

News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

BASEBALL FANS ARE NOW WAITING

Many Wonder What Will Happen When Next Season Comes.

SPOKANE THE STORM CENTER.

Meeting at San Francisco On the 15th Will Probably Decide the Whole Matter.

Now that the season is finished in the Pacific Coast league and the directors of that organization will meet in San Francisco Dec. 15, the baseball fans throughout the northwest are wondering what is in store for their next year. In Spokane particularly is the interest great, for the meeting of the directors mean much to that city. It will be decided at that time whether or not Spokane is to be taken into the coast league in the place of Tacoma. If Spokane is not taken in, it means that the old northwest circuit will be revived, at least in part, and there will no doubt be an effort made to get Butte into the organization. If the old circuit is revived, how will it effect Salt Lake, if at all? That is the question. The Butte Inter-Mountain says this:

"So far as local men are concerned there has been little talk of any kind since the last visit of John McCloskey. When McCloskey drops into the city for a few hours and makes a few short talks, everybody talks baseball for the time being, but as soon as 'Honest' John takes his departure, things baseball assume their former attitude of indifference. When McCloskey was here last, however, on his way south to spend the winter, he 'made medicine' with a few local men, and it is known that the things discussed were at that time stated to be 'conditioned' by what the directors of the coast league do at their meeting.

OUTCOME UNCERTAIN.

If Spokane is taken into the Coast league, there is hardly any probability that another organization will put a team in Spokane and endeavor to extend this far. On the other hand, if Spokane is not taken into the Coast league, a revival of the old northwest circuit will be attempted and that is where Mr. Lucas and Mr. McCloskey made their little bet, and it is conceded that unless this happens there will be no effort to place a league team in Butte next year, and even should it happen, there is no assurance that a team will be placed here, for the backbone of the enterprises of that character in the past, have lost a good deal of the faith they once had in the Butte public. The crowds are not large enough.

Williams of Spokane is inclined to think that Spokane will surely be taken into the Coast league in the place of Tacoma next year. He is quoted as saying, "but Tacoma won't be in it again, and the Tacoma franchise won't go south, unless a split between the coast and southern towns comes. Whichever way the people in the Sound City want to go, that will decide the kind of baseball the northern coast towns will have next year. It will indirectly decide what kind of baseball Spokane will have, for if another northern town is taken in, Spokane will be the one, and if the Coast league blows up and another on the plan of the old Northwest league is formed, of course Spokane will be in. I regard Seattle as the key to the situation. I should not be surprised, however, if Uncle Henry Harris would fix things up with Seattle and keep a coast league franchise in that city.

FISHER'S PET SCHEME.
"Mike Fisher's talk about putting the Tacoma team in Fresno and San Jose is all talk and nothing else. The Coast league has been awarded Spokane, and I think this is just a little juggling on the part of the California managers to see how these little California towns will take to good baseball, all done in view of the possibility of organizing a California league next year if the Coast league disbands."

If D. Merrill, secretary of the committee, owning the rival ball park to Williams, in Spokane, says:
"Matt Stanley will manage our team next spring, and we will have the pick of last year's club, with what new talent Matt can pick up down in California and other places. I have lots of confidence in Matt's ability to bring out youngsters. Spokane people had a chance to see that last spring when he kept his bunch of kids right on top of the old Pacific National league till just before the bust.

"We forfeited our reserve contracts on the players last year by closing before the season was out, but we have signed the best of them for next spring. We will have again Felix Martinke and Charley Swain in the outfield, Frankling and Simons to pitch, and possibly Klunkhammer, if he can get released from the Peoria team in the Three I league. Ed Hutchinson and George Ferris will be back at first and second bases, respectively, our two heavy hitters last fall. Suess will help Matt Stanley out behind the bat, and I believe that in Suess we have one of the coming young catchers of the coast. I can't say anything about the circuit for next year just now."

AS TO CONSOLIDATION.

More Than Probable That Big Baseball Leagues Will Come Together.

Despite all the denials at the meeting of the American league in Chicago this week of any amalgamation between the National and American leagues, there are some of the magnates who honestly believe that some such move will be made by the powers that be before many more seasons are permitted to roll by. Instead of consolidation between the two major leagues there seems to be a feeling that a compromise will be effected in a different direction—that is, there will be an understanding between the two leagues whereby each will agree to give up a city where there is opposition and in that way help to clear the atmosphere. In discussing this matter at the meeting in Chicago, one of the prominent American league magnates said: "While the game of baseball is so popular there is no need of an amalgamation between the leagues. I do not look for the game to remain in public favor for all time, as there are spells when even the baseball fan wants a rest, and when that time comes it will be hard on the cities where two clubs are located. Of course there are a couple of cities where two clubs can live—Chicago and Philadelphia, New York is only fair that way. However, with better transportation facilities the American league club in New York will do better. I would recommend that the two leagues make a trade—that is, let the American give up St. Louis to the National and let the National give up Boston to the American. Then the National could take in either Baltimore or Providence in the east, while the Americans could annex either Louisville or Columbus in the west. That would be an even exchange and would do away with opposition in cities where it is impossible for both clubs to make money. Under the national agreement the major leagues could annex any of the cities named by paying the minor leagues \$2,500 for each franchise. In that way neither league would be weakened, but on the contrary would be strengthened, as either Columbus or Baltimore would be better alone than where there is opposition. I do not look for any amalgamation, but would not be surprised at such a move as mentioned above."

