

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD AT HOME AND ABROAD

RACE STARTER HAS TRYING WORK

His Job is Not by Any Means a
Sinecure—Earns All
He Gets.

THE WORK REQUIRES NERVE.

Getting Thoroughbreds Off is No Snap
—Jockeys and Horses Are Often
Stubborn at Start.

There are many devotees of the race track who entertain the deluded notion that the starter has a snap—a sinecure, as it were, but in this they are decidedly mistaken. That the job requires a man of more than ordinary physique is not generally understood, but such is the case. Otherwise he could not stand the strain incident to the work and excitement he goes through. It is by no means a picnic to start say six races every afternoon for several months, especially where every horse has practically an even break. The money wagered at the track, in poolrooms and in fact all over the country, makes it hard for the starter because he wants everybody to have a square deal and there is considerable responsibility resting on his shoulders.

A starter receives sometimes more than \$100 a day for his work. At some tracks he pays his assistants out of this amount. The men who rush around with whips, trying to get the horses in their places, receive \$10 a day, even though they run the daily risk of being kicked to death. The man who looks after the mechanism of the barrier receives a like salary, so that if the whole amount is divided among the allowance the starter receives from the race track it leaves him in the neighborhood of \$60 a day for himself. If he works 300 days in the year he can command probably \$18,000 in salary. Yet he earns every dollar of it, in the estimation of horsemen.

Patrons of the race tracks should visit the post now and then to find out for themselves what the trials and tribulations of the starter are. It is often the case that a starter will work himself into a white heat over the antics of the horses and jockeys before he can secure a perfect alignment. Yet he is compelled to keep in mind from the moment he mounts the rail that no favorites are to be played, and that all must receive the same kind of a break.

A starter is not supposed to know which horse is favorite in the betting or whether a killing has been framed up with all kinds of money down in the ring and in the poolrooms. He simply receives the horses as they are sent from the paddock, and his assistant assigns them to the positions before the barrier previously drawn by lot. The starter has no keen idea, just the same, as to which horse has the best chance to win, for the reason that he cannot help being a close student of form.

It requires unusual nerve to start a great race. Two-year-olds are always unruly at the post, and the starter usually dreads races in which horses of this age take part. With a field of 20 or more youngsters facing the gate and a high prize awaiting the winner, the starter cannot very well help realizing his responsibility. The most famous breeders, the richest turfmen in the land, the best trainers, the American public represented at the track by thousands of men and women, await the result. A straggling start means defeat, perhaps, for the favorite, who carries a fortune in gold that has been wagered with the bookmakers.

