

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD AT HOME AND ABROAD

SPORTING GOSSIP OF LOCAL INTEREST

The Wind Up of Baseball and
Bicycle Season of
1904

FOOTBALL HOLDS THE BOARDS.

Fighting Game is Dead in Salt Lake
For the Time Being—Jeffries As
A Bantamweight.

It will not be long before the game of
baseball, and the game of bicycle
racing for the season of 1904, will be at an
end.

Their days are numbered.
The fans who have been wont to
cheer and shriek for their favorites on
diamond and track will soon transfer
their noisy affections to the heroes of the
gridiron.

Judging from the present outlook,
football, basketball and minor indoor
games, will be the only entries on the

could go quite a distance with the big
fellow by fighting on the defensive.
However, they would not belittle their
reputations as fighters to make two of
the three men to meet the champion.

Tom Sharkey, whose fighting days are
over and who, anyhow, could not be
drawn into a ring with Jeffries with a
yoke of oxen, secured a little advertise-
ment out of the challenge by stating
that he would be pleased to exchange
wallops with "Jeff" provided the money
would be cut to go four ways, and also,
he forgot to state, that the champion
would agree not to hit him in the
stomach.

Umpire Jack Egan permitted him-
self to be interviewed recently. One of
the first questions asked him was:
"Are umpires ever crooked?"

"They can't afford to be," was the
reply. "Personally, I want to say
that I sometimes make mistakes. Some-
times the grandstander gets a better
line on a close play than I do—es-
pecially at third base. He may be
right and I may be wrong. Sometimes
I have had bad days; headaches; kind
of go it blind. All this merely proves
that the umpire is human. But any man
that undertakes to call me crooked
I'm going after him to make him prove
it."

"Do you ever get touched to turn
a game by an outsider?"

"Once in a while. A man sometimes
asks me, 'Well, how do you think the
game'll go today, Buffalo or Toronto?'
for instance. Well, I say 'Rochester,'
that's safe."

"Managers ever approach you before
a game?"

"One did. Wanted me to turn what
would likely be a close game. 'Look
here,' I said, 'if I was to do that your
way today you'd be hum. If I did it
another day against you, you'd be the
very man to wallop about being a
crook.' He went away."

THE GREAT BELDAME.



This wonderful race horse has a record that has been seldom equalled.
She is one of the greatest two-year olds on the track and her work on the
short course is such as to usually land her in the money.

bill of fare for the Salt Lake sporting
public this winter. The sport so popu-
lar here last winter—the boxing game—
is dead. Several efforts to revive it
have been made, but all to no purpose.
Those who knocked the promoter who
gave the only good, square bouts local
fighters had seen for many months,
succeeded in killing the goose that laid
the golden eggs.

It has been reported that an attempt
is being made to organize a "club"
here, pull off so-called amateur bouts
for the benefit of club members only.
But, we are informed upon the very
latest authority, that if any attempt is
made to pull off fights on the quiet, the
promoters will be made to feel sorry
for it.

The challenge of champion Jim Jef-
fries to fight any three heavyweights
in the world 10 rounds each and all on
the same night brought no satisfactory
replies from the old timers for from
the young crop of big fellows, except
"Sandy" Ferguson's bluff. Ex-Cham-
pion Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons
looked upon the champion's bold propo-
sition as an insult to their respective
fighting abilities, and talked, just
talked, some of asking Jeffries to make
good with either one of them, single
handed, as it were. Fitz bevalled the
poor condition of his fighting outfit,
while Corbett pointed to his 23 round
fight with "Jeff" as proof positive he

"How many decisions does an um-
pire have to make in a game?"

"About 450. That makes about 3,600
a week. You can figure how many
that'll be in five months. No wonder
an umpire gets thin. I've lost 15 or
20 pounds this season already and I
work less than two hours a day."

"How does the crowd affect you?"

