

## Local Baseball and Wheeling Gossip.

Through the kindness of Manager Rishel of the Salt Palace track the following figures have been furnished showing the money earned on the saucer by the various riders, professional and amateur, who have competed in the races since the beginning of the season. The statement does not include last evening's meet, the amount paid to pacers or some of the money paid for lap races. The amounts made by the winner of all races is included:

W. B. Vaughan heads the list of the professionals in the events won, he carried off first honors in seven events, got third place four times and fourth place once. He also heads the list in money earned, having pushed the pedals to the tune of \$374.

Charles Turville comes second in the money earned, but not in races won, which shows that a rider does not necessarily have to win first place all the time to make the most money. He has pocketed just \$305.

Clem Turville ranks third with \$245 to his credit, with a record of four firsts, six seconds and one in fourth place.

W. F. King comes fourth, tying Iver Lawson and Charles Turville for first, each winning five. King's earnings are \$205.

Among the amateurs Eddie Smith and Hoffman are tied for first, but the former has far the better of it in the long green. Each have won nine firsts. Smith's winnings are \$345 and Hoffman's \$340.

Grimes, Heagren and Bowers come next in order. The figures are as follows:

PROFESSIONALS.					
Name.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	Amount
Vaughan ..	7	0	4	1	\$374.00
Chas. Turville ..	5	2	0	4	305.00
Clem Turville ..	4	6	0	1	245.00
King ..	5	2	0	4	205.00
I. Lawson ..	5	1	0	0	205.00
Gibson ..	0	1	0	0	175.00
J. Lawson ..	1	2	1	0	151.50
O. Julius ..	2	1	0	0	155.00
C. Lawson ..	1	3	2	1	110.00
Samuelson ..	1	3	4	0	95.00
Bell ..	0	2	2	1	60.00
Chapman ..	1	0	2	0	54.50
Edmunds ..	2	0	0	0	45.00
B. Green ..	2	0	0	1	40.00
Staves ..	1	0	0	0	30.00
J. Green ..	0	1	1	1	29.00
Walne ..	0	0	0	1	19.00
Emery ..	0	1	0	0	10.00
Gunn ..	0	0	1	0	10.00
Burris ..	0	0	1	0	10.00
Haydock ..	0	0	0	1	5.00
Total ..					\$2,326.50

AMATEURS.					
Name.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	4th.	Amount
E. Smith ..	9	7	1	0	\$345.00
Hoffman ..	8	1	0	0	340.00
Grimes ..	0	4	5	0	65.00
Heagren ..	0	0	2	0	55.00
Bowers ..	2	1	1	0	45.00
Clayton ..	1	1	3	0	45.00
Hume ..	0	0	2	1	25.00
Hermann ..	1	1	0	0	20.00
Angell ..	0	1	1	0	15.00
Beck ..	0	1	1	0	15.00
Moldrum ..	0	1	0	1	10.00
Williams ..	0	0	2	0	10.00
Leyland ..	0	0	0	1	2.50
McArthur ..	0	0	0	1	2.50
Total ..					\$755.00
Grand Total ..					\$3,081.50

### THE ONE MILE RECORD.

Some Big Changes Are Going On in the Cycling World.

As an illustration of the remarkable changes which are constantly occurring in the world of cycle racing, a brief history of the record for one mile unpaced might be given.

Away back in the latter part of the 80's when "Safety" were coming into prominence, Willie Windell started the world by riding a mile in 2:15. People went wild over the "marvelous" record and said: "Will wonders never cease!"

On August 4th, 1892, George Hamilton brought Windell's time down to 2:11 2/5, and it was thought that the limit had been reached. But when Tyler covered the distance in 2:10 the possibilities in bicycle racing were beginning to be seen. In 1892 Walter Sanger made the still better time of 2:07 1/5, and a few months later it was pulled down to 2:01 2/5. This was made by Bill Hamilton in Denver. Determined not to be out-done Sanger went to Denver and trained for six months to beat the record but he was unable to touch it. In 1896 Coulter succeeded in lowering the time to 1:59 4/5. This was also at Denver. That record remained then until 1898, when Hamilton made the record of 1:55 4/5, which stands today, although W. E. Samuelson lowered it at the Salt Palace last Wednesday, but unofficially.

