

WHAT WITH THE BOXERS

Getrip of the Week About the Wearers of the Mitts.

TOMMY RYAN WILL MEET BILLY SMITH

The Match Booked for Minneapolis This Month—Race Meeting at Union Park on the Fourth—News of the Wheelmen—Miscellaneous Sports.

There is but precious little stir in pugilistic circles just now, and nothing in sight. The Corbett-Jackson controversy has narrowed down to a burlesque, and there is no prospect of a fight between the two until they are united in the same ring. This is, unless the challenge can be "nagged" into it. The enormous development of his bumps of conceit and egotism are the salient points of assault, and already the men who make both fights and fighters, the sporting historians, have already trained their guns that way. As far as I am concerned, I think Corbett's refusal to return to any sort of terms only evinces his superior mind over those of his kind. As the case stands today, the champion is fully \$125,000 strong, and he hasn't made the half of it with his dukes, either. Since he made a hash out of old John L. Jim has demonstrated that his resources outside the ropes are ample to keep the wolf from the door, and what need is there for him to take any risks in the unlawful pursuit of fighting. If he is one-half as ambitious as he declares he is to be a gentleman, he can accomplish this in no manner but by keeping out of the ring, and that is the way it looks just now. However, I put prize fighters all on the same footing in refusing to accept any sort of terms, no better than the common run, and if he intends to fight again, it seems to me it would be the nice thing for him to cease monkeying, get down to business and show a doubting world that he can lick Peter Jackson. Without a doubt the trouble with Jim is that he knows, as we all know, that he is alive, that he has little better than an even break with the black fellow. If he was as cock sure of his game as he was with Charlie Mitchell, this fight would have been fought long ago, and we would now know just how great he is. That he is the luckiest champion the world has ever known is a fact not to be gained by the way of whipping an old woman and clinching it in a sideshow of a fight with a man who couldn't whip Dick Moore. But there is no kick coming out of this, and I would rather see a man climb than tumble any day, and while I might envy his luck, I would certainly have nothing to say against its fairness or legitimacy.

The latest from Corbett is that in response to a cablegram from Parson Davies asking him to simply mention the date when he would balance accounts with Jackson he says he will make no statements or promises until he returns to the States. So there will be no fight until next month, but he may not come back until next year, but in the meantime the Red-hot can chew their ends and do a little rummaging on the vicinities of the life of a sport. It is a rocky road at best.

Here is what Harry McEnery of New Orleans has to say about his subject: "Jim Corbett has acted badly with Peter Jackson, whom it has been said has always acted fairly with all his fellow men. It is true that Jackson is a black man, but that is no reason why Corbett should not have acted like a 'white' man in his dealings with the African fighter. All prize fighters are alike as far as the respectability of their calling goes, but all the world loves a fair man, and when a white man stops to decypher a colored man and takes unfair advantage of his colored brother he has no right to count on my friendship for him. The truth is that Jim Corbett has been under an American fighter in his dealings with Peter Jackson in a unbiased sporting mind will certainly agree with me after the case is fully considered. Corbett won't fight with Jackson in a fight that wouldn't fight in the south, and with that understanding the match between the two was ratified. After long months of the management of American boxing, and says that he will fight in the south and nowhere else. Now, tell me, what kind of pugilistic etiquette is James J. Corbett employing, anyhow?"

Harry, you know, is the pugilistic seer of the Middle West, and they think down here that he is a prophet. I have known the celebrated "Bantam"—that is the name of endeavor by which he goes to indulge himself in much guff as the ordinary run of fighting authorities. "Macon," in his wildest delirium, isn't a marker for him at times. However, what he says about Corbett may be true, and again it may not. Before assailing the actions of either man, the inside history of this proposed match is worthy of study. It was written from the beginning. From the very night the fight was made in the ring where Solly Smith extinguished Johnny Griffin over at Roly one year ago, down to the present day it has had the earmarks of a delusion and a snare and a big mutual theatrical advertisement. Originally they were to have fought last November, but the day after the last agreement to fight was made they went over a bottle of red-top in Rector's, and put it off for one year. The end was then.

I always gave Johnny Van Heest credit of a least a modicum of brains, and when he passed through here enroute to Kansas City I told him he was foolish to go so far into the country unless he meant to cut corn. But he said they were all right down there and that he had a hot tip that the coin was as plentiful as dog food on Main street, and I couldn't induce him to stop in the city a while. He said he was afraid I'd run him up against Jimmy Lindsay. I gave him a letter to those excellent old gentlemen, Ralph Stout and Deacon Whitfield, and asked them to give him a feed when the proper time came. Now this is what came from Johnny.

