

NEWS OF THE SPORTING WORLD AT HOME AND ABROAD

"SLATS DAVIS," BALL COMEDIAN

Something of the Brilliant Career
Of Salt Lake's Captain.

THE DARLING OF THE FANS

One of the Few Men in the Business
Who is Permitted to Play Ball
And Comedy Simultaneously.

In all probability the national game of baseball engrosses the attention of more people than any other similar sport that has ever been evolved. As has often been said, baseball is distinctly an American game, having evolved from the venerable "town ball," that afforded such delight to our parents in their childhood days. Thousands of eager faces—and by the way, why not have the baseball face since there is the bicycle face, the automobile face and scores of other strenuous countenances

will prevent that club from falling down into "town ball" playing. That proposition is known as "Slats" Davis, the man who is renowned from coast to coast as the fastest jollier in the game. Davis can stand up before a grand stand filled with talky fans and jolly them to a standstill. His jokes and puns are proverbial among ball players. One of his favorite remarks to his men in sparring them up is "full of ginger now," and the phrase describes him precisely. He is one of the few funny men who please both the grand stand and his managers. As a rule your baseball magnate looks askance at the man who creates laughter for fear that his mind is on the laugh more than on the game, and such men don't stick long. But "Slats" is among the old time players, a comedian from the beginning and a favorite with all hands. The secret of it is this. He plays and talks without any reference to the grand stand so far as he is concerned. His jokes would go on just the same and he would cut up his funny antics if there were only three people in the grandstand. He knows the game of baseball from Alpha to Omega and can play it like a darling. His actions are quick, both physical and mental. He sees at once what play is best to make in a doubtful combination, and he makes it without any feeling. "Slats" is the captain of the Salt Lake team, a tribute to his head, and has already established himself in the affections of the local fans.

LETTER TO SEXTON.

Davis was started with Denver last year and wrote the following letter to President Sexton of the Western league, in reply to a letter reprimanding him for being put out of the opening game along with Park Wilson, Dundon and Jones, by Umpire Sam

"Play Ball" and Good Ball at That, Says President Lucas.

Capt. "Slats" Davis of the Salt Lake baseball team gave out the following today for the benefit of local patrons of the game. It comes as a sort of good faith proclamation and is signed by President W. H. Lucas, the man who leads the Pacific National Baseball League, who intends it, however, as a straight from the shoulder talk to the players. The address is as follows:

Good, clean games, free from rowdiness, tended in a great measure to bring about the desired result. By conducting our games in a clean manner, last season, we gained the confidence and respect of the baseball patrons; and we want to keep it.

We must continue to present lively and clean exhibitions of the national game, free from rowdiness or senseless "kicking." Nothing disgusts a baseball audience so much as wrangling and "kicking" over decisions of the umpire. Senseless "kicking" and improper language by the players will drive the spectators from the game. The game cannot exist without liberal patronage. We cannot afford to lose any patron. The players should control their tempers and conduct themselves properly at all times.

Great harm has been done the national game in the past by gross misbehavior on the part of the players, both on and off the ball field. It is true, ball players are not perfect. They are liable to err. They sometimes think the umpire's decision is unfair to their side, and they immediately make an unnecessary howl, occasionally mixing in some profanity. The ball player should curb his temper. There is no excuse for any player to use indecent or improper language, or rowdy tactics at any time.

I shall hold you accountable for your actions during the playing season. We have promised the baseball patrons clean ball, free from rowdiness, and we must keep our promise.

We have engaged umpires of national reputation, and they have been instructed to enforce the playing rules to the letter. They have power to order any player, captain or manager to do or omit to do any action they may deem necessary to give force and effect to the laws of the game. I have instructed the umpires to punish any manager, captain or player, guilty of rowdiness or improper language during the progress of a game by a fine of five dollars (\$5) and prompt removal from the game and grounds.

Any player leaving his position to dispute or argue a decision with the umpire will be fined five dollars (\$5); and, for the second offense, in the same game, he will be removed from the game.

Any manager, captain or player, who shall leave the players' bench to dispute a decision by the umpire, or shall make any loud remarks whatever, reflecting on the umpire or any of his decisions, shall be fined five dollars (\$5).

Players ought to realize that the umpire's decision of judgment cannot be reversed, and all "kicking" against the decision is useless and senseless.

Any player of the League guilty of willfully throwing the ball, which is in play, over the stands or fences, or to any remote part of the grounds, to delay the game, will be fined ten dollars (\$10) by the umpire.