FITZ WORKING HARD.

For His Battle at Frisco With "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien.

"I am not working as hard as I have worked for lots of other fights, but I am doing enough work to put me in the best possible condition. I will take my vitality with me into the ring instead of leaving it on the road and in the gym."

This statement was made the other day by Bob Fitzsimmons after he had finished off a strenuous session in the gymnasium—a session, in fact, which indicated that he is really working very hard.

"The talk of my not being able to get into shape is all hooey," went on the ruddy one. "I am in good condition right now, and take it from me, I will be in better condition the night of the fight. Don't worry about old Bob. I'll be there to win, and I'll be right to win."

The work done by Fitz was of a most encouraging sort. He went on the road for a long jog in the morning, and came back without making any complaint about his feet. After lunch, and a rest he returned to the gymnasium, which was crowded by sports from the city and from Oakland.

There were only two departments of the gymnasium work, which Bob tackled, but he went at both with eagerness, and put in over an hour of good, hard work. He first punched the bag for eight rounds of three minutes each, with a one-minute rest between

the rounds. He varied the style of punching for each round, and followed one style throughout each entire round—the most tiring way of punching the bag. The last round was the hardest of last year's club, with what new talent Matt can pick up down in California and other places. I have lots of confidence in Matt's ability to bring out youngsters. Spokane people had a chance to see that last spring when he kept his bunch of kids right on top of the old Pacific National league till just before the bust.

FITZ O'BRIEN CONTEST.

Principals—Bob Fitzsimmons, New York, and Jack O'Brien, Philadelphia. Title Involved—Advertised as being for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Inducements Offered—Twenty thousand dollar purse guaranteed, with privilege of 60 per cent of gross receipts.

Battle Ground—Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal. Date of Contest—Wednesday evening, Dec. 23.

Referee—Edward Graney, San Francisco. Low Money Will Be Divided—Seventy-five to winner and twenty-five to loser.

Club Giving Fight—Yosemite Valley Club. Promoter—James W. Coffroth, San Francisco.

Age of Fighters—Fitzsimmons, 44; O'Brien, 27. Weight—Fitzsimmons, about 165; O'Brien, about 170.

Fitzsimmons started in training Monday, Nov. 26. O'Brien continued training after defeating Kaufmann. Fitzsimmons is working at Croll's garden in Alameda, Cal. O'Brien is preparing at Ocean Beach tavern. Fitzsimmons' assistants are Al Kaufmann, Harry Foley and Billy Bates. O'Brien is being trained by Spider Kelly and he boxes with all comers.

BAT NELSON'S TROUBLES.

Tells About The Time He Was a "Hasher" in a Restaurant.

"In nearly every town I hit," said Batling Nelson, while in Salt Lake

same time ago, "I meet some fellow who claims to have worked with me when I was a waiter. I did not know there were so many hash-slingers in America. I generally stake them to a bed or something to eat, as that's the best way to keep from making a mistake. I am not ashamed to say that I was on my uppers at one time during my life, and remember many nights in which I did not pull down as much as \$2. One time I agreed to go on in a preliminary for \$3, and when the club manager settled up he only gave me half that much, as he said I was only half as good as I said I was.

"During my recent visit to St. Louis I met an old pal of mine who asked me how I liked riding in sleeping cars. I told him that it was pretty nice, and he remarked that it was much safer to ride in them than under them. Many a time I took the bumpers to get from one city to another, and then go in the ring without hardly enough to eat. You know I was fighting preliminaries a long time before they considered me good enough for the big show. I am on top now, but I can't get away from the thoughts of my early life as a pugilist. I recall the time when I was at Hot Springs not so very many years ago trying to make a living working

in a feed joint at day and fighting at night.

"One day a fresh jockey came in and gave an order for a big, fat steak. When I brought him in his beef he kicked like a mule, claiming that it was tough and cold. He gave me a lot of back talk and invited me outside to settle the difficulty with out fists. He did not know he was up against a scrapper until I had trimmed him good and proper. Then when he got up and started to walk away I said: 'Now, young Mr. Fresh, you said that steak was the toughest thing in the world. Please don't put all the blame on the steak. I am pretty tough myself. The steak was cold and tough, so I thought that I would show you that there were even hot things that are too tough for you.' He had nothing more to say."

