

DUST FROM THE DIAMOND

Some of the Stuff That is Flying Around in the Western League.

A DENVER DOPEST GETS DELIRIOUS.

Pulls off a Lot of Rot That Sounds Foolish and Listens More So.

President Despain of the Lincoln team has named his club the "Antelopes." This is a very apt name for the bunch. Like the Antelope they are good looking, like that animal they are swift, and like it, none can catch them. Here's to.

About the worst mess of rot that ever came from a man who pretends to be a sporting writer was the stuff vomited up by the dub who imagines he dishes out base ball dope for the Denver Times. Those Denver papers never did know much about base ball anyhow. They had rather fill up their rags with prize fight four flushings than to give the public a few sticks of decent base ball business. The portogue who tried to say some thing cute and began at the wrong end of his brain bag must have been either a stranger to the Western League or didn't know enough about matters in the league to discuss it. When he gets off such stuff as he did to the effect that in D. C. Despain of the Lincoln team the Western had a worse man than Ducky Holmes, he showed his ignorance or foolishness. Don Despain wants his rights. He wants nothing but what is for the best interests of the game. When he kicks on Umpire Clark he has a right to kick, as every fan in the Western who ever saw Clark attempt to umpire a game when he was not in shape to do so knows. No man who ever stepped onto the Lincoln field in the capacity of an umpire ever did more to harm the game or bring it into disrepute than did that man Clark. Every newspaper and sports writer in Western League territory could give the game no greater service than to unite in a demand that Clark should not be allowed to participate as an umpire in the Western. Despain has a right to kick. If he did not he would find that his prestige as President of the Lincoln team would not be worth a nickel. There is not a patron of the game in the capital city of Nebraska but what will back Despain in his demand that Clark's appointment be held up. The Denver sport doesn't know what he is talking about. It shows that he either does not know Despain and Clark or if he does know them is deliberately putting up a lot of rotten stuff that he knows is false.

The Des Moines Register Leader says that Des Moines and Denver are going to set the pace in the Western league the coming season. If they do it will have to be a mighty fast one for they will find that there are two teams in this league which are going to do a little pacing themselves, and those teams are not in Iowa or Colorado either. That Denver team has won more pennants before the season opened than any team in the Western, but somehow she was never able to fly the flag. If it is to be hoped for the good of the game that Denver has a team this year that can play the game sufficiently well that the eastern team will not have to call for the guarantee.

It is said that Frank Isbell cried when he received his release from the Chicago Sox. Whether from joy that he had cut loose from that wicked city, or from sorrow that he would have to live in Wichita, is not known.

Chicken Autry has been sent to St. Paul in the A. A. by the Boston Nationals. Chick will make good up there and be a shining light in the American Association.

Chief Haskell of the Western umpires is out every morning and takes a run of four miles in an effort to train himself down so to be in shape to do a good fast job at arbitrating the coming season. If he gets up speed sufficient to get down to second in time to see a play and not stop for lunch on the way, he will be doing a good stunt.

The Omaha management is going to have a stiff proposition for the

rest of the teams to go up against in A. D. 1910. Rourke knows a base ball player as far as he can see him and he is not going to trail the bunch at any time this year. Look out for Omaha.

Unless St. Joe gets some players of class it is liable to be hard sledding down there. There were a few good men on the old Pueblo team, but most of them would not make good in the Matrimonial State League. With about four more good pitchers, two catchers, two in-fielders and one or two more outfielders they will have some show to land in the second division. It has been demonstrated in years past that St. Joe will not stand for a punk team and it stands Holland in hand to get as good as there is going.

It looks at this writing as if there was no question but that the organization of a Nebraska league would be pulled off without much trouble. The thing which should be guarded against more than anything else is the salary limit, and after making a limit see that it is enforced.

Lincoln has purchased another pitcher with a record. This time it is Howard Murray of the Lancaster Tri-State champions. Murray won eight games out of eleven and then was forced out of the game by an accident. Another fast youngster copped by the Lincoln magnates is a young man by the name of Southwick from the Colorado mountains. It is said that he is a comer. However the thing which is troubling the Antelope management just now is that second base proposition, which up to the present time has not been filled. The fans however can rest assured that it will be filled by good man who will be able to frisk around in proper shape.

