

News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

WALCOTT'S RETURN TO FIGHTING GAME

Man With Shady Reputation Creates Some Stir by Starting Over.

MADE MILWAUKEE FOOLISH.

In Mix With Dougherty He Fought All He Knew How and Hence He Has Some Following.

An event of more than ordinary importance to the followers of boxing was Joe Walcott's re-entry into the ring last week. Walcott's reputation in the arena has always been more or less shady, but there is no denying the fact that he is a great fighter—when he wants to be. A year or more ago Walcott got a bullet through his hand, and it was believed at the time that his fighting days were over, but apparently he is now as good as ever. In his fight with Jack Dougherty of Milwaukee, who challenged him for the welterweight championship, he showed all his old time cleverness and hitting power, and made the Milwaukee boxer look foolish most of the time.

However, the showing of Dougherty was good, but he was outclassed, and that tells the story of the fight. Jack fought all he knew how, taking punishment without flinching, and time and again rocked the colored fighter with vicious body blows. Dougherty, it seems, played for the body, while Walcott aimed mostly for the head, and when in the eighth round he landed with a terrific swing under Dougherty's eye the latter sank to the floor, and, try as he might, was unable to rise at the count.

The injury to Walcott did not seem to have slowed him up any, and it may be expected that he will again be a factor in the ring. There has been very little doing in the welterweight division of late, although some of the advertised lightweight goes have in reality been welterweight contests. It only remains for Walcott to fight on the square, and if he does he undoubtedly will be a good card for the light clubs.

In this connection it might be pointed out that the vicinity of blue-bellied Boston offers one of the few spots for fighters in the country. Fifteen-round bouts are pulled off regularly there, and, although occasionally the authorities take a hand, most of the goes are undisturbed. For a time it looked as if anyone who fought around Boston was likely to go to the "pen," still they are now scrapping regularly there to their hearts' content.

There now seems to be a chance for the heavyweights to mix in the near future. Los Angeles, the home of the heavyweight champion, has come to the front and proposed a heavyweight boxing tournament about Aug. 1. Jeffries still being a good card, has been used by the promoters to boom the enterprise and it is claimed that he has promised to meet the winner of the tournament, provided he is good enough. I suppose it will remain for Jeffries to decide on the merits of the contests. The "big one" is quoted as saying that he is perfectly willing to again enter the ring and that he considers himself the champion despite his loss, but about giving away the title at Reno. The easy victory of Tommy Burns over Marvin Hart probably had something to do with Jeffries' decision, as he probably hated to see the crown on a fighter of Hart's stamp.

