

SUNDAY HERALD'S SPORTING PAGES

IF IT HAPPENS IT IS HERE

IF IT IS HERE IT IS RIGHT

BIG ODDS PAID ON STRANGE BET

Sour Old Bookmaker Takes Last Dollar From Woman in Distress.

WRITES OUT TICKET TO WIN

SHE IS SURPRISED TO CASH IN AT 1,000 TO 1.

"The biggest odds ever paid at a race track" repeated the old bookmaker. "Let me see. There is a little story connected with the biggest odds I ever saw that should make interesting reading."

It was in the early eighties and I was working for Percy Cross at a track near Baltimore. Cross was a very successful man, but he usually took a live interest in everything about his business and was always around when there was something doing.

"Just as I was going into the grounds one day I ran across a little woman whose features were quite familiar. A moment's reflection and I recalled that she was the wife of one of my colleagues who had been working for Cross for a long time."

"She looked distressed and I stepped over to her to inquire what troubled her. She told me that her husband was very ill and that she had no money. She then asked me if Cross would help her. Cross was known to be one of the hardest-hearted and most close-fisted men in the business, and I told her so. I then dug down into my pocket and pulled out the last dollar I had and reached it over to her."

Bookmaker Is Stung. "It was a little early in the day, and as there was nothing doing I just sat around and consumed some cigarettes. After a while the ring commenced to hum. It was a big race and the odds were sending it on their choices hard. In the first race they stung Cross, and he was as wild as an insane tiger. He got it again in the next race, and he took look at him was more than any of us had nerve to do."

"As the crowd was cashing in, Mr. Blank's wife was passing close to our booth. Who is that woman prowling around here?" inquired Cross, with a savage growl.

"That's Blank's wife," I volunteered. "Well, why ain't Blank attending to his business?" inquired the old bookmaker. "I told him. 'Humph,' he replied, 'why ain't his wife nursing him?' I told him that she was looking for assistance."

"The incident temporarily closed. The old man was paying out cash for tickets, an occupation that he did not like very well. To my dismay I saw the little woman edging up to the box. I knew she was Dolores, but Dolores wasn't in office here away. But she came right along, and approaching the old man, handed up her dollar, stating that she wanted to bet on Dolores."

"Now Dolores has a chance. The old man growled at the dollar, but took it. I started out to make out a ticket at 50 to 1, when Cross pulled the pencil out of my hand, shuffled after a ticket and scribbled something on it."

Winner 1,000 to 1. "The race started, and I believe one of the few prayers I ever offered went in that Dolores would win. She did win and lopped in about thirty-five lengths back of the others."

"I was pitying poor Blank's wife, when she approached the book. I was just about to write her a ticket, when the old man stepped in by stating that Dolores had not won. When the old man said, 'Hold, young 'un.' 'Is that the way you attend to business? Whoever told you to turn any one away from here before looking at the ticket.'"

"I stammered something about Dolores. The old man told me to read the ticket. I had much trouble unwrapping it as she had it all folded up in a handkerchief."

"One glance at the ticket prompted another, and still another, and my eyes opened to the size of a saucer when I beheld in plain figures: 'THE WINNER—1,000 TO 1.'"

"I gaped at the old man, but he was gone. I said, 'Do you know what that calls for?' to Blank's wife. She replied, 'No, sir, I never bet before.' 'Out of the cash box I picked ten crisp \$100 bills and stuck them into her hand, besides the original silver dollar. She gave a little cry of joy and burst into tears. I got a little speck of dust in my own eye just then, and I saw the old man digging his horny knuckles into his optics."

"After that we all voted the old man a rather good sort way down deep."

TERRY NOT AFRAID OF JOE

As Soon as McGovern Finishes Nelson He Will Make Short Work of Gans.

Cincinnati, Feb. 10.—Terry McGovern, who is here with a theatrical company, says that there is doubt about the fight between himself and Battling Nelson taking place, but if it does and McGovern wins he will take Joe Gans on for a fight.

