

News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

SPORTING GOSSIP OF LOCAL INTEREST

Lucas and McCloskey Have Evidently Had Enough of Baseball.

GAME WILL PROSPER HERE.

Billy Madden Makes Another Plea for Gus Ruhlin—Jeffries Gives Reason For Not Fighting Negro.

It is quite evident that W. H. Lucas, ex-president of the Pacific National league, and John J. McCloskey, ex-manager of the Boise team, are really "up against it," in affairs pertaining to baseball.

In a recent interview in Butte, McCloskey stated positively that he did not care what was done, and that he was out of the game so far as this territory is concerned. Lucas "maintained a dignified silence," we are told.

But why?

Lucas and McCloskey were determined to disrupt the Pacific National league. The former made the statement that Boise had dropped out of the league, and that therefore the league was defunct. Then they started out to organize another league, with Lucas at the head. Their first move was to secure franchises from the National association. Next they tried to force Willmot out of Butte, and get control of the club there. In this they failed.

A meeting was held at Butte at which Salt Lake, Boise, Butte, Spokane, and Helena were represented. Representatives from the first named four cities agreed to maintain the old organization. Lucas was deposed as president, and a new president, secretary and treasurer elected. A few days later Lucas and McCloskey came to Salt Lake, and the latter gave it out that they were here for the purpose of settling some differences with the local directors. One of the directors stated to the "News" that there was nothing to settle, and that Lucas and McCloskey were trying to get back into the league. This does not look like the league is dead, and if these statements are correct they will go a long way toward explaining matters to the directors of the National association. In their efforts here, they went to Spokane and tried to buy off President Williams of the Spokane club, but the latter said nay, and declared he would stand fast.

So, after all, the threatened war has not amounted to much. We will have baseball in spite of efforts made to prevent it. We will have a league, too, whether it be the Pacific National or any old name. Salt Lake will be in it, and we will have a competent manager and a good team. The other cities will be Ogden, Boise, Butte, Helena and Spokane.

"One reason," says Jim Jeffries, "why I do not want to fight a negro is that their hands are too hard. A man is liable to break his hands in doing so."

Jeff found out how hard it is to whip a thick-skulled negro when he fought Bob Armstrong in New York City in 1898. Jeff having gone east to fight Bob Fitzsimmons. He agreed to put out two men in one night, but failed simply because Armstrong's head was so hard that he injured his hands on him, and to prevent them from being crippled up permanently he allowed Armstrong to stay the limit and Steve O'Donnell, who was to be the other victim, was dismissed without getting a chance to show what he could do against the big man from the west.

That little incident was in a way a setback to Jeff, and he will probably never again have anything to do with a colored man.

Peter Jackson, the great colored heavyweight, has gone, and need say: "You will find very few colored men with white men's heads on them." By that he probably meant that the negro heads were the harder. Anyhow the white fighter is getting in a ring with a negro is always a disadvantage, as blows to the head that would ordinarily put out half a dozen white men seem to have little or no effect on the negro fighter. Nine out of every ten negro pugilists fighting today has a better physical make-up than a white man, because his muscles are hard and well developed long before those of a white man, and he is naturally strong and rugged. One of the finest specimens of physical perfection ever seen is "Denver Ed" Martin. Martin never did anything but train for a few fights, and make himself such a physical wonder, he, like Tompsey, having "just growned" that way. Jeff no doubt can get but little glory in fighting Johnson, and will likely never do so if for no other reason than that the colored man is too hard-headed for him.

Many Salt Lake fight fans will remember Billy Madden, manager for Gus Ruhlin. They visited this city after Jeffries pushed his ponderous fist into the anatomy of the Akron Giant. Since that time but little has been heard from Big Gussie. But Madden is determined to keep his protégé before the public as long as possible. Billy writes as follows:

I take this opportunity to ask why it is the fighters of today have seen fit to overlook Gus Ruhlin, one of the squarest men in the game. He is now and always has been willing to meet any man in the world, but somehow or other Fitzsimmons, McCoy and the rest of them continually pass him up for others. Just now there is a lot of talk about Marvin Hart, George Gardner, Jack O'Brien and others, but Ruhlin's name is not mentioned. Does that mean there is no further need for an honest fighter? Ruhlin has been defeated, to be sure. But why? Because he has fought his very best and not tried to frame up contests. He is at least entitled to a fight, and is open to fight any man in the world, black or white.

