

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD AT HOME AND ABROAD

GAME WITH TEAM FROM MONTANA

Local Eleven Has Been Working Hard for This Afternoon's Struggle.

VISITING TEAM A STRONG ONE.

Composed of Seasoned Players—How Our Boys Will Line Up for the Contest This Afternoon.

If it is in the University of Utah eleven to score, they will score, and score big this afternoon at Cummings field. At 3 o'clock the team lined up against the University of Montana eleven, fresh from a series of victories in its own state. The Utah team met disaster in its only brush with the enemy. Maddock claims that they will retrieve themselves today. In the first game they met seasoned veterans before they were hardly organized, and while they were puzzling out the first lessons of a new system of play. Now they are hardened by two more weeks of practice, and understand a great deal more about the theory of the game. If the team has any football stuff in it, it will come out today.



"KUDDY" RUSSELL, END.

The giant end, whom Coach Maddock says isn't excelled in the country. He can be relied on to stop almost any play passed against him. In the Bonanza game he drove play after play into tackle, and was only skirted for a gain once.

Utah, Montana has a pair of strong men in Draper, at guard, and Willis, the fullback, and a star in Fisher, their left end. The rest of the team are not green, and are capable of making a lively fight.

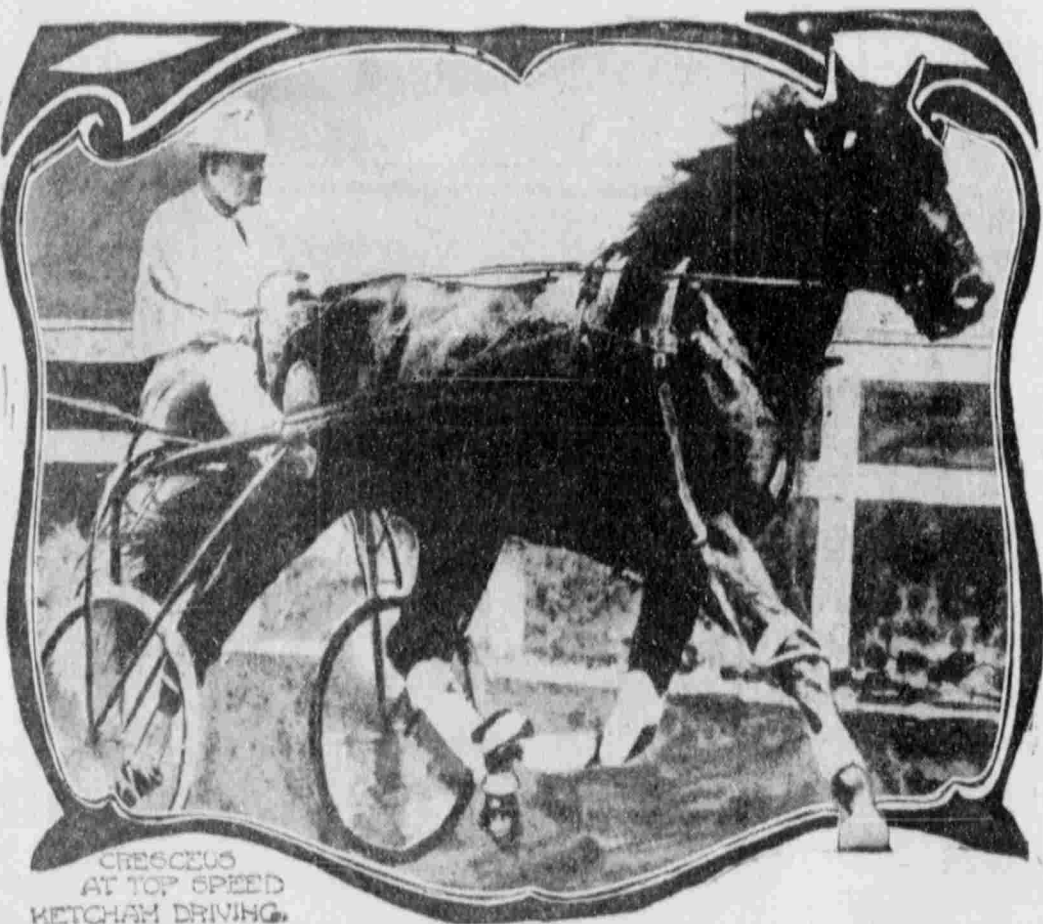
In the University eleven there will be some changes from the last lineup. Varley and Brown will go in, and several men who have been showing up well will be tried in the line, and back field. Both sides have a surplus of good men, and it is likely that the game will see many changes during play. Davis, the famous right end, who is badly needed in this game, has left the University, and his place will be filled by either Earl Dennison or Anderson. Dennison has been a hard trainer all season, and will not make a bad end. Anderson is never at the place, but he has made a hard fight for recognition. The return of Brown may displace Hope, who is an excellent player, except for an uncontrollable temper, that in the Bonanza game got the better of him and caused a scene that was hardly in keeping with the spirit of the sport. Davis, who will play at left guard, at least part of the game is a green man, but heavy and a hard worker. He has shown wonderful improvement within the last few days. Football at center is not so good as he would have been had he been more in the spirit of the game, and not shown a disposition to "stuff" work. He is hardening up under the snappy practice of the last two days, and losing a great deal of overconfidence. Peterson at right tackle will have an important place to hold down. In Maddock's system of defense the tackles have to do their own work in the line, and that of the halves, too. Peterson is a last year's man, and a good worker. He may be looked to to hold his own in the line. In the back field Pitt, Forbes, Dennison, Miller, and Scranton are showing up in good shape, while Moore will no doubt develop with more practice.