"I am after the championship," he said, "and I go to get it. I will see Gans, and I see no reason why I should not try conclusions with the darky."

Terry's manager, Joe Humphreys, interrupted McGovern here and said: "I have heard that Nelson said he would not make a fight for any man with a punch like Terry's in a six-round go. I can't see the difference, but if he keeps his agreement the fight will be for the lightweight championship, and if Terry should win he will not draw the color line."

"I do not know what Nelson means to do," continued Humphreys. "Nolan is managing him, and his actions are little short of mysterious. But Murphy, the both myself and McGovern and the National Sporting club of Philadelphia have pledged forfeit with Mr. Murphy, the stakeholder, but as yet Nelson has failed to post his money. The club has offered us 75 per cent of the gross, and of this sum we have agreed to give Nelson 25 per cent, win, lose or draw, while we take 25."

"We are not taking any chances on the Dane, however, and Terry is keeping himself in the very best of trim. I am positive that he can draw fifteen or twenty thousand dollar house."

Snap Shots of Aurelio Herrera, Taken Last Week at Los Angeles While the Mexican Was Training for His Fight with Kid Herman. Tommy Jacobs, the Former Salt Lake Boxer, Who Trained Herrera, Can Be Seen in the Background of Group.



The most remarkable feature about Herrera's fighting is his punch, which has been called the Mauseur bullet. The little Mexican who conquered Young Corbett has a style that is unique. He doubles half over in a most pronounced crouch, elbows well in against the ribs, hands before his neck and jaw, gazing now at the enemy's feet, now at his eyes.

like a bent crossbow and ready to let loose his killing right. He is always boring in. He doesn't fly in like Terry McGovern, or waste in bullheaded, like Battling Nelson. On the contrary, he edges in a few inches at a time, entirely neglectful of whether he is being "sugged or not, and always looking for a chance to shoot across the deadly right. It starts from a position for guarding. He does not draw back the right at all. Simply shooting the right fist forward inside

the enemy's left lead, whether jab or hook or swing, Herrera sends it straight at the point of the jaw fair and true, and it flat gets a bit of a twist on it as it flies. Herrera is so patient in waiting his opportunity, so accurate in choosing his distance, so sure to meet his man coming in, that when the blow lands the man drops. There is nothing else to do. Neither Broad nor Yanger knows to this date quite what Aurelio did to him. Young Corbett probably does, because he is always an accurate observer, with

the keen perceptions and just power of analysis that a champion should possess. And even he could not get away from a repetition of the blow when it once crashed and he had killed his senses. The nearest thing to it is Kid McCoy's corkscrew punch. But the Kid uses his left for Herrera's Mauseur bullet punch starts from the right shoulder. He inclines his body the least bit forward as it flies. In his fight with Kid Herman at Los Angeles last Friday night, the best he could get was a draw.

LIFE OF JAMES J. JEFFRIES AS IT WILL BE CHRONICLED IN PLUTARCH'S VOLUME

Many years ago there lived in Ohio a man whose name was Jeffries. He figured that the law of chances gave a man about one chance in twenty million to become a senator or president, and he didn't worry his offspring with that kind of talk. He taught his youngsters that this life is one of hard knocks, that the man who strikes the hardest blows lands on top, and that every fellow must fight his own battles.

Young Jim Jeffries took the teachings literally, and at the age of 6 had achieved some literal success by cleaning out a district school. He was one of those kids who never shed a tear when the teacher applied the barrel stave, and who always waited just off the school grounds to do up the lad that squealed on him.

It was strictly in the line of destiny that led Jeffries, the older, to like across the great American desert to California, where scrappers grew large and strong. It was also destiny that caused the family to locate within sight of a brass foundry, where young Jeffries soon accepted a position as office boy. One of his jobs was to clean out the office, and he did such a swell job one Saturday, with another office boy as a broom, that he was promoted to the work of a stamping machine until he became altogether too shifty.

