LI'L' ARTHA' RETAINS CHAMPIONSHIP

WHITE HOPE VANQUISHED IN THE NINTH ROUND

Fight One of the Most Brutal on Record-- Police Had to Interfere--Johnson Had it Easy--Champion Challenged by Jeanette and Palzer.

Ringside, Las Vegas, N. M., July 4.—Jim Flynn's whole hope expired today in the ninth round of his scheduled 45 round bout with Champion Jack Johnson. Flynn's face was chopped and cut frightfully by Johnson's deliberate blows and in the ninth round Capt. Cowles of the New Mexican state police pushed his way to the ring and declared the contest ended as a brutal exhibition. For three rounds Flynn had realized his inability to defend himself and frantically tried to butt his way to victory. At times he leaped a foot from the ground endeavoring to crash his skull against the champion's jaw.

Again and again Referee Smith warned him to stop and Flynn made no defense. "He's holding me, he's holding me," he would declare to Smith and in the next clinch he would try it again. When the police interfered Referee Smith, through the announcer, awarded Johnson the fight.

Johnson made no serious effort to hurt Flynn at any time during the nine rounds. Apparently he held himself in check even when Flynn's butting tactics were at their worst. Johnson bore not a single mark of the fight beyond a slight cut inside his lower lip.

Flynn's supporters from Pueblo, perhaps 200 in number, and distinguished by their white roller hats, sat together and were prepared to greet their man when he arrived. Up to this time there had been no calling of bets at the ringside, and a complete absence of yelling or signs of enthusiasm.

At 2.04 Official Announcer Tommy Cannon, of Oklahoma City, took the ring to call attention to the "several hundred ladies who have graced this occasion by their attendance," and asked that the spectators remember their presence when it came to shouting comments on the fight. It was the first sign of life at the ringside. Cannon then announced a boy sized preliminary four rounds of one minute each, which appeared to be a family affair. The boxers were Kenneth Day, weight 58 pounds, and Freddie Day, 62 pounds. Papa Day, 200 or over refereed. The Day family came from Colorado Springs.

Preliminary Bout.

Before the midgets opened fire, Cannon introduced Cass Tarver, a huge Texas unknown with white hope aspirations. He challenged the winner that is of the Johnson-Flynn not of the Day-Day bout.

The officials of the Johnson-Flynn bout announced at the ringside were; Edward Smith, of Chicago, referee; timekeepers for the club, Otta Floto of Denver; for Flynn, Al. Tearney, of Chicago (also stakeholder); for Johnson, Tom Flanagan.

Jeanette Challenges.

A telegram addressed to the referee, ringside, was delivered just before the fight. It was signed Mahon Brothers, New York, and was a $20,000 offer for a Joe Jeanette-Johnson match in that city. Another message from New York asked that Johnson be challenged from the ringside for Jeanette. It added that Victor Breyer of Paris, offered Johnson $30,000 for a thirty round contest there with Jeanette.

Al Palzer wired a challenge to the winner, saying he had posted a $5,000 forfeit in Cincinnati. Luther McCarthy wired Flynn a win or lose challenge, the fight to be in New York if arranged.

Abe Pollock of Denver and Eddie Cochran of Kansas City were presented as alternate referees. At the request of Johnson, Mrs. Johnson was transferred to another box in order to be nearer the champion's corner.

Flynn appeared to be in exceptionally good humor and spent much of the time sauntering about the ring greeting friends. Flynn, espying Mrs. Johnson, shouted "Ain't you pulling for me, Mrs. Johnson." The champion's wife smiled but said nothing. The principals then donned the gloves. Johnson withdrew his objection to the gloves provided by the ring officials, who previously ordered a special set for his own use. It was noticed that the champion wore the same striped bath robe that had given him service in his Reno battle.

Flynn was introduced to the crowds as the "fighting fireman of Pueblo." His early reception was then duplicated. Johnson was then presented as the champion heavyweight of the world. His reception was lukewarm. After the men had discussed the rules, time was called at 2.49.

First Round.

"Will you shake hands, Jack?" queried Flynn, as he opened the battle by rushing in the ring.

"No," retorted the black.

Flyn kept in close but Johnson easily avoided his attempts and flung a stiff left to the ear. The champion pushed his man across the ring and hooked his left to the ear and a moment later flung a hard short arm jolt to the jaw. Johnson smiled constantly and fought with great care. Flynn backed the negro against the ropes, and the champion rewarded him with a right that cut a deep gash under his left eye. Round all Johnson's.

Second Round.

