

John L. Sullivan, for example, was always a head fighter. He seldom made play for an opponent's stomach. He aimed to hit an opponent on the point of the jaw and put him out most effectively. The first time he met Charley Mitchell (at Madison Square Garden, May 14, 1883), the clever boxing champion of England caught John L. off his guard and walloped a corker in the bread basket that sent Sullivan greatly amazed on his back. This was the only time John L. was ever floored during his long fistic career, except when he sank down exhausted before Jim Corbett at New Orleans, and lost his championship in the 21st round to the scientific young Californian.

"If Jess Willard should land the crown, he will be the most popular champion we've had since John L. Sullivan's palmy days. He will not only coin a mint of money by theatrical engagements and boxing exhibitions all over the world, but he will be the fistic hero for some time to come. Johnson had a splendid opportunity, although he is a negro, to make thousands of dollars and to be well liked, but he threw his chances away to the four winds by not only disgracing himself, but also his race and the boxing game. If he had conducted himself in the gentlemanly manner Peter Jackson did, another grand pugilist of his own race, he might have gained the admiration of millions of fans. He has been the cause of several boxing commissions throughout the country drawing the colour line. It is a question, if Willard should become the champion, if another negro will ever get the opportunity to again become a titleholder. In other words, Johnson has killed the goose that laid the golden eggs for the coloured race of fighters in this country especially.

"The Kansan cowboy for over a year has had an idea that he can defeat Jack Johnson. He never expressed himself in a bombastic, inflated manner, but in a quiet, conservative way to his manager, Tom Jones, and a few other close friends. He also so impressed Jack Curley, H. H. Frazee, and L. Lawrence Weber, the three promoters of the big fight. I believe Mr. Franzee is the principal financial backer of the affair, and he claims to have put 100,000 dollars into the enterprise. Johnson alone is to receive 32,000 dollars, win or lose. There is a great deal of advance expenses for presswork, printing, training, building ring, seats, etc. In fact, it is quite an expensive undertaking and risk when taken into consideration.

"So confident is Willard, however, that he can defeat Johnson, he has gone into the long severe training and the coming battle without a dollar being guaranteed to him, win or lose. If he's beaten he will probably not receive a cent, but if he wins the money will flow to him. No other contender for the big championship honours has ever accepted such conditions. They always had to be guaranteed some fairly good end, win or lose. This indeed proves Willard's wonderful confidence in his ability to land the crown."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

RETAINS MUCH OF HIS FORMER ACTIVITY.

While everybody in Cincinnati (U.S.) was hustling to get indoors the other night, John L. Sullivan, the one-time great pugilistic champion, was seen calmly walking down Vine Street with his coat open.

"I hear that the mercury is down to the zero mark," said an old-time friend of Sullivan's, rubbing his ears to keep them warm.

"That does not interest me," remarked Sullivan. "I work harder in the red hot sun during the summer months than I do when it's cool. I never suffered from the heat in my life, and the colder the day the better I feel. This business of wrapping up your body like an express package is killing more people than the plague."

Sullivan's remarks are worthy of attention. He was the champion London prize ring fighter of the world. Although he took part in many real prize fights, and took a world of punishment, yet he did not receive a mark of any kind.

He looks more like a senator than a prize-fighter. John L. attributes his youthful appearance to the fact that he studied fighting and always prepared himself in a proper way for fights. He says that the same holds good in regard to one's health.

He is careful of his habits in summer and does not eat too much food in hot weather. In winter he takes

every precaution not to catch cold, but above all things does not wear clothing that is too heavy for one day and too light for the next.

LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

COOK RETAINS TITLE.

(From Our Greymouth Correspondent.)

The fight for the lightweight championship of New Zealand between Peter Cook (holder) and Jack Griffen (challenger) took place at the Town Hall, Greymouth, on Saturday night. The fight, from a spectacular point of view, was a very poor one, Cook being superior in every department of the game. Griffen did not possess any of his old dash, and his weighty right swing, which won him many a fight, was rarely used. Cook, on the other hand, was full of dash, and although he did not exert himself very much, was content to pile up points in every round. The fight went the full distance, and Cook was awarded the decision by referee Tim Tracy.