In the course of time he advanced to the punching room, where he took one at the foreman, and was moved into the mill department. He might still have been there had he confined himself to brass, but he included the superintendent in his efforts. The president of the company became convinced that he had done all he could for Jeffries and wanted to see him for Carson City, Nev., one day in the early spring of 1897.

On arriving Jeffries secured a position as a trainee with a man named Corbett. At first he remembered that life is full of hard knocks. Then it occurred to him that every man should put in a few licks on his own account. It is now claimed and corroborated by all but one man that following this golden recollection there was a prize fight every day for a week.

BASEBALL YARNS

"If You Can't Talk, Make Signs." John Morrill tells a good story on Jack Burdock, the famous Boston second baseman. Back in the middle '80s, when John Birdie was captain, the team was playing a morning game on July 9 in New York. They were scheduled to play in the afternoon in Philadelphia and it was necessary to catch an early train. As is often the case in such emergencies, the game dragged, and Burdock, in spite of repeated requests from his manager, was in a kicking mood, and was largely the cause of the slowness of the contest. As the game dragged, Burdock pushed in toward the plate, white with rage. He was so mad after the first few words hurled at the umpire that he could not talk. The umpire was furious in itself, but Buck, who never lost an opportunity for fun, exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, Jack, if you can't talk, make signs." As everybody was convulsed with laughter, Burdock lost no time getting back to his position.

Triple Plays Unassisted. "Making triple plays unassisted isn't much," remarked Darby O'Brien, who was with Salt Lake last season. "I made one last season, but I didn't get much of it because such plays are so common out there. It was a rather peculiar one at that. We were playing Des Moines the day in question. We had a green man named Wilcox at short, several of our best players having been let out to reduce the salary list. Well, along in the fifth inning, Wakefield was on third and Red Rossman on second, when Herman Long came to bat and lifted a pop fly about two miles in the air. It was right over Wilcox, but the youngster lost the ball in the sun, and, shutting his eyes, merely held his hand up and trusted to Providence. Finally the leather came down and struck the greenhorn on the head. When Wakefield saw it strike he darted for home, while Rossman set sail for third. Then came my chance. The ball bounded over Wilcox's head right into my hands at second base. I touched the sack and two were out, and then beat Wakefield to third."

"And you have the nerve to call that a triple play unassisted?" asked Bill Bradley. "Sure," replied O'Brien. "Get out, you bush leaguer," retorted Bradley. Wilcox gets an assist for bouncing the ball to you. And to think that you called him a greenhorn. I never saw any better head work in the big league."

SCORING HITS RIGHT IS THE MAIN THING (By William F. Kirk) I met a husky fiddler and I shook his horny hand: We spoke about next season's team—in the other words we planned. He said that he was feeling fine and getting into shape. And he said he was getting late, and started to escape. He said, "Look here, young feller, this season's nearly due, and while you're writing baseball I won't have no scrap with you—Just so I gits 'My hits.'"

I promised I would score the game as I called it, and I could. Said he, "You told me that last year, but didn't make it good. One day I beat a punt to first—I beat that punt a mile. You scored it as an error. Punt scoring? I should smile!" I spoke down in your heart, of course, you wants to treat me white. And maybe, if you try again, we'll trot along as high. Just so I gits 'My hits.'"

Just now the scribes and baseball boys are mixing pretty well. But when the season opens there'll be spreading on the salve. Until he overtook one hit a player ought to have. Then something seems to smite him with a disconcerting slam; But the fiercest baseball artist is as gentle as a lamb—Just so he gits 'His hits.'"

BIG RUN AT POOL. Cowboy Champion Puts Down 72 Balls Without Miss. Chicago, Feb. 10.—Although Charley Weston, the "cowboy pool champion," made a run of twenty-two balls at the gossamer game in his match with George Wheeler last week, he was beaten by the local man by a score of 100 to 118. Weston endeavored to concede Wheeler 23. Wheeler got a lead of forty-four balls in the first three frames and that set the tone for the contest. Wheeler's remarkable showing later.

