

of all our modest boys' compatriots.

These great breaks prove that the Australian has benefited by being transplanted to the home of his ancestors, although his performance in Melbourne last year was almost as great, a recital of which may interest the couple of hundred thousand weekly readers of this paper to recount the deeds of the youngster in that famous record-making epoch against Lindrum. The seventeen-year-old marvel in that bout averaged 43.48 for the 15,000, as well as making the world's double record break of 836—the record off the red being 831. In addition to that Marathon run, other Titanic breaks such as 800, 588, 564, 531, 461, 417, and 408 came from the boy's cue during the same game, mostly per medium of the red ball, by the favourite half-run-through stroke into the side pockets. When the average table was compiled it was seen that Gray had made two breaks over 800, three over 500, three over 400, five over 300, ten over 200—135 in all over the century. These figures should be posted up in every room, for they are the highest ever compiled in any match player under modern B.A. rules—and were made by a young Australian a few months after leaving the schoolmaster's desk.

It was in this game that Lindrum practically received his baptismal fire from heavy shot, and learned that great desideratum of the billiardist, "how to sit still." Despite these long watching spells, which glaze the eye and cool the feet, Lindrum came out of the game with the sterling average of 34.46, making 39 breaks over the hundred, with 307 on top. Roberts told me the other week that he considered the experience of "long waits between shots" was of the greatest benefit to Lindrum, who I was pleased indeed to see has achieved the distinction of a 500 break—the billiardist's Mecca. Having reached those figures, the six, seven, and eight hundred run will come all the easier. Experienced folks assert that it is easier to amass a million of money after you get the first thousand than it is to make the first thousand. I am not aware that it is so; but the reasoning holds good as a billiards analogy.

BOXING.

ECHOES OF THE JOHNSON-JEFFRIES BATTLE.

There is not a great deal to add in the aftermath of the contest between Jack Johnson and James J. Jeffries, (says a writer in the "Sporting Budget"). The negro has been accused of having a "yellow streak," and he always laughs when he hears the suggestion, and one of the things that pleased him most after his victory was the fact that he had shown the world that he wasn't to be scared by even the mighty Jeffries. "Did I back up?" he asked while he was donning his street clothes in his dressing-room. "Did I run away? Who did most of the leading? Who made the first lead? Oh I like to hear these fellows like Corbett and some others talk about my lack of courage. I was as sure of winning that fight as I ever was of anything in my life, and if anybody thinks that I'm afraid of any man alive, I have a lot of money to bet that they can't show me him." The everlasting triumph of youth will be continued in history. Johnson is only human, and at his age, thirty-three, he must expect retrogression to commence shortly. All the former kings of the gloving game who were present at the ringside and made the greatest gathering of world renowned fistic celebrities ever gathered together had their turn, and gave way to younger men. Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, and lastly, Jeffries, all had their day, and the thousands of followers of the game of boxing will now be watching for the man who is to be fortunate enough to catch Johnson in the downward grade and meet him where he can give him the shove that will land him on the pile of "has beens" at the bottom. When will it be? We require a prophet or somebody with knowledge and power to see into the future, but that gift is denied human beings. How many people ten years ago would have thought that Jeffries would eventually meet with decisive defeat. Many pessimists might have been found who would have declared that Jeff, stood a chance of being beaten on points, but by a knock-out? Perish the thought. Why, not one judge in a thousand of a boxer's points would

have allowed the thought to have crossed his mind. How are the mighty fallen! Hero worship is one of the most peculiar components of human nature. To-day, when a man carries all before him, we publicly proclaim and cheer him, give banquets to his honour and glory, and generally make life a burden to the champion. But should defeat come his way! It is surprising how the hitherto warmest supporter will find something more attractive to discuss, and when he does condescend to speak of his late hero, it is only in words of censure at the audacity of allowing himself to be beaten. 'Tis a strange world, and many the people who are fickle-minded—especially in sport. Just imagine the scenes of enthusiasm that would have been manifested had Jeffries defeated Johnson at Reno (if only half as easy as Jeff was). Alas! no brass bands or crowds greeted the white man's return to Los Angeles. There was a "multitude" numbering fourteen persons to welcome him home. His world tour, which would have been unparalleled in pugilistic history had he won, has been cancelled, and as every sane man must know, Jeff, will not look for a return fight. Surely the publicity merchants have done quite enough damage, without heaping coals of fire on the head of him who, unsuccessful, tried to remove the white man's burden. Quite a contrast was the gladness with which Johnson was received. The much maligned negro was met upon his arrival in New York by a crowd of 6,000 coloured persons and given rousing receptions wherever he appeared. At a music hall in the city Johnson was accorded as much attention as if he had been Mr. Roosevelt. Jeff, will quickly drop out of the picture, and from what I can judge of his character, the ex-boilermaker will rest content in his own private affairs, and will never again want to discuss much about boxers or boxing. The big fight will soon be forgotten, but in the meantime interesting developments keep cropping up. It was a gigantic scheme, but the wise-heads who framed the whole affair are men who played the advertising game for all it was worth, and, what is more, they were overwhelmingly successful.

