IF IT HAPPENS IT'S HERE

HERALD SPORTING NEWS

IF IT'S HERE IT'S RIGHT

RECORD CROWD SEES ROAD RACE

First Place Won by A. Broadbeck—Time Prize Captured by J. V. Burnstrom.

Cycle fans, those who like to see the ambitious youngsters hammer off the miles on a country road, witnessed one of the greatest races in the local history of this sport yesterday morning. It was the twelfth annual event and drew one of the largest crowds, had one of the largest entry lists and was one of the best contests ever pedalled over Utah's historic road race course. In that crowd were cycle fans who witnessed the first race held in 1895. These same persons have never missed a race since, and in spite of the decadence of the cycling game, seem just as enthusiastic as ever.

The riders are not the same. It is a new and rising generation that has taken the place of such old war horses on the road as Fenton of Ogden, Thorvold Jensen and O. E. Emery of Salt Lake. They ride just as fast and make just as game attempts to win, and after following the seventy odd bikers for the thirteen miles in a moving tram, it must be admitted that the sport is just as fascinating as it was in those good old days of cycling.

A. Broadbeck the Winner.

A slim youth, covered with perspiration, tired, yet game, his head surmounted with a good healthy crop of red hair, which glistened in the sunshine as he came bumping over the tape, won first honors yesterday. His name is A. Broadbeck, his number in the race was 33, and when not winning road races, young Broadbeck spends his time working for The Salt Lake Herald as one of its carriers. Not two feet behind came Joseph Wessman, and glued close to his rear wheel was Fred Sansome. These three men starting on different handicaps, came down the stretch, lined on both sides with hundreds of people with a rush like the finish of the sprint race. It was in this sprint the reserved strength of Broadbeck won for him the first place in the race.

Just after leaving Centerville, Wessman and Sansome were seen to be the leaders, riding easy and changing pace, clearly using their heads and holding themselves for the final struggle. Back a little farther was seen a bunch of four or five. One dressed in a black suit was seen to take the pace and set a hot clip. It proved too strong for the rest and the youngster in black tights looked back, saw he had shaken the rest of the crowd and then began a steady grind to land the flying pair a half mile in the lead. From the train it was seen he was slowly but surely making up the difference and he was soon proclaimed the winner by those who study bike riders and their form. Fully three miles from the tape the rider in black caught the two leaders. It was Broadbeck and from this point to the finish this trio kept up a hot pace, being careful to keep out of striking distance of some back mark man who might come up and beat them out at the finish.

Scratch Man Time Winner.

With these three across the tape, the riders began to arrive every few seconds. Now and then there would be a bunch of three or four fighting it out in a sprint for place. Again they would come in pairs and singly, each giving a final kick of satisfaction as he crossed the tape.

Then the crowd began to cry for the scratch men. It was not until seventeen riders had passed the goal that J. V. Burnstrom dashed out of a bunch of four. Fifteen more handicap men came in before Maybee and Archbold, both of whom have a time prize to their credit. A hurried examination of the times showed Burnstrom was the time prize winner, covering the course a full minute better than any other rider.

Hard Luck Stories Plenty.

The mishaps were many and the hard luck stories were many. But this is a part of a road race and one of the features that makes the outcome extremely doubtful. A full half dozen spills were plainly seen from the train and the riders left stranded, to find their way home, or to the finish to locate some friend with their clothes. Luckily no one was seriously hurt and a few bruises and a broken wheel tell the tale of all the mishaps.

The officials, as usual, were a busy crowd, but road racing has reached a stage in Utah where the officials know their business and in a short time after the race was over the winners and their times were announced.

The train service this year was better than usual. The train had plenty of speed and kept with the riders, frequently stopping to allow several bunches to pass. When near the tape the engineer made his final sprint and turned the crowd of over 1,000 loose at the tape already roped off.