The Lincoln management has gotten out an advertising folder with a picture of Jack Thomas on the front page. Jack is a knocker of the worst type. There has been so much heard about insurgents knocking on President Taft the past few weeks that the base ball management of the Antelopes thought it the proper caper to print the picture of the biggest knocker on their folder. However Jack is not an insurgent. He is a prohibitionist. His knocking consists in putting 'em over the fence at the ball yard, eleven having disappeared in that manner last year never to return. Jack is the kind of knocker which it pays to have around.

In County Court.

The matter of the final settlement of the estate of Christina Kunz, late of Elmwood, who died in 1904 leaving some five hundred acres of rich Cass county lands, which was to have been contested today was adjusted out of court. Mrs. Kunz was survived by her husband John M. Kunz and nine children, five sons and four daughters. She left a will which gave the husband a life estate in the lands and at his death willed the real estate to the sons with the proviso that each of the daughters should take a legacy of about \$2000.00. The husband survived the wife about five years dying last year. The land had originally been the property of the husband, but for some reason had been deeded to Mrs. Kunz. At the time of making the will lands in this county were not so valuable as now, and the provisions of the will did not seem to be so unequal as at the present time. The daughters were not entirely satisfied with the distribution of the estate of their parents, and proposed to have administration of their father's estate and filed a petition for that purpose, expecting later to have the lands administered as of his estate. The settlement reached allowed a more equal distribution than under the will of Mrs. Kunz. Mathew Gering represented the interests of the daughters, William DelesDernier appearing for the estate and D. O. Dwyer the deceased daughter. Objections to the final settlement were withdrawn and destroyed in open court, and the contest dismissed.

County Attorney W. C. Ramsey, was yesterday served with the Bill of Exception, in the case of the State vs. Charles J. Baeker.

Dogs Will not Begone.

Two of the business men of the city are yet annoyed by the pestiferous dogs, one residing on north Sixth and the other on west Pearl. They insist on holding up the further payment of their taxes until the nuisance is abated. One of the gentlemen claimed there were three packs, with twenty in each bunch, while the other says there must be fifty in the bunch he saw, judging from the noise they made. He thinks it would be a fine thing if the "dog-eating-cayote" which nangles so many animals in the city a year or so ago, could return and do some curs, "leaving nothing but the bones."

THE TRAINING OF "MAUD S."

Famous Racer's Early Days as Told for the First Time by Her Owner.

On the subject of the humane training of horses, the case of the famous trotter, Maud S., is of special interest, though I think nothing has ever before appeared about it in print.

About two years before the great breaker of the world-record of her time appeared on the track, Mrs. Lena Small, of Wabash, Indiana, determined to buy a horse for use of herself and her two young sons, and went out to the farm of a Mr. Tyner, near Wabash, to look at a colt that he had for sale. She was greatly disappointed in this colt and told Mr. Tyner that she did not care to buy it.

"Haven't you anything else in your stable that you can offer me?" she asked, not liking to have to come all that distance with no result. "What have you in your barn here anyway. What's it all shut up so tight for?"

"Well yes I have another colt, two-year-old like this," Mr. Tyner admitted reluctantly, "but I did not wish to sell her. She's in there. I have to keep it shut up to keep her in," he said.

"Bring her out and let me look at her anyway," said Mrs. Small.

So he entered the stable, which was built with door divided horizontally in the middle, in order that the upper half might be open for ventilation and the lower jet closed to keep in stock, to lead out the colt. But he did not open the lower half of the door; he simply brought the colt to it, and, "and," says Mrs. Small, "she lifted her shin, dainty forefoot and came over as lightly as if the obstacle has been only as many inches high as it was feet. And she was just the dearest thing I ever laid eyes on—a beautiful bay, with darker mane and tail, all curves and velvet and steel springs, as graceful as a fawn and as playful as a kitten."