A BOXING HOAX.

JACK JOHNSON'S SUBSTITUTE.

Jim Johnson is a wise guy! to use an Americanism, but if Jack of that ilk was to get hold of him "deres likely to be trouble between dem niggers." At least that is what I gather from as cute and neat a little bit of business imaginable, enacted across the French frontier, (says an English writer). Even our one and only Parisian sporting daily, "L'Auto," fell into the hoax by informing its readers that Jack Johnson was actually in Belgium; in fact, that he had been booked to spar at the Brussels Exhibition. Having heard no word about the champion's departure from the States, this extraordinary piece of news was, to say the least of it, startling. Having a friend in Brussels I wired for information. A cryptic reply that the J. J. of Brussels had "no good teeth" convinced me of the joke about to be perpetrated on the unsuspecting Belgians. It was not my business to expose the scheme, so I allowed the comedy to wend its way in blistful smoothness. Jack Johnson was still in America, but a namesake of his, named Jim, was masquerading as the real thing, and actually appeared before an all-admiring crowd the while he fulfilled a lucrative engagement as Jack Johnson, Champion of the World.

"JACK JOHNSON" ARRIVES AT BRUSSELS.

The pseudo-champion's arrival at Brussels was marked by the highest form of festivity. Thousands of people awaited the "great boxer's" advent with breathless excitement. To cap all, Johnson's welcome assumed presidential dimensions, a brass band greeting him with the American National Anthem. One of the leading newspapers, "Le Petit Bleu," went so far as to boom him generally, and fete the "celebrated champion" in sparkling nectar. It was a great day for the Belgians, the Exhibition itself palling into insignificance before the coming of "Jack Johnson." The hoax was carried out to the letter, he it noted, the dandy, blazing in magnificent apparel, selecting the best hotel in the town as his quarters. Thus was it that even the great and astute Bostock was taken in. How this came about is all the more extraordinary, seeing that the great showman knew the real Jack Johnson, and actually conversed with the substitute up-

on past matters. The result of this "renewed acquaintance" was the engagement already referred to, and the eventual abrupt disappearance of "Jack Johnson" and his manager. Following these successes, Jim Johnson—for it was he, the hero of the hoax—came to Paris. Things were not so exhilarating in the gay city, although Jim was gazed upon with mute admiration by the passer-by and generally believed to be the conqueror of Jim Jeffries. Things threatened to take a serious turn, for, in his fury at having been so diddled, Bostock contemplated extreme measures. Another journey to Brussels by Jim's manager, however, put things right, so I am led to understand, and the burly negro is still in Paris seeking a contest with Sam McVea. Jim Johnson is a massive coon, and could easily be mistaken for his more illustrious namesake.

The Belgians are very sore, it appears, at being chosen as the victims of this hoax. It had its amusing side, Jim's experience as "world's champion" being not the least entertaining part of the whole joke. In Brussels, however, they don't see things in the same light. Ah, well, there is so little humour in the average Belgian.

Since writing the above, Mr. Charles Galvin, Jim Johnson's real manager, informs me that he was the victim of a third party, and had nothing to do with the affair. In fact, Mr. Galvin has been at a considerable monetary loss by the "sad business," as he calls it, and is now on the prowl for that third party. Being a bit of a bruiser himself, there's likely to be lively times if the two do meet. But why "sad" business, Mr. Galvin? Amusing, you must mean.

Spending an evening with the now famous (or notorious—which is it?) Jim Johnson, I took advantage of the occasion to question him as to the above-mentioned sensation. "Wally, bully!" replied Jim with a smile that expanded almost to New York. The part of the world-champion hoax, however, that appealed to him most, was the fact that he slept in a bed the charge for which was 30 shillings a night. "Yah!" vouchsafed he, "it was grand; nebbber slept so well in all my life." The role of world's champion has its drawbacks, however, according to James; he complains of having been kept too busy dispensing his autograph. "No," reproachfully said Jim, "I did not sign myself 'Jack Johnson,'" adding, with a deliciously childish naivete, "I am no imposter. I just put down my own name. I could not make out what all the fuss was about when I arrived at Brussels," went on Johnson. "Gee! it was great—motor-cars, bands, champagne, banquet! Yah!" sorrowfully added this huge mass of coloured humanity, "it feels good to be a world's champion." It is as well to point out in Jim's favour that, not being able to understand French, he knew nothing about the imposition, but faithfully "followed orders." The gentleman who gave those orders has made himself very scarce. Jim now says that he is going to be the real thing. Having tasted all the joys of conquerors, his soul is fired with the desire for supremacy.

