



Donovan Is Knocked Out In Twelfth Round

Fast and Interesting Glove Contest Terminates When Reilly Shoots Left to Stomach.

(From Sunday Advertiser.) George McLeod had tolled off the fatal second round. While Mitchell wasn't called on to do a whole lot of work, he gives evidence of being a good man with the gloves after a bit more seasoning.

What proved a hair-raising scrap was the four-round preliminary between Red Rountree and Ollie Finnell. These two fought tooth and nail to the last whisper, and the house simply went wild with the exhibition of batfists they put up. The verdict of a draw was a good one.

In the six-round preliminary, Walter Piszczek was given a decision over Helly Gilles after six rounds of good milling. Both men were game and tried several times for the knockout, but neither could land.

Fiszczek fought just as well as Gilles, and Gilles fought just as well as Piszczek, and a draw would have been the proper verdict to give. At that the referee might have seen the fight from a different angle, and of course he gave his decision accordingly.

A bumper house took in the scraps, and it was one of the best conducted and well balanced cards staged in Honolulu for many months.

Jack Grace told the men in a few words how he expected them to fight and then gave the word for the clanging of the gong.

With the peal of the bell, Donovan came from his corner, his face lit up with smiles and confidence written all over it. Reilly was serious, but still he smiled.

As Donovan rushed toward Reilly, the veteran stepped lightly to the side and popped his left to Donovan's eye. All through the fight it was the same thing, and about in the fifth round those popping blows began to show their effect on Donovan, and after each round he went to his corner showing additional signs of distress.

Well Donovan deserves the name of Wild Bill, for many of his blows went either past Reilly's guard or over his head, and this continual wasting of his energy had a tendency to tire him.

Reilly's Skill Counted. With the opening of the eighth round Reilly began to show the benefit derived from his long experience in the roped arena. As Donovan came from his corner, Reilly would meet him almost before he got set, and then Reilly would play a merry tattoo on the badly damaged eye, and equally damaged nose and mouth.

Sometimes Donovan would show flashes of a rally, but it did not last long, for that continual popping with Reilly's left and right caused the soldier to back up.

In the tenth and eleventh, Reilly showed more speed than in the previous rounds, while the pace was beginning to tell on the soldier. Reilly's blows were better timed, none were wasted, and when he landed those blows hurt. Not so with Donovan. He would swing at the mainlander with a smile, and then would come with disappointment when the blow was short or collided with Reilly's gloves.

Through both these rounds Reilly kept getting through Donovan's guard, and with the opening of the twelfth it was plain to see that unless the unforeseen happened Reilly would either win or knock out his opponent would lose by a knockout.

As the gong sounded for the twelfth round, Donovan came from his corner with measured tread, for he was tired. Reilly, on the other hand, was confident and strong. Into a clinch the men went, and Reilly, in breaking away, slanted Donovan a hard left to the chin.

Reilly then worked Donovan into one of the corners, where he rained several hard blows on the damaged eye and nose. Donovan now worked himself from the corner, and as Reilly drew back Donovan started a wild swing of his arms and a rush.

From his side Reilly pulled his left into play and shot a wicked left home to the pit of the stomach. Donovan dropped his hands as his knees gave way and as he was tottering Reilly came a right round to the line, and the last blow was unmeasured, for the left had done the trick. As Donovan lay on the floor he weakly claimed a foul, but an examination after the fight in the dressing room showed no signs of Reilly having hit him low.

He then threw a disinterested fight, but the majority of them said that the stomach blow had been delivered fair and that Reilly and his superior knowledge of the game had proved too much for the soldier.

At that Donovan need not feel so badly over his defeat. He fought gamely, and with a few months more of experience and instructions in the finer points of the game will still be able to give an excellent account of himself.

Preliminaries Were Good. Three preliminaries preceded the main event. In the certain ringer, Ovelone Mitchell made a runaway fight of it with Schiller Hammer, and when Mitchell clipped Hammer on the jaw with a left hook the soldier went to the floor, where he lay until Referee

LIGHTWEIGHT BOXERS GREAT MONEY GETTERS

When Willie Ritchie and Joe Rivers drew a gate of \$29,000 for their recent championship battle the fact was again strikingly demonstrated that the lightweights of fistiana are the ones in highest favor with lovers of boxing. Of course there have been greater receipts than \$29,000 for a ring battle, but these other crowd houses were attracted from the country over, while Ritchie and Rivers drew their patronage almost entirely from the territory tributary to San Francisco.

