

# News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

## BIG FIGHT IS NOW THE ONLY SUBJECT

Joe Gans Says That a Finish contest is Perfectly Agreeable to Him.

## FRISCO IS IN MOURNING.

Left Cross Says Public Opinion Forced Match But Watch the Fireworks—Naughton's Say.

Joe Gans is throwing no obstacle in the way of the big match with Nelson. He does not impose a single condition upon the fight or the division of the purse. Discussing the proposed fight he said the other day:

Nothing could suit me better than to know that there is a good chance of my getting a fight with Nelson. I fought my way from the bottom against all the odds that people of my race have to meet. I have landed in the boxing world as the lightweight champion of the world and I challenge Nelson to meet me. Always ready to defend my claims I want to go against Nelson and I am ready to meet him on any terms and I repeat, at any place he may select.

So far as the Goldfield proposition is concerned I look at it merely as the opportunity to fight Nelson. The money end of it can be settled in a minute. Just post the coin so that I know there will be no fluke, and I'll sign just as soon as Billy Nolan signs for Nelson. They can't arrange the fight agreement too soon to suit me.

I can dispose of all the preliminaries in a few minutes. What Nelson wants I agree to and that means everything concerning the fight. We will not quarrel or quarrel over the rounds. If Nelson wants 20 rounds he can have them, or he can have a finish fight if that suits him better. A finish fight might be a bit more agreeable to me than a limited contest, but that is a minor matter and will be easily settled.

As for a referee and the other arrangements there won't be any trouble at all. Nelson and I will agree speedily. I am sure. At least there will not be any stumbling block put in the way by my end of it to prevent rapid work in signing up a satisfactory agreement. Nothing has come directly to me yet from the Goldfield club, but I am informed by my friends here that the management is absolutely reliable and that they will conduct the business on a straight basis. That suits me. Of course, I cannot say when I shall go to Goldfield, for most likely I ought to train there in order to get acclimated before the contest comes off, which I hear will probably be Labor day.

## FRISCO IN MOURNING.

The following is from W. W. Naughton: There is mourning in San Francisco wherever lovers of the many art do congregate, for Goldfield has secured the Gans-Nelson fight, the juiciest plum in the pugilistic pie. Nor is there much consolation in the reflection that Goldfield is paying through the nose for the duty morsel of sport it has deprived us of. Tex Rickard says he could have raised twice the amount without the slightest difficulty, a fact which suggests that the Goldfield matchmakers regard \$30,000 as a mere bagatelle.

It seems an awful price to pay for a glove fight between a pair of little fellows at that. Thirty thousand dollars! Presoother, it's more than the average man accumulates in a lifetime, and these upstart artists are to receive it for two hours or less of exertion.

Let us get into figures. Suppose—simply for the purpose of argument and calculation—the purse is being split, each man will receive \$15,000, or \$7,500 an hour, if the contest lasts two hours. This, when actual working time is taken into consideration, means \$146 and some odd cents a

minute, for there are 15 minutes of resting time in every hour, and even a prize fighter does not expect to be paid when he is lying off.

If, as sometimes happens when there is rivalry between championship candidates, the men insist that the purse be divided on a 75 and 25 per cent basis, the winner will receive just \$500 per minute on the two-hour basis, and that's running into money if you like. It's enough to make a fellow like Caruso think he had embarked in the wrong line.

But the die is cast, the jig is up, and the fight goes to Goldfield. It is to be hoped it will prove an exciting event, as the Goldfield sports expect it to be, and there is no reason for supposing that it will not.

Nelson is a straight goer, and when he stands forth to defend the prestige he has gained he can be depended upon to fight until his strength fails him.

Gans, unfortunately, has been mixed up in shady bouts, and more or less suspicion will attach to every match he engages in. In the present instance he pleads that money is no object—that he simply craves a chance to show the public he is the best 135-pound fighter in the world.