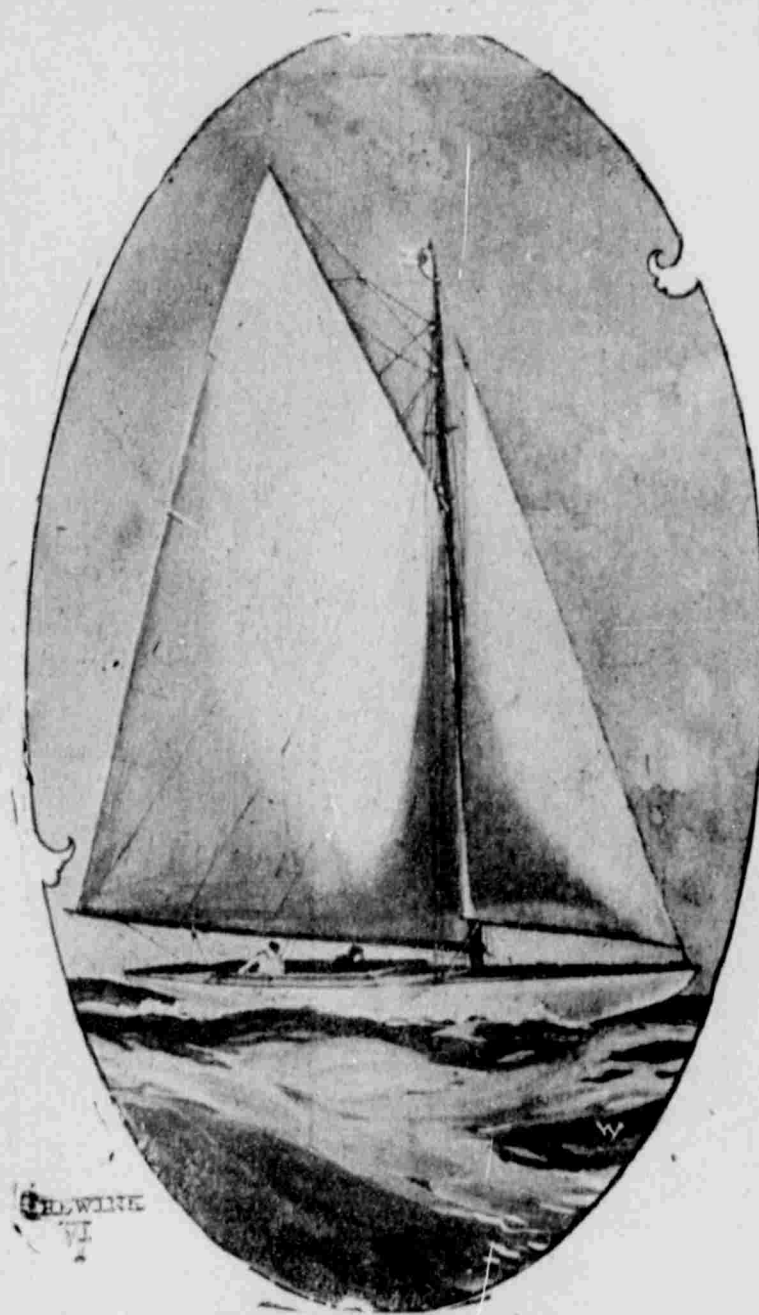
Without probably consulting the principals the promoters have announced that among others who will take part in the tourney will be Jack O'Brien, Sam Berger, McBride and Al Kaufman, and possibly Tommy Burns, not a very shining bunch of fighters. It is, however, doubtful whether or not they will be able to pull it off, as some of those mentioned have other bouts in prospect.

One of these is the go between O'Brien and Berger tomorrow night at Philadelphia. "Foxy Jack" announces that it will be for the world's championship, and that he is not going to take any chances of losing it. He certainly shouldn't have to take many chances in outpointing the bulky Californian unless the latter has improved greatly since last he fought. Berger, it is said, weighs 225 pounds now, while Jack probably will be close to 170 pounds on the night of the fight.

As the fight is only scheduled for six rounds, the go should prove a picnic for the Philadelphia. It is not reasonable to expect Berger to get started in that length of time, and he should get one over, which would be different. It is not a good bout, as the styles of the fighters are radically different, but it seems as if they will stand for most anything in Quaker town.

Battling Nelson and his manager are still sparring for press notices these days. One day Nelson is certain to meet Joe Gans for the championship of the world and the next day it is "KID" Herman or Jimmy Britt. The latest from the Frisco end of the line is that Nelson will meet the dusky fighter some time in September. It now remains for Nelson to announce the conditions for the fight, as under the rules laid down a few days ago there is not one chance in a hundred of the Dana clashing with the Baltimore black. The last fight for 133 pounds that this is a joke. No one really believes that Gans can make 133 pounds ring-side without juggling the scales, so another talk will probably be taken.

It looks to me as if it is only a preliminary sparring for a return match between Nelson and Britt. It now remains for Nelson to announce the conditions for the fight, as under the rules laid down a few days ago there is not one chance in a hundred of the Dana clashing with the Baltimore black. The last fight for 133 pounds that this is a joke. No one really believes that Gans can make 133 pounds ring-side without juggling the scales, so another talk will probably be taken.



