

Ring Experts Talk on Big Fight

LOU CRIGER IS ABOUT ALL IN

Men Whom Jeffries Fought Say Same Man Did Not Face Johnson at Reno on Monday

NEXT!



LOU CRIGER, FAMOUS CATCHER, WHO IS ABOUT ALL IN.

The year 1910 promises to mark the passing of many ball players who have been famous for years and among those whom Father Time appears to have bested is Lou Criger, for years one of the most famous catchers in the game. Criger began the season with the New York Highlanders, was used in but a few games, became seriously ill in Cleveland and the attending physicians are doubtful if the veteran will ever be able to play again.

Pat Tebeau found Criger catching for the Fort Wayne team in 1897 and took him to Cleveland. With Cy Young pitching and Criger catching the old Spiders had a battery which was feared all around the circuit. In 1898 the Robins transferred their team to St. Louis, Criger going along. With Young he joined the National League in 1900 and joined the Boston Americans. Last season he was with St. Louis and was traded during the winter.

PIRATES LOSE TO CHICAGO

Cubs Pile Up Huge Score Against the Champions—
Detroit Wins from Cleveland and Yanks from Red Sox.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

New York, July 5.—New York defeated Boston today 3 to 2. Warhop outpitched Hall. The game probably would have gone into extra innings had not Speaker fumbled Cree's hit in the fifth and let Gardiner score what proved the winning run. Senators catches were made by Chase and Laporte. Score by innings: Boston000001010—2 8 2
New York00100000—3 10 1
Batteries—Hall and Carrigan; Warhop and Sweeney. Umpire—O'Loughlin. Time—1:50.

At Detroit: Cleveland000000101—2 7 3
Detroit0100220X—5 6 1
Batteries—Link, Mitchell and Beals; Willett and Schmidt. Time—1:45. Umpire—Evans.

At Chicago: Chicago0000100310—5 10 0
St. Louis0000000051—6 9 0
Batteries—Young, Scott and Sullivan; Pelly, Lake and Killifer. Allen. Time—2:2. Umpires—Connolly and Dineen.

At Washington: Washington000200000—2 3 1
Philadelphia000000111—3 5 1
Batteries—Johnson and Street; Plank and Lapp. Time—1:45. Umpires—Egan and Perrine.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Boston, July 5.—Timely hitting by Boston and errors by Merkle, Devlin and Wilson allowed the locals to win an exciting game from New York 8-4. Beck's home run over the right field fence in the second inning sent in one run ahead of him and was a terrific drive. Score by innings: New York000103000—4 12 3
Boston03000023X—8 10 3
Batteries—Wiltse, Ames and Myers; Wilson, Mattern, Frock and Graham. Time—2:05. Umpires—Johnstone and Moran.

At Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh003000000—3 9 6
Chicago013110140—11 9 1
Batteries—Powell, White, Dowd and Gibson; Brown and Kling. Time—2:05. Umpires—Higler and Emslie.

At St. Louis: St. Louis001002000—3 9 0
Cincinnati020000003—5 11 0
Batteries—Willis and Bresnahan; Suggs, Gaspar and McLean. Time—2:10. Umpires—Klem and Kane.

At Philadelphia: Brooklyn100000001—2 6 1
Philadelphia10000101X—3 10 2
Batteries—Scanlon and Erwin; Foxen and Moran. Time—2:05. Umpires—O'Day and Brennan.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

At Baltimore—Providence 3; Baltimore 15.
At Rochester—Montreal 1; Rochester 10.
At Buffalo—Toronto 2; Buffalo 5.
At Newark—Jersey City 7; Newark 4.

ALL READY FOR WOODSTOCK

Two Games With St. John Teams Today—Harrington Joins the Clippers—West End League Results.

That famous aggregation of ball tossers from Woodstock will be given an opportunity of testing their real mettle against the locals here today. In the afternoon they will go up against Tilly's team and in the evening will clash with McRine's artists.

That the Carleton County boys are fast there is not a shadow of a doubt, but that they are unable to cope with either the St. John or Clippers many wagers are being laid. The St. John will put their strongest line-up on the field while the Clippers will be greatly strengthened by the addition of Harrington, the St. Peter's brilliant pitcher. The St. John team will line up as follows: Rootes, catcher; Bover, pitcher; Crosby, first base; E. Ramsey, second base; A. Ramsey, third base; Copeland, shortstop; Riley, left field; Lynch, centre field; Cribbs, right field.