The preliminary bout between O'Neill (Runanga) and Chisnall (Christchurch) was perhaps the best bout seen for a very long time on the Coast. Six rounds was the distance, and each round was cram-full of fight-

and an answering roar goes up from twice five thousand throats. A young man strides rapidly to the ropes, his skin, 'neath which the muscles slip and slide like those of a wild stallion, gleaming white in the glare of the arc lights, which accentuate the natural pallor of his face. He reaches over the upper rope, and his proffered hand, cased as yet in a blood-stained glove, is warmly clasped by a little old man with a grey beard and kindly grey eyes, who gazes upon him with rapturous pride and delight. "Why don't they laugh now, dad?" queried the youngster, with a ring of exultation in his tone. Laugh! The world was too staggered to laugh, for had not the 'wise guys' been tumbling over each other for weeks to lay four and five to one on John L. Sullivan, regarding Corbett's pretensions as a joke?"

Billy Birch, of the Chicago "Herald," writing on March 7, says:—

"Bring on your twenty-round bouts!" It was Mike Gibbons, St. Paul's boxing wizard, doing the talking, and Michael is really sincere this time, for with the confidence he got by beating Jimmy Clabby and Eddie McGoorty in ten-round encounters the Phantom is ready to answer his critics who are calling him a "short-go artist,"



THE CHANCELLOR INSPECTS THE WELSH ARMY.—"Taffy," the regimental pet of the London Welsh Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, taking part in the ceremonial parade of the North Wales Brigade of the Welsh Army Corps, which was witnessed by Mr. Lloyd George at Llandudno on St. David's Day.

ing. O'Neill was the stronger and better-conditioned fighter, while Chisnall (who was poorly conditioned) was a very pretty, scientific boxer. O'Neill got the verdict, but the margin of points was very small.

Another good bout staged by the Greymouth Association was the six-round set between Jim Mussen (last year's West Coast representative at the New Zealand championships) and Frank Griffen (a brother to Jim Griffen, ex-middleweight champion of Australasia). Like his brother, Griffen is a fighter, and he put up a very creditable fight against such an old-timer as Mussen. The former had never before donned a glove in the ring. Although the result was a draw, Griffen appeared to have been entitled to the decision. A return match is likely.

Jim Corbett, the one-time famous boxer and world's champion heavy weight, is meeting with a remarkable reception during his present tour of Australia, and in view of his visit to these parts it is of interest to recount the following impressive narrative of his defeat of the mighty John L. Sullivan, as described in a leading American sporting paper:—"A 24ft. ring. In the centre lies a man of vast bulk, full, a few seconds ago, of fire and energy, now a mere huddled, inert, inanimate mass. Seven—eight—nine—out!" yells Professor John Duffey,

providing, of course, he gets the money.

"I'm going to do a turn on the stage, probably four weeks," Mike went on to say, "and then if these promoters who are shooting me offers for long tilts are sincere, I'll be ready to sign up. I'll take Clabby first, and if success comes my way I will meet McGoorty. don't think I will have any trouble with the Hammond boy, but Eddie is dangerous, and may give me trouble."

Winning the middleweight championship—Gibbons seems to have about three legs on the coveted title—is not his only ambition, however, for besides being the clever ring man that he is, Mike is a dreamer. He has visions of the heavyweight honours, and only the other day he was made an offer of 5000dol. to meet Gunboat Smith in New York. Less than a year ago Smith was considered the white heavyweight champion, and there is no reason to believe but that Mike can beat the ex-sailor, even though he will have twenty or thirty pounds weight advantage.

Passing on to McGoorty's status in the 157-pound class, the shade verdict he lost to Gibbons last Tuesday night probably was the best thing that could have happened to him. He gave Mike a much better fight than did Clabby and, like his Hoosier rival, finished stronger than did Gibbons. As one critic would have it, put three or four

hard fights under his belt and the Whale can go with any of them, this including Gibbons.

Probably the most surprising thing connection with the Hudson affair was the fact that McGoorty outboxed Gibbons at long range, this despite the fact that it was his second battle in seven months, and his right hand punches were far from right. The St. Paul man won his edge at infighting, and McGoorty attributes this to his Australian trip, when he was forced to box almost exclusively, for the antipodes fans do not appreciate "inside stuff."

Besides this, the critics' decision against him seemed to put new life in the Oshkosh star. It is seldom that Eddie has taken boxing as a serious business, and the principal reason for this is that he has been going along and winning with such regularity that he had forgotten how defeat tasted. Now he seems determined to battle and don't be surprised if you see him fighting every week or so from now on. He stopped off in Oshkosh yesterday, but will be here Monday ready to resume training.

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