



LANGFORD DEFEATS JEANNETTE.

LATTER DOWN THRICE IN THIRTEENTH ROUND.

The recent twenty-rounds contest which put together at Luna Park, Paris, Sam Langford and Joe Jeannette attracted a huge gathering, and gave place to a splendid bout (says the "Mirror of Life"). To Jeannette's superior cleverness Langford opposed his exceptional strength and punching ability, and won the day, but not until Joe had given a remarkable display of pluck and determination. How Jeannette managed to stay the distance I am at a loss to explain, but he did, however, and Sam had to content himself with a points victory, despite all his efforts and the fact that in the thirteenth round Jeannette appeared to be at his mercy. In that fateful round the "Tar Baby" scored three terrible knock-downs of eight, nine, and nine seconds respectively, Joe rising on the last two occasions a fraction of a second before the word "out" was pronounced. Not that this was calculated, for Jeannette appeared too dazed to be aware of his surroundings, let alone enter into calculations, but simply because Joe's fighting instinct and his undaunted pluck commanded him to regain his equilibrium. When on his feet he appeared absolutely helpless, yet he stood again three or four of Sam's formidable punches before again striking the canvas a second time. On his feet after the third knock-down, he leaned up against the ropes unable to raise his arms. Sam hesitated a moment, then slowly advanced to place the coup de grace, but at that precise moment the gong rang out. That sound, so familiar to a boxer, seemed to rouse Joe somewhat, for he instinctively ducked an imaginary attack and slowly regained his corner.

The 13th round was certainly one of the most thrilling I have witnessed for a good while—since Ghent, in fact. Although "time" had saved Jeannette from an almost certain knock-out, we reared that it was only a step back to leap the better; it seemed impossible that Joe could recover sufficiently during the short sixty seconds' respite to be able to check that terrific fighting machine the gong was going to call him to face. Impossible is, however, but a word, and to the surprise and satisfaction—a plucky man always attracts sympathy—of the onlookers, Joe at once got busy in the fourteenth round, and did well with the left—far, far better than any of the sportsmen present could have anticipated.

Yet Sam Langford, to bring about the exciting incidents of the thirteenth round, had worked like a Trojan, rushing at his opponent despite the efforts of Joe to keep him away with the left, and crushing home those short but deadly hooks which characterise Langford's work. Slowly but surely he had sapped up Joe's strength by continually aiming with both hands at the moving target which was Joe's head, meeting with alternate success. The blows that did get home told, and these, helped by terrific body punching when Jeannette tried to hang on, had brought Dan McKetrick's magnificent colt to the dilapidated state we found him in before the third knock-down. When the climax came we looked on in wonder; Sam himself appeared satisfied with his work. Then came the fourteenth and fifteenth rounds, and Jeannette's extraordinary come-back, his excellent work and generalship. Bit by bit Jeannette seemed to recover his strength. As the energy crept back Joe became more and more pressing, dashing home his left repeatedly, and following up with smart uppercuts with the right.

During two rounds Sam appeared somewhat nonplussed; the cheers for Joe were deafening, the spectators encouraging Jeannette for all they were worth. Was the man who a few minutes ago appeared on the

verge of defeat by knock-out going to clutch victory, which had slipped from his grasp? Langford regained his former calm attitude, and the fighting machine was again set in motion. The work started in round one was resumed, and we saw what we had seen in the first half of the fray, Joe gradually growing weaker under the effects of Langford's terrible blows. Rap, rap, rap went Sam's glove—right, then left—in his opponent's jaw; nearly each punch that landed told a tale, but still Jeannette, whose pluck roused storms of applause, stood the strain. His legs went shaky, his eyes glassy, but he would not strike his colour. Time and again he would put on a spurt, lash out a left or a right, but only to be calmed down by Sam's deadly weapon. When the last round opened it was impossible to say whether Joe Jeannette would see the three min-

give his opponent a shade in the weight—just try it and see what a change has come over him since he reached the top of the heap.

When Jim Corbett was an amateur he was simply daft on boxing, and whenever a prominent fighter arrived in California he would give me no rest until I got him a chance to box with the visitor. When he turned professional he would fight every chance he got, and the harder the game the better he liked it. He won the championship in '92, and held it until '98, and although every big fighter in the world wanted to meet him, he only made one fight during the six years he held the title.

The little fellows are no different; while they are climbing up the pugilistic hill they invariably carry a chip on their shoulder, but after they reach the summit they do more fighting about weight than they do in the

me that if a chicken, whose average weight is five pounds, can give away two ounces, a prizefighter ought to be able to give away two pounds.

