

riding the full distance. In fact, a mile cycle race would have been decidedly more interesting from a spectator's point of view, as the three miles event was looked upon as a contest between the back-markers, and such it proved, Adlam (scr) and Burton (45yds) catching the field early in the race, after which they rode along leisurely with the field until, with but a couple of laps to go, Burton sprinted, and obtaining a big break on Adlam the latter had not the slightest chance of defeating Burton over the last lap. Burton won easily, while Adlam, who did not ride with his customary dash, had to be content with second honours.

A new method of announcing the winners of the different events with coloured flags was experimented with, but cannot be said to have proved successful, the number board being by far the most effective means of enlightening the spectators as to the results.

The results of the principal events were as follows:—

Amateur Events.

Catholic Primary Schools' 100yds Championship: J. McCarthy (Marist Bros.), 1; L. Hing (Marist Bros.), 2; F. Williams (Onehunga), 3. Won by two yards. Time, 12 1-5s.

Secondary Schools' Handicap, 120 yds.—R. Bailey (St. John's), 1; A. L. Millar, 2; E. A. Harrison, 3. Time, 13 2-5s.

Amateur Handicap, 120yds.—H. A. Robertson, 1; A. O. Darby, 2; M. Kalman, 3. Time, 12 3-5s.

C.M.C. Handicap, 100yds.—M. McCarthy, 1; S. Johnson, 2; S. Patten, 3. Won by a yard and a half. Time, 10 3-5s.

Hibernian Handicap, 75yds.—G. Rogers, 6yds, 1; A. Dudson 6yds, 2; W. Malone, 4yds, 3. Won by half a yard. Time, 8 1-5s.

Sacred Heart College Handicap, 200 yds.—C. Brownlee, 6yds, 1; E. J. Burns, scr, 2; M. Twomey, 7yds, 3. Time, 23 1-5s.

Professional Events.

120yds Sheffield Handicap.—First heat: C. Hally, 9yds, 1; V. C. Branson, 4½yds, 2. Time, 12 2-5s. Second heat: E. Bust 9½yds, 1; R. Johnson, 9½yds, 2. Time, 12 1-5s. Third heat: H. J. Mills, 10yds, 1; J. French, 13yds, 2. Time, 12 2-5s. Fourth heat: F. J. Treanor, 11yds, 1; G. Timms, 10yds, 2. Time, 12s. Fifth heat: M. Harrison, 13yds, 1; R. Edwards, 13½yds, 2. Time, 12s. Sixth heat: W. J. McManus, 11yds 1; G. Brain, 12yds, 2. Time, 12 2-5s. Final: M. Harrison, 13yds, 1; F. J. Treanor, 11yds, 2. Time, 11 4-5s.

Three Miles Cycle Race.—E. W. Burton, 45yds, 1; J. Adlam, scr, 2; N. Wadham, 75yds, 3. Time, 8m. 3 3-5s. Fourteen started.

BOXING.

METHODS OF WINNING BATTLES.

NELSON AND ATTELL COMPARED.

A comparison between Abe Attell, the champion American featherweight boxer, and "Battling" Nelson, ex-world's champion lightweight offers a good illustration of the effect on a fighter's constitution of two totally different styles of boxing. Nelson belongs to the school whose votaries believed in the taking of several punches in order to get in one decisive wallop. He would bull his way round after round, sticking to his guns under terrific punishment, until the crucial moment arrived when an opponent weakened from the strain. Then the Battler would call upon his great reserve of strength and force the pace until his antagonist collapsed through sheer exhaustion. It was, however, but a question of time before the numerous beatings he received began to sap his vitality, and once he crossed the top of the hill his descent became rapid and inevitable. Without an exception all the boxers who depended upon their ability in standing punishment to win battles went the same route. Joe Goddard, Kid Carter, Tom Sharkey, Terry McGovern, and a score of lesser lights were examples of the futility of mere man trying to outgame Dame Nature.

Abe Attell is a veteran but his superb science and crafty generalship saved him from sustaining much damage. About the worst mauling Abe ever received was in his memorable scrap with Benny Yanger at St. Louis in 1902. Yanger was a fighter of the McGovern type, eager

to crowd his man, and caring little what blows he ran his head against, so long as he could finally connect with an opponent's jaw or body. Attell was only a bantam at that time, and outclassed in weight and strength, but in the early stages of the battle he fairly ripped Yanger's features into ribbons. Benny was too strong for him, however, and the referee stopped the bout in the nineteenth round, when it appeared likely that Attell would be badly hurt.

But Yanger didn't last like the versatile Abe. The time came when oft-repeated pummellings told upon him, and he slid down grade at a fast clip. To-day Yanger is entirely out of the game and wouldn't be given a preliminary before any club. Attell, until his defeat by Johnny Kilbane at Los Angeles less than a month ago was the recognized king of the feathers, and the promoters are willing to pay big money in exchange for his services. The rough and ready scrapper may make the best hit with a crowd by virtue of his wild, tearing-in-knock-em-stiff-with-a-punch tactics, but his finish is usually as swift and spectacular as his rise to fame. Judged from both a financial and health standpoint the scientific artist generally has the better of the windup. Sharkey is perhaps an exception, as far as the financial end of the proposition goes, but for the most part the cool-headed, careful boxer exhibits the same cautious traits in handling his private affairs as he does in the arena, and profits thereby.

