

CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

A Desultory But Breezy Fighting Epistle from Tom Cannon.

GLORIOUS DAYS IN STUBBLE AND MARSH

Newly Wheel Whiskers—The Ball Field—After the Kid's Scarp—The Grid-Iron Field and Local Sports of All Kinds and Varieties.

I have just returned from a ten days ducking expedition up in South Dakota, and while undoubtedly reinvigorated both mentally and physically by roughing it in the marshes, I do not feel competent to do anything of supplying my readers with anything new or fresh about our old friends, the ducks. We were camped miles away from any railway station, among the barren sandhills of Luzerne county, and during the entire two weeks absence but one copy of THE BEE reached us. Hence it will require a few days to catch up with the times pertaining to affairs handled in this column. As luck would have it, however, there appears to have been but little going on in the punching realm, and the absence of our usual chat may probably add additional zest to that which is to come. In another week I will have studied up the situation and be in condition, I hope, to again handle the knights of the knucks with or without gloves as the merits of their several cases may deserve. This week my readers can content themselves with bits of newsy gossip and comment in the shape of correspondence I found awaiting me on my desk.

I will add, however, that my readers have observed the great international prize fight between Charlie W. Mitchell and James J. Corbett, i. e., that the big mill could never be pulled off in New York. From the totality of recent proclamations from the mayor of Brooklyn and the sheriff of King's county, it looks as if my predictions were based upon a pretty solid foundation. And, again, I say this in all good faith, for I know that Cholly and Jim will yet conclude to jump in a hack and pull out for some sequestered nook and settle their little argument on the turf of some remote spot. I do not think of a single city that will consent to the great mauling match taking place within its confines. Omaha, however, seems about as likely a point as any other, and I say so with the word "I'll see" Mayor Bemis, Jeff Bedford and Ike Hassell about it, and we'll fix it up for the night before the election for the Coliseum. I feel confident that the gentlemen will grant me the necessary permission as I stand a chance with them.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

NORTH PLATTE, Oct. 18.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: A well known sporting writer on fistic topics, who persists in writing about "Champion James J. Corbett" and "Charlie" Mitchell, reminds me of a friend of mine who once took a long sea voyage and in speaking to the first officer, addressed him as "Mate." "Gee—!" exclaimed the instant mate, "haven't I a name as well as you?"

Making flesh of one and fish of another in regard to middle names in fighting talk is not uncommon. Mitchell's middle name is Watson. In view of the coming contest between "Gentleman" Charles W. Mitchell and Paddy or Jimmy Corbett—to reverse the mode of expression—I enclose you an old time four-round "set" between Mitchell and Joe Dunning in March, 1884. Joe Dunning asserted that he would fight any man in the world, Sullivan preferred it. Mitchell offered him \$100 to fight him up before Mitchell for four rounds. Dunning said he would probably knock Mitchell out and carelessly accepted the offer. He was much bigger than Mitchell, with great square shoulders, immense arms and sledge-hammer fists.

Round 1—When the men came up to face each other Mitchell's perfect fighting form showed to good advantage. Dunning sent out his right viciously at Mitchell. That was the last lead he made. Charlie dodged his head just enough to let the blow pass his left shoulder. It struck Mr. Dunning just above the bread basket. Before he could recover Mitchell's right hand flew up and struck the big man square in the mouth, splitting his lips and loosening his teeth and starting the blood from his nose. Joe dove forward and was neatly stopped by Charlie, who easily planted another body blow and another face blow on the big man in exact imitation of the two he had led out with. Dunning by this time was pawing the air and gasping frantically. He seemed to experience a great deal of difficulty in holding himself in position, and Charlie's blows came in on him so hard and fast that he was hitting wildly in every direction except that in which the Englishman stood. Before time was called Mitchell struck his big antagonist at least a dozen blows and had not received a single thump of consequence himself. When Dunning came up for the next round he stood carefully on his guard. It was evident that at this point he was afraid the little terror would knock him out. Mitchell waited for Dunning to come up and then he stepped forward and landed a right hand on the side of Dunning's head, and then suddenly made a rush, four hit him backward toward the side and hit him on the other blow in the teeth which knocked the big champion flat on his back. After Dunning had recovered from his surprise he arose. Thereupon Charlie jumped at him again and had him completely winded when time was called.

When the men came up for the third round Mitchell was fresh. Dunning was puffing like a grampus and was completely winded with blood and he looked savage. He made another rush for his slighter antagonist. He got in a stunning whack on Mitchell's neck and was about to follow it up when Charlie took an unaimed blow. The inning consisted of one straight right handed blow from the shoulder which lifted his 185-pound antagonist off his feet and knocked him backward heading to the stage. From that time to the end of the round Mitchell battered, battered and banged his opponent just as he chose. When the men retired to their corners Mr. Dunning looked as though he had been heading a riot. He moved heavily, while Mitchell was as cheerful and as quick as ever.