The Clippers will take the field as follows: Mills, catcher; Harrington, pitcher; Donnelly, first base; Flannagan, second base; T. Howe, third base; Long, shortstop; Woods, left field; Cooper, centre field; Chase, right field.

The following are the Woodstock players: Dallinger, 1st; Johnson, c.f.; Iott, c.; Hughes, 2b; Milmore, r.f.; Dow, 3rd; Nevers, 1b; Ryan, s.s.; Ptasley, pitcher; McKee, Clarke and McLaughlin spare.

WEST END LEAGUE.

In the West End League last evening the Maple Leafs defeated the Married Men by the score of 8-1, in a snappy six inning game. McLeod and Clarke was the battery for the Maple Leafs while Melrose and Laurion officiated in a like manner for the benedicts.

The Young St. Johns defeated the Victorias last evening by the score of 4-2. This is the third game of the series of seven games, the Young St. Johns taking two and the Victorias one.

The feature of the game was a home run by S. Hastin of the St. John. The next game will be played tonight on the Ballast Wharf.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LEAGUE.

The first two games in the Public School league were played on the Weidon lot yesterday morning resulting in wins for St. Malachi's over Winter street, 14 to 2, and of Aberdeen over Centennial, 17 to 0. W. McDonald of the High School refereed both games, which were both rather one-sided. Fitzpatrick and Alexander were the battery for the St. Malachi's and the Flewelling and Smith for the Winter St. school.

This morning Leinster St. will play the Hebrew School and St. Peter's the Alexandra. Games called at 9:30 a. m. and 11 a. m. Tomorrow evening the two winners of yesterday's games will come together and will also the two losers.

Reno, July 5.—The climax of yesterday's prize ring tragedy drew many views from experts whose business it is to watch athletes and care for their development and training. Mike Murphy of the university of Pennsylvania said:

"You can't beat nature. Jeff wasn't there. That's all there is to it." Billy Muldoon who was a brave admirer of Jeffries, said that there seemed to have been something amiss with Jeff. "He didn't show up as well as he did when I saw him sparring a few days ago," said he. "He seemed to have lost condition."

Frank Gotch said: "On the level, I can beat Jeffries myself. Jim is no longer what he was. If he fought me the way he fought Johnson, I'd win easily. I don't want to stay in the town where I saw him go down in inglorious defeat."

By James J. Corbett.

The blow that put James J. Jeffries down and out hurt me far more than it did Jeff. It was not the beef who beat me and Fitzsimmons who went down to defeat yesterday afternoon. It was the hulk of the man who has lived a life of restful ease for many years.

If Jeff had boxed more and harder with his sparring partners his calamity might have been averted, for his real condition would have been exhibited to our eyes and we would not have been blinded by our faith and deceived by Jim's great external appearance.

All along we have looked at Jeff with enchanted eyes, seeing him through his deeds of the past, but now has come the awakening, and it has come with a terrible blow.

I shall never forget the dumb, helpless feeling that assailed me when I saw Jeff suddenly sink to the floor right before my eyes.

The blow, a left to the chin as Jeff backed away under a fusillade of punches, did not look like a very hard one. It landed flush on Jim's chin, and he sank slowly to his knees and sat there helplessly. He was on the floor many seconds, more than 10, but it seemed a year to me.

I expected to see him get up and put Johnson out. Instead, he staggered to his feet, myself and the other seconds helping him.

Johnson went after him again and cut him down three times. Jeff was on the floor, but he was out the first time he went down.

It only proves the infallible rule that we never come back: Jeff carried with him into the ring six long heavy years and the load proved too much for him.

A man constructed of steel could not overcome that handicap but we all foolishly thought and believed Jeff was invulnerable. We looked upon him as a sort of Achilles.

Before yesterday afternoon we hailed Jeff as the hope of the white race. Now we must hail him as the "goat of the white race," for the clamor and howl of the white people who dragged him out of retirement, who hounded him and forced him by this bounding to go into the ring against his best judgment and this was the result.

