

IF IT HAPPENS IT'S HERE

THE HERALD'S SPORTING PAGE

IF IT'S HERE IT'S RIGHT

"BEAT BOULDER!" CRY AT 'VARSITY

Maddock's Men Have Game of Year Ahead of Them on Coming Saturday.

Next Saturday comes the game with Boulder. Twice beaten by this worthy foe the Utah boys will make the fight of their lives.

The enthusiasm among the students is high. Their slogan is, "We must beat Boulder. There will be no more meetings here after this week."

Hard Practice for This Week.

Four hard practices and a light signal practice is the program of the team this week. There will be no meetings here after this week.

Medics Discover New Dope.

The medics of the university thought they had made a new discovery in the world of medicine last week. The time should rival the best prescriptions of the Quaker doctors.

Donald Ray Entertains.

Master Donald Ray, who is often seen going through the right side of the opponents' line, entertained a number of his friends one afternoon last week.

Maddock Hears Roasts.

While the boys were at the training table last week, Coach Maddock slipped into the telephone booth and while there heard some extremely informal opinions about himself by some of the boys.

Scores Compared.

Football fans are beginning to compare scores to see where Utah stands with the Colorado team. Up to date the scores are: Boulder, 5; Denver university, 0; Colorado college, 24; Denver university, 0; Colorado school of mines, 11; Colorado Aggies, 0; Colorado college, 4; Colorado Aggies, 0; Boulder, 0; Colorado Aggies, 0; Colorado school of mines, 11; Denver university, 0.

Team Goes to High School Game.

Coach Maddock and the "U" team attended the game Saturday and roamed for the Red and White. Their grumblings were small to that of the thousands of high school rooters, the spirit was there and this is what Maddock is trying his best to foster.

Fallen Asleep.

Only a little dust— So small that a rose might hide it; And I trust God— I try to trust God— When I kneel in the dark beside it.

Fallen Asleep, as oft.

She climbed my heart to rest, Her white arms twining my neck, as soft As down on a dove's sweet breast.

Tenderly—unaware.

Sleep came in the waning light, And kissed her there on the twilight stairs That lead to the morning light.

And that she will wake I know.

And smile at a grief like this: It could not be she would leave me so, With never a good-night kiss!

So I kneel in the dark and say.

I only dream, of yesterday, "aren't you She would not leave me and go away— She has only fallen asleep."

EUREKA SOCKERS VICTORS

With Weakened Team They Beat Salt Lake by 3 to 1 Score.

(Special to The Herald.) Eureka, Nov. 11.—Today's soccer game was won by Eureka by a score of 3 to 1 over Salt Lake. The betting at the beginning of the game was 2 to 1 in favor of Salt Lake, as Eureka was short four of the regular team.

Wednesday's clawing match in Frisco sticks a pin in the balloon and Berger and Kaufman are wee dots in the sky and getting wee-er all the time.

SALE OF HORSES.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 11.—John Spain, the noted horseman, today sold to L. Harkness, owner of Walnut Hill stock farm, Josephine Dixon, 2,104, in foal to Moko; Rose Warren, 2,272, sister to Tommy Britton, in foal to Walnut Hill 2,964; Lucinda Princeton, dam of Walker Kimo, 2,113; Flexo, 2,143; Emma T, 2,175, dam of Miss Adbell, 2,994; Emma Brooks, 2,094; Halie Herring, dam of Bertie Brooke, 2,10, in foal to Moko; a full sister to Emma T, in foal to Flexo, and two others with the same pedigree.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CITY BALL PARK

(New York Press.)

The grand stand mourns the season's closing day. The bleachers file slowly through the gates.

The players homeward hike their glad-some way. And leave the grounds to winter and to fate.

The hated call for early morning work. The cheer below from the coaching line; The stern rebuke when outer rangers shirk.

No more shall make the players' hearts repine. For them no more the blatant crowd shall yell.

Or red-hot rooters split the quivering air. No extras blaze the game's result to tell. Nor Park row pause to read the blackboards there.

Off did the inshoot to their locust yield. The muscle oft the mighty ash has broke. How loud did they swat the sphere afield!

How bowed with shame when shrilled the futile stroke! Let not collegians mock their useful graft. Their homely tops, their limbs so often lame.

Nor critics rake with satire fore and aft The long and lurid annals of the game. The craze of cricketry, the gloom of golf.

And all that polo, game of wealth, or 'er The people daily with, now on, now off— The paths of pasture lead but to the grave.

Perhaps in a neglected nine have played Some stars no magnate once had dared to fire. Who next the nod of umpire might have made.

And heard the bleachers bawling "Robber! Liar!" But yells with their names the flaring page. Rich with red scare heads big did ne'er display—

Back to the minor leagues for their old age— Just pestered out—the old familiar way! Full many a wonder of the diamond green.

The crowded ranks of hayseed teams To waste his science on a cross-roads nine. Some village Chesbro, that, with steel-thewed arm.

