

TWO AMUSING CONTESTS.

FUN AT THE TOURNAMENT BILLIARD GAMES.

MIRTH-PROVOKING INCIDENTS IN BOTH THE AFTERNOON AND EVENING STRUGGLES—SEXTON DEFEATS HEISER—SLOSSON WINS AN EASY VICTORY FROM PROF. RUDOLPHE, AGAIN AVERAGING 75.

The twenty-fifth game of the Brunswick & Balke championship tournament will be played at Cooper Institute this evening. The contestants will be Jacob Schaefer and William Sexton, to bring about a meeting between whom has cost two years of unsuccessful negotiation among leaders in billiard circles. Yesterday's games furnished much amusement to the spectators, especially the one played in the evening. In this Slosson again made an average of 75. Prof. Rudolphe kept the house amused by his good-natured pranks, both players combining to make the first perfect score of the tournament, not a "goose-egg" being gathered on either side.

Heiser appeared in his shirt-sleeves and a pink tie in the afternoon, and was met by Sexton, who was attired in his usual long-skirted frock coat. The string for lead gave first shot to Sexton, who made 7 caroms and retired. The Boston lad collected 21 by pretty play, and then Sexton started out on a long excursion on the rail, carrying the ivories along with great skill and delicacy of play, affording a glimpse of some of the play that in times gone by awoke spectators to the wildest enthusiasm. He gathered 128 caroms, which made his score 153 to Heiser's 28. In other games, this run would have frightened the lad out of playing condition, but yesterday he approached the table with steady nerves, and played very prettily, partly "nurse" and partly "open-table" caroms, until he had run up 79, making his score 107, less than 50 below that of his adversary. "Time! time! time!" cried Sexton, raising his voice at each exclamation to attract the attention of Heiser, who is deaf. He thought the lad had failed to score, and Heiser stopped and looked up in a surprised way. "Go on," said the referee; "it counted." The lad was about to play again, when a person among the spectators cried out in a loud voice, with an amusing nasal intonation, "Go it, Dick." Everybody laughed, including the player, whose laughter caused him to miss an easy carom. A moment later the scores stood: Sexton, 217; Heiser, 120. The prevailing merriment increased, as Sexton, some time afterward, made a most extraordinary "scratch," and came near following it with another directly. Having scored 1, he sat down, smiling, and gave his young opponent an opportunity to make 2, which he did in fine style. After a while, the play became wretchedly poor, and continued so, with an occasional redeeming display of brilliant caroms, until the twenty-first inning, when Sexton made 52, and then, missing a "massé," threw down his cue with a gesture of disgust, and muttered something in a provoked tone to his umpire. Heiser made 5, and then drove the cue-ball off the table. It shot directly toward his umpire, who caught it on the fly, amid a roar of hearty applause from the spectators. Sexton counting but 4, Heiser once more began to handle his cue skillfully, soon gathering the globes in position for "nursing," and before he ceased his pretty caroms, ran 126. As he slipped on his one hundred and twenty-seventh shot, a spectator, who had been watching him with intense interest, groaned aloud an agonized "Oh," which set the whole house into roars of laughter. The fine run brought Heiser's score up to 302, Sexton's standing 389. Sexton now slowly increased his lead, and left the Boston lad away in the distance, where he could not hope to catch up with him, and in his thirty-ninth inning made 13 caroms, which brought the game to a close. The following is the score:

Sexton—7, 0, 18, 0, 128, 2, 0, 4, 11, 37, 28, 7, 8, 1, 0, 1, 12, 0, 7, 52, 3, 8, 22, 19, 4, 5, 21, 18, 32, 1, 2, 62, 5, 12, 0, 18, 3, 13—600.

Heiser—4, 1, 21, 2, 79, 0, 18, 4, 0, 1, 0, 6, 4, 2, 0, 0, 6, 7, 1, 0, 0, 2, 13, 0, 5, 126, 0, 4, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 16, 2, 26, 1, 13—367.

Winner's average, 15, 15-39; loser's, 9, 25-38.

Best runs—Sexton, 128, 62, 52; Heiser, 126, 79.

Umpires—Mr. Colville for Sexton, Mr. Sauer for Heiser.

Referee—Michael Geary; marker, G. H. Ellis.

Time of game—2 hours, 27 minutes.

