

# Sporting Life.

The eyes of the members of the football world are expectantly centered on the outcome of the great game this afternoon on the University campus between Coach Holmes' "rah-rah" lads and the husky gents who make up the National guard eleven. It will undoubtedly be the fiercest battle of the season on a local gridiron, and the feeling between the members of both elevens has been so worked up by stories about them, whether true or otherwise, that in all probability there will be much bad blood shown and good blood spilt, a fact much to be deplored and one which, if it proves true, will be a grievous blow at the glorious game in this city.

This is all on account of the revival of the old cantankerous spirit of rivalry between the Salt Lake High School and the University, which dates back for years and at one time almost amounted to a feud. Even now when an adherent of the Guards—and there are hundreds of them—meets up with a University opponent on the street or other public place, and converse for about three minutes, there is usually a mix to close the meeting—no benediction is asked for.

The High School and L. D. S. student bodies will go en masse to root for the National Guards team, which is made up almost wholly of former players on representative teams from those institutions, and will give back yell for yell to the supporters of the crimson and white. In a word, it will be a game for your whiskers.

Last Saturday's showing of the University against the lighter Colorado eleven was a sad disappointment to their admirers who, when the two elevens lined up, only wondered how large a score the boys from the East bench would roll up in the time allotted them. But the Coloradoans were there with the goods and peddled them out to the big brawnies with the result that only for the retirement of Ft. Collins' best men from the game, one on account of simply running himself out from being sent to carry the ball so often, and the other for being the coach of the team, although he was allowed to start in the game, the University's goal line would have been crossed for the first time this year.

Team work alone was accountable for the great showing of the visitors. Whenever the man with the ball was sent into the line all the rest of the eleven were at his back pushing, shoving and

dragging him along for some sort of a gain, even were it only a yard. The Colorado quarterback, too, was a whole team in himself, getting the plays off quickly and with rare judgment and slipping into the interference like a flash. He soon sized up the 'Varsity's weak place, which was at right end tackle, and banged away at it until a touchdown seemed imminent.

On the other hand, the 'Varsity was slow in every move and seemed to lack the necessary ginger, the quicker opponents sifting through the line and piling up the play almost before it was started. However, it undoubtedly proved of great value to the University team to meet with that kind of football, and they have undoubtedly profited by it, as they will show in this afternoon's game.

The game with the eleven from the Leland Stanford University of California was clinched last week, and the Golden Gate lads sent word on here for the Utah management to reserve 300 seats in the grandstand to accommodate the enthusiastic crowd of rooters who will come on the excursion.

The All Hallows team went to an early grave during the past week, owing to not only poor coaching and material, but from the fact that they failed to march over the small Collegiate Institute team at will. The latter eleven came near disbandment at that, but recovered themselves in time to reorganize.

The Salt Lake High School team has been laying off since trimming Ogden last Saturday and are in fine fettle to go against any of the smaller teams. A scheme was consummated last Wednesday whereby they will play a series of three games with the boys from up the railroad for a handsome championship cup offered by Dr. Mayo of this city.

Some time ago a member of this paper took his little yen-hook, stretched himself out on a divan, rolled a little pill, lit the pipe and smoked, and this is what he dreamed: Baseball run in a rattling good city so long as the fans were furnished the goods. A splendid team one year ago. Everybody satisfied. Last spring, new season opens. Bad actor appears. Foxy individual. Sees graft. Looks around, sees another grafter with a wad he had "lifted." Heads together. Nothing to it. Big talk. Old association members sick. Two-puls-one with their stock. Couldn't give it away. The two Johns approach. Another big talk. Great business. All kinds of metal. Everybody get rich. Old "vets"

bite? Not yet. Go ahead. Use stock. No good. Wait a year. Not? "Why, my boy, there's millions in it." This when second "graft" has cold feet. Hypnotic passes before eyes. Transformation scene. Stock taken; not bought; loaned. First "graft" swells up. Money to throw in street coming. "My bit" always in. Misfit and "dead" ones run in for ball club. Angry mob yells. Few more sent for. Worse. Second "graft's" pocket nailed up. Amateurs blow up. No loss. Didn't cost anything. Appeals fail. Pocket still nailed with new padlock added. Mob grow weary. Play ping-pong at home. Games? No attendance. Second "graft" shakes head and shuffles. "Appeals" cut out of prompt book. Team enters farce comedy. Rotten actors. Show closes. "Graft's" disheartened, but first one sights new one. Swell "bull con." Different league. Public says "nay." "Graft" never minds. Don't see kibosh coming. Butts in good. Snares drawing card. Latter buffaloed. Works away in far country. Comes back. Nothing done. Promises? Fakes? No backing. All "hot air." Drawing card draws out. Glad hand given him. Accepts. New project. Backing? A barrel of it. Business men. Good standing. Keep word. There before. Made good. Has public's confidence. Spend thousands for good ball. Goes after franchise. If he gets it future of baseball in Utah is assured. Team of players already in sight to be composed of the best in the Western, Northwest and California leagues. Old favorites to return like Meredith, Newmeyer, McNichols, Zearfoss, Kid Mohler, Breitenstein, etc. How do you like the smoke? And the dream hasn't yet.

The Story of a Strange Career. Being the autobiography of a Convict. Edited by Stanley Waterloo. New York; D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

"The Story of a Strange Career" is declared to be the life story of a criminal, written by himself while serving a term in a Western penitentiary. Originally of good birth and education, the man appears to have been a degenerate, swerving naturally into the downward path. He describes his adventures on a whaler in South America, on a British man-of-war, in the American navy, in Confederate prisons during the Civil war, and in the New York draft riots. It is a rugged picture of the seamy side of the life of a sort of unrepresentable "soldier of fortune."

Hon. Nikola Tesla failed to appear for jury duty and was fined \$100. Making good is Nikola's short suit.—Chicago Tribune.

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