

FITZ'S MEASURE IS HANDS OF MARTIN JULIAN.

Taken to Mean That the Champion Will Enter the Ring Again.

CHALLENGED BY KID M'COY.

Hoosier Anxious to Meet Him for the Middleweight Championship.

WILL SOON POST A FORFEIT.

It is Known That Julian Thinks Fitzsimmons is Good for Another Hard Ring Battle.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Robert Fitzsimmons is nearer the pugilistic arena to-night than he has been at any time since his famous battle with Corbett.

He has at last weakened from his oft-repeated purpose to retire from the ring. He has turned everything over to Martin Julian, and it is understood that he will abide wholly by his manager's judgment as to his future course.

Fitz says he has seen nothing of McCoy's "def." but questions put to him this evening concerning it brought out a reply which is by far the most significant he has yet made.

Fitz was just leaving the Auditorium Hotel this evening to go to Havlin's Theatre, where he is appearing with his specialty company, when he was met by a Journal correspondent, and asked:

"How about that challenge from 'Kid' McCoy?"

"What challenge," the champion replied bit testily.

"Have you not been advised that McCoy to-day sent you a challenge?"

Evading the main question, Fitz took on a look of supreme disgust and almost angrily said: "I am sick and tired answering questions about challenges. Kid McCoy's don't seem to believe me when I say that I have quit the ring, so I won't talk about it any more. I will say to you, however, that I have received no challenge from 'Kid' McCoy. I will talk no more about fighting. I have turned the whole matter over to Martin Julian."

It is the last sentence in the interview that has raised the hopes of the sports interested in seeing another championship battle.

"I have turned the whole matter over to Martin Julian," they insist, can mean but one thing—that is, he is no longer fighting. Julian says so, and it is taken as a matter of course that Julian will certainly say so. It is also taken to mean that Fitz is at least ready to meet not only Kid McCoy, but even Corbett—if Julian says the word.

Julian has been sought in every quarter of the town to-night, but so far he has not been found. What he has to say at the present time is of more importance than all the talking he has done since the Carson fight put together.

KID M'COY'S CHALLENGE.

Anxious to Meet Bob Fitzsimmons for the Middleweight Championship.

By Charles F. Mathison.

"Kid" McCoy has changed his mind in regard to issuing a challenge to Fitzsimmons. Just previous to his battle with Creedon, and again after his victory, McCoy stated that he would challenge the Cornishman to fight at the middleweight limit; but later, on the advice of friends, he decided to abandon the idea of a struggle with Fitz.

On his return from Buffalo yesterday, he had a change of heart, and issued a challenge to Fitzsimmons to contest for the middleweight honors.

"My reason for so doing," said McCoy, "is that Fitzsimmons has publicly claimed that I was not entitled to the middleweight championship, and refused to give weight credit for defeating Creedon. Fitz has tried in every way to belittle my victory and my reputation, and now I intend to give him a chance to prove that he is right. I can get backing for \$10,000, and if he regards me as an easy proposition he can make a great deal of money by defeating me. If he is a coward, he will not fight, and I will either have to accept or else relinquish all claim to the middleweight title. In a year or two I shall be prepared to go after the heavyweight honors, but at present I shall confine my efforts to clinching my right to the middleweight title."

"I am confident I can defeat any man in the world at 155 pounds, and if Fitz will get into a fight with me, I shall be very glad to try conclusions with him."

"I have no fear of Fitzsimmons. I trained with him when he prepared himself for his fight with Creedon. I boxed frequently with Fitz and I always held my own men to a draw. I know how Fitz and all the Australians fight, and I think I can take care of myself against him."

"The fact that Fitz sent Creedon crashing into dreamland in two rounds and that McCoy took fifteen to put Creedon horseshoe did not affect the confidence of the Hoosier."

"Fitz can't put me out in two or twenty rounds," was his reply.

McCoy, in evening dress, punched the ball at an uptown music hall, and his clever work was witnessed by a large crowd of men.

W. A. Brady, referring to McCoy meeting Fitz, said: "The kid has a chance against any one."

GOUGOLTZ AMBITIOUS.

In the Spring He Expects to Meet McDuffee in a Fifteen-Mile Paced Race.

