

FIGHTERS TAKE LONG CHANCES

How Some Have Failed to Stop All
Comers.

KID MCCOY'S PET SCHEME.

Something About Jeffries' Early Ex-
perience in the Ring—Champions
Who Were Knocked Out.

When a star pugilist, touring the country, undertakes to meet all comers and stop them inside of four rounds or forfeit a certain amount of money, he

said that his thumb had been injured so that it would be impossible for him to take on O'Donnell, who was at the ringside.

Jeffries' reputation as a fighter was made then and there and when he secured a match with Fitz he was generally laughed at. But down at Allenhurst, N. J., Jeffries had time to get himself into real condition. He trained under the watchful eye of Tommy Ryan for nearly two months and five days before the fight he got on the scales in the presence of the Sun man. He wore trunks, a sweater, rubber-soled shoes and a golf cap and weighed exactly 210 pounds. When he got into the ring with Fitz, he scaled at exactly 205, the lightest weight he has ever fought at. Had he weighed 240 that night, Fitz would surely have put him away, but the transformation fairly took the Cornishman off his feet.

With these facts in mind, therefore, one can readily appreciate the chances that the big champion takes when, scaling at 240 pounds, he is willing to meet all comers. John L. Sullivan, when he was meeting any and everybody in four-round bouts, was always in good trim, in spite of dissipation, for the reason that in his palmy days he did not grow hog fat and always "had the punch." But he met some tough customers.

Little George Dixon, when he was the undisputed featherweight champion, made a practice of meeting all comers wherever he went and seldom failed to put them to sleep. But he

had several narrow escapes, one of which really resulted in a knockout for him. It was in Philadelphia that the "Kentucky Rosebud" put it all over Dixon, who was not in good condition, but later Dixon sent the Rosebud to dreamland and squared accounts.

"Dixon came to the theater in a Western town one night," said Tom O'Rourke recently, "so drunk that I was afraid to let him go on. But he insisted that he was sober, and as the crowd had paid to see him stop a local favorite I let him try it."

The local man was pretty clever and when Dixon began to rush him, the latter stuck out his left and jabbed George's head almost off. It went on that way for a couple of rounds, and I finally told Dixon that I intended to stop the fight, explaining to the crowd that he was not in shape. But he wouldn't have it. "I'll get him the next round," he said and, sure enough, when they got at it again, George stepped inside the other fellow's left, landed his right on the jaw and sent his man clean over the footlights into the bass drum. But that night I told Dixon that he could never tackle another man unless he was plumb sober."

Probably no fighter realized the danger of meeting all comers more than Kid McCoy, who was knocked out one night by a greenhorn. Jack McCormick, who was more of a wrestler than a fighter, McCoy was all out of shape and thought he had a clinch. But McCormick rushed him and got in a wallop on the jaw that did the trick near-

ly. Several weeks later McCoy, after putting him out in a punch, faithful training met McCormick in meeting all comers. McCoy had a system all his own. He had several cover fighters on his staff who preceded him on the road. One would float into a town a week before McCoy's combination showed up and would proceed to challenge any middle weight local fame to fight. Then, under an assumed name, he would jump at McCoy's offer to stop anybody in four rounds, incidentally having the whole town at his back. McCoy would invariably play with his man for a couple of rounds and then drop him like a log, always taking good care to add the victim to his long list of defeated foes. In this way McCoy shrewdly avoided many ugly propositions and increased the public's belief in his power until he went up against such men as Sharkey, Chynski, Ehlis, Corbett and Carter, who showed him to be decidedly overrated.

Fitzsimmons probably keeps himself in better condition than any of the big fellows all the year round and is, therefore, better qualified to meet all comers. He can always hit hard, and that is half the game. Corbett, too, has kept himself in good shape, but his lack of hitting power has always made the all-arounder avoided by him. A punch on the point of the jaw, if properly delivered, with sufficient power, will beat almost anybody, and fighters, knowing this, show foolishness in not keeping in their best trim all the time.