The weather was ideal for racing. The roads were in the best possible condition and Manager Rippeto could not have had things pass off better. The Herald sporting annual was much in evidence on the train and at the finish when the times made yesterday were compared with the times made in every road race ever held over the course.

The place winners, their riding numbers, handicaps and riding times are here:

Summary of the Finish.

Pos.	Name.	No.	Hdc.	Time
1	A. Broadbeck	33	5:30	48:47
2	Joseph Westman	15	6:30	50:18
3	Fred Sansome	3	7:00	50:53
4	H. T. May	30	5:30	49:30
5	Mark Todd	42	4:00	48:30
6	Alma Ash	1	7:00	52:28
7	E. M. Calvin	9	7:00	52:28
8	Max Schatz	29	5:30	51:10
9	Charles Hauser	40	4:30	50:13
10	Gus Backman	61	2:00	48:44
11	C. Evans	26	6:00	51:55
12	H. Westman	28	5:30	51:27
13	E. Winward	51	2:30	49:27
14	O. E. Shmertz	19	6:30	52:33
15	Charles C. Meyer	39	4:30	50:53
16	Al Emery	67	1:00	48:32
17	Roy Hauser	68	1:00	48:34
18	J. V. Burnstrom	70	*	47:36
19	George Hamshire	44	4:00	50:36
20	Claude Hauser	58	2:00	49:47
21	Tracy C. Gurley	34	5:00	52:52
22	Lewis Winter	32	5:00	52:53
23	Linze Meibos	46	4:00	51:53
24	George Hansen	11	6:30	52:24
25	J. Mathison	48	3:00	52:51
26	G. R. Berger	62	2:00	51:53
27	G. W. Cox	37½	4:30	53:26
28	D. W. Smith	55	2:30	52:41
29	Harry Hartley	13	6:30	55:43
30	A. E. Chisholm	54	2:30	52:45
31	George A. Leslie	60	2:00	52:43
32	Lee Perry	18	6:30	56:14
33	Clarence Maybee	73	*	50:53
34	Charles Archbold	72	*	50:53
35	Domingo Larribo	41	4:00	54:04
36	H. Kessler	64	1:00	52:16
37	J. O'Connor	22	6:00	56:16
38	E. Gillespie	35	5:00	55:41
39	F. Greguhn	57	2:00	53:48
40	Dale Olson	45	4:00	54:49

* Scratch.

A WISE EXPLANATION.

(London Tatler.)

An American visitor to Oxford was surprised to learn from a porter at the railway station that he had about another mile to cover before he reached Magdalen. Having asked why the station had been built so far from the colleges a porter gravely replied, "Well, sir, I dunno; but I 'spect they thought it 'ud be more handy to have it down here by the railway."

SNAP SHOTS IN YESTERDAY'S ROAD RACE TO THE LAGOON

No. 1, the three winners who gained and held the lead for the last three miles. A. Broadbeck, the winner of the race, stands in the middle. On the right is Joseph Wessman, who won second place, and on the left is Fred Sansome, the winner of third place. No. 2, at the start, showing the crowd of over seventy bicycle riders in line awaiting to be sent off in squads of four and five, according to their handicaps. No. 3, a snap shot taken from the train while running at full speed of three of the riders going at full speed. This photo was taken just this side of Bountiful, at a place where the road race course is closed to the observation train tracks. No. 4, a jolly crowd of cycle fans watching the race from the observation train. Fifteen cars containing over 1,000 people were lined in this manner from start to finish.

NEW PHYSICAL MAN FOR Y. M. C. A.

Harry F. Pearson of Chicago Secured—Elwood Brown Takes Old Position.

Harry F. Pearson, the first of four assistant physical directors at the largest Y. M. C. A. in the world, Chicago Central, has been secured to take charge of the physical department of the Y. M. C. A. of Salt Lake City. That does not mean that Elwood S. Brown, who has handled this difficult position since the first of the year, has not made good—he has made good in every particular, but he does not expect to stay in that part of association work and exacted a promise from the general secretary when he took up the work that he would be relieved as soon as another man could be secured. Brown found some of his work rather disorganized; he has pulled it together in a first-class manner and proved beyond doubt that he could be eminently successful in the field of athletics, but he prefers other departments of Y. M. C. A. work for his future. His old position as social director has been held for him and he will take it up again, though at a substantial increase in remuneration.

