

UP TO DATE  
AND NEWSY.

## JOHNSON FADED IN 'FIGHT' WITH 'SAILOR' BURKE

Never Had Any Intention of Putting  
Latter Away, and Fight Fans  
Leave in Disgust—Some Sig-  
nificant Preliminaries.

R. Edgren's  
COLUMN

FIFTEEN hundred New Yorkers paid \$2.30 each in railroad fare and from \$2 to \$5 each for seats last night to see Jack Johnson fake at six rounds with Sailor Burke at Bridgeport.

"Never again," swore the fifteen hundred at 12 A. M., as the New Haven Railroad dumped them unceremoniously from the "special train" in the midst of the wilderness that lies just above Harlem River.

The New Yorkers were not alone in the come-on fraternity, however, Bridgeport local sports, as well as a crowd from all the stations along the line, paid for seats and wagered their coin against the "wise money" that coin against the "wise money" that

was floating about the seat of war in

JACK JOHNSON IN THREE ROUNDS."

Burke stated in black type: "I WILL PUT JOHNSON OUT."

The Bridgeport sports bit. They made Johnson favorite, and were surprised and delighted at the ease with which they found strangers willing to bet that the Sailor would go the distance.

But Johnson never had the slightest intention of knocking Burke out. If such an accident had happened there would have been direful distress in the Johnson camp. And Burke—well, Burke was there to make a reputation as a terrific six-round sticker.

T LIBERTY Athletic Club, of Bridgeport, holds its meetings in the Star Theatre. It was filled from cellar to dome. Sports were packed into the aisles like peas in a pod. They hung in clusters to every projecting pipe and pillar and post. "At least \$2,500 in the house," said Joe Humphreys, cocking his eye up at the gaudy, coking up the eye up at the gaudy.

There was a corking little "scrap" to work the crowd up for the main event between the hukku "Sailor" and the hukku who had been loudly touted by his managers and press agents as the one whom Jeffries MUST fight.

At last Johnson came into the ring. He wore a bathrobe from which a camera under the focussing cloth. He took a chair in the ring, pulled it over close to his manager's seat, and sat down in front of it. That was all there was doing for just half an hour. Johnson chatted. It wasn't very exciting.

The crowd began to wonder, and then what had become of Burke. Some one suggested that he must have skipped. No one could get him to say so. Humphreys, "Are his feet frozen?" asked a spectator. Humphreys looked wide-eyed and wimpy, as if he himself was Burke's victim.

When Johnson was making his entrance, he was walking up the stairs to get the big black gloves.

A last Humphreys, with a spec-  
tacular gesture, said: "I'll set him." Climbed through the ropes, and almost immediately reappeared with Burke.

The Sailor looked as strong and well built as Bob Fitzsimmons in his prime. Johnson, all smooth-gilding muscles, stared over him as they shook hands. They started toward their corners to wait for the bell, when suddenly Humphreys began a loud discussion of the rules. Johnson interrupted impatiently. "Oh! Fight! Fight! Well just fight!"

It was a grand, dramatic moment. Spectators held their breath at those ferocious words of the great Zulu, and looked pityingly at his victim, who stood there so dauntlessly in the opposite corner, glaring defiance at the blood-thirsty giant across the way.

The bell rang. Every man held tight to his seat and waited in suspense for the sudden annihilation of the daring little fighter. He was to be a four-rounds-and-a-half champion in weight, and a champion before whom even the great Jeffries crouched in fear and trembling (see press agent stories).

E VEN those who had bet their money with the strangers that Burke would be knocked out pitied him and hoped that he wouldn't be fatally injured when it happened.

Johnson flopped Burke on the stomach with a resounding thud. He pulled the sailor violently to the ropes and dropped him to the door with two right-hand jabs. Then he got him down again. Then Johnson pushed him down again. Then Johnson, waving his arms impotently, began slapping both hands into Burke's stomach. It looked like the real goods. The sailor began falling without being hit, and had every appearance of an icy cold in the skin bones. But he lasted the round out. The spectators breathed easier when they knew that the giant Zulu intended to let Burke live at least another minute.

Burke was like the first, and the third was like the second-only worse. In that round Burke stopped frequently. After about a minute and a half he stopped again, and again, and again, slapping Burke altogether too hard on the stomach, and Burke groaned and fell down again. The whole count of nine seconds or thereabouts. Johnson was conscience-stricken. He immediately stopped slapping Burke down again, and then he bent over gently to let him take the count.

