

CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

A Desultory But Breezy Fighting Epistle from Tom Cannon.

GLORIOUS DAYS IN STUBBLE AND MARSH

Newly Wheel Whispers—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 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 this newy news and comment in the shape of correspondence I found awaiting me on my desk.

I will add, however, that my readers have observed that my position as a commentator on 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 may say that the fact that the two fighters, Charlie 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 off ago the necessary permission to 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 may say the word "I'll see Mayor Bemis, Jeff Bedford and Ike Hasselt about it, and we'll fix it up for the night before the election for the Coliseum. I feel confident that these gentlemen will grant me the necessary permission as I stand a high 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," "Geo-aa-!" 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 a common occurrence. I recall, in fact, that Watson, in view of the coming contest between "Gentleman" Charles W. Mitchell and Paddy or Jimmy Corbett—to reverse the usual 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! Mitchell offered him \$1000 for a four-round set before Mitchell for four rounds. Dunning said he would probably knock Mitchell out and carelessly accepted the offer. He was much bigger and faster 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 went 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 arm. It struck Mr. Dunning's head just above the forehead. 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 get into a false position and then he learned by experience and retreated around the ring. Charlie followed him up, and then suddenly made a rush, fourth hit him backward toward the side and hit him in 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 looked savagely 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. The impact 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 bagged, 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. He was 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 recovery in a wretched manner. Every once in a while 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 Creeden 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 broad basket, and 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.

Peter Jackson, I see, indignantly denies remarks attributed to him in some of the newspapers, regarding the issue of the Mitchell-Corbett matter. Peter is generally dumb concerning the matter, but he says some tremendous whoppers and they way into the papers, particularly the weight and measurement of legitimate. Some of the latest assert that Mitchell is an inch larger

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 Corbettite said "he weighed" Gentleman James Jay, "and in his shoes and trousers only he weighed 193 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. 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 declining 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?

It Corbett does not succeed with his advantages in youth, height and weight in beating Mitchell it will prove that he is an overrated man and that his conquest of Sullivan was because the latter's day had gone by. I notice a paper complains that John L. says in one town that Corbett will win and in another that Mitchell will make good meat of Corbett, and attributes John L.'s conflicting assertions to a change of drinks.

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-spreading 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 admits that he measures better than me." He said he knew from experience that Charlie was twice as hard a hitter as Jim and equally as clever.

Jack Jackson evidently feels sore because Mitchell was pulled forward in place of himself by the Brady-Corbett outfit and says should Mitchell win he won't be champion because he beats his own man. As to fistic history drawn battles have always been fought out to decide a championship. Corbett's assertion that "the nigger wants none of my games" is a very good one. It is crying out that a man could to meet him again first.

You gave us the correct tip on the Dixon-Solomon P. fight. According to THE BEE's tip, the fight was a draw. It was a draw, and did the best work all through. Hall asserts he lost it by a fluke. Bob, from his previous performances, fully justifies the name of his opponent. He is enjoying a measure better than me." He said he knew from experience that Charlie was twice as hard a hitter as Jim and equally as clever.

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 hooded 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 Illustrates the power of wine with the Marquis of Queensbury."

Should Mitchell win, will he have his paper illustrated with the conquering hero returning as "Bourbon 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 "bean." All born Americans, he said, pronounced it "bin," but the English speaking people elsewhere pronounced it as it is spelled, "beem." Fifty years ago there used to be plenty of American ships manned 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 tall, Norwegian captain and his sturdy Swedish and Norwegian crew had a narrow escape from being beaten in the last race. Although the Valkyrie split her sprinker at a critical juncture, the Vigilant succeeded in coming in forty seconds ahead.

"However, a miss is as good as a mile, as the Britislers promptly owned up. Up to date the Americans have been doing wonderfully in yachting 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 ran 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?"

I was surprised to learn in reading Mr. Wakeman's journeyings in THE BEE that in the south of Scotland the woeer and author of the immortal "Auld Lang Syne" was a native of the parish of Carstairs—my birthplace, a wild and mountainous district among the hills which divide Kirkcubrightshire from Ardlathie. It is a large parish, and the sheep and stock farms are numerous. The lead mines were discovered about 1840, and were more plentiful than many of Mr. Wakeman's researches that the beautiful Anne did not marry her lover, who was a Jacobite, and had to fly to France on account of being an adherent of the Stuart cause in the rebellion of 1715 or 1716. It is a man of a rich laid with about as much poetry in him as a cow. T. K. C.

Continued Pool at South Omaha. To The Sporting Editor of THE BEE: I have kept the score at the Payton-Martin pool contest last night and the boys asked me to send you the same for Sunday's paper. The game was 250 points of continuous pool, call shot, for \$50 a side at Strodmann's pool table, South Omaha. The result in the Payton's favor, he running 100, and John Martin's 79. Time one hour and forty minutes. Payton's largest run, 34 points, and an average of 81. Martin was not in it at any stage of the game. Considerable money changed hands. I don't know whether you remember me or not, but if you can recall the fellow who kept score in May last, you have got me. I have spent the summer in the western part of this state and had some fine shooting on grouse. I can give you pointers on the art of hunting in any county, and would like you to know how I lay it out there. L. BLANKMANN.