The team lined up for its last hard practice before the game Friday afternoon. Callahan and Chandler of the advisory board, were there to help Maddock, and the boys were put through a thorough course of sprouts. Light scrimmage was indulged in with the second eleven, after which running practice was held on the field. Last night a yell practice occurred on the bleachers, which showed a wonderful awakening on the part of a hitherto sleepy student body.

The lineup today is as follows:

Montana	Utah
G. Farrell	Peterson
J. McLeod	R. T.
S. Marks	R. G.
E. Johnson	M. C.
F. Bowers	Russell
E. Fisher	Barton
Langley	Fleishman

SPEEDY CRESCUS.



George H. Ketchum, the owner of the great trotting stallion, Cresceus, has decided to send his horse on a trip around the world to try conclusions with the best horse-flesh to be found. The start is to be made directly after the close of the present season.

B. Adams	L. T.	Hope, Brown
R. Walters	L. E.	Earl Dennison
F. Carey	Q. B.	Anderson
R. McPhail	L. H. B.	Wade, Austin
R. Holmes	Pitt	
F. Carey	Forbes	
F. Murphy	R. H. E.	Scranton
G. Draper	Miller	
H. Willis	F. B.	Dennison
		B. Moore

STILL AFTER THE CUP.

Considerable Speculation on Sir Thomas Lipton's Latest Challenge.

The English yachting papers are very much interested in the plans of Sir Thomas Lipton for another race for the America's cup and offer lots of advice, not only to Sir Thomas, but to the New York Yacht club. The Field, commenting on the prospects for a race and the new rule of amendment, says:

"It has been said that Sir Thomas Lipton is anxious to build another yacht to try to regain the cup won by the schooner America in 1851. The challenge for the trophy must be issued by a yacht club, and we believe that, until a challenge has been actually issued, the New York Yacht club will not convene a meeting for the purpose of giving a definite reply to the all important question. Under what system will the time allowance in the next series of cup races be calculated? No doubt this point is one of great moment and one upon which there might be some difference of opinion among experts, and even among the sportsmen who compose the syndicate for the defense of the cup. If another race takes place, we should like to see it sailed according to the new New York Yacht club rule, so far as it is compatible with the conditions of the cup—that is to say with the deed of gift. On the other hand, we cannot help feeling that the sailors of the cup would have an easier task if they decided to continue to defend the trophy under the conditions which have prevailed during the races between the three Shamrocks and



GEORGE BROWN, TACKLE.