She was evidently very fond of her owner, who put her through a lot of evolutions, and finally picked up her forefoot and held them one on each side of his waist, walking ahead and leading her thus, behind him, "wheelbarrowing," he called it, and he said it was her own pet game, that she liked better than anything else. He said he had played with her ever since she was born, and petted her until she would follow him everywhere, like a dog.

"She has just one fault," said Mr. Tyner, "and I attribute that to the strengthening of the muscles of her hind legs through so much romping of this sort with me; I cannot keep her shut up anywhere except in the barn there, with both parts of the door tightly closed. She'll jump a ten-barred staked and ridden fence and wander off at her own sweet will."

He told Mrs. Small that the mare was of excellent stock, sired by Poem and with good blood on her mother's side also. Mrs. Small was so delighted with the beauty, docility, and light footedness of the little mare that she said she'd take her if Mr. Tyner would sell. He thought it over for a few days, the rest of Mrs. Small's family going out to look at the colt in the meantime, and all coming back as delighted with her as she; but finally being in pressing need of money, he decided to take Mrs. Small's offer and the colt changed hands for a hundred dollars. Mr. Tyner had already named her Maud, and Mrs. Small added the "S" from her own name. All the family petted her.

Mrs. Small let her boys put Maud into harness for the first time. She was away, when they did it, and did not see the event; but when she returned, she was met with the report: "you won't have any trouble with that horse. Why, she went as if she was used to harness—never made the least attempt to run and wasn't frightened at all."

Very soon Mrs. Small tried driving the colt herself, and she says that, from the first, the marvel of the animal was her lack of fear and the absence of all bad tricks in conjunction with her wonderful speed.

"She'd go like the wind, and she wouldn't let anything pass her," says her former owner, "but she never shied or showed temper, never seemed to lose her head with fright or with the excitement of racing, and however great her speed, always responded to the slightest touch upon the reins. She appeared to have absolute confidence in her driver. She was a little naughty sometimes—liked to slip out of the hands of the boys and race around over the front-lawn terrace. The boys couldn't catch her, but she'd come at my call and go with me without a halter. I simply threw my arm over her neck and led her to the stable."

After owning the beautiful mare for about two years, the Smalls were obliged to part with her for a nominal price. In less than a year thereafter she had broken the world's record and was sold for a big sum.

YOUR LAST CHANCE FOR WOLTIX GOODS.

Representative from Lincoln to Be in Plattsmouth Monday.

Mr. M. Fanger informs us that the last chance to get Woltex goods is before the people of this city. On next Monday, February 7th a representative of the Woltex house will be in the city for the purpose of showing the very best and latest in spring suits and Easter styles. This will be an opportunity to get the very best at a price just a good as elsewhere. You can be measured for your spring or Easter suit on Monday and satisfaction will be guaranteed you that it will be all right. Remember that Mr. Fanger is going out of business and this is the last chance to get the goods here. Call at the store Monday and examine the stock.

Grew Stock Company.

A representative of the Daily News while in Lincoln Wednesday had the pleasure of seeing the Grew Stock Company which is to play at the Parmele next Wednesday night. They were at the Oliver and put on "The Morning after the Night Before". As its name would indicate it is a comedy. The company is well balanced and is very strong. Mr. Grew, who has the lead is a young man who makes a good appearance on the stage, while Mr. Ingraham is a whole show in himself. Mr. Bennet, who played the servant part in the above play is excellent. Miss Cleveland the leading lady is at home on the stage and played the part assigned her in a manner which gives her a place in the future. Miss Sevier, who acted the mother-in-law, gave that much abused person a place on the stage not usually taken, and was the jolly, good natured woman who knew the faults of man in general and assisted him out of his difficulties. Miss Bowman, formerly with the Noble Stock Company which played in Lincoln several years is at home on the stage and her acting of the servant part does a great deal toward making the play a success. We believe that the management of the Parmele made no mistake when they engaged the Grew Stock Company.

Busy in the Court Room.

