News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

BIG BATTLE IS ON THIS AFTERNOON.

James Edward Britt and Battling Nelson Are Slugging Away.

WHO WILL BE THE WINNER?

Both Men Are in the Best of Physical Condition and Hate Each Other Intensely.

UPORTUNATELY for the many fight fans who read the "News" sporting page, this paper will be off the press before todays big battle at Colma, Cal., between Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson is decided.

Who will be the winner? Ask the man.

"Wally" Young, formerly a member of the "News" staff, now sporting editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, is the man who practically forced Britt and the promoters into today's encounter. He has been on the ground and has studied the styles of the two men. What "Wally" says should therefore carry some weight, and the following from his pen will be read with interest by local fight fans who are as much interested in today's battle as are any ring followers in any city in the United States.

WHAT "WALLY" YOUNG SAYS.

The biggest crowd that ever saw a Queensbury battle in California—perhaps the biggest crowd that ever gathered at a fight anywhere in the world—will surge through the gates of a specially constructed amphitheater next Saturday afternoon down in a meadow near to Colma. Battling Nelson and Jimmy Britt, the two best lightweights now before the public, will hold forth in the open-air ring in a contest which is scheduled for 45 rounds. It will be a bitter battle. It will be a battle which must occupy a chapter by itself in the picturesque history of the prize ring.

There is everything about the contest calculated to mark it as an epoch-making event. The intense rivalry existing between the two men accentuated, as it has been, by months of bitter estrangement, comes as an almost positive assurance that everything will be above board and absolutely "on the level." The winner-take-all provision in the articles—a clause, by the way, which will mean that the winner will receive in the neighborhood of $45,000—coupled to the side bet of $10,000, stamps the contest as an affair of colossal proportions. Then last in the list of attractions, the fact that the fight is to go for 45 rounds "or more" takes it out of the usual class of ring contests and makes it an event of special importance.

That phrase "or more," by the way, means that the referee, if he is unable to pick a winner at the end of 45 rounds, may order five additional rounds and so on, indefinitely. In other words, this is a finish fight. For over two weeks past Britt and Nelson have been hard at work in their training camps, leaving nothing undone that would help to put them into the best possible condition for the fight of their lives. Previous to that time, both men spent three weeks in the Sierra, acquiring that strength which comes only in the out-of-doors. They will both be "fit." They will both be stronger than they ever were for any battle. They will both be trained to the moment for the hard gruelling mill which is certain to ensue when they climb through the ropes.

BRITT'S PUNCHING POWER.

Britt has developed more punching power than he ever had before. He has never been known as a fighter with a wallop, and his record in the ring is, for the most part, the record of a decision fighter, of a fighter who was clever enough to box all around his opponents and earn the referee's decision at the end of the customary 20 rounds. For this fight, however, he has cast aside the frills and the flourishes of his clever style of boxing and has been practising punching. Frank Rafael, who has been with him as sparring partner prior to all of his big battles, is responsible for the statement that Britt never walloped the way he does now. He has taken on added strength and an added ability to throw in blows to the head and body—blows with a sting to them.

Nelson, never a clever man in the accepted definition of the word, has slowly but surely built up his stock of vitality until he is now much stronger than he ever was. His sane method of living, comprising an eschewment of the dissipations of the Tenderloin with plenty of exercise in the open air, has kept his wonderful constitution in splendid condition. In the work that he has done for this fight he has not attempted to become clever. He has simply tried to build up his best weapon, his strength, figuring that in a test of endurance, which the battle is very likely to be, he will be the stronger and will win.

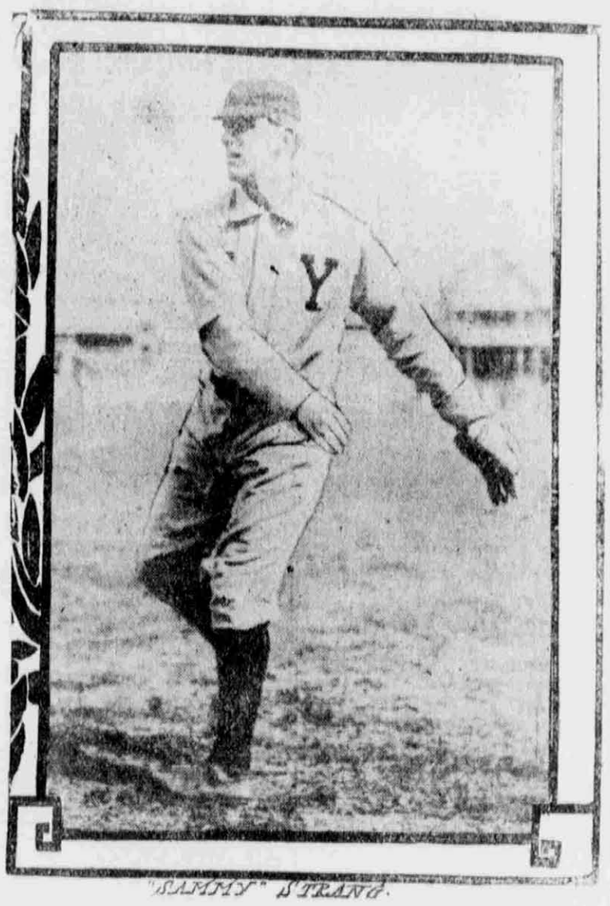
While the two principals have been occupying their waking hours with work on the road and in the gymnasium, the followers of the game have streamed to the camps and have been very busy trying to "dope it out." If the battle were for 20 rounds, this would be easy, as the men have before gone that distance. But when 25 rounds are added to the 20-round limit, the student of the game is at sea. Of course, there are Britt partisans and there are Nelson partisans, each division being equally sure that its candidate will win. But an impartial man who has no interest one way or the other finds it very difficult to form an opinion based on something tangible.

