

News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

NELSON HAS TASK WHICH IS HEAVY

Going Up Against the Toughest Proposition He Ever Tackled.

JIMMY BRITT FAVORS GANS.

"Favorite Son" Says That Bat Lacks Speed But is More Rugged Than the Black.

By James Edward Britt.

The handsome purse offered by Tex Rickard and the rest of the Goldfield sports for the bout between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson will do much toward stimulating interest in the sport of boxing all over the country. The hubbub the coming bout has created in every city in the United States shows that the boxing game still has a firm grip on the public. It also shows that the calcium of public interest is focused on the light-weight class. Promoter James Wana-Coffroth started the ball a-rolling last September when he gave Nelson and myself a purse of \$20,000. Up to that time that was the largest purse ever given two little men. As both Nelson and myself received not only a guarantee of \$20,000, but a percentage of the gate receipts, it brought the fighters' end of the money up to \$1,000 odd dollars, a record which San Francisco will hold, in my opinion, for years to come. The Goldfield promoters are certainly entitled to be considered great boosters for the fight game when one considers that the population of the mining camp is only 7,000 or 8,000.

When Gans and Nelson face each other in the arena on Labor day it will be a great day in Goldfield. Judging from the reports that come down from Nevada, both Nelson and Gans are training faithfully for the fray, and it should be a great fight. I have fought both men, but I will not attempt to express an opinion as to the outcome of the fight. I will, however, since I have been requested to write an article on this subject, discuss the style, etc., of both fighters and the conditions of the match.

THE QUESTION OF WEIGHT.

There's an old adage that a fighter isn't always the best fellow in the

world to dope out a winner at a boxing contest, and, at all events, it's too early now to express any decided opinion as to who will be the winner. I am satisfied that Gans will not have the trouble making the weight for Nelson that he had for his battle with me, but, at that, the weighing-in conditions that Nelson has imposed are more stringent than those that were in force when I fought Gans. We boxed at 133 ring-side. The weighing in took place in the ring at 5:30 o'clock at night. Gans could have left his bed that morning weighing 135 pounds, gone on the road and hit the 133 mark or just a trifle under, ate his supper early, and then still be at the 133 notch at ring time. Should he get up on the morning of Sept. 3 overweight, he will have to do a road stunt to get to weight, and then it will probably be too close to ring time to eat anything. He is forced to be at weight at three different intervals from noon to 5 o'clock, which would also prevent him from taking nourishment. As against that, however, the climatic conditions in Goldfield are better for weightmaking than they are here. The altitude and the heat will do much toward helping Gans in the deshydrating process.

Nelson will have little or no trouble doing the weight. On the matter of weight Nelson has away the best of the deal. So much for the weight question.

POINTERS FOR GANS.

Gans will probably profit by the mistakes of my battle with Nelson. I foolishly wallowed away at his head when the Dane's body should have been my target from the tap of the gong. I made, I am sorry to admit, serious mistakes in my plan of bombardment. Gans, if he is smart, and I think he is, has learned many lessons from the Colma fight. That will undoubtedly be a point in Gans' favor.

Gans can administer more punishing blows to a slinger of the Nelson type than he can to a clever man. All of the negro's battles prove this conclusively. Nelson depends on wading in and eating up a lot of punishment, taking a chance on tiring the other fellow out. Gans is just the opposite in his ring maneuvers. He is careful to avoid punishment and at the same time is always judiciously attempting to administer it. In my first fight with Nelson I adhered strictly to that mode of fighting and I beat him handsily. Had I done so in the ring at Colma and had I not been fettered with a lot of other bad ring luck I would have beaten him again. Nelson knows this better than anybody else, as he has ducked a return match with me ever since.

Nelson has a left hand that will bother Gans, but I don't think that the Dane will be able to jam his head up under Gans' chin, like he was allowed to do with me. Gans is pretty shifty getting in and out of clinches, and I don't think he will be willing to stand up and slug with Nelson, like I did. In addition to that Gans is a body puncher with his right hand, which will come pretty near breaking any kind of a clinch where an opponent is trying to bore in after taking a hold.

NELSON NOT FAST ENOUGH.

Nelson is not fast. Now, when I say these things about the Dane I am not



Photos by Johnson.

BATTLING NELSON AND HIS MANAGER.

Battling Nelson, monarch of all the small fighters, is seen on the right, and his manager, Billy Nolan, on the left. The picture is from a photograph taken in Salt Lake, just prior to his departure for Goldfield to meet Gans, and is the latest likeness of the doughty slugger.

trying to take anything away from his ability as a fighter. There are some things he has on Gans, and I will mention them later on in this article. But at 133 pounds ringside a fast, two-handed fighter has a better chance of beating Gans than a fighter of the plodding order. Gans will hit Nelson as often as I did. The question is, Will Gans be able to wallopp Nelson hard enough at 133 to put him away? I think I could have fought Gans 20 or 30 rounds at the rate I did without finding it as much work as I

did with Nelson, but I found Gans the harder hitter. He is what I call an accurate hitter with either hand.

