



## TRAINERS OFTEN WIN FOR FIGHTERS.

Watchful Care and Common Sense  
Methods Saved Many of  
Them.

## WAYS OF "PARSON" DAVIES.

Directed the Work of Top Notchers  
He Has Handled—Poor Work of  
Jack Root's Seconds.

A local fight fan stated the other day that in his opinion Jack Root would have lasted much longer in his fight with Geo. Gardner at the Salt Palace, and would probably have secured a draw if it had not been for the miserable way in which he was handled by his seconds and trainers. No matter what the outcome would have been, Root's seconds were almost useless to him. Had he received the care that was given to Gardner he might have turned the tide of battle. It will be remembered that in the twelfth or thirteenth round the men came together in a fierce exchange of blows and when they went to their corners both were bleeding from severe cuts over the eyes. When the going sounded for the next round, Gardner came up fresh and clean. The cut had been closed quickly and the flow of blood stopped, while Root's face was covered with blood, which streamed from the cut. This all goes to show that many successful pugilists owe their success to the care given them by trainers and seconds as much as anything else.

One of the chief essentials in handling a man is to know how to care for him during the minute's respite during rounds. It is not uncommon to see in contests at the present day, seconds entering the ring with buckets of ice, filled with bottles containing everything from water to cold tea, and when their charges return to their corner after the rounds, the four or five seconds at scramble into the ring and almost another the principal in their efforts to doctor him up.

One of them will plaster a big lump of ice on the back of his neck, while another will take a big sponge, soaked with water and squeezed, the contents all over his body, while yet another will almost rub the skin off the poor fighter's chest and stomach in the belief that he is relieving him of the pain caused by a few hard raps in the stomach.

But the fellow who does the least good and the most damage is the man who handles the towel, leaving the fighter with a towel over his head, and the air, to allow the fighter to breathe in the fresh outside air. This is a mistake, and switches the towel frantically across his face, disturbing the resin on the floor and causing it to fly into the air, and almost choke the principal.

Should their man during the ray look to be getting into a bad way, they shout all sorts of orders to him, no one of which he can understand, and they cause him to become more confused.

One of the best men ever seen in a fighter's corner was Charlie Mitchell, the English boxer. He watches every movement of the opponent, and is quick to note any signs of weakness. When his man returns to the corner Mitchell imparts to him this knowledge and insists that his man act on it in the coming round.

Mitchell is a great believer in toilet water to rub on the face and neck after a round, and only in extreme cases does he resort to anything stronger to revive his charges.

"Parson" Davies, who in his day has managed, trained and seconded Peter Jackson, the black wonder, Jim Hall, another Australian; Joe Choyenski and Tommy Ryan, is considered one of the best handlers in the business. He seldom gets into a ring, but sits behind his charge and directs his assistants in what to do. If things go wrong, he gives a word or two of encouragement and all is given him.

An instance of Davies' ability as a second was shown during the battle between "Mysterious" Billy Smith and Tommy Ryan before the S. C. M. I. a few years ago.

It was a slashing go for about fifteen rounds, when Smith assumed command of affairs, and in a few rounds had Ryan on the floor in a semi-unconscious state, while the referee was telling off the count of ten.

At this stage a police captain and several officers jumped into the ring to stop proceedings. In the meantime Davies had Ryan lifted into his chair, while the crowd worked herculean to revive him. Smith, thinking the fight was over and that victory was his, reached down in his belt and took from it a flask of whisky, which he proceeded to empty, while his friends stood about him shouting congratulations.

Davies all the while was imploring the police captain to permit the fight to continue, claiming that Ryan had not been knocked out and was then fit to fight all right. Turning to Ryan, Davies said the captain was convinced that Tommy was not much the worse for the beating he received.

The fight was permitted to go on. Davies informed Ryan of Smith's intention to go for Billy's stomach. This Ryan did, and in three or four rounds Smith was declared the winner.

"Charles" (Kid) McCoy is another valuable ally to a fighter who is looking after his interests. He was behind Frank Erne when the latter met Joe Gans, the lightweight champion, at the Broadway A. C. several years ago, and for a time everything was going like a dream.

Gans played a dirty trick on the champion's face, and McCoy, seeing there was only one hope for Erne, ordered him to cut out all his fancy work and go and mix it with his man.

