

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD AT HOME AND ABROAD

DOINGS IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Clifford and O'Keefe to Clash Friday For Lightweight Title.

ATTELL WANTS MATCH HERE.

'Kid' McCoy Wants a Crack at Bob Fitzsimmons—Champion Jeffries on Munroe—May Fight Him.

THESE are busy times in fightland. Salt Lake's boxing enthusiasts are just now interested in no less than three padded mitt contests, the first of which takes place tonight. The bout referred to will be between Sailor Tom Sharkey, and Miner Jack Munroe. Particular interest is attached to this contest for the reason that out of it will come a fight for the title of heavyweight champion of the universe. Champion James J. Jeffries has promised to meet the winner of tonight's struggle, whether it be Sharkey or Munroe. That the bout will be a fierce one, though only for six rounds, there can be no doubt, because both men are anxious to get a crack at the huge Californian. In the event that neither scores a knockout, Jeffries will meet the man who has the better of the "go."

The next contest to attract attention from local fight devotees, takes place at San Francisco Monday night. Dave Sullivan will make a superhuman effort to wrest the title from "Young Corbett." The little Denver mitt pusher will make a great effort to whip Sullivan, for two reasons. One is that he does not care to be beaten, the other is that he might lose his contest with Jimmy Britt, and \$2,500 besides. But the contest that will create the most local interest, is scheduled for next Friday evening at the Grand Theater between Jack Clifford and Jack O'Keefe. These two hard hitting lightweights have been matched to exchange wallops on that night for the lightweight championship of the state. They will, according to signed agreement, enter the ring weighing not more than 138 pounds. They will enter a contest of 20 rounds to a decision, and be governed by Marquis of Queensbury code of ring ethics. Each man has deposited a forfeit of \$250 to guarantee his good faith in the match. Both claim to be in tip top shape and fully able to go a fast pace the entire distance. Each declares he will win by the knockout round. If Clifford wins, he says it is his purpose to go after Tommy Markham and force him to fight, if possible, if even only for the glory of it.

This is by "Kid" McCoy: "Who will win the Sharkey-Munroe battle?"

I fired this question point blank at the champion of all the champions, James J. Jeffries.

I had been ordered to find out from Jeff what he thought of the sailorman and the miner as fighters and who would win at Quaker town.

So I went at the champion with bare knuckles. But he side-stepped me. He had a Dutch answer ready.

"Has Munroe learned how to place his blow?"

I was a bit surprised at the query. The miner must certainly have improved a great deal since that day he stood the massive boiler-maker off for four rounds.

For a supposedly "green" man Munroe places his blows with a great deal of accuracy and most positively with an immense amount of force behind them; and I told Jeffries so.

"Then," said the big fellow, with that quiet, good natured smile of his, "it will be a hard fight."

He saw my smile at his evasion of my question.

"Look here, Charley," he said, "I cannot attempt to pick the winner of this bout, even if I knew positively which one would win. I have promised the winner a chance to fight me for the world's championship, and for that reason I do not want to have any feeling in the matter or voice my opinion as to the outcome."

"I will be at the ring-side and I want to sit back and watch the best man win."

I saw that he was right. "Well, Jim," I asked him, "what sort of a battle, from your knowledge of the styles of the two men, do you think they will put up?"

"Slugging pure and simple, he replied, quick as a flash."

"Slugging, eh?"

"Yes, good, hard, old-fashioned slugging. I have fought Sharkey forty-five rounds and I know that he all knows how to do. He is on top of his man all the time with full-arm swings, right and left. He keeps them going like a windmill, and it's a case of 'Sally, bar the door,' if he catches the right spot. He carries sure death in either hand if he hits you right."

"Of Munroe's style, of course, I do not know so much. He was pretty green when I met him, but he was certainly a big, tough, strong, dangerous man. His lack of the fine points of ring tactics was his most prominent fault the time I met him. Undoubtedly he has learned a great deal since then. His quick and decisive victories over Peter Maher and that fellow Limerick show that he has 'come on' a good bit. As to his style, a straight right hand to the short ribs under the heart seems to be his best blow."