"Never bothers me. I hardly ever
hear them. Talk about getting—you
ought to hear them at Buffalo."
"Don't some games go pretty drag-
gy—hard to get up enthusiasm?"

"You bet they do! Nobody knows
it better than the umpire."

"Does anything ever make you nerv-
ous?"

"Not often. But once in a while a
decision means a devil of a bit. For
instance here was one I made the
other day: Three bases full, two men
out and two to three on the batter. The
very next ball I had to call strike by
an edge. Then you should have heard
the air set blue! Manager pitched my
duke and all out. Got three just in
time to see my shoes fired. Said I
should never dress in those again. But
his men would assassinate me. Said I
knew my temper and he called off."

"River have the bleachers climbing
over into the diamond after your
scold?"

"Once. That was at Jersey City. I
was right in the decision and I knew
it. They came in with gore in their



MANAGER HARRY HEAGREN.

Thousands of cycle fans who have patronized the Salt Palace saucer track
this season, will recognize in the above cut, Harry Heagren, the young man
who has so successfully conducted the bicycle races there this season. That
no mistake was made in selecting Mr. Heagren to manage the famous saucer
has been made evident by the results of the present season. It has been
successful in every respect. Money has been made by the promoters of the
game and also by the riders. The latter have been paid every cent they earned,
and there has been no trouble whatever. This is because Mr. Heagren
understands the game thoroughly. He was once a bicycle rider in the amate-
ur class. He began riding in 1898, and established a world's record of 29 2-5
for a quarter of a mile. With his brother Ed he won many prizes in tandem
races, and there was no team on the track that could beat them at that time.
Under his management this season, many new features have been added
to the game, locally. He has given the fans the kind of races they like to see
and has spared no labor or expense to make each meet a success. Mr. Hea-
gren expects to secure control of the track for next season, and the track de-
votedly hope sincerely that he will again be at the helm of the game which
has been made so popular under his direction.

eyelids. I went to run. One fellow yells
right in my ear. 'Smash the son of
a sea-cook!' 'Why don't you do it?'
I said. 'You're close enough.' But he
didn't. He got quiet. That gave the
cue to the rest and there were soon
enough fellows on the umpire's ticket
to put me safe."

Here's a funny story on the weight
question, written by Bob Edgren:

The time may not be long until
James J. Jeffries, welter-weight cham-
pion of the world, will be wrangling
over the weight question with this
Ruhlin, the famous lightweight.

Tom Sharkey, eminent holder of the
featherweight honors, will snub the
dangerous advances of Robert Fitzsim-
mons, that noted bantamweight fighter.

Why not? With the present arithme-
tically progressing weight limits among
the smaller fighters nothing seems im-
possible.

Frankie Nell, the actual bantam-
weight champion of America (and that
is to say of the world), is compelled to
fight boys weighing not less than 120
pounds. And one of these happening
to hear him would promptly claim the
title. Popular clamor would back him,
and in a few weeks he would be accept-
ed as holder of the honors.

Joe Gans, holder of the lightweight
title, will not, or cannot, make the
lightweight limit for his fights. The
best he can do is 135 at 6 o'clock, and
the legitimate weight is 133, not in the
afternoon, but at the ringside.

"Young Corbett" started the tangling
of boxing titles. Immediately after his
defeat of Terry McGovern at Hartford,
I saw "Young Corbett" in his dressing
room.

"How about the title?" I asked him.

"O, I don't claim any title," Corbett
replied. "We didn't fight at weight. I
will be known as the man who whipped
Terry McGovern, and that is enough
glory for me."

It took "Young Corbett" just about a
day in New York to change his mind.
Then the demands of the theatrical
business made it necessary for him to
be billed as "champion of the world."

The featherweight limit stands at 122
pounds ringside. "Young Corbett's"
lightest weight, at which he fought
Terry, was five pounds over that in the
afternoon.

