

THE WORLD OF SPORT

It was a golden meet for Lincoln. The men wore yellow straw hats and yellow tan shoes. The ladies wore yellow dresses. The people rode to the races in yellow street cars. They were admitted to the grounds by yellow tickets. The programs were yellow. The races were won and lost by men in yellow racing suits riding yellow wheels. The prizes in the professional events were gold pieces, and in the amateur events gold watches. The bandmen were yellier, red-headed nagurs, but the music was decidedly off color. Everything was yellow and gold. But what is most surprising of all, the lemonade was yellow. The only thing silver that appeared during the two days races was when Joe Sullivan entered the one-half mile handicap race all resplendent with smiles and effervescent with ambitious joy, riding an elegant silver-finished wheel, and the way he scintillated around that track was a sight to behold. By a strange coincidence seventeen men started in the race, making one silver wheel against the field—sixteen to one—no wonder he lost. The races were none of them remarkably fast, neither were they slow. Mockett covered himself all over with glory by defeating Pixley in the quarter-mile open and again in the mile tandem race, when he and McBride beat Pixley and McCall in one of the prettiest races ever seen in this city. The time for the mile was 2:18, the last half being made in 58 seconds. While this is not very fast for a tandem, the competition was delightfully close. The Lincoln team set the pace for the half at a rather slow gait and the visiting team, thinking that Mockett's energy was about exhausted, commenced to spurt early in the race, which acted as a signal for Mockett and McBride, who darted as if shot out of a cannon, doing the last half in almost record-breaking time. Mockett has now met and defeated Pixley, an event that has been eagerly looked forward to for some time by Lincoln enthusiasts. Mode Griffith made an especially meritorious ride in the one-half mile handicap, winning easily in one minute, five seconds. Fred Barnum distinguished himself in the two mile amateur open by his plucky ride. He certainly is well trained at holding pace. During the entire race he was withing twelve inches of the tandem until the last lap, when after his remarkably hard ride, he started out on a spurt and finished well ahead of the field. Halley did not start, he, of course, had a fall the night previous that prevented him from riding. Halley and Sabin of Beatrice broke the state tandem record the day before, standing start, 2:00 2-5 for the half mile. Fredrickson deserves the sympathy of Lincoln people. He has had more hard luck in Lincoln than any other rider. While a great deal of it was brought on by himself, he is hardly as bad as he is made out to be. People are certainly prejudiced against him in Lincoln.

Robert Glenalvin doesn't seem to have caught on very well with the fans of Milwaukee, as the captain-manager of the brewers taking the place of Larry Twitchell, resigned. He is one of the best second basemen in the business, but his record as a manager is nothing to be proud of. He has managed five or six teams and it remains to be seen whether he will make a success of the brewers or not. Why the directors engaged Glenalvin is not known, as there are other men on the team who would make capable managers. Taylor and Weaver are very popular and both understand the game thoroughly, and had either one of them been appointed manager every fan in

Milwaukee would be pleased.

The Cincinnati team is a surprise to everyone this year. That team has never won a pennant in the National league and it would do old Ewing's heart good to finish even in third place. Last year they managed to hold their own for the eighth place. Excellent team work is responsible for their fine showing so far more than anything else. The Cincinnati players are perfect gentlemen both on and off the ball field. There is no ridiculous rivalry among them and no ill feeling that prevents them from playing well together such as existed in the Boston team last year. If there were a few more clubs like Cincinnati in the league and fewer like Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, then baseball would be respected by a larger number of people.

The annual rowing regatta at Henley-on-Thames may be likened to the yearly meeting at Epson, when the Derby stakes are run for, and the Grand Challenge cup for which a Cornell crew competed unsuccessfully for in 1895 and Yale is competing this year, may be compared with the blue ribbon of the turf as being the trophy of all, in its class, which oarsmen are proud to take part in winning. The regatta was established in 1839, when the present series of aquatic combats were inaugurated and the Grand Challenge cup, purchased by public subscription, was first raced for and was won by a crew from Trinity college, Cambridge. This year the representatives of the United States, Yale, failed to win it as usual. Even Dr. W. S. McDowell was defeated, and by R. K. Beaumont in the races for the diamond skulls. The Leander crew, this year's winners, had no walk away, however, for Yale easily distanced all other crews.

Umpire Hurst took all the fight out of Stenzel and Hauley of the Pittsburg team the other day. During the game they taunted and threatened him with punching after the game. When the game was finished Hurst walked off with the Pittsburg players and after passing out of the grounds, told Stenzel and Hauley to repeat the language they had used. He stepped up to Stenzel and struck him in the jaw and, turning, dealt Hawley a similar stroke. Neither player resented the attack.

The United States government wants to know how long it would take to send a packet from end to end of the United States. If the plans determined on are carried out a message will leave the hands of one of the army officers on the Pacific coast and will be delivered exclusively by bicycle sometime this month by the commandant in New York city. The route will be from San Francisco to New York. As it is purely a question of speed, the shortest route across the continent will probably be picked out. The country will be divided into something like seventeen divisions, each district to be under the command of a division commander, who will determine the length of the relays and the men who will have the honor of transmitting the message across the continent. The relays will be about fifty miles, where the roads are good and the country level and considerably less in the mountain districts. Stearn wheels will be ridden exclusively throughout the trip. In Nebraska the route will be direct from Cheyenne to Lincoln, and thence to Omaha. Mr. Henry Doyle, representing the New York Journal, has charge of the race against time and is as-

sisted by Mr. Arthur Grant, representing E. C. Stearns & Co.

Patsy O'Bulldozer Tebeau insists that he is a much abused ball player and that all the reports of ruffianly conduct in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis are a pack of lies. Jesse Burket of the same team, an old Lincoln graduate, deserves the success he has attained from a baseball standpoint. For an hour before the game he is out on the diamond batting as long as anyone will pitch to him. He smuggles boys through the gate to do the twirling for him. He has learned much from Tebeau since he has been with Cleveland. He has the reputation of being the fastest batter the big league has ever seen. He has, however, degenerated into an all round ruffian, and his disgraceful action on the diamond have caused trouble, both for himself and the team.

Curiosity doubtless took many out to see how Keener and the new comer to the league ranks, Mertes, would sport themselves, and they left feeling that in these two men we have worthy additions to the team. Mertes acts like a born player. He showed that he knew what he was doing and had the right idea of how to go about it. He seems to have a perfect confidence in himself, which is half the battle.—Philadelphia Times.

Speaking of the Corbett-Sharkey four round, go-as-you-please, catch-as-catch-can style fight, John L. Sul-

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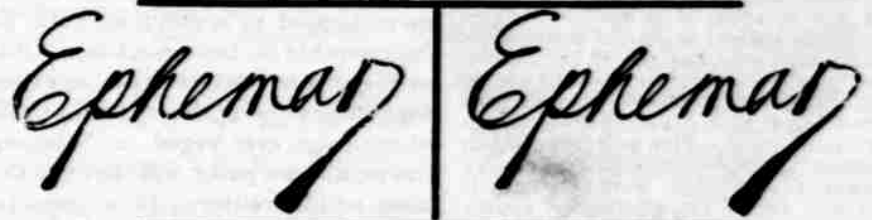
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