As Flynn rushed, Johnson simply grasped him about the shoulders and held him at bay, all the while grinning like an ape. The champion pecked at the fireman's face with light lefts and as they clinched uppercut twice heavily with rights to the jaw. The champion toyed with Flynn, twice more shooting right uppercuts to the jaw, one of which sent the fireman's head bobbing.

Third Round.

Flynn cut short a remark of Johnson by twice hooking his right to the jaw. This nettled the black and he cut loose with short arm uppercuts to the jaw. Johnson bled slightly in the mouth as he emerged from a mid-ring mixup, but Flynn spat blood in a stream as the champion cut his mouth with a volley of rights and lefts.

Fourth Round.

Flynn rushed in close and was met with the customary rain of right and left uppercuts to the face. At that, it seemed as if Johnson was holding himself in check. The round ended with Flynn's face covered with blood.

Fifth Round.

Johnson turned his head to the spectators and hardly noticed his white antagonist. Flynn banged away at the stomach but this time Johnson covered up and shot four lefts to the face in quick succession, varying it with a left uppercut to the jaw. Flynn at close range, sent half a dozen punches to the stomach, but Johnson only smiled and again made no apparent attempt to protect his midsection. Johnson aroused the crowd to merriment by releasing Flynn's hold and clapping his own gloves together like a happy school girl. "I can't fight while he's holding me," shouted Flynn protesting to the referee. The round ended then, with Johnson holding a running conversation with his wife and the seconds.

Sixth Round.

Flynn butted with his head three times and complained that Johnson made it justifiable by holding him. Flynn was severely reprimanded for deliberately butting the champion. Flynn tried to find a loophole to stem the beating given him. Johnson dazed the fireman with his speed, landing left and right to the jaw. "He's holding me," was Flynn's cry. Johnson, maddened, landed a volley of straight left and right punches to the face, fairly bewildering Flynn, then he stopped himself, apparently with a view to prolonging the contest. Flynn's seconds also warned him to cease butting when he sat down.

Seventh Round.

Johnson landed fully a dozen rapid right and lefts to the white man's face and at the same time placed himself in a position to withstand Flynn's butting tactics. "Wait a minute," cried Johnson to a spectator who had shouted for him to end it. Flynn bled profusely from the nose as Johnson beat a tatoo with left and right to that organ. Flynn failed to land a glove on the champion, the black's defence proving impregnable. Johnson made the blood fairly spurt as he rained blow after blow on his bewildered opponent. There was not a drop of blood on Johnson as he took his seat.

Eighth Round.

Flynn again tried to butt, but was warned. The round was very much like the seventh with Johnson upper cutting and Flynn butting viciously at the same time losing a world of blood. Flynn was helpless in the champion's hands and for the tenth time in this round was warned, the referee adding "Once more and I'll disqualify you."

Ninth Round—Police End Fight.

Johnson held the fireman at arms length in an attempt to guard himself against the fireman's constant butting. Flynn finally got in close, jumped a foot in the air and landed with the top of his head against Johnson's jaw. Captain of Police Cowles, realising that the referee seemed loath to end the contest on a foul, jumped into the ring and brought the battle to an end. Referee Smith thereupon gave the decision to Johnson. Johnson was given a terrific cheer while the crowd wended its way out.

GREEKS TAKE TWO AT HOULTON-- CAPITALS DEFEAT WOODSTOCK

Special to The Standard.

Fredericton, July 4.—Fredericton shoved Woodstock into the cellar of the N. B. and Maine league race, today by defeating the Colts by a score of 6 to 4.

The Woodstock players started some of their rowdy tactics, but it did them no good. Capt. Duff was ejected from the game for shaking Umpire Duffy, while Manager McMahon was warned by the police for shouting at the umpire from the bench and was told that if he persisted he would be ejected from the grounds.

If the Woodstock team had played baseball instead of grouching, the result might have been different. Fredericton had a break in luck that counted for a lot, while the rocky work of the Woodstock infield Chick McLaughlin's generosity with bases on balls and opportune hitting by the locals tells the rest of the story. Another factor in the result was O'Donnell's lame exhibition in throwing to bases, the Pets being credited with eight stolen bases during the game.

Brown, whd pitched for Fredericton was hit hard at times, many of the hits being long wallops for extra bases, but he kept the hits so scattered, except in the three innings the

Continued on page five.

OPERA HOUSE WEEK OF JULY 8
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NEXT WEEK BETTY DONN Chic, Winsome and Charming Soprano
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HOULTON AND MARATHONS CLASH TODAY

There should be fast baseball for the local fans today and tomorrow when the Marathons and Houlton will clash. Today's engagement will start at 3.30 and that on Saturday at the usual hour of three o'clock. Winckler or Winter will do the twirling today with the chances in favor of the former. For Saturday either Corey or Al Sweet will work.

