

SPORTING GOSSIP OF THE WEEK

Cracked the ice. Just a little, tiny crack, but wide enough to see through, and it is all the more comforting because it was cracked on the Denver ground, where the Omaha team hasn't won a game before so long that the mind hails before the task of recalling when it was done so neatly, too, showing that the boys can play ball when occasion requires. Just a few more such wins as that and the home fans will be ready to do almost anything for the team. The real feature of the game so far is the way Denver and Colorado Springs people are not turning out to see the games. Five hundred is a big crowd for this sparsely settled town. Just what the reason for this apathy isn't explained, but the attendance is far from encouraging. In providing Denver with a team that is better in every regard than any it ever had in the field, George Tebeau more than redeemed his promises to the people there, and now if they do not support it, well, Denver will have to take a place among the dead ends. The Colorado capital is too far out of the way to ever get anything but Western league ball, and if the people there don't patronize Western league ball, why they'll not get any. Maybe when the political turmoil has quieted down a little the citizens will have more time to go to the games. At any rate, it's a cinch that Tebeau can't stand for 500 crowds very long at home.

Omaha players have been hanging out more hits in a game than they used to get in a week, and it's a cinch that that sort of thing will win in time. The experience of the Rourke family has not been exactly encouraging since it set sail for the state of strike and climate, but it has hardly been worse than was expected. In fact, the batting has been a decidedly encouraging feature, and we all feel that with a little more practice—for the games of last week were little more than such games for Omaha, even if they do count in the standing—the team will be able to hold its own, even with the "100 per cent" boys from Denver. In fact, there's a sneaking belief here that Mr. Burke will be willing to take his gang before it gets home from its first trip. It doesn't look such a much from this distance, and barring its pitchers, can be duplicated several times without going outside the league.

Pa Rourke's first letter home contained the looked-for news that the capital. He says Cusack insisted on the pitchers standing with both feet on the ground while in the act of delivering the ball. No rule requires this, and if that is Cusack's interpretation of the law laid down by the high cocktailers of the game, he had better give up right away. The pitcher is allowed to lift one foot and take one step when in the act of delivering the ball. He must start with both feet against the rubber, but isn't required to lift them there all the time. Ryan may have been responsible for this vagary on the part of Cusack, for smooth Jimmy had his twirlers trained to stand in the attitude described, and this naturally gives him a shade the best of it on the go in. It's only another evidence that you've got to live and learn to keep up with the glorious game of base ball. And there's mighty few wrinkles in the business that good old Jimmy Ryan doesn't know something about. Just the same, he'll find out that he isn't the whole procession before the end of next September, and this isn't a threat; it's only a promise.

Just to show that the Omaha team isn't the worst thing that ever happened, here is the record it made during the games played up till Saturday of last week:

Table with columns for Batting Averages, AB, R, H, and A.V.A. for players like Henderson, Freese, Welch, Schaffall, etc.

Table with columns for Fielding Averages, O, A, E, T, and A.V.A. for players like Schaffall, Compston, Liebhardt, etc.

Better things are certainly looked for. The batting is satisfactory, a team average of .271, but the hitting .265, is away below par. Downs' work at second evidently didn't suit Papa Bill, for the redheaded boy was lifted out of the game in the third inning last Monday and Howard sent in. Howard has been playing second fairly well and Welch has been doing all that could be expected of him in the outfield, but the change has been one for the worse. Des Moines suffered even worse than Omaha, though, for Young Towne, the first baseman who went behind the bat to stop the gap there, and who was doing splendidly as a catcher, had a finger broken in one of the Denver games and left Hoffer high and dry for a backstop. Hoffer was moved from short to the windup station, and the team generally rearranged. Hoffer hopes that Lee Fohl will come back, now that he has been turned loose by Detroit, but Fohl professes to have a desire to stay in Chicago and see the Tigers for a season's trial, alleging that he wasn't treated right by the management. Unless he would rather work than play base ball he will be back in Des Moines before very long.

This matter of supply and demand in base ball is a queer thing. Last season third basemen were as scarce as hen's teeth, now almost every team in the country has two, and some of them three, and catchers, who were so plentiful a few years ago that the poorest club could have two or three, are so few that some clubs haven't any, and none has more than it really needs. Part of this is due to the practice that is being revived in the big leagues of having a certain catcher to work with a certain pitcher, and to lay off one when the other isn't working. This was all right in the good old days when one or two games a week were as many as a pitcher or catcher could stand, but in these times when a careful pitcher will go through an entire season without having so much as a fingernail taken off, it seems a little faddy. But the big clubs will have to commence to weed out pretty soon in order to get down to the legal limit of rosters, and then the little fellows will have a chance to get some needed players.

