

## BOXING.

## M'VEA AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

## JIM BARRY OUTPOINTED.

## TWENTY WILLING ROUNDS.

With a cut mouth, a cut and swollen left eye, and the sweat of battle coursing down his body, Jimmy Barry, the young Chicago heavy-weight, heard the referee's decision given against him at the end of his 20 rounds contest with Sam M'Vea, at the Stadium, Rushcutters Bay on Saturday night, March 16.

Barry put up a real good fight. Throughout he had to contend against the negro's wonderful left hand. Hundreds of lefts, both hooked, straight and swung, were launched at the Chicago man. Scores and scores of them landed, but still Barry succeeded in ducking and blocking many. The curious part of the business was that, whereas Barry was continually being speared by M'Vea's left in the region of his right eye, it was not that eye, but the left, which was cut, and was closing towards the end of the battle.

M'Vea showed that he is not, as has been said of him, a purely one-handed fighter. He used his right to upper-cut Barry frequently in the real Johnsonian manner, and it was with that weapon that he damaged Jimmy's left eye.

M'Vea led off with his hooked and straight-driven lefts and right upper-cuts from the very start, and easily had the points of the first round. In the second, he put some extra steam into a couple of uppercuts, and while the white man was somewhat dazed crossed him with his right. Barry went to the boards, and the crowd—a pretty big one—gasped. They thought they were going to have a repetition of the M'Vea-Lang fight in which the Australian was knocked cold in the second round. But the 25-year-old American was made of sterner stuff, and bounced merrily on to his feet when he had been down only three seconds. All the same, his mouth was closed when he walked in sturdily to his corner at the end of the session.

In the third round people saw something which caused them to yell lustily. The term had hardly commenced when Barry, who had hitherto been doing nothing but smother and hunch his shoulders, let go a mighty right swing, delivered overhand after the style of William Papke. It took M'Vea completely by surprise, and though it landed high up on the side of his face, it was so heavily charged with powder that M'Vea was knocked clean back to the boards on his haunches. He took a couple of seconds and got up. The thunder of applause must have made Barry a proud pug. Still, it was M'Vea's round, won for him by his persistent left.

The following three minutes was the only term in which M'Vea did not score a margin of points. Barry went right after the black, rattling him with a right swing, followed by a fierce left of the same description to the stomach. This he added to with a left hook to the head, and the crowd howled "Barry, you beauty! Go it, Jimmy! One for St. Patrick's Day!" (Barry wore green tights.) However, M'Vea had evened matters with his left by the close.

From then to the finish followed a lot of hard fighting, of which M'Vea had the best in every round. Nevertheless, he was not allowed to do any fooling, and he was plainly scared of Barry's right swing, crude and duly notified as they mostly were. He had good reason to be, because the crowd could plainly see how his head was torn from the perpendicular when Barry did chance to land one. The white American was always willing when it came to a rally, and he showed himself to be an out-size Joe Grimm in the matter of taking punishment. M'Vea had him dazed on several occasions, but never looked like finishing him.

The black was miles ahead on points, yet Barry's showing was such that the onlookers were delighted.

The Timaru Boxing Association has arrangements in hand for a fifteen-round contest for the feather-weight professional championship of New Zealand, between J. Hegerty, of Timaru, and F. Ellis, of Wellington, the match to be decided on the first night of the Timaru races, April 4.

The eagerly-awaited contest between Jack Read, the Australian light-weight, and Arthur Douglas, the South African, was decided at the Sydney Galety on Tuesday night of last week, when the former obtained the verdict on points. As anticipated, the battle was a hard one and went the full twenty rounds. Read proved to be the cleverer boxer, and had established a good lead in points when the gong sounded for the last time, the decision being a popular one.

According to American exchanges the one-time famous heavy-weight, Gus Ruhlin, has passed the Great Divide. Ruhlin, who has lately been the proprietor of a cafe in the United States, died suddenly from apoplexy on February 13 whilst at his place of business. He went upstairs to have his dinner at about 7 o'clock, and sitting down he was engaged in reading a new book just given him, the title of which, strange to say, was "The Art of Longevity," when he suddenly fell to the floor in an unconscious condition. A physician was hastily summoned, but an examination showed that Ruhlin was dead. Gus Ruhlin who was but 40 years of age at the time of his death, was one of the leading figures in the world of pugilism at the period when Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons caused the boxing boom in the States. On November 15, 1901, Ruhlin was pitted against Jeffries at San Francisco, but the big boiler-maker knocked him out in the fifth round. The contest created great excitement among ring followers, the gate receipts on that oc-

sporting fraternity for many years now, and in their eyes has appeared invincible, which perhaps accounts for their concern at his inability to force Ordemann's two shoulders to the mat inside twenty minutes.