The confusion that reigned in the hall now was remarkable. Heis made that Charlie would knock Joe out in the last round. When the men faced each other for the last it was plain that Dunning felt he was no match for the little Englishman. He fought shy and retreated round the stage to gain time. Mitchell pounded him as he puffed during the little Englishman's away in a wile Dunning, out Charlie broke away before his heavy antagonist could carry him down. Mitchell did not succeed in knocking him out, but he completely whipped his man. Mitchell was at that time 22, and his weight did not exceed 145 pounds. Dan Creedon says height and length do not amount to much unless they are accompanied by strength in proportion. Dan says if Bob Fitzsimmons does not exceed 195 pounds he does not care, although he is seven feet high (Dan is five feet six).

As to Mitchell, he has a clear head and understands all the skill and stratagems of the ring. He has plenty of resources, and can alter his tactics to suit circumstances. Notwithstanding all this he has been written by sporting scribblers about Mitchell being a sprinter, a tapper and a pillow-pusher, it will be seen that he has considerable driving power. When a man of his size can knock a man down who weighs forty pounds more than himself it proves that he is a hard hitter. He may not have good hands, but they are as good as any other. James Jay said he could have finished Sullivan in half the time, but his seconds and advisers told him to take his time and aim at the soft points of John L., such as the neck and the bread basket, until he was pumped, in order to save his hands. As it was, Jim injured his right hand in the last round in attempting to plant a finisher on Sullivan's head.

round the neck than John L., and two inches larger round the chest, and give the circumference of his wrist as thirteen and a half inches. It is questionable if there is a man in the world whose wrist measures ten inches. Twelve and a half is a large forearm. A Clydesdale draught horse that took a first prize at a horse show, had a tremendous broad, flat bones at the fetlocks, and the circumference given was twelve inches, an inch and a half smaller than Charlie's wrist.

A day or two before Corbett met Sullivan at Corbett's said "he weighed" Gentleman James Jay, "and in his shoes and trousers only he weighed 195 pounds, and that he was in superb condition and would enter the ring weighing not less than 188 pounds." Then his official weight was given out as 178 pounds. Which are we to believe?

Corbett, when he read Jackson's measurements, said Peter had the advantage in reach, but, said Jim complacently, "I am heavier than he is and expect to enter the ring weighing 200 pounds." (The fighting weight of Big Ben Count.) James Jay said if he could not beat that "wind bag" he did not want anything. "Mitchell," quoth he, "is an impostor, but the public has been a long time in finding it out." James Jay's alleged reason for taking on Mitchell before Jackson was because Mitchell was an undefeated man and the champion of England. James Jay was a more dangerous man to tackle than Sullivan, and thinks the mill will probably last forty rounds. The gentleman with the upright hair is rather changeable in his opinions, eh?

Although Charlie Mitchell's middle name is Watson, an eastern sporting paper, in speaking of the coming "mill," insists in calling Corbett "Champion James Jay," but declines to call Mitchell Charles W. Is it only Irish-American pugilists that are to have their middle names in print? I suppose the Jons, Jacks and Toms are to go, as far as they are concerned. How would it do to speak of the coming contest between Charles W. Mitchell and Jimmy Corbett?

Perhaps John L. is like Charles II. A wit wrote the king's epitaph as follows: "Here lies King Charles, on whose tomb no man reads, who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one."

Charles replied that that was easily accounted for, because "his sayings were so good, but his actions were those of his ministers."

Probably old Jack Sullivan's set-spread-eagle-before-the-curtain-speeches are prepared for him by his neutral manager, and his private speeches, when in his cups, come from his heart and are his own. John L. said he is the only man who has fought both men "and who should be their measure better than me." He said he knew from experience that Charlie was twice as hard a hitter as Jim and equally as clever.

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When Jack Killian alias Jake Kilrain, fought his long draw in France (106 rounds) with Jim Smith, whom Ted Pritchard subsequently vanquished in three rounds, a New York illustrated sporting pink sheet flooded his paper with puffing and blowing of Kilrain such as: "Jake is King," "Our Champion Jake," "Jake as Banquo's Ghost Scaring Macbeth Sullivan," "Jake illustrated the power of wine with the Marquis of Queensberry."

Should Mitchell win, will he have his paper illustrated with the conquering hero returning as "Bourne," "Prince," "Charlie," and the big players playing "The King Shall Enjoy His Own Again?" That would not be a whit more ridiculous or exaggerated than the fulsome beseeching of Jake. Mitchell does not seem to be of a revengeful nature, but it is barely possible that in the near future he may be in a position to give certain parties their dues.

A popular American writer of fiction, who was consul at Liverpool during the administration of President Pierce, said that during the four years of his official capacity he never encountered a full blooded American seaman. His test of nationality was the pronunciation of the word "beon." All born Americans, he said, pronounced it "bin," but he English speaking people elsewhere pronounced it as it is spelled, "beem." Fifty years ago there used to be plenty of American ships named by Yankee sailors, but at the late naval review the papers stated that the American men-of-war had nearly all foreign crews, and now comes the astounding news that the Vigilant's crew are all Swedes, Norwegians and Danes, and can't speak English.

