

EVENING WORLD

PITCHER HUGHES IS INJURED.

SPORTS EDITED BY

GIANTS PLAY THE CHICAGOS.

ROBERT EDGREN

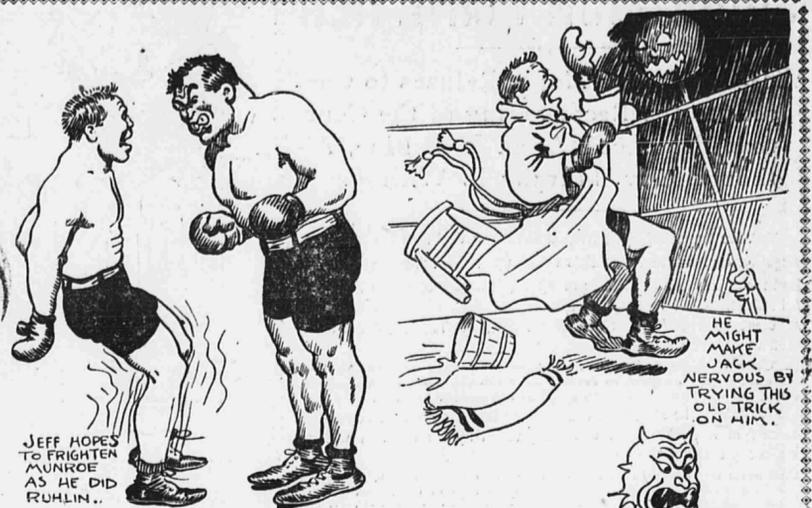
FIGHTING FACE THAT CHAMPION JIM JEFFRIES WILL USE TO INTIMIDATE JACK MUNROE IN COMING UNPLEASANTNESS



JEFF PRACTICES HIS FIGHTING EXPRESSION.



R. Edgren.



JEFF HOPES TO FRIGHTEN MUNROE AS HE DID RULIN.

HE MIGHT MAKE JACK NERVOUS BY TRYING THIS OLD TRICK ON HIM.



A CHINESE WAR MASH MIGHT WIN FOR HIM.

BOTH BIG FELLOWS TALK

JEFFRIES SAYS: "I am in the best of condition at present and will enter the ring with Munroe in as perfect shape as I was the night I fought Bob Fitzsimmons. I have neglected my work, as I feel that Munroe is going to give me a hard battle. Some people think I will have an easy time in beating Munroe. I don't, for I regard Munroe just as dangerous as any other heavy-weight I have fought. I will enter the ring weighing about 224 pounds. I will fight the same careful battle I have always put up. I don't believe in taking any chances, but I believe I will win out." Harbin Springs, June 11.

MUNROE SAYS:

"In less than a week from to-day I shall get the opportunity of my life and I intend to make the most of it. To-day I am feeling in great shape and stronger than ever in my life. I realize that Jeffries is the best fighter in the world, but I have hopes of beating him. I have trained conscientiously, believing I have a good chance. I have taken on weight since I arrived at the coast and will enter the ring within twenty pounds of what Jeffries will weigh. Don't be surprised if I succeed Jeffries as champion." San Francisco, June 11.

FITZ PICKS JEFF AS QUICK WINNER

Ruby Robert Does Not Give Munroe a Look-In for the Coming Battle and Says Bout Will Not Go Ten Rounds.

Bob Fitzsimmons does not think much of the coming battle between Jim Jeffries and Jack Munroe, the Butte miner heavyweight. Fitz cannot see how Jeffries can lose, and makes the prediction that Munroe will not last ten rounds. Fitzsimmons has never regarded Munroe as a great fighter since he saw the minor heavyweight box Jeffries the four-round bout in Butte, Mont., a few years ago. He has often said that Jeffries could whip Munroe with one hand, and that account it is no wonder he picks Jeffries as a sure winner over Munroe. In speaking of the battle to an Evening World reporter Fitz said: "I think Jeff will have an easier time in beating Munroe than he has had with any of his big fellows. Jim knows too much for Munroe, and, to tell the truth, it would not surprise me to see Jeff hand him a punch on the jaw in the first round that will bring the fight to an end. Jeffries could have finished Munroe in less than two rounds when they boxed in Butte if he wanted, but let Munroe stay in order to give the spectators a run for their money. While Munroe might have improved since that fight, he has not learned enough to beat Jeff. I only wish I was champion and was going to fight Munroe in the first round. In ten rounds I will be the most surprised man in the world. Jeffries should win and win quickly, barring an accident of course."