"Yes, it is," I affirmed. "He has also a good left hand. He sticks it out in very clever fashion. It has a great deal of power behind it, and he will give the sailor man a jolt with it if he uses it as well in the ring as he does when working with me in my gymnasium."

"Then I showed Jeffries this straight left of Munroe's."

The big fellow grunted as I stung his nose.

"Say," he said, "that would almost bother me."

I wonder if he meant it?

Now that Jim Corbett has announced that he will not entertain any proposition for a return match with Bob Fitzsimmons, the latter will undoubtedly look around for another opponent to meet. If the Cornishman is anxious to fight for the middleweight championship, which title he still lays claim to, he will find no trouble in finding a willing opponent.

Kid McCoy, the clever Hoosier boxer, who has been in training for several weeks in anticipation of entering the ring in the near future, has his eye on Fitzsimmons and nothing would suit him better than to tackle the lanky



JACK O'KEEFE AND BENNY YANGER.

The above cut shows Jack O'Keefe and Benny Yanger, two Chicago fighters of national prominence. O'Keefe is the one sitting. He is to meet Jack Clifford at the Grand Theater next Friday night, March 4th. Benny Yanger, who was defeated recently by Eddie Hanlon, wants to come here for a match with featherweight Johnny Reagan. O'Keefe will be here next week, all ready for the contest with Clifford.

Cornishman, McCoy will gladly fight him for the middleweight title, and just as a sign of his sincerity he stands ready to post a forfeit of \$1,000 with Al Smith to bind the match.

McCoy says he is anxious to fight again and that he wants to tackle some good man. Fitzsimmons preferred. "I have seen where Fitzsimmons has been claiming the middle weight championship," said McCoy, "and if he really wants to defend the title I will fight him whenever he is prepared to enter the ring. The preparatory training that I have been going through has already put me in good condition, and in a few more weeks I expect to be back to my old form. When in proper condition I believe that I can defeat any man in the world with probably the exception of Jeffries. As for Fitzsimmons, I will post \$1,000 at once to bind the match, and if he means business he can cover my money."

Like Bloom, manager for little Abe Attell, champion legitimate featherweight of the world, has written the management of the Shamrock club asking for a match for Abe in this city. Bloom says he will match Attell with any good man at from 122 pounds to 126 pounds, and he is really eager to come here. Johnnie Reagan, another little fighter of considerable reputation, wants to come here for a mill, and there is some talk of trying to arrange a match between the two little scrappers.

It is believed that such a match would prove the strongest kind of a drawing card, but of course nothing has been decided upon, and the proposition has not been submitted to the fighters.

MADDOCK FOR COACH.

Football will be boomed at State University Next Season.

There will be plenty doing in the way of football at the state university next season, and if the institution does not carry off the championship honors for the season of 1904 it will be surprising.

The sport will be boomed as it never has been before. In addition to some new and valuable football timber, the team will have the benefit of a first-class coach; a man well versed in the lore of hog hide chasing. During the week, President Kingsbury of the "Varsity," made the official announcement that Joe Maddock of Michigan had accepted the position of coach and would arrive here this summer and at once assume charge of the football squad.

There were a number of applicants for the position, but after due consideration the choice fell on Maddock, and the choice is regarded as being a good one.

This tour, as outlined, is to be run from New York city to St. Louis, including club runs from each town along the route or tributary territory. Dates will be so arranged that the Boston clubs will meet the New York automobilists as they start upon the overland journey. These will be joined en route by automobilists from other cities, thus forming a procession that will be a continuous march to the World's Fair city.

Cleveland, Ohio, is to be made the grand rallying point where the pageant of eastern and southern clubs will merge and continue their journey. Milwaukee and other cities in the northwest will send clubs to join the easterners and southerners in Chicago. The most direct route from Chicago to St. Louis will be taken.

