

his friend squarely in the eye and then shouted:

"Go read your country's history, sir; read your country's history!"

Then the machine began humming again.

A marked copy of this paper—the mark around this true story—had been sent to Major General Frederick Dent Grant, U. S. A.

Looks Dangerous.

Secretary Whitten of the Commercial club received a letter the other day addressed to him at "Lincoln, Nebraska."

"That's the first real evidence of anything in this capital removal business that I have seen," remarked the secretary as he filed the letter away.

Qualified.

The motorman of a South Seventeenth car took the curve at H street at high speed, and a lady preparing to alight was thrown violently across the car and landed in the lap of L. W. Garoutte, who caught her neatly.

"I'm not exactly onto that motorman's curves yet," remarked Garoutte, "but I seem to be catching him all right."

The Correct Pronunciation.

Mr. Murray, the advertising manager of the Beatrice Creamery Co., is a southerner, and of course prefers New Orleans as the place for the Panama canal exposition.

"I want the Crescent City selected for many reasons," said Mr. Murray the other day, "but I insist that my friends get the right pronunciation. I always have to pause and think what city they refer to when they say 'New Orleans.' Then it dawns upon me that they mean N'O'leans."

It All Depends.

"I want to go to Kansas City the worst way," exclaimed an excited man to "Bob" McGinnis of the Northwestern the other day.

"Bob's" reply is in doubt. If you ask George W. Bonnell you'll get one answer, and if you ask Fred Cornell you'll get another.

Superlative Degree.

"Money is a little tight these days," remarked Will Ryons the other day.

"Tight!" exclaimed a man who was trying to negotiate a loan. "It is absolutely and completely intoxicated. 'Tight,' isn't the right word."

The Curse of Child Labor

The third among the reasons that caused the Pilgrim Fathers to leave their temporary refuge in Holland and adventure to the New World, according to pious Nathaniel Morton's New England Memorial, was this:

"That many of their children, through the extreme necessity that was upon them, although of the best dispositions and graciously inclined, and willing to bear part of their parents' burdens, were oftentimes so oppressed with their heavy labors, that although their spirits were free and willing, yet their bodies bowed under the weight of the same and became decrepit in early youth, and the vigor of nature was consumed in the very bud."

After three hundred years there are still some trades and localities in the United States where the vigor of nature is consumed in the very bud.—Saturday Evening Post.

COMING ALONG WITH THE DOPE

FOR THE LOVERS OF SPORT : : :

Coming Along with the Sport Dope.

The mere fact that President Despain tried to land "Red" Andreas as manager of the Antelopes is an encouraging sign, even if the attempt failed. It shows that Despain is looking for a good one and willing to pay the price. Andreas is not the best player in the Western, but he can give 'em all cards and spades on the "peppersauce" game and beat 'em out. "Red" scraps fair, but he never quits wiggling till the sun goes down, and that's the sort of thing the "fans" like.

Every regular patron of the game at Antelope park knows L. W. Garoutte, but how many of them know that he one of the old-time baseball players? Look at his twisted and gnarled fingers, the result of catching the underhand pitchers of the late '70's and early '80's. He broke into the game alongside Adrian C. Anson, with whom he played in Iowa, and later around the country. Garoutte can even now give some of the young professionals pointers on how to engage properly in the great national pastime.

If the management of the Salt Bottom, Overflow and Capital Beach Electric Interurban railway will frame up some scheme to better the Sunday service this coming season, 'steen million baseball lunatics will rejoice and be exceeding glad. The chief fracture of Sunday during the summer comes not from the ball games—it comes from the language used by patrons of the game who cannot afford to ride in automobiles.

If President Despain fails to land a catcher in Art Kruger's class before the season opens he might make a deal with Henry T. Clarke jr., state railway commissioner. Clarke won international fame at catcher of the Yale team a few years ago, and a little practice would doubtless put him back in the game. He's always at the park when the umpire calls "play ball," and he might be prevailed to do a stunt of backstopping now and then.

With Billy Fox on the Mobile team the average is kept pretty fairly decent.

Every indication at the present time points to a club that the Lincoln fans can enthuse over. The pitching staff will be stronger than last year, notwithstanding that Farthing, Giest and McGrath have been sold. The list of wigglers consists of three of the old standbys, Knapp, Hagerman and Fox, while the new man, Applegate, is fully up to their standard. Wolverton is by no means a weak pitcher, but if he develops in spring practice as he did in the short time he was with the club last season he is going to be a worthy successor to those who have gone up higher. Pat aGllagher, the semo-pro from Colorado and Smith and one or two others will be a bunch of youngsters who will even make the "old 'uns" go some to hold their jobs. The catching department will be well looked after by Krueger, whom Lincoln fans are willing to swear by, while his co-partner will be Stratton, purchased from Wheeling in the Central. This man Stratton will without doubt be the sensation of the Western league in the backstopping department in all stunts with the possible exception of batting. He has a whip which drew the big leagues' attention and caused

him to go up in the big noise. He was sent back for a little more experience, but they did not re-purchase and the Lincoln club drafted him last fall. If "Krueger" keeps up the pace he set the latter part of the season with his big war club, it won't matter much whether anybody else hits the ball or not. The infield will be ably looked after next year and there will be some new faces. Mister John Thomas, whom the denizens of Omaha are real mad at, will continue his cavorting at the first corner and will in all likelihood pull off a few cavorts this year, as Jack feels good and is in better trim than ever. His stunt at the Armstrong Clothing company's emporium has put him in good shape, and Bill Turner has agreed to wear a wig this summer down in that bug box so that Jack will not mistake his shining dome for a bran new Victor. The second sack—well that position will probably be filled by the new manager, who will be a comer from Cometown. Shortstop position will be filled by a good man, one probably from one of the big league clubs, but there will be one or two kiddos scrapping for that position with him who will make things lively in the competition to see who gets the job. Of course Reliable Jim will prance around the third sack if his prancers are in good shape this spring, which he says is a fact, but he, too, will have to look out for there are a couple of fast kids from the bushes who look awful good from a long distance view. The three of them will have to fight it out and may the best man win. Out in the field, Jude has gone. As the gentle summers breezes waft in from the Gulf, the husky little Chippewa will be found doing things in the outer garden for our old friend Ducky Holmes, once the pride and joy of Lincoln bugdom. We will always remember Ducky as the prophet who rescued a Western league franchise from the swamps of Old Mizzou and trundled it in a wheelbarrow to our capital city, and here we are. The Honorable Mister Paulander Cobb will again gather daisies in the right field pasture, where the big bull Durham browses during the cool morning when the dew is on the grass and wards off the home runs fired at him in the afternoons by aspiring aspirants for those fifty dollar checks. Mister Cole will also be doing business out in the back pastures. That hole left vacant by the absence of Mister Jude at Mobile by the Sea will be filled in good shape and there will be nothing doing this year but to watch the high flies go plunk into the waiting paws of the left garden professor.

Few of the patrons of the game here in Lincoln have much of an idea of the disheartening conditions which President Despain has faced during the past two months. Sickness has at four different times sent him to his bed for a more or less extended period. During these times the other fellows have been doing business and the anxiety of the president to get into the game and land some of the good ones while they have been on the bargain counter has been responsible for his continued illness. A couple of weeks ago, however, he gave his physician a vacation and since that time there has been things doing at headquarters. During the time of his illness he had a phone by his bedside and continued to make the receipts of the Lincoln postoffice bulge and the wires

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