

# News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

## ALL HE NEEDS NOW IS A BIG TIN CAN

Like a Whipped Pup Herrera Sneaked in Fear and Trembling.

## GREASER EXPECTED A MOB.

Los Angeles People Handed Mexican And T. Jacobs A Few Hot Pack-ages—Nelson Got Ovation.

The Los Angeles Times made the following comment on Aurelio Herrera, and his exhibition of yellowness:

Unless the late Aurelio Herrera leaves town within two days he may be arrested as a vagrant and set to cracking rock on the chain gang.

A member of the staff of T. J. McCarey states that Herrera has been warned out of town. The sergeant in charge of the detective squad was unable to verify the rumor last night.

However—true or not—poor Herrera has been so bitterly punished that nothing further could hurt much.

The disgraced Indian was found by a Times reporter last night as he was skulking home after having made the rounds of the North Main-street saloons. The Mexican snivelled out excuses and tried to blame "The Battler" for the fiasco at McCarey's pavilion Friday night.

The once famous aspirant for the lightweight championship of the world has become a whining, cringing thing.

He is in mortal terror of being mobbed and spends his time in hiding from the wrath which he fears will overtake him. While he talks he looks furtively over his shoulder in nameless dread. His face has become sickly yellow from fear.

## SHIVERS AS HE SNEAKS.

Yesterday he had been drinking heavily, but the liquor had failed to bring back his former bravado, and he is a worse whipped pugilist than if he had been knocked out by Nelson.

He shivered as he sneaked along, darting quick, fearful glances back at the crowd crossing the street to be rid of them. Twenty-four hours ago they followed him down the street—a cheering procession of men and boys.

He is like a cat when he fights—the lithe soft quickness of movement and feline languor in repose. Yesterday he was a frightened alley cat, snarling and at bay.

The Indian's face bore a sickly smile when he saw the reporter and for a moment a ray of hope played across the wretched fellow's face as he eagerly tried to explain the situation by heaping the blame on Nelson.

He was accompanied by a young woman who prompted him several times while he told his story.

"They ain't treating me right, those fellows," said Herrera thickly—almost under his breath. "They shove it onto me and try to make the fellows believe it's me to blame for all this."

Asked whom he referred to, Herrera replied, "Nelson and his friends. He's got the town. All of 'em thinks he's right. I don't give a d—n for any of 'em."

## THE SHORT END.

As he said this Herrera quickly glanced over his shoulder and seeing several men drawing closer, said, "Come over here where we'll be alone. I don't want those fellows to hear, they may be friends of Bat's. He's got the whole town on his side. I get the short end because they think I faked. They'd just as lief jump me right here, I think."

"Did you know you were over-weight?" was asked.

"I weighed just 136½ pounds last night when I got into the ring and Nelson knew that. He lied about me and that's where he got the best of it."

"They wanted to make me weigh right there before the crowd. I knew they had those scales fixed. They said I faked them, but they knew they did it and that's the way they got out of it. They said my trainer doped the scales—that's what Bat said, but the old man never faked nothing. He's square."

"They got things all their own way now. They think they got me going, but I'm going to show 'em. I'm going to the newspapers and tell them my end just like Nelson done."

"Did you expect to fight when you went into the ring last night?" was asked.

## WHAT HE KNEW.

"Course I did," said Herrera. Then he thought a moment and a puzzled look swept over his otherwise expressionless face. "I mean," he explained, "I went there to fight, but I knew Nelson and those fellows wouldn't put up no scrap. I knew that 'fore I went."

"Did you know you would lose your

weight?" the reporter asked.

A light beamed on the sickly face of the Indian fighter. "Forfeit?" Forfeit?" he repeated, vacantly. Then he became confidential.

"Aw, you know how we do those things. I didn't put up no money, and I didn't lose nothing."

Here the woman interrupted, and told her champion to tell "how Nelson worked the game against him."

"Oh, him," he said, referring again to the champion, as if for a moment the thought of "The Battler" had passed from his befuddled brain. "Him? He got even the newspapers fixed. See how they gave it to him this morning. I didn't get a square deal. I lost out there again."

"Will you fight him again, if you get a chance?" was asked.

## FIGHT NOTHING.

The face of the Mexican turned even yellower than it was Friday night as he entered the ring. "Fight him," he muttered. "Yes, I'll fight him." The last words died away in an almost inarticulate whisper, and the light faded from the eyes of the man who has knocked out more fighters than any other lightweight in the ring. The interview was at an end.

