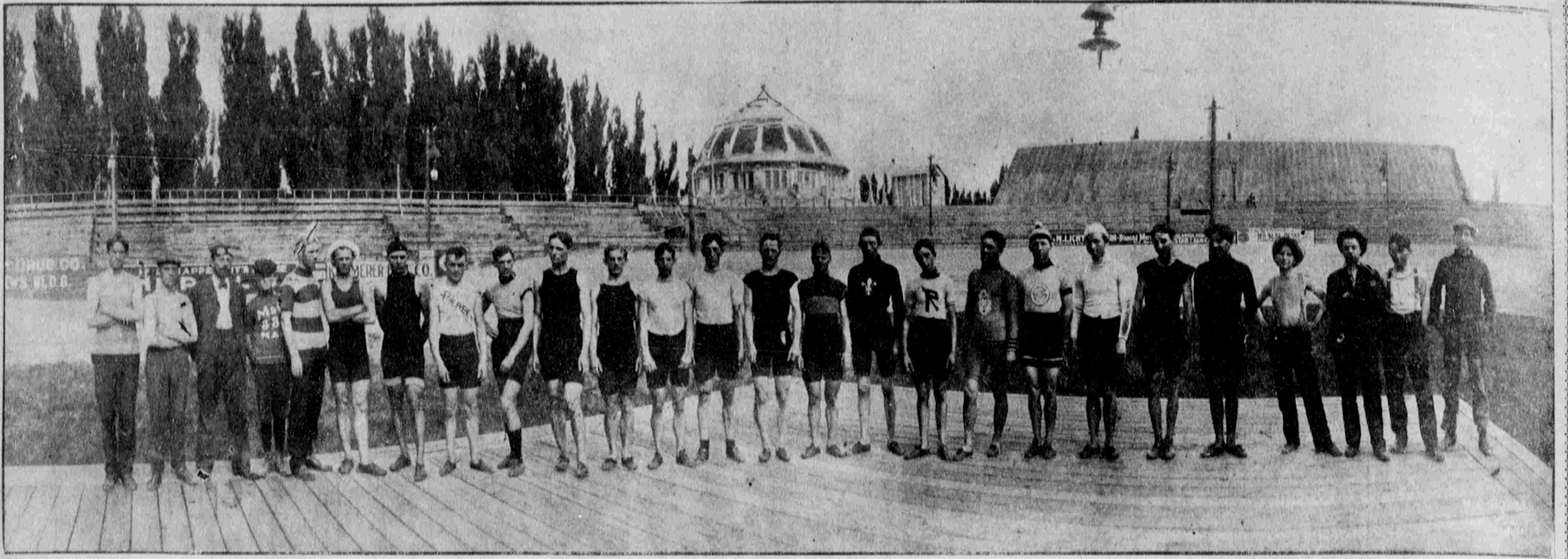


NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD AT HOME AND ABROAD



SALT LAKE BICYCLE RIDERS WHO THRILL THE BIG CROWDS AT RACE MEETS TWICE A WEEK.

SPORTING GOSSIP OF LOCAL INTEREST

Baseball Team Returns Next Week With a New Manager At the Head.

GAMES HERE THREE WEEKS.

L. D. S. U. Basketball Team Made Good Showing Against Champion Teams at St. Louis.

Next week the Salt Lake baseball team (?) will be home, and will entertain us with stunts connected, or supposed to be connected, with the national game.

Since the team went to Boise, there has been a change or two of importance, but whether the result will mean better work on the part of the nine, remains to be determined. It has either had a terrible hard streak of luck of late, or the boys have not been doing their best. There is no use "knocking," nor is there any sense of shutting our eyes to conditions that actually exist.

placed on the shelf for the time being, but he promised to be good, and was reinstated. Then came more trouble, and the result is that the team has been doing rotten work, with the exception of a few games; Wiggs was released, Meredith left, and Manager Gimlin resigned. Now, what next?

Why is it that the team will get out on Wednesday and play national league ball, and on Thursday will play like a lot of back lot ball tossers? There is certainly something wrong somewhere. With the batting and fielding the boys have demonstrated themselves capable of, and with pitchers like Titus, Tozer and Eselick, it is rather strange that the team can do no better than last place, especially in playing against a gang like the Batts bunch. But changes have been made in the management, and it is hoped that the boys will get together now, and go after the pennant in earnest and keep it up until they have climbed up at least higher than the 500 mark. The team will be here next Wednesday to play a series with Spokane. After that, Boise and Butte will come. It is understood that a new pitcher will be here before long.

Harry Pollock is becoming sarcastic and has the following to say about the Salt Lake Root who hurled at Jack Munroe:

"There is a rastime collection of second-rate knuckiepushers and tetrabrate orators doing high and lofty tumbling acts in the free advertising line at Munroe's expense.