The tour is not to be a race or an endurance run. It is planned purely for the pleasure of the club members. There will be no rules of regulations governing speed, repairs or stops. Regular stands will be established along the route for registering, and each automobilist that registers at each night stop between the place he starts from and St. Louis will receive a certificate from the A. A. A. showing that he actually made the trip.

When the auto tourists reach St. Louis, it is planned for them and tests of high climbing and runs to various points of interest in Missouri will be participated in. Twenty-five hundred machines it is estimated will make the overland journey.

"GREAT" ACTOR QUILTS. Erratic "Rube" Waddell Deserts the Footlights and Begins Butchering. (Not by "Rube" Waddell.)

I'll tell about my worst play first. I'm not like these fellows who are never happy unless they are targets for their own bouquets.

That's the way to tell the difference between the real thing and a counterfeit. The man who has been praised by a thousand voices never has to be his own Boswell.

I made my worst play when I became a pitcher.

It's hard to keep your New Year's resolutions when the very name of your position is a reminder of thirst. Had I been catcher, baseman or outfielder, I might not so often have been compelled to ask for "one more chance."

Being left-handed was also a misfortune. Throwing the ball with my southern hand all afternoon exposed me to the danger of developing my left side at the expense of the right. Being a firm believer in the necessity of a uniform physique, I had to sit up at night lifting heavy glass weights with my right arm.

My diversions didn't tend to frame the mind to the contemplation of higher things. When I bowled I heard the pin boys constantly instructed to "Set them up again," which was almost as poignant a reminder as the word "pitcher."

I couldn't escape by hunting or fishing. The former sport kept me constantly chasing the duck, and after a day at Lake Umbagog I usually had such a load of fish to carry home that it was out of the question to bring back the joyful of bait, so I had to empty it first.

A maritime life was advised as a means of getting away from my pursuing fans, and for many months I carefully piloted well-filled schooners over the bar. But even in this quiet calling there was always the danger of getting half seas overboard. When I was out in the wind, so I quit it to do the elevator act for the stage.

I might have found the abstemious surroundings I so admire, but for the name of my play.

Every comedian the country over thought it the acme of humor to invite me to come and wash away the "Stain of Guilt." They seemed to think the stain was on my palate. By the time they had washed it down—my rather outlandish few thousand times, I concluded that as summer was approaching, the stage was not the place for me.

Then I made my best play. I became a butcher.

This is a fine occupation for a ball player's winter months. It develops the muscles on both sides, helps the hitting eye, gives a man so much tenderness in the daytime that he never seeks that distasteful night, inclines him to stick to his own quarters and gets him used to roasts.

No more the footlights for me. I'm fixed to go south with Connie Mack next spring. It is the health giving prospect of my new profession that enables me to write this article with perhaps the most original declaration ever made by a ball tosser in search of advance money.

I am in the best of condition and will play the game of my life next season.

CLASS DIVISION IN FISTIANA.

One For White Fighters and Another for the Black Men.

IS SOME RACIAL PREJUDICE.

May be That Each Will Some Day Have Their Own Champions and Fight Among Themselves.

ACCORDING to the views of an ardent fight fan of Salt Lake it will not be many years before there is another shakeup in pugilism, and changes, aside from those proposed at the recent meeting at Detroit, will be made. It is a matter that is receiving consideration at the hands of prominent devotees of the game all over the country. The result of the division, now talked of, if it takes place, will be two sets of champion pugilists—one for white men, another for Ethiopians.

For a long time the colored boxer has been considered a factor in the game of fistfight, despite the fact that there is strong prejudice against them. The negro fighter, no matter how clever, is generally regarded as being the possessor of a big "yellow streak," and if given considerable punishment, would quit. But this idea is gradually dying out, for the reason that the theory is not true. Ring history for the past few years has demonstrated that there are many black fighters who are capable of taking a great amount of punishment, and in this respect they compare favorably with the white pugs.