"I see there has been a lot of talk lately about John L. Sullivan. Many people have asked me whether or not Sullivan was ever champion of the world. My opinion is that he was. I managed him in his palmy days, and can truthfully say that he was always ready to meet all comers, and was ready on the loser's end until he changed from London prize ring rules to Marquis of Queensberry rules, and then just defeat at the hands of a younger and more adept exponent of the new style of boxing."

"The argument people use on Sullivan not being world's champion is that he never fought a heavy man in the matter with Alf Greenfield, Jack Burke, Charley Mitchell, Tug Wilson and others."

"Sullivan was champion of the world

because he won the championship from Paddy Ryan; Ryan won it from Joe Goss; Joe Goss won it from Tom Allen; Allen had it presented to him by Jim Mace, who for many years previous had been looked upon as king of fighters. Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin, Jim Smith and the others were not in the front rank at that time. Sullivan was ready to meet all comers, no matter where they came from or what country they represented. Corbett won the championship under Queensberry rules from Sullivan; Fitz took the title away from Corbett, and then came Jim Jeffries, who is now the undisputed champion, but still that does not take the honor away from Sullivan for being the world's champion in the days before Queensberry fights were introduced into America.

PENNY GOSSIP.

A number of would-be promoters have tried to start the fight game here. They evidently take great delight in throwing away their money.

Several days ago a local wrestler, or rather athlete, issued a deft to the whole race of Jiu Jitsu experts, and offered to meet any of them in any old kind of a match. To date nothing has been heard from the Japs.

That rival club that Lucas and McCloskey were going to organize does not appear to materialize. According to the "dope" handed out, they were to have unlimited backing, and were to organize an eight-club league. They declared the P. N. L. was defunct, but the league seems to be a pretty lively corpse.

There is a great deal of talk on the coast about closing down the fighting game at San Francisco. It was reported that the most drastic measures were to be adopted to kill the sport. If it is given the quietest for about 90 days the idle scrapers might pick prunes and oranges for a living.

Battling Nelson never took a drink up to the time of his defeat by Britt. Now, they say, he doesn't even stop to pour it out. Possibly, and perhaps probably, we should make a deduction of about 90 per cent from both state-ments.

Recently there was a wrestling match in Chicago between Rooney and a man named Parr. According to the reports, the contest was a lively one from start to finish, taking three or four rounds to settle the question. In the third round, it is reported, Rooney was thrown on his head and shoulders and one of his legs was badly injured. If the mat artist had lighted on his feet, what would it have done to his head?

You may talk about your fishing

WANTS TO FIGHT.



Frank Gotch, the world's champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, wants to try the roped arena and has issued a deft to Jim Jeffries. Gotch thinks he has a show, but most of his friends do not agree with him. The above picture shows Gotch in fighting attire.

stories, but the following is certainly going some. It is a dispatch from Michigan:

The dispatch says that J. S. Graves, a Union City, Mich., farmer, spread about a peck of angle worms and grubs over an area of this ice on a lake near his farm. The fish came to the surface, saw the bait through the transparent ice, held their noses to the bottom of the sheet of ice until they were frozen solid, and next day Graves cut the ice. Now, says the dispatch, he has over a ton of fish in his ice house. They average about 10 large fish to one cake of ice.

The Largest Sum Ever Fought For.

It is something over 14 years since James J. Corbett won the heavyweight championship of the world from John L. Sullivan at New Orleans. That fight, on Sept. 7, 1892, was contested for the largest amount ever at stake in a ring battle. The purse offered the men was \$25,000, and besides this each posted a side bet of \$10,000, making a total stake of \$45,000.

Another record fight was held at New Orleans April 6, 1893. In that date Andy Bowen and Jack Burke met. In what was scheduled for a finish contest, the fight lasting seven hours and 19 minutes, the longest glove contest in the record of the sport.

Robert Fitzsimmons had three of his biggest fights in the Louisiana city. He won the middleweight champion-

ship by knocking out Jack Dempsey in 13 rounds, Jan. 14, 1891. In March, 1892, he won from Peter Maher in 12 rounds, and a year later defeated his title against Jim Hall, winning by a knockout in the fourth round.

There were other great fights, but the greatest of all was the day Corbett defeated Sullivan. The contest was the windup of a fistic carnival lasting three days, in which as many championships were decided. Sent a Jack McAuliffe defeated Billy Meyer for the lightweight championship. The new day George Dixon won the featherweight honors from Jack Skelly, and then the big men settled their question.

George Dixon is still in the ring, and he is no better than a preliminary boxer. England, Skelly is a saloon keeper in Pennsylvania and poor, Jack McAuliffe went to the "bad" years ago and disappeared.

