

NEWS OF ALL KINDS OF SPORTS.

John F. Madden Talks Interestingly of Turf's Future in America.

AN INDUCEMENT TO BREEDERS.

Was Eddie Hanlon Knocked Out? Eddie Graney's Opinion—The Foul Strike Rule—Modest Ball Player.

Those who are interested in the "sport of kings," and there are many such in Salt Lake, will feel encouraged in reading the opinion of John F. Madden, one of the greatest turfmen in the country, on the outlook for the game in this country. He is full and brimming over with optimism about the future of the great sport. He says that inducements to turfmen and breeders are greater now than ever before, as the earning capacity of first class racers is constantly increasing. While in St. Louis recently, Madden said:

"As to the so-called intricate science of breeding in, so blending the blood of sire and dam that winners may be produced in numbers, though of absorbing interest to the student and theorist, the practical need confine himself to the formula of breeding a good mare to a great horse, taking into due consideration the varying qualities of each, and putting his trust in like producing like, or the likeness of some good ancestor. He will have his share of winners, his good and his bad years, and the experts will take figures on to the pedigrees of his winners, and tell how it happened."

Recently Madden sold 40 mares at a public auction, and he is now going to sell 40 at private sale. He says his object in reducing his band of brood mares is to enable him to train all of his yearlings from them, and offer none for sale at that age. "I have no culls," he says.

"I am very well satisfied with the showing that some of the cracks that I furnished to the turf in 1903 made. Irish Lad won the Brooklyn handicap, Broadway stakes at Saratoga, and Champion stakes; Gunfire won the Metropolitan handicap; Whiffl won the Crescent City Derby and the New Orleans handicap."

If a fighter is beaten by an opponent until he can scarcely stand up and is in a condition where it would be a shame to permit the fight to go on, is he knocked out or not? That is a question now being discussed by fight fans here and elsewhere, since the defeat of Eddie Hanlon by "Young Corbett." It is well known that, when a fighter's seconds throw up the sponge, the fight is recorded against him as a knockout. But where the fight is stopped by the referee, there is some dispute about the defeated being "knocked out." In the recent championship struggle, Hanlon was not technically speaking, knocked out, because he was on his feet at the finish of the fight and the fight had not been counted. But in view of the fact that he was beaten until he could hardly hold up his hands, much less defend himself, and that to continue the fight another round might have brought fatal results, it is not fair to say that he was really knocked out? The question was passed up to Referee Graney a day or two ago, and here is his answer:

"It was equivalent to a knockout," said Graney. "I know some authorities contend that a man to be knocked out has to stay on the floor 10 seconds, but I never agreed with them. I hold that if a referee steps in or seconds throw up the sponge to save a fighter from unnecessary punishment, it is the same as a knockout. I know if I had bet that Hanlon would not be knocked out, I would consider that I lost it."

Columns have been written and much valuable ink has been wasted of late over the discussion that has arisen about the foul strike rule. But Frank Bancroft, manager of the Cincinnati club has sized up about right. He says: "Why, this foul strike business is a joke. One would suppose that the entire universe was wrestling with the problem as to whether a foul will be a strike or just a foul next season. Now who cares what it is? There has been much more paper and ink wasted in this discussion than was used to tell of our victories in the Cuban war. I'll wager that it won't draw anyone to the

AMERICAN JOCKEYS BEAT BRITISHERS ON THEIR OWN GROUND.



A comparison of the riding ability in the matter of winning percentage of mounts among the leading jockeys on the American and English turf during the past season is decidedly in favor of the Yankee boys. Fuller rode 224 horses first past the post out of 675 mounts, and Redfern had 162 winners out of 462 mounts. Otto Madden, who leads all the jockeys in England, finished in front 154 times, while W. Lane, his nearest rival, was next with 149 winners.

park nor keep anyone away, either way it is decided.