In conclusion, I desire to call your attention to Section 23 of the Constitution of this League, relating to Scandalous conduct, and which reads as follows: "The president of the League shall have power, upon proper proof, to suspend for a definite period, and to impose a fine not exceeding fifty dollars (\$50) upon any League manager or player, guilty, in public, of scandalous conduct, including intoxication, fighting, quarreling, indecency or scandalous conduct, whether on or off the playing field, during the season, where the same is, in his opinion, calculated to bring discredit upon the Pacific National League or National game."

I intend to enforce this section to the letter. By following the advice given above you will save money, and help elevate our great national game.

the Atlanta Journal, and is by Grantland Rice:

Of all the beastly splatters and bottled four flushes, the second bout between the Colonels and the Black Sox was the worst, and every bit of the fault should be laid at the door of that senseless piece of human rump who dares aimlessly about under the so-called name of Mr. Brennan, umpire.

Brennan is the foremost figure that ever disgraced the profession. He has neither judgment, backbone nor ability, and back of it all hasn't enough gray matter on top to feather a small flea. Talk about ye blocks! Ye stones, ye worthless senseless things, as Bill Shakespear used to say.

Before blistering the human squash any further the game should be given some small mention. The bout wound up 5 to 3.

Observe for a moment the umpire's deeds of violence and then wonder how the Colonels played the game they did. During the first three innings Stafford, Wehring and Matthews were batted without any cause whatever. Wehring and Matthews were shoved into the coop from the side lines for giggling a bit when Brennan called strikes on Cozier and Williams three feet over their heads.

All three of the Black Sox's first runs were due to Brennan. He refused to call strikes that were nectarines with juice. All during the game Brennan was trembling like a leaf in a gale. He was the most abject specimen of humanity that ever happened, without doubt.

Home fanatics might like to know something of the build and personal appearance of the roaring farce comedy who handled the indicator. Mr. Brennan is of lean and hungry make-up, with a pair of watery looking eyes jammed back in a wrinkled countenance that resembles a mince pie stirred up with a fork. His ears are large and loosely hung from a noggin that goes to a point like a cane. The top of his head has been closely shaved and fairly glistens in the sun.

Editor's Note.—We take it upon ourselves to announce that the funeral will take place this afternoon from the late home of the baseball reporter.

YALE'S TRIPLE VICTORY.

Sons of Eli Had a Longer, Easier Swing Than the Harvard Boys.

It was a university race which for intensity of interest, and an agony of uncertainty over more than half the course, has not been surpassed on the classic stream. The Harvard eight, defeated by a little more than two boat lengths in four miles, covered the distance faster than the Harvard crew had ever rowed before, and in a time that any winning Yale crew, with two exceptions, in the last quarter century, yet their best was not quite good enough. And this was the maddening sting in this defeat, as in that of last year, that Yale should show outdo herself, and come to the start with just that extra fraction of speed and power needed to surpass the very best that the Crimson could do.

There was little to choose in power between the rivals, and both crews were smooth and finished, until the killing pace caused slight relaxations in form. It was her style of rowing that whipped Harvard, as it has done many times before, and it showed in just enough wasted power to turn the scale of victory and defeat a few inches lost off the effective period of a stroke means boat lengths in four miles. Our blades that fail to grip the water the instant the power is applied, "as if the devil were after them," cannot transmit the full steam of the heaving shoulders and backs, and the men row in the air. It may be the merest trifle, but if the other crew is not wasting that precious bit of advantage, the difference shows when the finish flag is in sight.

The Yale men had a longer, easier swing, and that swung jumped on to the Harvard blades like lightning when the flying blades dipped the water. It was a good deal like the terrific catch and drive of the best English crews, and showed that Coach John Kennedy was not indulging in many sissies when he was in England studying rowing methods a few years ago. If Mr. Lehmann had seen this race, he would have felt like shouting to the Harvard crew:

"I never told you to clip your stroke. Stretch for it, reach for it, all the time."—Illustrated Sporting News.

Cricket "Ringers" at Lords.

Those Englishmen who are wont to play American because of an alleged lack of high-mindedness among our sportsmen would do well to reflect on the action of the Marylebone Cricket club, who played the Gentlemen of Philadelphia at Lords a week ago. The latter had defeated several of the best English teams, and their prowess was heralded all over Great Britain. When they went on the field at Lords they found they were to play "Marylebone and Grounds." Being good sportsmen, the true significance of the words, "the Grounds" did not occur to them. "The

BICYCLE RACES

TUESDAY NIGHT

Feature Will Be Australian Tandem Pursuit Contest.

NEW MOTORS ARE COMING.

Chapman's and Downing's Machines Expected Next Week—Some Sporting Gossip.