Who plays his first game with the 'Varsity this afternoon. His return after an absence of two weeks adds a formidable player to the lineup. He goes in as tackle, which in Maddock's two line defense system is a much more important position than ordinarily.

Columbia and Reliance. If the future races are to be sailed under the old regime, we do not think there would be much of a chance, at present, of a British yacht regaining the cup. If, however, the new New York Yacht club rule is to be employed, a challenge yacht might stand a better chance, primarily, because designers on both sides of the Atlantic are still in the dark as to the type of yacht which would prove the best under the new rule, and, as a secondary reason, it is possible a heavier displacement yacht would prove better suited to the new rule, and such a craft might accomplish the voyage across the Atlantic and the British trials races with greater success than a skimming dish with immense overhangs.

No change of cars of any class on the Erie Railroad between Chicago and New York. Three fine trains a day and splendid dining car service on all of them.

SPORTING GOSSIP OF LOCAL INTEREST

Football, Bowling, Indoor Baseball and Basketball the Rage This Winter.

WHAT THE BOXERS ARE DOING.

Jimmy Britt is Shy About Meeting Corbett—Game Opened in Chicago—Jeffries Alone in His Class.

Football, bowling, contests, indoor baseball and basketball will hold the boards in the local sporting world this winter. There is not much chance for the boxing game to be revived unless the right kind of people can be induced to take hold of the uncertain business.

There will soon be a merry fight on for the championship of the state among the footballists. Then there will be the school championship to decide. The main fight, when it comes, will be between the 'Varsity crew and the Logan Aggies. The Salt Lake High school team is confident of carrying off the honors among the school teams, while the Ogden eleven is looked upon by many as a probable winner.

Several indoor baseball and basketball teams will soon be organized. A league of baseball teams will very likely be organized ere long, the principal teams being among the N. G. U. boys. The L. D. S. U. will again strive for the state championship in basketball circles, but there will be others. Word was received here during the week that a strong capable team is to be organized at Eureka and that a determined fight for first place will be made by that team.

So far as the boxing game is concerned, it may be considered, locally, in a comatose state. In other words: "They ain't nothin' doin'." An attempt has been made recently to revive it by giving so-called amateur events. But the class of "athletes," with one or two exceptions, who were called out as participants in the "program," was enough to give the "club" a death blow.

Writing of boxing reminds us of the report that the game is to be revived in Chicago this winter. Here is what Malchy Hogan has to say about the situation in that city:

"I understand that several local promoters expect to open up shortly, and a club on the North Side is figuring on a program inside of two weeks. There have been reports to the effect that the city hall authorities have refused permits for boxing bouts. This is only true in part, as I understand it. Several wild-cat promoters have been given to understand that there will be 'nothing doing,' while those who have run orderly shows in the past have been given the tip that the bars will be let down as usual. It is said that Mayor Harrison will not draw the line too low between a club like the Chicago Athletic association and other organizations.

There is a possibility, however, that quarrels and bickerings among the promoters may save the game altogether. If such should be the case, I doubt whether the C. A. A. will be permitted to continue in the game. What the police are against are these small fly-by-night boxing shows where anybody who is willing to be pummeled for a few cents can get into the arena. It is these clubs where accidents and rowdiness usually happen, while at the larger and more public halls the shows differ very little from other entertainments.

During the week Sam Harris wired Jimmy Britt asking him to fight 'Young' Corbett six rounds at Philadelphia, but so far has received no reply. 'Young' Corbett says he will take Britt on in almost any kind of an old match, and agree to any weight or the division of the money in any way that suits Britt.