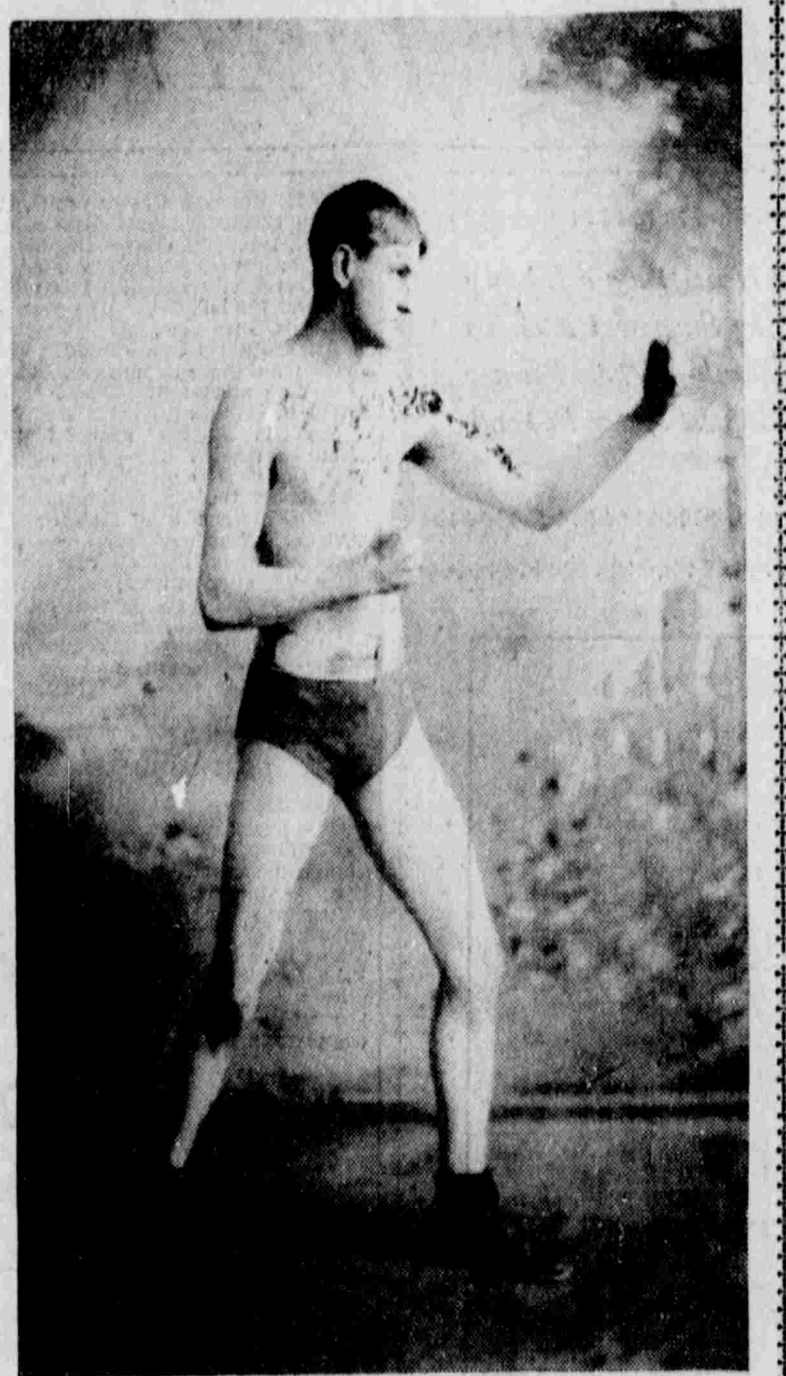
The starter is on his mettle. So are the jockeys. Their employers have instructed them to get away from the post as quickly as possible. Some of their employers have ordered them, perhaps, to beat the barrier and pay no attention to the penalties, which will be made good. The boys are hot-headed, nervous, impatient, ambitious. They know what a future means to the winning jockey. Perhaps he will receive \$1,000 in gold as a present, and he is sure to sit in the floral horse shoe, while his picture will be printed in the newspapers, and columns written about him and his family. No wonder, therefore, that the boys are flashing silk and are entirely forgetful of the strain on the starter's nerves.

The thoroughbreds themselves are excited. They seem to know what is expected of them, and as they hear the boys "chucking" and feel the spurs and tugs at the bridles, they kick and whirl until chaos reigns supreme. The starter's nerves are under pressure. He roars instructions to first this boy, then that. He grows red in the face, and his assistants work away with their whips until their arms are tired. All but two of the horses are facing the barrier, but one of the delinquents is the favorite, and the starter has to turn back the whole field. Three high-priced jockeys are singled out for punishment. They receive a scorching lecture, which is well deserved. They make half-hearted replies with an injured air, but they are heartily fined. But on the great tracks worked up and will stand no nonsense. Yet he cannot hurry matters, because too much is at stake. It is his duty to get every horse in motion before he springs the gate. By the time he succeeds in this his patience is exhausted, and when the horses dash down the future course the starter clatters down to the turf, mopping his forehead and peering after the flying thoroughbreds. It is a relief for him to climb into his carriage and ride back to the stewards' stand.