Manager Schefski is all the time thinking up something new and interesting for his patrons at the slusher track. His latest idea is a tandem Australian pursuit race by the professionals, and it promises to be a hummer. It is the first race of the kind ever pulled off in this town and it is expected a large number of people will be out to witness it. There will also be a mile open for the professionals, a five mile lap race and a half mile handicap for the amateurs.

SPORTING Gossip.

The generous way in which the people of Salt Lake have turned out to the races twice a week clearly shows that the sport is maintaining its hold on the public, and demonstrates further that this town is one of the best in the country for sports. All the resorts making money and the two chief games, baseball and biking both supported by a heavy patronage.

C. Limberg has been developing such speed that Mr. Sharp has forced him into the professional class. Limberg came here from San Jose and has been the crack amateur all the season.

The Salt Palace actors have issued a challenge for a game of baseball to the bikers. The latter have accepted and the game will be played on Walker's field the first open date. Mr. Hawkey will pitch for the actors and they say he is a good one.

If there are any local artists who have made good it certainly is the quartet composed of Messrs. Johnson, Parr, Beck and Farrell. These singers have made such a hit that Manager Meyers has engaged them again for next week. The boys are going east as soon as they get through at the Salt Palace.

Williams and Bedgett are two speedy riders who are expected here from New York next week. Johnny Fisher of Chicago is also on his way to Zion.

Chapman's new motor is expected to get here Monday or Tuesday. Downing also expects his new machine in a few days. These will be the speediest motors that ever came to this town and some great races are expected when they get to going.

FIGHTING IN

THE OLD DAYS

Billy Madden Lays Bare the "Secrets" of His Life.

COMMENCED AT AGE OF 18.

Something of His Notable Battles and What Fighters Think of a Trainer and His Work.

New York.—For the first time since he has been in the fighting game—23 years—Billy Madden has laid bare the secrets of his life. "I fought my first fight when I was 18 years old—not quite 18"—confessed Billy Madden the other afternoon on his front porch overlooking the sea at Dyker Heights. "I fought with a fellow named Eddie Hanley in a back room on West Houston street. It was for the benefit of George Siler—you know George Siler—and let me tell you, it wasn't one of those soft glove affairs—you know what I mean. It was under London prize ring rules. You could hit and kick and butt all at the same time. Hanley did all of these things, and I am short part of a tooth to this day on account of it. We fought 21 rounds in 38 minutes, when the police came. Say, I was a sight. My eye was nearly out, and I looked as if I had been run through the grinders, but you ought to have seen the other fellow. I have always been thankful that I was not hanged for that fight."

This was the start in life of a man who is better known in pugilistic circles than any other fighter or trainer in the world. Billy Madden is the last of the old-time fighters. He has fought with bare knuckles in the ring, in the rough-house set, where a man didn't quit until he was as good as dead. He has fought under the brutal London prize ring rules, where nothing is barred but axes and cannons. He has been in more hard battles than any man living today. He would fight with any man twice his size and weight under any rules, just because he liked it. He would never quit, because he never knew when he was whipped.

"And yet they say," said Billy, jamming his Panama hat down over his nose, "that the fighters are as good today as they used to be. Say, they play at the fight game today. I have seen a trainer pull a man who had been knocked senseless out of the ring and bite his ear to bring him too, and then push him into the fight again. The bare knuckle fighters used to soak their faces and their faces in vinegar and a chemical preparation so as to make them as hard as iron. Oh! I was a nice game in the old days. I have to laugh when I see the so-called sissies fight in the parlor scraps today. I will never forget the first big prize



"SLATS" DAVIS,
The Popular Captain of the Salt Lake Baseball Team.

that have attracted the attention of illustrations and cartoonists—that witness the game every day in nearly every city in the union. Tens of thousands of eager eyes scan the sporting columns of the papers every twenty-four hours; and it might be stated incidentally that not a few dollars change pockets.

The game well reflects the American character and we gravitate to it along the lines of natural selection. It has reached that stage when the man who can merely throw and catch, be he ever so skillful in both, can find no place in any of the leagues. He must have enthusiasm, speed and wit, and a quick perception. That combination makes the game fast and skillful and cheers the heart of the average American.

For one week now, Salt Lake has had a place in a national league, for the first time in the history of local baseball. At this time it is hard to suppress a smile. It is difficult to say just what the fans expected, but it is very clear they didn't get it. Whatever it was—perhaps it was a little better playing. Since that has suggested itself, it might not be amiss to say a word or two in behalf of the local club.

At the time Salt Lake was admitted into the league and for some time before the Portland team was having a hard row. The town was trying to support two teams, and no one was willing to do it. They are ready and willing down there to show us their money if we give them a good article.

PINNED ON "SALT LAKE."