I don't blame the big fellows for being careful after they become champion; nor do I blame the little fellows for making the best matches they can. Weight means a whole lot to them, and a match well made is half won. Still, it would take more than a few ounces to keep two of the old school apart.

There was a boxing exhibition given in Birmingham, England, years ago, and after the show we were in a cafe, when a man slapped Jim Mace, who was in our party, on the back, saying, "Hello, Jim, old chap! Don't you remember me?" Jim recognised him as a man he had fought thirty years previous, and received him cordially. The man was a giant in stature, and told Jim that he had become a prosperous farmer, and had come to town to see the show. After he left Jim remarked that he was the biggest man he ever fought.

Joly Ross, of Edinburgh, Scotland, jokingly said, "Yes, Jim, I was at that night, and when you saw that big fellow climb through the ropes you looked scared to death." Jim laughed, saying, "The moment he stepped into the ring I was sure of winning, for I knew he was too big to beat me." Jim in his day had fought Sam Hurst, and as Sam weighed 250 pounds, they must have dug Sam's old opponent up out of a dime museum. Tom Sayers, the gamest and most beloved Briton of them all, was partial to big opponents, and had no trouble defeating such giants as Harry Paulsen, Bill Benjamin and Tipton Blasher. He had a way of his own of binding the fellow, and even our own John C. Heenan, big and clever as he was, had to be led away from the ring after that never-to-be-forgotten battle at Farmborough in 1860. During the long and eventful career of the redoubtable Tom he only once felt the sting of defeat, and that was at the hands of a 154-pound man, Nat Langham.

Very true, men don't fight to-day like they did in those days; and they don't talk like they used to, either. The old bare-knuckle boys had a habit of using the expression, "I'll fight him if he weighs a ton." They use that same expression to-day, but they only use it on the stage.

GENERAL NOTES.

The aboriginal boxer, Jerry Jerome, is shortly to participate in a series of contests at the Sydney Stadium. Jerome has been out of the game for a considerable time, owing to the Queensland Government authorities being over considerate for the welfare of the black man, but they have now acquiesced to Jerome's wishes to enter the pugilistic arena, and he is now under the capable charge of the negro boxer Peter Felix, one-time champion of Australia.

Little is heard nowadays of the American middleweight boxer Billy Papke, who for several years held the world's middleweight championship. Papke recently signed an agreement to meet the clever American middleweight George Chip in January, but had the misfortune, during training operations, to fracture his hand, and the bout was consequently called off. This is the second occasion on which Papke has broken his hand, for it will, perhaps, be remembered that a similar accident happened to him in a battle with Frank Klaus in Paris twelve months ago.

The lightweights Peter Cooke and Jim Hegarty will meet in a fifteen-rounds contest at the Greymouth Boxing Association's tournament on March 14.

Packy McFarland, the famous American boxer, who has been engaged for three contests in Australia, recently incurred the displeasure of



JACK READ, the clever American lightweight, who is at present making a successful boxing tour of the United States.

utes out or not; his features were now covered with gore; he was weak, but pluck never deserted him, and he was on his feet when the gong sang out the amen.

Frantz Reichel, the referee, immediately gave Langford the decision. Both opponents were much applauded, Jeannette especially. A word remains to be said: Will Langford be recognised as world's champion?

RING REMINISCENCES.

NOTABLE BATTLES RECALLED.

In his reminiscences of the boxing ring, the late Billy Delaney, the great American authority, makes the following reference to the much-discussed question of weight:—

When a fellow first joins the pugilistic brigade the only thing he wants is a chance to fight, and usually weight, purse, and conditions cut no figure with him. He is full of ambition and isn't afraid to take a chance right off the reel; but let this same young man become a champion—then ask him to fight at short notice, or

ring. How often in recent years has a championship battle fallen through because the principals could not agree on what particular hour they would weigh in? Some years ago Abe Attell and Owen Moran were matched to box in San Francisco. The articles called for 126 pounds ringside, and forfeits were posted accordingly.

Abe weighed in all right, but when Owen weighed he just barely raised the bar of the scale. He claimed he made the weight, and so did Billy Roche, who witnessed the weighing, and was to referee the fight. He ordered the boys into the ring, but Abe declared that Owen was over weight, and claimed the forfeit, and refused to go in the ring until he received it. They had to come through, and the fight took place, which, by the way, ended in a draw. Owen was only a couple of ounces over weight, but gave Abe the chance to claim, and Abe was never known to overlook a bet.

The rules governing chicken fighting the world over allow either chicken to weight two ounces more than its opponent, and it seems to