

INTER MOUNTAIN'S DOUBLE PAGE WEEKLY REVIEW

OUTLAWS CHUCKLE OVER JACK HICKEY

But He Is Not So Great an Acquisition as Might Be Supposed.

JACK HAS A HABIT OF JUMPING HIS CONTRACT

Outlaws Also Jubilant Over the Alleged Securing of Stovall, but It Is Not at All Probable That He Will Come West if He Can Make Good in the Big League in Cleveland.

SPECIAL TO THE INTER MOUNTAIN.

Seattle, Feb. 21.—The outlaws are chuckling over the acquisition of Jack Hickey by their pitching staff, and they think they have scored a body blow on Dugdale. The desertion of Hickey is now particularly contemptible, from the fact that this youngster now has his name signed to three different contracts and accepted advance money on each. Several months ago he signed a contract to play with Cleveland, in the American league, and drew down a chunk of advance money. Everything was lovely so long as the money lasted, but when he got broke he hunted up Dugdale and wanted to talk business. Dugdale signed him at a salary that was a decided increase over what he received last year and gave him \$50 advance. Hickey was once more content, but the \$50 did not last him long, and then he struck Dugdale for more money. Not getting it, the instant he asked for it, he swelled up like a pouter pigeon and began negotiations with Parke Wilson. How much he got from Wilson is not known, but before he can pitch a game Wilson will have to see that the money advanced to Cleveland and Dugdale is returned, or he will be tied up with attachments. This being the case, Hickey will have to work some time for nothing for the outlaws in order to make good the money he "borrowed."

Are Not Surprised.

The fans are not surprised much at Hickey's jump. The faith in his integrity is not very strong, and if there was another league to jump to the chances are that "Jack" would be doing business some more before the season opens. He jumped Dugdale last year to go to California, but was careful to show up in Seattle at reporting time. He had to be coddled like an infant all last year, and would pout like a prima donna if he did not get his own way all the time. He has a surprising collection of curses, but the catcher behind him has to do all the head work. He demonstrated last year that he was a good pitcher, but a very unlucky one, and lost more games in the ninth inning than any pitcher on the Seattle staff. Dugdale hung on to Hickey two years ago when the whole town was yelling for his release. He was so wild that it was as much as a batter's life was worth to face him, and there was no telling when he would take a balloon ascension and lose a game already won.

The outlaws are also claiming Jess Stovall. If this "big rule" comes back to the coast it will be because he is not given a chance to make good with Cleveland. He would rather play in the big league for his board than stay with the minors for a good salary, so if he comes back it will be because he is not wanted in Cleveland. He was so fearful that he was not to be given a chance in last company that he wrote Armour about it, simply because he did not see his name published in the list of players under contract.

Natural Ball Player.

Stovall is a natural ball player and can shoot the ball like a DeLahanty or Lajoie. There is no science in his hitting, however; it is just a wild swing, but he has been lucky in the past in meeting the ball right. How he will do against the swell pitchers of the country, backed by stone-wall fielding, is a matter of conjecture. If he does come back to the coast he will probably be found with the outlaws, for he feels that he has outgrown Dugdale. He was a raw farmer lad when Dugdale took him two years ago, but he had it in him and he made good. He has a \$10,000 arm and hitting eye and a 10-cent head.

Willie Campbell, the second substitute fielder who did such good work for Dugdale last year, has probably jumped, also. He wrote Dugdale to send him a contract, but forgot to sign and return it. The outlaws claim him, and Campbell does not deny it. While lacking official confirmation, Dugdale no longer counts on Campbell. The fielding of this lad last year was simply sensational, but his hitting was so high that he quit in debt to the league. He was the fastest man on his feet in the league last year, and if he could only hit the ball he would have developed into a star of the first order. The reason for Campbell's jump is not known, for he professed to be perfectly satisfied with his berth here, and he did not need money.

Tommy Reilly's Victory.

As predicted in this column, Tommy Reilly won from Al Neill in their bout at Portland. He could not knock the clever Californian out, but a broken hand sustained early in the fight probably accounts for his failure to do so. Reilly is too fast and strong for Neill to win, and if the youngster takes care of himself and continues to improve as he has in the past two years it will take a good many to stop him. Neill thinks so well of Reilly that he says:

"I will not fight Tommy again. I have met all the best middleweights in the country and have had my share of success. Whenever Reilly looks up with any of them—bar none—my money goes on Reilly."