This is believed to be the biggest run ever made in a ball, the previous best being six-six balls.

MUST QUIT BASEBALL OR SALOON BUSINESS. St. Louis, Feb. 10.—Pitcher Powell and Catcher O'Connor have been notified by Manager McAleer that they must quit either the saloon business or the baseball business, which is decided by a committee composed of representatives of Powell, comes from Youngstown, O., is in part as follows: "When I signed you and O'Connor for 1906 it was with the impression that you would leave the saloon business. You cannot do justice to yourself or anyone else as baseball players and at the same time conduct a saloon. So you will have to give up one or the other. Please make up your mind which and let me know."

JACK O'BRIEN MAY MEET CHAMPION OF ENGLAND. It is probable that a match will be arranged between Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Jack Palmer, the English heavyweight champion. As matters stand at present the fight is scheduled for the National Sporting club of London, but an effort will be made to have Palmer come to this country to meet O'Brien.

If the Englishman is induced to journey across the Atlantic the fight will probably be pulled off by Tom O'Rourke in his new club near Philadelphia. O'Rourke will offer a purse of \$15,000 for the bout, but if necessary will increase the figures.

OTTO O. OBLAD & CO., FORMERLY OF OBLAD & KNIGHT. Wish to notify their friends that they will re-establish their carriage and wagon business about Feb. 5 at 527 South State street

KAUFMANN MAY MEET GYELANOFFERS TO MATCH CALIFORNIA WITH MADDEN'S AKRON GIANT.

New York, Feb. 10.—There is a good chance that the opening attraction at Tom O'Rourke's new boxing club, the Tuxedo, just outside of Philadelphia, will bring together Al Kaufmann, the young California heavyweight, and Gus Ruhlin, one of the numerous claimants for the heavyweight championship. O'Rourke has been at some trouble to secure what he thinks is a suitable card for his opening fights at the new organization. He wants heavyweights and has decided to bring to the ring a man to meet Ruhlin. O'Brien could not take the engagement that Tom offered him. Now comes the coast, a severe thrashing, and in measure to concede Wheeler the bad defeat he received at the hands of Jack O'Brien.

O'Rourke has wired Delaney that he will give the fighters 50 per cent of the gross receipts and expects a favorable reply. O'Rourke says he does not care how the fighters split the money. Ruhlin already has accepted.

WILL KEEP COACH YOST. Michigan Decides to Retain Famous Football Tactician. Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 10.—The University of Michigan has voted to retain Coach Yost for the Michigan football team for the coming year. The recommendation of the recent Chicago football conference which declared against professional coaches who were not faculty members. The proposal made by the University of Chicago that football be abolished for two years was defeated by a decisive vote. It was decided to accept the Chicago conference recommendations for a three years' eligibility rule, but at the University of Michigan the rule is not to be retroactive. The recommendation to abolish training tables was accepted, as were also the remaining recommendations of the Chicago conference.

COLUMBIA PAID WELL FOR ABOLISHING FOOTBALL. New York, Feb. 10.—An officer of Columbia university who is in a position to know says that two of the largest gifts recently announced to Columbia were made to the university as a result of the attitude toward football, and the donations referred to were the fund of \$100,000 given by Mrs. Maria H. Villiamson and another fund of \$150,000 given by George Blumenthal, a New York banker.

RUBE FERNS RE-ENTERS RING. "Rube" Ferns will meet Gus Gardner in a ten-round contest in Buffalo on Feb. 12. This will be Ferns' first appearance after being out of the squared circle for three years. Gardner was beaten by Cy Flynn in eight rounds at Buffalo the other night, but his good game showing got him a chance at the old timer.

BASKET BALL IS PLAYED IN WATER

Y. M. C. A. Invents New Winter Game, Which Already Has Become Popular.

SET OF RULES PERFECTED

ORIGINATES IN CHICAGO, WHERE LEAGUE HAS BEEN FORMED.