KANSAS CITY, June 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Say, this is a good thing down here, and if you know of any champions out of a job they can be recommended here, as they know all about fighters and all about the game. I was introduced to a dozen of the leading sports the other evening, and they wanted to know what I worked at, and if I had ever lived in the country before. Not one of them had ever heard of me. Say, I wish I had stopped at Falls City, maybe Charlie Abbey's pad would have given me a job killing potato bugs. But they give me the other night for \$3.50. Prof. Jim Evans, the English lightweight, was manager of the affair. There were about sixty guys in the crowd, and they all went out in two carry-alls, about seven miles, where the solitude was more equal to that here. Prof. Jim collected the \$3.50 on the way out, and I collected when we came to a halt that it was all gone to the winner. And so it was, that after the fight the fellow who held the money couldn't be found, and the champion got nothing. But that wasn't all. Half the crowd had no money to pay their way back town, so they took off the whole seven miles, getting here at cock-crow in the morning. I knew a back driver. But say, if you meet any more fighters who want a good thing, just send 'em down to this quiet little place. It is dead out of sight.

JOHNNY VAN HERST.

Joe Walcott, the Boston darkey, didn't even get up a sweat with Max Harris, the Bowery boy, the other evening. A round and a half was all that was necessary for the Barbadoes shade to make Mike sing: "De Barbadoes de Bowery, they do such 'tins, and they say such 'tins, that 'll be straight back dere agin."

Harris, it will be remembered, whipped Walcott in their first meeting, but the con has come fast and is now a candidate for Tommy Ryan, Billy Smith or any of the other ambitious writers.

under the managerial guidance of my esteemed friend, Australian Billy Thompson. A club has been organized called the Hercules, and they are to have limited round contests only. The first pair of old chestnuts will take a crack at each other as our old friends, Wiley Evans and Danny Needham.

In Boston on the evening of July 4 Stanton Abbott and Billy Meyer, the erstwhile Sirocco, are to box twelve rounds for a \$1,000 prize.

The contest between Dixon and Griffin at Boston Friday night is unworthy of mention. Without the shadow of a doubt it was a cut and dried affair, adroitly executed. If Griffin, weighing 138 pounds, couldn't beat the Hellenian in twenty rounds at 125, what could he do with him if he put up his dukes at even weight. Only get killed, that's all. But the affair is worthy of discussion in these columns. The fact that Dixon went into such a protracted contest with a light-weight, and a wonder at that, is sufficient to stamp the whole business as a fake.

It is now a settled fact that Tommy Ryan and Mysterious Billy Smith are to meet at the Coliseum on Thursday evening, July 5. I will run a special Pullman—that is a Pullman is in sight at that time—to the fight, leaving here at 4:45 on the evening of July 25. A fine delegation will represent this city, and those desirous of taking advantage of a good rate can do so by applying to the undersigned. Full particulars next week.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

A GREAT MATCH RACE.

Fyle's Robbie P and Alick to Go to a Finish on the Fourth.

The racing past week at Union Park, Council Bluffs, has been of a sensational nature during the entire meeting. Fyle's JB having made 2:05 1/2, the fastest mile paced by any horse in the United States, either in public or private, this year. Alick, the queen of race mares, trotted a mile in 2:13 1/2, the fastest record made by a trotter this season, and it has never been equaled by any horse prior to July 4. Certainly such record breaking performances at one meeting should stimulate the management and induce the greatest crowd ever assembled on a race track July 4 to witness the contest for supremacy between the western king and queen, driven by their owners.

Robbie P, 2:13, owned by Captain Fyle, has been an improving horse each year, and his record is the fastest in the world made by any horse driven by his owner, and he has won the quarter in 31 seconds (2:04 1/2) since his arrival at Council Bluffs, a bitter contest is assured, both owners being after money and reputation. The Kate Caffery and Nelly Cobb, winners of their races the past week in fast time and straight heats, establishes the racing qualities of the Charles Caffery, and Captain Fyle is yet desirous and hopeful to add another brilliant performance to the credit of his great son by defeating Alick on the day we celebrate.

We admire the captain's pluck, as certainly he has overcome obstacles but few other would. Eight years ago his entire stable of developed trotters were burned at the fair grounds in this city with few exceptions, and two years ago at the same place he was knocked senseless by a collision with driving Newboy, 2:12, but the following week at the state fair found him again driving the winners.

St. Joe had 40,000 people at their meeting two years ago and the city of Council Bluffs certainly our three cities should do as well to see what promises to be the fastest race ever trotted in the west or in the United States at this season of the year. There will be two other races of local horses, which is always exciting, owing to the popularity of their drivers and owners. Entries at the Hotel, Sixteenth and Webster streets, up to 10 o'clock Monday.

The Fourth Annual Meet.