There is another candidate in the field for honors at the paced racing game in the person of Jean Gougoltz, the French crack, who is making such a creditable showing in this country at present. Although good at any style of racing, Gougoltz has decided to pay particular attention to the game that requires the aid of the big machines, and his next race may be the Charles River track, Boston, next Decoration Day, when he may be pitted against Eddie McDuffee for fifteen miles.

Gougoltz is no novice at the paced game, having met and defeated such cracks on the other side as Tom and Arthur Linton, Lena and Bonhours. He also rode a thirty-mile race with Taylor and was only beaten by three laps after being compelled to change wheels. He has been devoting most of his time to the short sprints during the past few months, but will now get in shape for the longer game.

The Frenchman wishes to emphatically deny the report that he has issued a challenge to Jay Eaton or any other rider, and published in a daily paper yesterday. He claims he did not write the statement credited to him, nor did he express the opinion contained in it. At the same time, he is not afraid to meet Eaton or any rider in the country, but not until he has at least two months of training. He says the American public has not seen his true form. Hereafter it is his intention to adopt the American methods of training, which he expects will materially increase his speed.

The Silhouette is McCoy. The Outline is Fitzsimmons.

REACH: FITZ 75 1/4 IN. M'COY 76

UPPER ARM: FITZ 12 IN. M'COY 14 IN.

FOREARM: FITZ 11 1/2 IN. M'COY 11 1/2 IN.

HEIGHT: FITZ 5 FT. 11 1/2 IN. M'COY 5 FT. 10 3/4 IN.

NECK: FITZ 15 IN. M'COY 16 IN.

WRIST: FITZ 7 1/2 IN. M'COY 7 1/2 IN.

CHEST: FITZ 44 IN. M'COY 41 IN.

WAIST: FITZ 32 IN. M'COY 34

THIGH: FITZ 20 IN. M'COY 21 1/2

CALF: FITZ 13 1/2 IN. M'COY 15 1/2

THE KING OF PACE HANDLERS.

Dave Shafer, Who Is a Powerful Aid to the Success of Michael.

By John B. Foster.

He is short of stature and broad of shoulders, as swarthy as a Spanish don and as unassuming as a down East farmer; his mustache and hair are as black as coal, and his teeth gleam white, like the shining of an ivory cameo in a frame of jet; his equanimity is seldom disturbed, and in his most excitable moments he gives vent to his feelings by lifting both hands protestingly—palms outward—or swinging around his raven locks a white hat of soft felt, a color that appeals to him in Summer and Winter alike.

His name is David G. Shafer. Jimmy Michael, the midget, may be the king of pace followers; this man, his manager, is the king of pace handlers.

A Shafer formula for a middle-distance paced bicycle contest is short and the embodiment of wisdom.

One part human machine, which must be capable of following any kind of pace; one part pacemakers, who must ride with energy and fastness; and one part pacemakers; one part number of pacemakers, who must study his opponent and direct his assault correspondingly.

The bicycle race is not a contest of single riders. The single rider must be a positive and known quantity. He must be able to follow those congested demons ahead of him, who, fresh with rest, spurred on by desire or singled out for a special part in the play as the climax of a strategy, bend over their long spider-like machines and push their way through the atmosphere with a fierceness that leaves a strange roaring in their ears.

The single rider is not asked to know when to spur; when to go slow, when to maintain a form rate of speed; but he must be ready at every instant to respond to the promptings of the man who is to be almost upon that rear wheel of the machine ahead of him, whether it is traveling at the rate of a snail or that of a whirlwind at the more moderate pace of the horse.

The general of the race is the pace handler. He marshals his host of naked limbed, grotesquely clad youths, who are arrayed in the ranks of infantry and direct the campaign against the enemy.

The camp of Michael was entrenched on the cliffs of Mount Hope at the Madison avenue end of the city. The little Welsh-American defeated Chase. On a narrow edge, scarcely roomy enough to accommodate the scores of spectators, twenty-eight pacemakers, Dave Shafer, Arthur Pleckett, who is Michael's trainer, and a host of others, were crowded together in a standing room. The big pace making machines were hung by the handles over the railing of the gallery, and the crowd of spectators, who were able to get into the room, were packed like sardines.

"They're lining up at the start," said one of the riders in an undertone. The starting pistol was fired; a wave went to the front of the crowd, and Shafer, turning around, said: "Now, boys, get up there, and get ready to go. We've got to have every inch of this race. You'll have to catch up to me. It means death for somebody if you get into a slip here."