NEW RACER TO MEET GERMA NS.

Designer Herreshoff will have two Sonder-Klasse boats in the trials to select representatives of this country in the races with Germany in September. The craft are the Skidoo and the Chewink VI. Both boats were completed a month ago, and were sailed around Cape Cod, the Skidoo arriving at Marblehead two weeks before the Chewink VI. The latter was weatherbound four days in Vineyard Haven, and when she made the trip around the cape she met with hard conditions of both sea and wind. Those who were on her say she behaved well.

The Chewink VI is owned by Frank G. Macomber, Jr., who is regarded as an excellent racing man. His boat is held in high esteem by the yachtsmen who have seen her perform, some of whom place her among the three boats which will meet the Germans.

WESTERN BALL PLAYERS.

Reports From The East Indicate They Are All Doing Well.

New York—Way out west in the air of California there must be a little microbe that makes the inoculated play good baseball. There is a long string of California players scattered around the east here and pretty nearly every one of them is giving a good account of himself. Just now, however, there is one tinner with the microbe in his blood who is covering himself with glory in 57 varieties. His name is Hal Chase. He is the first baseman of the New York American team. Chase comes from San Jose. He went through his baseball A B C's down where the prunes grow, and Jim Rea and Johnny McKenzie wage desperate political battles. Chase is at present one of the clearest ball players in the country. Connie Mack says he is the best first baseman in the country and "Big O" Laughlin, the famous umpire, declares that none of the great old-timers did any better work than Chase is now doing. Chase's infielding lately has been the delight of the fans.

Half the time he pops in and grabs a ball that was really up to the man in the box and gets away with the feat, too. His play is keen and his judgment like lightning and he never overlooks a trick. At the bat Chase has been one of the pillars of the Yankees and his average is up among the headliners. Foxy base stealing has also added to his laurels. Altogether, Hal Chase of California is a pretty able citizen in baseball stardom and the fans and managers are looking for still greater things from him.

Keefe, another Californian, who has been farmed out by Frank Farrell to the Yankees to the Montreal team, may be brought back to replace Noodles. Hahn, the pitcher of the New York Americans, Keefe was put up with the Montreal aggregation for development for one thing, and he has been making good. It is understood that his services have been strong enough to get him consideration as Hahn's successor.

Joe Meskimen, who left the Pittsburgh team to come over and pitch for Billy Murray's Jersey City outfit, has been performing in good form and Murray says that any team that goes up against Meskimen's curve must work hard to get in any runs.

Nordyke is holding down his station on the St. Louis American team and has been doing good work that the Cincinnati aggregation has been trying to buy him. He has been offered big money, but there is a little contract reposing among the private papers of the St. Louis magnate that keeps Nordyke from leaving Missouri for Ohio and they can't seem to fix up a trade.

ONE ON McCLOSKEY.

Any time old John McCloskey isn't able to reel off an entertaining baseball anecdote he is a sick man. He has earned a reputation as a good story teller, says the Butte Miner, since leaving Butte and he was pretty good at "swapping lies" when here. Mac used to sit in the Finlen and tell the newspaper boys stories.

The veteran manager says he never will forget the debut of O. D. Pickering, the Oiler phenom. Along in '90 Pick wrote down from the Illinois farm to John at Houston, Texas, saying he was a ball player. The manager dropped Pick a postal card telling him to come on at his own expense, thinking that would settle him.

Instead of being bluffed, the Demon Pick went south at the expense of the railroads. He rigged his way on freight trains from Olney, Ill., to Houston via San Antonio, something like 1,600 miles. There is no record to show that Pick has ever been an electrician, but when he reached Houston his shoes were wired to his feet. The hustled athlete hunted up the manager.

"I'm here," he said.

"Who are you?" inquired John. At that time Happy Hooligan had not started on his travels.

"O. D. Pickering of Olney, Richland county, Ill."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Here," replied Pick.

The interview took place in the middle of the street.