If the start is good the starter receives no thanks in the way of applause, for his work is forgotten by the time the race is over. But if the favorite should be left at the post look out for a demonstration of disapproval. Hisses and hoots have been heard on race tracks because of unfortunate starts, and on some occasions there have been small sized riots. But on the great tracks there is never any trouble, for Pinkertons are always on the alert, and persons inclined to indulge in boisterous criticism are quickly suppressed.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors, and he was left at the post look out for a demonstration of disapproval. Hisses and hoots have been heard on race tracks because of unfortunate starts, and on some occasions there have been small sized riots. But on the great tracks there is never any trouble, for Pinkertons are always on the alert, and persons inclined to indulge in boisterous criticism are quickly suppressed.



"SPIDER" WELCH.

INTERESTING STORIES OF THE RING.

Fighters can relate many experiences well worth hearing. Johnny Regan and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who have fought nearly 100 fights, talked "shop" for a while last week," says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I suppose you never heard about the time I was to meet Young Corbett for the feather-weight championship?" said Regan. "My home is in Brooklyn, and there is not a place on the Bowery or in Chinatown or Coney Island where I am not perfectly at home and have plenty of friends. Well, I was not fighting any too often several years ago, and was at my home in Brooklyn. It was soon after Young Corbett had put Terry McGovern out in two rounds at Hartford, Conn., and won the feather-weight championship. Jack McKenna floated into town about that time with a match for Attell. Sam Harris, McGovern's manager, was also in town, and crazy to get a match for Harris began to time McKenna and Harris began to knock each other, and I got interested. Finally, Tim Sullivan, who is 'it,' called Harris up before him and asked what all the trouble was about. Harris replied that McKenna was trying to get a Joe's end by matching Attell with McGovern and beat Terry out of a return match. McGovern is almost worshipped by his eastern friends, and Sullivan told Harris that he would attend to the matter all right. He then purpose of telling him to stop trying to interfere with McGovern or get out of town. Sullivan asked McKenna what was the trouble with Harris there was no trouble. McKenna asked him what he was knocking Harris for. 'Because I need the money,' McKenna replied. 'He has plenty of money, and so has McGovern. All I want is to get on a fight and get a chance to make some.' Sullivan told him that was pretty good logic, and he would not interfere, and to go ahead and get a match if he could. Corbett promised McKenna that he would give Attell just one chance at him. When I saw how McKenna had bested Harris I instantly struck with McKenna. 'Attell is no good,' I told him, 'and if Corbett meets him there will be murder.' I wanted to put on the gloves with Attell just to show him up before Jack. He would not allow us, however, and never will."

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ingly let us box together until the time we met at the West End club several months ago before a \$6,000 house. Well, finally Corbett went out to Denver. McKenna managed to scrape together three tickets, and went right after him. When we reached Denver, Corbett told Jack that he did not like Attell and would not meet him, but was willing to take me on. Jack consented, as Corbett was not nearly so heavy then as he is now. I started training for the fight, and at that time, considering that most everybody thought Corbett was not much of a fighter and had bested McGovern by a fluke. I thought I had a good chance to win. I don't know whether it was lucky or unlucky for me but the police interfered and stopped the boxing game in Denver before the bout took place. Attell is right after Corbett all the time now for a match, and when we were out in Denver thought he was the boy that was going to meet Corbett, but he isn't.

"When Attell was in New York some time ago, when he was matched to fight Terry McGovern, he went to a theater one day and tried to get passed through. 'Who are you?' said the ticket collector. 'Abe Attell,' he answered. 'I never heard of him,' said the doorman. 'I am going to fight Terry McGovern,' said Abe in a dignified tone. 'Well, if you are nifty enough to think you have any chance with McGovern, I suppose you will have to let us through,' said the doorman, and the crowd tittered, but Abe did not mind. 'Brooklyn is certainly a great place,' said Regan. 'I had some of the funniest fights there and have to laugh when I think of them. I remember one night I was fighting a fellow with quite a reputation, who was considerably heavier. During the first part of the fight I did considerable mixing with him, but he could hit like a pie-driver, so I saw that plan would never do when I was allowed out. Then I started staying away from my opponent, jabbing him with my left continually. I kept shooting my left at him steadily and I saw he was getting madder each minute. I was all out, and I expected momentarily for him to get by my guard and put me down. He made a rush at me and I sent his head back, and what do you think the fellow did? He stops still for a second, looks at me, and then turns to the referee and says: 'I can't hit that fellow, and I want to stop.' I walked off the gloves and jumped out of the ring. Well, if ever I felt happy and surprised, I did then."

