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# ST. PAUL GLOBE

SUNDAY ISSUE.

It is not remarkable that The Globe, having the largest circulation, should print more "Want" advertisements than any other St. Paul paper.

VOL. X.

SAINT PAUL, MINN. SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1888.—TWENTY PAGES.

NO. 71.

## A GREAT COWARD

### The Long-Expected Sullivan-Mitchell Fight Takes Place In France.

### Mitchell Proves Himself a Veritable Coward From the Start,

### And Occupies His Time in Keeping Away From the Bostonian.

### A Draw Declared After Three Hours of the Grand Farce.

### Several Knock Downs Secured By the Disgusted John L.

### Everything Favored Mitchell—Rumors of Arrests—Other Sports.

By Cable to the Globe.

CHANTILLY, France, March 10.—HE long-expected and much-talked-of prize fight between John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell took place today on the grounds of Baron Rothschild, near Criel, and a disgraceful fizzle it was. The battle was delayed until today in consequence of a wrangle over the selection of the ground, the referee, which lasted all day yesterday and at one time threatened to prevent it all together. Finally

three newspaper reporters went to Amiens and Criel last night to decide on a suitable spot, and at 7 o'clock this morning the fighting party followed, taking carriages from Criel to the fighting grounds. Mitchell carried himself in a jaunty fashion, having entirely recovered from the effects of his seasickness and was accompanied by Pony Moore and his seconds, Baldock and Kilrain. Ashton, Holske and Barrett accompanied Sullivan, and Arthur

To this suggestion the referee agreed, and Mitchell threw his arms around the neck of his antagonist in token of his willingness to forego further hostilities. The referee was induced, as he stated, to declare the fight a draw by the fact that no punishment had been inflicted during the last hour. Mitchell's left eye was almost closed and his body and right cheek badly bruised, but his legs were apparently as good as ever. Sullivan did not show the least sign of having received a blow, but he was badly wounded and suffered severely from the keen wind and cold rain. Near the end of the fight he was seized with a heavy chill which made him shiver from head to foot, and set his teeth to rattling. His knees trembled violently for some time and he was perceptibly weaker thereafter. The only really heavy blow that was struck after the seventh round was dealt by Sullivan in the twentieth round, when he knocked Mitchell down for the third time. The spectators voted the affair a farce and condemned Mitchell in most severe terms for his tricky methods and childish tactics. It was quite evident to every one that had the fight been conducted under Queensberry rules Mitchell would have stood no earthly chance of winning, and it was only London, who permitted Sullivan to make to-day's display of how not to lose, that saved him from defeat at the hands of a man who was not as fit to fight as the experience and sound sportsmanhood of Sullivan. Words cannot express Sullivan's disappointment and chagrin, and the result of his meeting with Mitchell to-day is a severe blow to the effect to change his future plans.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS GIVES THE FOLLOWING REPORT OF THE FIGHT.

LONDON, March 10.—At 12:30 Sullivan threw his hat into the ring, where it was speedily joined by Mitchell's head covering. Both men wore warm woollen drawers. Mitchell also wore a pair of knickerbockers of the old pattern, but Sullivan declined to put one on. Sullivan sported ornamented green socks. At 12:35 precisely the principals and seconds shook hands in the orthodox old-time fashion, and the fight began. Sullivan looked as though he would have been better for a stone off any time.

Round One—Sullivan stood over Mitchell. He looked to big for him and very spiteful. Mitchell was indignant in a laugh over the fact that he had won the toss for corner and put Sullivan's face to the wind and sun and later on to the left of Sullivan's body. After a minute's sparring, Sullivan led off, when Mitchell dodged, got in his left on his opponent's chin and then ducked. Mitchell tried to draw out his man with his left, and an artful Sullivan got home with his left on the cheek and right on the top of the head. Mitchell got home with his right several times in beautiful manner, but Sullivan was still aiming for the belly. Finally Sullivan cornered Mitchell, who dropped to avoid punishment.