Then "Young Corbett" in turn fought
Jimmy Britt of Frisco at 130 pounds,
weighing in hours before the fight, and
lost. Britt, careless of it at first, claimed
the title, and was popularly given the
credit for holding it. If there can be
a 130-pound featherweight champion,
then there can be a 140 or 150 or 250
pound, for that matter, featherweight
champion.

The same reasoning applies to the
bantam, light, welter, middle and light-
heavyweight classes.

A championship cannot be won by a
fletcher who contests for it at any
weight over the class limit. In amateur
contests governed by rulings of the A.

A. U., it would be impossible for a
boxer to hold honors he was not entitled
to.

If a rational list of champions were
written it would read as follows:

Heavyweight—Unlimited weight,
James J. Jeffries.
Light heavyweight—165 pounds rings-
ide, Robert Fitzsimmons.

Middleweight—155 pounds, Tommy
Ryan.

Welterweight—142 pounds, Joe Wal-
cott.

Lightweight—133 pounds, James E.
Britt.

Featherweight—122 pounds, Frankie
Nell.

Bantamweight—115 pounds, Frankie
Nell.

In the matter of the featherweight
class, Terry McGovern is no longer in
the class at all, and could not make the
weight. At present there is no 122-
pound boy in sight who can whip Nell.
All of the crack so-called "feather-
weights" are too big.

LONG DISTANCE RUN.

Two Chicago Auto Enthusiasts Have
Traveled Over 9,000 Miles.

After covering more than 9,000 miles
in an automobile over the roads of
England, Scotland and France, Charles
F. Weber and J. W. Waken of Chi-
cago have returned home with a high
regard for American-made motor
cars. The trip abroad was the longest
ever made by an American auto-
mobile, and the fact that the journey
was completed without the least trou-
ble beyond ordinary adjustments, is
looked upon as one of the greatest rec-
ommendations for lower-driven ma-
chines of home manufacture.

"We left Chicago about May 17,"
said Mr. Weber in conversation, "and
although we struck some bad roads,
as well as many miles of good ones,
and climbed some high mountains,
found our four-horsepower Pope-Toledo to be-
have handsomely and at no time did we
have the least trouble with it. Of
course, there were some adjustments
to make and once in a while we had to
repair a punctured tire, but otherwise
the tour was ideal in every way."

Our car impressed the foreigners
more on account of its simplicity and
quiet running than anything else. Of
course, the speed that our 24 horse-
power engine supplied started them a
bit.

"We were absent about three and a
half months, and during that time
toured over the roads of England,
Scotland and France. In England they
consider Edge the best racing man,
while France pins its faith to Gabriel.
At Porlock Mountain in Devonshire,
we met a touring party of about 20
machines. On this climb, which is one
of 24 miles with a grade of one in
three, our Pope-Toledo car was the only
one to reach the top. In all brushes on
the road we held our own, with cars

having engines of as great power as
35 horse.

Our car impressed the foreigners
both in England and France as being
noiseless. This was especially true
when compared with some of the for-
eign makes. All the automobile manu-
facturers abroad favor the continuous
of road racing, and at it they are quite
proud. I am sure, however, you
couldn't get one of these foreigners to
drive at anywhere near the speed which
Lytle and other men travel on the
circular tracks of this country."

GOING TO AUSTRALIA.

Frank Kramer, John and Menus Beall
preparing for trip.

John and Menus Beall, the Long
Island bicycle sprinters, have decided
to visit Australia this winter, and will
leave on September 27 for that far-
away isle. It is said that Frank Kra-
mer, the former cycling champion,
contemplates a trip abroad. The for-
eign promoters have offered every in-
centive for the blond lad to try his
speed against the European cracks
and it may be that they have finally
succeeded in inducing the Jersey lad
to cross the water.

OUR LISTEN TO K. BROAD.

With others He Discusses Fitzsimmons
New Original Play.

