

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD AT HOME AND ABROAD

OLD MAN FITZ RESIGNS AGAIN.

Once More He Makes the Declaration That He Has Fought His Last Fight.

HE TELLS OF THE LAST ONE.

Gives Graphic Account of Fight With Gardner and How He Felt on Entering the Ring.

There have been many published accounts of the recent championship battle between Old Man Fitzsimmons and young George Gardner. Some of the accounts have been pretty good, while others range from bad to worse, but the best story of the fight comes from Ruby Robert. Before telling how he felt before entering the ring, he takes occasion to announce for the "tenth time" that he has fought his last fight. The same declaration he made when Jeffries whipped him at San Francisco. Fitz says his last fight was the greatest of his career. "My last," he says, "because my trusty hands have been worn down and broken through over a decade of active battling. My greatest because in that battle I conquered not George Gardner alone, but age and disease."

"No other man at my age has ever won a world's championship from a clever young fellow, running over with the confident spirit of youth and strong in that strength which belongs to those in the early twenties."

"With the championship, the light heavyweight, and with the other championship that I have held for these many years, that of the middleweight class, I shall retire from the ring. Were my hands able to stand the strain I should remain in the game to defend my titles for many more years. There is just a possibility that the hands will mend after a few months and then the 'old man' will be ready to take fight with the younger men again."

"Right here I want to give George Gardner credit for putting up a good, hard fight. That boy is game all through. I struck him hard enough to break my hands all up and I never flinched for a moment. He can whip all the other light heavyweights. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons are the only two men in the world that he can't whip."

"Many of my friends have asked me how I felt the night of the fight just before entering the ring. In answer to those questions I wish to say that I never went into a fight feeling so completely worn out and generally unfitted to do battle."

"Go back with me to the night of the battle. In another quarter of an hour I am to enter the ring. From the dressing room I can hear the shouts of the crowd that is gathering to see 'Old Man' Fitzsimmons score the greatest triumph of his career—a triumph over Jeffries never before achieved—go down to defeat before a newcomer."

"Who is this Gardner that thinks to defeat me, who has even boasted that he will knock me out before eight rounds have been rung up? Who is he but a mere boy that fought his first battle the memorable night that I knocked Jim Corbett out and clinched my claim to the world's championship at all weights?"

"They call me an old man. Well, I am not as young as I was when I whipped Jack Dempsey nor as youthful as when I made Jim Corbett give up. I am old, but I am not old yet. There is not some virtue even in age? May not an old codger have gained enough through experience to know what he may have lost in the way of vitality and fresh strength?"

"Let those who say I am too old bet on this boy Gardner. I will show them that there is one more fight in the old man."

"But, after all, there is a chance. My blades may give way, and this young, ambitious boy may slip in the blow that he has dreamed of landing these two months. This is not the Fitzsimmons that beat down all the best fighters of his day, but Jeffries, that is going into battle tonight."

"My muscles feel weak and stiff. I raise my arms, and there is a weariness about the procedure that does not augur well. There is rheumatism in my legs; there is soreness in my feet; my hands still are weak from the awful crushing they received when I pounded them against the invincible Jeffries."

"I am glad that I have advised my friends not to bet on me. I will beat this boy, but, well, it is asking a great deal to grant this handicap to any strong young fellow, and one always feels better if his defeat does not carry with it loss to his friends."

"The crowd in the auditorium is cheering. The preliminaries are over, and the people are waiting for us to appear. In five more minutes the introductions and all that will be over, and we will be on our way."