The blow is upon our shoulders.

By Tommy Burns.

The fight between Jim Jeffries and

Jack Johnson was certainly a staggerer. I had heard so much of the big fellow and the annihilating wallop he possessed, also his wonderful capacity for taking punishment, and the remarkable powers of endurance he was supposed to be the owner of, that it seemed to me he only had to be in something like thorough condition to make a winning battle of the century in the end, if he did get something the worst of matters throughout several rounds, even 20 or 30.

I fought Jack Johnson in Australia less than two years ago, and, unlike Jeff, I forced the fight to go on, beginning to conclusion, in the hope that I might get a convincer over, despite his clever defence. And then he did not really beat me, though I admit he had the better of things up to the moment the police interfered, prompted by a report which someone in the crowd started to the effect that my jaw was broken.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Jeff so much as Johnson's mercy, and Jeff so disinclined to go in and take a wallop or two with the object of landing something that might bring the goods home for him. Johnson's left never troubled me much in Australia. I despised that weapon completely.

I can quite understand how difficult it might be for any man who had given up any particular game for the length of time Jeff had been away to get back again and stand as firmly as he did before on a high pedestal, even though he might be anything but an old one.

Reports from Jeff's camp were that he had answered some difficult questions so well in trials as to justify the opinion that he would give as good an account of himself as ever, and I was induced through those statements to bet my money.

Jeff showed good condition and he fought as one who had been well trained, but that was all. Johnson had it on him the whole time, and I found myself experiencing sensations of regret at not being one of the chief actors in that tragedy the huge crowd witnessed.

Surely the big fellow must have been a good man else the dope boys lied; and if he was such a fine fighter in his day, why didn't we see a flash of it against Johnson?

I looked in vain for the Jeff that I had heard and read so much of. He was not in Reno's arena that afternoon, nor did I see anything like him.

By Robert Fitzsimmons.

Jeffries was not there. He looked great. I never saw him looking better in his life, but he left his vitality on the road.

He worked himself out training for this fight, and when he got into the ring he was lacking in vim and vitality. The fight had not gone four rounds before I was convinced of this. Jack Johnson whipped a man today, but that man wasn't the James J. Jeffries whom I fought years ago. He hadn't the vigor and power, he hadn't the punch, he was only a shell. He wasn't even a quarter of the man he was when he met me.

It was the most pitiful sight I have

ever beheld, to see that great big man, once the greatest of us all, lying feebly on the floor, making weak attempts to get up. I felt so sorry at the sad spectacle that the tears coursed down my cheeks. I cried like a baby. I felt like leaping into the ring and helping him.

If Johnson had met the Jeffries I met there would have been a different story to tell. But there's no use in speculating as to what might have happened now, for it is all over.

I'll admit that I was wrong. I allowed my sentiments to carry me away, to blind me to the fact that Jeff was a fighter who was aged and lost the vitality that was once his. I felt in my heart, deep down, that Johnson would beat this Jeffries, but I banished the thought from my mind, and could only think of Jeff's former greatness. I was too stubborn to admit to myself that Johnson had a chance.

Led in First.

In the first round, I thought Jeffries had a shade the best of it, but he did not display the aggressiveness that I had expected of him. I thought he would tear in and rush Johnson off his feet. The second and third rounds were the same and I kept waiting to see Jeffries display his old-time tactics, the irresistible tactics that beat me.

After the fourth I realized that Jeffries was not Jeffries any longer. He was only the image of his former self and the real, solid, powerful, vigorous fellow I used to know. There was something lacking, that something that we lose after a time, no matter how good we are. There was no vim and dash or force to his punches.

After the 11th round it was all Johnson. In the 13th I expected to see Johnson put Jeffries out. The 15th was the last round I ever saw. It was pitiful to see Jeffries back away, his hands useless, the power gone from his arms, only his lion heart keeping him on his feet.

I do not know what restrained me from jumping into the ring and taking his part. I hope never to feel the pangs of sorrow that I felt during that I felt during that round. There was never an instant that Jeffries' former vim and dash showed itself. There was never even a flash of his old-time self.

So far as Johnson is concerned, I say, "The king is dead, long live the king." He is a big, strong, clean fighter and has a powerful punch. He is one of the cleverest fighters we ever had.