DANE TAKES MORE PUNISHMENT.

Nelson is by far the more rugged of the two men. I think he can go a greater distance, if compelled, than Gans. In fact, I am certain that he can. He can stand more punishment than Gans and will come up fresher after each minute's rest than the colored boy.

Judging from the way they are going about things, the Goldfield sports will leave no stone unturned to bring off the big contest without a hitch. They will probably hold open houses for the many visitors the fight will attract to the mining camp. I met Tex Rickard during my last trip to New York, and found him to be just the sort of a chap who can bring off a big sporting event of this kind and be in line for congratulations when it's all over.

YALE FOOTBALL.

One Team at Least Seems to Suspect Where it is At.

Head Coach Foster Rockwell of the Yale football eleven has been conferring with Walter Camp, Yale's general athletic advisor, this week at New Haven, and it has been decided to call the candidates together about Sept. 15. It is not expected that the squad will visit the Yale field before Monday, Sept. 17, but a sharp ten days' drill is then expected on the new rules before college opens.

By the bushels letters are pouring in upon Walter Camp and other Yale football coaches for help in starting the season. There is a universal spirit of uncertainty about starting the practice campaign and about all the coaches have turned to Yale for advice. Yale's policy was pretty well figured out in three weeks' secret practice this spring, but the players and coaches will give no hints about what is decided upon. A team passing game, much like the play so frequent in basketball, is generally expected. As Head Coach Rockwell has played basketball for three years and captained the team last year, he is the man of the hour in working out new plays from the football rules. Much kicking will be done by the Yale backs this fall. Every member of the back field has been taught to punt and, instead of holding the ball, the backs will kick frequently.

It is a settled conviction among the Yale coaches that injuries among the players will be fully as frequent under the new rules as under the old. Collarbone fractures and broken wrists and arms are looked for frequently under the new code, which develops much running in a broken field.

Under the new Yale eligibility rules, which bar freshmen, no new players can make the team the coming fall. The veterans who will be eligible are: End, Howard Jones; tackles, Lucius Biglow and Robert Forbes; guard, Arthur Edwin; quarterback, "Tad" Jones; halfbacks, Howard Rome, William Knox and John Levine. Friends of Forbes deny the rumor that he is not to return to Yale.

Jim Foster, the Yale grandstand builder, has been overhauling the Yale grandstands and sternbarging them

for the coming season. Every timber which showed signs of weakening has been removed. The Yale-Harvard game here Nov. 24 will test their capacity to the limit.

LOVABLE ARDELLE.

Eastern Writer Glows Over Fine Disposition of Famous Horse.

"To laud a winner is a human weakness, perhaps, but to laud such a winner as Ardelle is but to bestow praise where it rightly belongs. She is not only the fastest green pacer we have ever seen, but she is likewise one of the handiest, and when you come to know all the rest of her qualities one of the most remarkable of race mares, and, I must add, one of the most lovable," says an eastern writer.

"If Ardelle has a grain of meanness in her make-up she has yet to show it. Always she has done only the right thing at the time it was asked of her, and I have to call her the most useful and best-mannered racing tool of extreme speed I have ever seen. When Direct Hal, 2:04 1/2, and the fast green ones that succeeded him won the Chamber of Commerce stakes, we called them the greatest green ones ever—and so they were at that time. But remember that all that was being asked of them was to defeat green horses, while Ardelle was tested against a field of seasoned, capable campaigners of the 2:00 class. It was a most arduous task, indeed, but the manner in which she met it stamps her as being a marvel of speed, manners and class.

"She wears felt quarter boots and a light passing boot behind only, but I think that Br. Geers will rid her of these shortly, as she displays no need of them."

BARNEY ON AUGUST.

Famous Automobile Driver Says It is a Bad Month for Him.

Barney Oldfield, the automobile driver, registered at the Hotel Belvedere yesterday, says the Baltimore American. A strongly built chap with a clear-cut face and a firm chin is the man who risks his life and has in three instances carried away the fences of different race tracks.

To go to see Oldfield is often to go to see somebody killed or maimed, but as for himself, he says:

"I do not think I will ever be killed while driving a car unless it happens in August. This is August."

"At first I was my intention to refuse to drive in August, but the promoters have offered me inducements which I cannot refuse, and I am booked at all the towns on the eastern circuit. I have never been in a serious accident except in August. Three years ago I ran through the fence at Detroit and killed a spectator. At St. Louis two years ago, in August, I killed two more and wounded others. In August last year at Detroit I again went through the fence with almost fatal results to myself. But I'm not dead yet."