### WILL THE LEAGUE DIE?

That is the Question Now Agitating the Fans.

It looks strange that some definite action has not been taken by the league

officials looking towards patching up the organization. According to a statement made by a Pocatello fan, the team was very anxious to secure a berth in the league, although to do so meant to take Park City's place and fight their battles from the tail end. Their prospects were not the brightest in the world, but they were willing to take a chance, which shows that they meant business, and that someone with the necessary cash was willing to back the exhibition game in the hope that a place would be given them in the league. It was seen what they are capable of.

Nearly all the ball players are unanimous in the opinion that the schedule can never be played out with a three-cornered league, and that it will go up in smoke before long. To allow the thing to die out at this stage of the game will do a whole lot towards killing the sport in this region. The pecu-

pop up fly to pitcher and not infrequently a double play.

There are at least two good bunters in the home league. They are Buck Weaver and Stony. Both are good pinch hitters and very seldom miss advancing a base runner a cushion or two.

### CLOSED UP A TOWN.

That's What John L. Sullivan Did at Richburg, Miss.

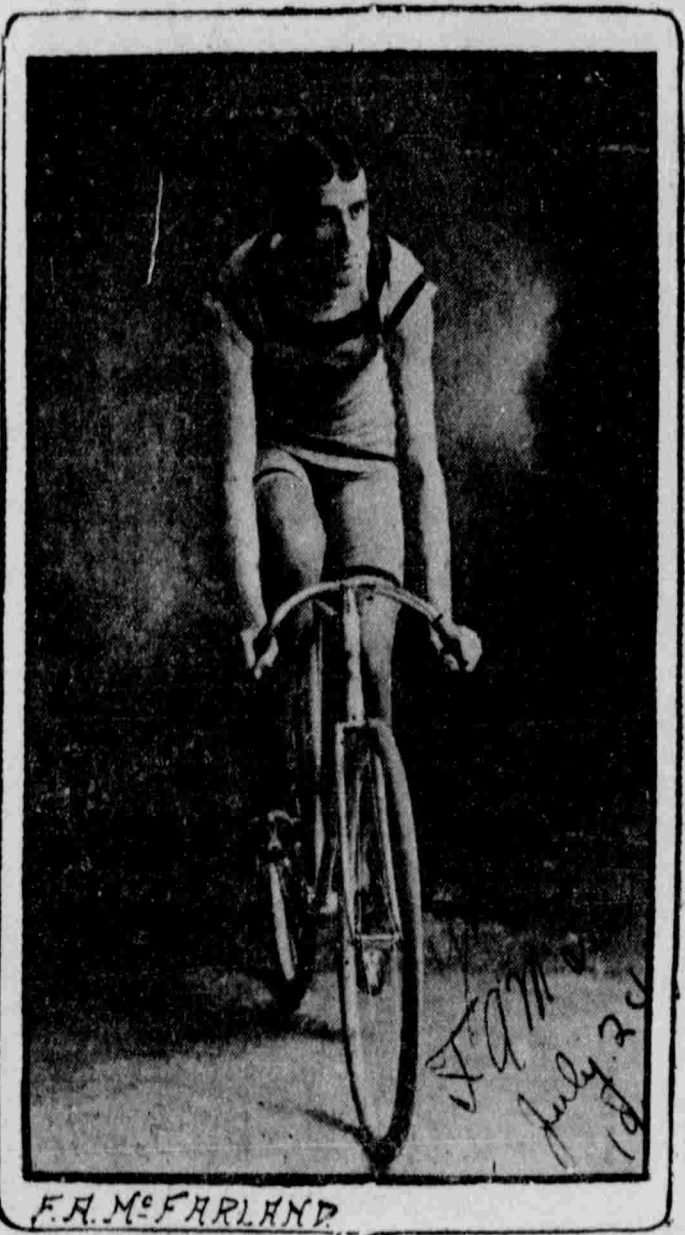
Did you ever hear of a prize fighter closing up a town? Well, that's what John L. Sullivan did while he was at Billy Muldoon's place at Belfast, N. Y. It was when Muldoon had the mighty Sullivan in preparation for the battle at Richburg, Miss. In which he defeated Jake Kilrain, says the New York World. Muldoon had warned all the hotel keepers not to sell strong drink to the champion. They obeyed.