"I was much afflicted with sciatica," writes Ed. C. Nutt, Iowa City, Seligwick Co., Kan., "going about on crutches and suffering a deal of pain. I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment, which relieved me. I used three 50c bottles. It is the greatest liniment I ever used; have recommended it to a number of persons; all express themselves as being benefited by it. I now walk without crutches, able to perform a great deal of labor on the farm. 50c. 50c. 50c. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. B."

WON \$250,000 ON BET OF 75 CENTS

Conductor Who Enjoyed Most Remarkable Streak of Good Luck.

RESULT OF HORSE RACING.

At Belmont Park Track, England Made One Killing of \$100,000 on Bedouin—All in Six Months.

Frank England, a former conductor on the Bergen street line of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, has accomplished the remarkable feat of running 75 cents up to \$250,000 within six months by betting on the horse races.

Last May, England lived in a \$3 a month flat in Fulton street, near Sumner avenue, Brooklyn. He was out of work. Today he owns and lives in a handsome four-story white stone house at No. 241 Cumberland street, which he purchased for \$12,000 and furnished at a cost of \$5,000, all of which came out of his first winnings at Gravesend and Sheepshead Bay.

At the Jennings track England took a sensational wager of \$10,000 on Irish Witch in the fifth race through foul riding, which ended in a number of horses being thrown and her jockey, J. Jones, being knocked unconscious.

England's story, told in the lobby of the Hotel Raleigh in Washington, exceeds the wildest dreams of romance. He is a quiet, unassuming man of German appearance, neatly dressed, with only a diamond stud, large and glaring, and that indescribably repressed manner that betokens the plunger. Modestly, and with the help of questions, he began:

DOPE BOOK FOR FOOLS.

"I guess my rise was largely due to luck. For 20 years I have played the ponies—long before I was a conductor. For a long time I tried to dope them out, and then I found out the dope book was for fools, and threw it away. 'My system?' Well, I guess you will laugh. I call it 'hunches,' some call it 'mind-reading' and some 'spiritualism.' I got good information, too, about who is betting and the workings of the horses.

"My start was made really on 75 cents. One night I felt 'warm,' as the gamblers say, and I asked the waiter if he had any money. 'Why, yes, I've got \$5.15,' she said; so I took the 75 cents and went to a crap game. I came away with \$30. This summer, the night before the opening of the Gravesend spring meeting, next day I went to the track and bet \$30 on Last Cherry. I knew that the right horse was going on Last Cherry. Racegoers will remember that it was his weak ride on the second horse, Duenna, that got Hildebrand suspended—finally off."

"That day I cleaned up \$200. From that time on I was lucky. I guess I won steadily.

WON \$100,000 ON BEDOUIIN.

"At Aqueduct this fall I won \$100,000 on Bedouin, who he won the handicap. I bet and kept on betting on Bedouin as long as they would take any money."

Here England broke off and became mysterious.

"Why, they even had me followed," he began after a time, "but they never found out. I do not know a jockey, I have not spoken to one since."

"Say, this throwing down of Irish Witch today was pretty tough. Guess I'll fold up and go back to Brooklyn. I have spent \$25,000 of this summer on my wife and my friends. I have a lot of property and about \$150,000 in cash. "I hope, though, my story won't make anybody take up betting. I spent all my money for 20 years trying to beat the horses. It's a hard game."

And his listeners all agreed. Brooklyn friends of England's supplemented his story with a few accounts of his winnings and losses. His first great day, they said, was the day of the Suburban Handicap at Sheepshead Bay.

His first bet was \$230 on Ivan the Terrible, who won by a whisker, at 11 to 10. His roll of \$450 went down on Waterlight at 4 to 1. Waterlight was hardly netting him a profit of \$182, which, added to his \$450, gave him \$2,400. He distributed this among the bookmakers on Proper, straight up place. He got even money for the place. Proper came in second, and England made something of a "killing."

He placed all he had on Timber at 7 and 2 to 5, again winning and in the last race his fortune went down on Memories at 7 and 3 to 5.

England had about \$25,000 when he left Sheepshead Bay that day. It was more than he had ever possessed at one time in his life. He felt so nervous about it that he hired a couple of private detectives to accompany him home.

BOUGHT HIM A HOME.

"Theresa," he said to his wife, "we'll invest half of this in a little home, so that even if I go on the boards again we'll have a place to live in—you and I and the children."

They went house-hunting next day, and carried home a receipt for the Cumberland street house.

On Aug. 1 England took his wife to Saratoga. He played Waterlight in the Saratoga Handicap. If the horse had been victorious he would have won \$25,000, but the race marked his first great loss. He held off until three days of the meeting, then he pulled up and quit a big winner.

England returned to Brooklyn and continued speculating during the Aqueduct and Belmont park meetings. It was at the latter track that he made his biggest single winning, \$40,000 on Bedouin. He also bet \$5,000 on Alibi Hay at 2 to 1, winning both. A week ago he made another big winning on Sidney C. Love in the two-horse race at Aqueduct. He placed \$10,000 at 3 to 1 with every bookmaker who would take his money.

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