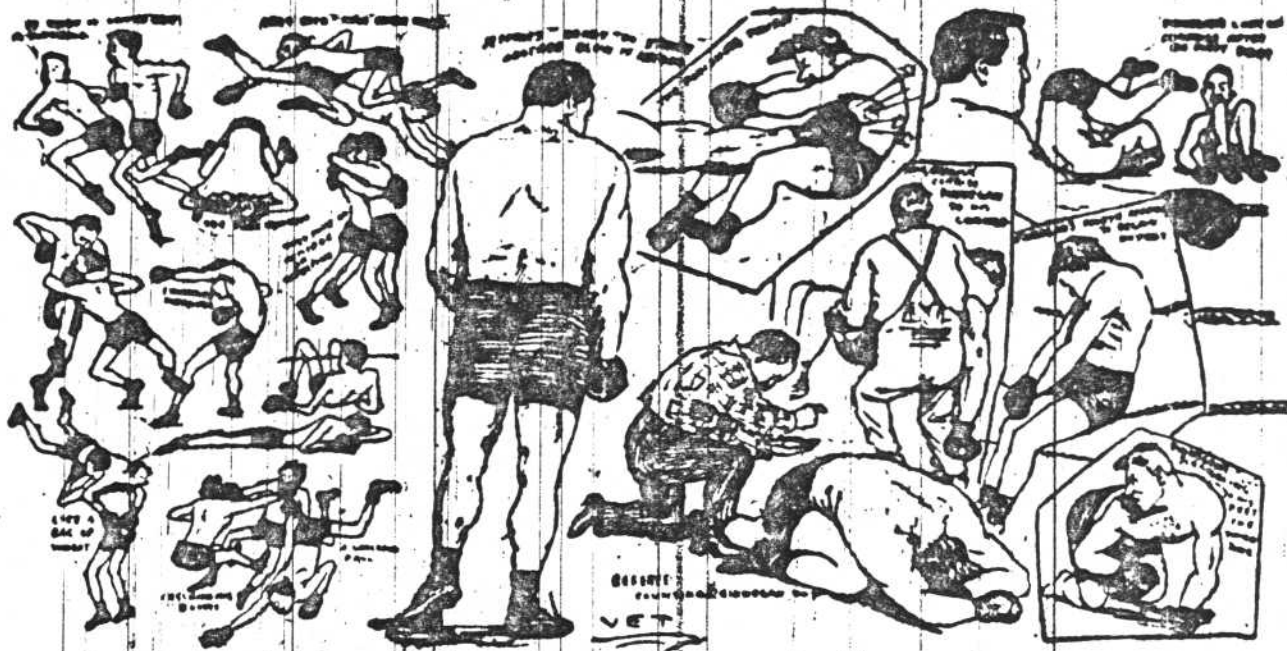


# SKETCHES OF SCENES AT THE CADILLAC CLUB ENTERTAINMENT LAST NIGHT.



## SPORTING

### JEFF'S HARD LEFT

Put Finnegan Out After 55 Seconds of Fighting.

The Champion Had the Snap of His Life Last Night.

He Hadn't Started to Sweat When It Was All Over.

Jim Jeffries, the elephant champion of all the heavies, broke into Rockefeller's class last night. He gathered in just a fraction less than \$150 a second for nearly a minute, \$100 being paid him for toppling over John Finnegan, the pride of Pittsburgh. Unlike the Standard oil mogul, Jeffries' sweat make that much every second of the day, but he was a circus while it lasted, then packed his grip and hustled for the east-bound train at the Michigan Central.

There was a big crowd at the Light Guard armory, but it was not up to the numerical standard of the Sharkey-Jeffries show. All the leading sporting lights were there, including many from out of the city and a bunch from Saginaw having money to burn on one of the preliminaries. The veteran referee, George Siler, picked out the winners, and as usual his work was enthusiastic and good.

and William A. Brady sat down and turned pale quietly smoking a cigar. Jeffries was as big as a house, 114 said he weighed 21 during the day, but his appearance indicated something nearer to 24.

Finnegan had on a sweater and trousers and seemed free enough when he took his corner, being supported by F. McCormick, of Pittsburg, Bartley McSweney, of Mt. Clemens, Johnny Van Hiest and Jim Riley. There had been an argument over gloves in the dressing room and Finnegan would not let Jeffries wear an old pair which the champion had in his grip. The new gloves were too small, and the men finally put on a pair which had been used in other contests. Siler told them there must be no hitting with one hand free, and that each man should protect himself in the breakaway. As they stood on the floor Finnegan's front looked more as though he had trained on schupers than the boulevard, for he was in anything but good shape. He weighed 150 pounds.