Among the colored fighters who have made great names for themselves in the game of fistfight, might be mentioned George Godfrey, Joe Butler, Peter Jackson, George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott. Jackson and Dixon were the best liked among all the negro fighters, because they were regarded as square, honest fellows, and were never known to take a hand in any crooked fights.

But there is a deep rooted prejudice against the colored fighter. It always pleases the fans to see a white man whip a black fighter, but little praise does the latter get when he turns the tables.

The opposition to the matching of negro and white boxers originated in the south. New Orleans being the first place to take the initiative. Down there, when a white man was pounding a black boxer up pretty badly, it was thought to be great sport, and the followers of pugilism always wanted to have a front seat. When, however, the tables would be turned and the black boxer was making a punching bag out of the white fellow, it ceased to be sport, and there was a loud call for a reform of ring ethics.

This state of affairs spread slowly but gradually, and it will in time cover the whole country. Other cities, such as Louisville and Lexington, fell in line after New Orleans. Then it reached Baltimore, and the fact that Joe Gans, a colored man, had the easiest kind of a time battering up white boxers caused so much opposition that for a while boxing was put under the ban altogether in that city, and it was banned up again with the understanding that the two races should be kept separate in boxing contests followed suit, and the boxing clubs and promoters of the Windy City have announced that in future they will only match colored boxers against men of their own race.

In Philadelphia the subject has been discussed more than once by sporting men, and the better class are inclined to favor the matching only of white boxers against men of their own complexion, and it will

only be a matter of time when the plan of the Baltimore and Chicago clubs will be followed in this city.

At first glance this might seem to be a hardship on the colored boxers, as there are men who advocate the theory that there should be no color line in any form of human endeavor and that a man should be a man in the ring without regard to his color, just as a man should be recognized as a man in the line of shoemaking or blacksmithing, without regard to the shade of his complexion. This theory sounds very pretty, and there is no doubt that logically it is correct, but sometimes facts and theories differ very greatly, and this is one of the cases where they are widely separated. Whatever hardship it may be to colored boxers, it will only be temporary, for the black men seem to take to the sport like a duck takes to water, and such a large crop of colored boxers is coming along that there will soon be plenty of men of their own color for even the best of them to be kept busy. Even at the present time in any class but the heavyweight there are enough black fighters to keep a champion busy almost all the year round.

LAJOIE A MUSICIAN.

Diamond May Lose a Great Mighty Star—Perhaps Not.

Larry Lajoie, the great and mighty, has found fields to conquer other than those of diamond shape. He is now a great musician—a master hand at the piano. From Cleveland comes the pleasing news. The story is this: A pedestrian stopped in front of a prominent music store the other afternoon, and, putting his hands behind his ears, listened in rapt admiration to the music that came from within. Another pedestrian joined him, then another and

another, until quite a little company had assembled. "There's some master musician at that piano," said the first man, as the notes of a Strauss waltz came floating out on the zero atmosphere. In a moment or two the door opened and a man came down the steps. "Beg your pardon for stopping here so long," said one of the listeners, "but could you tell us, please, who is playing? We are all simply delighted." "Why, certainly," was the courteous reply. "That's Napoleon Lajoie," and the man went along down the street. The music ceased after a while and while the crowd waited for it to be renewed the door opened again and Larry, the Great, stepped out on the porch. "Mr. Lajoie," said three or four men in the chorus, "we know you are a greatest ball player in the world, but we didn't know that you could play a piano so beautifully."

"I couldn't until yesterday," remarked Larry, as he faced the crowd. "It takes a day or two, you know, to get the hang of one of them piano-playing machines."

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Portugal will make a fine exhibit of wines, oils and cork at the world's fair.

Brazil's principal exhibits at the world's fair will be coffee, rubber, ores and feather work.

Indiana day at the world's fair has been changed from Sept. 13, to Sept. 1.

Ancient Order of Hibernian day at the world's fair will be Thursday, July 21.