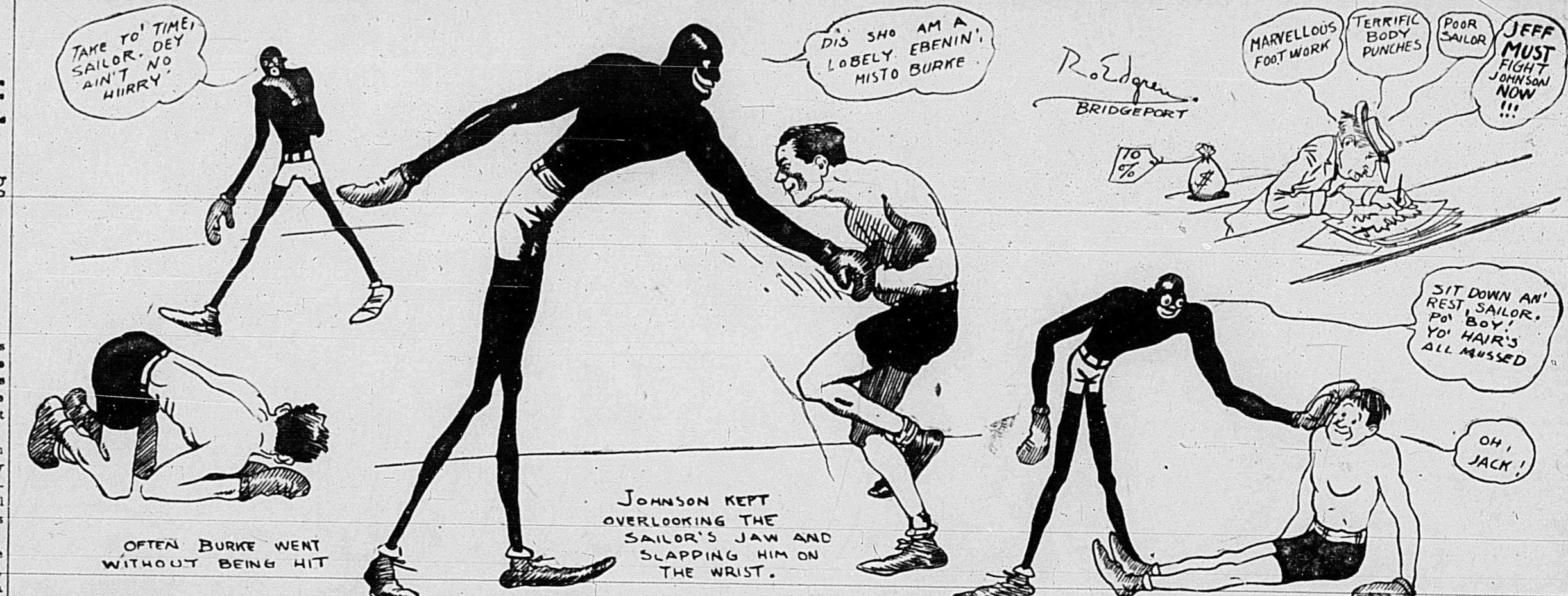
He even urged the sailor in a soft voice to get up again as long as he could. But amiable Mr. Johnson's tirade was relieved when the bell rang after just two minutes. Cutting the round one minute short.

T HEEN the fourth was like the third, except that it went the full three minutes. And the fifth was like the fourth, only more so. In

## BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK.

EDITED BY  
ROBERT EDGREN.

### SCENES AT RINGSIDE WHERE WOULD-BE 'CHAMP' WAS PRINCIPAL IN RAW FAKE



### MATTY BALDWIN IN BATTLE TO-NIGHT "DAVY" JOHNSON, ONCE A PLUNGER, BET PALTRY \$400

### INDEXED Sept. 13 No. 146 TRAINING GALLOPS

#### AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY TRACK.

#### SHEEPSHEAD BAY RACE TRACK.

#### Sept. 13.—The "Bay" track is still on the slow order and not many workouts of consequence were noted.

#### 144 STAMINA—Four furlongs in 49.

#### 145 DRUG PRINCE—Five furlongs in 51.

#### 146 COSMO-POLITAN—Five furlongs in 51.

#### 147 BLACK MARY—Six furlongs in 51.

#### 148 CHARLES G. GATES—Five furlongs in 51.

#### 149 ANDREW MACK—One mile in 51.

#### 150 GINGER—Four furlongs in 52.

#### 151 RED FIAR—One mile in 52.

#### 152 BIRD ROW—One mile in 52.

#### 153 ALILIA—Three furlongs in 52.

#### 154 COTTONTOWN—Four furlongs in 52.

#### 155 CHALFONTE—Four furlongs in 52.

#### 156 BREWERY—Four furlongs in 52.

#### 157 LADY KAREN—One mile in 52.

#### 158 STYLISH—Four furlongs in 52.

#### 159 LADY KAREN—One mile in 52.

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