The management instructed the general secretary to secure a physical director some five months ago. So important was the position considered that after wide correspondence Mr. Cox made an extended trip recently to visit a number of cities where good men in this line hold forth. He was told that "Pearson of Chicago Central" was the man, "of course, but you can't get him." The opportunities and fine equipment of the Salt Lake association "got him" however, and he will be out in two or three weeks for a preliminary look over the field.

Mr. Pearson is an athlete of fine physique and an instructor of thorough education and wide experience. He graduated from the Portland university of Portland, Ore., in 1899, and took the physical director's degree in Y. M. C. A. institute at Chicago in 1902. Since this time he has been engaged in his profession, the last three years in Chicago. Mr. Pearson is well in touch with the advance movements for municipal playgrounds and holds the view that these things as well as his gymnasium, natatorium, etc., are well within the scope demanding the attention of the students of the healthful body. Mr. Pearson will assume his duties, relieving Mr. Brown, Sept. 1.

GOLFERS OUT IN FORCE

Captain Thompson's Team Beats Captain McGurrin's Team in Match.

With pleasant weather, the Country club's links were crowded with golfers all day long. In all forty-five took advantage of the opportunity to cover the course, some of them for the first time this season. The team match between the Reds and Blues was won by the Reds by a total of 9½ points against 3½ points for the other team.

The results were as follows:

Reds.	Points.	Blues.	Points.
Thompson, Cap.	½	F. E. McGurrin	½
E. B. Wicks	½	Wm. Igleheart	½
F. A. Hale	1	J. C. Taylor	0
G. A. Steiner	1	R. N. Pill	0
E. W. Packard	1	G. K. Fischer	0
W. L. Ellerbeck	1	R. C. Gemmell	0
H. D. Niles	1	G. Hampton	0
W. Browne	0	W. Reid	1
C. R. Pearsall	0	G. W. Heintz	1
W. Salisbury	1	S. Neel	0
B. Cannon	1	G. Eddy	0
M. Brodie	1	S. B. Merrick	0
Dr. Donoher	½	Sam Porter	½

W. Hoare, the golf instructor at the club, leaves for Philadelphia to compete in the national championships which start there on June 7.

CRICKET AT LIBERTY PARK

Salt Lake Team Defeats Team of All Utah Stars by Fourteen Runs.

The match cricket game at Liberty park yesterday afternoon between the Salt Lake and All Utah team was won by the former with a margin of 14 runs. The bowling was done by H. A. James and E. Horne, each putting four batsmen out.

State Team—		Salt Lake Team—	
A. Hudson	2	E. Hoare	4
E. Beckett	0	J. B. Ferguson	8
T. Christie	1	A. Collis	3
J. T. Burns	1	H. A. James	1
A. Adamson	2	E. Press	2
A. J. Churchill	0	A. Rowley	1
S. Pritt	2	H. S. Lilley	0
S. Hoare	0	W. R. Hammond	0
O. Card	0	W. H. Jones	4
E. Scott	1	W. J. Harvey	1
A. Ermentinger	9	A. Hoare	4
		Byes	4
Total	18	Total	32

THE BANE AND THE ANTIDOTE.

(Puck.)

Gabe Goshall(on the southeast corner of the drygoods box)—It must be tur'ble t' be ketched out in a brain-storm.

Hi Hemlock (on the southwest corner of the drygoods box)—W'y alla feller'd hev t' do 'ud be t'. h'ist one o' them paranaois, an' he'd never know 'twuz rainin'.

Utah's Anti-Fake Boxing Rules

(SUGGESTED BY W. D. RISHEL.)