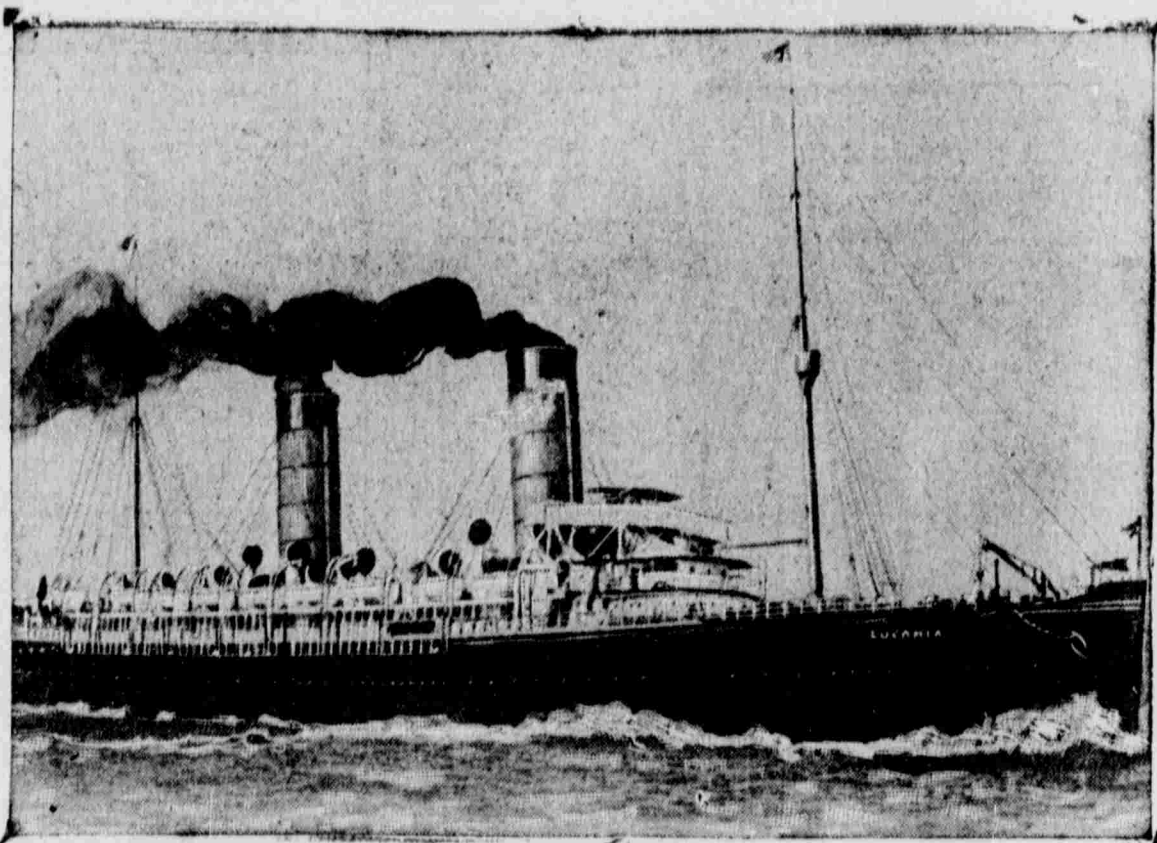
"There, we are started. We are sparring cautiously. I test his guard with a right to the body and then come back quickly to a left to the head, but he is fast, this boy, and the blow cuts through the air and falls short. He is smiling now. I suppose he thinks he has solved 'Old Bob's' style. Well, we will see about that. I try a left for the ribs and again I fail to connect."

"The smile on the boy's face broadens. He works in, plants a good one on my face. Then, swinging, I catch him with my left where the smile has been hovering. There isn't any smile now. Now it is grim fighting. I rush the boy, send rights and lefts to his body, and then, straightening, deliver a hard left direct to the eye. The blow cuts the skin. In a moment a little stream of blood starts down the cheek. The crowd goes wild. And the old man hasn't begun to feel the fatigue."

"Now we are in the second round. I must finish the fight up short, and when the boy dances I rush him across the floor, but, honest, I haven't the heart to lead. Let the boy stay a round or two more. It will hurt him with his friends to be knocked out so early in the fight."

"But my friends? Some of them have bet on me and they are depending on me to end the fight without any delay. I must take no chances. Later on I may injure my hands. Now while both my fists are in battling shape I must make an end of this boy. I go after him with both hands. I try my shift on him, I pound him in the stomach and in the face, but the boy stands up and fights back, blow for blow. Why, he's the gamiest youngster I ever met. He must think he's going to win. He must think he's going to knock me out."

RACE FOR THE OCEAN RECORD.



These giant flyers, which in their contest for the championship of the Atlantic make their great speed-trial across the sea to England, demonstrated the keen rivalry existing between the great trans-Atlantic passenger lines. The carrying of the mails quickest is the chief point at issue between the two companies. Capt. Roberts, of the St. Paul, and Capt. McKay, of the Lusitania, deny any intention of racing, but notwithstanding this, enthusiasm reached fever heat among their respective crews and passengers.

There he comes with a good vigorous blow to the stomach. I'll just return that one, Mr. Gardner. What, the king again?

I go right after him now. There must be no more play about this fight. My feet are beginning to ache from the weariness and I can already feel my hands giving out. They'll last long enough to put the boy to sleep, though. I'll wear him down a little more in this round. Then I'll put in the final blow.

There, that smile again. Well, smile on, young fellow, for pretty soon you won't be in the proper frame of mind for smiling. So you are going to take the offensive now and beat old Fitz down? That was a good one you landed. And that too. There's youth and strength behind those blows. Here are a couple in exchange. They're not so youthful, but I'll bet that they hurt some. Just the same. Now we are mixing it hard. I may forget myself any moment and slip in the blow that brought Jim Corbett and a score of boxers before him to their pugilistic accounting.