FELTZ AND LENNY IN A GOOD DRAW

(Special to The Evening World.) SAVANNAH, Ga., June 11.—Tommy Feltz, of Savannah, and Eddie Lenny, of Philadelphia, went the entire twenty rounds for which they were matched before the Savannah Athletic Club last night, and Referee Jenkins termed it a draw. It was hot work for the bantams throughout. Lenny had the reach and six pounds weight. The last few rounds were his, though. Feltz had done more forcing throughout the fight and had Lenny bleeding at the nose and mouth.

JEFFRIES IS CULTIVATING A REAL "FIGHTING FACE"

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

If photographs don't lie, and the snapshots that are being sent out from champion Jim Jeffries' training camp are supposed to be of the truthful variety, Jeff is engaged in developing a "fighting face." During former sieges of training the big fellow has gone about his work with a cheerful grin. Especially when within range of the cameras he has worn an expression of good nature.

But this time it is all different. Jeffries, whether he is boxing or running over the hills, playing ball in the yard in front of his cottage or yanking out an unwilling trout from the stream, distorts his rugged visage with a scowl.

It may be that the champion's desire for a settlement of the old Butte score has preyed upon his mind until it is impossible for him to look cheerful until he sees Munroe yawning in the dust of the ring. Perhaps he is only practising a "fighting face" calculated to scare the miner out of the ring. If the latter is the case Jeffries will be disappointed. Whatever fighting qualities Munroe may lack, he is the most confident man that ever drew on a padded glove.

"Kid McCoy" was the originator of the "fighting face" as an asset in ring affairs. The "Kid's" snarl has become famous, and will go down in the history of the ring long after the corkcrew has been forgotten. He sneered at Jack O'Brien a few weeks ago, and Jack nimbly bounced back out of range. And that was at an instant when McCoy needed every second of rest that he could get.

Jeffries usually laughs while fighting. He seems to enjoy the game, and to have a sort of amused contempt for the ability of the man in front of him.

THE LAUGH HAS GONE.

But now the scowl has taken the place of the laugh. Jeff may appear more terrible than ever to his rivals now that he has adopted this Chinese method of warfare.

There are as many different kinds of fighting faces as there are fighters. Jack Munroe laughs while he is fighting. The more he is hurt, or the more he is hurting the other fellow, the harder he laughs.

Robert Fitzsimmons wears a baby-smile of innocence and friendliness as he slips in to deliver his famous solar-plexus punch. He is most dangerous when he looks most harmless.

Tom Sharkey wears a face of wood. He plunges time after time, and, winning or losing, he never changes his expression. The other man never can tell by Sharkey's face the effect that his punches are having.

Tommy Ryan fights with a smile as long as things are coming his way easily. When he is in a furious mixup his lips curve in a derisive grin.

Jim Corbett wears an intelligent expression, as if he were about to deliver a monologue. He looks his rival over, and now and then finds something funny to smile at.

Terry McGovern, always laughing when out of the ring, within ropes becomes a fighting fury. His face is distorted with an apparent rage from start to finish of the affair.

"Young Corbett" is serious or bantering as the occasion requires. Usually he smiles in a tantalizing way that is apt to make his foe want to come to close quarters with him. That is what "Corbett" wants.

Jimmy Britt laughs at his man as the fight begins, but the moment the blows start he becomes purely a man of business. He scowls as a student does when solving a problem in mathematics, and seldom changes his expression until his fist has written out the answer.

Possibly Jeffries has been taking pointers from the grizzly bear of his active hills. The grizzly is not noted for displaying a sense of humor when he is in a mixup, but he is the champion of all fighting animals.

MR. BULLMAN'S BAD RIDE COST AFRICANDER RACE

Same Jockey Who Rode Brooklynite and Was Beaten and Came Out a Few Days Later and Won Like a Stake Horse.