1.—This contest shall be for ten rounds to a decision in which one contestant must win. If at the end of ten rounds the referee is unable to decide a winner, he shall order additional rounds until he is able to do so.

2.—Under no circumstances shall either contestant be given any of the receipts until the contest is over and a decision given.

3.—The club and each contestant shall post a forfeit, to stand as a guarantee for the contest, the appearance of the contestants in the ring, for weight and the fulfilment of these rules. This forfeit shall remain up until after the contest.

4.—In case of one contestant fouling another, his share of the receipts shall be forfeited to charity. The contestant fouled shall receive fifty per cent of the boxers' share, regardless of the manner in which the purse was to have been split.

5.—The club shall have coupon tickets printed so admissions may be refunded if it is found necessary to do so.

6.—If the referee decides no contest, he may forfeit either one or both the contestants' forfeit money to the club and order the return of the admission money.

7.—A committee of five shall be appointed to sit in judgment of the contest. Either contestant or the club shall have power to appeal from the decision of the referee, or the committee shall have the power to change a decision if it deems it necessary.

Can you beat them? If a fighter intends to fight on the square and the promoter intends to pull off an honest contest, can either object? Adopt the above rules and add them to the articles of agreement and a fake contest will be impossible. Or if it is a fake, the public is protected, and the promoter, if he is an innocent party, is also protected, inasmuch as he has the fighters' forfeits to pay his expenses.

The recent exposure in Los Angeles makes it necessary for the fight promoters of the country to take some drastic measures to protect the game. The writer believes that the above rules cannot be beaten, even by such past-masters in the art of faking as Jack O'Brien and Tommy Burns. Yes, they can fake, but only one way—that is to take the knockout punch, and do it so cleverly that they will fool the referee. Then it won't hurt any, as that knockout goes against the record of the fighter who agreed to take it and lie down.

NO MORE DRAWS.

The first rule calls for a ten-round contest, and additional rounds if necessary. It demands a decision in which one fighter must win This will do away with draws, as the men would have to go to a finish if necessary, and finish contests are no more against the law in Utah than any other kind. This does away with those twenty-round draw fakes, of which this state has had a number.

Rule two will not allow the contestants to hold up the management for their money before the contest, and then go in and frame the contest to suit themselves. They have their forfeits up to enforce this rule, and cannot back out after the crowd gets into the house. They will be afraid to fake it, with the money still in the hands of the club, knowing that they cannot collect if they are not on the square.

Rule three, making all parties connected with the contest post forfeits, will compel the club to give the contestants back enough money to pay their expenses if the contest is stopped, and will compel the contestants to keep all of the above rules and reimburse the management if they fail to carry out these agreements.

TO STOP FOUL FAKING.

There will probably be more discussion over rule four than any other. There are many contests faked today, by one of the boxers deliberately fouling, which has been previously agreed upon. If the man who did the fouling does not get any of the purse, he will not take this means of ending a fight. If it were not for the clause in the rule giving the winner only 50 per cent, the two contestants might get together and agree that the winner take all, then fake it with a foul and split the money. Under this rule the contestant who was fouled would get 50 per cent and could not have any kick coming—if it were not a prearranged foul—as he would at any rate be well paid for his trouble. The man who did the fouling might claim it was unintentional on his part. To meet this argument, the writer has to say that that is not the public's fault, who pays its good money to see a fight. In any other sport in the world if a contestant fouls an opponent, he is disqualified and is not given any of the prize money. Why should this not hold good in boxing as well? If this rule is enforced there will be no more fouling, let alone faking by the fouling route.

Rule five is merely to protect the public, and rule six gives the referee power to enforce the other rules.

TO TAKE CARE OF DISHONEST REFEREES.