"Now, I will tell you how I judge the importance of matters of this kind. If the fans ask me about a matter time and time again, then I come to the conclusion that it amounts to something. I am stopped 29 times a day by enthusiasts and asked about the Reds and the new players, but no one ever asks me what will be done with the foul strike rule. That puts me wise that no one cares a continental, and I don't blame them. What difference does it make? For my part, I don't care to see any fouls made, but whether a foul counts a strike or not cuts no figure; there will be just as many fouls made."

"The fellow who started the story that this rule may cause a renewal of war between the National and American leagues should lose no time having his head examined. Those baseball magnates have not always displayed the best judgment when their best interests were at stake, but there isn't a chance to get them tangled up again simply because one wants a foul to be a strike. I think the best way to settle it would be to appoint Rube Waddell as a committee of one and let his decision be final."

"I consider Napoleon Lajoie not only the greatest ball player in the business, but a great man as well," says a well known baseball manager. "Tom McCarey and I were returning from our eastern trip of last summer—the time was Aug. 3, I think, and we were in Chicago. At that time the Cleveland club and Comiskey's men were battling hard for second place honors, and these seemed to be about even. That night, Mac and I were standing in the lobby of the Auditorium when Lajoie came up. He knew both, as did Joss and Bernhard, who were with him, the three having been on the coast with all-star teams. I questioned Lajoie a little about the pennant race and got him interested by asking him how the day's game came out. I will never forget his answer: 'Well, they gave up a pretty hard fight, but we made a run in the eleventh, and were lucky enough to get a home run in the eleventh inning, winning the game, and then in the last half tied it up by stabbing a liner just over second base with his ungloved right hand, and completed a double play by jumping on the bag, the runner having already crossed the plate. 'I always had a high opinion of Lajoie, but that incident raised him a

hundredfold in my estimation. I have had much business with ball players, and seldom indeed have I met one who was not willing to sing his own praises with such a good excuse as Lajoie had on that evening. He might well have said:

"Well, I was lucky enough to elude one over their heads in the outfield, or 'I was lucky enough to stab a liner over second and scratch out a double play in the last half of the eleventh, but even this appealed to the big fellow as bragging. It was 'we made a run in the eleventh' and we were lucky enough to get a double play' for Lajoie."

"So I think, as I said before, that he is not only a great ball player, but also a great man. Sports do not develop many of his kind."

JOHN L. AS REFEREE.

Both Fighters Were Knocked Out—First Up Got Decision.

There were four in the party, including John L. Sullivan and Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, and the conversation turned to old-time fistie encounters. John L. was in good spirits, and one of the party asked the ex-champion for a story.

"Ever heard of a fight I once refereed at Harry Hill's years ago?" replied John L., clearing his throat. "It's a peach. No. Well, in those days the game was all to the good. There were plenty of corners, all anxious to get a crack at me. I don't exactly remember who the fellow was, but I think he was an Englishman, who had come from over the pond expressly to put the gloves on with me. He was a husky looking guy, with big muscles, and had the reputation of being a killer in his own country. That is, he had a beautiful right hand that could cure all kinds of insomnia with just one dig if it landed on the right spot. "Well, everything was arranged for us to meet. I was feeling fine that night, and I was ready to give that duck all the fighting he wanted. Some how the English pug got cold feet and wouldn't go on. All the persuasion in the world had no effect, and he flaked. I was so sore that I made up my mind to knock his block off, even if I did not do it in the regular old-fashioned way. "The guy showed up all right. He came to the place and made a grand stand play that he was in no shape to meet me. He said he wanted time to train, but was ready to know what he could do if a substitute could be had. Well, I thought it over and said to Harry Hill to let him have a chance. So another big man, a fellow about the Englishman's own weight, was pitted against the pug from over the sea. They were to have it out for four rounds. I promised to meet the Englishman if he showed any kind of form. The crowd was a bit sore because the Briton refused to meet me, but I

squared matters by consenting to act as referee.

In the first round the Englishman started round-house tactics and had his man on the go. In the second it was the other way, but the foreigner was gritty and stood the wallowing fine. The third was a hummer. They punched each other all over the ring. The Englishman was felled twice, but got up gamely and hung on till the end of the round. I took a kind of liking to him for his courage, but in my heart I wished his opponent would eat him up.