Reilly's long suit is as an infighter. Any good man can get out him at long range, but once let him get in and he will make any of them sick. He is wise in insisting upon fighting with one arm free in clinches, for that is where he does most of his execution. He has an awl's worth in either hand. He hit Ben Tremble in their fight here on the jaw so hard that he literally changed the shape of his jaw. Tremble did not recover for fully five minutes. He got in a short-arm jolt on Tommy Tracy's ribs, that floored that old veteran and nearly put him out. Neither of these punches traveled more than six inches in reaching the mark, and it shows how much power he puts behind those short jolts.

Perry Queenan Again.

Perry Queenan has emerged from the eclipse clever Rufe Turner put him in and will fight Marvin Phiberty at Tacoma next Friday night. Queenan made himself solid by defeating Dal Hawkins twice. This pair met three times. The first time Dal won on points, but in the next two battles Perry shot off all chance for argument by putting the old "down and out" for the

Young Gibbs writes me from Pipestone Springs that he has only to reduce two pounds between now and next Thursday night, when he enters the ring at Sutton's Broadway to do battle with Mose LaFoutise.

"I weighed 148 pounds yesterday afternoon after doing some hard boxing with Clifford," he says in the letter. "By next Thursday night I hope to weigh 145 pounds, or just one pound within the limit."

In the same envelope which brought Gibbs' letter Clifford slipped a note. Said he: "Gibbs got up early yesterday morn-



GIBBS STARTS AN UPPERCUT.

ing and ran a match race to the railroad. There is a rancher living within a mile of the hotel here who thinks himself quite a runner. Just for fun I ribbed up a match between he and Gibbs. The race was to be from the hotel to the depot and back. The men started at 6 o'clock this morning. I held the time. It is estimated that the distance from the hotel to the railroad at Pipestone is three-quarters of a mile. Therefore, both ways would be a mile and a half. Now, anything under five minutes for a mile is considered pretty fast running, but Gibbs made the distance of a mile and a half in 7 minutes and 14 seconds, according to the stop watch.

"These are the actual facts. And, furthermore, Gibbs got to the railroad, and when half way back to the hotel he met the rancher who thought he was a runner. It just goes to show what splendid wind Gibbs has. The altitude doesn't seem to worry him at all. He says, now that his breathing apparatus is so good, he intends jumping into Mose and pushing the fight from the first tap of the gong. He will do this, because he can go the entire distance of 20 rounds without feeling it."

"I expect Gibbs to whip Mose within a few rounds. He has the very worst left-hand jab I ever encountered. We were boxing pretty fast the other day, and I was wading into Gibbs with right and left. He had told me to knock him out if I could and I was watching for the chance, when he shot out that left and I was clean out of the business for a few seconds myself."

From Boulder Hot Springs comes a story that sounds good to the admirers of Montana's champion welterweight. It is to the effect that LaFoutise is in the pink of condition and that his wind is every bit as good as Gibbs'. Mose does a great deal of tramping through the hills, which he declares is as good a way as any to condition himself. He is hard as a rock, and it seems almost impossible to knock him out.

To see just how hard it really is to let him, Mose asked the big cook out at the springs to put on the gloves with him the other day.

"Now, I won't hurt you," said Mose. "In fact, I won't hit you at all. But I want you to come right in and knock me down and out if you possibly can."

The cook followed his instructions to the letter. He slashed away with both hands and fairly smothered Mose with blows. Then he saw an opening and struck with all his might. The gong caught the man who is to meet Gibbs squarely on the point of the chin and Mose went down in a heap. His head struck the hard pine floor with a resounding crack and a few of the spectators present thought it was all off with the red-headed man.

But they reckoned without their host. At the count of six Mose rose slowly to his feet.

"Come on and finish me," he said to the cook.

The latter was quick to do his bidding. He jumped on Mose and tried hard to put in a finishing blow. The fighter allies were the best ever bowled in Montana in a match, and probably ever bowled west of Chicago. We are not sure of this, however, but will state definitely on looking up the records.

When the All-Americans were here and broke the world's record for a three-man

team, Wolff, the great bowler, made 1,001, just five pins behind McKinley's score. At the time everybody said it was fine and would never be beaten, but then it's always the unexpected that happens.

In the evening Markley and McKinley bowled their series, and the latter made 209 in the first game, which is the highest score made in Butte for more than a year. He finished the five games with a total of 1,052 and an average of 212.2.5. In his games with Perham he bowled 1,018, with an average of 203.3.5. His score in his games with Ellison was



GIBBS STARTS AN UPPERCUT.