The pounding of the "Champs" might have withstood— Some Mathewsonian marvel of the farm. Some "Wild Bill" gustless of a batsman's blood.

Th' applause of shrieking rooters from the stand. The threats of fines and benching to despise. To pose for half-tones through a groaning land.

Or earn "three hundred" in the scorer's eyes. Their lot forbade—still, hid from fame, they play. Ten-inning games 'twixt Oshkosh and Suedunk.

Till, round the grocery stove, they boast the day. Before their arms and nimble shanks had shrunk.

Far from the madding crowd's tumultuous cheers They hurled and hit to swell the Rubes' delight. Proud of their small ambitions, hopes and fears.

Blithe, unskilled—and doubly out of sight. And when the unpublished wonder comes to die. Some local fan, perchance, will pause to muse;

"Poor Hank is gone. He was a bird! And I Have wrote this for the Bungtown Weekly News."

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies a pitcher whom the Mighty Three— Ban Johnson, Powers and Pulliam—never knew;

JEFF HACK IS THE ONLY REAL FIGHT IN SIGHT

The Public Is Awfully Sick of These Slap-on-the-Wrist Affairs.

Well, Bo, we've got 'em weeded out now to only a pair in the deck, a pair of small ones—Jack O'Brien and Berger.

Wednesday's clawing match in Frisco sticks a pin in the balloon and Berger and Kaufman are wee dots in the sky and getting wee-er all the time.

Jeffrey will not get in the ring any more. That's a pipe. Fen forgetting. Hold on a minute. It is a pipe?

There is a way to yank the big fellow out of his hole. Hackenschmidt. Fine. The Dutch wrestler fights Gunner Moir.

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BILLY RODENBACH OF MANHATTAN.

New York's candidate for heavyweight honors does not weigh a ton, and it is not a record that he hits like a kicking mule.

To be sure, the bout was limited to four rounds, but the New Yorker decisively outpointed his opponent, and from the way in which the battle was going it is questionable if the western chap could have won in twenty rounds.

Shortly after that noteworthy victory Rodenbach announced his retirement from the ring, but since then he has reconsidered, and now is in the professional class and willing to meet any one except Jack Johnson or some other dangerous fellow.

Rodenbach would like most of all to get a bout with Jack O'Brien and feels that he could do very well with the clever but light-hitting Quaker. A bout between those two men certainly would furnish for boxing enthusiasts one of the clearest exhibitions it would be possible to put in the ring.

Rodenbach should set sail for Kaufman, and if he could defeat that youngster he would be in line for a battle with O'Brien or Buras, according to which wins their battle. At the same time it is probable Kaufman will insist on meeting the winner of that bout. In any event, the career of New York's solitary Rodenbach is bright. But the weight division of the world will be watched with interest.

IN 1907. (Toledo Blade.) The new spelling will change all the farmer jokes, and they will appear something like this: "Si Haymow—I narrowly avoided a collision this morning, which would undoubtedly have resulted in dangerous if not fatal wounds being inflicted upon my person."

"Be calm," said the shopman. "I assured you that they were all wool, and the moths are the proof of it. If they were anything else the moths would not go near them. The man was so eloquent that Lardell went off quite resigned."

THE WAY HE LOOKED. (Philadelphia Press.) "See here," complained Mr. Crabbe, "your shopping is too extravagant. You should never take anything just because it looks cheap."

"Indeed!" exclaimed his wife. "I had followed that advice when you proposed to me I wouldn't be Mrs. Crabbe now."

IN THE MOUNTAINS. (Houston Post.) "Better come along with me, our hotel is patronized by all the nice girls of our set."

"Isn't there another hotel that is patronized by all the nice men?"

ARCHITECTS BUSY FOR NEXT YEAR

Builders of Baseball Leagues Are Looking Longingly Toward Salt Lake.

Every year about this time the builder of baseball leagues gets busy and begins to frame up for the coming season. When one considers that every town in the country is anxious to get into a league and those who already have a berth in some circuit are looking out for a better one, it is not strange if some queer tales begin to float.

Such a tale! Oh, you! Mark up your own price. The whole state of Nevada. And if the pot is big enough Jeff may sit in. He doesn't care any more for money than Tom Sharkey. He wears a tuxedo so long that he has to have it laundered.

Jeff might demand a few thousand—ten or twenty—in advance as a guarantee of good faith or any other thing. And he'd get it.

The gang is sure hungry for a real heavy fight. They've seen so many of these slap-on-the-wrist affairs that they've overhad their appetite. They've thought they were going to get a live one.

And they'd fall neck over tin cup for Jeff and Hack. They'd all be color blind to the lemon till afterward.

NOT LIKE SOME PEOPLE

Pigs Intelligent When It Comes to Dodging Speedy Automobiles.

"Me for the pigs," said the auto tester who takes long trips through the country. "If I were a writer I would write a glorification of pig. Dogs don't count. The pig is the one sensible animal from an automobile man's point of view."