It will not be denied, of course, that the people support racing. They are the bone and marrow of the sport. There may be many millionaires racing horses, but they do not contribute to the support of the game. They are out for all that is in sight. So are the bookmakers and the trainers, and the jockeys, and the racing associations. All of them are participants in splitting up the people's money.

The people contribute their money gladly and generously. Thousands attend the races every day. They receive nothing in return but the privilege of watching the contests and betting on whatever their fancy dictates. No one likes to lose, of course, so nearly every one studies form, or tries to, and then bets on what form seems to indicate. It would seem therefore that in return for the generous support which the people are giving racing there should be at least a pretense of furnishing honest racing. That ought to be the first duty of the stewards to protect the people at all hazards and insist on true-run races.

Yesterday at Gravesend the people saw a remarkably listless ride on Africander by Jockey Bullman. Whether Bullman was seized by a stroke of paralysis just after the start of the Africander race, or whether his muscles were suddenly afflicted with the rigors of tetanus, the writer does not know. But Africander needs strong, bruising riding. He can stand a drive from the end of a race to the other, but this he did not get from Bullman.

It was Bullman who rode Brooklynite one day in a maiden race and arranged to get beaten a head. It was the same Bullman and the same Brooklynite who a few days later headed home in front of the same field like an automobile running away from a cart horse. Why did Brooklynite have such a deplorable lack of speed one day and such an excess of that quality the next time out?

LEWIS WON FROM GEO. KRALL EASILY

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—Willis Lewis, of New York, severely trounced George Krall, of this city, last night at the Penn Art Athletic Club. Krall was completely outclassed, and Lewis merely toyed with him, using a weapon that Krall's face with good effect. Krall seemed unable to avoid Lewis's jab, and was swinging wildly. In the sixth round Lewis dropped Krall for the count and had him in bad shape, but was unable to finish him. Lewis was lucky at the end, while Krall was lucky to stay the limit.

Kid Steiner, a sturdy bantam, beat Young Stein so badly, although Stein outweighed him at least ten pounds, that the referee was compelled to end hostilities in the fifth round in order to avert a casualty.

HIGHBALL GALLOPS FAST QUARTER

(Special to The Evening World.) SHEPHERD BAY, June 11.—Bright clear weather prevailed at the Coney Island Jockey Club course this morning. The effect was to bring the trainers and racers to the open early and in numbers. The track had dried out thoroughly and was in tip-top condition, but not fast. It was a field day for owners, trainers and jockeys. Many clockers who had been absent during the late trying weather resumed their seats on the grand stand and the split seconds ticked merrily.

Trainer William Shields brought a short string over from their quarters at the Gravesend course, and they had a try over the Bay course that proved them to be ready to go to the races there in good shape. The conspicuous workouts that were numerous were as follows:

- MINEOLA—One mile in 1.47, galloping; W. Rogers, trainer.
GUY—Six furlongs in 1.26, breeding; J. W. Rogers, trainer.
HOBBS—Six furlongs in 1.24, handily; J. W. Rogers, trainer.
SHORTHOSE—One mile in 1.49, galloping; W. B. Pregrave, trainer.
PREN—Four furlongs in 0.54, breeding; W. B. Pregrave, trainer.
HEAVY—Five furlongs in 1.05, handily; W. B. Pregrave, trainer.
CASH—One mile in 1.50, galloping;

JOE WALCOTT KNOCKED OUT BY JACKSON IN THE FOURTH

(Special to The Evening World.) BALTIMORE, Md., June 11.—Joe Walcott, the welter-weight champion, was knocked out last night in the fourth round of what was scheduled to be a ten-round contest before the Eureka Club by Young Peter Jackson. The blow that did the business was a terrific right-hand smash to the pit of the stomach.

Walcott claimed that he was hit below the belt, but his claim of foul was not allowed by the referee.

From the start it could be seen that Jackson did not intend to play for the knockout blow, but would depend on body blows to defeat the champion. Peter assumed a crouching position, and bringing both arms together he completely covered his head and body.