A Chance for the Kid. To The Sporting Editor of THE BEE: I have been directed to write to you regarding to making a match between myself, "young Nedham" of California, and some 115 or 120 pound man of your town, by your friend,

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 to you. YACON NEDHAM. 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 (unmasked) 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 followed by a 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 ticket price is one who will be likely to join the club. Remember, every member and as many guests as possible in costume. Come and be one of us. H. T. S. HAYWARD, A. T. CONRAD, RAY E. THOMAS, A. F. METZ, CHARLES E. DUFFIE, Committee.

Whisperings of the Wheel. Condon and Schnell, Omaha's representative racing men, are coming from the various race meets which they have been attending, bringing with them several "grips" full of stocks, etc.

The Tourist entertainment committee are making preparations for the annual club banquet which occurs next month, and the second annual ball which will also occur during the month. A series of "club smokers" and musicales will also be inaugurated soon.

The funny man on the Pittsburg Bulletin perpetrates the following: "Seftber—This bicycle race is going to develop a race of novelists. Why? Because the rider who will notice this in many cases, the rider makes it rider haggard. Does this 'dawn' on you?"

The entertainment committee of the Omaha Wheel club is making great preparations for the "World's fair smoker" which will be held in the club men on the evening of the 28th. The committee will endeavor to have this smoker eclipse any entertainment ever given by the club in the past.

Last Sunday was an ideal day for cycling, yet the club seemed loth to take advantage of it. A small party of the Omahas joined with a smaller party of the Ganyards and political and other friends. A half dozen of the Tourists made the round trip to Fremont. All report the roads flat and splendid rides.

Various delegations of wheelmen will attend the both Educational, Y. M. C. A., and Church this evening at the earnest solicitation of Rev. Odell, who is an enthusiastic wheelman. The sermon will be delivered especially for wheelmen, the title chosen being very suggestive—"Heeders." The Y. M. C. A. Council Bluffs will attend in a body. The Omahas and Tourists will also be represented in goodly numbers.

The race for the Tourist Wheelmen club medals narrowly to end in a draw—only one month more and the club's riding season will be over. Hynes and Sancho are tied for first place. Walker close behind, for the club longest man, Fred Erickson, Gronix and half a dozen others are equal for the special mileage medal offered September 1, 1893, and Bamun and Leichenberg are tied for the membership prize offered to the member bringing in the most new members.

Zimmerman and Wheeler, the two shining lights of the two classes of racing men, i. e., amateur and professional, are enjoying a much needed rest in the balmy atmosphere of the southern cross. A cycling journal comes out in a cartoon, which pictures the two famous cyclists enjoying a slip from the same barrel bearing the suggestive brand—"Amateur-professional bug juice." A sploit has been placed in each end and although the worthless partake of the same stuff, they draw through different means. Zimmermann is said to have confided to a friend, "Harry Wheeler and I are going down to St. Augustine for a month. We will take along a barrel of good old stuff. In one end will be a faucet labeled 'Amateur,' in the other one labeled 'Professional.' The former will be mine and the latter Harry's, of course, and neither can drink from the faucet." Is this the truth? Can it be possible that our great amateur racing men are all dipping from the same barrel?

The interest in the "high five" tournament at the Tourist Wheelmen club house has not wavered since the first game. Every Thursday evening the parlors are crowded and every club member has been in. The first games were finished last Thursday evening. The contestants will start in on the second series next Thursday evening. A special prize will be given to the player making the best average for the evening's play of the game. The percentage of each player who has taken part in the tournament up to and including last Thursday evening is given below. These gentlemen who are the champion player of the club.

Table with 4 columns: Club, W, L, P.C. Club, W, L, P.C. Entries include: Fredrickson 23 7 76, Hynes 15 15 50, Erickson 10 10 50, Gronix 7 3 70, Walker B. V. 14 16 46, McDonough 12 12 50, Prolix 34 14 69, Heminger 9 11 45, Huer 17 11 61, Barwell 23 17 57, Sancho 43 17 71, Barum 24 16 60, Whitehouse 6 10 40, Adams 18 10 64, Belchen G.M. 17 13 56, Prolix D. 12 16 40, Rechen G.L. 13 16 44, Yates 10 11 47, Adams 11 9 55, Common 11 19 36, Sully 18 9 67, Sutlin H.K. 16 14 53, Chapman 3 7 30, Walters F. 19 10 66, Rnath 3 7 30, Potter 49 20 71, Holsen 8 8 50, Welch 2 8 20, Latay 5 5 50, Smith E. 5 5 50.

Club members are requested to bring their friends around and introduce them to the club.