Round Two—Mitchell commenced operations by hitting out viciously at Sullivan's eye. He hit short and Sullivan dodged, but the cheek with his left. Mitchell staggered from the counter, but tried his left again, this time with more success. They were closed, but broke away again almost immediately. Sullivan now rushed and hit Mitchell on the head with his right and gained the first knock down.

Round Three—Mitchell led off with his left at the mark, and after a few exchanges they closed, Mitchell putting in a half-arm blow. By mutual consent they separated, both laughing. The ground being clayey somewhat hampered the movements of the men. When they resumed sparring Mitchell got in a blow with his left and they closed, Sullivan getting the best of the ribbing. On breaking away Sullivan slipped and fell, but Mitchell did not follow, and then striking again landed with his right on Mitchell's temple, knocking him down.

Round Four—Mitchell came up with a lump on his left temple. He led with his left on the belly. The men then sparred for some time. Mitchell frequently led with his right, but Sullivan tried his right and rushed in. They clinched, but mutually drew away without wrestling. Sullivan looked able to do what he was holding out for. The latter got home twice on the chest. Sullivan, after waiting awhile, rushed in again, but Mitchell cleverly slipped and fell, and Sullivan got home with his right on Mitchell's left eye, in a fast rally, the blow sending Mitchell down.

Round Five—Mitchell's tactics became so suspicious that the referee cautioned him, laying especial stress upon Charles's disposition to fall without a blow. In the two succeeding rounds Mitchell stood up a little better and succeeded in hitting Sullivan twice.

Round Six—Sullivan had been leading thus far, but Mitchell opened this round with three left-handed shots on Sullivan's body. In the exchange which followed he had the worst of it, but stopped a heavy right-hand blow directed at his belly, though he was finally knocked down by a blow on the cheek.

Round Seven—Mitchell led off with his left at the belly. In the rally that ensued Sullivan fell with Mitchell on top of him. Sullivan, after all the rounds, walked away from the fight, and Mitchell was generally cheered.

Round Eight—First blood was allowed for Mitchell. Mitchell got home several times on the belly, and Sullivan's terrible right. After some heavy exchanges Mitchell landed a hot one on Sullivan's right eye, and got down to avoid a return.

Round Nine—Sullivan got home with his right on Mitchell's neck. After a rally Mitchell's left met Sullivan's mouth, and he then got home across the ear. Sullivan landed twice with his left on the ear and temple, and Mitchell went down from a right hander blow on the ear.

Round Ten—This was another smart round. Mitchell showed a lump on his left temple, while Sullivan's right eye was in bad shape. Sullivan opened with a right hander, but Sullivan landed with a vicious rush at Mitchell, who got down.

Round Eleven—Mitchell got home twice with his left on the body. He worked to his corner and got down to avoid punishment. The ground was slippery.

Round Twelve—Both men appeared fresh. Sullivan again opened with a vicious rush and Mitchell fell without a blow. Paul was claimed, but not allowed, and Sullivan then sent Mitchell down and repeated efforts to corner Mitchell, but Mitchell slipped him and finally went down to avoid punishment.

Round Thirteen—Sullivan led off with his left, landing on Mitchell's body. Sullivan, who had been waiting to use his right, finally sent Mitchell down with a blow from that useful member of the neck.

Round Fourteen—Sullivan was always serious, but Mitchell was laughing. The round opened with a wild but harmless rush, and in the exchange which followed Mitchell received a blow on the mouth that drew blood, and Sullivan got one on the temple in return. Sullivan then sent Mitchell down with a right on the ear, and now seemed sure of winning.

Round Fifteen—Mitchell did most of the work, but went down to avoid punishment. During rounds nine to fifteen a fearful storm prevailed and nearly all the principals and their seconds took shelter in a shed. In one of these rounds, which lasted twenty-five minutes, Mitchell received several nasty blows, especially on the temple, but Sullivan was widely trying.

Round Sixteen—Sullivan went in to finish Mitchell, who cleverly got away from him. Slight exchanges followed. Sullivan then sent Mitchell down, and Mitchell went down.

Round Seventeen—Mitchell was shaky and was no sooner up than he went down.

Round Eighteen—There were slight exchanges, but Mitchell quickly went down.