Local swimmers and basket ball players may now combine their knowledge of both sports and introduce the new game of water basket ball. Such a game has just been invented by members of the Y. M. C. A. around Chicago, and reports of the first games played would indicate that it has proven a big success.

Frank J. Sullivan, swimming instructor for the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, is responsible for the sport and has already formed a city league among the Chicago association to play the game. The game should prove a popular one in the Salt Lake Y. M. C. A., where both basket ball players and swimmers are numerous.

Sullivan Perfects Rules. Frank Sullivan has now drawn up the rules which will govern the sport. He made out a tentative set a week or so ago, but after seeing the game played he has made several changes. The complete rules follow:

Rule 1. Water basket ball may be played in any tank not smaller than 20x30 feet, nor larger than 40x100 feet. Rule 2. Six players shall constitute a team—right and left forward, center, halfback, and right and left fullback.

Rule 3. The ball shall be round, made of black rubber, and shall not be less than twenty-eight or more than thirty inches in circumference. Rule 4. Section 1: The baskets shall be hammock nets of cord suspended from metal rings eighteen inches in diameter. The rings shall be placed five feet above the water level at the center of each end of the tank. Section 2: A background three feet square must be placed behind each basket. Section 3: A cord netting must be placed at each end of the tank to keep the ball from being thrown out.

Rule 5. The officials shall consist of a referee, a scorekeeper, and a time-keeper. Rule 6. Section 1: The game shall consist of two halves of fifteen minutes each. There shall be a rest of ten minutes between the halves. Section 2: The teams shall change baskets at the beginning of the second half.

Goal Will Count Two Points. Rule 7. Section 1: A goal made from the water shall count two points. Section 2: A free throw from the ten-foot mark will constitute the penalty for a foul. A goal made in this manner shall count one point. Rule 8. Fouls shall be declared by the referee, (1) when a player swims holding the ball; (2) when a player ducks another; (3) when a player holds the ball under the water; (4) when two players tackle one of the opposing side; (5) when a player uses unnecessary roughness.

Rule 9. When the ball is held by two opposing players it shall be thrown midway between them by the referee. Rule 10. When the ball is thrown out of bounds—over the sides of the tank—it shall be given to the opposing center at the fifteen-foot mark. Rule 11. After each score is made the teams shall line up again as at the beginning of the game.

Not Easily Excited. The story is told by his brother Frank, who accompanied him to France. It was in the seventh inning of the game, and Willie had the balls in a position where it was impossible to miss. The referee was called, and the ball was thrown from each other. The referee's head was turned for a moment. Willie made his shot. Vignaux claimed a miss. The referee allowed the claim, but instead of becoming rattled, Willie, many an older player would have done, the youngster just said: "Oh, all right. It doesn't matter."

Vignaux's early lead never bothered Willie, either. He had figured out the Frenchman was trying to wear him out. He played safety all the way. It was the Frenchman who was outgeneraled.

It hadn't been for the safe game Willie played," said Frank. "I am sure he would have averaged a great deal more than 20."

Slosson His Next Match. With all the honors which have been heaped on the young wonder, modesty is still a noticeable trait in him. He plays around the table with the same unconcern as another younger boy would with marbles. He is not boastful. He says nothing, and when the subject of a next match is broached he always refers the inquirer to his father. He is just a boy with the head of a man of years and a heart of experience.

After that, his father says, "Wizard" Schaeffer will be accommodated, and then will come the big tournament in the Garden. Vignaux may come for that, and if he does the tournament will surely be the biggest event of its kind ever held in America.