Mississippi day at the world's fair will be July 7, the date is the anniversary of the meeting of the first constitutional convention which paved the way for the entrance of Mississippi into the Union.

A Virginia kitchen, in which the food values of the sweet potato will be demonstrated, will be a restaurant feature at the world's fair.

The largest searchlight in the world has been completed and tested at an electric plant at Lowell, Mass. The machine weighs 7,000 pounds, is of 6,500,000 candle power and projects a beam of light seven feet in diameter. It will be used for advertising purposes at the world's fair.

Kansas City will be represented on the Model street at the world's fair by a building of two structures connected by a colonnade. One building will be used as a club house and will contain a bureau of information, registry of office, postoffice, buffet, bath room, writing and reading room, etc., while the other will be used for exhibits.

"SURE CHILDREN'S REMEDY." If your child is restless at night, grinds its teeth, is irritable, is constipated, craves indigestible food, or is fretful and peevish, you can be sure it has Worms. KICKAPOO WORM KILLER will expel them and restore the child's health. These tablets are pleasant to take and won't harm the most delicate child. 25c. a box at druggists, or by mail from us. Your money back if not satisfactory.

KICKAPOO INDIAN WORM KILLER

Is endorsed and recommended by thousands of mothers.

Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Gentlemen: My little boy, aged three years and seven months, was troubled with his stomach, and I had him doctored by eminent physicians for several months at a large outlay of money. I had tried every kind of worm medicine without any benefit. On the night of the 10th of August I bought one box of the Kickapoo Indian Worm Killer, and gave him one dosage before going to bed. On the following morning he was free from worms. He was expelled. Kickapoo Indian Worm Killer has done for the child what no other medicine failed to perform. SAML'L KELLEY, Book F sent free. Havana, Illinois. KICKAPOO INDIAN MEDICINE CO., Clintonville, Oes.

FOR THIN CHEEKS.

The three requisites of facial beauty are ROUNDED FEATURES, absence of wrinkles and a fine complexion. Nothing can hide the deformity of thin, sunken cheeks, an ugly arm, a scrawny hand or the absence of a bust.

Dr. Charles Flesh Food

has been used by thousands of ladies for the past twenty-five years and our large business is due to the endorsement of one satisfied patron to another. WE KNOW that Dr. Charles Flesh Food will create FIRM, HEALTHY FLESH wherever it is applied. It acts by absorption through the pores. Nothing to take internally. Applied as an ointment.

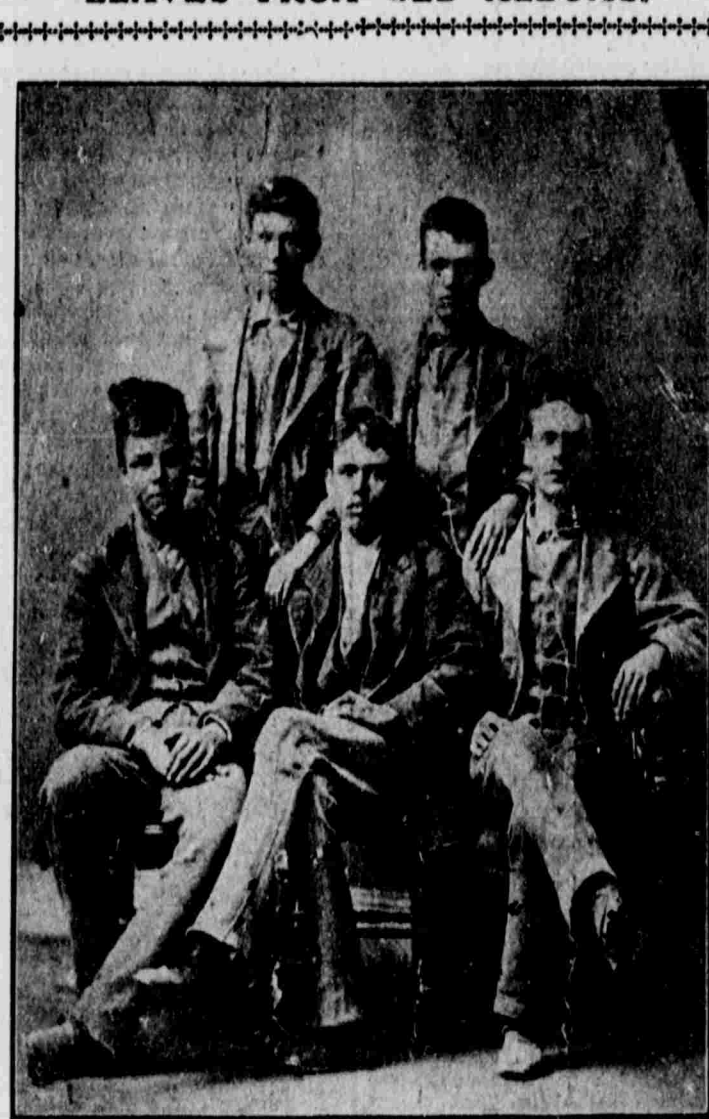
SPECIAL OFFER.