John L.'s thirst became furiously, just thirteen years ago. It drove him from the darkness. He invaded a barber shop in which a farmer with his face full of lather and whiskers lay stretched on two chairs.

"Here," rumbled a voice that sounded like a rolling mill in action, "here, you, run out and get me a quart of old ale, I'm dry. I'll shave that guy."

Whereupon John L. took the razor

### McFARLAND MAY GO TO FRANCE.



F. A. McFarland, the celebrated motor paced racer, whose name is to be found among the entries of all the big bicycle events, is contemplating a trip to the other side to show the Parisians what he can do in the way of fast riding on a motor paced machine. The success of "Majah" Taylor in Paris has caused McFarland to turn his thoughts in that direction.

### HIT THAT BALL.

No More Bunting Practice for the White Wings.

The manager of the Salt Lakes has put bunters under a ban and is quoted as saying to members of the team, "From this time on it's hit and run and the first man who bunts the ball is liable to be fined \$10."

Had such action been taken earlier in the season the White Wings would have fared much better. Some of the boys are fairly good bunters, but that any of them are accomplished bunters is extremely doubtful. To become a good bunter, baseball players of first class all agree that it requires weeks and months of practice. Anybody can hold out a stick and let the ball hit it, but not many can send the right kind down in the proper place and time.

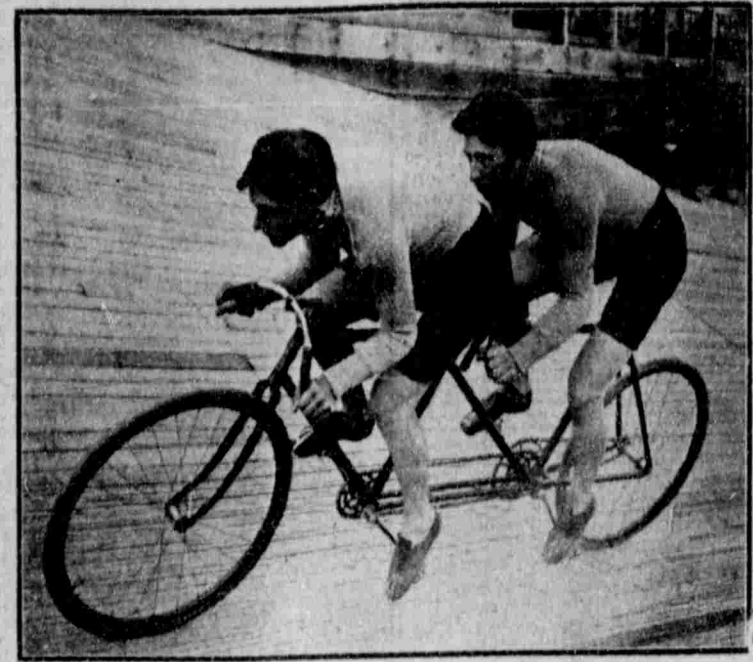
When inexperienced men attempt that part of the game it usually results a

from the hand of black Jerry Freeman, gave him a \$10 bill and waved him away. Jerry sought the nearest forest, the farmer meantime shaking fiercely with apprehension. The razor in Sullivan's right first gashed his cheek in three places. The honest agriculturist presently dashed out, a study in white and dripping scarlet, yelling, murder and alarming the town.

John L., fearing that Jerry and the cannikin would never arrive, sauntered to the Belfast house, commandeered the bar under pain of destruction and refreshed himself with a few meager quarts of ale. He visited other bars and did likewise.

Beltfaster of all ages and conditions heavily blew out their lamps, double locked their shutters and retired to woodsheds and cellars, praying meantime that the Sullivan cyclone might soon pass. John L. meandered through the street of the town, belching songs in a voice like that of the bull of Bashan and soon roaring this challenge: "I can lick any man that was ever born of woman! Come on!"

No one came on. Every hotel, saloon, grocery, barber shop, general store



SAMUELSON AND KING.