Accordingly the managers sent the Portland boys' uniforms to the tailors and had "S. L." sewed onto them and shipped the fellows into Zion. The team was out on the road at the time. Its entire effects were in Portland, and two of the boys, among other personal effects had their wives down there and it was necessary to send somebody after the property. As luck would have it, Anderson, the best catcher and hitter in the league was one who had a wife in Portland and he, together with Lindholm and Hanley, the crack pitcher and fielder respectively, journeyed down to the Oregon town to get the belongings of the team. Their places were filled down here by men from the old league direct, selected it seems, according to the bias of the fans, and no one ever heard or ever will hear of a fan knowing anything much about baseball. The consequence was we had a good game to start off with, even if the locals were defeated. The next game was a good hitting bee and pleased the fans, the home team winning the game. The controversy on Thursday caused many of the fans to express the fear that we were reverting back to the ancient and forgotten game of "town ball."

"SLATS" DAVIS, COMEDIAN.

But there is one proposition that pertains to the Salt Lake team, that

Stearns:

M.H. Sexton, Rock Island, Ill.—Dear Sir: Yours at hand and contents noted. The Sexton told the fellow who told the Sexton, probably the janitor. If such is the case take the keys away from him, and unlock the umpire, who is now in Denver, for every time a player goes to the bat whom he thinks is a coal miner, he calls a strike and if one goes past his Derby it's the same thing. Of course this is felt by the players and when he walks in church, where you are Sexton, as he takes his seat, even the congregation says, "Few, and then when the Ushers take up the collection, its my turn to notice if he gets them over the plate. But he never does the coin."

"This man should be umpiring on the rear end of a boat; then he could have a place in a national league, for the first time in the history of local baseball. At this time it is hard to suppress a smile. It is difficult to say just what the fans expected, but it is very clear they didn't get it. Whatever it was—perhaps it was a little better playing. Since that has suggested itself, it might not be amiss to say a word or two in behalf of the local club."

"SLATS" DAVIS, COMEDIAN.

J. Ira (Slats) Davis began his career professionally at Amsterdam, New York, state league. He then went to Hazelton, Pa., league in 1896, finishing the season with New Orleans. In 1898 he was with Norfolk, Virginia, and his friends tell a funny story on him that occurred during that year. His team was playing Richmond, Tannehill, who is now pitching for the New York American league, was in the box for Richmond. "Slats" crowd had the other fellows beat 1 to 0. At the eighth inning it began to rain and the game was delayed. Norfolk asked the umpire to call the game, but he wouldn't do it. By this time it was nearly dark, so "Slats" borrowed a paper and a match, lit the paper and dropped it on the plate, exclaiming to Tannehill: "Put it over here; can't you see the New York Sun is coming up?"

It cost "Slats" five dollars. In 1897 he was with Bedford, Mass., and the following year was manager and captain of the Dunbury club, Conn., league in 1898, finishing the season with the Washington National league team. He played first base for New York in 1899, and was secured by the St. Joe team for 1900 and remained with the Western league the following two seasons. This year he started with the Portland club and is now a Salt Lake and if his bunch doesn't go through the season at the head it won't be because "Slats" was the wrong man at any time.

ROASTED TO A BROWN TURN

How a Southern Editor Dished Up a Belittling Epithet.

The following unprejudiced account of a baseball game is sheared bodily from

SIEGEL'S

SEMI-ANNUAL CUT PRICE CLEARING SALE.

A period of sweeping reductions involving our entire summer stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. A sale without a counterpart—greatest ever held in Salt Lake—(Note these cut prices.)

MEN'S SUITS.

\$12.50 Men's Suits, Cut Price, now	\$9.35
\$15.00 Men's Suits, Cut Price, now	\$11.15
\$18.00 Men's Suits, Cut Price, now	\$13.45
\$20.00 Men's Suits, Cut Price, now	\$14.85
\$22.00 Men's Suits, Cut Price, now	\$16.20

BOYS' SUITS.

\$1.50 Boys' Wash Suits, Cut Price, now	\$1.15
\$2.25 Boys' Wash Suits, Cut Price, now	\$1.70
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Boys' Washable Knee Pants, all sizes, up to 10 years	25c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR BARGAINS.

Men's Blue Jersey Rib Balbriggan Underwear, Regular price \$1.25, cut price—	Men's plain and fancy lace and mercerized underwear, regular price \$2.50, cut price—	A large assortment of broken lots from \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 lines. Your choice at—
75 cts per suit.	\$1.50 per suit.	50 cts per garment.

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats at Greatly Reduced Prices. We are Exclusive Agents for the Sargent—Union Made—glove for drivers, engineers and Firemen.

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