This bit of advice was immediately

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It is the rarest thing in the world for a man to be necessarily bald. No man whose hair is not dead at the roots need be bald if he will use Newell's Herpicide, the new scalp antiseptic. Herpicide destroys the germ that cuts the hair off at the root, and cleans the scalp of dandruff and leaves it in a perfectly healthy condition. Mr. Mannett, of the Maryland Block, Butte, Mont., was entirely bald. In less than a month Herpicide had removed the dandruff, and hair growth, and nature did its work by covering his head with thick hair an inch long, and in six weeks he had a normal scalp of hair. Sold by leading druggists. Send for sample for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

## FRATS AND PROFS PLAYED THE GAME.

Terrible Struggle on Cummings'  
Field Yesterday Afternoon—  
Score 0 to 0.

## FACULTY'S GREAT PLAYING.

But They Were Accused of Threatening  
Punishment if the Students  
Dared to Win the Game.

It is no joke to say that yesterday afternoon's football game on Cummings' field between the university faculty team and the aggregation representing the Amalgamated fraternal fraternity, was the greatest struggle ever witnessed in this state. Those who missed it, or risked the chance of their lives. It will never be repeated. It couldn't be for several reasons, but the best one is that the police would probably interfere. The fight was pulled off in the presence of about 100 students, a corps of physicians and several ambulances. Tickets were free which probably accounts for the big crowd on hand. The spectators were more than enthusiastic and gave the professors the best of the "resting." But less expected to see such a determined struggle and close score. Secretly the frats were picked to win, but none dared to openly say so for fear of offending the "Profs," and when the latter played their opponents to a standstill and prevented them from scoring there was great surprise. The Profs intimated, however, that the game might be postponed because it is said that they threatened that if they were defeated it would go hard with the students when examination day came around.

There was some wonderful playing on the part of Dr. Stewart, who served special mention. To left the game singing like a furnace, while his hair, whiskers and suit were plastered with mud. He seemed to possess the happy faculty of knowing beforehand where each play was to be, and then did the hot foot to get as far away from it as possible. Prof. Arnold's great work was seen in every scrimmage. On nearly every down he was seen to fly through the air, and fell on the bench. There was no chance for the frats to sneak the ball from under when he was around. Dr. Elough displayed wonderful speed, getting out of dangerous places. At times some of the students felt like turning a riot call, caused by Holmes and Riser forgetting which team they were playing on and giving their team shots short arm with the line-up.

Facility.

Dr. Elough ..... L. E. Hamilton  
Prof. Bechtel ..... L. T. Dan Alexander  
Prof. Stewart ..... R. G. Stockman  
Dr. Merrill ..... R. G. L. Alexander  
Prof. Stewart ..... R. G. L. Alexander  
Blum ..... R. G. L. Alexander  
McBroom ..... Q. B. Thomas  
Prof. Cummings ..... L. H. Walker  
Instructor Riser ..... R. H. Walker  
Prof. Holmes ..... F. B. Carlson, Capt.

Time of halves—Fifteen minutes. Un-

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If you're not already a customer, and ascertain how well equipped this store is to supply your every need, in correct wearing apparel for YOUTH and MAN. Our stock is Exclusive, comprising only the product of the very best manufacturers, all styles found in this store are confined to us. Our Variety is the largest of any store in Salt Lake in the good grades of Clothing, Furnishings and Hats, Exclusive Agents for the Alfred Benjamin & Co. SUITS and OVERCOATS known to be the superior of any make of ready to put on Clothes in FIT, MAKE and STYLE.

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hire—Anderson, Referee—Dr. Kingsbury. Timekeepers—Moore and Bennion. Linesmen—Russell and Davis. Score—4 to 3.

## BATTERY DOWNS INFANTRY.

Hard Gridiron Battle on Cummings Field  
Yesterday Afternoon—Score 10 to 0.