"The nerve of that hobo put him in right with me," said McCloskey.

"I dug up a half dollar and told

Pick to get his face turned inside out at the nearest barber shop. It would look better that way. That afternoon I put Pick in, playing his nerve for a lunch. In seven times up he made seven hits, and has been lining 'em out ever since."

Mr. McCloskey heaved a sigh, and well he might. Times have changed. In these degenerate days the manager pays big rolls of yellow-backs for an athlete and brings him to town in Pullman palace cars. If he makes one swing in seven times up the manager thinks he's landed a wonder.

THE PITCHER.

The pitcher takes a telling pose And holds the ball on high; Then turns it with his finger tips, His new in-curve to try. Then swiftly swings his strong right arm— The vicious deed is done! The umpire dodges skilfully And hoarsely shouts: "Ba-all one!"

The pitcher takes his pose again, Both feet firm on the ground. Again he holds the ball on high And slowly turns it round. Then once more he uncurls himself, The batsman to undo; The ball smacks in the catcher's glove, The umpire shouts: "Ba-all two!"

The pitcher fiercely grinds his heel In desperation grim. Once more he holds the ball on high, All eyes are fixed on him. Once more he swiftly lets it drive— Then fiercely slaps his knee. Because the umpire coldly cries, In foghorn tones: "Ba-all three!"

The pitcher's face is firm and set, A wild gleam in his eye Shows his determination as He holds the ball on high. He huris it in—the bat swings round And meets it with a thud. The ball soars over the left field fence— The pitcher's name is Mud!

NEW PHILLS.

Baseball Games Bring Necessity for Reinforced Supply of Diction.

New honors usually require a trill or two. That same thing goes for the Cubs. Consequently a south side fan needs an interpreter when he wanders out to Murphy's back lot on the west side. The Monocle, always being up to date or a couple of paragraphs ahead, has had its thousands of collaborators gather up the fragments of the new west side vocabulary, which it offers in uncopied form:

Champions—Cubs.
Dubs—New York. Also plagues May refer to any aggregation under 500 in a pennant race. Word obsolete in this vicinity.
Magnificent—Murphy. Also meaning "alone" ("in a class by himself," etc. Word is used in the ninth inning with the score tied, man on third and Chance at bat.
Lull Thud—Boston winning a game. Grief—All staring room sold. Attendance—Anything over 20,000. Champions of Chicago—Ticking the populace.
Pinnacle of Fame—Over 700. Commemorative—Ten to ten in favor of the Cubs.
Rest Ever—"Husk."
Triumphal Tour—Trips to Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis.
Kaz—What the fuss is all about.
Robber—Any person immediately behind the catcher or pitcher dressed in dark suit of clothes.
Rotten—Exclamation usually following "you're out."
Fishes—? Also what's the answer?
Chicago Intercoan.

If it's too hot in town go to Calder's.

PROVO CANYON EXCURSION.

Via D & R G R R July 22.

Grand Outing of the I. O. B. B. and their friends, to the beautiful Bridal Veil Falls. Everybody invited. Trains leave Salt Lake 9:00 a. m. and 9:00 p. m. Returning leave Upper Falls 2:10 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Fare \$1.25. Trout and chicken dinner at Upper Falls Resort.

BASEBALL TALES OF OLD UMPIRES

Encounters of Brave Men With The Mob of Enraged Fans.

HOW CONNOLLY GOT AWAY.

He Slid for the Hotel and Reversed His Decision Through a Megaphone When Mob Refused to Go.

When "One-eyed" Connolly was alive he occasionally picked up a dollar umpiring baseball. He had only a smattering of baseball knowledge, but being a famous sporting character, clubs used him to advertise the games. Like all umpires, Connolly enjoyed the sensations of being mobbed, but one of the stormiest encounters was when the entire population of Hoboken turned out to make mincemeat of his body. But Connolly saw them coming, and away he sped for the gate with the crowd at his heels. Jumping into a milk wagon, he tumbled the astonished driver into the street, and standing up on the dashboard he laid the whip to the horse, while milk cans toppled over and their contents laid a white trail clear to Connolly's hotel.