Tommy Jacobs, the intolerable little yesteryear who left a hush foun-dry of malice, Herrera, did not appear to share the Mexican's humiliation. His hide is too thick. He pranced around as cockily as though Herrera had won the championship.

Mr. in McCarey's office some one charged him hotly with having tampered with the scales. Tommy snickered, but made no denial.

Mauro Herrera tagged around after Jacobs—troubled and beginning to have misgivings. It is beginning to permeate his slow brain what a fearful blunder they were drawn into by this upish hash singer—T. Jacobs.

## "BAT'S" DAY.

The contrast between Nelson's day and Herrera's was pitiful. Bat had breakfasted in one of the big downtown grills, where the crystal star-kid, chatting merrily with his friends, receiving new ovations.

He was admired before by sporting men as a terrible fighter. The night that ruined the Mexican won for him the respect of those who are not sports, but who admire a manly, honorable, "square" little chap.

Today he will be at home "for all comers" at Baldwin's ranch. He wants to see all his friends.

Herrera brutally knocked down and out an unknown man at First and Main streets shortly after 12 o'clock this morning. Herrera's friends, to avoid possible trouble through police interference, hustled the Mexican away and into the Palace cafe. Friends of the injured man removed him to his home before his identity could be learned.

## MALACRY HOGAN'S COMMENT.

The Nelson-Herrera fiasco at Los Angeles Friday night is a scandal of the prize ring that is hard to figure out. Possibly the facts in the case will be made out, but much of the blame can safely be laid at the door of Manager McCarey of the Pacific Athletic club, which was to have staged the bout.

That a wrangle over weight was in itself responsible for the calling off of the bout is absurd. There were hints of a big plot to send Herrera into the ring many pounds over the stipulated figure in order to clean up some big bets made, and these may have had something to do with the failure of the men to meet.

The articles called for both men to weigh in at McCarey's office at 6 o'clock on the evening of the battle. Both were there for this purpose, and the scales were set out in order. That is where McCarey gets the blame. In the first place he had no business to use scales brought from Nelson's training quarters. In the next place he should have had them tested and sealed several days before the bout was to take place.

Why these things were not attended to is the story back of the affair. It is suggested by some that the house was not big enough to pay the purse; by others that there were some big betting angle that went wrong at the last minute. It looks from this distance as if there was an attempt by the Herrera party to slip something over on the Nelson side and that the promoters of the scheme were not able to go through with it.

For all that is known these conditions may have been reversed, but the fact that Nelson offered to meet Herrera at 140 pounds and that the Mexican refused to be weighed under these conditions makes it look as though the latter's party was at fault. At any rate it was a queer proposition, and one that will do boxing a great deal of harm in that territory.

## CHINESE INVENTED FOOTBALL.

From Flowery Kingdom it Spread to Japan and Then Over the World.

Football originated with the Chinese, according to Stewart Cullin, the expert on games.

Prof. Cullin has for years studied games as Edison has studied electricity, and wonderful are the many discoveries he has made.

A curious and ancient Chinese drawing, unearthed by this investigator, shows a prime minister playing football with a king and two chamberlains. The time is the tenth century, but long before that date football was recognized in China as an exercise excellent for soldiers.



AT THE END OF THE BATTLE.

The fight was a stirring one, and it tired the two strong wrists of a strong man, to conquer the trout. He had his five minutes with the reel, and all the line he would take, and now he has reached the critical moment when the angler is ready to land him, unresisting. Notice the bend in the pole. It has been that kept him headed up stream all the time he was fighting, and that kept a taunt, but always giving line, to handle him in his lunges and drives to escape from the slender hook, and now the pole shows its quality by bending almost double with the sheer weight of the trout as it leaves the water. The photo. is of Dr. Ellerbe of Salt Lake, and was loaned to the "News" by John E. Clark, of Martineau & Clark, who was his companion on the fishing trip on which it was taken.

In the eighth century football was introduced from China into Japan, as golf was introduced recently from England to America, and the former game became as popular in the Japan of 800 A. D. as golf is popular in the America of today.

From China and Japan football spread gradually all over the world.

## AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

The new auto club wants a road to Saltair, and back by way of Tooele, but things like that have been wanted by many people for many years in vain. Ogden spent \$40,000 improving her canyon, and the money has come back in a thousand different ways, with great interest added. Salt Lake is surrounded by beautiful spots, just made for a big city's recreation, and yet cut off from them by a lack of roads. Some day, while the city is on its way to a greater future, it will stop to think of this, and squeeze out the money necessary to reach its natural play grounds, and then it will awake to find itself beautiful, stately, and a queen in the tops of the mountains. The automobile club will keep working, and maybe some of the younger members will have a good automobile ride, on a good boulevard.