Round Nineteen—Mitchell was queer, but game and active. In a rally Sullivan nearly downed him with a right-hand blow on the temple. Both were busy with the left on each other's bodies.

Round Twenty—Sullivan nearly landed the "big fellow" with his right, but John got home twice on the ribs. In the rally which followed Mitchell went down.

Round Twenty-One—Mitchell was cheery. Sullivan got home on Mitchell's right eye, but Sullivan slipped Sullivan's next attempt in the same direction, but finally received a blow on the head.

Round Twenty-Two—The ground was dreadfully slippery. Mitchell appeared to be improving in condition, while Sullivan was still feeling bad. He fought Mitchell down, however.

Round Twenty-Three—This was a long round. Mitchell got home twice on the mouth, but finally receiving a heavy thump on the neck from Sullivan's right, went down.

Round Twenty-Four—Mitchell had the best of the ribbing, scoring on the body. Sullivan tried a fine right for his ear, but Mitchell got down to avoid it.

Round Twenty-Five—Mitchell got home twice on the left eye and ear, and Sullivan got one in on the lump on Mitchell's forehead. Mitchell then went down to avoid punishment.

Round Twenty-Six—There was heavy fighting for a while, but Mitchell finally went down to avoid Sullivan's blows.

Round Twenty-Seven—Sullivan cleverly forced Mitchell to prolong a fierce rally. Mitchell lightly landed his right on Sullivan's ear, but was then sent down.

Rounds Twenty-Eight to Thirty-Nine—During these rounds Mitchell gained some advantage. Both men fought very hard, but Mitchell was the better. Sullivan was twisted Sullivan on to the ropes and sought to buttock him, neither would wrestle to end the rounds.

The thirty-ninth round was exceptionally tedious. The utmost fairness was shown by both men and it

was at times most amusing to see them on closing and fibbing by consent separating in the most polite manner. Mitchell playfully tapping Sullivan. Much talking was done and the intervals of conversation were usually followed with smack, smack and a rush. Mitchell each time getting away laughing. Sullivan did not relish some of Mitchell's hits, but was glad enough to acknowledge them with such remarks as "That's a good one, Charley," and so on.

SULLIVAN'S RIGHT EYE getting in morning and lips swelling, while the lump on Mitchell's forehead had become redder and bigger. No blood came from the ear, Sullivan's nose and lips trickled carmine. He would not have his mustache removed. When two hours and a half had elapsed, Mitchell was a changed man. Sullivan and Kilrain caused tittering, but John, looking serious, would not reply. The ground was now in a terrible state. Mitchell was frequently down on his hands, but got up quickly and now seemed fresher and more confident than ever. There was, however, always a danger in John, but he did not push the fighting, Charley being more inclined to plant one until Sullivan hit viciously.

Mitchell was a changed man, and on the alert and managed to get away. There was no use in John's racing after him—he was too agile. Frequently Mitchell threw a change, would take walk around the ring, Sullivan standing still. Some four times they mutually retired to their corners to refresh themselves, then one would challenge the other. Sullivan's right eye in the first hour. Mitchell seemed ill at heart, and showed great uneasiness and later scored the best, but it appeared to be

A FRAID OF SULLIVAN'S RIGHT. A draw had been suggested, but was declined and at 5 o'clock all got impatient, as the finish seemed at least two hours off, though probably favorable to Mitchell. The latter at least said, "Well, let us make hands or light on, as John likes." Hereupon Baldock, who had been very troublesome, rushed in and joined their hands. Sullivan was not a bit afraid of Mitchell's right eye, as John likes. Hereupon Baldock, who had been very troublesome, rushed in and joined their hands. Sullivan was not a bit afraid of Mitchell's right eye, as John likes.

SULLIVAN AND KILRAIN shook hands after the fight. Mitchell has now shown himself to be a most clever fighter as a boxer. Excessive quietness prevailed at the ring side and there was the utmost good order, and general appearance of good humor all around. This was undoubtedly a model mill in various ways. The first half of the fight was good, in the second half the hitting was very hot, but the waltz were absurdly long. This, however, suited Mitchell. The rain rendered the battle ground a mere marsh, and his shoes were very muddy. Sullivan was more than a match for his opponent, and that if the sprightly Englishman could manage to stand up before the Bostonian for ten rounds he would certainly vanquish the other.