Never in the history of cycling in Nebraska has there been such a prize list and splendid program of bicycle races offered as that gotten up by the Kearney Cycling Club for July 4 and 5. The occasion is the fourth annual meet of the Nebraska division, League of American Wheelmen. The first meet was held at York in 1891, the second at Hastings in 1892, the third at Lincoln in 1893, and each were prominent events in the minds of the cyclists as a meet where everyone met every one else and had a good time. The Hastings meet is remembered by the cyclists as a meet where everything his own way and became state champion. The Lincoln meet was a success financially and financially, but the races were not well managed at all. Omaha sent the largest delegation of cyclists to this meet that she has ever done, and it came well satisfied. This year indications point to the grandest meet Nebraska has ever experienced. The Kearney club is composed of young men who are hustlers and a credit to their town. They have laid themselves out, as it were, to make the "fourth annual" an overwhelming success. They have everything well and ready prepared, and will prove the Waterloo of many an aspiring racing man. There will be men from Colorado, Iowa, Illinois and Nebraska can ride and ride fast. The Class B men will be given a chance in five different events. There will be plenty of prizes, and a number of other ones. If you are looking for a place to spend your Fourth and have a genuine good time bundle your wheel into the baggage car Tuesday evening and be ready to start at 7 o'clock. The prize list will foot up \$1,500 or more and is composed of high grade bicycles, diamond rings, gold watches, gold medals, silver medals, bronze medals, silver cups, cameras, etc. The program consists of twenty-two races, as follows:

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- Half-mile (open), 1:20 class, value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- One-mile handicap, value of prize, \$35; \$18.
- One-mile (open), Class A, value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- Two-mile handicap (open), value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- One-mile (open), Class B, value of prize, \$25; \$12.
- Five-mile club relay, value of prize, \$50.
- Two-mile (open), 5:30 class, value of prize, \$35; \$18.
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For the Glorious Fourth.

There will be two championship games at the Charles Street park on the Fourth, one at 10:30 in the morning and the other at 2:30 in the afternoon. Quincy will be the opposing team, and although they occupy a low place in the standing, they have been materially strengthened within the last few days by recruits from the Southern league, and will come here in the shape of a very Rourke's grand argument. The Fourth of July is a big day all over the country, and with the patriotic spirit which will be here the banner crowd of the season will undoubtedly be on hand to witness the triumph and defeat. Base ball patrons are urged to get to the park on the morning game, as in this Quincy will have in her new twirler and is the game she is counting on as already won. Omaha management deserves every encouragement and support, for in spite of the hard luck that has recently been visited on them they are training every nerve to give Omaha as good, if not better, ball than they have ever known. New players are hard to get, especially pitchers, but Manager Rourke is working wonderfully hard to get them and promises a crackerjack or two before the week is out.

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Frank Ives defeated Vignaux in a 300-point balk line game at Paris early in June, although I have seen no notice of it in the press on this side. It was the first time the two great exponents of the game ever crossed eyes, and the rather historic club rooms of the Cercle Artisteux, Littéraire were filled with spectators. There was considerable money in sight and an Englishman who had "seen Ives beat Roberts" won 100 on the result, and extremely anxious to meet Vignaux. Ives lives after the game, and I even offered once to play for nothing sure the greatest crowd ever assembled on a race track July 4 to witness the contest for supremacy between the western king and queen, driven by their owners.

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- One-mile (open), Class A, value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- Two-mile handicap (open), value of prize, \$45; \$25.
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- Two-mile novice, value of prize, \$40; \$20.
- Quarter-mile (open), value of prize, \$40; \$20.
- Kearney Cycling Club championship, one mile, value of prize, \$35; \$18.
- Half-mile (open), 1:20 class, value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- One-mile handicap, value of prize, \$35; \$18.
- One-mile (open), Class A, value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- Two-mile handicap (open), value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- One-mile (open), Class B, value of prize, \$25; \$12.
- Five-mile club relay, value of prize, \$50.
- Two-mile (open), 5:30 class, value of prize, \$35; \$18.
- Half-mile (open), Class B, value of prize, \$25; \$12.
- Two-mile Nebraska Division championship, three prizes (medals).
- One-mile (open), 2:30 class, value of prize, \$45; \$25.
- One-mile (open), Class B, value of prize, \$25; \$12.

The Kearney Cycling club, under whose auspices the meet will be held, will leave nothing undone to make visiting wheelmen feel at home. Don't forget your League of American Wheelmen tickets; you will need them.

Interstate Championship Games.

For some time past it has become apparent that the Christians were some few lengths ahead of anything of the amateur description in or near Omaha, and as a result, their heifers have become surfeited with too much success. The next thing to the Kearney cycling club, under whose auspices the meet will be held, will leave nothing undone to make visiting wheelmen feel at home. Don't forget your League of American Wheelmen tickets; you will need them.

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