

Young Mowatt, three rounds, K. O. Madera, Cal., Sept. 11, 1901.
George Baker, twenty rounds, won, Fresno, Cal., Nov. 23, 1901.
Tim Haggerty, twenty rounds, lost decision, Bakersfield, Cal., Dec. 14, 1901.
Tom Herman, twelve rounds, K. O., Point Richmond, Cal., Oct. 21, 1902.
Caesar Attell, two rounds, K. O., Point Richmond, Cal., Nov. 5, 1902.
Kid Oglesby, ten rounds, K. O., Butte, Mont., Feb. 5, 1903.
Wisconsin Kid, two rounds, K. O., Lewiston, Mont., Feb. 16, 1903.
Jack Madden, fourteen rounds, K. O., Great Falls, Mont., Feb. 19, 1903.
Tommy Jacobs, three rounds, K. O., Salt Lake, Utah, Feb. 22, 1903.
Mose LaFontaine, six rounds, exhibition, Boulder, Mont., March 11, 1903.
Jack Clikard, nine rounds, K. O., Butte, Mont., March 16, 1903.
Cyclone Jackson, one round, K. O., Basin, Mont., April 13, 1903.
Jack Richards, four rounds, K. O., Butte, Mont., April 16, 1903.
Kid Fredericks, three rounds, K. O., Butte, Mont., May 8, 1903.
Kid Broad, four rounds, K. O., Butte, Mont., June 13, 1903.

FOURTH OF JULY RACES.

Program Promises to be the Best of The Season.

Local horsemen are all agog over the race meet which is billed for the Fourth of July at Calder's park, and the card promises to be one of the very best, if not the best, of the season. Manager Brown apparently understands the likes and dislikes of the Salt Lake horse race loving public, and has arranged a program of events calculated to draw one of the largest crowds that ever assembled at Calder's track. There is no reason why the "sport of kings" should not prosper in this city as well as elsewhere. It has done so to a marked degree in the past, and why shouldn't it in the future? It is true that the public have been lured in the past; that some of the meets given at Calder's two or three seasons ago have not been worth the carriage to the park, and that there is reason to believe that races have been fixed for the sole purpose of graft and cheat. But it is generally believed, in fact it is quite certain, that that day has passed, never to return. Scores of Salt Lake citizens can remember when the sport was on a good, sound, healthy paying basis here: when everything was absolutely on the square and there was not a suspicion of crooked work. There was no well patronized and popular in those days. It has been demonstrated more than once that, if meets are conducted strictly on the square, if horses win on their merits, there is no possibility that crooked work will be resorted to. The outlook at present is exceedingly bright, and conservative horsemen predict a more successful season than has been enjoyed in years.

As before stated the program for the Fourth is a good one and should draw a record-breaking crowd. Most of the races ought to take well. The program is announced by Manager Brown, is as follows:

Special pace for named horses, purse, \$200—Belva A, owned by Lyon; George M, owned by A. M. Pendleton; Raymond S, owned by J. G. Winner, Jr.; Nigger Boy, owned by Reed Bros., Ogden.

Special trot for named horses, purse \$200—Torrean, owned by M. A. Thompson; Lady Smith, owned by Shivers Bros.; Mary H, owned by W. R. Hutchinson; Erma D A, owned by Dr. Will L. Eller, Rock.

Free-for-all pace, purse \$200—Sarah Green, owned by Frank Wilson; Kangaroo, owned by McCoy Stables; Julia A, owned by G. W. Robinson; Polly Garr, owned by Dr. Conroy, Ogden; Jimmie R, owned by T. G. Wimmer; June Wilkes, owned by Dr. Hummerbaugh.

Half-mile dash, purse \$100.
Three-quarters-mile dash, purse \$100.

THOSE WHO HAVE HUNCHES

Strange Superstitions of Those Who Play the Races.

"I came downstairs from the room at my boarding house one morning as usual," said the man who goes to the racetrack once or twice a week.

"In looking through the letters placed on the bulletin board there where they are left, so that the boarders can get their mail, if there is any for them, I noticed one with a postmark which seemed to make rather a strange impression on me. I had never seen the name of the place before, or if I had I did not remember having done so. The letter was addressed to a lady whose name I did not recollect.