There is no question but that for actual fighting quality and spectacular ring men the lightweight division has always led the other classes, and this fact is what has tended to make the 125-pound boys such prime favorites with the public.

What a brilliant array of champions have reigned in the lightweight class. McAniff, Lavigne, Ernie, Gans, Nelson, Wolgast, Ritchie—each a champion in every sense of the word.

In the old days, or twenty odd years ago, Jack McAniff, one of the three famous "American Jacks," was the king pin in his division, and there are many who still maintain that his equal never drew on a pair of fighting gloves.

Three Real Champions. When McAniff was the champion lightweight of the world, Jack Dempsey was the middleweight leader and the only John L. was the heavyweight holder. The trio was fondly known as "The Three American Jacks." They were steadfast friends and a great combination. Dempsey and McAniff were inseparable. They worked together as boys in a cooper shop at Williamsburg near Brooklyn.

In the first round, when Lavigne got in a good one on Barge, Lord Louisdale jumped from his seat—a very unusual piece of conduct on the part of any patron of the National Club—and yelled: "Well, I'll be damned. You shall have ten minutes to a decision. My dear little boy, you're a Spartan."

The betting was five to one on Barge and once or twice it looked as though Barge would win, but Lavigne finally got his famous body blows started and it was all off with the English champion. "Oh, well, Sammy," muttered Bettinson, "the fawney will not take to 'im. Lor' bless me, 'e looks like a school lad."

Ernie Surprises England. And Bettinson was correct in his surmise that the "fawney," the real patron of the National Sporting Club, would not take to Lavigne. When Lavigne lifted his dukes against the great Barge, it looked like a bout between a well-fed potterman and a chubby new-boy.

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DECIDE NOT TO UNCLE STEALS MAKE ARREST PICTURE BRIDE

Deputy Sheriff Rose Says Evidence in Chalmers' Case Is Not Strong Enough and That Deputy City Attorney Agrees With Him—Relatives of Dead Child Say They Think Otherwise.

From Saturday Advertiser. Following the announcement yesterday that the police officials and members of the city attorney's office do not believe that the coroner's inquest brought out enough evidence to hold William G. Chalmers on any charge for the killing of Kaonoehioka Elizabeth Antone, a five-year-old child, one week ago, it is now extremely improbable that he will be arrested except on indictment by the grand jury.

"I do not believe there was enough evidence to hold him," said Deputy Sheriff Rose, yesterday, "and Mr. Brown of the city attorney's department does not believe so either."

Grand Jury May Act. Brown thinks that the grand jury will probably take the matter up within the next few days, whether they do anything or not with it. The decision of the police officials and the jury seems to be based exclusively on the testimony of Chalmers, Mrs. Chalmers and their daughter and the chauffeur of the other automobile, the damage to which is being fully paid for by Chalmers, it is said.

Relatives Are Active. It is extremely possible that if the grand jury fails to take the matter up a complaint will be sworn to against the contractor by the attorney or guardians of the dead child. Mr. and Mrs. Bodine, the aunt and uncle of Kaonoehioka, are representing the absent parents, one of whom is on Hawaii. Sight of their child for many months before she was run down and killed was denied them.

It is said that the relatives have already commenced to prepare their case against Chalmers to meet the case presented to the coroner's jury with such success. They intend to emphasize the fact that no consideration seemed to be paid to the actual marks of the accident on the roadway. They argue that if the jury had done this they would never have accepted Chalmers' statement that he was going only five miles an hour, for the damage to the other car was too great.

They say that the testimony of two eyewitnesses to the effect that the car was zigzagging down the road at a high rate of speed was ignored, and that it was liable to be true because the driver actually zigzagged after he hit the girl and ran seventy-five feet up another machine with everything wide open. He made no attempt to stop, they say, although he testified that he believed some member of his family would be possibly fatally hurt in the smash. They also point out that he said he could stop in twenty-five feet and did not do it in seventy-five feet.

Other inconsistencies are also being noted by the friends of the unfortunate girl, who call attention to the fact that Chalmers said he did not turn to the right side of the road to avoid Garrida for fear the hind wheel would pass over the baby, whereas the netral track showed that he did turn to his right side and then swerved back into Garrida. His statement that the girl was hit by the side of the fender and fell where she was, they say, must be untrue, because the marks indicate that she was hurled fifteen feet and fell with such force that she sustained an unusual fracture of the skull.