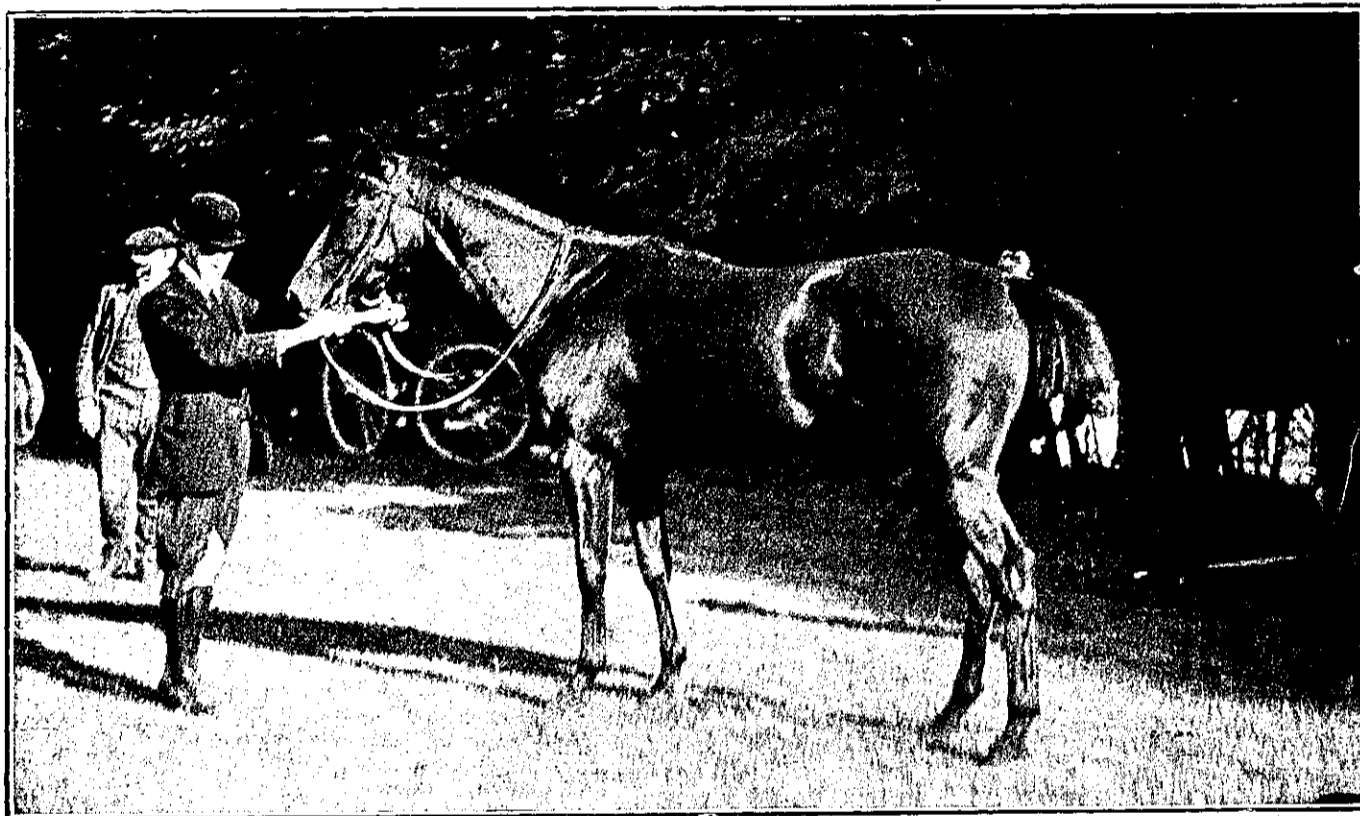
Abe Attell, ex-featherweight champion of the world, who has twice suffered defeat in the past six weeks at the hands of Johnny Kilbane and Tommy Murphy respectively, has not only lost his world's championship title, but he is in danger of forfeiting the respect in which he has hitherto been held by the American fight-loving public. Attell's actions in his contest with Kilbane have been strongly condemned by sporting writers, while on top of this has come an accusation by Buckley, manager for Tommy Murphy, charging Attell with having attempted to fix his recent fight with Murphy which he lost. Attell has initiated an action for damages against Buckley for defamation of character, and the case will assuredly cause much interest in San Francisco boxing circles. Even though Attell may prove successful in securing damages, the incident is certain to have an unwholesome effect upon his future career in the ring, especially as he has lately fallen from his championship pedestal. However, Attell's recent reverses may be taken as proof that the hitherto King of the Feather-weights is on the down grade, and it is unlikely that he will be found equal to the task of regaining that coveted honour.

cured Elope, sir, as we can't see him in the dark and we keep a-pumpin' up against him."