"The fourth started off with a jump, with the foreigner having all the better of it. He nailed his opponent with both hands, and it was a clinch that I would be forced to give him the decision. While the scrap was at its height I wished something would happen so that I could give the local man the fight. And something did happen. Quicker than it takes to tell it both went down like ninepins. I started to count 'em out, hoping the local guy would get up in time. He didn't move a muscle; neither did the Britisher. The ten seconds were up and they were dead to the world. "I was in a fix, and in my mind I was figuring what to do. Fifteen minutes passed and neither fighter showed any signs of coming to. Well, I was puzzled, and

"What did you do? What did you do?" "What did I do?" returned the big fellow, with a grin. "Why, I gave the decision to the fellow who got up first. It wasn't one English mug either. "Carroll said that two battles with similar endings occurred which are now fistie history. One was between Frank Bosworth and Danny Kilien of Philadelphia, and the other between Jack Files and Tommy Chanler at Chicago. "And how did the referee decide in those scraps?" Carroll was asked. "Just as John L. did. The first man who scrambled to his feet prepared to continue, was the winner."

TERRY WANTS ANOTHER.

McGovern Declares He Can Beat "Young Corbett" at 130 Pounds.

Terry McGovern wants to fight "Young Corbett" again. The Brooklyn whirlwind has great respect for the great little featherweight champion, but still nurses the idea that he can beat him under certain conditions. Sam Harris, manager of McGovern, who guided the natural little fighter through his successful career, still has great faith in Terry's faith in which he is willing to risk a bunch of shekels, and money talks volumes. Harris would match Terry against "Corbett" at 130 pounds, weight in at the ringside, and at this weight thinks his Brooklyn wonder would come home with the money, purse, side bet and all. Last time McGovern and "Corbett" met the weight was 127 pounds at 4 o'clock. This means at least five pounds gain before ring time for one or the other of both, and "Corbett," who takes on weight rapidly, may have had the better of such conditions. At any rate, 130 pounds at the ringside would suit Terry to a dot, and if "Young Corbett" agrees Harris promises to make a \$5,000 side bet on the result. As to meeting Hanlon, Harris says he is perfectly willing, but Frisco is a long way from Bowers, as Joe Humphreys would say. "Let Hanlon come east and we will take him up in a jiffy," says Harris. We can get just as good inducements in Boston as we can in Frisco. "Both boys have been beaten by 'Corbett' in Frisco, and they might not draw so well there. But, of course, if the proper inducements come from the east we couldn't consistently turn them down. Terry is in the fighting business, you know."

PLAYS WITHOUT HANDS.

George P. Sutton Can Put Up Fine Game Of Billiards.

The most wonderful billiard player in the world is George P. Sutton of Milwaukee. Sutton has no hands to hold the cue, but that he is capable of doing things that few others who have both hands can do, is proved in every shot he makes. With almost lightning rapidity he plays, chalks the cue, scores and makes spectacular position shots. At straight rail, three-ball billiards he is like Jake Schaefer—can play all night without missing a shot. When the cue ball is close to the rail Sutton rests the cue across his left elbow joint and holds the butt in the right elbow joint. In all other shots he holds the cue with the stumps of arms. When making a masse he allows the cue to rest on his shoulder holding near the point of the cue with his stumps. Generally he rests the cue on a bridge or on the rail of the table. When the cue ball is some distance from where he stands, he holds the cue in his hands on the table. With the cue ball near the rail he raises one foot, rests the bridge handle or cue on his elevated knee, and with one foot on the floor stands as solidly as a statue. A prominent New York physician who saw Sutton playing at Maurice Daly's last March and became deeply interested in him, remarked: "His development is a clear case of evolution. He had to adapt himself to the conditions resulting from the loss of his hands and his shoulders and back have grown to favor the use of the stumps."

Sutton is a native of Martin, O., near Toledo. He is 23 years old. While vis-

ited on a buzzsaw and both of his feet on a buzzsaw and both of his hands were cut off.

LIKE BANQUO'S GHOST.