"All the way down town the postoffice address kept ringing in my ears. I could not get rid of it, and it was not a particularly strange one. On the way to Gravesend with a friend, I kept thinking of this place.

"I had not seen the entries published the day before. Well, my friend and I had met with only varying success, splitting about even, until we looked over the entries for the fourth race. My companion selected Ben Howard as the winner. Said there was nothing in the race could beat him. Advised me to play the horse. In the same race I saw a horse bearing the name of the postmark on the letter. It hit me hard. Without saying why, I immediately said I would play him to win. My friend tried to persuade me against it. He went so far as to take up the horse's name in the Morning Telegraph chart. He showed up pretty well there, but my friend was determined. True to my instinct, however, I put down \$20 on the horse and

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got 5 to 1. My friend laid a wager of like amount on Ben Howard. I had the satisfaction of seeing Northbrook, ridden by Michaela, win the fourth race from Ben Howard, June 5. After I had cashed in I explained why I had made the selection, and my companion called me down good and hard.

"Why didn't you let me know about your hunch?"

"Of course I would have put some money on it." Racecourse "hunches" and superstitions are strange things, anyway. Most people, while they may not confess it, have some pet thing that they depend upon in the matter of picking the winners or trying to do so. On a car going down to Gravesend the other day was a fat woman, waving the Denver Post. She was so large that she could scarcely crowd in the doorway. Apparently she was the picture of good nature and jollity. Also, she had every appearance of being a "regular" who could take a "tip" or give one with equally good grace.

Presently a little hunchback chap came through the car, asking something. While the woman of inviolable poise bought nothing from him she beamed upon him. Beckoning to the boy she made it appear as if she was giving him a bit of good motherly advice. In reality she was rubbing her right hand up and down his back. In the meantime she winked, nodded, and set the car in a roar of laughter. She made no concealment of what she was doing to anyone but the unfortunate himself. Another boy, similarly afflicted, passed through, and the large lady repeated the same operation. From her appearance in the grandstand before the last race was run, her "rubbing the hump" must have brought her luck. Either that or she was an extraordinarily good loser.

Ill a racing regular, a jockey, or one interested in the horses, in a way, with an umbrella, and the chances are he will make either a forcible verbal protest or a stronger physical one. This matter of the umbrella business is regarded as the worst "hooch" possible. One of the jockeys last winter ascribed an unusual run of ill luck to the fact that a friend had put the "spoil" upon him. Each individual so "hooched" has a real or fancied antidote or remedy to put the "hooch" to flight. It is not only silly, uncultured persons who are affected by these things, as might be imagined. Staid, sober, intelligent men are prone to superstitions in racetrack matters.

Ask any of the ticket sellers at the track and they will most likely tell you that any number of persons have their own ideas about the numbers on the hedges they buy.

"Give me an odd number instead of an even one. The last time I was down I had a hedge with an even number, and I quit lower on the day. Gimme an odd number this time."

THE REAL BALL CRITIC.

He is Not the Fan in the Grand stand, but the Bleacherite.

When the man covering the initial snack is a "dab" and the third baseman is a "slob," when the catcher thinks the ball a glass one, and the pitcher could not locate the plate if it were a dishpan, when left field is a mannikin, and center field a home for the weary, it must be seen that somebody is going to be unhappy.

The grandstand devotees in this event may be a bit more polished than the sun worshipers out in the bleachers, but the bleacherite is more intense, and any player who has a bad day and can withstand the billingsgate is entitled to the privilege of conversing with the cashier on the club's regular payday.

Seen from the grandstand baseball is doubtless a fine game. The people occupying the best seats it is said enjoy it. To really see the game, however, they should spend a day in the bleachers. In five minutes one will absorb more baseball wisdom in the bleachers than if he sat the season through in the grandstand.

In the group adjoining you there will be, say, in a two-seated sport of three and twenty, who draws \$5 per week for acting as overseer in some notion department.

He dishes up baseball wisdom by the bucketful. The rooster's philosophy is not of the ideal kind. We witness under adversity. He cannot stand to have the opponents smash the idols of his heart.

An opportunist, an iconoclast, he is ever ready to forsake the vanquished and to tear the laurel wreath from the brow of his former favorites. And this is not because he pays his "quarter" to see good baseball, and wants it. If there is to be a home run with three men on bases, of course he prefers to see the home team turn the trick, but if the visitors are going to hammer the home team he is going to have his yell, too.