PATRONS of the Salt Palace track will readily recognize in the above photo two young riders who are rapidly coming into prominence in the cycling world. The rider on the front seat of the tandem is W. F. King of Plymouth, Ill.; and the other is W. E. Samuelson of Provo. They are already to start on a record-breaking sprint around the smooth surface of the saucer and their position is well shown in the excellent likeness.

King, or "Long Distance King," as he is known in California, is but twenty-one years of age, and tips the scales at 145 pounds. He first entered the ranks of amateur bicyclists in 1896 in Illinois, and started in right from the jump to make a record for himself. At the end of his first season he was the proud possessor of a number of gold medals and nine diamonds, prizes which he had won by his speed and endurance.

In 1898 he quit the pedals for a few months to defend the honor of his country in the Philippines. He joined the Fifty-first Iowa volunteer infantry and went to Manila where he served Uncle Sam for eleven months, after which he was discharged on account of severe illness. He remounted his wheel last year at Los Angeles, Cal., winning his first three contests, they being ten-mile road races. He also captured the 100-mile century run in six hours and eleven minutes, and finished the season in second place in all amateur races. He also held the position of second best amateur here last year. One of King's most notable feats was winning, with Jack Burris, a twenty-four hour race in California, defeating such men as Johnnie Nelson, Lawson, Turville, Stone, Newkirk and others. He again defeated the crack riders in a one-fourth mile open, receiving a prize of \$500. At Los Angeles he came in second in a 163-hour race and also captured a one-mile handicap. In another handicap event, from the 119-yard mark he defeated Downing, Cooper and McFarland. Last season he broke the world's amateur record for one mile paced, in 1:55 4/5. King is now a full fledged professional and bids fair to make the best of them go some to keep his pace. He says he intends to remain in Salt Lake until the end of the season.

Unless signs fail the name of W. E. Samuelson will be prominently before the public ere long, as a world-beater on the bicycle track.

This young man who is twenty-two years of age and weighs 147 pounds, hails from Utah's Garden City, and entered upon a brilliant career in 1897. His first performance was at Calder's Park in a one mile and a half-mile novice, both of which heads the list of his victories. Last season he won first place in nine amateur races, captured the five-mile record in 16:23, the two-mile record in 4:04, and the one-mile unpaced state record in 2:25.

In the Decoration Day road race over the Farmington course, a distance of eighteen miles, this speedy Utahn won the time prize in 47:21. When the Salt Palace track opened, Samuelson entered the professional class and right from the start made the other riders go as they had never gone before to catch him.

His most remarkable achievement occurred last Wednesday afternoon on the Salt Palace saucer when he astonished Manager Rishel and others by riding an unpaced mile with a flying start in the marvelous time of 1:52 4/5. Two watches were held on him and one of them caught him at 1:53. This is the fastest unpaced mile ever made by any rider on any kind of a track, but unfortunately it is not official and of course can not go on record. At Denver on June 16th, 1898, W. W. Hamilton established a record of 1:55 4/5, and since that time many crack riders have tried in vain to lower the time, but it remained for a Utah boy to accomplish the feat. Next week Manager Rishel of the track, proposes to let Samuelson go after the record again, and the young rider and his friends feel confident that he will repeat, or even better his performance of Wednesday.

These two riders compose one of the fastest, if not the very fastest tandem team on the saucer today. Patrons of the track will remember how they rode in a pursuit race a few evenings ago. On that occasion they rode ten laps in two minutes and ten seconds, going the mile in less than 1:47. Both have bright futures before them and with proper attention to business their prospects will be boundless. This picture was taken especially for the "News" on Wednesday afternoon by Fries Bros.

and business house was closed and barred. Every light was out. The most timid took horse for remote points.

At the Massasoit house Jim encountered Billy Muldoon, with Mike Carey and Jack Barnett, forming a hollow and menacing square. He charged. The square broke and sidestepped. "I can lick you all in a punch," said the rumbling voice. "Bill, you can't drive me like a dog. Come on, all of you, and the whole town if you like."

"John," urged the calm, diplomatic tones of Muldoon, "I want you to take a little drive with me. There's a cask of ale in the wagon."

"You're a gentleman, Bill," replied the giant. "You're my friend, I'm with you against the world."