When there was a prospect of the contest taking place in San Francisco, Gans suggested certain conditions in order that the public might be induced to view the match with confidence. Among other things he proposed that all bets be declared off before the contest began, and that his share of the purse be handed to charity if his work in the ring was pronounced queer.

The Goldfield promoters will not overlook the fact that Mr. Gans has strayed from the straight and narrow on various occasions, and when the articles are being framed, in all probability some kind of an earthquake clause will be inserted to minimize the chances of the mining town being "shaken down" to the tune of \$30,000. Gans left last night for Goldfield, having learned that Billy Nolan had started from Salt Lake for the point named.

Nolan, it appears, had a conference with Graney at Salt Lake, but the "Little horsehoe" failed to induce Nolan to agree to transfer the lightweight battle to San Francisco.

That there was no rupture of friendly relations between Nolan and Graney is shown by the fact that the pair set out for Goldfield together. Morris Levy also went along, and a Salt Lake dispatch says that the San Francisco promoters will ask Goldfield to relinquish the match in favor of this city. In all probability Goldfield will refuse, and something in the nature of a compromise will be suggested—perhaps the naming of Graney as referee.

BY LEFT CROSS.

Didst notice, Montmorency, the alacrity with which Josephus Gans accepted all the conditions named by Battling Nelson in order to have Bat consent to fight the lightweight champion of the world, a title, in sooth, that the Dane himself appropriates on his letterheads? And hadst previously noted, Monty, how Bat and the astute Nolan went sleepless, dreaming up trimmings for the articles of agreement, hounding the while they might hit upon one that would make Mr. Gans call it all off?

They demanded 133 ringside, Gans acquiesced. They wanted 45 rounds; sure, said Joe. They wouldn't fight before Cotforth's club; but any club you like, said the affable smoke. And finally, when every condition that even the great and strategic Nolan could dream up had been pleasantly agreed to without a gurgle by Gans, the Dane piped this lay:

Suppose I do beat him, what credit will I get? He's so crooked and has been mixed up in so many cheeseburgers that the world will say he laid down for me.

Well, never mind, Bat, old boy, what the world will say if you beat him; the Mail will say, and also the Journal, probably, that you are IT. And, furthermore, hearken to what Gans himself says about it: "I will post a forfeit of \$5,000 as a guarantee that my end of the contest will be on the level, and in addition to risking that amount I am content to let the newspapers decide whether the fight was square. If the sporting writers say it was queer, I do not want a cent of the money. I will be satisfied to have a clause in the articles setting forth that my share of the purse is to be turned over to charity if they think I am not trying to win."

So there was absolutely no way Nelson could get out of fighting Gans. He tried every loophole to duck, but the way was blocked each time, and more



HARVARD TO ROW CAMBRIDGE ON THAMES.

The Harvard crew, which won this year from Yale, is now in England training up for its meeting with the Cambridge university eight on the Thames, on Sept. 8.

The accompanying illustration shows part of the crew as it appeared just before its departure for the "other side." They are, Oliver Dwight Fliley, captain and stroke; Gordon G. Glass, No. 4; Robert L. Bacon, No. 6; Robert M. Tappan, bow; John Richardson, Jr., No. 5; Flint, the star bow oar, who was disqualified from rowing in the Yale race; Francis M. Blagdon, coxswain; and Faulkner and Emmon's substitutes.

Sidney Webster Fish, No. 2, and Daniel Allerton Newhall, No. 7, were already in Europe when the remainder of the crew sailed. Charles F. Morgan, No. 3, will sail on Aug. 15.

potent than all else, there was a tidal wave of public opinion steadily increasing in volume demanding that Bat fight Gans or take to the undeveloped lumber patches.

Then what did Nelson do? Why, he came out in the open and announced that he would fight, and fight he will. And after that fight is over there will never be any more talk about any other fight that ever took place. All others will be forgotten.

One thing more: They will meet at 123, ringside. When it's over we will have an undisputed lightweight champion of the world, unless it's a draw.