"Kid" McFadden, "Kid" Broad, Tom
Sharkey, Dave Sullivan and several
other knights of the wallop were dis-
cussing Bob Fitzsimmons' new play,
"A Fight for Love," last night when the
question of Robert's eternal youthfulness
came up. But Fitz is an old gasbag," re-
marked Broad. "Why, he used to box
in the Olympic Games—oh, say about
75 years B. C."

"Ah, g'wan!" exclaimed McFadden;
what do you know about the Olympic
games?"

"Fitz is old," said Broad with some
show of heat, "that the Olympic Festi-
val, which was held on the banks of
the Alpheus in Peloponnesus, near the
old oracle temple of the Olympian
Zeus, not only grew up uninterruptedly
from the time he first began to knock
out to the maximum of Periclean im-
portance, but even preserved its
crowds of visitors and its celebrity for
many centuries after the extinction of
Greek freedom, and only received its
final abolition after more than 1,000
years from the decree of the Christian
Emperor Theodosius in 394 A. D., when
Fitz sailed for Frisco."

"Bob also told me of the attempt
made by Phidon, despot of Argos, to
restore to the Pisians, or to acquire
himself the administration of this res-
tored, an event which proved the in-
evitable end of the festival in Pelopon-
nesus, even so early as 749 B. C., when
the Spartans, Messenians, Arkadians,
Triphylans, Pisatans, Aleians, Achae-
ans—say" (turning to the bartender)
"What did the bunch run for?"

ARGUMENT AGAINST MOTORS.

Prominent Riders Who Have Been Killed
Riding Behind Paces.

The death of George Leander, of
Chicago, who died as a result of in-
juries received from a fall on the Park
des Princes track in Paris, is offered
as another argument for a discontinu-
ance of racing behind powerful motor
cycles. Harry Elkes, "Johnny" Nel-
son and Archie McEachern are three
other past followers who met their
death while traveling at terrific speed
behind the sputtering motors.

The death of Leander is a hard blow
to cycling as he was one of the best
liked men in the game. He was a
big, handsome fellow, of wonderful
strength and vitality, and when he won
the six day race in 1902 he finished
freer than any other man who ever
completed such a journey.

His body has been brought to the
United States and has been shipped to
Chicago.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally,
started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J.
B. Ormer, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four
years it defied all doctors and all reme-
dies. But Bucklin's Arnica Salve had
no trouble to cure him. Equally good
for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and
Piles. 25c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

THE FRAME'S THE THING.

Mortimer Menpes, the author of the
entertaining biography of Whistler that
recently appeared, was talking about
the importance of a frame to a work of
art. "This importance," he said, "no one
but a frame maker can exaggerate,
and even he cannot exaggerate it very
much. There was a good deal of truth
in the remark that my frame maker
made to me at one of our last ex-
hibitions."

"He had done me the honor to come
to see my picture, and as he stood
before it, I said:

"Well, Horne, what do you think
of it?"

"Think of it?" he cried enthusias-
tically. "Why, sir, it's perfect—perfect."
Mr. Blank, he went on, "has got one
just like it."

"What?" I said, puzzled. "Blank has
a picture like this?"

"Oh," said Horne, "I wasn't talking
about the picture. I was talking about
the frame. Trust me, sir, the frame
is the important thing. It is the frame
that sell 'em, every time."

ARTFUL A VICTIM OF FATAL FUTURITY

Winners of the Great Event that
Have Met With Mis-
fortune.

DOWNFALL OF YANKEE IN 1901

Since That Time Other Animals, In-
cluding This Year's Winner, Have
Had Exceedingly Bad Luck.

The "Fatality of the Futurity" has
been often remarked. Last year Ham-
burg Belle went amiss in its running,
while the famous Yankee tottered in a
winner of the richest of all the 2-year-
old fixed events a confirmed cripple.
That was in 1901. Then in 1902 Sav-
able did not cool out of the race well
at all. In fact, his "pipes" were never
right after, and he failed to gain later
the distinction one is warranted in ex-
pecting from the measure of a Futur-
ity winner. Now comes the report of
the possibility of Artful never racing

post of 127 pounds. Experts said on
the moment of Artful's triumph she
was stealing thunder from Tradition.
Now that the Moses, Sanctor's hand
Hills was beaten without an excuse on
the 2-year-old filly he was to rest be-
tween Artful and Tradition.