Sir Conan Doyle's famous boxing play, "The House of Temperley," which is shortly to be staged in New Zealand by the J. C. Williamson Company, is certain to arouse keen interest in sporting circles. This sterling production, which is at present drawing packed houses at the Melbourne Theatre Royal, deals with the history of the English prize ring in the olden days, and it is interesting to note that most of the boxing celebrities that figure in "The House of Temperley" really had their prototypes in 1812, in which year the action of the play takes place. These are represented by well-known Melbourne boxers, including Sam Gray, Starlight, Dan Creedon, Jim Nicholls, Sam Floyd, Jack Gibbs and others whose faces are well-known in the ring. They are made up to represent the characters, some of whom were champions of England.

According to a Southern writer an incident recently occurred at Palmerston North, which recalls to memory anecdotes connected with boxing in New Zealand many years ago, when the contests were fought out in the open with but a small number of supporters of the rival contestants as spectators. With regard to the Palmerston incident it is stated that as the result of a dispute, alleged to have arisen out of a sporting transaction, two men—one a citizen and the other a private detective—adjourned from a billiard saloon to the Fitzherbert bank of the Manawatu River, and there fought for a stake of £10. Seconds were appointed, and there was a small crowd of spectators. The encounter, however, was indecisive as far as the rules of boxing are concerned, and it was declared a draw, no money being forfeited.

The well-known sporting drama, "The House of Temperley," which is to be played in New Zealand shortly, contains some stirring events connected with the prize ring. There is a ring of sincerity about the manly sentiments of this drama which is at present being produced at the Melbourne Theatre Royal that is unmistakable (writes our Melbourne correspondent). There can be no doubt that in this play Sir Conan Doyle has embodied his own outlook on the manly side of sport, particularly boxing, and sought to express his views in no uncertain manner. His knowledge of boxing is said to equal that of the best judges of the game in the world, and in an interview in London recently he supplied some powerful arguments in favour of the sport of the ring, and his reasons for writing "The House of Temperley." "I think it is a deplorable thing that one of the few manly sports which we have left should be crippled in any way at all," he said. "We have no conscription in this country to teach us manliness. Abroad, men get their manliness through conscription, because if you take one man and mix him up against a thousand he has to hold

his own, otherwise he gets sat upon. We have nothing like that in our country. It is only our individuality and love of sport which gives us a chance of bringing out our manliness, and in 'The House of Temperley' I have tried to bring this out as far as I was able."

A well-known boxing authority, in relating many interesting incidents in the careers of leading negro pugilists, states that most coloured boxers have been spendthrifts, but points to Joe Walcott as a notable exception. Walcott is one of the very few negro fighters who have known the worth of money made within the roped arena, and he has religiously hung on to his earnings. "I see not mean," once remarked Walcott to the writer, "but I don't blow no money on stiffs." And he certainly did not. I remember once, in Corbett's cafe, Walcott was surrounded by a bunch of sports, who were making the champagne flow pretty freely. At last it came round to Walcott's turn to pay. Joe didn't half like this, and rummaged through his mind for some means of escape from his predicament. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. "I see like to buy wine for you gentlemen, but Mr Corbett won't allow coloured people to buy wine in his saloon," and Joe leaned back and sighed with happiness and relief. O'Rourke hurried across to Corbett and whispered in his ear, and Jim came across the floor, grinning from ear to ear. "Ah, there, Joe," he cried, "I understand that you want to buy wine for the crowd, but are afraid you won't be served. Well, I don't serve coloured folks as a rule, but as it's you, Joe, and you're a great fighter, I'll make an exception in your case, and you shall buy wine, Joe, you shall, upon my word!"

Negotiations are being made with a view to bringing Jimmy Clabby, the American, and Hughie Mehegan, the champion Australian lightweight, together in a match to be decided at an early date. In the event of the match being definitely agreed upon Clabby has to make the welter-weight limit at the ring-side.

We who have been hoping for a meeting between Johnson and Langford were all bitterly disappointed at the result of the great Boxing Day bout at Sydney (says the English paper "Boxing"). Somehow we were all satisfied that Langford stood next to Johnson in order of merit, and that provided he could dispose summarily of McVea he might stand a more or less possible chance against the giant Texan. He was, however, forbidden to join in any in-fighting and so was denuded of his best cards. He might have beaten McVea had he been allowed to box as he could have done in England or America, with the result that the Californian stepped up into the position of leading challenger. Greatly to Johnson's relief, no doubt, McVea has plainly shown that he does not relish close quarters exchanges. He didn't seem to be enjoying himself in Paris when Langford was able to duck and to force his way past that extended left, while Johnson by his sedulous sidestepping of Langford similarly hinted that he too entertained doubts as to the possible result were the Bostonian able to work his way in close. On the other hand, Johnson would never consent to forego his in-fighting tactics, and it needs no prophet to tell us what would happen were Johnson to meet McVea at the all-in game, with a firm resolve on his own part to cut the show short as soon as a sufficiently decent show had been put up to suit the picture people.