Barney has a bad scar on his temple from the last smash-up. He also broke a shoulder and arm at St. Louis in August. For advertising purposes Barney says he is going to quit this year, but he says that every year. "But," adds he, "I go on the stage next month and the race track will never know me again, and this is not a Fitzsimmons quit. I will retire for good from track racing. I may do road racing and am arranging to drive for the Vanderbilt cup."

CASEY'S REVENGE.

By James Wilson.

Being a Reply to the Famous Baseball Classic "Casey at the Bat."

There were saddest hearts in Mudville for a week or even more. There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan in town was sure "Just think, said one, 'how soft it looked with Casey at the bat!'" And then to think he'd go and spring a bush league trick like that.

All his past fame was forgotten; he was now a hopeless "white." They called him "Strike-out Casey" from the mayor down the line. And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh.

While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey's eye.

The lane is long, someone has said, that never turns again. And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men.

And Casey, smiling, his rugged face no longer wore a frown; The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville had assembled; ten thousand fans had come. To see the twister who had put big Casey on the bench.

And when he stepped into the box the multitude went wild. He defied his cap in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

"Play ball!" the umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began.

But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan Who thought Mudville had a chance; and with the setting sun There hopes sank low—the rival team was leading "four to one."

The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in the score; But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar.

The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was heard. When the pitcher in the second and gave "four balls" to the third.

Three men on base—nobody out—three runs to score. A triple meant the highest notch in Mudville's hall of fame; But here the rally ended and the gloom was laid on fate.

When the fourth one "fouled to catcher" and the fifth "new out to right."

A dismal groan in chorus came—a sob! was on each face— When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and his bloodshot eyes in fury glared; his

teeth were clinched in hate. He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

But fame is fleeting as the wind, and glory fades away. There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day. They hissed and growled and booed as they clamored, "Strike him out!" But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this shout.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose; across the plate it spread. Another hiss, another groan—"Strike one!" the umpire said. Zip! Like a shot, the second curve broke just below his knee—"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud, but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot.

But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot?

A whack! a crack! out through space the leather pellet flew—

A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field, in rapid whirling flight

The sphere sailed on; the blot grew dim

Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand throats a fit;

But one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit!

Oh, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun

And somewhere hands no longer play and children have no fun.

And somewhere ever blighted lives there hang a heavy pain

But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball!

NEWS NOTES.

Will the man on the Tribune, who said a lot of things in his paper contradicting the previous reports of its sporting editor, and talking exactly with impressions held by Manager Chairman of the Salt Palace, kindly arise in meeting and explain who paid for the automobile in which he visited the track?

One visit to a bicycle track may make a city editor an expert on what the manager who sat out there may believe, but one swallow isn't a summer, you know, and anyhow it would have been a good thing to let the sporting editor edit the copy to remove the inexperience.

Sport solely for money, in which the riders themselves even lose a primary interest in the fight on the finish line, is inseparably hooked up with crooked sport. The crooked part is just one step farther in the game of stimulating the gate money beyond the power of the races themselves to attract it.

Joe Gans has employed a burly to waken him in the morning. Battling Nelson is more confident. He can't see anything at which to take alarm.

The penance race in the American association is so tame that the magnates have thrown in a swell row to give people their money's worth.

Swimmer Handy uses the "legless crawl" style in a long race. That seems all right to a man of his name.

The New York club claims it suffered only \$500 worth in its recent attempt to "do" an umpire. This is only the money. Damage to reputation and pride are not counted.

It is acknowledged in England that the Harvard crew is there with the phlegm, it's something, in a foreign struggle, to even be counted a swell looker.

As soon as the Saratoga meeting is over Gov. Higgins proposes to stop the machinery of the law in motion and set betting at the Saratoga track only had such a governor, Mr. Taggart.

All work in Goldfield, Nev., stopped in anticipation of the coming bout. As soon as the prices of seats at the ring side were posted they began to dig again.

CHILDREN IN PAIN.

Never cry as do children who are suffering from hunger. Such is the cause of all baby's who cry and are treated for sickness, when they really are suffering from hunger. This is caused from their food not being assimilated but devoured by worms. A few doses of Worms Cream Vermifuge will cause them to cease crying and begin to thrive at once. Give it a trial. Sold by Z. J. Drug Dept. 12 and 14 South Main Street.

Story of the Man Who Invented the Sewing Machine

In 1815 Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was born at Spencer, Mass. His father followed the double occupation of farmer and miller. Elias, when a mere lad, was employed in one of his father's mills during the vacation season, and attended the district school when it was in session. When 11 years of age he went to work for a neighboring farmer, and from there journeyed to Lowell for the purpose of learning the trade of cotton manufacturing machinery.

