

Mutt Knew What to Do, at That

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Judgments

PA ROURKE has had his young men out loosening up during the week, but at that it is a little early to get much of a line on any of the new ones. He seems to think most of them are showing form, and we hope he is right. We have thus far no reason to dispute it with him, for we don't know. The young fellow Rogers, certainly has some whip, and if his catching is on a par with his hurling wing, he ought to be there strong. It will probably be a toss-up between him and Smith for the second string job. Shestak being slated for the main work. Shestak evoked a lot of unfavorable criticism last year by his habit of "giving" away his signals, but that is a trifle to overcome. He worked all too little last year, because Hick Johnson was going so good, both behind and at the bat. Anybody knows that a big, husky youngster like Shestak needs lots of work, and he will get it this year. That ought to bring out all there is in him. He, too, has some eye for hitting, and he is limber and looser in his joints than Johnson, therefore faster on the bases. We have no doubt that Pa has sensed him correctly, and that he will learn to work his noodle and his hands and feet together. He will have the advantage of Goding's excellent advice and tutelage to aid him, and whether he thinks so or not, he will be able to benefit by it, just as anyone else would.

STOVE LEAGUERS TO VAMOOSE

Time Now Here for Local Base Ball Enthusiasts to Get Busy.

TEAMS GETTING INTO SHAPE

Sandlot Nines Are Naming Their Lineups and Season's Schedules. Are Being Prepared by Some Leagues.

Well, boys, the time has arrived for the stove leaguers to take their annual vacation and for base ballists to get busy and demonstrate their ability on the turf. In a few days all the stove leaguers will be securely nestled in their holes of seclusion and the coast will be clear to make good all those dreams in regard to the season's base ball future. It is an absolute fact that all base ball players at times wander off to dreamland and wonderful deeds are pulled off by them while in the aforementioned remarkable country. Nothing can be accomplished without work so it is up to each individual to get out and hustle and he will be amply repaid for all his trouble because in the end it is an absolute fact that in that direction he will without a question of a doubt land at the top of the ladder. The first one of the recently organized leagues to start business will be the Saturday crowd. They will commence operations Saturday, April 11, and the Sunday organizations will ring in the next day. In the meantime many practice games will be on the bill of fare. If climatic conditions are anywhere near favorable today most all of the base ball exponents will be on deck to give their tunc-hooks their preparatory workout and a few games will also be jerked off. On account of the inclement weather last Sabbath the Storz were unable to play their game booked with the mazuma kids sitting on Pa Rourke's pay roll. Consequently Manager Fred Bradford got busy with his line of birdseed and Father Rourke came through with another game to be staged at Rourke park on Sunday, April 12.

Midget Kings of the Keystone Station

Left to Right—Walter Maranville and Johnny Evers, shortstop and second baseman, respectively, of the Boston National League team, and the pair who are expected to develop into as great a combination as Collins and Barry of the Philadelphia Athletics.



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BACK TO BATS AND BALLS

Americans All Over the Continent Getting Ready for Season.

PLAY GAME INSTEAD OF WAR

Peace Advocates Are Urging that Armies of Various Nations Be Trained in Base Points of Base Ball.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Americans, to arms! Cast aside all thoughts of intervention in Mexico and such trivial matters as Panama canal tolls, for matters of vastly greater importance are gathering on the horizon to demand your attention. Arm yourselves with base ball bats and balls. Grease your great national game and prepare to defend the great national game against the invasion of the foreigner. Put aside all thoughts of powder, but tie your life blood to the base ball diamond, and if it cost your life blood prove your supremacy over the foreigners with the little horseshoe covered sphere and the "wagon tongue." Sad, sad news it is, but nevertheless true. Base ball will no longer be a national game, for steps have already been taken to make it international. Fellow countrymen, consider the humiliation if we should be defeated at our game by a bunch of invading "paries vous." We would be forced to cease pluming ourselves, to drop our tails feathers in shame. Already the French army has taken up the matter and is considering the substitution of bats and balls for guns and leaden pellets. And it is being whispered abroad that Andrew Carnegie and others are in secret session at The Hague to argue the advisability of adopting base ball as a means of international armament and the diamond for the field of battle.

Where Are the Snows of Yesteryear

BY F. S. HUNTER.

Lines to King Brady. As I gaze upon your warlike map, into your warlike eye, Your orbs of bright and snappy blue, the color of the sky I marvel at your beauty, and as these lines I write, I wonder how ever can love, you'll kill 'em dead with fright.