Rule seven is an innovation, and is put there to take care of the faking referee, of which there are many. It prevents the referee from giving any fighter the worst of it, and compels him to give the right and proper decision, as there will be a board of appeals consisting of five members to correct any crooked deal he may try to pull off. It might be wise to get well known sporting writers to act on this committee when it is possible, as they have an interest in keeping the game clean, and would probably be the first to kick on any crooked work of a dishonest referee. The above rules are called anti-fake boxing rules, because the writer believes it will be impossible to fake a contest and get away with it if these rules are put in articles of agreement and lived up to.

OGDEN SAUCER OPENS SEASON

Good Crowd Present and Fine Program Pulled off Without a Hitch.

(Special to The Herald.)

Ogden, May 30.—At the Glenwood saucer track this afternoon the first bicycle races of the season were pulled off before a crowd of 500 people. The bill was a strong one, the races were good and everything was pulled off according to schedule like so much clock work. There was not a hitch of any kind and no long intervals between events. As usual the Australian pursuit and the motor race were the chief attractions. There was only one spill during the meet. That occurred in the first heat of the half-mile open professional, when Wilcox and Pye mixed up and rolled off the track together. Neither man was injured. The nearest the riders came to breaking any records was in the final one-quarter mile open dash race, amateurs, which was won by Walter De Mara of San Francisco in the fast time of 29 2-5 seconds. This is within two-fifths of a second of the world's record.

Hopper Beats West.

In the first heat of the half-mile open professional race Hopper and West rode a pretty race, the former winning first money by a wonderful spurt in the last quarter lap. Myers, who was substituted on the bill in place of Senhouse and Tommy Morgan of Salt Lake fought for honors in the Australian pursuit race. Myers showed that he had better staying qualities than his opponent and after three miles of racing succeeded in running down Morgan. The battle for supremacy between these two riders brought the crowd to their feet and prolonged applause greeted the victor.

There was a good crowd in attendance, which indicates that the sport will be received with favor again this year. The next races will be pulled off on Wednesday evening of next week.

The Summary.

First heat, one-fourth mile open dash, amateur, two and three to qualify—De Mara, Myers, Morgan. Time—:31 4-5.

Second heat, one-fourth mile open dash, amateur—Giles, Robinson, Crebs. Time—:30 2-5.

First heat, half mile open race, professional, three and four to qualify—Hopper, West, Monroe. Time—1:14.

Second heat, half-mile open race, professional—Samuelson, Hollister, Gussie Lawson. Time—1:04 1-5.

Final one-fourth mile open dash race, amateurs—De Mara, Crebs, Myers. Time—:29 2-5.

Final, half-mile open race, professionals—Hollister, West, Lawson, Hopper. Time—:58 4-5.

Unlimited Australian pursuit race, amateurs—Myers, Morgan, King, Hollister, Crebs. Distance—3 miles. Time—6:54 4-5.

Special motor exhibition—Fred Smith, Distance—1 mile. Time—1:36.

Two-mile open lap race, professional—Pye, Hollister, Samuelson, West, Wilcox. Time—4:10.

Five-mile match motor race, professional—Samuelson, Heagren. Time—6:28 2-5.

LEHI, 3; LA VIELLES, 2.

(Special to The Herald.)

Lehi, May 30.—Lehi beat the La Vielles of Salt Lake at baseball today by a score of 3 to 2. Up to the seventh inning Lehi didn't get a man to first base. In that inning a base runner and a baseman collided, resulting in a jangle, at the conclusion of which the La Vielles left the field. Finally they went back and the Lehi man who ran into the baseman was put on second base by the umpire. Mr. Lewis of Lehi. This the La Vielles objected to, as their understanding was that the man was to go back at bat. The game resulted in a victory for Lehi by 3 to 2. A return match for $200 has been arranged.

SCORES AT TRAPS.

The local gunners found time yesterday to visit the traps and smash a few blue rocks to keep in form. Harry C. Keefe was high man with a ninety-four out of a possible hundred. The scores were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke.
Keefe	100	94
Callison	100	92
Sneed	100	86
W. W. Mitchell	100	86
L. Hofeling	75	71
Picknell	50	44
Mills	50	48
McGanney	50	39
Sharp	50	36
Vincent	25	15

REFUSES TO FIGHT HYLAND.