To the man who does not know the training habits of the two men and who visits both camps, Britt furnishes much the better impression. The native son tears into his sparring partners in a spectacular, showy way that excites admiration in the onlookers. The Dane, on the other hand, is far from being a pretty figure in a training bout. His sparring partners have no trouble hitting him, and the casual spectator is misled by that fact. But the man who knows Nelson's work sees him coming in head down all the time and knows that the Dane will be coming in that way after other more fancy boxers have been laid away on the canvas.

The referee is certain to be a most important factor in this battle. In the fight between the two men last December Referee Roche stepped in between them every time they got into close quarters, giving Britt thereby a tremendous advantage. Nelson is essentially an infighter, and if he is allowed to battle at close range he will be a much more formidable opponent than he was before. Even with the refereeing in his advantage last time, Britt failed to do more than get a shade decision over the Dane, and even at that there were many men who were not satisfied with the verdict.

In this connection it may be well to direct attention to a point which will call forth mooted arguments later. In several of his fights Nelson has been accused of "butting." The Dane does not "butt." He comes in head down, it is true, but this is his style of pegging away, and the other man is privileged to get out of the way. Nelson is the most persistent fighter in the business. He lowers his head like a young bull, and keeps coming on, coming on, no matter how full may be the tide of battle against him. If an incautious fighter, like Young Corbett, also lowers his head and comes on, getting the worst of the clash, that is the fighter's lookout. There is nothing contrary to the rules in the tactics of the Dane.

If Jim Jeffries handles this fight the way he did the Hart-Root battle at Reno both men will get an even break and there will be no favorites after the men get in the ring. Jeff is not the sort of referee to rush madly in as soon as the fighters get within three feet of each other. He will probably stand off and allow them to settle their own arguments. According to the precedent which he established for himself in Reno, this is the only way he can referee and be consistent.



"SAMMY" STRANG.

STRANG SHOWS GOOD WORK.

This is an excellent picture of Sammy Strang of the New York National league, who has been winning a good name for himself this season. Strang was released last season by the American league and picked up by McGraw. Baseball sports know by this time that McGraw didn't make a mistake. Sammy is one of the handiest utility men in the business today.

ENRICO ROBLES

TOREADOR WILL FIGHT A BULL IN NEW YORK.

Senor Enrico Robles, son of a Castilian grandee and one of the most noted bull-fighters Spain has produced in the last decade, is in New York, and has pretty concluded an agreement by which he is to fight a bull in private for a New York millionaire. Senor Robles is a fine looking fellow of true Hidalgo type. He was born in Madrid twenty-nine years ago, and when he was only fifteen years old he ran away from home and became a banderillero, a toreador's assistant who infuriates the bull by sticking barbed banerillos into his hide. One day Seville, the Martador, was killed by a furious bull, and young Robles seized the sword and killed the bull, since then he has won laurels all over the country.

NOTHING DOING IN BOXING LINE.

Nothing But a Few Amateur Bouts Here for some Time, Says Bean.

NO PROFESSIONAL FIGHTS.

No Chance for Gus Ruhlin to Fight Schreck or Willie in Salt Lake at Least for a While.

"JUST kind of cut out the professional fights for awhile. I will probably go ahead with a few amateur shows, and my gymnasium work, but the professional bouts will be laid on the shelf for some time."

So said Willard Bean the other day to the sporting editor of the "News."

Why?

"Simply because," as a woman might say. But it might be added: "Simply because" the last fight was not satisfactory to the people who put up their hard earned money to see a couple of pugs slam gloves into each other's beings.

Draws and contests decided on fouls are never satisfactory, in Salt Lake or anywhere else.

When this paper had something to say about the last Queensbury fiasco there was a roar from a certain quarter. They had "fought three 'draws' and we declared that the thing was not at all satisfactory. We might have added that it looked crooked, and then not be more than 1,000,000 miles from the truth. When two strong, husky pugs batter each other for 20 rounds—one hour actual fighting—and both are honest, one or the other ought to be licked.

The Wills-Schreck mill was a badly mixed affair, and even Willard Bean, the referee, had a notion during the fight that it had been framed between the principals, although Willard changed his mind later.

When the men came on one of the early rounds, Schreck said to Willie: "You bored in too hard in the last round Willie."

Naturally the idea flashed through Bean's mind that there was a frame up. Schreck explained the matter later, and his explanation seems plausible. He had previously complained about Willie hitting low. He referred to those tactics and asked Willie not to hit so low.