The regular price of Dr. Charles Flesh Food is \$1.00 a box, but to introduce it into thousands of new homes we have decided to send two (2) boxes to all who answer this advertisement and send a \$1.00. All packages are sent in plain wrapper, postage prepaid.

A SAMPLE BOX—just enough to convince you of the great merit of Dr. Charles Flesh Food—will be sent free for 10 cents, which pays for cost of mailing. We will also send you our illustrated book "Art of Massage," which contains all the proper movements for massaging the face, neck and arms and full directions for developing the bust. Address:

DR. CHARLES CO., 15 Park Place, New York.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



SALT LAKE BOYS WHOSE HAIR IS NOW SILVERED.

The silver is beginning to appear pretty freely in the heads of the "boys" who comprise this group from a photograph taken in 1873. Old time friends may be able to recognize most of them. But for the benefit of those who cannot identify them their names will be given. They are, taking the two standing figures first, Ben E. Rich and Tom Ellerbeck, while the three who are seated are, reading from left to right, Will Golding, Nephi W. Clayton and Cowley Smith.

EXTRA!



GOOD SHOE NEWS of purse felt interest is what we tell of in these two items which should prove most interesting to those who appreciate a true value in shoes of dependable character. Those who are alert to such offerings will discern economy of a decided nature.

Not only these two stirring values, but hundreds of most dependable shoes for every member of the family, that the past month's vigorous selling has depleted, will be priced even lower for quick clearance. No need to detail each sort, but just a mention of two sorts.

\$3.35

Shoes for gentlemen. Complete lines high grade patent colt, patent kid vici and calf shoes that bore price tickets which read \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00, each one of these shoes presents a shoemakers triumph, each shoe a splendid sort of leather shaped over last, which fashion and comfort has endorsed as correct and are well worth the regular price.

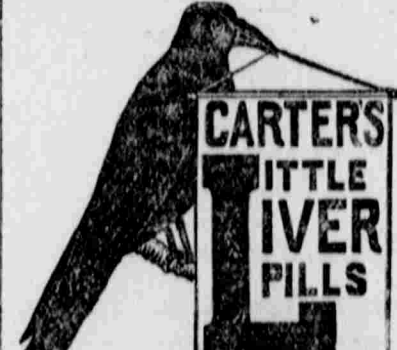
\$2.65

Shoes for gentlemen of most excellent styles. Many of them a special purchase of manufacturers surplus stocks \$4 values; still others the advance guard of \$3.50 spring styles that a crowded factory sent forth a full month ahead of regular selling time, beauties all. Sorts for dress for every day. Swell new 'satisfactory' styles and some brand new Heel and Toe shapes.

We'll Fill Your Want Orders Gladly—Perfectly.

HIRSCHMAN'S SHOE PEOPLE

We Deliver Goods Promptly. Exchange or Money Back.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.