Judge Beeson's court was unusually busy this morning, particularly in the marriage department. There being no less than three ceremonies in the forenoon. Shortly after the arrival of No. 4, two couples headed in at the Judge's office, and beckoning him to one side one gentleman informed the judge that he wanted a marriage licence, then his companion volunteered the information, that he too wanted one of the same sort of documents. The judge directed them to the desk of his efficient clerk, Miss Gertrude Beeson, where the necessary affidavits and papers were issued. The Judge was then informed that he was expected to furnish the ceremony. On taking the licenses in hand he noticed that one bride was but sixteen, this was speedily legalized by the other bride giving a written consent, and stated before doing so that the lady was her daughter. The couples were then married thus, Frank Main, aged 52 to Mrs. Lottie Williams, aged 36 and George Saltzman aged 21 to Ethel Williams, aged 16. Both couples gave their addresses as Hastings.

Washington Warbler.

"The world and his wife" seemingly were present at the first reception evening in honor of the Senate of the United States. Never in recent history has there been such a crowd present at a function in a private house as gathered within the hospitable home of Vice President Shorma on the occasion mentioned. President Taft was one of the most democratic guests of the evening; and his smile, and the warm shake accompanying his greetings marked him as one specially fitted for the high office which he holds.

The Nebraska colony in Washington was largely represented at the reception. In addition to Senator Burkett and Brown there were noticed ex-Congressman Boyd, Mrs. Boyd and their daughter, of Neleigh; Mr. M. B. Huffman and wife and a friend also of Neleigh, who stopped off in Washington on their way to Cuba where they will spend several weeks. Hon. W. E. Andrews Auditor for the Treasury, was there with Mrs. Andrews Raymond Morgan, Private Secretary to Senator Burkett, and Mrs. Morgan; Mr. C. S. Snyder, Washington correspondent of the Omaha Bee, and Mrs. Snyder; Miss Anna Hawland, Senator Brown's secretary, and others from Nebraska were welcomed by Vice President Sherman and his wife, and their three stalwart sons and their brides.

To the older residents of the national capital this reception was very re-

sidential world of Washington was welcomed with a warm hearted hospitality that made White House receptions of those days memorable. And it looks now as if both the White House and the Vice President's House would be centers of attraction during the winter.

Senator Burkett and Senators Gamble and Crawford of S. D. had a good natured colloquy over Gamble's bill opening the Rosebud lands in S. D. Senator Burkett was of course heartily in favor of the bill; but he insisted that there ought to be some other way devised for drawing than that in vogue for the last few years. Former Commissioner Richards of the General Land Office, when in Washington inaugurated a so-called lottery system of having the registration, and then putting the numbers into a wheel or a hat corresponding to the number of registrations, and by that means determining who should have priority of right in selecting land.

Senator Burkett told of experiences he had had incident to the opening of the Gregory county land in S. D.; that he has had to spend a week along the northern border of Nebraska, and that he met thousands of people en route for registration. Accommodations were bad, the weather was hot, the trains were crowded beyond their capacity by a motley number of people of all shades in the social world; and the women and children among them were compelled to hear all sorts of vile language and to witness scenes not for their eyes; and that the registration and drawing were a good deal of a farce. He hoped some better means of allotting the land might be devised, and the same results accomplished without so much hardship.

His story was a graphic picture, and down east senators, and senators from the middle western states, were much interested in the account, which is now associated only with states having Indian reservations, the land in which from the very nature of things must be opened to white settlement.

"The Story of the Insurgent West" which Ray Stannard Baker is writing for a popular magazine, shows how easily one's fame may be dimmed by the absence of a letter in spelling a name. A well known writer, in fact, Byron—once said that the height of fame was reached when a soldier serving his country with all his power at his command, leading his regiment in a desperate charge against the enemies works, falls mortally wounded and then his name is misspelled in the official gazette. Such is Fame. Judge Norris, whose bold face stands out among the insurgents of the west in the pictures printed in the magazine, must be contented with a photograph, for he is called "O-R-R-I-S" of Nebraska.

Even though a letter has been dropped from his name Norris has made himself familiar in other ways; on the floor, and in the Committee Room; and as a debater he is looked upon as one of the earnest Republican representatives in the House.

Taken for Burglar.