George Slosson came in early, with his hair artistically brushed, and armed with a newly-tipped cue. He caught sight of the glittering diamond ear-drops and bright black eyes of the pretty brunette who has evinced such an admiration for his fine play, and tried to hide his confusion by crawling under the table, under the very hollow pretense of taking some money from the pocket of his overcoat, which he had thrown under the table. Prof. Rudolphe came in somewhat later, and in a jovial way said to Slosson: "Well, do you want me to beat you, George?" The Chicagoan shook hands with the Frenchman, laughed, and then played 10 caroms. His hands were chilled, and he blew upon them after the manner of the olden-time watchman on duty on a cold Winter night. Rudolphe meantime made 20, and the young Chicagoan took off his frock-coat and played 8 caroms. Rudolphe then took of his dress-coat likewise, and played 15 caroms. The Professor left the ivories in a difficult position, but, by a very fine "long draw" and a few caroms, Slosson brought them into his favorite position on the rail, and with the Professor standing behind him, and almost on his heels, began some of his fine and delicate "nursing." He quickly counted 100, amid a burst of enthusiastic applause, but continued to ring the chimes on the ivories in his inimitable style, and turning to and crossing the top rail, sent them gliding softly down the left rail. In the meantime the Professor was saluted with cries from all parts of the hall inviting him to "sit down, why don't you," as he got out of the line of some of the spectators' vision only to obscure that of others. This he seemed to enjoy as much as anybody, and at one time asked one particularly acrimonious spectator to "come and take his [Rudolphe's] place and see how he liked it." He also cried "Time! time!" often, and often engaged in a whispered conversation with the referee about his adversary's play. All this time the globes, keeping steadily on their journey, had rolled out 200, and had started in for another hundred or more. They were kept under masterly control until the two hundred and thirtieth shot, when they "broke," and the Professor sat down, satisfied that his turn would come soon. The young expert, however, played an admirably-calculated "around-the-table" shot, and the three ivories slowly rolled into perfect position at the bottom of the right rail. Rudolphe then arose once more, and resumed his conversation with the referee, while the pretty brunette watched the young Chicagoan with laughing eyes and a face wreathed with smiles, until Slosson made a "foul," after counting 270 caroms, when she pouted her lips and contracted her brows into a frown. The Professor made 4, and his young opponent 16, and then the scores stood: Slosson, 304; Rudolphe, 40. Prof. Rudolphe in turn frowned at the score, and, going to the table, played 45 very pretty shots, among them being 24 of his famous "fine" caroms. Slosson followed with half a dozen position shots, gathered the balls on the rail, and started them on a second expedition. Rudolphe watched his pretty play a little while, and then became annoyed and sarcastic. Once he walked across the room, took up his hat, tried it on, and then, taking it off again, walked toward Slosson, and said: "It is just the same; take them and shake them up in my hat, George." A little later Slosson made a delicate carom, and the Professor, thinking he had missed, sprang to his feet with a claim of "no count." It was overruled, however, and the jovial Frenchman sat down laughing, and exclaimed, "It's all right, George, but make it a little louder next time." The game now stood 90 for the Professor and 402 for the young Chicagoan, six innings having been played on both sides. Slosson once more took his cue in hand, and, after playing for position for some time, brought the balls on the rail, and resumed his delicate and rapid caroms, while Rudolphe looked vacantly into the air, listening to the soft echoes of 117 shots with an expression of lofty disdain upon his features. He then turned his gaze upon the table, took up his cue and played for 2, and then again retired to gaze up into the air in a comical way, and subsequently to brush his shining beaver with the sleeve of his dress-coat. He then fitted it on his head with great precision, and leaned against the reporters' table to watch Slosson in a quizzical way, while the latter finished his beautiful game with a run of 81 caroms, and tied his great average of 75. Appended is the score of the game:

Slosson—10, 8, 270, 16, 82, 16, 117, 81—600.

Rudolphe—1, 20, 15, 4, 45, 5, 2, 2—94.

Winner's average, 75; loser's, 11 3-4.

Best runs—Slosson.

Umpire—Each player umpired his game for himself.

Referee—Michael Geary.

Marker—G. H. Ellis.

Time of game—1 hour 10 minutes.

At the matinee to-day the Professor will cross cues with Daly.

The New York Times

Published: February 5, 1879

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