Seeing the apparent rapidity with which Catcher Cady of the Boston Americans annually, accompanied by a \$300 bonus, the natural course of deduction is that Cady never received any offer. Now that Ty Cobb has asserted he is not a natural hitter it behooves Fred Merkle to declare that he is not a natural base baller. Looking far into his own future John McGraw advises Connie Mack that he is wise in telling his son to abandon base ball in favor of music. McGraw also offers the same advice to Connie himself. Our advice would be for all base ball players to quit base ball. It's so easy to find some other occupation with four-zero stipends. Today is a double-header. Go-to-church day and a game with Lincoln. By Jimmy Clabby. I don't see how they get it, these judges on the bench; For when I land a knockout punch a pot of gold I wrench; But when I slam a husky cop who tried to be a pug, It costs a thousand cold hard rocks to land a sleeping slug. Last Thursday this argument ensued between two scribes who were watching the practice contest between the Yankees and the Regulars. They were discussing the speed of the various athletes and all was happy until one lad remarked that Ward was a trifle slow. "Well," snapped the other lad, "he's got nothing on Bunk Congalton. Bunk has been known to stretch a homer into a two-bagger."

Organize New League.

After much deliberation the boys who will make the horseshoe fly on Sunday mornings congregated last week and organized a league to be known as the Mercantile league. The following teams have sewed themselves to this league: King-Peck company, Nebraska Clothing company, Brandeis Stores, Postoffice, Drexel Shoe company and Thomas Kilpatrick company. W. H. Young was elected president and G. W. Johnston will be the secretary. All of these teams have ordered their paraphernalia and as soon as it peeks around the corner they will be ready to commence the war. The Brandeis team made a special request that they would be allowed the privilege of occasionally playing a game on Sunday afternoon, which was granted.

Some of the Lineups.

Here are the Ames Avenue Merchants: F.H. Anderson, Kelley, Stimpson, Fitch, Linahan, Morearty, Hansen, Wolf. With the Union Street Merchants planted on their flannels the following gents will trot over the turf: Peterson, Truison, E. Elsasner, W. Elsasner, Kaval, Hector, Housinger, Conroy, Schwann, Ladrome, O'Donovan, Koba, Usher and Kroos. That new gang that slipped under the ropes this year to be known as the Beacon Press will have the following dudes to build a reputation: Barr, Mokry, Kranda, Givens, Lawson, A. Weiger, G. Weiger, Adams, Basar, Samuelson and McNally. A team dropped in last week to be known as the Black Cats. They are backed by Black, the lidder and will be composed of members of the International Typographical Union No. 190, and follows: Overman, catcher; Williams, pitcher; Le Barre, first; Lehr, second; Ostronic, short; Probst, third; Barr, left field; Bart, center field and Graham, right field.

Diamond Dust.

Early to bed and early to rise and you won't miss many high flies. A new bunch jumped in the ring last week to be known as the Beacon Clear Stars. The Dundee Woolen Mills would like to play a few practice games. Call Graham at Harney 581. Those Murphy did its will probably have a hard row to hoe in order to live up to their appellation. The Postoffice will present this bunch: Nugent, Macfield, Haly, Heaney, Hero, Kauffold, Coffey, McCormick, Healin, Neatlefish and Bogatts. Young Kid Baker, formerly associated with the Advos, has signed up with Kearney of the State league.

Hal Chase has signed with the Sox, but at a cut. How the mighty have fallen.

Watch those Omaha amateurs this season. Batter up!

HOCKEY MEN ARE WELL PAID

Players Remunerated as Well as American Base Ball Men.

DEVELOPMENT MUCH THE SAME

Stars Study the Fine Points of Sport with Much Consideration and Get as High as Thousand a Week.

NEW YORK, March 28.—While the princely salaries being offered ball players this year through the advent of the Federal league in the base ball world have attracted considerable attention among the sport-loving public, it is not generally known that these fabulous sums have been paid to many of the Canadian professional hockey players for several years past and that many of the star players receive sums far in excess of that of the highest-priced ball players, considering the length of the playing season and the number of games in which they participate.

Burgess a Philanthropist.