This defense greatly puzzled the Bar-badoes wonder, and being unable to break through the simple Jackson time and again back of the neck to make Peter straighten up, but Jackson simply laughed, and in the clinches would pound Joe unmercifully in the stomach.

Walcott did not take kindly to this punishment, and wanted to quit in the middle of the third round and also at the beginning of the fourth, but was persuaded to keep on.

After a little over two minutes of fighting in the fourth Jackson sent in the knockout blow to the stomach. Walcott went sprawling on the floor, his arms hanging outside of the ropes, and was counted. Jackson was unharmed, while Walcott did not recover fully for several minutes.

CORBETT TO BE A MATCHMAKER

(Special to The Evening World.) ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 11.—James J. Corbett, prize-fighter and monologist, is now preparing to embark in a promoting enterprise. Corbett announces that he has practically secured an option on quarters wherein to establish an athletic club to be run in the interest of all sports, but in which boxing contests will be a feature.

"There is room for a new athletic club," said Corbett last night. "One that will be run on broad lines and especially favoring boxing contests, and I have decided to put one through here if possible."

"I am negotiating for quarters now, but if I fail to secure them an affair I will build a place. Only first-class bouts would be brought off here, and the very best talent in the country will be secured. The contests will, of course, take place before club members only and will not be open to the general public. I expect to act as manager and matchmaker of the new club when it is under way."

Corbett is at present interested with his brother Tom in a cafe on Locust street.

HORSES MAKE FAST TIME IN WORKOUTS

(Special to The Evening World.) GRAVESSEND, N. Y., June 11.—The weather was perfect at the Gravesend course this morning, the galloping hours were pleasant and trainers, rail-riders and racers alike were in prime condition. The runners had no trouble in staying over the fast time.

Workouts were allowed the following: MURPHY—One mile in 1.49, easily; G. Meehan, trainer.
EMHARRASMENT—Half-mile in 0.53, easily; F. Weir, trainer.
STAMPING ROUND—Five furlongs in 1.10, easily; G. Cornell, trainer.
FORWARD—One mile in 1.48, galloping; J. Hines, trainer.
NEPTUNUS—Four furlongs in 0.54, breeding; J. Hines, trainer.
TIM SULLIVAN—Three-quarters in 0.52, easily; F. Weir, trainer.
AMBER JACK—Five-eighths in 1.03, handily; D. Carter, trainer.
MRS BRYANT—Five-eighths in 1.06, handily; D. Carter, trainer.
OLD ENGLAND—Six furlongs in 1.20, breeding; A. Zimmer, trainer.
SALVAGE—A half mile in 0.49-5, handily; F. Burley, trainer.
PATAGONIA—Seven furlongs in 1.33, breeding; W. Smith, trainer.
FRANK SOMERS—Six furlongs in 1.20, easily; M. Gorman, trainer.
ORTHODOX—Three furlongs in 0.57, handily; A. Carter, trainer.
OLD FINE—Four furlongs in 1.48, easily; A. Zimmer, trainer.
SCOTCH THISTLE—Four furlongs in 0.54, breeding; J. Kelly, trainer.
WYFIELD—One and one-eighth in 2.01-5, handily; W. Timmons, trainer.
COUNTERPOISE—Five-eighths in 1.06, breeding; J. Smith, trainer.
FANCY DRESS—A half mile in 0.52, galloping; W. Smith, trainer.
BELLA TRIX—Four furlongs in 0.52, easily; H. Mason, trainer.
PETTIT DUC—Four furlongs in 0.52, easily; H. Mason, trainer.
PASADENA—Five furlongs in 1.04-1-2, galloping; J. McLaughlin, trainer.
SHEPHERD—Four furlongs in 1.23, breeding; T. Welsh, trainer.
KNIGHT ERRANT—Three furlongs in 1.23, breeding; T. Welsh, trainer.
ALLAN—Six furlongs in 1.21, handily; A. Zimmer, trainer.
CONBULEO II—A half mile in 0.52, easily; W. Smith, trainer.
PALLAS—Four furlongs in 0.53, breeding; T. Welsh, trainer.

Baseball, Polo Grounds, to-day, 2:30 P.M. Chicago, New York, to-day, 8:00 P.M.