Al. Palzer, the young American heavy-weight boxer, who is being heralded as the coming world's champion, must be something of a wonder, judged by the following sensational report by a leading boxing authority of how Palzer disposed of Al. Kaufmann in the fifth round of their battle at the National Sporting Club of America:—The final round was a pippin. Palzer tore into his opponent in a furious manner, disregarding punches that would have felled almost any man. He knocked Kaufmann almost through the ropes with a terrific left-hand punch that caught the Californian on the jaw. When he pulled himself back into the ring Palzer was after him like a tiger, and finally caught him with a smashing right-hand upper-cut on the chin, knocking him senseless into a corner, where he lay until counted out. The knock-out punch was a corker, aimed just where it landed, and having behind it the force of a triphammer. There was nothing of a "chance" blow to it. Palzer intended that it should land just where it did.

At the moment of writing no news is to hand regarding the Jim Barry-Sam McVea match, which was set down for decision on Saturday last.

The Timaru Boxing Association carried out a tournament at Waimate on Wednesday night last with a view to encouraging boxing in that township. The carnival was held at the Olympia Hall, but was not patronised as well as was expected. The principal item of the evening was a six-round bout between Bennett (8.8), of Timaru, and Torrey (8.12), of Dunedin. The pair gave a good exhibition, displaying clean, clever methods, Torrey gaining the decision after an even contest. Owing to several of the contests being curtailed the Heggarty Bros., of Timaru, gave a three-round exhibition, which was greatly appreciated. Three competitors entered for the Waimate heavy-weight novice—Baker and Hutt drawing to meet, and Bryson getting a bye. The first two boxed three rounds, in which Baker had the best of it. Later on in the evening, when Baker and Bryson met in the final, one very good round was boxed, after which Baker threw in his towel. The most amusing feature of the evening's sport was a contest between two diminutive "boys" Foy and Fagan. This was to have been four rounds of two minutes, but Foy had it all his own way, and after two rounds Fagan, with one eye open, saw that the only chance he had of retaining his vision was by throwing in his towel. Two disappointing contests were those between Murphy (9.10), Waimate, and McGrath (9.10), Timaru, and Seagar (10.0), Timaru, and Kirkman (9.11), Waimate. McGrath won on the first round and Seagar on his second.

The meeting of Barney Ireland (11.2), of Waipawa, and Jim Griffin (11.7), of Greymouth, the erstwhile champion middleweight pugilist, in a 15-rounds contest for a purse of £50 at the Waipukurau Amateur Boxing Association's tournament, Waipawa, last week resulted in a packed house. Ireland has been responsible for some very creditable boxing displays of late, and his encounter with such a well-known performer as Jim Griffin was therefore eagerly looked forward to by enthusiasts. It was just a question whether Griffin retained his old form, which made him so formidable an opponent in Australia against such clever fighters as Arthur Cripps, Joe Grimm, Bill Lang, and Joe Costa, but last week's contest clearly showed that the one-time great fighter was but a shadow of his former self. Messrs P. Griffin, J. Ferguson, Grant and H. Ireland acted as seconds for Ireland, while Messrs Wells and Rowntree were in Griffin's corner. Both men appeared in good physical condition on entering the ring, but it was soon apparent that Griffin's starina was nothing like that of six or eight years ago. The first round concluded without incident, the pair boxing cautiously, and honours were about even when they returned to corners. It was plainly noticeable in the second round that Griffin, physically, was no match for his opponent, and after going down three times for the full nine seconds each time the towel came from Griffin's corner. Griffin appeared very distressed, and was carried out of the ring and attended to by several doctors. Griffin having had concussion of the brain once, a blow on the head is sufficient to knock him out. The contest caused considerable disappointment among the audience, but nevertheless Ireland's victory was received with much enthusiasm.

At the conclusion of the Ireland-Griffin fight at Waipawa last week Dr S. G. Godfray, President of the Waipukurau Boxing Association, announced that Peter Thomas, of Hastings, was willing to meet the winner, "Barney" Ireland, as soon as arrangements for the match could be made. The match will be held under the auspices of the Waipukurau Association, who also are negotiating for a contest between Ireland and Herbert, the present heavy-weight champion of New Zealand.

The return match between the American boxers, Johnny Thompson and Jack Lester promises to be an exciting encounter. According to the "Sydney Sun," Thompson smilingly asserts that the next time he meets Jack Lester, the "white hope" that was won't get within cooee of the twentieth round. In their first encounter the middleweight was chary of hurting his hands over his heavyweight opponent, but now that he has gained an idea of his style and how to treat him, the big fellow has no terrors whatever for iron Johnny.