A number of other apparent inconsistencies are being prepared for the record, and the attorneys for the Bodines and the police assert confidently that the list will be great enough to warrant them taking the case into court if the officials will not.

"My dear, I see you are having some clothes made for your poodle." "Yes; it is the latest fad." "Well, I serve notice right here that I don't button any dogs down the back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hasagawa Appeals to Chief McDuffie to Aid Him in Regaining Fair Helpmeet Whom He Brought Here From the Land of the Mikado Only to Have "Relative" Take Her.

"He borrowed my only wife and he never brought her back," was the revised version of a once popular song which Hasagawa sang in the ears of Chief McDuffie last night when his helpmeet seemed to have deserted his hearthstone for the blandishments of "uncle." Uncle, who is named Maruyama, was summoned to the police station to explain whether he really was a wife-stealer, or whether his supposed relationship and a desire to learn of affairs in the old country prompted his attachment for the woman.

Hasagawa told a tale of woe most heartrending. He had made arrangements with a matrimonial agent in Japan to secure him a bride, and an exchange of photos with a "prospect" followed in due time. The "prospect" was an exceedingly inviting one, both young and pretty, and Hasagawa, according to his own story, laid himself out for the considerable sum which represented her passage money from the Cherry Land to the Honolulu immigration station.

She arrived, was seen and inspected, passed, and was duly united in wedlock with Hasagawa under the eyes of an inquisitive immigration inspector, fearful lest the wily Oriental would slip a ringer in on Uncle Sam and convert the immigration law thereby.

Hasagawa carried his bride to their future home, which was in this city, and hardly had opportunity to establish his household when Maruyama arrived on the scene and said he was the young lady's uncle. The bride did not take the relationship amiss and made frequent visits to "uncle's" house, presumably to talk over old times. These visits became more and more frequent until yesterday, when the agitated husband called on Chief McDuffie and informed him that the worst had happened. The loving "niece" had not returned and refused to do so.

The attendance of the wife was also compelled by the chief last night, but without avail in the case until he could find amidst the happy assembly of our laws some lurking statute that will make it illegal for one man to borrow another man's wife and, like the hero of the song, forget to bring her back.

DEAR OLD HONOLULU LOOKS GOOD TO DUKE

D. H. Kahanamoku, father of the invincible Duke, world's greatest swimmer, has received a letter from his son in which Duke says he is coming back to dear old Honolulu with Col. Samuel Parker on the steamer Sierra, due here August 23.

Duke P. says he will be glad to get back to the old fireside and that he will probably remain in the city until he has had a great time on the mainland. He is expected to land at the immigration office for beating Walter Pomroy, Santa Cruz, in a half-mile race. Duke won a fifty-yard dash in the fast time of 0:23 1/5, but according to his letter does not think that this time will be accepted as official.

JAPANESE STILL ALIVE. Kiota Taked, the despondent Japanese who sought to end his life by shooting at Moanana Saturday was yet alive at the Queen's Hospital at two o'clock this morning. He had shown no signs of improvement. His condition is critical.

(By Federal Wireless Telegraph.) SAN FRANCISCO, August 8.—(Special to The Advertiser.)—Sailor Ed Petrovsky, pride of the United States Navy, and Bob McAllister, former amateur champion middleweight of the world, boxed twenty tame rounds to a draw here this evening.

The fight was slow and tedious, as Petrovsky failing to show any of his former aggressiveness, while McAllister plainly showed that he was lacking in ability to put a man away. A big crowd witnessed the contest, which was held in the open air at Jim Coffroth's Eighth street arena.

(By Federal Wireless Telegraph.) SAN FRANCISCO, August 8.—(Special to The Advertiser.)—Matt Wells, English lightweight pugilist, defeated Hugh Mehegan, the Australian champion, yesterday in a twenty-round contest on points.

Waterfront workers, including captains of vessels, complain of the clouds of dust which make life miserable both on the wharves and ships. Lower Port street and Allen street are particularly beset and proferring a great whack in the dust belt.

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AUTOMOBILING PROVES BAD FOR HEAVING ARM

The mighty Walter Johnson is threatened with a serious change in the form of his wonderful right hand. If Walter persists in spending his time at the wheel of an automobile, expert automobilists declare, his pitching days will be over before many moons.

"Constant handling of an automobile steering wheel will completely change the shape of any baseball pitcher's hands," declared an expert motorist. The slump which Johnson now is experiencing has been brought about by the wheel cramp, which is slowly but surely getting his pitching hand. Johnson says he doesn't know what the matter with his pitching.

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