Farmers in the vicinity of Buffalo have found a new sport—that of punting for automobile enthusiasts. Radiating from Buffalo in many directions are a number of fine roads that have many natural attractions for those who own cars. Some scorching has taken place there, although there have been no accidents. Frequently it has been reported by people returning from pleasure runs, that they have met farmers who have made threatening gestures, as though to draw guns from their pockets, but until the other evening there were no actual attempts at violence.

Paul Geyer was returning to the city after a macadam road near Williamsville, a few evenings ago, when he heard a shot behind him, and an instant later heard the thud of a bullet against the frame of his car. A second later another one whirled over his head. Geyer, turning his car, sped back up the road in search of the man who had fired the shots at him, but the latter climbed a fence and made a run for it across a field.

A reward is to be offered for the capture of the man, and the matter may be taken up through the Buffalo Automobile club.

A new slang phrase of automobilists, used to call a halt on one who is being too talkative, is: "Hey! Throw in your reverse, there!"

A contributor to one of the popular magazines says that while the running expenses on a tour of 1,000 miles may not be much, there is great expense in preparing a car for such a trip and greater expense in rejuvenating it afterward. He states that every car needs overhauling after every thousand miles. This is at astonishing variance with the facts concerning the recognized best makes, and there are many cars in commission today which utterly refute the idea. Most of the cars that finished the thousand-mile-tour for the Golden trophy were run from the finishing point to their home garages without overhauling, the winner starting the next morning and going from New York to Buffalo. At the recent show in Boston there was on exhibition a Pierce-Arrow belonging to James P. Sloan, of that city, which was driven 21,475 miles in eleven months, without any repairs and at the end of that time it required less than \$11 worth of work to put it in perfect condition. Yet this is not remarkable, except in respect to the mileage made. There are many other cars with records almost as good. The smallest cost for repairs naturally belongs to the best-made, highest-priced cars, but even the medium-priced do not require such tremendous outlays for maintenance as some of the articles in popular publications represent.

At least occasionally the automobile is a blessing to the poor man. During the moon hour recently, a group of laboring men were sitting on the curb eating lunch. Several were seen to go over to a White steam car that stood near by and return with cartons of coffee which, through the good nature of the chauffeur, had been heated on the high pressure cylinder.



OFF FOR THE WEBER.

The fun of fishing is a great deal in the getting there, and the picture represents about the only way to get to most Utah streams. Pick out the companions of men in Salt Lake who are fast friends, and you will find they have fished together when they were twenty, and kept it up into the forties.

The wagon in this case will carry cooking outfit, and mess kits for the bunch, which is prepared to subsist off the country and out of the grub box for the entire time of the vacation. Fishing on some streams is easier. A fast hardy waterman may make an early start to Logan, rest in a good hotel, have a warm breakfast, and then speed away in a light buggy to the country where the trout will be raising to the fly within the hour.

Glasgow Rangers, 3; Queen's Park, 2; attendance, 25,000.

NOTES ON THE GLASGOW CHARITY CUP.

All the proceeds from the match, minus the bare expenses, will go to the aid of the various charities in the Glasgow district. Owing to several of the ties being played in wretched weather, the gates were not as large as is usually the case but the total paid over to the various charities this season will certainly pass the \$5,000 mark.

It may interest those who decry and scoff at football, especially the so-called mercenary professional football clubs, to learn that since the inauguration of the Glasgow charity cup in 1875, no less a sum than \$23,345 (or over \$135,000) has been raised by means of these matches for the notable charitable institutions of Glasgow and the west of Scotland. No other city in the wide wide world can boast of such a chapter as this on behalf of the nobles of the Grasses. In fact in cases like the above, professional and amateur sport in Britain leaves every other country on earth in the rear, as there are in Great Britain and Ireland hundreds of charity cup competitions both county and city, also scores of matches are played annually in aid of the life boat Saturday fund. Hospital Saturday fund and various other benevolent institutions in which the so-called mercenary professional football clubs are always to the fore in rendering aid by organizing and entering charity contests while the other hand the wealthy aristocratic universities, etc., are conspicuous by their absence.

