

IN THE FIELD OF AMERICAN SPORT.



MEXICAN "PETE"

The above likeness of Pete Everett was taken for the "News," and shows Peter in condition for a ring battle. During the last month he has been training faithfully and conscientiously in hopes of securing a match with Jimmy Burns. Although Pete and his manager, Billy Sauer, have made all kinds of offers to Burns, the latter declines to be dragged into the ring again with the dusky man. He doubtless remembers the drubbing he got the last time they met.

Everett was born in San Luis Valley, Colo., on Jan. 25, 1874. When in condition he fights at 175 pounds. He has a long record of ring battles behind him but space will not permit of publishing it in full. In all he has had over 50 fights, and has knocked out 23 men, nearly all of them in less than 10 rounds. Among the most notable men he has met are Sailor Tom Sharkey, Joe Choyinski, Ed McCoy, Jim Williams, Morgan Williams and Mike Quenan. Pete won from Sharkey at Cripple Creek in one round on a foul. He lost on a foul to Joe Choyinski in seven rounds; knocked Jim Williams out twice—the first time in seven, and the next time in ten rounds. The last time they met he lost to Williams in the eighth round. At Cripple Creek he was knocked out by Fred Russell in the nineteenth round. Denver Ed Martin, who is now aspiring to championship honors, was given his measure by the Mexican in three rounds. In speaking of his ring experience the other day Pete said: "It's just my luck to whip a string of good men and then let some dub like this fellow Burns knock me out."

IN THE ROPED ARENA.

Two Important Fistic Contests Scheduled for Next Month.

The proposed bout between Jack Wade, lightweight champion of Montana, and Jack Clifford of California, who defeated Roy Condie in 15 rounds, has aroused a great amount of interest in the sporting fraternity, and if the pair meet in the roped arena several hundred dollars will change hands unless the meeting terminates in a draw. Wade can obtain unlimited backing, and several prominent sporting men have come to the assistance of Clifford, and have put up the coin that makes it possible for him to cover Wade's offer.

The men have been throwing out challenges at each other for some time and on Monday night at Ogden, the Montana boy made a proposition to meet any man at a certain weight in the state. The deal included Clifford and the latter at once jumped at it. Wade did not back down and in a few minutes each man had placed a forfeit of \$25 to show that they were acting in good faith and meant business. It looks like a go. Wade's friends in Montana can see nothing to it but Wade, who is a host of admirers here, one who figure that his splendid physical condition and temperate life make it possible and probable that he will carry off the honors.

Jack Christy is still wondering if he is really going to have an opportunity to settle the dispute between him and Willard Bean as to the middle weight championship of this state. Christy began training to meet the Richfield man on the 14th of next month, but Bean sent word that he could not get ready by that time and Manager Mc-

Namée of the Salt Lake Athletic club postponed the go until the 21st. Christy has not let up training and is ready at any time to meet Bean. The latter was expected here before this, but as he has accepted the terms proposed by all interested parties, he will not doubt be here and fulfill his part of the contract. When these two men meet, lovers of the fistic game will witness one of the prettiest exhibitions in the profession ever given in this city.

"Dummy" Rowan learned a good lesson Monday night at Ogden and he says he will profit by it. Never again, so he says, will he go up against a man as large as Jimmy Burns. With Burns he was simply outclassed. Not for cleverness, but in weight, height and reach. Burns showed improvement over his previous form, and that fact convinces those who saw the bout that he should be willing to give Mexican Pete another go. It can hardly do for either Burns or Lawler to question the Mexican's challenge. That he and Billy Sauer, are acting in good faith, and mean just what they say, cannot be doubted. Sauer will furnish the money and Jack will fight. Burns can take a chance at both. He can also make more money out of a return match with Pete than he did in his two contests with Rowan and he can defeat the Mexican again. If Burns will not fight, Mr. George Lawler has a standing offer from Mexican Jete.