The Valkyrie, although beaten, made the best attempt to recover the cup of any yacht in the bold Britons have thus far sent over. The captain, Norwegian, and his crew had a narrow escape from being beaten in the last race. Although the Valkyrie split her spinnaker at a critical juncture, the Vigilant succeeded in coming in forty seconds ahead.

"However, a miss is as good as a mile, as the Britisheers promptly owned up. Up to date the Americans have been doing wonderfully in yachting than in rowing or sculling with the British colonists. Hanlan, who used to be thought invincible, said Scobie, the Australian, was the best man who ever sat in a boat, and in ocean steam navigation the Briton has the pull. However, if it should come to a contest, the American, such is his wonderful powers of skill, strength, ingenuity and intelligence, must certainly come out first best, let the contest be in any lines it may. Will he do this in the coming great international prize fight?"

Dick Moore, who I have trained for his last three fights. We heard that there was a likely man by the name of Logan in Omaha and I would make the trip and fight him if you would arrange a match for a fair price. There is nothing like this. Dick left last Wednesday for Minneapolis to fight Buffalo Costello on the 20 of the month. He told me to send his regards. Address 167 East Madison Street Chicago, Ill.

Where There's Smoke, You Know. OMAHA, Oct. 20.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Holy Smoke! Where! At the Omaha Wheel club house October 28. We are out for a high old time. The "smoker" will be a "World's fair smoker." And we want to have a Midway Plaisance in Omaha. Don't fail to come and bring a friend. Everybody is invited (unmarked) representing any one of the different nations of the earth. Persons in dress suits will be summarily dealt with. A unique voting contest will be one of the features of the entertainment, to be held in the evening, literary programme, and last, but not least, refreshments for the multitude. Don't fail to come and make our first entertainment a howling success. The "smoker" will be held at 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon October 31.

The conditions are that the losing team must defray the costs of a banquet to be given at one of the leading hotels. The score is to be made up by points, each species of game being classified by numbers. The contest will be made at 7 o'clock and start at 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon October 31.

William Simeral, Stockton Beth and S. G. V. Griswold put in the last two days with the wideopen, mallard and teal at Haconon lake, South Dakota. They had a most delightful outing, killing in the meantime something like 100 birds, and landing a large, more or less, of fine rock bass from "Coon's" limpid waters. A story of the hunt is forthcoming another Sunday.

Notwithstanding the continued fair weather the winter hunters have come down from the north in vast flocks, and great numbers are being slaughtered daily at the many famous feeding grounds in this vicinity. The game is in excellent condition, and a meager appearance, but with the first real cold snap the hunters will be on wing in force.

The Omaha Gun club has at last effected all the arrangements for their annual fall hunt which has been fixed for Monday, October 30. At a recent meeting of the club Will W. Hoagland and Frank Porg were elected captains and the following sides were chosen: Hoagland's regiment—J. J. Read, W. H. S. Hughes, Frank Carmichael, Billy Townsend, B. E. B. Kennedy, Sandy Griswold, Will Krug and C. F. Reed. Fozz's regiment—Frank Parmelee, H. H. Given, Billy Brewer, E. Gray, Fred Butler, H. B. Kennedy, Goodley Brucker, Jeff Bedford and George Ketchum.

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William P. McFarlane, superintendent of telegraph of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, is at Three-Springs lake, South Dakota, popping away at the wild fowl. On Tuesday last Mr. McF. brought down a big Canada weighing in the neighborhood of fifteen pounds.

S. F. Hayward and C. G. Street of New York city are up in South Dakota slaying the ducks and geese. They write friends here that they never know what duck shooting was before. They have been out ten days and bagged over 600 birds, principally mallards—in their highly polished minds.

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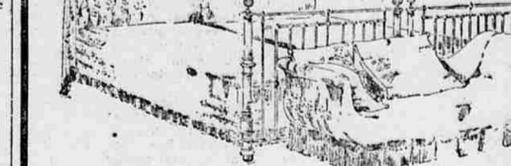
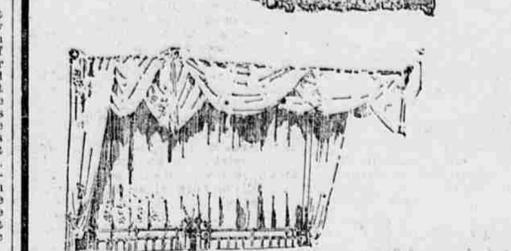
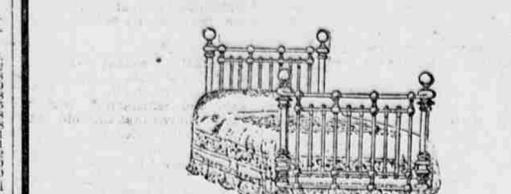
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