The filly is that Artful should be on
the shelf. No more interesting special
event could be arranged than a meeting
between these, the greatest 1-year-old
filles of seasons and seasons. Such an
event would interest the most pro-
jected meet between Molly Brand and
Beldame, and the gate receipts can well
be imagined. Artful is now in tempo-
rary retirement with the richest 2-year-
old race of the year to her credit, and
she, bearing the honor of having won
ed the fastest three-quarters of a mile
at Sheepshead bay since the day of
Vote. Artful showed its fullness of
of the chute in 1:12 1-2 before the pu-
turity.

Artful promises to come on and run
splendidly as a 3-year-old. She bears
the long free running action of her
mother, while the vigorous caliber of her
temper is Hamburg all over again.
Both Hamburg and Martin it im-
posed on her. The filly is now in tempo-
rary retirement with the richest 2-year-
old race of the year to her credit, and
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ed the fastest three-quarters of a mile
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AN EXAMPLE OF FLIPPANCY.

Prof. Francis A. March, the noted
philologist, of Lafayette, is an officer

TROUBLE IN SOCIETY.



All does not run smooth as a marriage bell in the smart set. Even swell
organizations have financial difficulties and it is said that the famous Mel-
ow Brook Hunt club is now in financial straits, resulting in the resignation
from the club of Foxhall Keene, master of the hounds, and many other prom-
inent members of this exclusive organization.

again. On Saturday, while the racing
round was in the throes of a century
running and a flabrous renewal, the
word went out in effect that the seem-
ingly trifling injury Artful sustained in
her right foreleg while romping away
from Belle Strome in the Great Filly
stakes had become alarmingly aggra-
vated, and further that Trainer John
H. Rogers was prepared to think of the
wonderful filly's early retirement.

Investigation shows Artful in a very
bad way, and that metropolitan race-
goers are very likely to see the tradi-
tion of the Futurity further perpetu-
ated. Its fatality list will be adorned
by the name of Artful unless a very fa-
vorable turn in the filly's condition
comes about at an early moment. At
the present time Artful's injured leg
is swollen up to the size of a barber
pole.

Artful is probably one of the fleetest
filles ever shown to the masses in this
country. Whether she can carry weight
has yet to be demonstrated.

One thing sure, the only 1-year-old fi-
lly that she may have today is Tradition.
After the latter's romping victory in
the Plutarch, old and experienced
rurmen were unprepared to say that
therein the Goldfinch filly stood the
greatest of all of the 1904 crop of 2-
year-olds. True, Artful won in a gal-
lop with Hildebrand looking around at
Tradition, but it must be remembered
Artful packed 114 pounds and Mr. Pa-
get's filly shouldered the crushing im-

of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, and
at one of the fraternity's meetings,
apropos of flippancy, he said:

"An old friend of mine told me the
other day of a remark that a young
man had made to him. This remark
is interesting because it illustrates the
flippancy, the impudence that passes
for wit among a certain class of youth."

"My friend is rich, and he said to
the young man:

"Save, 'Economicize. I laid the foun-
dation of my fortune by saving street-
car fares."

"I didn't know you had ever been
a conductor," the young man answered.
And he added to this, "It couldn't be
done in these days, anyhow, on account
of the fare-registering machines."

Given up to Die.

R. Spiegel, 124 N. Virginia St., Evan-
sville, Ind., writes: "For over two years
I was troubled with kidney and bladder
affections which caused me much pain
and worry. I lost flesh and was all but
broken down. I was unable to do any
work either, I had three of the best
physicians who did me no good and I was
nearly given up to die. Finally I was
cured in these days, anyhow, on account
of the fare-registering machines."

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