"Still, I had hard luck previous to that. I was only a kid at the time, but was ambitious. I found a boy of my own weight who agreed to fight me. We had some tickets printed, and one Sunday pitched a ring in an inclosed vacant lot and started at it. We had sold enough tickets between us to bring the total purse to a considerable figure. Well, we started after the other in the dirt ring, with skin-tight gloves. My left hand was as now, as now, my main reliance. This fellow had a counter for my left down to perfection, however. Every time I would lead with my left he would slip the blow and nearly cave in my ribs with his right. He kept doing this until I did not know whether I was dead or alive."

"The bout was to have been a ten-round affair. In the tenth round he slipped my left, but I whipped my right up to his chin and caught him coming in with his right counter with all his weight behind it. He went down and out. The referee counted six, but just then somebody yelled 'police,' and everybody moved their feet away, and I was deprived of one of my knockout victories. I did not care for that at that moment, however. A big policeman was coming at me across the ring. I was covered with mud as the result of falling in the slop made by the water my seconds threw on me when going to my corner, and I knew I would be a hard customer to handle. Well, anyway, I waited until he just reached for me, and then worked the side-step on him, and was under his ropes before he recovered himself."

Will Interest Many.

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THE WELCH-NELSON FIGHT TUESDAY.

Noted Lightweight Boxers Will
Contest Twenty Rounds in
Queensbury Argument.

WHAT THE FIGHT FANS THINK.

Predict That the Bout Will be One of the
Hottest Ever Seen in a Salt
Lake Ring.

Local ring followers have ceased talking about the Britt-Corbett fight. That is, to any great extent. Occasionally remarks are heard condemnatory of Eddie Graney, charging him with "robbery." The next big scrap will be between Jim Jeffries and Jack Munroe, but that will not be until May 30. Local fight fans are just now interested in a fight nearer home. The Welch-Nelson 20-round Queensbury argument comes next Tuesday night at the Salt Palace theater, and the fans look forward to one of the hottest fistic engagements seen in this city since the memorable Root-Gardner battle more than a year ago. Each man has many admirers in this city and it is impossible to say which one is favorite. Quite a number of wagers have been made, but all are at even money. The past performances of the men is responsible for this state of affairs. Their records as published in these columns, show them to be very evenly matched, and their work at the training quarters bears out the statement.

The boxers will weigh in at 8 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon at 133 pounds. The contest is limited to 20 rounds. Marquis of Queensbury rules, and will be to a decision. Neither man will have any material advantage in reach, weight or experience, but the coast fighter lit over the Chicago boy in height. Willard Dean will referee the contest and those who know the popular Utah athlete can depend upon him for fairness. The sale of seats is now on at the Antler, 68 west Second south and The Smoke Room, 24 west Second South. The management has made arrangements for car service, and the Salt Palace theater will be well lighted and heated for the occasion.

During the fight between Young Corbett and Jimmy Britt, Referee Eddie Graney received a note which he tore up after reading. The incident furnished inspiration for the following, published in the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

Now that the fight is over, and your verdict given out, There's just another trivial thing we'd like to know about— What kind of an inspiration, Eddie, was it that you found, In that little note they slipped you in the nineteenth round.

Of course, it's just your own affair—it may seem mean to pry Into such private business—yet we're aching to know why Your friends said it fit to write you when upon the battle ground, And reach for your attention in the nineteenth round.

It's wrong to be suspicious, so we hasten now to say The note might have been harmless—if it didn't look that way; Yet they talked about you, Eddie, and the Corbett faction frowned on it, When you tore that little note up in the nineteenth round.

Perhaps it was an invite from some little old pal to go And taste a little supper as the closing of the show; Still, the Britt stock from that moment sprang right upward with a bound.

Was that note on business, Eddie in the nineteenth round.