"One Jack Root, whose most noteworthy feat in the boxing world was to take a fearful beating from George Gardner at oft Eddy a year ago, is almost breaking his neck to get into the limelight.

"Now, here's the 'dope' about Munroe and Root:

"Munroe not only will not fight him now, when his hands are tied, but he will never fight him.

"Why?

"Because after August Munroe will be the world's champion, and if Mr. Root can convince anyone where a world's champion can gather any change fighting him, then he's missed his vocation—he should tackle something harder than pugilism, life insurance or book peddling.

"But if Mr. Root will first take the trouble to have his picture and record published in some sporting paper, so the public can learn who he is, and will then go and dig up a few dollars, he will be right in line for another 'trimming.'

"And here are the trimmers:

"Charles Kid McCoy, Jack Twin Sullivan or George Gardner.

"Mr. Root can take his pick and fight any of these men for \$5,000 side bet and he can start putting up the change today if he really wants to fight.

"McCoy or Sullivan will box him at 155 or 160, whichever.

"Gardner will take him on at any old weight.

"How's that?

"Mr. Root will probably dodge McCoy and Sullivan on the weight issue. Yet it's only a few days ago that he made

a grandstand play that he was willing to fight Martin Hart, providing the Louisville man would 'do' 162 pounds. Of course, Root was sure Hart could 'do' this weight before he made the proposition. He can—if he cuts a leg off.

"What excuse will he find to dodge meeting Gardner?

"Tough one, eh?

"Well, go take a peep at the first picture of that little tea party at Fort Erie, and it would be a hardhearted chap who would even suggest that an excuse was in order.

"In the meantime it would be rather pleasant for Mr. Munroe, a stranger in a strange land, if the dogcatcher would get busy."

A dispatch from New York says: Young Corbett, who has been spending most of his time here since he was defeated by Jimmy Britt at San Francisco, is getting himself in shape to fight again and fight soon. When Corbett and Britt were matched here some time ago, it was expressly stipulated in the articles of agreement that neither principal would engage in a contest until the big show came off at San Francisco in December, which is a long way off. At the time the articles were fixed up Corbett was in England, but he was represented by Harry Pollok, who was supposed to be conversant with the wishes of his protegee. But it appears now Corbett has repudiated the articles of agreement, and this may mean the parting of the ex-champion and his young manager. He said today: "I don't propose to be idle until next December, and I am going out after the

WHO THE RIDERS ARE.

The photograph of the above reproduction, was taken by N. C. Hopper, the speedy Chicago rider, who came here at the beginning of the season from Australia.

Hopper has a new revolving camera and is an ardent amateur photographer. The names of the riders, the prominent ones now at the track, reading from left to right, are as follows: "Peddler" Palmer, George Collett, Saxon Williams, Hardy Downing, "Dutch" Hofman, Johnnie Chapman, J. Achorn, "Billy" Samuelson, N. C. Hopper, Gy Hollister and Pray. Amateurs—Tommy Morgan, Agraz, Iver and Carl Redman, Willie Biglow and Castro.

money wherever I can find it."

"How about losing your forfeit?" he was asked by a reporter.

"My forfeit?" replied the little fighter, a little startled.

"Yes, your forfeit," replied the scribe.

"It is generally understood that forfeits were posted when you and Britt signed articles."

"I don't know where I can find it."

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LOOP-THE-LOOP FEAT IS BADLY BEATEN

What appears to be the maximum of dare devilry in bicycle riding, something that outdoes the loop-the-loop and leap-the-loop, is the latest invention of Thomas Eck, known as "Old Tom" to bicyclists the world over, says a New York exchange.

Eck's genius has evolved a great globe, 16 feet in diameter, built of strips of steel and covered inside with a steel mesh, braided so as to form a smooth surface.

The globe is mounted on a standard of steel, the top and bottom held by pivots so that it can be revolved.

A little door, just big enough to admit a bicyclist and rider, opens from the bottom of the sphere. The rider enters and closes the door, which is fastened from without to preserve the perfect continuity of the inner surface of the globe.

The rider mounts and rides slowly around the circle at the bottom of the globe, from left to right. Then the globe revolves at a gaudy speed of five miles an hour, from right to left. In a few seconds the rider is dashing around the globe at the rate of a mile a minute.

Centrifugal force holds the tires to the wall of the globe.

Higher and higher the rider climbs,

until he is whirling around head down at the top of the globe.

Suddenly the power is shut off and the globe stops.

The rider dashes from the top of the sphere to the bottom, and with the impetus thus gained shoots up on the other side and loops-the-loop with lightning rapidity.