How the big fellow climbed aboard, how he refreshed himself by the wayside and soon fell into gentle slumber are still matters of conversation. The Belfast lamps were soon relit, the stores and hotels opened. It was John's only outbreak from training. Had he made

another he would have depopulated the town forever.

### FIGHTERS AS WRESTLERS.

That They Are Not Howling Successes is Quite Evident.

That the wrestling matches between fighters are beginning to prove a farce is very evident from the following account of the New York Telegraph's write-up of the Ruhlin-Fitzsimmons contest.

Robert Fitzsimmons, the bull terrier of the twenty-four foot ring, and Gustavus Ruhlin, the St. Bernard of pugilism, faced each other in the ring at Madison Square Garden last night.

Their large, serviceable hands were not to fight.

Thinner slender lines of spectators were not enthusiastic over the wrestling match, for, having seen the two fight, with the energy of desperation, and knowing they could not possibly wrestle in a manner to create any excitement, there was naturally much discontent.

"Give him the left shift, Fitz!" yelled a supporter of the Cornishman. "Look out for your bread basket, this time!" "Gus!" shrieked a man who had traveled all the way from Akron to see the contest.

Those who remembered how Fitzsimmons' left glove had disappeared into the folds of Ruhlin's capacious stomach a year ago snickered at the recollection.

The men faced each other in imitation of the orthodox wrestlers, and tried for a hold.

The eyes of William Madden, manager of Ruhlin, glittered with excitement.

"Listen for the signal, Gus," shouted Madden. Ruhlin backed away from Fitzsimmons and strained his ears.

"Seventy-six—fourteen-thirty-six—nine!" howled Madden. Ruhlin looked confused and shouted back.

"What in blazes is that?" I forgot. "Why the heck and hammer hold!" howled Madden.

A look of almost human intelligence came into Ruhlin's expressive countenance, and he made a repulsive grasp at Fitzsimmons' knee-cap.

That is where Ruhlin and Madden miscalculated. The Cornishman is most decidedly knock-kneed, and by suddenly turning his toes, his knees disappeared entirely from view. Ruhlin grasped only empty air, and Fitzsimmons grinned.

"What's the next signal?" Billy squeaked Ruhlin, as he danced about the ring.

"Forty-two-seventeen—eight," belated Madden.

Ruhlin looked dazed, but after a strenuous mental effort a sunny smile illumined his face. "I know," he said, "it's an earlock, with a half-coconut clutch."

Fainting with his left, he made a vicious grab for Fitzsimmons' headpiece.

this one about refereeing a bout in San Francisco is the best ever given:

The fight took place in an old roadhouse used for training quarters at different times by well known pugilists. The contestants were two men from the United States navy. Tom was acquainted with both of them, and by mutual consent Sharkey was chosen referee. They knew he was honest, and did not inquire as to his qualifications for the position of referee. Well, the fight started, and the two seamen threw their husky forms at each other like a couple of giant buffaloes battling on the plains. The first round was exciting, and the second even more so. In the third round one of the marines began to tire and was getting weaker every second. Finally he was knocked down, and after regaining his feet came to with a vigorous rush and sent his opponent to the boards. Then there was all kinds of excitement. Tom became confused and pulled the man from the floor. This did not help matters any, however, for the fellow was too weak to stand on his pins. His seconds seeing that it was only a question of time before he would be put out, threw up the sponge. When the mushy substance was hurled through the air it struck the referee square in the eye. Sharkey, taking this as an insult, became furious, and, instead of stopping the fight and awarding the decision as he saw it, he began to count over the pros and cons of the defeated marine, and at the same time fighting with the men who threw up the sponge that accidentally struck him in the face.

"Wan," said Sharkey, starting to count, and pointing his finger to the man on the floor. "I can lick every last wan of ye. Two. No. don't ye think that I'm foolen," but I'm not. Three. See if I don't keep me word, now. Four. There's a crowd of ye. I know, but ye'll not be after bluffin' me. Five. Take me by the word of honor, I'll not have the place until I win wan of more of ye. Six. I'm not the man that's looking for trouble, but won't let it kick me on the shins without kicking back. Seven. Never mind your howling now, for I'm not the kind that will be scared. Eight. I can bate every last wan of ye, wan at a time. Ten. Ye're out." Sharkey then jumped over the rope, and amid the wild laughter of the spectators offered to fight any man in the house, rules or no rules.