Dashing into the hotel office, Connolly shouted to the amazed clerks: "Mr. Connolly is not at home to callers!" Then he took the steps two at a time. An immense crowd assembled about the hotel, while Connolly had his dinner behind the locked door of his room. At 10:30 the crowd was still in the street waiting to get a crack at the umpire, and Connolly wanted to get back to New York that night. So a happy thought struck him, and making a megaphone of his hands, he shouted: "The umpire reverses his decision. The man was safe at second."

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.

Harry L. Leach, the ex-national league baseball umpire, known to the lovers of square sports the country over, is as full of reminiscences as an egg is of meat. Among his possessions is a coin with a history. It was one of the first that was taken in at the Washington park track in Chicago the day that Modesty won the Derby, and he has had it in his pocket ever since.

In talking about baseball to a New York newspaper, he had the following to say:

"Some matters of old baseball days come to my mind. One was when I was my mistress to think that I was a player. Through the influence of Capt. Anson, I undertook the game as a matter of livelihood and signed a contract to play in Birmingham, Ala., in the days when that town was new and wide open and everyone seemed to have an element of sporting blood in them. In fact, that same remark may apply to all the southern league cities in those days.

"Working opposite me as my catcher was a little fellow named Duffey, whose manners, appearance and features stamped him as a typical pug and his language showed very decidedly that he had no education. However, he was a good-hearted boy, and through his ignorance did many very unbecoming things, one of which I call to mind very distinctly.

"While riding on a train from Birmingham to Memphis I was seated in a chair car reading a magazine, and lying beside my seat was my satchel and bat bag. Directly opposite me sat a gentleman who from his garb could be readily recognized as a minister, and the gentleman spoke to me, apologizing in words like these:

"You will excuse me, sir, but I judge you are a professional ball player, and seeing you sitting here, reading this way, I must confess my opinion of ball players has always been decidedly wrong, because I always had an idea that they were all tough, uncouth, illiterate and common, but I am very glad, sir, to see that my opinions were wrong."

"Whilst the reverend gentleman was talking to me my little companion, Duffey, came from the smoking car, put his hand on my shoulder, made some remark about my curly hair, and requested that I should give him the sack of cards which I had in my satchel, and the language he used, in making this request, was anything but becoming. Needless to say, I felt very much embarrassed, particularly so being in the presence of a minister of the gospel."

NEWS NOTES.

Jimmy Britt announces that he has returned to San Francisco to settle down. There seems to be no end of misfortune to that stricken city.

Barney Oldfield says it makes him nervous when he thinks of meeting the expectations of the public. Considering that the public expects Barney to wrap himself around a telephone pole or blow a furrow with his nose, we don't blame him for a tremor or two.

Western bookmakers are very unpopular in the effete east. They are accused of always having an ace in the hole, and charged with questionable means of getting it there. No doubt the westerners are eager and perhaps a little rough in their work, but we have never noticed that the eastern pencilers had anything short of a half-Nelson on everything they connect with. Where the western bookmaker gets his unpopularity in the east is in being there at all.

The lid at Kansas City, which showed an opening of half an inch, has been calked and tarred. Missourians, who are trying to see through it from below, say it is now airtight.

The Western Jockey club meets once a month and always reports nothing doing. It would be like telling secrets to the enemy to report what actually is doing. Don't worry about the scarcity of news from that quarter. The noodles of our present-day turf leaders take no vacations.

A discovery has just been made at La Salle, Ill. Through an unfortunate accident it has been learned that boxing is an illegal sport in Illinois.

In coming from St. Louis to Chicago, brakeman Jack Taylor feels that he has switched back onto the main line.

"Greck" Jimmy Ryan has added himself to the collection of pugilists of that name. It is presumed that he has enough Spartan courage to take a good licking, which is the usual fate of scrappers of his chosen name.

