

SPORT PAGE

"I think that you will find that next July the championship will come back to where it has always belonged"---James J. Jeffries, at the Auditorium last night.

EDITED BY James H. Cassell

JEFFRIES DOES TRAINING STUNTS FOR LOCAL BUGS

Undeclared One in Good Condition After Years of Consistent Training.

He came. We saw. He conquered. That old Latin expression, slightly modified, sums up the Jeffries invasion, for of the thousands who crowded the Auditorium to its utmost capacity last night to watch the big fellow in action, the vast majority left the building voicing their sentiments in this wise: "He will do."

"All we want the people to do is to get a look at Jeff," declared Manager Sam Berger yesterday, "and they can judge for themselves whether he can make good."

The fight bugs took a good look at the Undeclared One, noted the absence of that large layer of surplus fat that was apparent not many months ago, marveled at the speed and agility with which the 250 pound giant went through his training paces, his fast and furious rounds with Berger, his chopping block, and left satisfied that Jeff could whip anyone but Johnson at the present time, and will be able to administer the crusher to the Galveston Brunet after a couple of months of hard training.

JEFF TALKS A LITTLE.

Before engaging in an abbreviated three round go with Berger, during which Haberdasher Sam continually had his eyes glued on the timer with a look of reproach, Jeff and his manager indulged in a little volubly talkfest. It ran something like this:

"Jeff, before you commence, I think the audience would like to

hear you talk a little. They would like to hear something of your career. Now, who was the best fighter you ever met?"

"Well, the cleverest man I ever met was Jim Corbett. The greatest ring general and hardest hitter was Bob Fitzsimmons. The greatest glutton for punishment was Tom Sharkey."

"It must be an awful sensation for a champion to hear the referee counting '8, 9, 10,' over him."

"I don't know. I never had one do it to me--yet."

"Did it make a hit. Surest thing you know."

Following the cleverest exhibition of bag punching ever seen here, with John Sherman, the world's champion, as the artist, and a little comedy water juggling work by the Gloekers, Dick Allen, the popular Spokane sporting man, went on with Jim Ashbell of Kansas City in a grappling bout. Allen made a great showing, wriggling out of many a tight hole. Al Knowles, the local physical culturist, put up a good fight against Doc Rolter. Farmer Burns made a big bit with his line of conversation, muscle expansion and cleverness in putting Al McCullough of Kansas down and out within five minutes.

Nic McLeslin, the Palouse wrestler-boxer, was as putty in the hands of Frank Gotch, the Iowa toying with him for a few minutes and finally picking him up and placing his shoulders gently on the mat.

BIG AMATEUR BOXING TOURNAMENT BEGINS TONIGHT

At 8:15 o'clock tonight the Inland Empire championship amateur boxing tournament will begin at the S. A. A. C. a two night tournament which will be signalized by at least 28 three round bouts between the champion mitt artists of Spokane and the neighboring towns.

This tournament, which has as its main object the choosing of men to represent the local club at the P. N. A. tournament at Vancouver, will be the biggest event of the kind ever pulled off in Spokane, while interest in the events is greatly increased because of the large number of outside entrants, whose fighting ability is unknown.

That several surprises will be sprung tonight is believed by those who have been watching some of the outside youngsters perform in rehearsal.

The complete card for tonight follows, with eight bouts, considered as the main events, last in the list:

- Lucenti (115) vs. Kautsopolis (115)
Ellington (125) vs. Mahar (125)
Sullivan (125) vs. Darlington (125)
Carter (175) vs. Lang (175)
Carman (165) vs. Palzer (165)
O'Hearn (145) vs. LaBarge (145)
O'Rourke, Coeur d'Alene (115) vs. Harrison, Portland (115)
McCoy, S. A. A. C. (115) vs. Sellers, Palouse (115)
Hughes, S. A. A. C. (110) vs. Con Crosby, Seattle (110)
Kelly, S. A. A. C. (125) vs. Selley, Salt Lake, or Keek, Kansas City (125)
Fred Miller, St. Louis, (145) vs. Phil LaBarge, Spokane (145) vs. Tom French, S. A. A. C. (145) vs.

JEFF BANQUETED

The Club cafe was the center of northwest sportdom yesterday, for Jim Jeffries made the business place of his old friend Harry Green his headquarters during his stay here.

Thousands of people blockaded the sidewalk and street in front of the cafe from morning to night yesterday, an extra squad of policemen being necessary to keep the curious and enthusiastic throng away from the place which held the champion of the world.

Last night Harry Green banqueted Jeffries, members of his troupe and a number of local sporting men in real championship style, 25 sitting down to a supper over the Club cafe. Among those present were: Cy Donley, Ex-Sheriff Doak, James J. Jeffries, Clarence Long, George Sweet, Dick Hutchinson, Felix Pugh, D. D. McPhee, Dick Allen, Sam Berger, Jack Gleason, Dr. Thomas A. Russell, W. Strickland, Ex-Chief of Police Waller, Captain Gray, Martin Welch, F. C. Robertson, Senator Hutchinson, Alex Winston and Harry Green.