Among the amateurs on the saucer who will make a name for himself before the season is ended is that youth Hermann. Every day marks an improvement in his condition and he takes reasonably good care of himself and in the next place he is a faithful worker and trains earnestly every afternoon. Other riders could follow his example with profit.

Most of the cycle racing men have partners during the season for whom expenses and winnings are divided. The most successful pair to date comprises Floyd McFarland, of the Tribune team, and Tom Monarch and Cooper. The former essays to ride the middle-distance races, while Cooper endeavors to capture the money in the sprints. During the week when McFarland defeated Ross at Newark, the pair won \$1,600.

"Bobby" Walthour, of the Stearns team, who is doing so well behind the wheel, is very shy of the public. He will make special preparations for the middle distance championship race at one hour which will be a feature of the Buffalo-American Exposition meet at Buffalo, N. Y. in August. In the first prize in the event will be \$1,000, and at least ten riders are expected to appear for the start.

Johnnie Nelson, of the Cleveland team, alone won nearly \$1,300 last week. Nelson's winnings for the season will be nearly \$25,000, providing he continues in form. Nelson, in the Golden Wheel race at Boston, pushed his pedal, as through the soles of his shoes on the floor of the arena, for an hour he shoved his bare feet onto the points of his rat trap pedals in perfect misery. Many another rider would have quit the race. The young Swede could not step on the pedals of his foot-wear, he mounted. He suffered all through the race from his feet and also from saddle soreness, which could not be healed owing to the day only between one two-hour race and another in the long run. Otherwise, Nelson was in fine shape.

Lace Downing, a brother of Hardy Downing, of the Barnes team, is on his way East from California to compete in the amateur championships at Buffalo. Last season he was king among the amateur riders of the Pacific coast. He will meet Marcus Hurley, the new amateur star, and Frank H. Denny, the Buffalo crack, now competing in such international championships at Berlin. Hardy is willing to make all sorts of wagers that his young brother captures the honors. Amateur riders by the score are entering for the Buffalo amateur meet early in August, there being an unprecedented opportunity for the winning of fame and prize.

"Baby" Gibson does not feel badly over his defeat in the fifteen mile race, and gives Vaughan due credit. The little star merely says, "There is another day coming." It is a fact though that in losing his pace it was not Gibson's fault. He was forced up the bank by the motors while going at such a high rate of speed that no man could have held the pace under the circumstances. Had he had the pole the result would have been different. Vaughan admitted that he came dangerously near losing his race at one point of the race, and had he been up the bank, would have done so.

When the "baby's" motors arrive just watch his smoke.

### Sporting Notes.

There is a remarkable coincidence in connection with the great ride of Will Samuelson's on Wednesday afternoon. The last, when he rode an unpaced mile in 1:52 4/5. As previously stated in these columns his time beats the record made by W. W. Hamilton in Denver on June 16th, 1898. The man who started Hamilton at that time was down at the saucer Wednesday and witnessed Samuelson's feat. When the watches were shown him he could hardly believe his own eyes. So many riders of fame have attempted to equal Hamilton's record and failed, that it seemed almost impossible that an obscure boy like Samuelson should accomplish it. But they were all obscure at one time

## SALT PALACE, M. E. MULVEY, Manager.

### MEET ME UNDER THE DOME.

## WILBUR-KIRWIN OPERA CO.

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**FREE! PICNIC GROUNDS FREE!**  
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Tickets on sale at Smith Drug Co. and Ottinger's Ticket Office.

## Baseball

AT

## LAGOON

### SUNDAY.

## Salt Lake vs Lagoon.



WALTER SMITH RIDING A MILE IN 1M. 28S.

America has a new phenomenon, a time in the shape of a 16-year-old school boy who can ride a mile behind a motor in 1 minute and 28 seconds, beating all amateur records. He is Walter Smith, of the Brooklyn, N. Y., high school. He weighs 100 pounds and cycling experts deem him the equal of any star in the country. The little fellow's method resembles that of Jimmy McFarland.