As a result, I secured three players—Young, a pitcher; Durrah, a second baseman; and Mercer, a pitcher. All reported, Durrah did not like the East. Young proved too wild, but Mercer made good. He was but 19 years old and remarkably cool and collected. Command was even then his forte. After a while I got Tim Donohue, who, by the way, recently passed away, to hold him, and this really was the means to start him on a successful career.

"One day I met Manager Gus Schmelz of the Washington club at Portland, Me., where we were bound to play. He was gunning for players, and I told him about Mercer. As I was to play a double-header that day he asked me to pitch Mercer in the first game, as he was desirous to get out of town by an early train. I did so, and Mercer won. We were not under protection that year, and Schmelz very nicely asked me if I had any objection if he had a talk with Mercer, and I said I had none. I had taken on Mercer with Jim Hart and also with John Ward. Hart said he had no room for him and I got no answer from Ward at all. Schmelz offered Mercer \$500 for six months. Mercer did not think that was enough, but Schmelz said he had a lot of pitchers to try out and those who did not make good would be released. Mercer signed, but an agreement was drawn up that in case the Duffer club was able to dispose of him to some club for a consideration the contract was not to hold.

"After our season closed Mercer got an offer to go to Fall River and pitch in some exhibition games for Manager Mike McDermott of the Fall River club. That city was then in its first year in the New England league. McDermott was taken with Mercer and offered him \$200 per month on a five months' contract. Mercer was inclined to accept and corresponded with Schmelz, and as a result the latter raised his salary to either \$1,200 or \$1,500."

RACE HORSE M'CHESNEY.

Sam Hildreth Tells What He Knows
Of the Horse.

The one man who knows more about that great race horse, M'Chesney, than any other is Sam Hildreth, now in New Orleans. He owned him through the best of his 3-year-old form, and sent him to the post in his best races. He calls him the best horse he ever put a saddle on, and it must be remembered that Hildreth has strapped leather on Jean Beraud and others of that quality. He thinks M'Chesney can beat any horse in training in America, weight for age, any route from one mile on, the further the better.

"If I had M'Chesney in my barn I would match him to run Hermis at equal weights for \$20,000 a side, and I'd get the money," says Hildreth. "I've never seen Hermis, but I know his races. He looks to me like a good horse at the bad time in a bad year. He wasn't much until after the best of them had gone lame or stale. He didn't pick the pick of the East any time this year. They talk about how he handled Advance Guard. I've had half a dozen overnight horses that could beat Advance Guard a mile and an eighth and not have to try hard. We didn't think Advance Guard was so much of a horse when he was racing in the West. We called him just a useful, honest, everyday sort that would always run his race and be in or high the money. If Advance Guard is a line on M'Chesney, M'Chesney could beat Mr. Bell's horse at a mile and a quarter."

"Don't let that race when Old Hutch ran M'Chesney in a head race put you off. Old Hutch is not in M'Chesney's class. In that race M'Chesney did not run within 20 yards of himself. Old Hutch is no more than a good selling pacer. The idea that he can beat M'Chesney with M'Chesney anywhere is just himself is foolish."

"Some other races which M'Chesney has run lately have not looked high class. It is because he is not being trained right. I am not criticizing Durnell's training methods, but he hasn't got on to M'Chesney yet. The horse needs speed work. He is game enough and has stamina enough to go any route, but he needs work that will keep his speed in hand. He'll get sluggish on long, slow work."

"Hildreth has never had the horse at his best. When he was in the White Boots gets the proper line on him and understands that brushing is what he needs, M'Chesney will show his best form. The difference in training methods has been the cause of some of the comparative lack of success which M'Chesney has run. He has won simply on his class."

SUNSHINE COMING.

Famous Professor is Doing a New
Stunt at Reno, Nevada.

Local ring followers are to be burdened with Sunshine again if the people of Reno, Nev., are successful in driving him out. He is there now doing a new stunt to awe the people. He goes about the streets smashing himself on the jaw just to show the sports what a terrible blow he can hit. The sports there have picked up a fight for him, and when it is all over they are going to ship him to Salt Lake City, O. D. Sunshine was introduced to the governor of the sagebrush state the other day, and explained how he defeated Terry McGovern in a private match in Salt Lake recently.