The Greeks succeeded in pulling out two victories in Houlton yesterday but the contests were both fast and the fans thoroughly enjoyed the sport. There is no team in the league capable of putting up snappier ball than the same Houlton bunch, and their place in premier position is well earned. Now that the Greeks have hit their stride, there should be great sport for those who witness the games today and tomorrow. Umpire Evans, the little man with the big voice, who made such a distinct hit with the fans last year, will be on the job today and will probably hold the indicator in league contests for the remainder of the season.

AD. WOLGAST GIVEN FIGHT BUT RIVERS REALLY WON IT

Vernon Arena, Los Angeles, Cal., July 4.—Ad Wolgast with the aid of the referee, Jack Welch, retained his claim to the lightweight championship today in the Vernon arena when he was given the decision over Joe Rivers, of Los Angeles in the 13th round. Rivers had practically the better of every round save one or two in which Wolgast had a slight shade.

In the 13th round Wolgast tired and bleeding profusely, suddenly struck Rivers a vicious left in the groin. At the same instant Rivers' right landed flush on Wolgast's jaw and the champion went down and out. Disregarding claims of foul made by Rivers' manager, Referee Welch counted the Mexican youth out, and then turnink, picked up the unconscious Wolgast and declared him the winner.

Three hours before the big battle and two hours before the first preliminary boys appeared, the great octagonal arena was almost filled, and from numerous entrances the throngs still poured in. The day was cloudless and the new ring just painted a brilliant red, reflected the sun with an almost blinding glare. Both fighters weighed at 1.50 o'clock and failed to tip the beam at 133, before coming to the arena Wolgast according to members of his retinue, placed one bet of $1,100 to $1,000 that he would knock out Rivers before the ninth round. The betting odds still ruled 10 to 6 at bell time. Apparently there was more Wolgast money in sight than takers.

Preliminary Goes.

Tommy Maloney, the English middleweight, and Bob Graham, of Los Angeles, began the first preliminary at 1.35 p. m. Maloney got the decision in ten rounds. The second preliminary of ten rounds was between Pete McVey, one of Wolgast's sparring partners, and Dan Cullen, of Los Angeles, at 133 pounds. McVey won it. The vast crowd filled every part of the big arena.

The Diamond Belt put up by McCarty for the winner was brought into the ring in its plush case. Its gleaming clasps were flourished at the crowd and a yell went up "McCarty, McCarty." McCarty went into the ring and started a speech, probably the first he ever attempted in his career of fight promoting.

A Poor Prophet.

Rivers was first to enter the ring, climbing through the ropes at 3.24. A great roar greeted his appearance. He was smiling as he passed around the ring shaking hands with his admirers. To all he appeared most confident.

"There will be a new champion in an hour or so," he remarked.

Rivers' seconds were announced as Joe Levy, Roger E. Cornell, Andy Rivers, Young Al Kaufman, Willie Rooney and Bill Aldrich.

At 3.28 Wolgast climbed into the ring amid a great cheer. He turned, shook hands with Rivers and went to his corner. A coin was tossed for corners and Wolgast won, choosing the southwest with the sun at his back. Wolgast's seconds were Tom Jones, Hobo Dougherty, Pete McVey, Mickey McKenzie and Frank Brennan.

Round One.

Called at 3.42. Rivers led the fighting and they clinched. Rivers landed three lefts to the face in quick succession and Wolgast covered. Rivers kept away, poking Wolgast and stepping back. In a clinch Wolgast made Rivers cover with a swing to jaw. Rivers suddenly jumped in and put a hard right over Wolgast's kidneys and clinched, taking nothing in return. Head to head, they exchanged fearful body smashes and were clinched as the bell rang. Round was Wolgast's by a shade.

Round Eleven.

Wolgast missed left to wind and Rivers hit him three times without a return. Rivers put a hard left to jaw. Both clinched and merely rolled out of the ring. Rivers seemed to force the fighting. Wolgast could not hit him hard, and clinched. Rivers then stood still and took four or five hard lefts and rights to the jaw but never winced. He then sent in a hard left, staggering the champion. Wolgast's smile had disappeared and he seemed very tired. Round even.

Round Twelve.

Wolgast sent in a right to the wind, rushing Rivers to the ropes. Wolgast then tried hard to land on the wind but could not get through Rivers' blocking. Time and again the champion missed, Rivers attempting to follow up his advantage. Both rushed and head to head, it was a clinch at the end. Rivers had the better of the mixing. Rivers' round.

Round Thirteen.