Papa Bill Rourke hopes to introduce to the Omaha public very soon another pitcher. He will give no tip as to the name of the lucky boy just now, but admits that his negotiations with a big league club are in the great future. Bill has been working on this deal for a long time and believes he has the matter cinched now. With this man and Brown, who will be here about the first week in June, he thinks he will be in good shape on the pitching proposition. Root, who did not accompany the team on its western trip, has been given his release along with Downs, so as to bring the team down to the fourteen men limit.

The team will get home from Des Moines next Friday evening, and on Saturday will entertain the Hawkeyes at a reception at the Vinton park. No parade will be indulged in, but Mayor Moore will pitch the first ball, as he has done every season since the present Western league was called into existence. An orchestra will play during the afternoon and the fair will be made as pleasant as possible for everybody in attendance, including the Des Moines team, the members of which will be considered the guests of Omaha, and will be gloriously beaten in the conflict. It is not known who will be assigned as umpire here, but this will be a small item.

Some little consolation exists in the thought that we nearly won a game off Pop Elyer on the Denver grounds, and that it wasn't his pitching that beat us. We hammered the old boy for an elegant bunch of safeties, but the muffs of Carter and Welch were enough to lose two games instead of one. Elyer has been fortunate as well as skillful in his long string of victories over Omaha, and it seems that his luck is going to hold out until the end.

The team at Sioux City has received support that augurs well for the financial success of the team. On the opening day nearly 2,000 people were present. It was the greatest incentive to good work that Captain Jay Andrews could receive. Several players didn't show up until just before the opening game. Zeigler, a heavy batting outfielder, died of pneumonia, which was a sad blow to the Sioux. Bert Dunn, the second baseman, split his hand in preliminary practice for the opening game and could not participate in any of the home series, and Captain Tommy Hess was unable to catch in the St. Joe series here. Of the four games played at Sioux City "King" Kelley, the little shortstop who with Omaha last year caught two Jay Parkers as a pitcher, caught one, and in the last of the series Baerwald, who has been all around the circuit already this season, caught, in one of the four games played was in the infield or the outfield the same. With all these afflictions to contend with Sioux won about four games at home in the first series. And all the fans are satisfied. Upon Pitchers Jarrott and Parker has fallen the most of the work. Jarrott pitched two of the four games here against Chinn of St.

Joseph, winning both games. In one other game he pitched the last inning and in still another he was placed in left field. Fred played second in one game and caught another. Umpire Keefe gave good satisfaction at Sioux City and promises to be sincere in all his decisions.

Though Des Moines has seen no championship games and the team has been hitting a losing gait in the west, the fans are in no way disheartened and await the home-coming of the team anxiously. There is a rivalry felt in Des Moines between Sioux City and Des Moines for state honors. If Des Moines has to be at the bottom of the local fans hope that Sioux City will be just beneath. On the other hand, if the Pollelains are at the top the same feeling exists that Sioux City be just one notch underneath.

The plans for the opening day of the field club, next Saturday, are now practically complete, and appearances indicate that the golf tournament, with which the event will be signalized, will be a good one to go by for the rest of the season. It is to be a handicap race over the new course of eighteen holes, and is in charge of the tournament committee, of which E. P. Boyer is chairman, with Walter B. Wilkins and Instructor A. J. Christy accessories before and after the fact. The handicaps will be given at the time the players are paired off in Omaha and bids fair to outstrip all other forms of sport by those who have the wherewithal. And there are heaps of them who have, or did have, for new machines are shyling into the streets every day. The bank of the new chauffeurs keeps the streets of the city wide and motored and teamsters on the qui vive, but nobody has been hurt yet, so far as heard from, and there is very little scorching on the part of the genuine burners so far as observed within the city limits. The big touring cars seem to have the car for the man who is able to own and operate a small one can handle and, usually, buy a big one as well, so there are ten of the tonneau variety to one of the runabouts. The garage—that's the swell name for benzine buggy shop—corner is a busy place these days, and what with the amateurs who are just learning the game and occasionally try to climb the sides of the buildings and the telegraph poles; the ones who have learned it to such good purpose that they have broken down, and the machines being existed by the expert amateur to it. Little wonder that this particular pavement is pretty much given over to the horseless, and shunned by the nervous citizen. Apropos of the horseless is the following, which seems to about express it from the standpoint of the horse:

I have no differential clutch and I guess I don't amount to much, My form or speed—I have no cam; And, to my deep remorse, I don't know how to start. A one horse power horse! They used to stroke my sorrel side And tell how I could go; And when they were in my pride Of some bright red tonneau, But, though my sorrow is so great And anger is so keen, I'm glad to have a chance to state I don't eat gasoline. I don't know how to carburet, Nor how to run my engine, And I'm simply struck my seat, And I don't know how to beam. But fairness I should try— But, electric, gasoline, or steam, The "motor" is in my way. I have no wondrous steering gear— But they rush to me, A thing that has, I'm pained to hear, The horseless pedigree. They used to tell me, too, the time, But now they only shrug, And say, "A poor old sparkles plug!" —W. D. Nesbit, in the Chicago Tribune.

The April number of the Auto Era contains a half-page cut underneath which are the magic words, "Mr. Winnech H. Crano takes a spin in Mr. H. E. Fredrickson's Winton at Omaha." Either the photographer or the engraver has given Mr. Fredrickson the credit of having his car dropped 24 inside the line and Townsend 23, making the score for the fifty birds 49 and 48 respectively and landing Veach winner, but bringing the money Omahawards just the same. But Townsend didn't feel bad for he got five first moneys, as it was, and lost only six birds out of the first 120 he batted. He killed 39 straight in one event and 15 in another, and to top off with, was elected treasurer of the interstate association, so that now he has all the money of the whole shebang anyhow and doesn't need to waste any more powder to get it. But he probably will, just the same. The only big prize that got attached to Kansas City was the T. L. Coombs trophy, won here last winter by Silver Steverson, which went to C. Dixon. It might be stated in passing that one reason why the Kawville man beat Silver out of the Coombs trophy was because the aforementioned Silver wasn't there to protect it. Incidentally, it may be challenged and shot for at any time within a year.

The St. Croix Tennis club will be heard from within a few weeks in a way that may surprise the people hereabouts. Six courts are being constructed on this organization's grounds at Thirty-second and Center streets that will, when completed, be second to none in this part of the country. More than all that, a little bird is persistently circulating the report that before many more seed times and harvests have come and gone the club will have a house to go with the grounds and a lot of other things will add to its price and popularity.

chance over a long road with grades and turns such as will characterize the course in the international race. Meanwhile, the Omaha owners of both makes of machines will continue to brag of the relative merits of each and whichever comes out ahead in the great event will not make the slightest difference in the opinion of either class. Fredrickson, by the way, the agent in Omaha for both these makes, has ordered a Winton "Buller" for his own use and will have it here in a few days to exhibit to its various admirers.

One of the notable auto excursions by Omaha people this season will be taken by Mrs. and Mr. C. E. Wilkins, who will leave for New York City the first of July, intending to make the entire trip there and back in their touring car and be gone two months, or as much longer as it takes to go, see all the sights en route and come back again. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Boston, who will accompany and anticipate a journey long to be remembered. They will tour the New England states while absent and get a stop over ticket for St. Louis en route on their way back. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins went to Buffalo by the same means last season and so have no misgivings as to the pleasure to be derived from their coming jaunt.

The auto fad is certainly assuming gigantic proportions in Omaha and bids fair to outstrip all other forms of sport by those who have the wherewithal. And there are heaps of them who have, or did have, for new machines are shyling into the streets every day. The bank of the new chauffeurs keeps the streets of the city wide and motored and teamsters on the qui vive, but nobody has been hurt yet, so far as heard from, and there is very little scorching on the part of the genuine burners so far as observed within the city limits. The big touring cars seem to have the car for the man who is able to own and operate a small one can handle and, usually, buy a big one as well, so there are ten of the tonneau variety to one of the runabouts. The garage—that's the swell name for benzine buggy shop—corner is a busy place these days, and what with the amateurs who are just learning the game and occasionally try to climb the sides of the buildings and the telegraph poles; the ones who have learned it to such good purpose that they have broken down, and the machines being existed by the expert amateur to it. Little wonder that this particular pavement is pretty much given over to the horseless, and shunned by the nervous citizen. Apropos of the horseless is the following, which seems to about express it from the standpoint of the horse:

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Considerable interest is evinced among international drivers in the coming international cup race from the fact that the Winton concern has decided to enter its famous "Bullet No. 2," until recently driven with such great success by Barney Oldfield, and that the Peerless company will also put one of its machines into the competition. Probably more than 90 per cent of Omaha machines are of one or the other of these makes and the interest and rivalry is perfectly natural. When Oldfield drove the Winton car it beat all world's records up to fifteen miles, with a one mile straightaway at Ormond beach in forty-three seconds. It has a eight cylinder engine and though rated at only eighty horsepower, is believed capable of developing 120. The car is now slightly over the cup weight, but can be stripped to get within the requirements. On the other hand the owners of the Peerless racer will not divulge many facts concerning it but it is known to be lighter and of less horse power than the other. Oldfield is authority for the assertion that in his opinion the lighter car stands the better

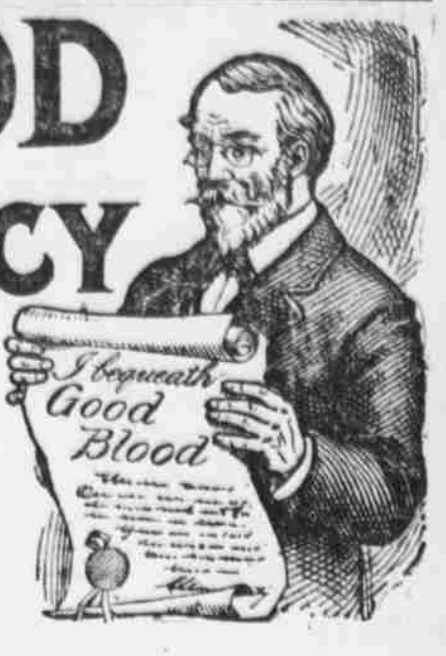
There will be a show down in the long days out negotiations between the Omaha Driving association and a man who now controls the driving park this week. In speaking of the matter the other day Secretary James W. Carr of the association said that the organization he represents has been waiting, since its meeting in March, for Denney's request, on the ground that he was too ill to transact any business and not because they had no alternative but to wait.

"Now that he is recovered," said Mr. Carr, "there is no reason why the matter should not be closed in any way or the other, and it will be so far as we are concerned. We have made Tutthill and Dennison two propositions, one for the purchase of their rights and one for the lease of the property. They have also told us what they would take on a purchase proposition, and it is more than the property is worth and more than the association can or will give. If they do not materially decrease this figure or decide to lease the property to us, we at a fair price, we shall not bother with the matter any more, but will make other arrangements. The only other plans we can make at present are to hold our meets on the speedway south of Hancock park or on the Council Bluffs track. Either of these arrangements, of course, places the association at a disadvantage, but that would be only for this season. It is the aim and purpose of the association to ultimately own its own grounds and to have a club house and all the accessories thereon, but this acquisition has got to be worked up gradually. We cannot do it at one jump, and will not make the mistake of trying to. Our first meeting is set for May 31 and will be held on that date somewhere, with a meeting every two weeks thereafter during the summer. Of course we hope and I may say that I believe it will be on the track at the driving park; but the half-mile straightaway at the speedway is not so bad."

It is more or less well known among the local drivers that the club has offered Tutthill and Dennison \$600 for their interest at the driving park, and that the price set by the owners is \$2,000, though Mr. Carr would not deny or affirm these figures. Tutthill says the buildings alone, which comprise his interest, are worth more than the driving association offers for the whole shooting match and that, on the other hand, he does not want to lease, but wants to get down of the property at a fair, reasonable price and wash his hands of the game and the influx as it now exists, and the way it looks from the road no one can blame him. Dennison is noncommittal. Carr says it will be settled this week.