JACK WADE AFTER MATCH.
Former Montana Champion Seeks a
Contest in Salt Lake.

During the week Jack Wade former champion and idol of Montana, wrote a letter to Young Thomas, who was Wade's sparring partner, and asked him to try and arrange a match in Salt Lake. Wade said he would meet anybody from 125 to 150 pounds, and would like very much to secure a bout with either Tommy Jacobs or Aurelio Terera.

After Wade was defeated a second time by Jack Clifford, he dropped out of sight, so to speak, and has not broken into the fighting game since. He realized then for the first time what all his friends had known for months, that he was in no fit condition to remain in the game. Wade then went away and proceeded to recuperate by cutting out all manner of bad things, including cigarettes. In his letter to Thomas he says he is in first class shape now and believes he is able to make good and place himself where he was before.

Morris Issues Def.
Jack Morris, the wrestler, who is now in the city, has issued the following challenge to Wrestlers McLaughlin and Ross:

"I understand that McLaughlin and Ross are going to be matched for a bout, but I think I ought to have the first chance at either one of them. I have asked both these men for a match and now will offer to meet either of them for a reasonable side bet. I want to contest to take place before the 1st of the month, as I have a match on at that time with Marsh to take place in St. Paul, Minn."

Bill Hoffer, Benedict.

Salt Lake, Ogden and Logan fans were given something to talk about this week when the announcement was made that Wre Willie Hoffer, the 200 and stonewall back boxer of the "Infants," and chief fester of the bar artists was a Benedict. Bill certainly made a home run when he won for his bride Miss Mary Charles, a belle of the second ward of Logan. They were married on Thursday and the happy pair propose to make their home in the Temple city.

Neely Portraits His Life.

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

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L. D. S. UNIVERSITY BASKET BALL TEAM.

The above is a half team of the girls who will represent the L.D.S. University in basket ball this season. The L. D. S. girls have held the Utah championship for the past three years, and the indications are that this team will fully come up to the old standard. Their names are, beginning at the left: top row, Ardella Bitner, Bessie Mulholland, and Irene Miller. Middle row, Janet Murdock, Beatrice Anderson, Ella Brown, Eleanor Taylor. Lower row, Florence Taylor and Myrtle Wrathall.

Their positions are: Forwards, Misses Wrathall, Taylor and Brown, Miss Brown acting as manager. Centers: Misses Murdock and Taylor. Guards, Misses Anderson, Miller and Mulholland. Miss Taylor and Miss Murdock belong to the team of last year, this year being the first in athletic work for the remaining members of the team. They all belong to Miss Bitner's physical culture classes, and besides playing to the modern basket ball rules with all the vigor and life necessary for a good game, the club maintains the dignity and refinement worthy of the name they bear. To the professional coaching of Mr. Bassett, instructor of Men's Physical Culture at the University, and the energetic aid of Miss Bitner, is due the excellence of the work now done by the team.

FITZSIMMONS TO FIGHT WITH RYAN.



The next big pugilistic event promises to be a 20 round fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tommy Ryan for the world's middleweight championship, and a purse of \$10,000. Great interest attaches to this bout, because of the fact that Fitz must train down considerable to qualify for the middleweight class.

takes chances. Some persons believe that it is an easy thing for a champion prize fighter to go from town to town knocking out what the short-haired fraternity call "dubs," but the big fighters themselves will freely admit that the task carries with it many dangers.

The best illustration of this truism was Champion James J. Jeffries' experience with the now celebrated miner, Jack Munroe. After Jeffries disposed of Robert Fitzsimmons in California last November he broke the right training rules which had kept his huge frame down to 220 pounds, which is his normal fighting weight. Forming a partnership with Fitzsimmons he went on the road, the lion of the hour. Jeff was wine and dined wherever he went, and feeling that he was rightfully entitled to a good time, he simply cut loose. With startling rapidity he took on weight until he tipped the scales at 240 pounds. Yet he went on meeting all comers just the same, for he had perfect confidence in himself and did not fear an accident of any kind. Munroe, who was in good physical condition, had nothing to lose, so he sailed in, landing a good stiff punch on the jaw, which, according to all accounts, staggered the champion. But after that, eye witnesses say that Jeffries punched Munroe all over the ring, but lacked speed and strength enough to put him out inside the limit.