It doesn't look as if Britt were anxious for a meeting with the little champion under any conditions that would be reasonably fair to both men. Harry Pollok in a letter to The San Francisco Bulletin, gives Britt a great lambasting and predicts that when he again meets Corbett there will be nothing but pity coming to him when Corbett gets through with him. We have always entertained serious doubts about Britt giving Corbett a return match. The decision that was handed to him he will hold on to as long as he can. The thought of a return fight, after last encounter are too fresh in his memory for him to willingly agree to gulp down another dose of the same medicine, and he will therefore pass 'Young' Corbett up.

How long does 'Jim' Jeffries propose to occupy the pinnacle of pugilistic greatness which has heretofore been so small and slippery that its incumbent barely reached it to slip off on the other side? Since the days of the redoubtable John L. Sullivan the present generation has not known the kind of bare of likely aspirants for heavy-weight honors. Take a glance at the list:

John L. Sullivan—Dead, or might as well be, but not forgotten.
"Bob" Fitzsimmons—All in.
"Jim" Corbett—Better cast for monologues than duets.
"Jack" Monroe—A false alarm.
"Gus" Ruhlin—A never was.
Peter Maher—Getting silver threads among the yellow.
"Tom" Sharkey—Sailing on the sea of oblivion.
"Jack" Johnson—Too much color to himself and not enough to his pretensions.
Ralph Rose—A little shy.

Not a very promising list for anything doing, is it? But, nevertheless, there will be fights, and there will be crookedness, and the victors will be crowned, and the champion fighter must earn a living and the crowds will come for he will be careful not to make a match that will not bring 'em. For 'Jeff' is of a most practical turn of mind for even this age of commercialism in sports. It's all right about holding or losing the title, but to gather in 'the stuff' is vastly more important, and 'Jeff' has reached the dollar mark, which is the 33rd degree of the championship order.

There is some prospect that Battling Nelson may get a match soon. Young Corbett has expressed a willingness to meet the Chicago boy at San Francisco provided that Britt goes on with Gans. Corbett is nettled over the report that Britt is considering an offer to fight Gans before he meets him, and has said that if such should be the case he

will get after some of the loose change himself on the coast. This will probably not help matters any on the coast, and we may soon hear that the supervisor mount business when they said that more permits would be issued for any boxing bout.

WHEN BOBBY WALTHOUR WINS

How the Famous Bike Rider Defeated The Cracks at Berlin.

When Bobby Walthour wins a bicycle race, it is usually a popular event, but in Berlin, recently, he captured a race over the German champion that cast a veil of gloom over those in attendance who had expected to see their idols defeat the blond lad from Atlanta, Ga.

Walthour literally rode rings around his opponents, who were Robl, the German crack; Piet Dickentmann of Holland, the long distance champion of the last three seasons, but who did not compete in the recent world's championship, and Tom Hall, of England, who has a record of 42 miles within the hour behind a motor without wind or shield. Hall's motor was not equipped with wind shields, and this virtually put him out of it.

At the crack of the pistol Dickentmann had the lead. Within a few yards of his back tire was Hoffman, with Walthour in low, and then Robl, with his tandem. This was the order lap after lap, Danglard, with Hall, guarding the rear at a respectful distance from the main body. About five minutes after the start Robl summoned up his energies for an attack on Walthour, who responded by beating him off, and at the same time reducing Dickentmann's lead. To encouraging shouts Robl made up his mind for a second attack, which occurred on the thirty-seventh lap, when he made a rush at the American, who again fought him off.

Then Robl took it easier and dropped back somewhat to prepare himself for the third attack, which he made with desperate vigor a few kilometers later on, but was met with an equally desperate resistance. Dickentmann charged back, Walthour's third rebuttal to Robl had the effect of quieting the latter down, for on the completion of the fortieth kilometer he was a half a lap behind. Dickentmann was still a flying Dutchman.