1,050, with an average of 211.4.5. For 30 games his average was 205. This is the best bowling ever seen in Butte.

Following are yesterday's games in the individual tournament at the Pister alleys:

AFTERNOON GAME.

1	2	3	4	5	Total.			
Misevich	..	163	173	137	166	142	—	783
McKinley	..	240	247	213	200	193	—	1,099
Averages
Misevich	219	4.5	McKinley	156	3.5	

EVENING GAME.

1	2	3	4	5	Total.			
McKinley	..	290	164	180	205	235	—	1,069
Markley	..	178	223	137	191	184	—	913
Averages
McKinley	212	2.5	Markley	182	2.5	

EVENING GAME.

1	2	3	4	5	Total.			
Mudro	..	199	201	175	173	144	—	824
Markley	..	179	158	167	183	149	—	824
Averages
Mudro	178	2.5	Markley	165		



HOW GIBBS STANDS WHEN HE IS READY TO MIX IT.

lots of speed on his ball, it goes down along the right side and then takes a curve into the head pin for a strike. Charlie says when he has it under control he will be ready to try all comers again. Misevich had very hard luck in his games, no matter how he hit the pins they would split on him and Mike got sore, so he played for a split and got a good strike, and for the first time he smiled.

Tom Markley has a bad thumb, which accounts for his falling the last few days, but he says he is going to continue just the same and if he don't finish in the first three he will have had a good time.

The three who lead in the individual tournament now are McKinley, Misevich and Ellison, with Toney, Adams and Tallon fighting for third place. Mudro and the rest will have to hurry if they want to play in the state championship games.

Now that old Tommy Sharkey is matched to fight our Jack Munroe, anything about the sea dog is of interest. Here is a little poem that came out in the Baltimore American after Sharkey had been beaten to a pulp by Jeffries in that historic battle at Coney Island. Sharkey is one of the kind who never knows when he is licked and the verses are rather amusing:

SHARKEY TO HIS SECONDS.

I am dokey, fellers, dokey.

An' me eyes is bunged up tight,

An' me achin' muscles tells me

Dat I've mixed up in a fight,

But dat duffer Jeffries needin'

Think dat dis is wot 'e did.

W'y, dat geezer—can't land em

Hard enough to hurt a kid.

Hully gee—I cud a-blick 'im

If I'd only had me way.

(Tighten up dat bandage, fellers,

At 'em stay on dere all day.

Put 'em dem raw beets on 'em

Oh dem bruises on me lid).

W'y dat bloomin', fakin' bruiser,

W'y, 'e cudn't hurt a kid.

(W'er's me feet, did youse guys find 'em?

They wuz scattered troo de ropes).

If dat referee'd a death fair

I'd a buster Jeffries' hopes.

(Cully, rub dat liniment easy.

Dem four ribs has sort o' sid).

Hurt me? W'y, dat long-range fighter,

Soy! He cudn't hurt a kid.

(Push dat ear straight, fellers—Easy!

Paste dat plaster on me nose;

Pour dat arniky on sofly

Till it heals dem broken toes.

Straighten out dem twisted fingers

Wot I hit dat sucker wid).

Naw, I wuzn't hurted, fellers,

W'y, 'e cudn't hurt a kid.

I'm feelin' sort o' dizzy

An' me head is boozin' fast.

An' me lungs is all caved inward,

An' me back's like broken glass.

An' me mood is one size bigger.

Wot de wair's jarred off me lid.

But dat deuce spot didn't hit me.

Naw—'e cudn't hurt a kid.

Soy! I wud a-licked dat lobster—

Made 'im look like 'irty cents.

But dat referee's stopped things

W'en I wanted ter commence.

THE REJUVENATION OF ONE J. J. CORBETT

CORRESPONDENT OF THE INTER MOUNTAIN.

New York, Feb. 21.—That Proteus of pugilism, James J. Corbett, has gone into training for a championship battle. The dandy actor who earns \$1,000 by delivering a monologue twice a week has determined to fight Jim Jeffries for the championship of the world. In an instant the dilettante, debonair man-about-town has vanished and in his stead stands the hard-hitting pug, staking fame and money on the power of his punishing fists and his alert, scheming brain.

James J. Corbett of Broadway has vanished. "Jim Corbett, the only man in the world Jeffries is afraid to meet, has taken his place. The graceful gestures of Delaric have given way to the shuddering wallows of the mighty knuckles that laid Sullivan low. The old battle fever is burning in his blood. Not stage business, but hard smashing engages his attention now.