Mike Fitzgerald says he is willing to back his "Murray Mystery" against young Phil Green for a match, for the lightweight championship of Utah. Green, like Barlow, "is willin'" and the two will likely make together before long. Green says he will meet them all, and there is some talk of a match

With Abe Breslin of Butte. "Silent" Rowan has announced his intention of going after Green again, and he says if Green will give him another chance there will be a different story to tell than when they last met.

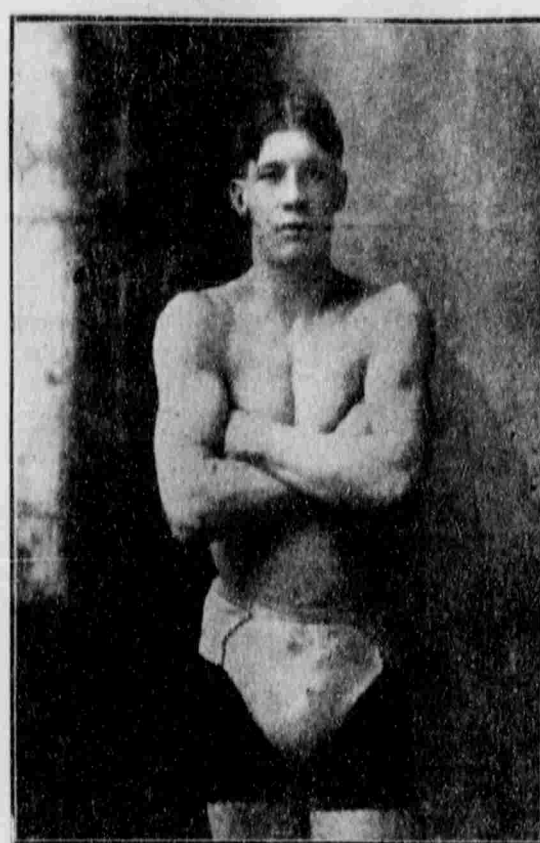
IN DEFENSE OF JEFF.

Sandy Griswold Tells What the Great Fighter Has Done.

The sporting editor of the Omaha World-Herald has the following timely article on the accomplishments of champion James J. Jeffries, as compared with the records of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons, and incidentally he takes a hard fall out of those who have criticized the present champion.

After defeating Paddy Ryan for the championship at Mississippi City in February, 1892, John L. started out on his historical tour around the country, which brought him a deluge of coin and vested him with the reputation of being the mightiest of ring gladiators until that ill-starred and fatal September night, down in the Molasses City ten years later, when he was beaten to the sands of the old Olympic club's arena in 21 rounds. But it was John L.'s wonderful achievements that redeemed the rugged game and reclaimed it from oblivion. He was adored by the American people because of his wonderful prowess.

He was their idol, and the mere mention of his name in a crowd meant an outburst of applause. While Sullivan certainly saved the life of pugilism and inaugurated an era of boxing that was really indestructible, there can never be a champion that held the position in the hearts of the people that he did.



PHIL GREEN, LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION.

Here is the youngster who holds the title of lightweight champion of Utah, he having earned that name by defeating Jimmy Heusser in the thirteenth round of their contest. His name is Phil Green, and he hails from Montana. Green is one of the cleverest lightweight amateurs ever seen in this city, and is a dangerous youngster to go up against as a few aspiring pugilists have found out to their sorrow. He weighs about 130 pounds and is 18 years of age. In fighting he is called a clever "blocker," and is able to deliver a punch from almost any position.

His conqueror, Jim Corbett, was unpopular from a multitude of causes. Fitzsimmons was always glanced at as a lackey, and Jeffries, the equal of any of them in decency, good behavior and intelligence, took the magnetism that seemed to emanate from the massive proportions of John L. Sullivan.

The heavyweight stock has run short. The big fellows have all receded into insubstantial, having been hammered into uselessness, are dead, retired or vanquished, one or the other, it is hard to tell which—all but the big champion, James J. Jeffries, a colossal monument to a mammoth race. Something must be done, as Tom Sharkey would put it, or Jeff might as well, down his apron again, pick up his hammer and get back to his riveting in the boiler factory.