A. Paulson who has been putting repairs on the boiler at the Riley for a day or two, departed for his home at Omaha this morning, having got everything in shape. Mr. Paulson carried a sheet iron traveling bag containing his tools. He said a partner of his was placed under arrest at Nebraska City recently, by a brilliant member of the neighboring city's police force, for carrying this same grip, the brainy cop taking the boiler maker for a burglar. On inspection of the contents of the iron hand bag the suspect was released.

Wedding at Court house.

Yesterday morning at 7:30 at the office of County Judge Beeson, occurred the marriage of Samuel C. Griffin and Mrs. Frances Hopenhath. The witnesses to the ceremony were W. A. Griffin and Mrs. Grafvoile, brother and sister of the groom. The bride and groom departed for Omaha on the morning train. Mr. Griffin has been employed in the Brass foundry at the local shops, but has not determined whether he will take up his residence in Plattsmouth or not.

Attend Convention.

Joe H. McMakin and his brother Guy were passengers to Lincoln on the early train today where they went to attend the convention of concrete and cement artists, which convenes in that city today. The boys are up with the times and expect to take on any new and up to date improvements which may be proposed for the betterment of the craft.

Miss Agnes Gee of the Albion News force is expected in the city this afternoon to visit with her sister Miss Sadie, who is employed on the Daily News.

EDITOR HAS A DAY OFF

Visits the Newspapermen of the County and Gets Acquainted.

A VERY PLEASANT TRIP THROUGH CASS.

Gets Left by Train Once and Trains Get Left by him Once.

The editor of this paper packed his grip the other day and started out for a trip among the newspapermen of the county, a pleasure he has been anticipating for several months. At Union there was no time to go up to the Ledger office but we found the lively editor Harry Graves at the depot spotting the suspicious characters which alighted from the train and either nosied up town or changed to the Lincoln train. He reported the town going at lightning speed and the new buildings nearly ready for occupancy.

Passing swiftly through the towns along the road, we finally alighted at Eagle and soon ran into the editor of the Beacon and was ushered into his sanctum. Mr. Allen has a nicely equipped little office and is getting out a nice paper. Our stay there was of short duration as we had a fourteen mile drive ahead of us to the capital city, but our first visit to Eagle leaves in our mind a good impression of the town.

The next morning we again chartered the M. P. and landed in Elmwood. We discovered the office of the Leader Echo and found Mr. Clark, like a great many other newspapermen working industriously. He is ably assisted by Mrs. Clark and that means success nine times out of ten. For the editor who has the good fortune to have a wife who can go into the office and help him get out a paper is a very fortunate individual. We know that for we are in possession of that kind of a wife, and in years gone by she has set many a stick of type and kicked off many a job on the press. The whistle of the freight announced that our stay in Elmwood must be short, but we had time to shake hands with Willard Clapp and his father, L. A. Tyson and one or two others and regretfully pulled out from one of the liveliest towns in Cass county.

Our next stop was at Weeping Water, where we found Editor Olive busily editing the post office in addition to editing the Weeping Water Republican. Mr. Olive gets out a good paper and sells a first grade article of postage stamps and money orders. In fact we are assured that his grade of goods are so satisfactory that no one even attempts to put in another post office. Mr. Olive is an enthusiastic booster for the Cass county editorial association and thinks that great things are in store for the man who stays by the organization. Mr. Olive has one of the best edited papers in the county and is doing well.

We then attempted to catch freight train to Louisville, but usual in such cases the freight would not run the way we wanted it to and neither would the company give us a special, so we concluded to stay at Weeping Water, which by the way is a mighty good place to stay in, and after waiting patiently about half an hour after the time for the train to come which was only "fifteen minutes late", we jumped aboard and via Union arrived home all right, having enjoyed hobnobbing with the newspaper boys highly, but regretting that it had to be done so hurriedly. That bunch of Cass county newspaper fellows are a fine set, men and while they are a very nice set, they are, outside of the county seat fellows, a somewhat flock which will cut some. We might say right here that the editor of the Eagle Beacon is an unmarried man and there is a mighty good chance for some young lady to get in her good work, but she will have to be good looking and sensible. None other need apply.