Then will have two of 'em.

## ROOM FOR THE AUTOMOBILE.

Best Way is For Pedestrians to Accept it Calmly and Look Out.

A Philadelphia newspaper rises to say a word for the automobile. The defence is occasioned by an attack on the automobile by a correspondent of another newspaper, who shows by his radical ideas that he believes that streets were made exclusively for pedestrians. The newspaper argues the case in part as follows:

"There are streets that are crowded with traffic that are actually used as roller skating rinks—North and South Broad streets for instance. It must be conceded that the street is not meant for a playground. Yet if a child darts under the wheels of an automobile and is injured, there is immediately a great outcry raised.

"The other day a woman boarded a car on Market street, got upon the platform, apparently had made a mistake and, without looking around, stepped off again, directly under the nose of a horse. Had the carriage been a motor car the iniquities of the automobile would have been spread upon the pages of an automobile hating newspaper.

"There is no sense whatever in fighting against the automobile. It is one of the accepted methods of travel, and it has come to stay. What is needed is not a crusade to inflame the minds of the people, but a general and intelligent acceptance of the machine, coupled with a proper control exercised under the law. The laws are stringent and no man with a motor is going to take chances either with the law or with accident if he is in his right mind. The education of the pedestrian to look before he leaps will help to eventually settle the automobile question."

## WORLD'S CHAMPION.

F. N. Peet Wins Title for Casting Trout Bait Longest Distance.

In the closing day of the international bait and fly casting tourney held at Kalamazoo, more world's records were broken and Fred N. Peet of Chicago was declared the all-around champion bait caster of the world. His average in all events was above his competitors and his showing in some was extraordinary.

In the first event E. R. Owens, captain of the Kalamazoo club, won the world's championship for distance and accuracy at half-ounce bait casting, with a record of 85.16 per cent, the old mark being 83.64.

Owens also won the silver loving cup presented by the Field and Stream for making the most perfect cast. Chicago men figured in this event. William Stanley winning second, with 98.07 per cent; O. J. Loomis, third, with 95.01; G. A. Hinterleitner scored 97.14; H. Wheeler Perce, 97.13, and Fred Peet, 97.05.

The closing event of the tourney was the long distance half-ounce bait cast, which was won by Abe Rabbers of Chicago, with a record of 181 feet 10 inches. R. C. Leonard of New York won second place with a cast of 167 feet. E. R. Letterman of Chicago cast 147 feet and won sixth. O. J. Loomis and O. H. Beecher of Chicago both won eighth and tenth places respectively.

## TO SWIM CHANNEL.

Attempts Made to Emulate Example Of Capt. Webb.

One of the finest attempts so far made to emulate the performance of Captain Matthew Webb in swimming the English channel with its choppy water and its treacherous ebbs and currents was made in the recent attempt of Jabez Wolfe, the Liverpool amateur swimmer. Wolfe is a model athlete—29 years old, 5 feet 7 inches in height, with a chest measurement of 47 inches. He is a non-smoker and a teetotaler (English name for total abstainer) and is a Scotchman by birth and parentage, having been born in Glasgow. Some well known sporting men accompanied the swimmer on the tug Commonweath.

When he had passed Griesner, the most dangerous part of the journey, he was going in a magnificent manner, and when within four miles of the French coast, his friends to encourage him shouted to the swimmer that so far he had broken all records. Wolfe, in his joyous excitement, made a leap in the water and gave a terrific lunge with his feet. That was the finish, as he severely strained his leg, and soon afterwards had to be pulled on the boat. He had covered about 17 miles in the straight line, which with the drift would mean 12 or 13 more, having been in the water over nine hours and 34 minutes. Temperature of water last

three hours, 55 degrees. The following are the best attempts to swim the channel.

1875—Capt. Webb, swimming from Dover to Calais, accomplished the feat in 23 1/2 hours.