I wonder if he doesn't know that he is beaten already. If he doesn't know that I shall knock him out before the end of this round. Now I will end it all. I brace myself hard. I look the boy straight in the eye and then swing my right to the side of his head.

All my muscles are keyed up for this blow. It lands with a crash just under the boy's ear. The boy is still on his feet. He is fighting harder than ever. I send my left to his stomach, and then draw back with my right. My God, the hand is useless. I have broken the bones. It is all off now. There can be no knockout. I must content myself to stall this young fellow off to the finish and get the decision at the end.

Now the rounds pass quickly. I hear the crowd shouting to me to go in and knock the young fellow out. But the crowd is stupid. It cannot see the hand under the glove that would do the task if it could. I send rights and lefts to the boy's face; they bring blood, but they lack the strength of knockouts.

We are well past the half mark. The smile is coming back into Gardner's face. They are smiling in his corner, too. They shout to the boy to wait into me, to put me out. Like a young bull he charges. He swings with his right, but I slip to one side, and the blow falls harmless on my arm. He sends straight lefts to my head, and I dodge, countering with my right to the body. He draws back, collects himself and charges again, swinging both right and left to the body. I slip inside the blows and throwing my arms about his stomach render him powerless.

And so the fight ends, and I earn the world's light heavyweight championship from as game a boy as ever stepped into the ring.

FACTS ABOUT FOOTBALL.

Those Injured on Gridiron Are Generally Young Untrained Players.

Boys and young men have been hurt while playing football this year, and several deaths are laid at the door of this most violent of pastimes. The defenders of the game do not attempt to argue that it is without danger to life and limb. It is true, however, that such danger is often exaggerated, and that the game is suited for fact to swell the list of injured in newspaper discussion. But the record of the season now closing is like those of past years, in that grave mishaps are reported only among young and untrained players, and that in the great struggle of the football leaders there have been no lamentable casualties, and no deaths.

It is no longer a debatable question that football can be played without serious damage, if the players are properly prepared for hard campaigning.

There has been much opposition to running two-year-old colts in hard races, and for precisely the same reason it is folly for youths whose bones and muscles are still in the formative stage to attempt to play football according to the methods used among college teams, where the sport is highly specialized. No young boys should be allowed to play match games save under the watchful eye of a competent physical director. Until recently, the physical distinction due to youth and inexperience was not clearly recognized in football chances of mishap, and all injuries were charged up to the violence of the game in a lump sum. "Mike" Murphy, the Yale trainer, a man eligible to speak with highest authority in this field, has hit the right note in a recent warning.

"A boy should not be allowed to participate in intercollegiate contests, or in any football game demanding long continued strains, until he is over sixteen. The greatest evil in the development of university football players is that so many promising players are strained by hard work before they are strong enough to endure the sport in other than friendly and boyish games upon the intelligent direction of their elders. The danger lies in the keen spirit rivalry inspired by competitive play."

Don't you think your neighbor could use that parlor stove of yours? You don't need it now you've got a heater. Want to trade it for something else you do need? Try an ad in the classified columns. I sent 1 word 1 day.

LIFE OF MODERN FOOTBALL PLAYER.

He Usually Holds Out for About Four Years on the Gridiron.

THE ESSENTIAL QUALIFICATION

Is Nerve, the Right Kind and Plenty Of It—The Story of Bill Morley.

How long does a football player usually last?

By the question it is not meant "how long does he live?" but how long is he effective as a football player? Reference is made to the able-bodied college pig skin chaser. There are exceptions, it is said, to all rules, but among those who pose as experts, it is generally conceded that the life of a football player is seldom more than four years. After that he begins to decline, sans nerve, sans power, sans everything else except the memory of former victories, applause, etc.

In the gentle (?) game of football it is not always the big, strong, husky man who is the most effective. The main qualification may be stated in one little word—Nerve.

Without that, strength and speed count for little or naught. He may have great speed; may be a sure place kicker and possess many other qualities but without nerve he will fall short of the ideal gridiron warrior.

In athletic parlance nerve means a very different thing from what it does in the ordinary usage of slang. Nerve in football means the moral stamina, that is behind a player, the grit, the pluck, the bull-dog courage, the never-say-die spirit. It is the stuff that great men are built of, whether their play is on the gridiron or in organizing trusts, and it is not a commodity, although a certain bravado, a bravado, often goes by that name.