I used to think that he was only a defensive fighter. He showed today that he is an offensive fighter as well. When he wants to he can be terribly aggressive. I believe that if he had forced the fighting in the first round it would not have gone four rounds.

But Johnson worked along his old previously made plans. He fought a powerful and masterly battle from the start. He made me change my opinion of him as a fighter. I don't think there is a man in the ring today who would have a chance against Johnson.

Notwithstanding that he met a weakling compared to the Jeffries of old, he showed by his work that he is a terrific hitter, a most clever boxer and one of the most dangerous aggressive fighters the ring has even seen.

HORSES ON WAY TO ST. JOHN

Last Day of Racing at Sherbrooke Saw Good Sport—Many Exciting Finishes—10 to 1 Shot Won.

Sherbrooke, July 5.—Get away day at this city saw remarkable races, the finishes being so close that it was hard to distinguish the winner in at least two of the races. The increase in attendance kept right up to the close, and the stand and lawn today presented a holiday appearance. Racing here has caught on particularly well, and the men who appear to be more appreciative than the men of other places are leaving this evening by the C. P. R. and St. John will be a busy center for the next few days. Following is a summary of the day's events.

First Race, Five Furlongs.

Giovani Reggio 116 (Gerontino) even won; Lillian Leigh, 114 (Simons) 2 to 1 second; Senator Johnson, 116 (Robinson) 8 to 1 third. Time 1:06. 3-4. Dunvegan, Irwin P. Diggs Con. Square Deal, Alex. McDonald and Sabo Blend also ran.

Second Race, 4-1/2 Furlongs.

Maurice Reed, 103 (Irwin) 3 to 1 won; Goodacre 103, (Dimond) 3 to 2 second; El Soo 115, (Gerontino) 8 to 1 third. Time .59. Varnos and Love Cure also ran.

Third Race—4-1/2 Furlongs.

Etta May, 105 (Knight) 10 to 1 won; Donaldson, 113 (Simmons) 4 to 2 second; Lamura A., 113 (Gerontino) 5 to 1 third. Time—58.4. Bonnie E. Johnny Wise, Jack Bluns, Copper Princess, Gillford Ametus and Mitchell Beck also started.

Fourth Race—1-1/16 Miles.

Ottago, 114 (Knight) 2 to 1 won; Sir Walter Rollins, 112 (Gore) even third; Jack Baker, 114 (Lewis) 4

LOGGIEVILLE TEAM WIN FROM RICHIBUCTO

From Loggieville comes news of a baseball match held at the Citizen's Picnic at Richibucto, July 1st. The Loggieville boys defeated the Richibucto nine. The game was good all the way through, good work being done by both teams until the last half of the game. The score was 7-5 in favor of Richibucto in the 7th inning. 6 runs came in for Loggieville. The Richibucto lads crossed the home plate but once more when they scored in the 7th. In the last two innings, Loggieville was unable to score while Loggieville tallied once more in the 8th. In the 9th inning with a man on third and a man on second, and one man out, Stymlist struck two men out in quick succession, bringing the game to a close. The line-up was as follows:—

Loggieville. Catcher. Richibucto. G. England A. Cormier Pitcher. H. O'Brien First Base. J. Lahten L. O'Leary Second Base. F. Flaherty H. Holleran Third Base. F. Stymlist T. Murray Short Stop. J. Jenkins H. McInerney First Infield. S. Kelly E. McLean Right Field. V. Jenkins B. Cormier Centre Field. F. Hersey A. Cormier Left Infield. Loggieville 102220100—8 Richibucto 00122010—12 Umpire, William Murray, Richibucto. Time 1:12 hours.

To 1, third. Time—1:55. Kingston Belle, Perry McAdam, Autumn King, Conville and Kings Guinea also ran.

Fifth Race—1 Mile.

Tanny, 104 (Irwin) even, won; Don Hamilton, 114 (Martin) 2 to 1 second; Virginia Maid, 107 (Knight) 6 to 1 third. Time—1:47.4. Niblick also ran.

Sixth Race—6 Furlongs.

Anna Smith, 113 (Gore) 5 to 1; Adonaton, 113 (Johnson) 8 to 1 second; Lista, 108 (Dimond) 4 to 5 third; John Marrs and Lista also ran.