A Few Baseball Yarns of Interest.

"There are arbitrary umpires nowadays, but not one of them succeeds in having his own way all the time, as did our old friend Tim Hurst," says Napoleon Lajoie. "One day in Philadelphia, four or five years ago, when the temperature was close to 100, Dick Cooley tried to get out of the game. He called Hurst all kinds of mean names and made himself generally obnoxious, but Tim never said a word in reply."

"Finally, in going after a fly, Cooley fell down, and, pretending to be hurt, lay perfectly still while the batter completed the circuit. Tim refused even to call 'time.'"

"As Cooley came in after the half was finished, he said to Hurst:

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you?"

"No," said Tim; "I don't think I'm smart, I know it—smart enough to be

up to all your little tricks and to keep you in this game until it's over."

Nothing else made Pop Anson so hopping mad as to be made the victim of an unexpected play," said "Buttons" Briggs. "He was a great ball player; but he stuck hard and fast to the rules of the game, and, ever, springing any surprises on the public."

"One day down in Boston the score was 2 to 1 in the tenth, and with Anson in the pitcher's box, a free throw, one out, Chicago's chances looked rosy. Nichols made two or three feints to catch the runner at first, and every time Tenney, who was on first for Boston, would come running in to meet the ball."

"Finally, as Nichols shot the sphere toward first and Anson started up the third base line, Tenney came charging in. He didn't stop when he grabbed the ball, but kept right on toward third. Anson was put in the air for fair. He started back, stopped, started again, but by this time Tenney had reached him and touched him out—the first and only time I ever saw this play made."

"Anson was the maddest man in 17 states. He abused the umpire, the batter, the catcher, the boys on the bench and everybody else within hearing of his voice. One of the boys started to tell a story as our bus started for the hotel, but Anson froze him with a look, and no other word was spoken on the trip."

"The only time I ever saw an umpire deliberately change a decision that meant a run was back in the eighties, when Mike Muldoon was playing first base for Cleveland," says George Pomeroey.

"Muldoon was not a Collins or a Bradley as fielder, but he had a lot of little clever tricks up his sleeve well calculated to bother base runners. The number of men he tripped or held at third while the ball was being relayed to the outfield said never be definitely known."

"In the game I have in mind Arthur Irwin hit a ball far over Tom York's head in left field and started around the circuit. York moved fast, relayed the ball to Jack Glasscock and he threw it to Dushane at the plate."

"So intense were we all in watching the flight of the ball and the fast work of the fielders that we gave no heed to Irwin until Glasscock's throw caught the runner fully 10 feet from home."

"You're out!" yelled the umpire.

"I ain't out," bawled Irwin. "I could have gone around the bases again if Muldoon hadn't held me."

"Didn't hold you," piped Mike, weakly.

"Didn't hold me?" shrieked Irwin. "Where, then, did you get that notion of my shirt you're holding in your hand?"

"Sure enough. Muldoon was caught with the goods on. Irwin's shirt was tattered and about half of it was still held tightly in Muldoon's grasp."

"All right," said the umpire to Irwin, "you ain't out," and the run counted."

PITCHED 20 GAMES; WON 18 OF THEM.

And This Great Record Was Made In Twenty Consecutive Days.

CHARLEY RADBOURNE THE MAN.

He Possessed Iron Nerve, Indomitable Pluck and Great Courage—He Won The Championship.

The remarkable pitching of Jack Chesbro of the New York Americans during the season of 1904 established a record in point of games pitched and won, but old timers who remember Charlie Radbourne still insist that the star twirler of the Providence Grays, who won the championship of the National league 20 years ago, was the greatest box man that ever faced the home plate. Radbourne was a man of iron nerve, indomitable pluck and great courage. He was also a close student of baseball and a scientific pitcher. He was not a marvel in point of strength, but he had a head filled with gray matter which he never failed to use.

The Providence team, which was a crack combination in those days, was made up of such players as Joe Stuart, Jack Farrell, John Montgomery Ward, Grover, Nava, Cliff Carro, Jerry Denny, Paul Hines, Paul Rafford and Charley Sweeney. In Sweeney and Radbourne the Providence team had the best pitchers the league, but they were different in habits and temperament. For Sweeney was a bullheaded chap, fond of swift-going companions, while Radbourne was just the opposite.

Radbourne was coming down the home stretch in the race for the pennant, and had 21 games to play. It was a close fight with the Boston, and the Chicago were also vying with a great spirit. Yet, with Sweeney and Radbourne alternating in the box, the Providence team looked to have the best chance.