When a player is exhausted, his weary limbs racked with fatigue, and his whole faculties under fearful strain, when he lies helpless almost on the ground, sees thinking that he can no longer play, when this is his condition and he throws himself headlong into the play, or makes a dashing tackle, or runs dodging, plunging down the field, that is nerve. When a player's physical capacity is exhausted, and he goes on playing brilliantly and apparently knows no such word as rest, he is assured that he is not getting his second wind, but that he is absolutely and only playing on his nerve.

They tell a story of Bill Morley, at present Columbia's head graduate amateur football coach, and one of the former great football men, that illustrates in a way what nerve can do for a player. Morley is a man of dauntless spirit, of an unflinching devotion to his college, courageous, skillful, never thinking the game lost until the referee's whistle blows for the last time. Two years or so ago Morley was playing quarterback on the Columbia team, which met Annapolis. Early in the first half Morley was kicked head-on and lay unconscious on the gridiron. After a bit he recovered consciousness to a certain extent and insisted, despite protests from his fellow players, the team physician, the officials of the game, and even the members of the opposing team, on continuing his work with the Columbia eleven.

Morley could scarcely stand; he staggered back and forth on the field and had fairly to drag himself to his feet for each play. His tired, racked, injured body would scarcely move, but he made it and played a good game, although at its finish he was out of his head.

That was nerve in one of its most splendid manifestations. You may say that it was mechanical, physiologists may call it subconsciousness, but any football man that is worth his salt will tell you that it was nerve. Morley, when he coached the team last year, refused to take one cent in payment for his services, and moreover consented on the same terms to come back to coach the team this year, although he has large business interests in New Mexico, his birthplace. But those instances were not exhibitions of nerve. They were instances of courage, self-sacrifice, patriotism and loyalty to Alma Mater, but they weren't nerve.

There is another story they tell of another football hero, who gave a simple exhibition of nerve. Just before

for an important game he severely wrenched his knee and yet refused to give up his opportunity to play. He forced throughout the entire game, playing his usual brilliant way; no one noticed that there was anything out of the ordinary in his demeanor until he began to get awkward after the contest, when suddenly he began to rave with delirium. "My God, my knee, my knee! You can't give up, Billy; you're captain of the team. My God, my knee!" Suffering the most intense agony, as it afterward developed, that man had gone through the match, forcing himself by pure, clear grit to play on and not to give up and retire. That was nerve.

Nerve is the heaven that leaveneth the whole football lump. Given a big, strong, "lusty" man, with skill and knowledge, and a small man, with not half the other's physical advantages and technical skill, but with nerve, and the latter will inevitably and always get the better of his opponent. He refuses to know when he is put out of the play, knock him down a dozen times, he will stand up again and continue to do so, by and by the big man, get discouraged, he "quits," in college parlance, and that is the antithesis of nerve, but the little man keeps on, persistently and by and by begins to do things to the big man.

When a player constantly has to draw on his nerve it is, however, a very wearing thing, and taxes his vitality and brain power to the utmost. Like everything else which is overtaxed, after a while it gives out, the supply diminishes; there is no reserve power on which to draw; it is exhausted to a greater or less extent. And that is only reasonable, and it is why, too, as you may learn to your surprise, the top notch ability of the really good football man is of comparatively short duration. He may last three or four years, but at the end of that time no matter how anxious, how willing he may be, he cannot do the things he once could.

There is a limit to all human power; he has reached it, and perhaps gone beyond it, from that time on his ability must decline. To the uninitiated he may still seem to have all his old-time skill, but that probably is due to his reputation, which is a sticky anecdote. His teammates will know, however, that no longer has he the power and skill that used to be his. Physically he may seem all right, he may be all right; he may not have lost one jot or tittle of his knowledge of all the finer points of the game, but all the same, when the crisis comes, when his team faces defeat and he tries to draw on his nerve power, no longer can it help and make possible the impossible as it once did.

He will play on nerve as he always has, but his nerve of today is not, cannot be his nerve of four years ago. He may try hard, he may try harder, but physical endurance, a mental endurance, especially have reached their zenith, and are on the wane. This is true, pitifully true, or the word of those who know. You may see its truth on almost any of the big college eleven in the country. Names of the men could be mentioned, but would scarce be kind to those who, through no fault of their own, can no longer accomplish the superhuman, for that is what nerve in its highest form can make man do.

THE FOOTBALL GAME.

'Varsity Boys Hope to Give Carlisle a Surprise.