Omaha and Nebraska shooters didn't do a thing at the Kansas City shoot last week, but came pretty near copping out all the prize money and cups and things that were in sight. Charlie Thorpe scooped in and took home with him the coveted Silver trophy, which was the bright, sparkling star of the meeting, besides getting next to

GOOD BLOOD THE BEST LEGACY



Riches take wings and fly away—are squandered and lost in extravagance and speculation, and more often prove a curse than a blessing. A foolish desire to accumulate wealth for the benefit of posterity, has led to the physical undoing of thousands. Health is lost in the mad pursuit of riches, diseases are contracted, the vitalizing, nutritious properties of the blood are almost exhausted by demands of the nervous system, and it is little wonder that children born of such parents are sickly, weak, anæmic and illy developed. Better to be born poor and healthy than rich and sickly.

Good blood is the best legacy, for that means strong, vigorous bodies, well nourished systems and nerves, muscles and all the machinery of the body in perfect condition. When handicapped by some inherited disease, not only life's struggle made harder, but existence becomes a lingering misery, and even if blessed with riches, sickness is a hindrance to their enjoyment. Through the blood, diseases are carried from one generation to another. Parents transmit them to their children, and so it goes on for years unless the taint is removed from the blood. Cancerous Ulcers, Rheumatism, Blood Poison, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Skin Eruptions of various kinds, are all evidences of a depraved and poisoned blood. "Like begets like" is true of the vegetable world, and is true also of the animal kingdom. We know that certain seeds produce certain plants, and sickly parents or those in whose blood is a taint of some old family ailment or blood poison; diseases are apt to develop in their children, either in infancy or later on in life. If you can't leave a legacy of riches, at least start them out in life with pure and unpolluted blood; this they can with reason expect, for it is their rightful inheritance. Often some old chronic illness that might have been uprooted and driven out of the blood is neglected, and posterity is made to suffer the consequences of this neglect. If you have any disease for which bad blood is responsible, to neglect it is almost a crime—you are unjust to yourself and false to your offspring to do so. Purify your blood; get rid of the taint and leave to others good blood which, after all, is the best legacy. No remedy ever discovered is so reliable in diseases of the blood as S. S. S. Experience and a thorough test have proven its efficacy. It has been in use for nearly fifty years and has been growing in popularity all the time, and "S. S. S. for the Blood" is known throughout the country as the standard remedy in all chronic, deep-seated blood troubles. S. S. S. is the only blood medicine guaranteed entirely vegetable and which does not contain a single mineral ingredient. Because your disease may be inherited from a long line of ancestors is no reason it cannot be cured. Get your blood in good condition, and through it new energy and strength are imparted to all parts of the system, the circulation is quickened, and the old taint, humor or poison causing the disease is driven out through the natural channels. Keep your own blood uncontaminated if you hope to leave a welcome legacy to those who come after. If you have any chronic trouble or stubborn skin disease due to bad condition of the blood, write us about it and our physicians will cheerfully advise you without charge.



two or three second and third moneys in other events. He won the cup with a score of 46 kills of a possible 50 in the main event of the meeting. Gus Schroeder annexed first money to the extent of about \$50 in the team race, with 24 dead ones out of 25 live ones, and killed 23 birds in the sweepstakes, which let him in on a division of second money with one or two others. The possession of another cup got down to a question of superiority between Veach and Townsend, both making 23 straight kills in the first round in the next Veach dropped 24 inside the line and Townsend 23, making the score for the fifty birds 49 and 48 respectively and landing Veach winner, but bringing the money Omahawards just the same. But Townsend didn't feel bad for he got five first moneys, as it was, and lost only six birds out of the first 120 he batted. He killed 39 straight in one event and 15 in another, and to top off with, was elected treasurer of the interstate association, so that now he has all the money of the whole shebang anyhow and doesn't need to waste any more powder to get it. But he probably will, just the same. The only big prize that got attached to Kansas City was the T. L. Coombs trophy, won here last winter by Silver Steverson, which went to C. Dixon. It might be stated in passing that one reason why the Kawville man beat Silver out of the Coombs trophy was because the aforementioned Silver wasn't there to protect it. Incidentally, it may be challenged and shot for at any time within a year.

Advertisement for 'Phone No. 10' featuring a large illustration of a telephone and text describing its features and availability.

Advertisement for Metz Beer, featuring a large illustration of a beer bottle and text describing it as 'Wondrous Region' and 'Omaha's Favorite'.

Large advertisement for 'A Dangerous Spot' kidney pills, featuring an illustration of a human back and text describing the dangers of kidney issues and the effectiveness of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Advertisement for Dr. McGrew, Specialist, featuring an illustration of a man's face and text describing his medical expertise and services.