Garry Hermann tried to make Barney Dreyfuss feel small by buying Catcher Phelps and turning him over as

a gift, but Barney is so constructed that he was able to withstand the blow, and is ready to come back for more of the same kind of punishment.

John T. Brush is quoted as saying that the report of Modesty's dethronement was a lie. John T. evidently forgot his suavity of language. It would have been nicer to have called it a malicious falsehood or a base fabrication, but of course the secondary position of the giants is a source of irritation.

Benny Yanger and Kid Herman are business men. They have agreed on a referee rather than let the money get away.

Matsu seems to be a fashionable game, but it will be a long time before we members of the hot pool even know what it is.

Unless something happens before long Mr. Roosevelt will have to take up the Tebrun case.

Farmer Jeffries reports a fair crop of challenges from his farm near Los Angeles.

Battling Nelson rises to remark that he isn't afraid of Joe Gans, but he says that he never did like dark meat.

Continued strengthening of the Cubs corroborates the belief that the Chicagoans are at least in earnest in their chase for the national pennant.

Now that Umpire Haskell has quit it is probable that many Kansas City fans will feel the pang of remorse for a path they helped to make impassable.

With Alexander Smith first, his brother William second and his brother-in-law, James Malden third, the

open golf championship of the United States seems largely a family affair.

After all, Frankie Neil can find considerable honor in the fact that he was there at the finish.

The Height of Meanness.

Miss Mida Tarbell, the well-known writer, was discussing the harsh treatment that a multimillionaire had given his underpaid hands.

"Such treatment," said Miss Tarbell, "made my blood boil when I heard of it. It was mean. It was the height of meanness. It reminded me"—here she smiled—"of the conduct of a certain park policeman on a summer afternoon."

"This policeman, politely accosting a modest gentleman in an alpaca coat, said:

"Beg pardon, sir; but could you lend me a lead pencil?"

"Why, certainly," smiled the gentleman, producing one at once.

"And now your address, please," the policeman went on. "I saw you picking flowers a moment ago."

Love Paths of West Indies.

"Did you ever hear of the love plant?" asked Capt. Atwater of the schoolship Saratoga, who was showing several visitors over the old craft the other day. "I have several in the cabin."

He showed three small leaves attached to the ceiling by strings. They were without any soil or foundation, but were green, and from each there sprouted a dozen or more little leaves, greener and fresher than the main leaf itself.

"During our last crusade in the West Indies," the captain continued, "I visited a deserted English fortress, which

was known over with shrubbery. A native plucked several leaves from a vine and told me to hang them somewhere and write the name of my best girl on them. 'If they die,' he said, 'she does not love you. If they sprout she does. I put my wife's name on one and my two daughters' names on the other. You see, although they have been without nourishment for three months, all three are sprouting well and my daughter's affections seem assured.'—Philadelphia Record.

He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who names Calder's Park gets \$100.

FISHING IN IDAHO DURING JULY.

Is conceded by all fishermen to be the best class. Saturday, July 21st, the Oregon Short Line will operate an excursion to Idaho points at greatly reduced rates the July heat. For a one day outing, suppose you take the Yellowstone Special leaving Salt Lake at 8:00 p. m., arriving at the creek near Marysville, Idaho about 7:00 a. m. Sunday morning. Returning train leaves Marysville 5:45 in the evening, arriving Salt Lake 1:45 a. m., the following morning (Monday).

I. O. B. E. EXCURSION.

To Provo Canyon July 22.

Trains leave Salt Lake 9:00 a. m. and 9:00 p. m. Returning leave Upper Falls 2:10 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Trout dinner at Upper Falls. Everybody invited. Magnificent scenic trip. Good fishing. Fare \$1.25.

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO THE SALT PALACE.

THE PLACE FOR RECREATION.

Concert by Held's Military Band Every Evening.

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CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS OLD, HALF PRICE.

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