About Easter time a start will be made to build an open-air stadium in Melbourne. The structure, which will be capable of seating 5000 people, will be owned by a syndicate. The license and everything else necessary has been arranged for. The erection of a stadium in the Victorian capital has long been looked forward to by the boxing fraternity, and the announcement that a start will be made at an early date has been received with general satisfaction. The popularity of boxing in Melbourne has been strikingly exemplified by the large crowds that have witnessed the contests of late, and it appears certain that the stadium project will be a success, inasmuch as more important fights than have hitherto taken place in the city will be staged.

Buck Crouse, the American middle-weight, who is known throughout the States as "The Pittsburgh bear-cat," is contemplating a trip to Australia next season. Crouse is only 20 years of age, and has been fighting for four years, the only defeat he has sustained out of the twenty ring encounters in which he has figured being in 1908, shortly after he had entered upon his career as a boxer.

A roar of applause went up from the audience at Melbourne Theatre Royal when the curtain rose on the second



Mr H. R. Mackenzie's b m MONOP LANE, 4yrs, by Monoform—Lycia, miles).

winner of the Ohinemuri Cup (1 1/4

casion amounting to 30,800 dollars. Ruhlin also fought Robert Fitzsimmons at New York on August 10, 1900, the latter scoring a knock-out after six hard rounds.

That Battling Nelson, the former lightweight champion, is fighting his way into the grave, is the opinion held by sporting men who saw Nelson outpointed by "One-Round" Hogan, of California (says an American writer). Tommy Ryan, former middleweight champion, declared that Nelson is about all in. "He is only a shell of his former self, although he has still the heart of a lion," said Ryan. "Nelson ought to quit the game now and settle down. He cannot last much longer."

Frank Gotch, the world's champion wrestler, whose vast superiority over the present day crop of wrestling exponents has been acknowledged by Press and public alike since he so easily accounted for Hackenschmidt, has set followers of the grappling game thinking as the result of his failure to throw Henry Ordemann after 20 minutes wrestling in a match at Minneapolis on March 16. Many close followers of wrestling are now inclined to the belief that Gotch is losing his old form, and their attitude exemplifies very plainly the easy manner in which public opinion is swayed in the case of athletic contests. Gotch has held the confidence of the American

Sam Langford's most persistent opponent has been Jimmy Barry, the pair having met ten times. After Barry comes Jeannette, with eight encounters against the Boston "Tar Baby." Jeannette's record against M'Vea shows that he fought a no-decision contest with him (10 rounds), lost to him on points (20 rounds), knocked him out (49 rounds), and drew with him (30 rounds). The last two fights took place in Paris. Against Langford Jeannette has twice lost in 15 rounds, and once in 12 rounds; two no-decision bouts have been fought, six and 10 rounds; and two draws, each 12 rounds. In 1905 Jeannette beat Langford in six rounds, which was the first meeting between the two.

Appearing in "The House of Temperley" at Melbourne Theatre Royal is a coloured boxer well-known in fictitious circles in that city. His colour might aptly be likened to the "ace of spades," so much so, indeed, that at night time he is almost invisible. One night during the performance, when a rapid change of scene was being made on the darkened stage, one of the scene shifters collided violently with the coloured gentleman. The same thing happened two or three times during the evening. "Look here," said the stage hand, "I wish you wouldn't come around here like this. I can't see you in the dark." To the stage manager he said: "Would you kindly keep a spot-light on this col-

act of "The House of Temperley" (writes our Melbourne correspondent). It was Tom Cribb's saloon, a real old inn of 1812—three years before the Battle of Waterloo. The incident that actuated this applause was the entry of the celebrated identities of the boxing world of those days. Tom Cribb (George Bryant), himself ex-champion of England, called the names as in they came, one by one. Each of these was represented faithfully as regards their make-up, which was copied from old prints. Most of the characters were filled by well-known boxers. They filed to their places, and the supper began. All were seated at tables that ran round three sides of the room, and when pipes were lit, and the rattling of mugs and glasses mingled with the toasts, the scene was one that will not easily be forgotten. Nothing so real, so picturesque, has been seen on the stage in Melbourne for many a year, and the New Zealand tour of this sporting drama is certain to claim the attention of a wide circle of sport lovers.

One of the Parisian boxing halls, known as Premierland, was the scene of an extraordinary affair on the night of January 12, during a contest between Richard Cooper, an American, and Max Audy, a French light-weight. In the first round Cooper dashed at his opponent with such violence that the ring supports gave way under the strain, and boxers and ring paraphernalia were swept off