Jeffries' performance, in other words, was similar to that which made the tall, shuddering when the brawler first appeared in Denver. He had not won his spurs and was looking for a match with Fitz, who was then the champion of the world. Jeffries came to town with an agreement to stop Bob Armstrong, the colored heavyweight, and Steve O'Donnell, each in a 10-round bout at the Lenox Athletic club. When the brawler stepped off the train at the Grand Central depot the sports rubbed their eyes and wondered at the sight. Jeffries weighed 215 pounds and looked as big as a house. Billy Delaney, his trainer, told the talent that Jim was a world-beater, but the assertion merely caused merriment.

It was impossible for Jeffries to take off any weight before tackling the job at the Lenox, for there wasn't time enough for him to train hard, so he got into the ring weighing 230 pounds to a dot. Armstrong, who was in Tom O'Rourke's stable and weighing 195 pounds, was as hard as nails, had been rated as a pretty clever, shifty heavy-weight with no heart. If Jeffries had been introduced as "John Smith of Hibernia," that night, there's no telling what Armstrong would have done to him, but as it was "Jim Jeffries, the coming champion of the world," Armstrong was decidedly wary.

The fight had not gone a round before the crowd was geyling Jeffries unmercifully. He was as slow as an elephant and Armstrong, as far as spryness and cleverness went, made him look like a novice. Jeffries forced the fight during the entire 10 rounds, but there was never a moment when Armstrong was in danger of being stopped. Jeffries got the decision of the referee on points at the end of the tenth round and was hoisted by the crowd. Then he

JACOBS-HERRERA MATCH.

Tommy is Working Hard Every Day
For the Bout.

Just now there is a great deal of interest among the local sporting fraternity over the coming match between Tommy Jacobs and Aurelio Herrera. The former is working hard every day in preparation for the bout and he expresses himself as being confident of taking the little Mexican's measure when they meet in the squared circle.

It may be that Jacobs has not the hitting power of the little California fighter, but it is generally conceded that he is much faster and that he has the ability to stay the limit at a very fast pace. He has met and out way some very clever men in his class and understands the game pretty well. Young Jacobs was Champion Young Corbett's first opponent in the roped arena, and was the little Denver fighter's sparring partner for several weeks after McGovern was defeated. Jacobs is an aggressive fighter from the sound of the name, and is what is styled a good mixer.

If the bout comes off in this city, it will insure the attendance of a big crowd of fight devotees.

McLAUGHLIN TRAINING.

Preparing for His Match With Ross
—Still After Thompson.

George McLaughlin, the Park City wrestler, who has been hurling challenges at Eugene Thompson for a return match since Thompson defeated him at the Salt Palace on the occasion of the Gardner-Ross match, is getting ready for his battle on the mat with Charley Ross. McLaughlin is training at Lawler & Orr's gymnasium on West Temple street and is rapidly getting in first class shape. He has several good men to work with and is confident that he will be able to defeat Ross. McLaughlin is able to get himself in good condition in a very short time owing to his temperate habits. He claims that he has never tasted beer, whiskey or any kind of liquor in his life, and has never been addicted to the use of tobacco in any form.

He says after he meets Ross he will issue another challenge to meet Thompson. He says his backers will give Thompson \$200 if he will meet him, and that he can secure backing for a side bet from \$250 to \$1,000.

Thompson does not care to enter the wrestling game just now on account of his work at his gymnasium. He is afraid if he neglects it to go into training his business will suffer and that he will lose more than he could make in his match with McLaughlin if he should win the match.

ABOUT WIN MERCER.

"During the winter of 1892-3," said Manager Frank Leonard of the Columbia team of the American association, manager of the team for the last three years ago, "I was looking for talent for the Dover, N. H., club of the New England league, of which I was the manager. I noticed in the Sporting Life a letter from East Liverpool, O., in which the writer commented upon some players of the local club, and I entered into correspondence with them."