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QUICK RING KNOCK-OUTS

DEMPSEY VICTORY OVER FULTON RECALLS OTHER AFFAIRS.

Battling Nelson Knocked Out Billy Rosser in Two Seconds—Maher Lasted a Minute With Fitzsimmons.

The sudden way in which Jack Dempsey knocked Fred Fulton right back into the plastering business recalls many other speedy knockout victories. And included in that group of memories is that of the "\$15,000 spit" in the Bob Fitzsimmons-Dan Creedon fight.

Colonel John D. Hopkins, a famous sportsman of 25 years ago, felt so certain that Creedon could whip the freckled battler that he wagered about \$15,000 on the chances of Danny. The colonel was late in arriving at the fight and didn't reach there until the second round had started.

Hopkins took his seat and just as he got comfortable, he lowered his head to spit out the wrapping of a cigar which he had chewed off. When he raised his head he could see only one fighter in the ring—and that was Fitzsimmons.

"Where's Creedon—where's Creedon?" yelled the Colonel. "Oh, he's asleep on the floor," contributed a neighbor. "Fitz slipped him a powder on the end of his glove."

"Hum—hum," exclaimed Hopkins. "Creedon knocked out—and so was my \$15,000 while I was spitting, hey? Pretty expensive spit—pretty expensive."

How Hawkins Whipped Flaherty.

Dal Hawkins' one wallop victory over Martin Flaherty—accomplished in four seconds of fighting—was the record, because Bat Nelson gained that by knocking out Billy Rosser in two seconds. But Hawkins' victory was far more sensational.

The battle was fought in Carson City, Nevada, March 17, 1895, immediately following the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. Flaherty then was ranked as a wonder of wonders and mainly favored him to win.

They came out from their corners—Hawkins slower than Flaherty. They met beyond the centre of the ring near Hawkins' corner. Stories as to just exactly what happened vary slightly because it all happened with lightning speed. But the consensus of opinion, as one might say, is this:

Flaherty faked a jab. Hawkins feinted with a right and Flaherty moved his head to the other side just in time to meet a pile driver left. The blow lifted Flaherty clear off his feet and his body shot backwards at least six feet—still in an erect position—before it doubled over and crumbled to the mat.

It isn't much of a punching trick for a fighter to cause a man to collapse right in front of him, but to slam him on the jaw and by the very

force of that blow shoot back the upright body a half dozen feet—well, no wonder Jim Corbett always insists:

"Dal Hawkins for his size and inches was the most terrific puncher that ever lived."

Maher Lasted a Minute. Until Dempsey flattened Fulton in 23 seconds the record for a speedy knockout victory in an important heavyweight duel belong to Bob Fitzsimmons.

Back in 1895 Fitz and Peter Maher formed an intense dislike for each other and decided to settle their differences in a fistie encounter. They agreed upon a battleground in Louisiana, but the cops decided prize fighting was a coarse and vulgar occupation. So the guardians of the dear old law decided against it. Another battlefield was chosen with the same result.

Finally it was decided to let the boys quarrel in private. They were bundled aboard a freight train, and when the cho-choo stopped chooing the boys were in Langtry, Texas.

A ring was stretched while the gladiators scolded their B.V.D.'s. They emerged from their "dressing rooms" in the bushes and hopped into the ring.

"Let 'er go!" commanded the referee.

For a minute or so they monkey-

ed around, just daubing away at each other like a painter working overtime at double pay. Then Fitz soaked Pete on the chin—a regular soak—and the day's work was done.

"Anybody coulda knocked me out then because I had a quart of alkali dust in my eyes from that awful train ride, couldn't see where I was going, and ran into one of Bob's punches," was Peter's alibi.

McGovern Flattened Palmer.

Among the famous victories of Terry McGovern was his one-round triumph over Tedlar Palmer, the English champion. The bout was one of those one or two-punch affairs, but came to its climax after nearly three minutes of the most furious fighting ever witnessed in a prize ring.

Before the echo of the first bell had died the boys were at it, swinging so rapidly that the eye could not follow all of the blows. For more than thirty seconds the action of both men was so fast that it beggars description. Then Palmer, in an effort to rush partially lost his balance. Before he could recover, Terry pounced upon him like an infuriated tiger. For a half minute or so, Palmer avoided the heaviest blows of the bombardment by some wonderfully clever foot work. But Terry was the irresistible force. He was not to be denied. He fairly

overwhelmed Palmer, shot a half dozen crushing blows through Palmer's weakening guard and then drove a terrible right hander to the jaw. Palmer staggered and, as he was about to crumple, the bell rang. But the round was not over. The ringing of the bell was an accident—the timekeeper had unconsciously bumped a cane against it. A full minute of fighting was left and Referee George Sisler ordered Palmer from his corner where he had dragged himself.

Palmer came out of his corner wobbling; Terry came hustling from his. With the fury of a cyclone, the American bore down upon the Briton and volleyed him with lefts and rights that weaver in and out so rapidly that no one could count them. As each went to its mark the British fighter grew weaker. Terry saw an opening for the chin and drove through it with a left hook. Palmer went down—but got up at the count of six. He was met with a left to the stomach and then as Palmer doubled over in agony Terry set himself and let loose a right hander that went against the point of Palmer's chin with crushed force.

The Britisher collapsed—and the fight was over.

Premier Borden witnessed a baseball game in France, says the Toronto Mail and Empire. The prime minister may not be helping Lloyd George win the war, as some editors are rude enough to intimate, but his presence at the ball game was sufficient incentive for the Canadians to win from the Yankies.

A man must have self-confidence to enable him to ignore his own mistakes.

OUTLOOK ISN'T BRIGHT.

Manager McGraw Discusses Next Season's Prospects.

"Things are far from good across the border as far as baseball is concerned," stated Manager McGraw, of the New York Giants, in conversation in Toronto. "I understand that in Toronto the same conditions prevailed in the early years of the war, but since then things have picked up. I hope, and believe, they will do the same next year, but the eighteen to forty-five draft will now be discussed does not brighten the chances of baseball for next season. However, we will hope for the best. Yes, Mitchell has a right smart club in Chicago," stated the Giant manager when asked regarding the Cubs, "and with most of the games at home for the balance of the season, will have no trouble. As far as the world's series is concerned I am in the dark as well as others. If it is played, however, I do not believe it will prove at all interesting, as the war certainly dimmed the interest in the national pastime. I have no excuses to offer for the failure of my club, but the loss of Kauff and several good pitchers, and the injury to 'Larry' Doyle didn't help any. We have been going pretty well of late, but then we haven't met any strong clubs. Zimmerman has been playing first base for me for several days, with Slekings, a youngster, on third. To-day, however, I expect to see Zimmerman at third and Kirke at first. I have heard much about Toronto as a baseball city during the war, and am sorry that the weather is threatening," were the concluding remarks of the Giant leader.

Nothing But The TRUTH

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Baseball Outfit Sent to Egypt. The Sportsmen's Patriotic Association of Toronto this week sent a complete baseball outfit, outdoor and indoor, to Egypt for the use of the Canadian soldiers stationed there. The goods were sent to Capt. Lloyd Fleming, M.C., of the Royal Air Force, son of R. J. Fleming, of Toronto, and is the first consignment of sporting goods sent by the S.P.A. to that section of the British front. Many letters have been received recently by the secretary of the S.P.A., thanking the association for sending sporting supplies to the Canadian soldiers in France and England. If a man leaves it will it is a dead giveaway.

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