

Miss Daisy Hoover, said to have been the best professional second baseman among women baseball players in the United States, was buried in Potter's Field at Kansas City. She died in distressing circumstances at the city hospital.

For years Miss Hoover was connected with the Boston Bloomer Girls. Last year she played through the east with the Star Bloomer Girls.

# BRITAIN FEARS AMERICAN MAGES

(Publishers Press Leased Wire.)

London, Nov. 20.—British turfmen can look with some little foreboding upon the invasion of the turf just by the French horseman can do the same across the channel. The invasion has come from America and while, in the interests of sport the international feature should make it more interesting, the only fear that can be entertained is that the high honors of the turf shall pass from the hands of Englishmen into the hands of Americans.

In reviewing the season just closed, American horses here held their own in the matter of speed, but were deficient in stamina. The horses doubtless suffered from the change of climate, environment, food and so forth. To take a horse from an American farm and place the animal in training quarters near Newmarket or Doncaster would mean as much as to take the English horse to America and train it there in all surrounding conditions.

The Times considers change of surroundings an insufficient explanation because Sir Martin, an American horse owner by Louis Winans, did as well as he could have done in America. It is pointed out that A. J. Joyner, trainer of Harry Payne Whitney's 20 horses won 33 races, a notable achievement for a trainer during his first season in England.

Incidentally, Mr. Joyner will spend a great deal of time here this winter preparing for next season. It is reported that Mr. Whitney will have an entry in the Derby although he has not yet spoken on the subject.

# SOUTH PLEASSED WITH M'CREDEE

(Publishers Press Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 20.—Judge McCredie is not talking like a disgruntled magnate who is anxious to grasp the opportunity of becoming an outlaw. After he reached home there was a suspicion here that he would be less guarded in his language than when in the hands of the San Francisco interviewers. It is quite natural for one to speak his mind more freely when away from his friends, and for this reason McCredie was looked for to use language more in keeping with that of an insurgent.

But that the Forthand club owner really did utter an agreeable surprise to the Californians. His words delivered at home had even less the ring of outlawry than those spoken before leaving here. Judge McCredie confessed that Portland had been royally treated by the directors of the Pacific Coast league in every detail, save the one of refusing it two clubs. In the matter of making the schedule, a most important matter, it was left entirely in his hands, as it was a year ago.

**The Judge Fights Hard.**

McCredie can't be censured for fighting for two clubs at home, but he has a certain constituency demanding continuous baseball which he must take his coat off for. McCredie is the sort of a man who seeks to please one and all. He has a heart as big as a barrel, but when it comes to breaking away and going outlaw for the cause he is fighting, that's a horse of another pedigree. After he has played all his cards and lost he will say to the boys:

"Well, I did the best I could for you. I tried to give you two clubs, but they beat me. You want class baseball, so the best thing for us is to stick with the Coast league. Next year I promise you we will have a larger league, with Seattle with us, so bid your time."

And they will bide their time.

Jack Sheridan, the dean of the umpires of this country, stated to the writer this morning that Bull Perrine had made good with San Johnson beyond a shadow of a doubt. San Johnson looked upon him as one of the stars of the year. Perrine and Sheridan doubled up several times last season in the American league, so the latter had a chance to pass judgment on his ability. But Sheridan and Perrine have come to terms with Johnson for next year.

**English Swear by Welsh.**

The English say it may be some time before they see a boy who can meet the lightweight championship from Freddie Welsh at Doncaster. Welsh clearly demonstrated his great power, cleverness, strength and general ring generalship when he beaten Johnny Summers in 20 rounds before the National club. It was a corking good fight, but Welsh did not break away and win. The latter he had had the clever English lad who can beat any

# TWO BOXERS IN ROSE CITY SMOKER

Gene Sullivan, lightweight on the left, and Rocky Bennett, banham, on the right.

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