1902—Montagu Holbein (ex-cyclist, Birmingham) within one-half mile of crossing channel from French coast.

1905—T. Burgess (Yorkshire and Paris), within four miles of crossing channel from English coast.

1906—J. Wolfe, within 4 miles of crossing channel from English coast.

## ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

Within three days of Wolfe's attempt another swimmer, Horace Me of Sharklin, made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the channel on the spring tide. Starting from the shore between the Admiralty pier and the Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, at 2:30 a. m. Me was two miles from the coast in 45 minutes, and after the lapse of a couple of hours was six miles direct on his journey. The temperature of the water was between 52 degrees and 53 degrees, abnormally low for the time of the year, and between 9 and 13 o'clock the swimmer showed signs of fatigue. He continued his effort a little longer, but in view of the risk of his suddenly sinking he was taken from the water at half past 10, after a swim of eight hours, 10 1/2 miles on the direct course to France, the total distance covered including swim and drift being a shade over 20 miles.

## NEWS NOTES.

Pete McNally swam the Tiber the other day so easily as to make Horatio look like a man calling for help in the absence of Lord Macaulay will Mr. Kipling please tune up?

Cleveland horsemen now pride themselves on having pulled off a highly successful beet race meeting while privately cursing the law that compelled them to do it.

Most men, barring cashiers, like to stick to the place where they got their. John D. Rockefeller, for instance, intimates that he would rather play the ordinary game of tag with subpoena

servers in this country than to engage in a quiet, unmolested golf game in France.

Umpiring is no longer a hazardous job. Escapes are becoming frequent. The other day at Memphis an umpire successfully eluded a crowd of fans who pursued him from the grounds.

Fighters are turning from sports-thrills to misers. In the days of John L. Sullivan we used to say: "He has made a million and spent every cent." There are those now of whom it can be said: "They have dollars by the barrel and haven't spent the first one." Tom Sharkey is merely a man ahead of his time.

Cap Anson, candidate for sheriff of Chicago, wants to know if he hasn't been the "fans' friend, the bowlers' friend and the billiardists' friend. If there is anybody that the foregoing diversions don't cover, Cap won't bar him.

After defeating the cubs Wednesday every Philadelphia player fell to the ground in a simulated faint. Considering that it was the first victory in eight games the fans would have been justified in rolling over and playing dead.

We don't hear much nowadays about recruiting high school boys for football teams. Under the new rules the work has to be very clever.

Umpire Owen's reputation has been verily vindicated, but that doesn't candle any of the eggs that collided with his person at Minneapolis.

The Harvard football team, which is to report Sept. 12, will be large and powerful. Just as if strength would cut any figure under the parlorized rules.

Mr. Krieger Collins wins the western tennis championship regularly every season. He also loses like clockwork when he gets east of Chicago.

Chicago has some betting without races; Cleveland has races without betting. In neither town does the sport think he is getting the real thing.

## FILIPINOS TRY AMERICAN GAMES

Are Learning to Imitate Soldiers in Baseball and Track.

## FOOTBALL MAY FOLLOW SOON

Manila Rooters Are Many at Games Between Regiments Stationed in the City.

As the railroad follows the trail blazer, athletic sports follow the American flag, be it in the south seas, the frozen north or on the shores of Asia. Athletics to the American fills the same void as the bagpipe to the Highlander of Scotland, the tom-tom to the warring savage of the wilds of Africa, or the war dance to the American Indian.

Whether fighting savage battles for the glory of the flag or waging a ceaseless warfare in the world of commerce, the American, be he soldier or civilian, must find relaxation and naturally turns to feats of skill as a means of diverting himself of brain-tiring habiliments.

Just now the Philippine islands are having their inning of athletics, and while this for the most part is confined to the American soldier and American business man resident in the island of Luzon, the natives are fast adopting our customs and means of amusement.

Manila now boasts a native baseball team, as does many other towns, and the baseball fever has become contagious in Mindanao, Guli Maras and other points.