The question whether or not boxing is to be a recognized feature of college athletic curricula appears to be agitating some of the eastern authorities in and out of the universities, and it is interesting to note the arguments pro and con. So far the champions of the cause of boxing appear to have the better of the controversy.

Having due and utmost regard for the many recognized sports prevailing at the various institutes of learning, it is nevertheless urged that few excel in boxing in the essential elements. As a physical developer and tonic it is practically incomparable, and besides it has a practical side.

Properly conducted and subject to such limitations as are perfectly apparent to university purposes, boxing arises to the dignity of an ideal exercise, and there are few potent arguments against it.

Such are sometimes advanced as based on assumptions few care to admit, such as that it has a brutalizing effect, creates a tendency toward liking for the game as conducted by prize fighters, and generally has a demoralizing effect. To admit this is to concede to the implied argument that university men are easily influenced toward the bad.

The time was when college students were generally understood to be good boxers, and this reputation carried with it a certain prestige—may it not safely be said a certain admiration?

Indeed, it is not extravagant to assert that most people admire the ability of a manly fellow to box. It is deemed an accomplishment, and it does not necessarily follow that one possessing this ability is pugnacious or sporty in the sense some people are pleased to use the word.

The question is a live one, and will be the subject of considerable comment unquestionably, but until some better reasons have been urged against it, the opinion is impelled in its favor.

HANLEY IS LET OUT.

He Has Given His Release and Will Not Play Here.

Middle Fielder Hanley, played here last season, will not be among the blue birds this season, and it does not appear that there is any great sorrow among local ball fans, or that there will be any. It will be remembered that Hanley was a disturbing element in last year's team, and led the insurgents in the revolt against managerial authority.



BATTLING NELSON.

year's team, and led the insurgents in the revolt against managerial authority.

When the local magnates began casting about for players for this season, Hanley was offered his old position. At first he stated he would accept, and then he began to kick about first one thing and then another. Contracts were sent to him to sign but he made a demand for a larger salary than he received last year. The directors balked at this and finally Hanley returned the contracts unsigned. Shortly after hearing from him, the management of the club wired Hanley his release and he may now play with any team he can get a job with.

The management concludes that the

team is better off without men who are eternally creating dissension, even if they are good players.

DENVER CYCLE TRACK.

One is Being Erected and Many Prominent Riders Are Signed.

The Salt Palace cycle track management will have to bestir itself this spring, and early too, if it would be certain of getting any number of first class riding talent for the coming season. The Denver cycle track management is out gunning for riders and has already secured quite a number of prominent wheelmen for the season. Moreover, the Salt Palace track is blacklisted by the National Cycle as-

sociation for failure to pay the riders in the six days races to the amount of about \$500, and this sum must be raised before the embargo removed. Up to this time Salt Lake has been the Mecca of many of the best riders in the country, and to have this city passed up entirely would prove mortifying to the local pride.

Denver men raised the money necessary to build the track and work of construction will begin immediately. Manager J. A. Payment claims to have secured Iver Lawson, and will have other noted men. So it is rather satisfactory for the Salt Lake lovers of bicycle racing to make some move to replace the Salt Lake track in orthodox standing, and that too, at once if there is to be any first class racing here this season.

LIKE UTAH PLAYERS.

Local Football Seem to be in Demand—Roberts Offered Job.

While we have heard much about eastern football players coming to Utah to take part in gridiron battles, not very much has been said about Utah footballists going east for the same purpose. But nevertheless, local talent seems to be in great demand as evidenced by the fact that Big Joe Zilligan is on the University of Pennsylvania team and now the easterners are after Nelson and Roberts, two more Utah players.

During the week the University of Chicago made a flattering offer to Ben Roberts, Utah's crack halfback, and it appears that they really want him. While Roberts appreciated the offer, the "native state" sentiment is strong within the breast of Ben, and he declined. He said that Utah was good enough for him, and if he chased the festive piskin this coming season, it would be in Utah.

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25th—Plenty of orders, three more horses sick, customers made, roads—
26th—Saturday did the best we could, must work Sunday.

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