The fight between Packey McFarland and Fighting Dick Hyland, scheduled for Davenport, Ia., is off. Sammy McClintic received a telegram from Stuckey, the matchmaker, last evening, making this announcement and giving no reasons. Sammy thinks McFarland quit at the last moment and is looking for easier game.

ROAD RACE AT NEWARK, N. J.

Hilton, N. Y., May 30.—E. A. Herr of the National Turnverein of Newark, won the nineteenth annual twenty-five mile Irvington-Milburn bicycle road race today in 1 hour, 14 minutes and 17 seconds. The winner had a handicap of six minutes.

MOTORS COLLIDE AT SAUCER TRACK

Samuelson and Smith Go Down—Record Crowd at Opening Meet.

Nothing was lacking to make the opening of the season at the bicycle track a whirlwind of success. Two motors going at a rate of almost a mile a minute went down, one of the machines flying to pieces while neither rider was seriously hurt; the crowd was by far the largest that ever assembled on an opening night, and one of the largest that ever assembled there on any occasion; Clark, the Australian Bushman, who worked into form last year just as the season was closing, served notice right at the start upon Kramer, Lawson and the other stars that there would be no loafing this year if they are to preserve their laurels; official announcement was made that there will be bicycle races on the saucer track every Sunday night throughout the season beginning next Sunday night.

The event that was on the lip of every spectator at the close of the races was the sensational termination of the motor race. It was not thought possible that a man could fall from one of these machines going at such a pace without someone paying the penalty with life or limb. When two riders went down in the same race and so close together that the first shock was not over before the second one came, it was concluded that the days for miracles were not past. These mishaps came near the end of the last race and made a fitting climax to a big evening of sport. The fact that neither rider was seriously hurt was cause for congratulations on all sides.

Motors Start Off Well.

Gussie Lawson, Eddie Smith and T. M. Samuelson were the starters in this motor race. The machines seemed on their good behavior and the riders got off well. Before the second mile was run Lawson began gaining laps on his rivals and it was a foregone conclusion that he would win, barring accidents. In the last mile just as he was swinging in front of the grand stand, Samuelson went down. He was high up on the track and when the crash came he fell above his wheel. The wheel rolled to the bottom with the rider on top. Quick as a flash Samuelson was on his feet and had pulled his machine out of the way of the other two tearing around behind him. Fortunately they were so far behind that the track was clear when they dashed past. The fine presence of mind of the rider was loudly cheered. It was felt that it had prevented a serious accident, because had Lawson hit the Samuelson machine at the rate at which he was riding a fearful accident must have been the result.

Smith's Narrow Escape.

The escape of Eddie Smith from serious injury was still more wonderful. One wheel of his motor flew into pieces; he was thrown with fearful violence and rolled to the bottom of the saucer together with the wreck of his machine. Those who witnessed this accident felt sure that Smith was either killed or seriously injured. When he jumped up and ran for the tape with one wheel of his machine they were relieved and gave expression to their feelings in cheers.

The big race of the evening was the five-mile lap race for the professionals, and here it was that Kramer showed that that he was in the game. In a splendid burst of speed in the last three laps he crossed the tape in the lead with Lawson and Clark at his heels. Clark showed to best advantage in the one-mile professional, taking it with ease. Crebs carried off the honors among the amateurs.

Crowd Was Large One.

The crowd was one of the largest ever seen at the saucer track. Every seat was filled early in the evening. Then the crowd overflowed into the open space in the center until this, too, was crowded, and it was with difficulty the police kept the track and the space assigned the judges open. The old favorites among the riders were cheered, and the enthusiasm was high throughout the evening. The announcement of Sunday races was received in silence, but many unfavorable comments were heard even among those who are most enthusiastic over the sport.