THEY DOUBTED IT. Sports in St. Paul Were Slow to Believe That John L. Was Not a Winner. As usual, the Tremont Exchange held about all the sports there were in the city yesterday. The subject of conversation and speculation was the Sullivan-Mitchell "mill." Telegraphic bulletins came in thick and fast, each announcing a different result of the fight, but in no instance, so far as could be discerned, did any of the knocking ones hit any reliance upon them. Of bets there were many, but all wagers carried heavy odds. The opinion nearly unanimous was that Sullivan was more than a match for his opponent, and that if the sprightly Englishman could manage to stand up before the Bostonian for ten rounds he would certainly vanquish the other.

HEARD AT MINNEAPOLIS. Donaldson Glad Mitchell Staid—Cardiff's Views. John Donaldson smiled when he read the dispatches announcing that Sullivan had not won in the fight with Mitchell. "That suits me to a T," he exclaimed. "I do not mean that I would be glad to see an Englishman whip Sullivan, but I would like to see him whipped by some one here. I have been traveling around long enough now, and it's time he was put away."

WON IN THE SECOND. Special to the Globe. NEWARK, N. J., March 10.—Frank Kavanagh and John Dolan, two well known Jersey pugilists, fought for a purse of \$250 the latter at a private residence on the Passaic river, not far from this city, this morning. In the second round Kavanagh, by a clever maneuver, threw Dolan to the ground and fell with his entire weight on top of him. Dolan struck his head as fell and was rendered unconscious for some time. The purse was awarded to Kavanagh.

ACCEPTED BY MURNANE. Special to the Globe. DULUTH, Minn., March 10.—James Murnane posted \$250 forfeit accepting the challenge in to-day's GLOBE in behalf of Charlie Gleason, of Minneapolis. Donner says he will fight Gleason in Minneapolis. Murnane is a man of agreeable, so it will undoubtedly go. Murnane says he would prefer eight rounds but will accept six, of course.

SPORTS, LIMITED. William Alcock, who was charged with skipping from Duluth with some of "Black Frank's" wearing apparel, writes from St. Paul, Minn., that he has been charged with the same offense. He says he will accept six, of course.

HELP WANTED. In the GLOBE are seen by the most people.

## ON THE DIAMOND

### The Sixteen Young Men Who Will Wear St. Paul Uniforms This Year.

### Where They Were Born and What They Have Done in the Ball Field.

### How Some of Them Have Won Favor With Patrons of the Game.

### The Peculiar Methods Adopted by Some Others in Doing Their Work.

### Lawrence Murphy's Laughable Experience With a Pair of Sliding Gloves.

### Earle's Reverence for the Sabbath and Reilly's Daisy Cutters.

BASE BALL is beginning to be the chief topic in sporting circles again, and the present prospects are that the season of 1888 will excite a deeper interest than any of its predecessors. The game is so envied with safeguards against crookedness that it is prevented from becoming a mark for the gambling fraternity, and the public patrons of sport, as sport, increase their enthusiasm for the national pastime with the coming of each season. Base ball is peculiar and kaleidoscopic. Every contest has some new and striking feature. One moment a spectator is convulsed with amusement, the next holding his breath in painful suspense and the next wildly applauding a brilliant performance of a local favorite. Two hours of this sort of thing is pleasant medicine, doses of which are generally taken weekly at first, but which finally become so agreeable that patients are willing to take

offer of \$10,000 for a half interest in the St. Paul club, and all the stock of the organization is held by A. M. Thompson and himself, and, as John expresses it, "We more than make a living out of it. In fact, we can take life pretty easy off our receipts from this organization, which is one of the best paying investments in the city of St. Paul." Every one in this section is familiar with the erect athletic-looking John S. Barnes, who was born August 30, 1855, in Ireland, and is now about five feet eight and one-quarter inches height and tips the beam at 150 pounds. He abstains from liquor and tobacco in any form, thereby setting a good example to the players under his control.