Somebody mentioned something about Mr. Burgess being a philanthropist. Not at all. He is a philanthropist. He remembered what the national game had done for thousands of Americans and wondered why it wouldn't be a good thing for the French. Through a friend he made the acquaintance of the Vicomte St. Maurice. The vicomte saw what a tremendous influence for the betterment of his fellow countrymen the institution of the American national game would be and went forth spreading the glad news. Within a week Mr. Burgess was smothered with communications demanding that the writers be permitted to play upon his team. Out of those correspondents two teams were formed and the boys were taken into the surrounding St. Germain, where Mr. Burgess read the rules to them. "Really," said Mr. Burgess, "their efforts to play the game were painful to a born American. The height of a French boy's ambition seems to be to roll a hoop, and you can well imagine what the game looked like. In short order the bases resembled a merry-go-round. At the slightest opportunity a batter would start for first base and continue to run regardless of whether the ball had reached there before him. After several of these games the players were so highly satisfied that they sought to take on a regular team. As a result Mr. Burgess went down into the Quartier Latin one afternoon and enlisted several American art students. With the first ball pitched the Frenchmen got a surprise. Instead of the puny underhand throwing to which they had been accustomed, the American sent across zipping bowlers, waist high, that completely bowled the Frenchmen off their feet. The French first baseman, receiving one of these, looked ruefully at his hand, cried "Sacre bleu!" and walked off the field in high dudgeon. "One of the greatest faults of the French," said Mr. Burgess, "is the ease with which they are discouraged. On one occasion when two of our teams were playing, the captain of one came to me and said, 'Mr. Burgess, I am ill and cannot continue.' Some time later when his team had forged well ahead of their opponents, he returned to me again, saying, 'I feel quite reeted, Mr. Burgess, and would like to play again now that our team has a few more runs.' "Despite this fact, the French have taken very kindly to the game. The

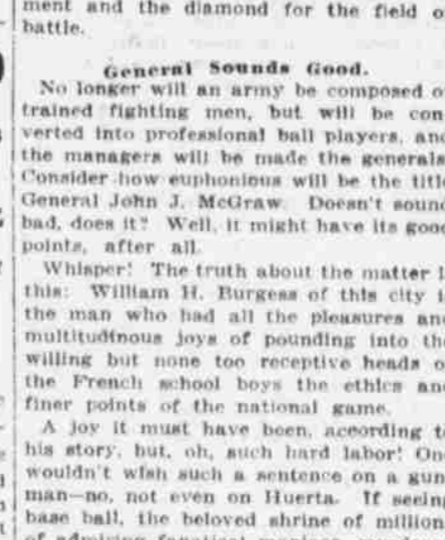
Asked to Reimburse.

President Gilmore of the Federals was asked in a letter from a club owner in an eastern league that he reimburse that club for a player who jumped to the new organization. The club paid \$750 for the player, but Gilmore declined to start a precedent by reimbursing it.

Clark an Author.

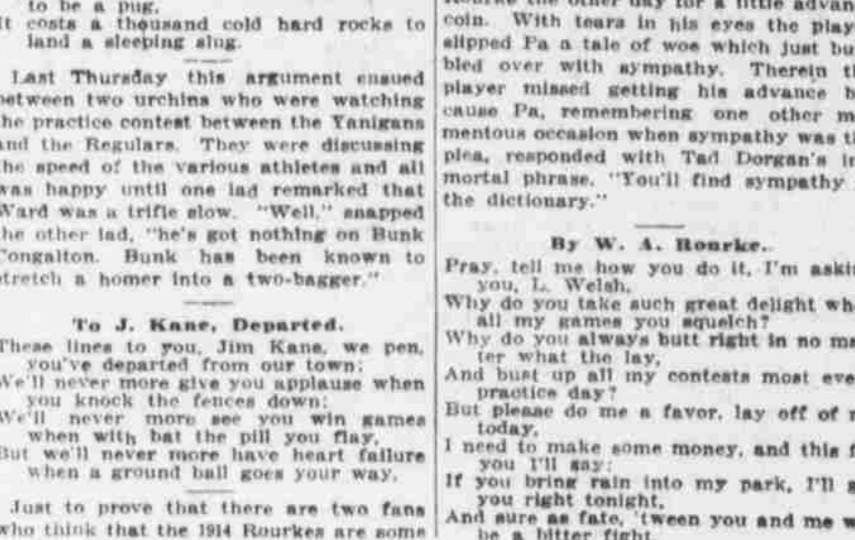
"I have turned author, too," says Fred Clarke, speaking of Eddie Collins, Hans Lobert and other luminaries of the diamond, who write for the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. "I have written an article dealing with base ball slaves and base ball slavery. Believe me, it's a peach. It is the confession of a slave. I've been a slave for twenty years, but I never could view my mispent life with the horror that some of the players of today do." Clarke was asked for the exclusive right to its publication, but said he would think it over, as he has the classic pig-nosed in his desk at Winfield, Kan.

Let Your Spring Hat be a McKIBBIN



When it is considered that in a series of fifteen games or thereabouts a salary of \$10,000 to \$12,000 for a season of ten weeks far outshines the highest salaries paid to ball players, whose season runs into several months.

A Friendly Tip - Let Your Spring Hat be a McKIBBIN



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