But the thing is over with now and Bean says that so far as he is concerned, there will be no more professional bouts for some time.

He proposes to give a few amateur shows in his gymnasium, or at whatever place seems suitable. Mr. Bean feels that the fight fans can take a little rest.

In view of the situation it is not likely that Gus Ruhlin will get on a match here with either Willie or Schreck. Gus may be able to get on with Willie on the coast, or with Schreck in a six-round mix up in the east, but not here.

A big mistake was made in Tuesday night's affair by not giving the fight to Schreck promptly in the sixth round. Willie fouled his opponent in that round. There can be no question about that, but the fighters and Manager Bean wanted the people to get their money's worth, and for that reason were willing to let the foul go unnoticed.

STATE FAIR RACES.

Lovers of Horse Racing Will Have a Chance to See Six Days' Meet.

Beginning Monday, Oct. 2, Salt Lake lovers of the horse racing game will have a chance to take in six days of the sport of kings. Harry E. Curtis, the man who will manage the races, understands the game from Alpha to Omega, and he has promised that the fans will see some of the best sport given here for a long time. The program each day, he says, will be high class, and no one will have reason to complain.

The program for each day, with the purses offered for some of the events, has been issued as follows:

MONDAY, OCT. 2.

1. 2:30 pace $250
2. Running race, 1 mile Derby 300
3. Running race, 4 furlongs 100

TUESDAY, OCT. 3.

5. 2:20 trot and pace $250
6. Running heats, 4½ furlongs 100
7. Country race, 1 mile .....

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4.

8. 2:30 trot or pace $250
9. Running race, ¾ mile 100
10. Running race, 4½ furlongs 100
11. County race, 1 mile .....

THURSDAY, OCT. 5.

12. Free for all pace $300
13. Running race, 6½ furlongs 150
14. Country race, 1 mile .....

FRIDAY, OCT. 6.

15. Country race, 1 mile .....
16. Running race, 5 furlongs $100
17. Automobile races .....

SATURDAY, OCT. 7.

18. Country race, 1 mile .....
19. Bicycle race, 1 mile .....
20. Running race, 5½ furlongs $100
21. Running race, 1 mile 100

WILL BRED HORSES.

Herman B. Duryea May Enter the Business in Near Future.

It is probable that Herman B. Duryea formerly the racing partner of Harry Payne Whitney, will become a breeder of thoroughbreds in the near future. It was reported at Sheepshead Bay track that he had secured an option on Silverbrook farm, located on the Shrewsbury river, and near the town of Red Bank, N. J.

Lucien Appleby, who was for many years interested in the book operated at the race track by Sol Lichtenstein, is the owner of Silverbrook. At this place many good race horses have been bred. For many years Clarence Mackay has rented the place and quartered his stallions and brood mares there.

Mackay's lease expires this fall. It is known that he contemplates changing his stud farm to Kentucky, as his present quarters are too small for his rapidly increasing list of stallions and mares.

It was this change that caused Duryea to look upon Silverbrook as a desirable spot to start a breeding farm on a small scale and to winter his race horses.

HARRY M. STEVENS

Photo by the Jack Studio

ALL SPORTING MEN KNOW STEVENS.

The best known to the racing and baseball men of America is Harry Stevens. He is the friend of every horseman in the metropolitan circuit, and all baseball players in both leagues from St. Louis to New York know him as well as they know their own captain. He is and has been for five seasons the caterer at the Saratoga track, and he also controls the privileges at the Polo Grounds. Twelve years ago he came from Pittsburg to New York at the request of John W. Ward, of the New York baseball team. He was unknown then, and had nothing but boundless energy, business ability and an education acquired at one of England's best schools.

Saltair, tonight, continuous dancing; train 7:30; fare 50c, including dancing.

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BIG LEAGUE BATTERS.

American Organization Seems to be Short on Good Ones.

In the American league there is a scarcity of heavy batters this year, as there are only three hitting the ball .300 or better. George Stone, of the St. Louis Browns, is the wonder, just at present, as he has replaced Lajoie and Willie Keeler. Stone is a newcomer in fast company. He was with Milwaukee last year, when he batted .405, making 264 hits in 153 games. Following are the American leaguers batting .275 or better:

Players and club—	G.	R.	H.	Pct.
Stone, St. Louis	96	51	125	.323
Lajoie, Cleveland,	58	30	71	.314
Keeler, New York,	92	61	111	.309
Bay, Cleveland,	87	62	100	.296
McFarland, Chicago,	43	14	49	.259
Bemis, Cleveland,	63	24	63	.290
Flick, Cleveland,	92	57	99	.289
Stovall, Cleveland,	92	57	99	.289
Hartsel, Philadelphia,	93	55	96	.288
Murphy, Philadelphia,	95	44	97	.287
Stahl, Boston,	75	29	80	.287
M. Cross, Phila.,	21	6	19	.284
Seybold, Philadelphia,	80	41	82	.283
Schreck, Philadelphia,	67	21	73	.281
Griffith, New York,	10	2	5	.278
Rhoades, Cleveland,	19	8	17	.274

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