CENTER FIELDER MURPHY. Lawrence Murphy is a Hoosier, who first saw the light twenty-seven years ago, in Indianapolis. He began his career as a professional ball player in the latter part of the season of 1864 with the Evansville, Ind., team. In 1885 he opened with the Birmingham, Ala., Southern leaguers, remaining with them until they disbanded, going thence to Nashville and finishing the season there. Through the season of 1886 he played with Minneapolis and in 1887 with St. Paul. Murphy is five feet ten and a half inches high and weighs 168 pounds in uniform. No player on the St. Paul team last year was better liked and no one played more conscientiously than Murphy. He is a strong all-around player—excellent in the field, fleet on the bases and safe with the willow. He is, in fact, one of the greatest base players in the country, being first in his own team and close behind the leaders in the whole Northwestern league. Through an oversight in the prizes offered by the GLOBE last season, the one for base running was left out and thus Murphy was cheated out of a medal for

he occasionally when the home team was at bat. If St. Paul was losing Murphy would sit down by the fence over proceedings interested the wife no more.

PITCHER DURYEA. James Duryea, commonly known as "Farmer Jim, the Cyclone," was born at Osage, Io., twenty-five years ago. His weight is 180 pounds, and his height five feet eleven inches. Duryea began his professional career as a base ball player at a meager salary with St. Paul in 1886. His success as a pitcher was not at first very pronounced, but in the middle of the season he began to puzzle the fence over the fact that he was heard to remark when he went on his first trip, and the young Hawkeye was considerably broken up by his "barnes" so much so, in fact, that he was heard to remark that he wished "Barnes" would either give him a show or release him." Along in May and June, when Sowers was in the form, James was given the chance for which he was longing, and acquitted himself very creditably. His greatest feat for the year was in holding the Chicago down to one hit on a cold day last October. Immediately after the game the Sowers' emissaries attempted to capture the young man for the Garden City National league team, and, but for Manager Barnes' sharp work, they would have succeeded. Duryea is one of the speediest twirlers in the country, and he is often prevented from being effective because of the inability of his catchers to hold his delivery. Several times last season Stockwell refused to catch him unless he would pitch a straight ball of medium swiftness. When Earle and Kemmer began doing the backstop work and allowing "the Cyclone" full swing on speed and curves, his work became wonderfully effective. As a base runner Duryea is not a success, nor is his fielding very remark-

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pulling up pretty close to the ground, and one could always tell by do his share in getting in an extra run or two by stealing a few more bases than usual. He therefore appeared on the field in the afternoon, wearing a pair of white cotton gloves which reached to his shoulders. These he carried over to the vicinity of first base and quietly laid them down to sun, and the bleaching boards caught on to what they were and began guying him at once. Pretty soon Murphy made a base hit and domped the batter in the St. Paul team. Manager Barnes rarely gave him other than first place in the batting list, as he was reasonably sure to paste the ball over back of second base, and, once on a base, he is hard to keep there. His fielding has always been a marvel of accuracy, and his errors have generally resulted from taking desperate chances. In a game last summer on the St. Paul grounds a sky scraper was driven to Murphy's garden. The crowd was paralyzed to see the fleet-footed fielder plunge of through space in an opposite direction, but, after running twenty feet, he walked out and got under the ball in time to retire the side at a time when he had a chance to tie the score. Murphy's pretty little wife and curly-haired

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base ball circles as secretary of the St. Paul team, which had a rather stormy career and finally disbanded several thousand in debt. There was no at-

tempt made to run a club during the season of 1885, but in 1886 Manager Barnes again came up in the front rank of base ball magnates, with a nine which has proven itself famous in the arena of sports, and has been a good paying investment ever since. Recently Manager Barnes refused an