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Edward Taylor, who is to meet "Jimmy" Michael at Madison Square Garden, Saturday night, is almost as good a wonder at the paced racing as Michael himself, and to all appearances, will give the Welshman a harder fight than has fallen to his lot since he came to America. Taylor can follow pace in second position as well as behind the double machine, and he proved it at the Garden yesterday by hanging to the little Welshman for more than five miles, and would probably have stayed there for five more had not an objection been filed by the opposing manager.

It occurred in the morning trial, when Michael was following his machine. Taylor came on the track, and, as his pacing machines were not ready, he immediately turned to the other side of the track, and pulled around by tandems. One machine after another was sent out lap after lap, and the Welshman shifted to one and then to the other in his own inimitable style, but the French "Greyhound" was not to be lost, and hung like a leech. No race could have been more exciting, and the tandem struggled to carry the Welshman away from the French crack. When five miles had been covered the teams were pretty well fatigued out, and Dave Shafer asked "Billy" Young to call Taylor off the track, as it belonged to Michael at that time. Young did as requested, otherwise Taylor would have doubtless hung for the other three miles which were given to Michael. His stock took a big jump, who was being pulled around by tandems. One machine after another was sent out lap after lap, and the Welshman shifted to one and then to the other in his own inimitable style, but the French "Greyhound" was not to be lost, and hung like a leech. No race could have been more exciting, and the tandem struggled to carry the Welshman away from the French crack. When five miles had been covered the teams were pretty well fatigued out, and Dave Shafer asked "Billy" Young to call Taylor off the track, as it belonged to Michael at that time. Young did as requested, otherwise Taylor would have doubtless hung for the other three miles which were given to Michael.

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The track in the Garden will remain in place until Thursday, when it will be taken up for the ball on New Year's Eve, and then be laid on Saturday for the big affair.

Death of John Donaldson. Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 27.—John Donaldson, a well-known sporting man, died at his home here to-night. He gave a pugilistic show a few days ago, and then started on a spree. Donaldson fought John L. Sullivan twice, and was one of Corbett's trainers at Carson City last March.

Good business opportunities. Are not so often found. Excepting in the Journal "wants," where splendid ones abound.

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Out came a pistol from the pocket of the general of the Michael forces. He fired into the air and the Michael tandem responded with a spurt that carried Chase off his stride. He lost his own pacemakers, who had leaped forward with renewed energy as they heard the coming of the tandem pursuing them.

"Too bad. Hurry up, Chase, old boy!" shouted the crowd.

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"We can do that right now," said one of the pacemakers, as he came in from his turn. "I don't believe Chase can stand a spurt."

"Give 'em a little more, then," said Shafer. "How's Jimmy? Does he say anything about the work?"

"Keep's calling for pace," was the reply.

The tandems had been doing three and four laps. "Just keep him steady," said Shafer to the next pair on their way. They fresh and strong and they ran the midget for seven laps before Shafer relieved them.

"That was a breather," said one of the riders. "The old man was just resting 'em up a little after those spurts. Now they'll begin to go again."

Sure enough. The sprinters were called out again and foot by foot began to mow down the distance between Chase and Michael until another lap had been gained.

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Michael was first out of the scrum and away on a wheel. Chase had to walk half a lap to get another bicycle. Michael gained on him three or four laps while Chase waited.

The crowd began slowly to leave. "It's all over," was the general comment. "The Englishman never can recover that loss." Nor could he, and yet he gave Shafer a wheel that was provided for him, and actually gained a lap on the midget.

Out came the tandem which he had when Shafer saw that Chase had "a little left up his sleeve," and the speed was quickened until Chase dropped, and Michael regained the lap that had been taken from him.

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CYCLING CLUBS ARE WELCOME.

Join the Bicycle Division on New Years Eve and Try for a Prize.

A meeting will be held to-night in room 9, at the Hotel Bartholdi, to arrange details in the bicycle division of the Journal's

great parade on New Year's Eve, celebrating the birth of Greater New York. Officers of clubs are invited to be present. Every bicycle organization in New York is welcome to compete for the splendid prizes that will be offered. At this meeting the delegates will learn all the necessary particulars.

Five prizes are offered—such prizes, too, as will be eagerly sought by every bicycle rider in the city. Five brand