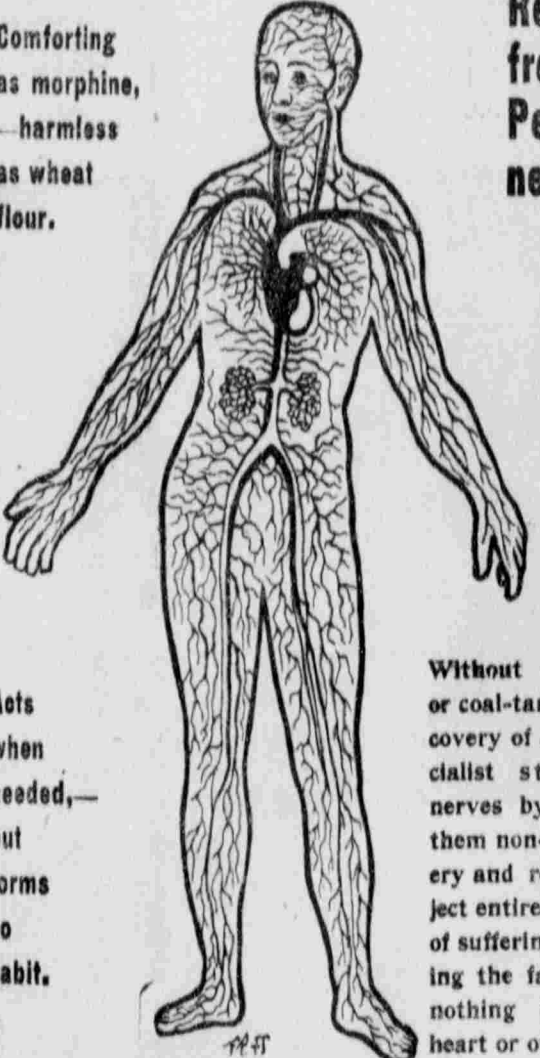
Like Alexander the Great, he may sigh for other worlds to conquer, but I

am afraid if he waits on Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Peter Maher or any other of the big animals now extant he will go down into his tomb a-sighing. We have got to grow a new one for Jeff or depend for our excitement on the lesser grades of the profession. And what have all those alleged pugilistic savants and critics got to say, anyway, to this proposition of mine, now that there is absolutely not a man living capable of doing like an equal chance with Jeffries, the greatest fighter that ever pulled a shirt over his head, the man who moved down all the talent in his class within a single year—an array, at that, that no other man ever met, not even Sullivan, Corbett and Fitzsimmons combined? What that trio accomplished in 23 years' time Jeffries accomplished in one. And yet these so-called critics over the country, after each one of the champion's fights, have characterized him as a poor champion and claimed that he is clumsy and slow, and only by reason of fortuitous circumstances wears the crown of the king. Bah! to such biased thought, such travesty, such idiosyncrasy, such everything went, but it took him 15 rounds to do it, and so that was no great shake. He fought Charlie Mitchell a 25 round draw at the same style, and was lucky to escape defeat at that. He would not meet Peter Jackson, Jim Smith or Paddy Slavin, and Corbett licked him without getting his hair mussed, in 21 rounds. A great record, indeed, to compare with that of James Jeffries. And Corbett, in his six years of the throne, beginning with his victory over James old Sullivan, what did he do? Robbed Charlie Mitchell out of a fight at Jacksonville, Fla., in three rounds, escaped a licking from Tom

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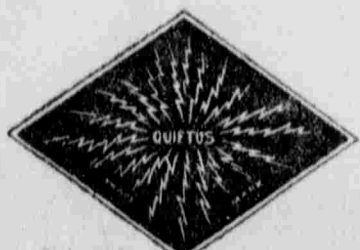
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