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BASE BALL is beginning to be the chief topic in sporting circles again, and the present prospects are that the season of 1888 will excite a deeper interest than any of its predecessors. The game is so envied with safeguards against crookedness that it is prevented from becoming a mark for the gambling fraternity, and the public patrons of sport, as sport, increase their enthusiasm for the national pastime with the coming of each season. Base ball is peculiar and kaleidoscopic. Every contest has some new and striking feature. One moment a spectator is convulsed with amusement, the next holding his breath in painful suspense and the next wildly applauding a brilliant performance of a local favorite. Two hours of this sort of thing is pleasant medicine, doses of which are generally taken weekly at first, but which finally become so agreeable that patients are willing to take

offer of \$10,000 for a half interest in the St. Paul club, and all the stock of the organization is held by A. M. Thompson and himself, and, as John expresses it, "We more than make a living out of it. In fact, we can take life pretty easy off our receipts from this organization, which is one of the best paying investments in the city of St. Paul." Every one in this section is familiar with the erect athletic-looking John S. Barnes, who was born August 30, 1855, in Ireland, and is now about five feet eight and one-quarter inches height and tips the beam at 150 pounds. He abstains from liquor and tobacco in any form, thereby setting a good example to the players under his control.

CENTER FIELDER MURPHY. Lawrence Murphy is a Hoosier, who first saw the light twenty-seven years ago, in Indianapolis. He began his career as a professional ball player in the latter part of the season of 1864 with the Evansville, Ind., team. In 1885 he opened with the Birmingham, Ala., Southern leaguers, remaining with them until they disbanded, going thence to Nashville and finishing the season there. Through the season of 1886 he played with Minneapolis and in 1887 with St. Paul. Murphy is five feet ten and a half inches high and weighs 168 pounds in uniform. No player on the St. Paul team last year was better liked and no one played more conscientiously than Murphy. He is a strong all-around player—excellent in the field, fleet on the bases and safe with the willow. He is, in fact, one of the greatest base players in the country, being first in his own team and close behind the leaders in the whole Northwestern league. Through an oversight in the prizes offered by the GLOBE last season, the one for base running was left out and thus Murphy was cheated out of a medal for

he occasionally when the home team was at bat. If St. Paul was losing Murphy would sit down by the fence over proceedings interested the wife no more.

PITCHER DURYEA. James Duryea, commonly known as "Farmer Jim, the Cyclone," was born at Osage, Io., twenty-five years ago. His weight is 180 pounds, and his height five feet eleven inches. Duryea began his professional career as a base ball player at a meager salary with St. Paul in 1886. His success as a pitcher was not at first very pronounced, but in the middle of the season he began to puzzle the fence over the fact that he was heard to remark when he went on his first trip, and the young Hawkeye was considerably broken up by his "barnes" so much so, in fact, that he was heard to remark that he wished "Barnes" would either give him a show or release him." Along in May and June, when Sowers was in the form, James was given the chance for which he was longing, and acquitted himself very creditably. His greatest feat for the year was in holding the Chicago down to one hit on a cold day last October. Immediately after the game the Sowers' emissaries attempted to capture the young man for the Garden City National league team, and, but for Manager Barnes' sharp work, they would have succeeded. Duryea is one of the speediest twirlers in the country, and he is often prevented from being effective because of the inability of his catchers to hold his delivery. Several times last season Stockwell refused to catch him unless he would pitch a straight ball of medium swiftness. When Earle and Kemmer began doing the backstop work and allowing "the Cyclone" full swing on speed and curves, his work became wonderfully effective. As a base runner Duryea is not a success, nor is his fielding very remark-

able; but his batting is noticeably stronger every year. Gentle James has thrown out the hint to a friend—who will not give it away—that he would

pulling up pretty close to the ground, and one could always tell by do his share in getting in an extra run or two by stealing a few more bases than usual. He therefore appeared on the field in the afternoon, wearing a pair of white cotton gloves which reached to his shoulders. These he carried over to the vicinity of first base and quietly laid them down to sun, and the bleaching boards caught on to what they were and began guying him at once. Pretty soon Murphy made a base hit and domped the batter in the St. Paul team. Manager Barnes rarely gave him other than first place in the batting list, as he was reasonably sure to paste the ball over back of second base, and, once on a base, he is hard to keep there. His