On the top of the bell Jeffries hurried crouching to the center of the ring with Finnegan dancing about and looking as though he did not know his bearings. Jeff feinted once or twice, and Finnegan let go a swing, which was blocked, then Jeff put the left to the face and ripped up two more to the same place, the last one sending Finnegan into a tangle with the ropes.

The Irishman stayed down, but three seconds and jumped up, but Jeff was right there, and in an instant another left rested on his head and over he went again, taking only a short count. Jeff gave him no rest, and by this time Finnegan had a "lost-strayed-or-stolen" look on his face. He made a wild swing, and Jeff beat a tattoo on his jaw and wind, putting him down hard. Finnegan rested a little longer this time, but when he got up Jeff rushed into close quarters, and with a left upper cut to the wind he raised the Pittsburger off his feet. Finnegan landed on his hands and knees and started to arise at the count, but fell back and Siler held him until McCormick came and picked him up in his arms like a child, carrying him to his corner.

The bout lasted 55 seconds, and big Jeffries waved his hands to the crowd, laughing as he pushed toward the dressing room.

### FINNEGAN WAS "SASSY."

"I wouldn't have rashed him like that if he hadn't made me mad," said Jeffries, who was getting into his street clothes. "He was too fresh about the gloves, and I didn't like his sass. I told Brady I would knock him out inside of a minute. If he had been a decent fellow I would have allowed him to stay a while and done some boxing. Maybe he'll behave next time."

The best scrap of the night was the opener between "Scotty" Cross and George Gibbs, of Cleveland. Gibbs had the advantage of weight and height, and looked to be a very good colored man. His fights with both hands, and in addition to being clever, he can punch hard. Cross started mixing as usual, but Gibbs had the better of the opening round. Cross would not be denied and made Gibbs weary in the second, but in the next Cross was in a bad way. Cross was almost out at the end of the fourth, and the fifth was tame. In the sixth they had gone a minute and three-quarters when Gibbs landed a right uppercut to the wind and sent Cross to the mat. The Scotchman could not get up and was counted out.

Stackhouse and Pendergast put up a very bad fight. The Saginaw push had bet a lot of money on their man, who won on points, as Stackhouse had no steam after the second round. Stackhouse's only chance was in rushing,

but he could not keep it up. Pendergast has a very long reach, and it helped him win. He uses an outcurve with the right which tips him off as not much of a boxer, and he is too prone to want decisions on a foul. In the ninth Stackhouse had the better of some mixing, but failed to keep on, and the decision went to the visitor.

In newsletter #11 (March, 1984), Eric Armit was looking for substantiation of the time of the bout in which Jim Jeffries knocked out John Finnegan in 0:55 of the first round. Julius Weiner provided a copy of The Evening News, a Detroit newspaper, for Saturday, April 7, 1900. Bill Schutte also provided a report of the bout from the April 7th issue of The Oregonian, a Portland, Oregon newspaper.

The text of the Evening News article follows:

Jim Jeffries, the elephantine champion of all the heavies, broke into Rockefeller's class last night. He gathered in just a fraction less than \$21.82 a second for nearly a minute, \$1,200 being paid him for toppling over John Finnegan, the pride of Pittsburg. Unlike the Standard oil mogul, Jeffries doesn't make that much every second of the day, but he was a Croesus while it lasted, then packed his grip and hustled for the eastbound train at the Michigan Central.

There was a big crowd at the Light Guard armory, but it was not up to the numerical standard of the Sharkey-Jeffords show. All the leading sporting lights were there including many from out of the city and a bunch from Saginaw having money to burn on one of the preliminaries. The veteran referee, George Siler, picked out the winners, and as usual his work was emphatic and good.

The feature of the show was the.... Tommy Ryan and his brother Jack, and William A. Brady sat on an overturned pail quietly smoking a cigar. Jeffries was as big as a house. He said he weighed 221 during the day, but his appearance indicated something nearer to 250.

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On the tap of the bell Jeffries hurried crouching to the center of the ring with Finnegan dancing about and looking as though he did not know his bearings. Jeff feinted once or twice, and Finnegan let go a swing which was blocked, then Jeff put the left to the face and ripped up two more to the same place, the last one sending Finnegan into a tangle with the ropes.

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