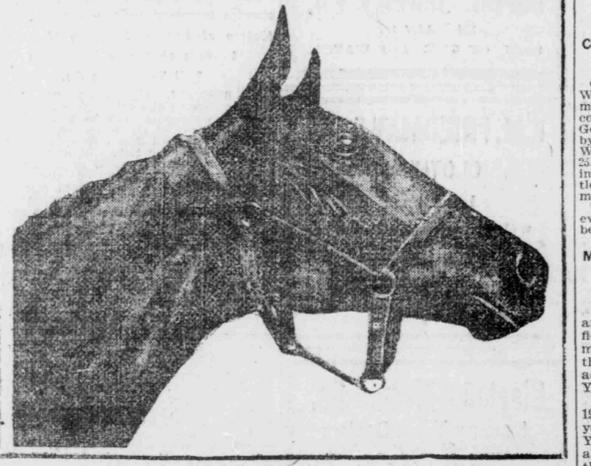
YALE MEN DON'T DIE YOUNG. Professor Looks Up the Dope and Says Athletes Are Long Lived. New Haven, Conn., Feb. 10.—Since 1857 only fifty-one athletes out of the 157 who have represented the sons of Ill in different sports have died.

Dr. William G. Anderson, director of the Yale gymnasium, has obtained data to prove that athletes—at least Yale athletes—do not die younger than non-athletic persons. In support of his contention he has compiled a list of 157 athletes who were killed or died young. Of these 76 athletes, fifty-one have died since graduation. The causes were: Consumption, 2; pneumonia, 4; drowning, 5; heart disease, 2; suicide, 2; war and accident, 3; died from unknown causes or disappeared, 19; from various diseases, 19.

Of these fifty-one men, eighteen rowed, sixteen played football, eleven were track athletes and six played baseball. If four who were drowned while young be eliminated from the crew table, the averages age is raised to 47.1 years.

Salt Lake Photo. Supply Co. Supplies, Dev. and Finishing. Main and 2d So.

ENGLISH SYNDICATE OFFERS \$200,000 FOR SYSONBY, NOW KING OF AMERICAN TURF



When the weights for the Suburban and Brooklyn handicaps were announced this week, Sysonby was crowned king of the American turf, as he was given the top weight, with 121 pounds in both of these historic events. In announcing the weights, Handicapper Vosburgh gave it as his belief that Sysonby is the greatest racehorse seen in America in recent years.

It has just been made known that an offer of £40,000, approximately \$200,000, was made within the past few days to Messrs. Keene for their grand 4-year-old. This magnificent offer for the horse was forthcoming from a syndicate of English owners, but failed to induce Messrs. Keene to part with him.

Charles Mills, a wealthy English racing commissioner, and the well-known English trainer, Robinson, paid a visit last week to the Keene stable at Sheephead Bay, in company with De Courcy Forbes, and inspected the horses in James Rowe's charge. They had heard much of the prowess of this son of Melton, and when they saw him they were greatly impressed. Robinson did not scruple to express the opinion that "Sysonby was the grandest thoroughbred he had ever seen." No doubt there had been some thought in their mind of buying the horse before coming to this country, and the result of their inspection was to make the above recorded offer.

When at Saratoga last summer J. W. Gates tried his utmost to tempt James W. Keene with an offer of \$100,000 for Sysonby. But Mr. Keene was obdurate. He loved the horse for his good qualities and characteristics, and gloried in his possession. With the instincts of a truly great sportsman he answered "I like the horse, and no money you can name will buy him from me."

James A. Brady, too, was eager to buy him, to remove him from the path of his good horse, Olseau, and made an offer within the past few days of \$125,000. He was told of the \$200,000 offered by the Englishmen and ceased to persevere in his effort to obtain him.



"Gentleman" Jack O'Brien.

YOST AGAIN CONQUERED.

This Time It Is a Maiden Who Is Victor Over Great Coach.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 10.—Announcement has been made here of the engagement of Miss Eunice Fite to Fleiding Harris Yost of Ann Arbor, Mich., the football coach of the Michigan team, popularly known as "Hurricane."

The prospective bride is the daughter of Mr. L. B. Fite, a well-known Nashville citizen, and the Fite family is an old one and highly connected.

Miss Virginia Fite, sister of the bride to be, was married in November to Dan McGuffin, coach of the Vanderbilt team, formerly from Michigan, and Yost was his best man. It was in this way that the principals in the coming wedding became acquainted.