Rivers rushed, they clinched, both holding on. Wolgast nearly went over from a right to the jaw, but bored right in, putting left to the wind. "Take your time Joe," shouted Manager Levy to Rivers, "You got him." Twice Wolgast missed. Rivers putting in lefts to the face. Wolgast was getting wilder than ever but Rivers kept away. Both boys were fighting head to head. Wolgast suddenly crouched and sent in a terrific left directly over Rivers' groin. At the same instant Rivers put his right to Wolgast's jaw and the champion went down and was practically out. Rivers fell, writhing in pain and the referee began to count. Claims of foul were made in behalf of Rivers. These claims were not heeded by Welch. The referee picked Wolgast up from the floor and declared him the winner. His seconds had to carry him from the ring.

A Robbery.

Rivers was lying on the floor, but in a moment arose. The ring was instantly in a semi-riot. Welch seeing the crowd coming announced that Wolgast was the winner and immediately disappeared. "It was the worst case of robbery in the history of the American ring," said Manager Levy. Never before have I seen a referee pick up a man and then give him the decision. The foul blow struck by Wolgast was seen by every one near the ringside. It was the third or fourth foul the champion had landed on Rivers. The sum total of it all is that Wolgast knew he was whipped and resorted to his foul tactics to save himself. No one connected with Wolgast's camp would say a word, and all of them jumped in an automobile and quickly left the pavilion.

Round Two.

Rivers opened a deep gash in Wolgast's neck. The blood spurted in a great stream. Rivers pecked Wolgast ten times without a return and then put a stiff left to the stomach. Rivers put a stiff right to Wolgast's nose, starting a new flow of blood. Wolgast fell short while Rivers never missed once. Rivers' round.

Round Three.

Wolgast took a stiff left to the stomach and head. The fighters exchanged fearful rights and lefts. Wolgast missed a right swing and Rivers put in another left to the wind. They fought like tigers. Wolgast went to a clinch and covered. Both were covered with blood. In a clinch Rivers opened the wound in Wolgast's neck. Round even.

Round Four.

They clinched and Rivers sent Wolgast's head back with a right. Wolgast clinched but could not land at close work. Again Rivers rocked Wolgast but the champion bored in. Wolgast found much difficulty in hitting Rivers. Wolgast was wild. Again he missed and the Mexican put in left and right to the wind.

Round Five.

They went into a clinch and both held on. Wolgast put light left to jaw and missed a right. In a neutral corner Rivers put a right to wind and received but a light right to jaw. Then they stood in the middle of the ring looking at each other. They clinched and Rivers nearly upset Wolgast with a right to the jaw. Round even.

Round Six.

They clinched. Wolgast missed and was nearly upset again. Then Rivers put stiff left to wind. Another right to the jaw rocked Wolgast but he bored in. His judgment at distance was poor. In a clinch Rivers put right to jaw and Wolgast went down. He was up in an instant, and they fought like tigers, head to head. It was Rivers' round by a big lead.

Round Seven.

Both were cautious. In a clinch Rivers backed the champion to the ropes. Wolgast then sent in left and right to wind, Rivers covering. In the break both landed light lefts. Rivers then jarred Wolgast and the champion was wild, hitting low. Both seemed tired and clinched. Wolgast again hit low. It was Rivers' round.

Round Eight.

Wolgast tried with right and left and missed both. Wolgast suddenly rushed and put lefts and rights to the wind, chasing Rivers around the ring. Both seemed content to do it all at long range. Both were very tired and slowed down considerably. The round was slightly Wolgast's.

Round Nine

After a clinch Rivers got in light left to the stomach. Wolgast began to crouch and protect his stomach. Rivers seemed to be resting as he kept away. It was the tamest round of the fight. Wolgast rushed suddenly and put a stiff left to stomach, making Rivers wince. Wolgast's by a shade.

Wolgast rushed and Rivers blocked, making the champion miss a left.

THE CHURCH LEAGUE.

Last evening the Fairville Baptists defeated the Ludlow street Baptists by a score of 13 to 11. The batteries were Ferris and Grey for Fairville and Campbell and Toole for Ludlows.

The Charlotte Street Baptist team won from Fairville Methodists by a score of 9 to 7. Batteries, Carleton and Gardner for Charlotte street church, Baker and Fox for Fairville.

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DIED.

McNEELEY—Suddenly at his residence, 122 St. James street, West End, on 3rd inst., Edward S. McNeeley, leaving his wife, two sons and five daughters to mourn. Funeral from his late residence at 8.30 Friday morning, to the Church of the Assumption for high mass of requiem. Friends and acquaintances respectfully invited to attend.

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