With 21 games left to play, therefore, Sweeney came to the grounds one day in no condition to pitch. But he insisted upon going into the box, and nobody had the nerve to refuse him. His curves were easy and he had so little speed that the opposing team was soon busy pounding the ball all over the lot. Sweeney was black with rage when he saw that he was being outplayed.

"I'll pitch this game out," said he, "or there'll be trouble."

So Sweeney kept on, and the other team raced around him like a steam train. With the crowd yelling in derision, Manager Frank Bancroft and "Capt. Start" decided to take the bull by the horns. They temporarily ordered Sweeney out of the box. A free throw was imminent; but as the other players backed up the manager and captain Sweeney finally walked to the bench with the angry remark:

"That's the last game of ball I'll ever pitch for this club."

Ant-Sweeney, true to his word, never came back after he left the field. The team, however, finished the game, for Radbourne, who finished the game, was the only twirler left. It seemed too much to ask him to pitch in all of the remaining games, but Manager Bancroft decided to give him a free throw.

At this point a plan that worked like a charm. Radbourne had a reserve clause in his contract and was certainly talking of the slavery of the ball player.

He was a sort of anarchist and was never happy unless he was the master. He hated the so-called oppressive measures. Bancroft, therefore, told the president of the club that if he would out the reserve clause out of Radbourne's contract he would consent to officiate in each of the remaining games. Receiving permission to make such a proposition, Bancroft asked Radbourne if he would consent.

"I do my best," was the reply, and Radbourne began his task by pitching a magnificent game against the Boston, who were shut out a clean as a whistle. By the end of the 20 games in which he pitched without a day's rest, 18 were victories. The great pitcher had speed, curves and control, but he also used "change of pace," and was one of the first to adopt this scientific delivery. He was not a believer in strikeouts, but pitched for his fielders.

You will find ball players today who declare that Amos Rusie was the greatest pitcher that ever wore a toe plate. Matthewson, with all of his blinding speed, never could touch Rusie in this respect. When Amos pitched with the New Yorks in 1906, he was nothing but a big country boy, who possessed the strength of a young giant, and had terrific speed. There was only one man who ever caught him successfully in his early career, and that was Richard Buckley, who, though gray-headed in the service, knew how to coach the youngster to the queen's taste.

Rusie learned quickly and soon developed an assortment of curves that was never been equaled. Better still, he had almost perfect control of them, so much so that he frequently curved the ball over the plate for the third strike, when he was in the hole with three balls and two strikes called on him. Rusie pitched steadily, using speed a great part of the time, for eight years.

Reefe introduced him to the slow ball in 1893, and the Hooters soon got the hang of the beauty, but he always liked to use his cannon-ball delivery with the wide, sweeping curve that made every batsman in the profession fear him. A glance at his record will show that the poor games Rusie pitched in his career can be counted on one's fingers.

Cy Young of the Boston Americans, is another pitching wonder. The veteran has been at work for a dozen years, but can still speed them over with his arm of steel. Charley Nichols of St. Louis, who pitched some excellent games last season, began his National league career simultaneously with Rusie, as Frank Selee took him to Boston from Kansas City in 1893. Chesbro, McGinnity and Mathewson are all comparatively young men in the business, who will not be ready for the shelf for some time to come. But not one of these crack twirlers has ever approached the record of Radbourne.

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IS LIKE A CIGANTIC CANCER.

Infects Men With Gambling Fever Which Wrecks Them Mentally, Physically and Spiritually.

Recently the "News" called attention to the evils of "playing the ponies" at the race tracks, and mentioned the downfall of many promising athletes, through the influence of the tracks and the "bookies."

The following editorial from the Los Angeles Times is timely, and may be read with profit by many young men who think it "great sport" to throw their money away on the races:

That modern Moloch, the race track, continues to claim its victims. Scarcely a day passes in Los Angeles that the newspapers do not record some story of shame, where a young man with a bright future has ruined his prospects, taking money that did not belong to him and gambling it away on the races. Many a white-headed parent sits today with head bowed in grief mourning over the downfall of his hope and pride. It is a sad, sad story.

A race track is like a gigantic cancer, spreading its deadly venom through the whole community. All over town, in every place of public resort, you see scattered around reports of the races, and on every side you hear talk about how much was won or lost on such and such a horse. Even the high school children have taken to gambling, and are neglecting the studies to speculate with money that they may or may not be able to lose. The women, too, are gambling. The future of a woman who persists in this course may easily be conjectured. There are the inevitable losses, an increasing number of drinks, to keep up the nervous energy, a loan from an obliging friend, an appearance in the divorce court, the brothel, morphine, a suicide's grave. Overdrawn, you may say. Not at all. Only too common is such a story as this.