The Battery and Infantry football teams from Fort Douglas met on Cummings' field yesterday afternoon and fought it out. It was one of the dirtiest games of the season, but that it is not meant that there were any foul tactics indulged in. The field was frightfully muddy and the players all looked alike after the first one or two scrimmages. The players all looked like they had taken mud baths when the time of battle cleared away it was found that the Infantry had been beaten by a score of 10 to 0. It was a great game for the soldiers' viewpoint. Nearly every man who could escape from the fort, was on hand, and they all divided into Infantry and Battery factions to "root" for their favorites. The Infantry boys displayed a great deal of pluck and strength, but their opponents were unable to do anything against them on line backing. But the battery boys discovered that the enemy's weakness was at end and Compton and White were sent around these positions for many big gains and it was these plays that White scored the two touchdowns. The boys had much trouble in holding onto the ball as it was covered with mud and slippery, and both sides made many fumbles. The line-up was as follows:

Battery. 10. Position. Infantry. 6.  
Bowman ..... L. E. Black  
Richardson ..... L. T. Arnold  
Thomas ..... L. G. Hardman  
Rice ..... R. G. Leonard  
Zavitz ..... R. G. Journey  
Trueman ..... R. E. Medline  
Daniel ..... R. E. Conley  
Hancock ..... R. E. Conley  
Compton ..... L. H. B. Richard  
White ..... R. H. B. Richard  
Yowell ..... F. B. Belmar

Holmes, referee; Lawrence, umpire; Lieutenant Platt and Lieutenant Harold, timekeepers of pluck and strength; linesman; twenty and twenty-five-minute halves; touchdowns, White 2.

## Idaho Team Won.

Moscow, Ida., Nov. 18.—The University of Montana football team went down to defeat before the University of Idaho team by the score of 28 to 0 today. Most of the game was played in Montana territory, the superior team-work of the Idaho boys showing at all times. Four touchdowns were made in the first half and one in the second. Montana was unable to hold the deer skin line of the Idaho team, and in the second half Montana made its yards but once. Idaho lost its ball on fumbles repeatedly, but Montana was unable to gain with it.

## LIFE PROTECTION IN SWIMMING BATHS.

Immediate help for persons in danger of drowning is secured in the public baths at Hammett and by a system of electric alarms. Directly a case of this kind is seen, the attendant, by pressing a button, rings a bell in the office, and in each of the other four baths in the building. At the same time a disk is displayed indicating at which of the baths life is needed. The attendants, all trained in the various methods of life-saving and resuscitation, then hurry to the spot and in a surprise test made by the baths committee, it was found that five men were brought to life and one apparently drowned person in exactly 35 seconds.—Tit-Bits.

## Brutally Tortured.

A case came to light that for persistent and unrelenting torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Golobick of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 13 years I have been suffering from rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine I ever took for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfactory guarantee by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

## BEST SELLING BOOKS.

Records for October.

According to the records of all book-sellers, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Mistle of the Pasture, Allen, Chas. F. \$1.50
2. The Little Shepherd of King, Allen, Chas. F. \$1.50
3. The One Woman Dixon, Allen, Chas. F. \$1.50
4. Gordon Keith, Pace, Allen, Chas. F. \$1.50
5. The Call of the Wild, London, \$1.50
6. The Main Chance, Nicholson, \$1.50

We have the above and all the latest popular books of the day.

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Smith & Barnes.

Some Hats and a Poet.

Many years ago the greatest of living English poets—I have the story from an old friend of his—had sat all day in the throes of a new poem. Evening came, and with it hunger, for even a poet must eat, and so he repaired to his club for dinner. After the meal he sat crooning to himself, until at last it occurred to him that he had better go home to bed. To the lobby, then, he went for his hat; but no hat, at least of his, was to be found. Apparently some one had taken it away by mistake. In his annoyance the poet threw each hat—there were only half a dozen or so—contemptuously on the floor as he examined it, and was turning away in disgust when these glistening silk cylinders caught his eye. A demoniac spirit seized him. Among these hats must be that of the villain who had taken his. With a subdued whoop the enraged poet proceeded to execute a war dance on the crackling tubes, and had just reduced the last of them to pulp when the hall porter, who had been temporarily away from his post, rushed in upon the scene. "Oh, lor, sir," he gasped, "what-aver are you a-doin' off?" The bard muttered something about a confounded ruffian having stolen his hat. "Oh, dear, dear, sir," cried the hall porter more in sorrow than in anger, "don't you know as how when you come to the club tonight you didn't ave no 'at on'?"—London M. A. P.

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