The summary follows:

Half-mile handicap, amateur—Final: G. Morris, first; G. H. Robinson, second; E. J. Hollister, third; A. Broadbeck, fourth. Time, 55 seconds.

One-mile handicap, professional—Final: Clark, first; Hopper, second; Downing, third; Kramer, fourth; Hollister, fifth. Time, 2:09.

One mile open, amateur—Crebs, first; Giles, second; Diefenbacher, third; Meyer, fourth; Schnell, fifth. Time, 2:15.

Five-mile lap race, professional—Kramer, first; Lawson, second; Clark, third; Hopper, fourth; Hollister, fifth; S. H. Wilcox, 26 laps. Time, 10:43.

Five-mile motor race, professional—Lawson, first; Smith, second; Samuelson, third. Time, 6:08.

"PLUGGING" A HOTEL GUEST.

(Kansas City Star.)

The hotel detective stepped out of the elevator and walked over to the counter.

"Well, I plugged him," he said.

"Plugged him? Who? What for? Where did you hit him?" quickly asked a friend who was standing by.

"Didn't hit him anywhere; just plugged the keyhole of his door. Never hear of plugging before? When we have a guest whom we suspect is getting ready to leave without settling or whose credit is exhausted and fails to settle up we just wait till he leaves his room and plug the keyhole in his door. Then he has to settle up or leave his baggage. The plug fits over the end of the key. It is placed in the lock and turned. The key is then withdrawn, leaving the plug in the door."

JUNGLE SURGERY.

(Puck.)

Dr. Monk—You have a well-developed case of appendicitis.

Mr. Elephant—Great jungles. Will you have to operate, Doc?

Dr. Monk—Not exactly; I'm afraid that in your case we'll have to excavate.

BISHOP ROWE OF ALASKA.

A Sturdy Churchman of the Frontier Type Who Has Many Perils.

(Portland Oregonian.)

Bishop P. T. Rowe, an Episcopalian, has traversed in rowboat or canoe nearly all of the navigable streams of Alaska, has "mushed" thousands of miles across its frozen wastes and it is said that there is not a village or a settlement of any size or importance which he has not visited. But few miners come down from Alaska who do not personally know Bishop Rowe, and all who have met him admire him as a man and respect him because of his devotion to his religious principles. The Indian and the Eskimos know him and love him as well as do the white men, for in his work he knows no color line.

Scores of times he has been in imminent danger of losing his life. He has been capsized in raging rivers while shooting rapids, he has been chased by timber wolves, he has been captured by Indians, he has been cought and nearly frozen by blizzards, but though some of his escapes have been veritable hairbreadth affairs, no experience of the kind has ever shaken his nerve.

Bishop Rowe is a crack shot, both with the rifle and shotgun. When he makes his long, lonesome trips to some distant settlement or mission he always carries firearms with him, primarily to supply himself with game, but he is the kind of man who could use them for self-defense if placed in dangerous circumstances.

It is said that few men in Alaska possess more power of endurance when it comes to "mushing," and this is one of the many things that have won him the admiration of the rough but good-hearted Alaskan miners. He has the reputation of having covered more territory than any other missionary in Alaska, but Bishop Rowe will not tell you this himself. While outspoken and frank in his manner, he has little to say about himself.

Bishop Rowe was in Portland but a few hours Friday on his way to California. After a few days in the south he will return to his home at Sitka to renew his labors. From all appearances he is none the worse for his hardships in Alaska. He looks to be blessed with perfect health. The ruddy glow of his cheeks, the clearness of his eyes, the breadth of his shoulders and the muscular swing of his stride when he walks are all signs of an out-of-door life. There is no superfluous flesh on him; in the words of the athlete, "he is as hard as nails."

Last summer by boat down the Yukon and Tanana rivers with a companion he made a 1,500-mile journey. He makes this same trip nearly every year, and visits the various settlements, missions and camps of the natives. The Episcopal church has twenty missions in Alaska.