That Donahue Still Deal Will Not Down—Another Rehearing.

Like Banquo's ghost, that Donahue steal deal refuses to down, and every few days the fans are regaled with a spasm about Herrmann's decision and the scrap on between Salt Lake, St. Louis and Chicago for the fielder.

President Herrmann decided that Donahue belonged to St. Louis and at first it was thought the controversy was at an end, but it seems that a howl was raised from Salt Lake and Chicago, and in despair he passed the case down to the minor association. Now certain fans profess to believe that this city will have a better show when the case comes up for its third and to be hoped, its final trial. Besides the cities mentioned, there is another town that claims the player. That town is Spokane. The narrow race that Donahue was merely loaned to Portland and when the latter club was taken by Salt Lake, Donahue should have gone back to Spokane. Manager Williams now thinks the much sought player should be given to him. Herrmann realized that he had a sort of Chinese puzzle to solve and he wisely gave the matter into the hands of the minor association, of which organization the P. N. league is a member. It was in this that Salt Lake may have a reasonable chance. President Lucas is a member of the governing board, which will hear the evidence. President Lucas, it will be remembered, once passed on the "Donahue question" so far as Spokane was concerned and gave the fielder to Salt Lake. It is not likely that he has changed his mind since that time and he may be able to bring a sufficient number of his associates to view the matter as he does, or rather did, and Salt Lake may yet secure a strangle hold on Donahue.

KICK OF BOOKMAKER.

He Wants to See the Track—A Necessary Qualification.

New Orleans, Jan. 8.—Said a man who makes book with his own money and who is now making his first study of the racing game in New Orleans:

"I have been trying since I came to New Orleans to pick flaws in the racing game here. I have heard that a little with winter racing for the last seven or eight years, and New Orleans never attracted me before. I came here, I might say, with my mind made up not to like it. I have never heard it said that New Orleans had an ideal racing plant, and all the glowing reports of the size and class of the attendance and the willingness of the natives and the wintering visitors to turn loose the horses I have taken with a liberal admixture of that saline commodity which all conservative people use to neutralize reports that are supposed to emanate from interested persons. "The only fault I have to find," continued the bookmaker, "is that the bookmakers are practically shut out from a sight of the races. A man on the block has little more chance to see what is going on than he would have in a season. The betting ring passages which lead from the betting ring to the outer air are congested when the bell rings and when a man finds his way out his view of the race is obstructed. I have seen the betting ring from the present plan of architecture is necessary, and that in the arrangement and construction of the buildings the club has done the best it could under the circumstances. I am told that in former years the betting ring was open on the track side and that a good view of the races could be obtained by the persons making book. Since I have been here I have not encountered any rough weather, but they tell me it comes, and that the present construction of the ring is meant for comfort. It seems to me, however, that with a little changing about the ring could be constructed in a manner that is possible now, and that the fellows on the stools could see better for themselves how their money is going."

"I go largely to dope, but my personal observation of the happenings in a race have more bearing on my transactions in the betting ring than what I see set down in print. The men who bet either on or against a horse should be permitted to see what that horse does. There are no two men who see a race alike, and what little success I have made as a bookmaker I attribute to what I have personally seen. I am willing to bet that not half the bookmakers in this ring could tell you more of their own personal knowledge of what happens in any race that is run. As far as personal observation is concerned, they might as well be conducting a polo match in Hot Springs or a handball game in New York, and you can hear them around the hotels at night talking about bad starts and pin-headed riders."

"This is as good a game as any man does in the betting ring, and money here for anybody who wants to handle, but half the people who are handling it appear to be scared to death. The papers talk about horses being knocked down, and that is a fact, but it is only the result of a vague public rumor. The market is influenced by superstition and small talk. Still, it is a good market, and any bookmaker who does not afford to take a chance or is given the opportunity to see for himself should be able to bet it. I have seen men about me ducking away from horses at 8 to 5 that should be 10 to 1. "Why don't I go up and get it? For the good reason that if there is a chance to handle the money cheap I am going to handle it that way."

FOR SICK AND NERVOUS PEOPLE.

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