Up and down he goes six times, in as many seconds. This might seem to be thrilling enough, but not so with "Old Tom" Eck.

He has arranged an act in which a girl will perform in the globe at the same time the man is riding.

The girl is whirling about near the belt of the big ball when the man enters the globe. He takes up her pace and the ball turns again.

When the two are whirling around and around side by side, the man moves ahead and in an instant has passed the girl and is whirling about over her head.

Then the two change positions with incredible speed. The spectator is suddenly amazed to see them riding in opposite directions. They keep up the riding race for 10 minutes.

Arthur B. Stone, 25 years old, of Denver, Colo., is the man who is to do the great stunt, and his companion is Miss Florence Brockway of Lincoln, N.B. Both are famous trick riders.

Present intentions are to exhibit the globe at Coney Island.

DISCIPLINE IN NATIONAL GAME.

What a Famous Authority on Baseball Has to Say Of It.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Much of What Murnane Says is Applicable to the Salt Lake Team at The Present Time.

The following article by Tim Murnane, an authority on baseball as widely recognized as any in this broad land of ours, is particularly timely, and applies as much to our team in Salt Lake as it does to the big nines mentioned.

Discipline—that's the word. It means a lot in any line of business, but nowhere more than in baseball.

There was a time when ball clubs traveled over this broad land of ours, ignoring the rules of health and all anxious to be called "good fellows."

Perhaps the most conspicuous lot of good fellows ever under one banner hailed from Chicago in the early '80s, and we were headed by Captain Anson. While this crowd was ever ready to attend banquets and have a good time, it never lost sight of the fact that Anson knew his business and was an "easy mark" only while they were putting up winning ball.

There was the ever-jolly Mike Kelley, the big-hearted Ned Williamson, Fred Pfeffer, the swell dresser, considerate Tom Burns, good-natured "Silver" Flint, witty and handsome Fred Goldsmith, wise Corcoran, George Gore, the "miser," Jimmie Ryan, always there with his joke, and the aggressive Anson, making a combination that won the hearts of the sports and played the ball with more grace and knowledge of the game than any team before or since.

To the casual observer this team looked like a picked nine when on the field, as every man knew his place and was never lost for the want of coaching. In fact, coaching was not necessary. Where men depend on coaching they are never top-notch teams. Only an attraction of the game when out of uniform, while on the field they were attending strictly to business. No man was allowed to shirk for a second.

Great respect and confidence in their leader made the St. Louis browns a great combination about this time of a little later. Off the field the browns were "hot paper," but when in uniform and the electric current turned on by "Gems" there was a team under full discipline. Not a player would dispute the judgment of the man in charge.

Seale and Ned Hamilton have succeeded under like circumstances. Fred Clarke has worked the same combination in Pittsburg, and Connie Mack has followed suit, with his quaker bunch. This year Jimmie Ryan, always the reins taut with his New York gait, and discipline is conspicuous among a lot of players who have in the past had their own way too often.

A box of oranges will soon spoil if one bad one is allowed to remain, and one disgruntled ball player can disrupt a good ball team. Manager Seale is figured on this when he allowed a fine player to go last winter. Seale is an absolute believer in the rule that a team must pull together.

Now we come to "Jimmie" Collins of the Boston club. The young players he encourages in every way if he finds they have the stuff in them, as he did with Parent and Ferris. He expects respect at every turn, and once a player chafes under "fair treatment" Collins starts to think. "A bad example

will soon have followers," says Collins. "Just as a good example will."

Collins never bothers about his men off the field unless he notes that they are falling off in their work and they look dissipated. Then for a change, for he insists that a man must keep his head cool and his mind on his business. You never hear of Collins making a "dumb" play on a ball field. Up to date he has never made a mistake by letting a man go. "Pat" Dougherty was allowed to go by Captain Collins for the sake of discipline in the Boston team.

"Why, no money was put up," he continued, "and I don't think there will be but we will fight just the same when the time arrives. It would be foolish of me to be idle the rest of the year when I can go out and get the money, and if I am beaten then Britt can fight the winner. That's all there will be to it."

"Have you any match in sight?"

"Not just now. I haven't tried to get any, but I would fight the winner of the Hanlon-Nelson bout at San Francisco. I am now doing some light work at Asbury Park, and would have no trouble fighting the winner in August or September. I won't be here long as I expect to go to Denver, where I will settle down to hard grinding. When I get home I will talk business with any of them."