It is the same wherever baseball is played. If you don't believe it spend some Saturday afternoon with the enthusiastic wild-eyed bleacherite at Walker's field.

CONSOLIDATION IS NOT PROBABLE

Little Thought of Organizing a Twelve Club League.

STORY DENIED MANY TIMES.

Rumor Started Because Pres. Johnson Held Conference With Pres. Hermann of Cincinnati.

Because President Johnson of the American league happened to hold a conference with President Hermann of the Cincinnati club last week it was taken for granted that a scheme was afoot to consolidate the two leagues into one 12-club affair and thus repeat the monumental blunder the National league and old American association made in Indianapolis in '91, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The fact that Mr. Johnson positively refused to discuss the matter after he had reached Chicago is regarded by many with whom the wish is father to the thought as a sort of verification of the rumor. Ever since the expansion movement of the American league was begun up to the present time Mr. Johnson has had a cheerful habit of permitting the reporters to do the guessing. It did him no harm and frequently diverted attention from the very object he had in view, the accomplishment of which might have been prevented by premature publication. Mr. Johnson went to Cincinnati for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Hermann on the Lajoie contempt affair. That he discussed other baseball affairs is likely and that the proposition to merge the two organizations was talked about is not unlikely. The National league magnates tried to talk him into that for two days at the Cincinnati meeting, at which the peace compact was signed. But that the proposition was any further than the talk stage is poppycock. Every argument advanced by the American president against consolidation at Cincinnati is just as sound today as it was then.

One argument advanced by the friends of consolidation is the fact that some clubs are losing money. Of course they are. There have always been clubs in the past that have lost money, and there always will be clubs that will lose money. But is the 12-club idea a guarantee against financial loss? The National league tried it for eight years, and then a great cost brought on four clubs and returned to the only national circuit possible—eight clubs. And if another 12-club circuit was formed history would inevitably repeat itself.

About the size of it, the clubs of the two big leagues have not yet had the opportunity to profit by the Cincinnati peace agreement. Many of the clubs are faced up with extended contracts at fixed prices. They are paying war salaries and are on a peace footing. With one or two exceptions the clubs of both leagues are paying out more than their business warrants. When the business gets down to a normal basis, when the owners do not promise to pay out more than they can take in at the gates, there will be little or no justification for the 12-club agitation.

But in spite of the strong argument against the consolidation scheme, and in spite of the fact that President Pulliam of the National has been quoted in press dispatches as for or three times this week, that there was absolutely no foundation for the rumor, there still seems to be many in the east and some in the west here, who believe that the outcome of all the talk and conferences between magnates will be a 12 club league.

THE VERY LATEST IN BATHING SUITS.

Special Correspondence.

New York, June 22.
"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter; Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, But don't go near the water."

To the impartial observer it would seem that the bathing outfits for this season are made with a distinct remembrance of this beautiful poem, for the dresses and other paraphernalia

for the purpose of seashore wear are too very fine and pretty to wear in the salt ocean. The suits, however, leave nothing to be desired in point of modesty. They are high on the neck and have sleeves nearly to the elbows.

The most stylish of all the suits are the black ones. These are made of taffeta, or, still better, of silk warp eudora and silk warp henrietta, both of them treated with the cravenette process, which gives them the faculty of shedding water like a duck's back. This makes it impossible for the material to draw around the figure tightly. The taffeta suits are tucked around the bottom—one had several tucks—and they and the hem were all hem-stitched.

Some of the stockings intended for bathing are pink striped and speckled like Jacob's Kine. Some are plaid, and others have embroidered flowers in natural colors along the front. Sandals are worn. These are nearly all made of plain canvas with leather soles. Under the dress is worn a union garment with short sleeves, and the lower parts reach to the knees. These are sometimes gathered to the knees with strong elastic and sometimes are just hemmed. When the union garment is knit there is a border of white at the elbows and knees and around the neck. Over this woven union garment is worn the dress.

The bathing dress of this season reaches only to the knees, longer suits being dangerous to swim in. The black silk, eudora and henrietta are too expensive for nearly all, so mohair is made to take their places. It is seen made up into natty suits in many colors. Gray, blue and white are all there. Some of the white ones are marvels of work thrown away, for what is the use of putting so much fine tuck and fancy stitching on a garment to wear swimming around in the sea?