## 1,000 MILE WALKING CONTEST.

Two well known pedestrians, Walter Smith of Edinburgh and J. Wells of Bristol started from John of Groat's house (extreme north of Scotland) on a 1,000 mile walking contest to Lands End, Cornwall. Both men received an enthusiastic send off. They traveled as far as Dinorah and Inverness together, Smith, however, outdistancing his opponent. Smith so far has covered over 340 miles in three days, leading his opponent by fully 42 miles.

## THE CANYON STREAM.

Voice of the Underworld: You murmur

The epic of the darkness to the light.

You breathe it soft in hushes of dim pools.

And weave it to a melody where slow

The liquid drops are purling down the

clef.

That song—that wonder-song! Let me surprise

The secret of it in the water's touch.

Look! I will lay my hands upon its breast

And count the heart-beat—so; or I will

tone.

The vibrant sound and turn it into words

That bathe in beauty like the sunbeam

there.

Sweet as Undine amid the rising spray.

A sycamore-leaf has fallen from the

bough.

Is caught amid the meens of the stream;

It knows no more of leaders and no

Rippling between the granite, glistening

brown.

Beneath the rainbow bubbles, and I think

The stones do know, for they are brothers

held.

Of all that dwell in hidden ways of dark.

Even the loving grasses on the marge,

That lean and kiss and linger to look

down.

Have won the subtle wisdom of the

stream;

For they have listened in the hours of

night.

When dreams make confidant of who so

will.

This dappling of the sunlight on the sheen

Of gliding tops and low leaders and the

birds

From gaining utmost knowledge, and the

Keep twittering their loves; and golden

flowers

Nid-nod along the banks; and many clouds

Are just above the line of tufted hills.

The time is unpropitious for the stream

To tell me all; it carols teasingly

And like a maiden wooed in vain by day

Things more a laughing chamber to return

When Evening adds her passion and her

charm.

Drawing about the world a mystic veil

Of shadow-silvered moonlight, then the

Word

Beyond the Seeming will be voiced to me.

—Ruby Archer.

## THERE ARE FEW

People who know how to take care of themselves and their families. There is a most important organ in the body. Herbine will keep it in condition. V. C. Simpkins, Albia, Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for Chills and Fever and find it the best medicine I ever used. I would not be without it. It is as good for children as it is for grown-up people, and I recommend it. It is for sale at C. M. 1 Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street."

## CHEAP RATES TO BOSTON

\$18.00 for round-trip from Chicago (\$15.00) via the Nickel Plate Road, May 31st to June 9th, inclusive, with privilege of extension of return limit to July 15th. \$24.00 via New York City, all railers \$23.00 via New York City and steamer in both directions between New York and Boston. Stop-over at Niagara Falls and Chautauque Lake points of departure without limit of ticket. Tickets good on any train on above dates. No excess fare charged on any train on Nickel Plate Road.

Meals 1. Nickel Plate dining-cars, on American Club Meal Plan, ranging in price from 35 cents to \$1.00. Mid-day Lunch, 15 cents. Also a la carte. Three through trains daily, with modern Pullman sleeping cars to Ft. Wayne, Findlay, Fortoria, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York City and New England points. Trains depart from La Salle St. Station, Chicago, the only Depot on the Elevated Loop. Write Chas. E. Johnson, District Passenger Agent, No. 811, Seventeenth St., Denver, Colo., for reservation of berths, in through standard and tourist sleepers and full particulars.

## CHEAP RATES EAST.

Via Colorado Midland Railway.

On May 26-28, June 1-3-16 tickets will be sold to Chicago, Minneapolis, Memphis and points west thereof, at rate of one fare plus two dollars for round trip. Limit of ticket office sale, stop-overs. Call at our ticket office for full particulars for full particulars. Dining cars June 1st.

## CHICAGO TO BUFFALO, N. Y.

and return, via Nickel Plate Road, at one fare plus twenty-five cents for the round trip. Tickets will be sold from Chicago June 9th, 10th and 11th, with return limit of June 26th. Particulars at Nickel Plate Office, No. 811 Seventeenth St., Denver, Colo.

## COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS'

Excursion to Ogden

June 9th, via Oregon Short Line, Round trip \$18.00. A good time is promised by the Knickerbocker Grip, including parade, dancing, excursion to Midway and other amusements. Use train leaving Salt Lake at 7:30 p. m. for the Midway trip. Other trains leave at 10:30 a. m. or 1:30 p. m.

## Salt Lake Turf Exchange

Direct Wire For All Sporting Events. California and Eastern Races.

