

DUPONT DEFEATS TOBIN.

A Short Fight Between Big Fellows
—at Armourdale.

Tobin Goes to Sleep in the Second Round—
Kanson Wins the Bowling Club Medal
—Race and Baseball News
and Gossip.

About 500 sports from the two Kansas Citys assembled at McLean's hall, Armourdale, last evening to witness a fifteen round set-to between Andy Dupont, the "Packing House Giant," and Con Tobin, alias "Axoidupols." The contest did not last fifteen rounds, however. In the second round Tobin got a jolt in the neck which made him -leepy, and the "scrap" came to a sudden end. Previous to the Dupont-Tobin set-to there were several preliminary matches which were more interesting than the event of the evening. Jimmy Weedy and Win March, well known local lightweights, gave a four round exhibition in which there was some quick and clever work. The boys are both pretty sparrers, and their work pleased the crowd. Jack Dugan, who acted as referee for all the matches, announced that honors were easy. Dexter and Marchamp, two middleweights, then gave a three round exhibition which showed both men fit to don the mittens. There was no decision between them.

At 10:45 o'clock time was called for the Dupont-Tobin mill. Dupont was in good shape. He looked as brown as the proverbial berry, and weighed 193 pounds. Tobin looked something like the before-taking fellow in an anti-fat advertisement. He weighed something very close to 250 pounds—there was no doubt about his being a heavyweight. Jim Evans and Tom Manode were in Tobin's corner, while Dupont was looked after by Phil Gazelle, his trainer, and "Pug" Stewart. At the call of time the two big fellows waded in promptly, and showed some little science—to the surprise of the crowd. Tobin was the aggressor, and made things quite lively for the packing house man. He staggered him several times, and had him up against the ropes. He got his glove against Dupont's nose and was awarded first blood.

The exertion told on the fat man, however, and at the end of the round he had the bellows going, pumping hard for wind. He started in the next round, however, to mix things up, as he recognized that he could not last long. After two minutes' punching, which amounted to little, Dupont landed heavily with his right on the big fellow's neck, and at the same moment gave him a sly jab in the wind with his left. Tobin went down heavily, and stretched himself out so comfortably that he was still resting peacefully when the ten seconds were up. It was too short a mill to suit the crowd, which left wondering whether Tobin was really knocked out or whether he was just too tired to get up.

KNOCKING OVER TENPINS.