Gambling is among the worst of all vices that afflict humanity. When once a man is thoroughly infected with the gambling fever he is done for, mentally, physically, spiritually.

It is true that dealing on Wall street is gambling—gambling pure and simple—but it does far less harm than the race track, because the latter is patronized by millions, whereas the former is only available to thousands. It is like the difference between selling morphine at a drug store, under restrictions, and selling 5-cent packages at every cigar store.

It is good to note that the religious teachers of the city have taken this matter up, and are drawing attention to the evil. If a little of the energy now being devoted to the task of "destroying the rum fiend" should be diverted to enlightening the public upon the great danger of this race track evil, it would be a good thing for the community.

BRITISH CARTOON OF MORGAN.

The cut represents a recent cartoon of J. Pierpont Morgan from a London paper. The remarkable feature of this caricature is the skill exhibited by the artist in depicting the subject's facial



characteristics with so few strokes of the pen. The paper, it seems, offered a number of prizes for cartoons accompanying a short poetical effort of the species of verse known as the "limerick." This form of rhyme is a compound of the old fashioned parody and Mother Goose made as absurd as possible. As a result of the competition it was made evident that the cartoonists were far in advance of the rhymesters.

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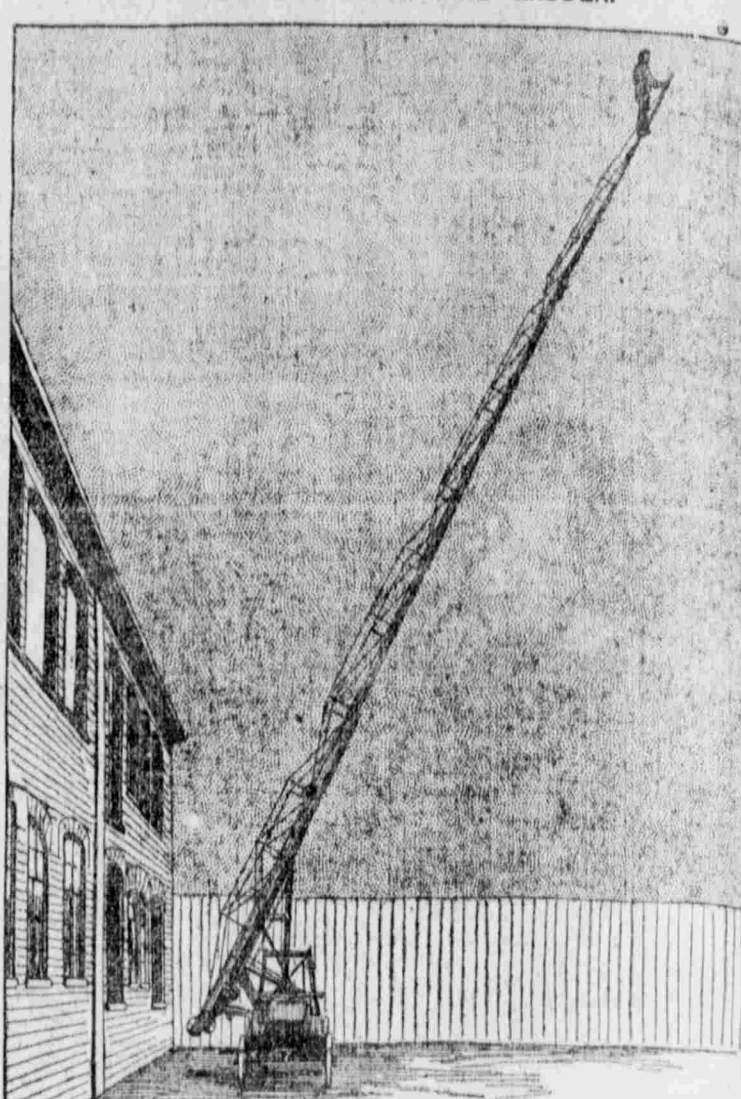
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FRANCIS G. LUKE, Gen. Mgr. "Some People Don't Like Us."

W. A. WOODBURY.

W. A. Woodbury, a wealthy New York bachelor, has brought a world of trouble around his ears by announcing that he is willing to bet \$1,000 that there isn't a happy married man in the United States. There is a large number of men in the country anxious to take Mr. Woodbury's money away from him.

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