SPORT SPICE BY CASS

JEFF WILL WIN. James J. Jeffries is going to give back the heavyweight championship to the white race. I am as confident of this, barring accidents of an unforeseen nature, as I am that the sun will rise tomorrow morning. I must confess that I am slightly prejudiced, racially, but with that in mind, I can see no other way but Jeffries in the coming struggle for the pugilistic supremacy of the world.

For many months I have been perched on the fence. It was an easy seat for it afforded opportunity to slide up and down on either side as the situation seemed to warrant, without committing myself. I was holding off because I wanted "to be shown." To use a trite expression, I was from Missouri. But I was shown.

One year ago I was a spectator at a Jeffries show in a California city. Jeff and Berger did a three-round boxing stunt in conjunction with a bunch of alleged vaudeville stars. I was not favorably impressed with the work of the alfalfa farmer at that time. He was fat and plainly out of condition. A few misjudged swings and Jeff was puffing like a porpoise. I was not alone, for practically every one of the fight bugs present voiced the sentiment that "Jeff wouldn't do."

But last night! What a difference! From the mass of fat and bone whose wind was nil, has evolved a fighting machine--not the machine that whipped Bob Fitzsimmons in 11 rounds or Corbett in 23, but a fighting machine which promises to be almost as good, if not quite as that which downed the mule-kicking Cornishman. Little surplus fat, wind good, fast on his feet and the muscles beginning to play with the vigor that marked the greatest fighter in history, he looked every inch a champion.

Jeffries is "coming back." I differ from the man who contends that he never "went back." A man cannot remain idle for years and not "go back." But his splendid physique, assisted by a constitution of iron, has responded to the year's work, and with a few months of the kind of work that makes or breaks Jeff will be ready for the going.

He must be fit. He is to fight a man whose real fighting ability is unknown, a man who will fight like a demon when defeat stares him in the face. The veteran of three times more battles than Jeffries, three years younger, and a man who has been fighting steadily for the past six years, losing only two fights in his entire ring career, and swollen with the plaudits which come to a champion, is a not-to-be-dispensed opponent.

But Jeffries will make good. The man who never wavered under the assaults of the mighty fists of Bob Fitzsimmons will never give way before Jack Johnson.

WILL WE KNOW NEXT WEEK?

According to an interview given out by Jack Gleason in Spokane last night, the great question "Where will it be?" will be settled next Monday at Butte, where Rickard and Gleason, the two promoters, will meet to decide the question.

Gleason left last night with the Jeffries-Gotch troupe, but before leaving wired Rickard to meet him in Butte Monday, where the troupe is scheduled to show.

Gleason seems confident that he can swing the fight for San Francisco, and since the developments of yesterday, in which Berger corroborated Gleason's declaration that Rickard promised to let San Francisco name the place of the fight, it begins to look as though Tex is up against it.

At any rate, from Berger's statements in yesterday's Press, it is evident that Rickard is not going to take the fight to Utah regardless of Gleason, for Sam declares that if there is a breach between the two promoters within ninety days of the fight, the principals will name the scene of the battle.

It looks more than ever like San Francisco.

JOHNSON MAY NOT BE SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT DON'T TRY ANY OF THESE ON HIM



Man, oh man, someone can have a lot of fun with Lili Arthur Johnson, if the bug happens to strike in right. Like many of his race, Johnson is blessed, or cursed, with a streak of superstition a foot wide, and inclines which would not cause a flutter in some, are prone to make his heart do a quickstep. The jinks that got Johnson's goat recently was when the telephone company in placing his name in its book, gave him "Douglas 1313." The heavyweight champion, untested, but the company was untested and insisted that the number go as it lay. Rather than be without a telephone, Jack accepted the double hoodoo with a shake of his dome. This calls to mind some of the things that will send a superstitious one to the long grass with his knees interfering with his progress. For instance, you can chase an old time darkey away from a crap game or a mess of chicken and dumplings with a handful of salt. He'd rather lose his money or carry away a watering mouth and unsatisfied appetite than have a grain of seasoning fall upon him. There are a few more hoodoos, but not so bad. For instance, it's bad luck to see the moon over the left shoulder, to get out of bed on the wrong side or to cross the street between funeral vehicles. And then there are the good luck signs. You can't make a superstitious negro believe the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit killed at midnight in the full of the moon isn't a charm against every misfortune. A dream, in which the mystic figures 4-11-44, known wherever policy is played as the "coon gig," is sure to be a harbinger of bacon and flour, while if he wants to get rid of an enemy, a superstitious darkey will bury his enemy's photograph, firm in the belief that the enemy will fade away as the photograph fades. Of course, if someone wanted to put the kibosh on Johnson good and hard, he might hire a blue gum individual to hang around his corner the day of the fight, and the chances are Jeffries would win on the bit.