In the early times he created a sensation by overlapping his great German rival, who almost immediately received a similar dose of humiliation from Walthour. The interest now centered itself on America and Holland. Try as he might, Robl could not get by Piet, who hung onto the lead for all he was worth. Dickentmann's second team of pacemakers was brought out once more. Suddenly Walthour took the lead from the Dutchman. Then, as if the American had rid himself of an incubus, he shot ahead, overtook Robl for the second time and was hard in chase of Dickentmann, overhauling him, too, before the times for the 70 kilometers were announced.

Walthour's time for the 100 kilometers stood 1:23.48, Dickentmann being 570 meters behind and Hall 1:500. The winner's time might have been better but for the wind blowing across the track.

MORE ABOUT RUBE WADDELL.

Erratic Twirler Gives His Idea of Melodrama—His Idea.

Rube Waddell, star pitcher for the Philadelphia aggregation, and eccentric comedian, attended the performance of Hal Reid's "A Working Girl's Wrongs," says The Detroit News. The erratic twirler sat in a box well hidden from view by curtains and several pretty girls.

The big man's mighty shoulders and hatchet like features were revealed to the audience once as one of his companions leaned over.

"Rube Waddell," shrieked a voice in the gallery. "Rubb! rubb!" Others took up the refrain and from then on the erstwhile farmer had no peace. He sought seclusion deeper in the box.

As the play continued the big fellow got over his temporary embarrassment, and as the close of the second act braved the jeering of the gallery, and by walking down the aisle to seek the street, where he could smoke a cigarette.

"Waddell, the other fellows were easy," jeered one boy, and Waddell just grinned.

"Great show," he remarked, while smoking between acts. The pitcher spoke with the air of a critic, having been an actor himself.

"Truth always has a batting rally in the ninth and wins out," he soliloquized, knocking the ashes from his cigarette. "That's what I think about this game. Right has a batting average of 1,000 every season."

"Of course, the hero pitches rather wild in the first two innings, but his side gets next to the delivery of the villain in the third, all right, all right. A fellow feels as though the wrong bunch had the game clinched. The villain is at bat; he lines one out that reaches first, steals second and third, and looks good to slide home, when the hero makes his appearance and retires the side by a sensational catch."

"Yep, melodramas are great stuff."



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LITTLE OLD MAN.



LITTLE OLD MAN.

This new recruit to the forces of Carlisle's eleven never saw a football game until last August. He certainly belies his name, for he is only twenty-two years old and as for smallness he stands 6 feet 2 inches, and has muscles of steel. He is a full-blooded Cheyenne Indian from the Tongue River agency of Wyoming.

STAGGERED JOHN L.

He Demonstrated That He is a Mind Reader—Sometimes.

John L. Sullivan is in St. Louis doing various things. He is tending bar, and is also posing as a matchmaker for an athletic club, which, however, has not started doing business as yet.

But imagine old John on the other side of the bar!

Then imagine three young bloods razzie-dazzling into the place about midnight.

"What's your pleasure, gents?" "You can ease me a jolt of them fixed bayonets," says gent No. 1.

"Um," says John L., "that's easy. And yours?" he adds, addressing gent No. 2.

"O, anything that's loose," answers gent No. 2, nonchalantly, for he's indeed at that stage.

"Suds," says the ex-champion, making a free translation and then nodding inquiringly in the direction of gent No. 3, he elicits the following reply:

"A mint julep."

"A what?" asks the ex-champion, suddenly regaining consciousness.

"A mint julep," repeats gent No. 2.

"Now," says John L., reprovingly. "You don't want no mint julep. You want a mint beer, and that's what you're going to get."

Whereupon gent No. 3 submits to the inevitable.

Presidential Election will make no Change.

No matter which candidate is elected, Foley's Honey and Tar will remain the people's favorite remedy for coughs, colds and indigestion. It cures colds quickly and prevents pneumonia. A. J. Nushbaum, Batesville, Ind., writes: "I suffered for three months with a severe cold. A druggist prepared me some medicine, and a physician prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I then tried Foley's Honey and Tar and eight doses cured me." Sold by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

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