A financial depression that year caused the manufactory to fail, and young Howe went to Harvard, where as an apprentice he entered a machine shop. But being of a restless disposition, Howe remained there but a short time, going thence to Cambridge, where he entered a nautical instrument factory. Here it was that Howe first dreamed of the sewing machine, and here he began to bring that dream to a reality.

He was 22 years old when he began work on his invention in earnest, and had a wife and one or two children to support by daily labor. Then his invention, for want of time, came to a state of partial perfection slowly, and in 1844 he gave up his entire time to it, himself and family suffering great privation in consequence.

He obtained a patent on his invention Sept. 10, 1845, five years after having begun work on it. But, though the machine was a decided success, Howe

CHICKEN SHOOTING SHY ON RESULTS

Fluffy Birds of the Sagebrush And Willows Are Scarcer Than Ever.

OPEN SEASON AND NO KILLS.

Good Bird Hunting Seems to Have Departed With Rabbit Shooting And Fishing for Trout.

The gentle season of shooting mourning doves, sage hens, and other winged game, is on. The first crop of hunters is back from their first excursions to the hunting grounds, and the results are only meagre.

They all report a fine time, which is some consolation, and anyone who loves his dog, and has a good one, can get a fine day's tramping in the brush almost anywhere on the theory that he is hunting birds. Before the day is over he will be very tired, and will feel sorry for his dog, which also will be tired, and then he will tramp back to camp rested, and willing to peg away in a mere office for another year. Time was when all the benches around Salt Lake were good hunting grounds for chickens, but that was long ago, and now even the remote points in the canyons refuse to give up a mess of game. Dr. Ralph Richards and Richard W. Young, Jr., took the week's end of last week to a hunt through the Big Cottonwood brush below Brighton. Dr. Richards had hunted there before when the brush was low and chickens were to be found.

This time, however, the good work of Uncle Sam was found in that the protection offered by the forest reserve had eliminated the destruction of young trees, and instead of a brush patch in the hunting grounds, the party encountered a young forest. The trees were doing well and the chickens clucked this information out occasionally from secret hiding places far beyond the searching power of dog and gun. Two chickens were the kill, and they went at once to the camp fire of two hungry hunters. Nest is restful, however, even if it is taken in a young and prosperous forest reserve, with nothing in sight to shoot but ammunition.

Slightly better luck is reported by hunters near Peterson. The parties who have gone out between showers of rain have been well soaked for their trouble, and one party is willing to swear to fifty birds.

One erstwhile hunting ground lay between Mill Creek and Parley's canyon, over the divide. Hunters who scoured it this week found nothing but mud and heavy underbrush. This has been a great year for brush growth, and it is possible that an era of covered mountain sides is beginning in the land.

Coalville has been a destination for several hunting parties, and they have crossed the mountains round about without much to report in the way of kills. Altogether the chicken shooting season seems to be that if you don't mind how many chickens you get, the exercise of a day in the mountains is good pay for the trouble. There are no doves as yet in mourning for their kind, and very little prospect of the few of their kind that remain being slaughtered by any volley fire at least.

received small benefits from it in America and England. In the latter country the poor inventor was swindled out of his invention. He and his wife and babies almost starved in London, while he had gone to look after the royalties on his sewing machine, royalties which were never paid to him.

Through the kindness of a sea captain Howe's wife and little ones were carried back to America upon credit. Howe followed them the next spring, being indebted to a Scottish mechanic for a steamer passage.

"My invention is patented and in successful use in England," he wrote to a brother, "but without profit to me, and wholly out of my control." The tenth day after his return to America his poor young wife, who had been obliged to suffer such poverty and disappointment, died. And then followed years of struggle, of lawsuits against infringers who were coining money off Howe's invention. But not once did the man give up. He knew that he was in the right, and he entered the fight to win. And win he did, but only after long, long years of struggle.

In 1867 Howe's sewing machine had brought him in royalties the amount of over \$2,000,000.

In speaking to an old friend about his struggle to obtain rights to his own invention, Howe said: "Had I given up, as nearly all starting inventors do give up, when the fight seems all against them, I would have died in an attic of a broken heart."



TRANS-CONTINENTAL AUTO NOW EN ROUTE FOR RECORD.

With a view to smashing the trans-continental automobile record and that Yuan Shai Kai, Viceroy of Chile province, may obtain a motor-car best adapted to service in China, Richard Henry Little and Christian D. Haggerty, two war correspondents of Chicago, accompanied by three friends, are now tearing across the continent in a two-cylinder 22-horse power Buick automobile, in which they expect to pull the record down to seventeen days, sixteen days less than the figures set up by L. L. Whitman in 1894. The start from New York City was made on Aug. 16 at 3 a. m.

The correspondents will follow the line of the New York Central to Chicago; from there they will dash straight across Illinois to Clinton, Iowa; thence a bee line to Omaha and thence to the Golden state along the lines of the Union Pacific.

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