208 MAIN STREET.

## \$12.25 TO BUFFALO, N. Y.

And return, from Chicago, via Nickel Plate Road, June 9th, 10th and 11th, with return limit of June 26th. Nickel Plate Office, No. 811, Seventeenth St., Denver, Colo.

## FISHER HARRIS ON UTAH TROUT

Poor Economy For Farmers To Allow Streams To Become Fished Out.

## RIGID SUPERVISION NEEDED.

Good Trout Pools Would Lure Men From All Parts of America to See Utah Canyons.

The newest thing in American ideas is being urged, is an appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and a desire to preserve the nation's play grounds to the people's use. The new spirit is working its way up through the protest on graft and lust for money as a national trait, and in Salt Lake it has a very practical work before it right away, according to the city beautifiers and the fishermen.

The most important feature of the work is in making the vast and beautiful playgrounds that surround the city available to its residents, and to make them available without putting in a trap for silver dollars at every corner and turning place. From one direction it calls for the boulevard to Saltair, from another the running of trolley lines up into the beautiful Cottonwood canyons which no city can claim are excellent so near at home, and which are almost unknown in their grandeur, moods and more beautiful aspects in the ordinary Salt Lake.

## FISHING THE QUESTION.

Just now the biggest question in the public eye in this work is the matter of fishing. Catching trout is no mere mental occupation, and the history of the world makes all its greatest souls whippers of streams, and anglers after speckled beauty. The glory of fishing is a noble sport, is a glory that has no duplication and no rival streams all around Salt Lake that ought to yield up a big percentage of pleasure, there is hardly a trout to be caught, and the great allurements of the mountains is dead for a season.

## THE LURE OF THE STREAM.

Utah's waterways have never been very famous, although they have had the making of fame within their banks. Down south the Grand canyon in Utah would be the greatest in the world if it were not for the fact that the Arizona border, and up north the Nevada border, and up north the Colorado border, would be a splendid water system, with its long line of trout opportunities, if there weren't a great Snake river just across the Idaho border, to yield up its treasures to fishermen here.

## ACTION NEEDED.

The time has come now, however, say many of Utah's citizens, when the state must conserve its resources in natural scenery, and make them available to the people. There is a heavy burden on every moment of their actions will have to support the movement, and why it will pay is well stated by Fisher Harris. Harris has angled in his day on every stream in Utah of any importance, and discussing the economic phase of the proposition, he says:

## THE BUSINESS SIDE.

The people of Utah must know what opportunities they have, and make them available. Statistics in Colorado show that the money left there in 1904 by people who came to fish and hunt was over \$1,500,000. There is a heavy trout in all the Wasatch valley, which embraces the headwaters of the Weber and Provo rivers, and is the outstanding point for the Strawberry. To properly stocked, these streams would bring to the valley fishermen every summer to support the population and keep up a good hotel at each of the cities of Heber, Charleston, Midway and Walshburg.

## AN EXAMPLE.

"Let me give you a concrete example. At Spencer, Idaho, last year ten gentlemen from Salt Lake got off the train to outfit for the Snake fishing grounds. They remained five one day, and spent \$10 at the hotel, and hired two teams and two men at \$12 a day for 12 days, and this party was only one of 10 which outfitted at Spencer that summer. The Wasatch valley is beautiful. Its people could derive good revenue every summer from fishermen, if only they were ready to make a settlement created against the snagger, the sealer, and the dynamiter, who have wrought so much destruction in the past.

"Every summer the Commercial club receives many letters of inquiry from eastern people, asking where they can come near here and fish, and I would be a mighty proud man to be able to say 'Along the Provo, along the Weber, or up the Cottonwood, and there is no reason why such a number could not be given, if we valued these streams enough to protect them out of season.'"

## WHAT OF THE DOGS?

Utah has raised several generations of good fishermen, but the boys of 25 years ago are not getting the sport they daddies had a score of years ago when Van Beebe, Heber M. Wells, Chas. S. Burton, Henry T. McGowan, S. H. Love, John Spencer, and a score of other men first learned to love the sport and cast their flies along the Weber and the Provo, and then afterwards to turn their faces to the north with Mr. Bancroft and Dave Booles, and seek the quiet places on the Snake and the Yellowstone country. The effort now is to make conditions for the younger people that for a time have been wiped out. They will have to be on a less extensive scale, and the fisherman will have to stop when the old has caught his share, but with these conditions can be revised with restrictions, all good fishermen believe, and the aggressive effort to do it is now getting well under way.