Corbett's declaration of war was no sensation to his intimate friends, who know his financial condition. They say Corbett is forced to break his agreement with Britt because he needs the money, and there is no other way of getting it. Being an ex-champion he is no longer an attraction on the vaudeville stage, and he must don the mitts again if he hopes to pay his bills, which he has always done. It can be said in his favor that he has taken the best of care of himself since his defeat. Britt's victory had a sobering tendency, which he not always the case with defeated champions, who often go to pieces when once their victorious career receives a set back. Corbett has held his head up and is confidently looking ahead to the time when he will do something no other fighter ever did, and that is to win back a championship.

Just what course Britt will pursue is unknown at this writing, but a sport who is on intimate terms with him said yesterday: "If Corbett breaks his

agreement with Britt I wouldn't be surprised to see Jimmy throw the match over and fight Gans. I know you will laugh at the idea of his scrapping with a colored man, since his ancestors are Virginians, but nevertheless I believe it would really be the right thing for him to do, as Gans is on the downward road and there is no mistake about it. When a tenth-rate like Dave Holly can wax him he must be bad, and now is a chance for Britt to jump in and finish him. After he won the light weight championship Jimmy could tell Young Corbett to run away and not bother him."

CRICKET CLUB ORGANIZED.

Great Sport for Lovers of the Englishman's Pastime.

For several weeks there has been considerable talk of organizing a cricket club. We have had cricket clubs here before—also be five—but for some reason they did not thrive. But during the week another club was organized, and it is believed now that the game will prosper here as it has never done before. Already arrangements have been made for a contest with the Ogden club. It will take place at Liberty park on July 25, and a close exciting contest is looked for. The contest was decided to play at Ogden, but later it was decided to play at Ogden, and finally the clubs agreed to meet at Liberty Park.

A meeting of local cricket enthusiasts was held last Monday night at which the following officers were elected:

President, H. P. Hayward; vice presidents, George E. Carpenter, Louis E. Shirwin, Ambrose McKay, secretary, Alfred Collins; treasurer, Harry Jackson; business committee, James Thompson, Fred Sanford, Harry Evans, S. A. Easlow, R. H. Soare, Harry Jackson, and Alfred Collins; membership committee, J. J. Morris, N. H. Nightingale and Harry Evans; selection committee, J. H. Long, J. J. Morris, and William Hoare.

HORSE RACES THIS AFTERNOON

Interesting Program at Calder's Park Track for Y. M. C. C.

The Young Men's Republican club, and its friends, several thousand strong, have taken possession of Calder's

DOUGHERTY, LEFT-FIELDER OF THE NEW YORK AMERICANS



No better man plays an outfield position than Dougherty. The eyes of the fans are on "Pat" because of the influence he may play on the baseball world.

THE GREAT RUNNER.



Mc Chesney is one of the star performers of the racing world. Valued at a princely ransom the fleet runner is watched over and cared for like the child of a multi-millionaire. It is expected Mc Chesney will be heard from in a sensational way shortly.

BASEBALL STORY TOLD BY PIETRO.

An enterprising Meaderville, Mont., Italian contributes the following verse. It was signed simply "Pietro":

Yes, signor, I verra happy. Why not? I gotta little home, and gonda big. What makes men, and signor, more dey dat?

I gotta little wife, da best dat is! Signor, I love baseball. Nex' to my wife, I think more of baseball dan of all dis worl' contain. And why? Signor, cause I wanna happy home from game of ball!

It tis way; Brizzaloro he got club Da play gran', good ball, I plays right, Catera da fly, an' when I hitta curve, I knocka ball far offa, outa sight! Now, Bacluppo he got team. His pitch, And win mos' ev'ry game, he be defied.

Us to play ball. We take him uppa. Hinkas Bigga da mon'—two hundred dol' a gidd!

But more to me, signor, dan da mon', Was what my joy' ons, Rosa, say to me— She say: "Filippu, win dis great, big game, And on nex' Sun we sure shall married be!" And den she laugh, I wid for joy, until I hear she tell big Bacluppo dat

She marry him, if he can all time fan Me outa when it come my turn to bat!

For Bacluppo, he love Rosa, too, And he rich guinea, and her peop' dey say: Dat she should marry him, but she decide To leave it to da ball game, datta way!

Da great game it com offa, and we work Like da dev', and Bacluppo send Da ball across like lightning. Two to two.

Da score stand as da game get near da end! Two outs, Me to bat, I paka sidok, And frown at Bacluppo. He make acow!

Upon da base, den send da strike. Strika two, And all da peop' set up one awful howl!

I senda tooth, Den Bacluppo fire Da high straight ball, I hitta—bigga whack! Da ball go white, ring, bang—it pass away Into da field—it noita yet come back! So, signor, I win game and wife, I make Gooda da mon', Nice wife, I owe it all! Ta da gran' gamsa Americana Inven'— Signor, chiant! Drinka to baseball!