There are lots of dainty light colored striped taffeta for this use, and the cunningest of sunbonnets made of pink and blue or white satins, come down to the shore, with a brilliant red silk handkerchief around her hair or with her head bound up in a gay clan plaid silk kerchief, you may be sure she will fearlessly enter the translucent waves and swim as if on a wager. These red and plaid handkerchiefs are just the swiftest of all the swiftest things for swimming.

There are many mountain climbing suits differing but little from the bathing dresses, only that the sleeves are long and the shoes are very high and very strong, with wide, common sense soles and low wide heels. Among these suits I noticed several fancy basque coats made of flexible flannel in the richest shade of red. These are made with black and white doublets, prove very effective against the background of trees and shrubbery, but it will be well to make sure that Mr. Bull is not about.

Some of the mountain suits have skirts reaching but to the knee, and regular khaki gaiters or leggings go with them. July little pockets are put all over where they will be the hardest to come at, and in these will be stored the prime necessities of a brave hunter's trip, such as hairpins, powder, not smokeless—cold cream and a pocket mirror.

Worst of All Experiences.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newton, Decatur, Ala. "For three years," she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I'm completely recovered." For Liver, Kidney, Stomach, and Bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by Z. C. M. L. Drug Store.

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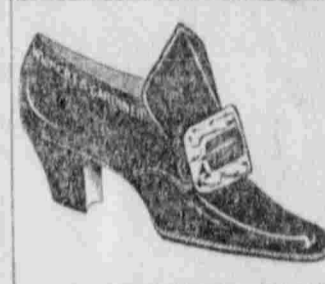
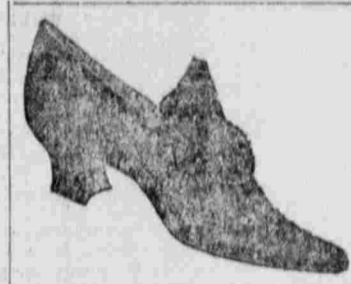
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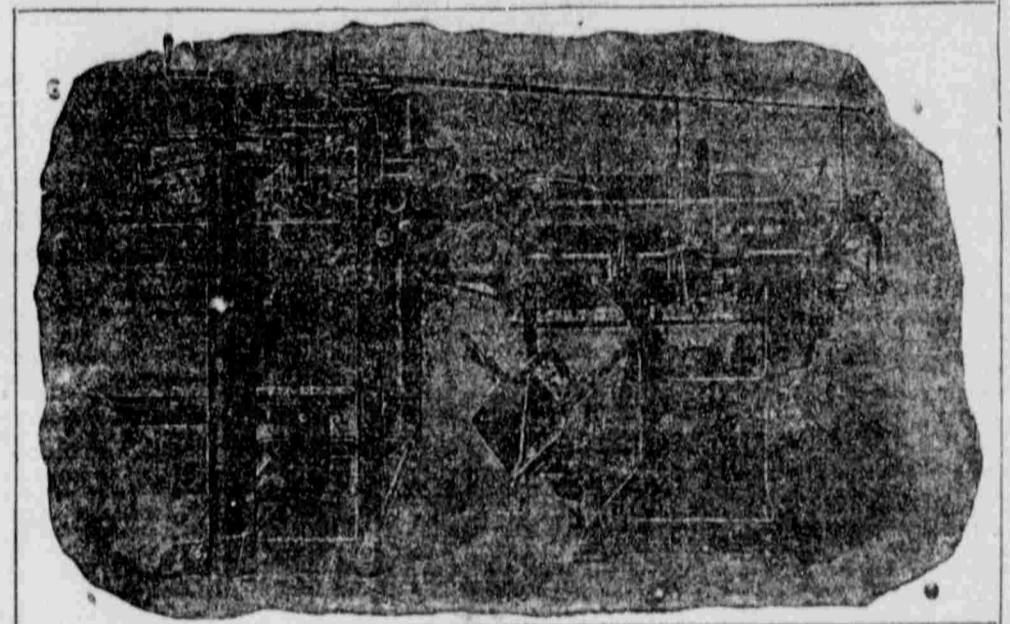
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