The Varsity football players hope to be able to give the Carlisle Indian football team a big surprise when the teams clash in this city in the near future. The east benches have been doing just enough work to keep themselves in perfect condition. They are trying to reserve all their strength for the big struggle that is coming, as they realize they will need it. The home boys will be greatly handicapped by weight and strength, but they hope to be able to give the red skins a stubborn fight for all that. They are counting on their speed and grit to carry them through, and when you come to think about it, speed and grit, particularly the latter, is about all there is to the strenuous game. Of course there are other qualifications, but grit is most essential.

The scheme of playing the game one week from today instead of on Shastis seems to have met with favor among the students, as most of them will have other than football fish to fry on that day. Many of the boys will want to go home and would rather, for that reason, play the Lamanites before Christmas.

BASEBALL TALK.

Ogden Will Surely Make an Effort to Get in League.

William Binford, last year's manager for the Ogden baseball club was in the city during the week and was full of baseball talk. He was accompanied to the city by Pearl Casey, the well known second baseman who has been playing in the California league for over a year.

Both were anxious to find out what was doing in the way of the national pastime and what the line up of Salt Lake's team would be next season. Of course that is a subject they were not enlightened on to any alarming extent for the good and sufficient reason that nobody knew. Mr. Binford stated that if any of the fans here thought that

Ogden would not be in the running next season they had guessed wrong.

He said that the Junction City fans were determined to get in the league if possible, and that, in all probability, they would send a representative to the annual meeting of the Pacific National league. Ogden will be ready with the necessary money and will put it up just as soon as the fans are convinced that the managers mean business. It is more likely that Binford will represent Ogden at the meeting. He stated to a "News" reporter that the moment Ogden gets a franchise, the work of organizing the team would begin.

He said that five or six first class players, among them Casey, had already been reserved, and that others would be signed if the town gets a place in the organization.

MIDDLEWEIGHT QUESTION.

Will Tommy Ryan and Jack O'Brien Ever Come Together?

Will there ever be another fight for the middleweight championship? The two men who can answer the question

are Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Tommy Ryan. They have been trifling with the proposition for months, and have finally arrived at an indefinite agreement. O'Brien says he is willing, even anxious to fight. Ryan says he will fight if. They are therefore as near to a match as they were a year ago at this time.

Not considering the claim of Fitzsimmons, Ryan is conceded to be the champion of the middleweights. He did not win the title by any one fight, but came to be regarded as the best man in that class when Fitzsimmons and McCoy ceased to fight at 135 pounds. He has never defended the title in fights of any importance, except those against Tommy West of Louisville and Kid Carter at Fort Erie.

Meanwhile O'Brien has come rapidly to the front. He is regarded as a clear rival of Ryan on the point of cleverness and speed, but Ryan has been regarded as a harder hitter. O'Brien has fought everyone that has been willing to meet him in the last three years. He has been in over 75 bouts in that time, and, except for his

defeat by Young Peter Jackson early in 1900, before he began to show his present form, he has not lost a battle. Nearly all of his fights have been at six rounds, however, and he has yet to be tried out against a real good man in a 20-round engagement.

A NATURAL RESULT.

It is very reasonable to suppose if the foundation of a structure was removed that the building itself be bound to come down. This same principle can be applied to disease. Take medicine into the system that will remove the cause of sickness, and illness will leave itself. Dyspepsia, indigestion, stick-headache and biliousness have their foundation in stomach disorders. Remove this weakness and the other symptoms are no more. There is one cure for this that all druggists sell for 25c per box, it is Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills. They get right at the beginning of these diseases and make the cure by taking away the cause. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

BREAKS AUTO-RACING RECORD.



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT drives his 30 HP MOTOR Making his RECORD RUN UP EAGLE ROCK HILL

At the recent automobile hill-climbing contests at West Orange, N. J., W. K. Vanderbilt ascended the famous Eagle Rock in his 30 horse-power motor machine in the presence of 3,000 people. Never having previously tried the course, he dashed his blue car up the incline at a starting speed. Around the four turns he flew right at the inside, and at each turn sloughed in a fashion that beat all competitors. He made the mile run in 1:36, thus beating the record by 15 1/2 seconds.

CLOSING OUT SALE!

THIS is the last week of FREED'S Great Closing Out Sale of the Trenchard Furniture Co. The stock is nearly all gone. We have made another big cut in prices and the goods are now marked down to about

33 1/3 % Off.

of the regular price. It is your last chance to buy Furniture and Carpets at such a tremendous sacrifice. If you do not need your goods now we will store them until you want them. Come as early in the week as possible so as to secure the best selection. This will be the closing up of the Trenchard Furniture Co., and has been the greatest Furniture and Carpet sale ever held in Salt Lake. Remember your last chance.

Freed Furniture & Carpet Co.

Stock to Be Sold at 228 and 230 S. West Temple Street.