ADDIE JOSS TELLS HOW DINNEEN WAS HOOKED

BY ADDIE JOSS. Bill Dinneen, former twirler and now on Ban Johnson's staff of umpires, had an unusual experience while at Hot Springs a few seasons ago. Bill, with several more of the members of the Boston Americans, was getting in shape at the famous water resort and occasionally would take an afternoon off to go out to the race track and make the bookmakers do a little ruffling. Dinneen used to bet them with pretty fair judgment and usually managed to gather in a little loose change for himself whenever he went out to the track. It was not long until Bill got the "bug" pretty strong and every bookmaker on the track knew him pretty well from seeing him at the paying end of the book cashing in his little slip. One afternoon Dinneen put a fair sized bet down on a horse called Sarsaparilla, which went to the post at good odds. It was a four-furlong race for maidens and as luck would have it, there was another horse entered in the race that resembled Bill's choice quite a bit. particular hurry, Dinneen waited until the rest of the fortunate ones were about the same and looking at the horses across the field, where the starter was endeavoring to get them off, made it pretty hard to tell them apart. The squad finally broke and Bill soon discovered, or thought he did, that his horse was right up in the bunch. As a matter of fact, Sarsaparilla bolted when the barrier went up and throwing its rider, was galloping around the track until a stable employe managed to stop him near the upper turn. Much to Bill's delight the horse he thought he had bet on, won the race, and never looking to see the winning number hung out, the former slab star started for the book to cash his bet. Not being in any particular hurry, Dinneen waited until the rest of the fortunate ones were about the same and looking at the horses across the field, where the starter was endeavoring to get them off, made it pretty hard to tell them apart. As Bill shoved over the pasted board the man behind casually took a glance at Bill and reaching in his pocket took out a box of cigars and handing them to Dinneen, said: "Have a smoke, old pal, I think you have gone out." "Never mind the kidding," replied Bill, "just cash that bet." The cashier took another look at the ticket and with a withering smile remarked: "You had better keep this thing. It would look fine in a frame. Why, you big stiff, the horse you bet on is running yet," taking out his watch, "if he finishes before the call the next race, which will be in just 25 minutes, you come back and I will cash for you." Bill saw in a minute that he had been in wrong and hustling out to the track discovered his mistake. In speaking of it afterwards Dinneen said: "Say, I never felt quite so foolish in my life and every time I see that fellow coming up the street, well, me for the other side."

GOTCH BOOSTS FOR SMITHSON

"That man Smithson Spokane has signed up for 1910 is certainly one classy pitcher," declared Frank Gotch, champion grappler of the world, last night. The lad comes from my home town of Humboldt, Iowa, and he will deliver the goods without fail. Smithson has been pitching amateur and semi-professional ball around Humboldt for the past four or five years, and he has worked that left arm of his to such good advantage that a number of scouts have been looking him over. They failed to clinch him, however, and the Spokane club will get the benefit of their asleep-at-the-switch act. When Smithson wrote to Bob Brown for a job he referred the then Indian manager to Frank Gotch, and Frank certainly has nothing but words of praise for the youngster. "Smithson is not a big man," stated Gotch, "but he will make the opposing batters think so or I'll miss my guess."

SEMI-FINALS END TOMORROW NIGHT

Tomorrow night the semi-finals of the All-American intergroup competitions will be brought to an end at the Y. M. C. A. The following Saturday night the championship series will be commenced, and at the end of the five weeks series a gigantic indoor baseball league will be organized. The teams will compete tonight in five events--the relay, in which each man runs a quarter of a mile, another track event, basketball and two field events, the pull up and dip. The six teams will compete in the following order: Cubs (Capt. Bert Kehoe) vs. White Sox (Capt. H. Merrill); Pirates (Capt. A. Merrill) vs. Cardinals (Capt. M. Huff); Naps (Capt. C. L. Stier) vs. Giants (Capt. Ben Dorris). Catcher Ritter, last year the backstop of the Kansas City Blues, is on the cards to manage the Johnstown club of the Tri-State league.

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4-CLUB LEAGUE A CERTAINTY

President Joe Cohn of the Spokane baseball club stated definitely this morning that Portland will not be readmitted to the Northwestern circuit for the 1910 season and that the league will consist of four clubs.

The McCredies have wired their best proposition to President W. H. Lucas, and they were far from satisfactory. The four Northwestern magnates are as one in the matter and there is no chance for a larger circuit this season.

MERINO AND KAYE GO TO PORTLAND

Eddie Merino, the Seattle lightweight who fought Louie Long to a four-round draw in this city a few weeks ago, leaves for Portland within a few days, where he is slated to meet Frankie Edwards, the San Francisco lad, in the near future.

Jack Kaye, the local featherweight, will accompany Merino to Portland, where he expects to get on with some of the youngsters who are making Portland their headquarters.

Merino issues a challenge to any one from 125 to 133 pounds, while Kaye is ready to take on any one weighing from 122 to 126 pounds.

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