The natives have not learned the American baseball language, but have a vocabulary of rooting lingo that fills the bill adequately. A three-bagger made by a brown club-swinging attired in a pink-sabon costume, brings the bleachers to its feet as readily as similar performances set the fans to howling at Chutes park. When a Moro slasher walks three men in one game there are things said that sound best in Tagalog, and would not be permitted in a game between the Watts Stars and Playgrounds Juniors.

## NATURAL GAMBLER.

The Filipino is a natural-born gambler and it is well that few clothes are required in that tropical climate or some of the most ardent fans would suffer chilblains to his marrow-bones after a game in which his judgment had been faulty. They bet anything from a live pig to a full-dress cocoon-fiber suit.

One advantage in the Filipino article of ball is the absence of danger from spiking, as the little brown men play barefooted and bareheaded.

It is said even the Moros halt in

the midst of a battle to ask some one fresh from Manila for the standing of the clubs and what is the batting average of Second Baheman Backlog-long, of how many men were fanned by Siamemout, the great Cavite southpaw. In the game between the Manila Betel Chewers and the Tubulin Head Hunters.

The great American game has had a telling effect in pacifying the island, for the hostile chiefs find hard picking in gathering together a respectable following on days when a baseball game is in progress within 50 miles of his stronghold.

Football will be introduced during the winter, when it is hoped to give a Pacificist a chance to see real fighting at equinoctial centavos for a grand stand seat.

But it is the American soldier who has planted the great seeds of Americanism in the Philippines, and now track and field meets are being held regularly and are being introduced into the native schools. Company B, Twelfth United States Infantry, holds the championship of the Philippine Islands, having captured a major portion of points in the big meet at Joss-mah, Guimaras.

The meet lasted three days. Company B met the athletic teams from the Twelfth, Sixth and Twenty-first regiments. With the title of champion goes the possession of a handsome cup, emblematic of the championship and donated by the members of the Army and Navy club of Manila. On its return to Fort Porter, near Buffalo, N. Y., the victorious company placed the trophy on exhibition, and it is pointed to with pride.

## ARMY PROGRAM.

The events in this championship series of games were of the same nature as those usually on American programs of sports. They include a 100-yard dash, putting the shot, running broad jump, running high jump, 220-yard run, hurdle races, relay races, tug of war, etc., and also some events that are only possible where the competitors are soldiers. Among these latter is the wall-scaling event, the conical-tent pitching, shelter-tent pitching, pack-train handling and competitive drill.

In the tent-pitching contest the company with two of its tents up and complete for occupancy first wins. In this event Company B had its two tents standing in 3 minutes, 27.25 seconds. In the wall-scaling contest they had a good lead and in the pack-train event finished first, in 3 minutes, 20.25 seconds.

The officers give every encouragement to athletics and endeavor to keep the soldier boys in good spirits and health.

Some great games of baseball are being played by the soldiers and crowds gather to see them, much after the same manner of the native-born American at home.

## EXCURSION NORTH

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## A ROMANCE OF THE TURF.

Mrs. Annie McGrew Madden, who was divorced from John E. Madden, the famous turfman, was married to Louis V. Bell, millionaire breeder and horse owner a fortnight ago. Mr. Bell was named as co-respondent in the suit for divorce which Mr. Madden brought in the Kentucky courts in July, 1905, and which was unsuccessful. In the early part of June Madden gave out a typewritten document which he said was his wife's statement for publication. It said:

"Mrs. John D. Madden when asked if she intended to marry L. V. Bell said: 'Oh, how foolish. Why, he is old enough to be my father. No, Mr. Bell is only an acquaintance of mine.'"

Mr. Madden is quoted as saying that he could forgive his wife for obtaining a divorce but "could not understand how she could marry a 60-year-old man with a soprano voice. Interesting developments are expected when Mr. and Mrs. Bell return from their honeymoon."

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