"If you're racing through the country at a forty-mile rate don't stop if you see a pig. He'll wander away from your path with all the intelligence of a human being. He'll fall right into the gutter and stay there."

The dog, however, will race straight at you. Doggie is a poor judge of distance.

"Cows are eager to get out of the way, but don't know how to do it. If you see a cow, just slow up. Sheep are the same way. They are like fussy women—they don't know just what to do."

"The horse isn't so bad. If you meet a stray horse, slacken a little if the road is narrow. The horse always gets in front of your machine and starts to run. His hoofs will send a shower of mud into your face, but he's bound to keep ahead of you."

"But the pig's the thing. Me for the noble pig. He's the only animal in existence who knows enough to get out of the way of trouble."

MODEST FELLOW. (Philadelphia Press.) "Your friend Pompus has been writing a lot of letters to the papers denouncing all these public abuses. He signs them all 'Vox Populi.'"

"You don't say? It's a wonder he doesn't sign his own name. He's that sort of a man."

"Yes, but he says he's afraid if he did the public would come to his house and scold him, and he dislikes that sort of thing."

RAISING THE WIND. (Boston Transcript.) Jack—How did your father receive your request for more money? Dick—He sent me a cool reply. Jack—Refused you, eh? Dick—No, the cool reply was a draft.

HILL & HILL WHISKEY. Is distilled by the Rock Spring Distilling Co., in Owensboro, Ky., from carefully selected grain and malt. We have personally visited the distillery and found its cleanliness and good order to be the very best. The whiskey itself is an absolutely pure high-grade Kentucky Bourbon, of the kind that has served to make Kentucky famous for good whiskey.

We carry it in barrels, also in cases, quarts, pints and half-pints, or can ship to you direct from the United States bonded warehouse.

RIEGER & LINDLEY. "The Whiskey Merchants."

IF BIG WRESTLER LICKS GUNNER

Moir Jeff Would Get Busy.

Whether he has it on Moir or whether Moir has it on him, doesn't slice any pound cake. They can frame it for Hack to win. That's as easy over there as it is here. And it wasn't Jack O'Brien who taught them low, either.

With Hack champion of England and Jeff champion of the world? What? An international match? The champion of England invading our shores to wrest the world's title from America and tote it back to old Britain, where it originally came from.

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BASKETBALL TEAM QUILTS

University Athletic Council Decides Students Need More Time for Study.

The university will not enter a team in the basket ball league this winter. This decision was reached by the athletic council when the matter was brought before them by Coach Maddock, who offered his assistance in its composition.

The reason of the decision is that most of the basket ball men are members of the track and football teams, and these sports take so much time from studies that the basket ball season is considered a good time to make up work. The decision is a disappointment to many of the students, as there was a large squad out for the basket ball team.

RUBBING IT IN. (Detroit Free Press.) He—Why did you keep harping all through the play on that woman who keeps drumming the same tune over and over in your apartment house? She—Didn't you forget it and enjoy the performance?

She—I didn't want to. The woman I was talking about sat right in front and heard everything I said.

SPECIAL DELIVERY. (Woman's Home Companion.) Mrs. Uptown—I purchased some socks and a drum for my boy. How does it happen that you have brought only the drum?

Driver—You see, ma'am, I'm the driver of the band wagon; the socks will come along in the hose cart.

HUSLER'S FLOUR. How can you expect your cook to make the best bread unless you order HUSLER'S FLOUR. Costs no more, but worth more.

JUDGE US. Judge us by what we are doing. Judge us by the continued crowd of buyers. Judge us by the clothing you see that your friends and neighbors have purchased. Judge us by our prices. YOU GET THE BEST, TRULY THE BEST, WHEN YOU BUY OF US. You'll find our clothing just right every way.

A MATHEMATICAL WOOING. (St. Louis Republic.) He lided at her soulful eyes. And at her dreamy attitude, And witnessed heart-broken sighs. "Is said anything to you? That love's seems, I do not care; It'llly—indeed, 'tis true!"

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NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE BROMO-A-X. It Breaks up Colds Quickly—It Stops Headaches Instantly—It leaves no Bad After-Effects like Quinine Preparations—Because THERE IS NO QUININE IN IT. In the Orange Colored Box—25 cents—at all Drug Stores, or by Mail. BROMO CHEMICAL CO., CHICAGO.

Barton & Co. Suits and Overcoats, \$7.50 to \$35.00. Boys' Knee Pant Suits, \$2.50 to \$10.00. Men's Hats, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Clothiers to men and boys. 45-47 Main St.

SALT LAKE TURF EXCHANGE. 205 MAIN ST. California and Eastern Races. Direct Wires on All Sporting Events. DANIELS THE TAILOR. beats 'em in quality, style and price. Some uncalculated suits and overcoats to be disposed of at your own price. 57 West Second Street.