Moreover, Corbett has invented a new system of training. In his battle with Jeffries he will need more punishing power than he has ever had before. He is acquiring the power. His arms, shoulders, chest and upper back show a great increase of muscular development. That increase Corbett intends to get growing right up to the day of the battle. He is paying a high price for it. All that he gains in smashing ability he will pay for in loss of speed; but he is so much faster than any other fighter in the world that he can afford to pay the price.

Nearly all of Corbett's exercising time is given to heavy work. He uses the flying rings, parallel bars and the floor bars, on which he does hand-stands. Upon exercises that throw the weight of his body on the wrists and forearm, triceps and shoulder muscles Corbett works for two hours every day. Anyone who remembers him as the smooth-muscle gladiator of few years ago will be surprised to see him now with an outfit of rugged rolls of muscle

Yes, me lamps is doused a little.

An' me neck wud bumps is hid.

But dat four-fush, cheap jaw fighter—

W'y, 'e cudn't hurt a kid.

I have received another letter from Kid Foley, who is over at Pony training for his fight with Dummy Rowan. This contest takes place tonight. The Kid says he is now in the best of shape, although he only weighs 147 pounds. The "dummy" will not weigh under 160 pounds and I am inclined to believe that he is giving away too much weight. However, Foley has often given away weight and won, so it may not make much difference after all. Should he win over Rowan some of the local middles will have to recognize him.

The public will take a flaming headline story about a new athletic club for Butte, which appeared in a morning paper, with a substantial pinch of salt. We have heard of those plans before, except that the club was to be incorporated with a capital of \$100,000 instead of \$25,000, as stated in the article in question. Of course a club of such dimensions might start here, but "de judgment day" is just as apt to strike us. The business men of Butte are not fools, and they will not put their money in a scheme of such uncertainty. The Broadway Athletic club is just now pulling off the fights very successfully.

The same startling article in the morning paper informed us that Matty Mathews is still the welterweight champion. That's news, indeed. The writer had better look to his dope can. Mathews was defeated for the title by Rube Ferns and Ferns in turn was knocked into oblivion by Joe Walcott. So it seems Mathews is pretty well removed from the welterweight championship.

JOHN H. MINTOSH.

should consider my natural strength enough to furnish good hitting power. But Jeffries has extraordinary strength. To weaken him you've got to hit like a pile driver. That's what I'm building all this extra muscle for. Now, see this."

The ex-champion went over to a pair of parallel bars within six inches of the floor, beneath the gallery of rowing machines. Gripping these bars with his hands and extending his body at full length, resting on tiptoe, he dipped until his chin almost touched the floor, while his belt elbows stuck up above his head like the legs of a grasshopper. Then he slowly pushed up his body until the arms were extended at full length. The dipping and rising were repeated 18 or 20 times.

"When a fellow does a great deal of this sort of thing it gives him good slugging muscles," Corbett declares. "My forearms are nearly an inch bigger than they ever were before, and the triceps and shoulders are bigger, too. All that means more driving power behind the punches. And I've been at this work only two months."

Corbett jumped up on the high parallel bars and, supporting his body erect at full arms' length, swayed to and fro, and walked along the bars on his hands.

"Here's a scheme for touching the abdominal wall," he remarked, as he jumped down, hung from one bar with both hands and slowly raised his legs until they stood out at right angles to his body. The strain on the abdominal muscles was intense. They stood out in rolls and ridges like the weather stakes around the bodies of the Laocoon.

"Feel that wall," he said proudly, when he stood down. "You'll have to punch pretty hard to hurt me through that. Of course I don't intend to let Jeffries hit me there at all; but if he does land a few there they won't do me much harm."

The abdominal muscles, flexed, felt like the roots of a gnarled oak.

There was no suggestion of the actor or man of elegant attire in Corbett's appearance now. He was all gladiator. Every bit of energy in him was concentrated in muscular effort. The perspiration was streaming from him.

"Look out!" he cried, as he threw himself downward near the wall and, catching his weight on his hands, thrust his legs high in the air and balanced himself by tapping his toes against the wall. He thus stood on his hands and, having gained a good balance, walked out a few steps from the wall. Thus he remained, head downward and feet upward, stepping forward and back, walking on his hands for perhaps two minutes. When he stood on his feet again his face was red and his neck distended.