The Northern Boxing Association, who intend holding an attractive carnival in Auckland shortly, are unable to adhere to the night originally decided upon, viz. next Wednesday, owing to the arrangements for a couple of first-class exponents from Australia to visit these shores and provide the star attraction, not being definitely settled yet. The Association are determined to make the forthcoming carnival one that will meet with the universal appreciation of boxing patrons, and have shown much wisdom in postponing the tournament for the time being. Negotiations, however, are at present nearly complete for a contest of exceptional merit, particulars of which will be published later.

The Palmerston Amateur Boxing Club has arranged to hold a tournament on November 8th, the carnival to be under the auspices of the Manawatu Boxing Association. Any profit from it will go towards the furnishing of an up-to-date gymnasium, the need of which has been greatly felt. Several really good bouts are already assured. There will be contests between Ellis (Wellington) and Shields (Palmerston), Kerr (Nelson) and Havil (Palmerston), Dalziel (Tokomaru), and Childs (Palmerston), Teed v. Waters, Treweek v. Bason, and Brown v. Moxon. Besides the foregoing ten competitors have entered for the novice competition (feather-weight).

It has been said by those who know him intimately that Johnson is one of the biggest hearted men who ever drew breath, either black or white. The latest proof of the assertion is that the coloured champion has deposited £20,000 in a bank in Chicago, and has bought his mother a motor-car, whilst in addition gifts of from £50 to £150 have been sent to eight persons who befriended him at his native town in the days gone by. One received £100 for saving the black fellow from drowning when a boy, and to the man who taught him how to box the conqueror of Jeff forwarded £150.

Johnson is a very shrewd, smart fellow, with an exceptionally quiet and active mind (says a writer). He is also a far-sighted fellow. He is a fatalist, therefore, is relieved of the fear and apprehension and worryment of looking ahead. These characteristics enable him to have a free and contented mind always seeking enjoyment and pleasure, yet never losing sight of the fact that he must not go to an extreme that would destroy his physical powers. He is too shrewd for that. Johnson has a mind that could make a success in any profession or any business.

Joe Gardiner, the English wrestler, who met with an accident while engaged in a bout with Czar at Napier the other week, injuring his head and remaining unconscious for 20 minutes, has completely recovered from the effects of the mishap, and intends leaving for Australia in a few weeks. Gardiner has done much to popularise wrestling since his arrival in this country, and will be greatly missed in athletic circles.

Noakes, a Waihi wrestler, writes to Mr. J. H. Trudgeon, secretary of the Northern Boxing Association, stating that he is desirous of meeting Louis S. Robertson, of Stratford, in a professional wrestling bout, and asking that the match be held in Auckland under the supervision of the N.B. Association. Noakes, who is considered a tough opponent on the mat, is unable to secure a hall in Waihi, and has therefore communicated with the secretary of the N.B.A. Robertson's fame as a wrestler is already well known throughout New Zealand, and should the pair be brought together a sterling contest should result.

ATHLETICS.

AUCKLAND AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB.

DECEMBER CARNIVAL EVENTS.

At a meeting of the committee of the Auckland Amateur Athletic Club on Thursday night, presided over by Mr. A. Plugge, it was decided to hold a spring carnival on December 3. Some discussion ensued regarding the events to be included on the programme, and after careful consideration, the following preliminary list of competitions was drawn up:—100 yds, 220yds, and 440yds, half-mile, one-mile, and three-mile flat handicaps, 120yds maiden race, one-mile walk, 120yds hurdle race, 880yds relay race for teams from warehouses, throwing the hammer, high and broad jumps, and hop, step and jump, one and two-mile cycling races. The question of "star" events was left over to a future meeting. The committee decided to invite the Sacred Heart College authorities to hold their secondary schools' invitation race at the forthcoming sports meeting. Mr. H. J. Fielder was appointed handicapper for the spring carnival.

It is gratifying to note that a couple of cycle races are included among the events it is proposed to hold at the December carnival, as from a spectator's point of view there is nothing so attractive at an athletic gathering as a good bicycle contest. The proposed cycle races consist of a mile and two-mile contest, and in not having a three or five-mile race for cyclists the committee have shown wise judgment, as the track riders at present to be found in Auckland hardly warrant a race extending over two miles. Athletic enthusiasts will doubtless remember that on the occasion of the last sports meeting held in Auckland when Kerr defeated Wilson in the challenge walking match, the bicycle races, especially the two-miles, proved a big disappointment. In this event, which was decided in heats,