In an eighteen-foot boat, Bishop Rowe and his companion left Dawson June 27 and completed the long journey Sept. 8 at Anvik, 400 miles above the mouth of the Yukon. For days at a time the two white men never saw a sign of human beings and lived principally on the game they killed and the fish they caught. For the most part, the weather was favorable, and as they had no unpleasant experiences, Bishop Rowe declares that it was one of the most wonderful trips of the many he has taken. The two men ate and slept in the boat and found relief from the monotony of the journey by shooting innumerable rapids.

"It was grand, simply grand," enthusiastically declared the bishop yesterday, while describing his trip. "The weather was perfect and conditions couldn't have been better. To drift down the bosom of the broad and swift flowing Yukon, under the clear Alaskan skies and in that invigorating air, and with an ever-changing vista of the most beautiful and awe-inspiring scenery, is one of the most delightful trips that can be taken by any man in any country."

In January, Bishop Rowe will start out from Valdez for a 2,000-mile "mush." He will go through the interior to a point about 200 miles north of the Artic circle. In the spring he will continue on his way to the Arctic coast. He will return to Sitka either on a whaler or a revenue cutter. The bishop will be accompanied by an Indian guide.

Last winter, when Bishop Rowe and his Indian guide were making a cross-country "mush," they were followed for several days by a large pack of timber wolves. At night the brutes gathered so close to the camp-fire that a blazing stick could easily be tossed to where they were. Many of them were shot and their carcasses were immediately devoured by the remainder of the pack. Bishop Rowe kept shooting the wolves until the survivors had satisfied their hunger by eating their companions. They then dropped the trail.

FRUITLESS EFFORTS.

(Chicago News.)

Oft I've been threatened with a bank account—
Not any huge or fabulous amount,
But just a decent wad, so I might look
Important when I opened up my book
And glanced to see if all the entries were there
The teller made with circumspective care.
Oft I've been threatened, as I think I said,
But always ere I grasped it all had fled.

Well I remember once it was a gown
My good wife needed, so that threw me down,
And once it was a suit of clothes for me—
Heaven knows I was a shabby sight to see.
Again it was a carpet for the hall—
I said we didn't need the thing at all,
But company was coming and Corrine
Declared that hall unfit to greet them in.

And once—but why enumerate the ways
Harsh fate has kept me coinless all my days.
I know as well as I recall my name
I shall go bank-accountless down to fame
I know that every time it looks as if
I'd have some money something will go "biff,"
And send my feeble hopes to tarnal smash—
I'm not the kind of folks that saves up cash.

UXTRA

All About Chief Sheets Not Arrested Yesterday

Chief Sheets was not arrested yesterday.

The fact caused intense excitement in police circles and the "Americans'" organ scented another conspiracy against the head of the police department. The sleuths of the party whispered confidentially that Hanson was endeavoring to lull the chief into a feeling of false security while hatching further plots. An old woman applied to the poor authorities for an order for a bit of salt pork and the "Americans" promptly ferreted out a plot to connect the chief with the killing of an inoffensive porker last fall.

Officials connected with the prosecution were very reticent in regard to their failure to cause the chief's arrest yesterday.

County Attorney Willard Hanson looked very wise and said the prosecution didn't propose to show its hand, provided, of course, it had a hand. He practically admitted that he held nothing more than a three-card flush.

District Attorney Loofbourow requested The Herald not to quote him. This is what he thought: "Hanson has got this case so badly balled up that I'm almost dippy over it now. I don't believe in arresting the chief more than once a week, anyhow. Besides, it was a holiday."

Attorney General Breeden was very testy when called out of bed last night and questioned as to why Chief Sheets was not arrested yesterday. Upon being pinned down he cleared his throat and asked time to consult the authorities.

Chief Sheets was found in his office, where he happened to be addressing an autograph picture to W. H. Parrent.

"Can you tell us, chief, how it happened you were not arrested today?"

"You can search me," replied the chief with a shrug. "I was here."