MOTHER OF A REAL HERO

How Mrs. Johnson Received the News of Her Son's Victory—Living in Expensive Home.

Chicago, Ill., July 5.—Mrs. Johnson, Jack's mother, was seen today in her beautiful home which Jack's prowess made possible. She was surrounded by many admiring friends and was the happiest woman in the world, although deeply offended last night because Jeffries, she was told, refused to shake hands with her son when the fight began.

A beggar with his face swarthy in bandages, had wormed his way through the crowd asking alms. When he got close enough to her, Mrs. Johnson saw that he was a white man. She fished out a dime and handed it to the man, saying:

"I ought not to do this, but you look so much like Jeffries must look that you probably need even the sympathy of a poor black woman."

Mrs. Johnson had never wavered in her belief that her branny son would defeat Jeffries.

"I knew it all the time. He said he'd bring home the 'bacon' and the honey boy has done it."

Then Mrs. Johnson was lifted on the shoulders of friends and carried to her automobile. When she reached home she was carried triumphantly into her home. Thousands of negroes gathered in front of the house. They insisted that Mrs. Johnson show herself. She did.

She went up to the second floor, and carrying a life-sized poster picture of her son Jack, stepped out onto the roof of the front porch. Waving the picture in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other, she began the song: "There'll be a Hot Time in The Old Town Tonight." The immense crowd joined in. The woman stood waving the picture and flowers and sung so loud that hoarseness robbed her of her voice, so she just stood and cried. The tears streamed down her face and half the crowd were crying with her.

Earlier in the day Mrs. Johnson had received her last telegram from her son before the fight. "Don't worry about me," the mes-



"Kid" Gorilla, champ of Wet Africa, is mentioned as the next contender for heavyweight honors. He doesn't know so much about boxing, but fight? Why, he eats 'em alive! ..

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Jeffries on Golf Links Would Have Won Had Championship Been Settled in This Way.

"The Garfield Golf Club of Lookaba, Nev., offered \$200,000 for the night-Special despatch.

How different it would have been if Tex Rickard had accepted the offer of the Lookaba golfers! Then the golf writers of the country would have had the trip—which the fight writers had and the account would have been something like this:

"A tremendous gallery followed the players and their caddies to the links. All sat with eyes glued upon the two players as they teed for the opening drives. There were a few preliminary waggles, but Johnson made the first drive. It went high, and was followed by a long one from Jeffries. A succession of iron shots followed. The play for the first hole was of the mechanical variety, and the hole was halved.

"At the second hole there was a tremendous swing by the colored player, but he topped, and Jeffries, taking advantage of the mistake, drove a screamer, which hit Johnson in the side and sent him against the ropes which held back the gallery. Johnson was quick to recover, and with a brassy was almost up to his opponent. A series of putts was put to an end by Johnson, who used an iron with telling effect. Both men appeared confident of winning. The hole, but Jeffries appeared the more determined to make the match a short one, while Johnson appeared to be playing a waiting game, driving short at the bunkers and taking no chances. The hole was halved.

Johnson Tied.

"At the third hole, Jeffries, hardly waiting for his opponent to tee up, drove a long one to the right, following it with a brassy to the left and another to the right. This playing across the course seemed to put Johnson off his game, and he played altogether his iron shots. They came to the green all even, but Jeffries held out with a tremendous brassy shot at an opportune moment, and was 1 up at the conclusion of the play for the third.

"Jeffries again led with a long drive at the opening of the play for the last hole, drove a screamer, and followed this up with a series of long brassy and close approaches. Johnson drove wild, and fell into the bunker. He was able to get out only in time to get into the rough, where he remained for some time. Johnson played his masher, then with an iron going to the right avoided the bunker which was before him, and was on the green several strokes to the good. Johnson came up slowly, but Jeffries let out another hard brassy. Johnson, who had been using his irons to little advantage, went into the trap, and with one more stroke Jeffries was at the cup. Johnson made ten ineffectual attempts to get out of the trap, but he was not up, and the match ended at the ninth hole, with Jeffries, 1 up.

"(For details of the match, and an account of the scenes following at the clubhouse, see pages 2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 12 to 24, and the general sporting section.)"

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