"Walking on your hands," he said, "is a fine way to strengthen your arms, chest and shoulders. I think it's the best of the lot. Look at an acrobat, a tumbler or a contortionist, and see the development he has up there. I know he is apt to be a little shoulder-bound, but there's no danger of my getting that way. I'm so fast that I can afford to slow down a great deal for the sake of adding to my strength. I think that Jeff will wake up when I land him a few punches this time, or, rather, I'll put him to sleep."

"Jeff will have to fight me. He can't avoid it. He says he won't meet me in a 20-round bout, but he will fight to a finish. That's childish. He won his championship in a limited round bout by knocking out Fitzsimmons in the eleventh round. He defeated the championship by meeting Sharkey, then me and then Fitzsimmons—all in limited round bouts. Why is he changing so suddenly now?"

"Any one can see why. He knows that

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

JACK O'BRIEN AND HIS LONG CAREER

In Many Ways "Philadelphia" Is One of the Most Remarkable Fighters of The Age.

HAS HABITS OF GENTLEMAN AND LEADS PURE LIFE

Just 105 Bouts Are Chalked Up to His Credit and Has Been Defeated but Once—Young Peter Jackson Knocked Him Out in Frisco in 1900—Sixteen Battles in Merrie England.

Joseph Francis Hagan, who is known in pugilistic circles as "Philadelphia Jack O'Brien," is in many ways the most interesting fighter before the public today. His remarkable record since his visit to England in 1900 proves him to be a consistent pugilist, ready to take on anybody in his class, and many on top of it.

He has the habits of a gentleman and leads an exemplary life. He does not think he knows it all, and admits that he learns something new in every bout he takes part in. O'Brien looks on fighting as a business plan, and simple, and advises young men who have the ability to become pugilists, as it pays better than anything else he knows of.

Here is the story of O'Brien's remarkable career in the ring as told by himself: Six Long Years.

It has taken me more than six years to box my way to my present position in the world where the mitts hold sway, and I am almost in the prime of a pugilist's life, having celebrated my twenty-fifth birthday two weeks ago. It was back in 1896 that I first learned to box, and after one experience in an amateur tournament I decided to become a professional and making boxing a business.

The first time I stepped into the ring before an audience was at the Caledonia club, Philadelphia, to compete with other amateurs. I weighed then only 140 pounds and was 18 years of age. In that tournament I boxed three men in two nights, each of whom I defeated decisively. On December 12, following, spurred on by the success with which I had met in the amateur tournament, I made my first appearance as a professional against Isadore Straus of Philadelphia in a six-round bout, the result of which was a draw.

Fought 105 Bouts.

This gave me supreme confidence in my ability, and I may say that that feeling of confidence has never left me in any bout in which I have appeared since. All told, I have taken part in 106 bouts as a professional, of which number only one has been scored as a defeat for me. This was when Young Peter Jackson knocked me out in 13 rounds at San Francisco, on February 14, 1900. All my other contests have been either decisive victories, very often knock-outs, or else draws.

My first big jump up the ladder was made while in England two years ago. I had previously traveled all over this country, but after being in a hospital for six weeks owing to an illness caused by being pummed on the kidneys, the doctor advised me to go on a sea voyage. While in England I concluded to do a little business, if possible; but it was hard at first, owing to the fact that the country was then mourning the death of the queen and I was so little known. However, I persevered, and in my first contest there I knocked out Harry Smith of Newcastle in four rounds.

Sixteen Battles in England.

This encouraged me greatly, and I concluded to meet any one over there, including heavyweights. All told, I fought sixteen battles in England, in every one of which I was victorious, knocking out my opponent in nearly every one of them. It was on May 20, 1901, that I defeated George Crisp, then the heavyweight champion of England, in 11 rounds, and with this victory I secured the heavyweight title.

The English fighters are slow in comparison with the Americans. Our ideas are much more modern than theirs in training and scientific boxing. I doubt if they will produce another man the equal of Charley Mitchell in a number of years. It was by going out of my class in England and winning from men much heavier than myself that I got the courage to fight big fellows in this country.

Never Had a Manager.

Since returning to this country last February I have taken part in 30 bouts, in every one of which I have been successful. In all my career I have never had a manager, although I have representatives here and in England to look after my affairs. I make all my own matches, and believe in the old proverb that "A match well made is half won."

I attribute my success to leading an exemplary life and good matchmaking. I don't have to train much, which is a great advantage. I don't "fish," as they call it.

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Opening Day



KNOX Hats

1903

Spring and Summer Styles

At Saturday

At Hennessy's Big Store