Halcyon Days for the Sportsman. Large baskets of bass and sunfish are being taken almost daily at Manawa and adjacent lakes.

Owing to the scarcity of water the jacks are a trifle scarce. Yellowfish, however, were numerous, plentiful, especially about the larger lakes.

The Davis Cromwell and a quartet of sportsman swells from Stoney, Ia., put in Sunday last on the Wauwonee marshes. Net result, one teal, a "crip," and thirteen mud-bats.

Dick Berlin and Bob Patrick during their recent cruise on the Mississippi, put in a day with line and rod at Lynxville, Wis. They made a tremendous catch of black bass and pike.

Billy Hoagland made the most of a day this week up at Honey Creek, bagging sixty-three ducks. If they are in the country depend upon this man Billy will get his full share of them.

Charlie Johannes and party put in a day recently on the Bellevue bottoms in quest of Bob White. They made a nice bag and say they were more equal than at any time for a good many years.

Patty Carmichael and Harvey Wind McGrew say they bagged sixty-nine ducks and four timber wolves up at McGrew's farm, near River View, on other day. I say that's what they say. See!

Jack Morrison and H. B. Kennedy returned several days ago from a week's sojourn on the beautiful Niobrara. On the last day's shoot Mr. Morrison bagged forty-two grouse and Kennedy caught an Indian.

C. A. Clinlin and Judge Iven are encamped somewhere in the marshes way north of Ell, and from late advices are making fine fur and rabbit skins. They are hunting out it has no duplicate in the west.

W. H. Alexander and Tom H. McCague are the champion squirrel hunters of this ballwick. They put in a day in the woods on the edge of the woods, and they returned home with no less than thirty-four.

encountered considerable snow and inclement weather.

L. A. Hoop and genial Jack Knowles were over near Sidney last week. They enjoyed a rattling day's shoot bringing in fourteen big fat mallards and thirty-four jacks. Major Knowles said they would have bagged more snipe if their arrows had held out. They were shooting cross-bows. Address 167 East Madison Street Chicago, Ill.

William P. McFarlane, superintendent of telegraph of the Fremont, Elkhora & Missouri Valley railroad, is at Three-Springs lake, South Dakota, popping away at the wild fowl. On Tuesday last Mr. McFarlane brought down a Canada widgeon 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 knew that ducks shooting was before. They have been out ten days and bagged over 600 birds, principally mallards—in their highly polished minds.

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.

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

Notwithstanding the continued fair weather the widgeon 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 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, F. Gray, Fred Butler, H. B. Kennedy, Goodley Brucker, Jeff Bedford and George Ketchum.

Bob Gilis will manage the Mobile club in 1894.

Charlie Dewald has been promised a job by Cleveland next year. They say that the Western League is to be reorganized at Chicago next Wednesday. George Hogreyer—familiarily remembered as "Hoggy" out this way, has anchored in Cincinnati for the cold snap.

John G. Clark and Charlie Bennett passed through Omaha yesterday enroute for Oakes, Kan., on a quail shoot. Philip Ehret will have to pin a Francis Murphy badge on his Pittsburg bosom next season or his red head will suffer a financial shampoo.

Ed McKean may enter the lists as the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of Cleveland in this winter's tournaments in the Forest City.

The official standing of the National League clubs in the championship race just closed will not be definitely settled until the meeting of that body in November.

When the Boston and All-Americans played at Hannibal, Mo., the old home of Beckley, his fellow townsman presented "St. Jacob" with a very handsome ring, emblematic of the Knights of Pythias.

Perry Weerden made his appearance as a pitcher for the Browns against the Sporting News at St. Louis and in four innings not only all that Cuba is fooling around with a pair of woolen socks wouldn't go but just now.

The standing of the league clubs as published at the close of the season was as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Club, Played, Won, Lost, P. C. Entries include: Boston 130 80 44 55.2, Pittsburg 129 61 44 50.4, Cleveland 128 73 55 57.0, Philadelphia 129 72 57 55.8, St. Louis 128 65 63 50.8, Brooklyn 129 64 65 49.6, Baltimore 130 60 70 46.1, Chicago 128 57 71 44.1, St. Paul 129 55 74 42.6, Louisville 125 50 75 40.0, Washington 129 49 80 37.9.

The only dispute is between Cincinnati and Brooklyn for sixth place.

Umpire Gaffney is likely to be retired next season. He has aroused the fury of the New York cronies for his work in the post season series. One game he called on account of "darkness." Of this contest O. P. Caylor writes: "Had not this act been so absurd it could have passed as a joke. The sun set twenty minutes after 5 o'clock and there was not a cloud above the horizon. The rays of Old Sol lit up the hillsides across the Harlem, but a seem came over Gaffney's eyes and he would not listen to an argument upon the subject of daylight and darkness. As fast as he could go he went and disappeared under the grand stand. I found him some minutes later leaning against the buffet of the restaurant, and although the place was completely inclosed, it was light enough in there for him to see the tonic which he held in a glass in his hand."

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