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FIVE CENTS.

MINNESOTA WINS.

Close Exciting Game—Nebraska Loses on Errors—Eleven Innings Necessary to Decide Contest—Gaines Pitches.

The baseball teams of the Universities of Nebraska and Minnesota crossed bats on the campus last Saturday. When the final score was added up the northern men had won by 5 to 3. The sun was hot, but was concealed behind a cloud most of the time. The crowd was the largest of the season and showed much spirit.

The Minnesota men played good ball and at critical times played a faultless game. Freeman, a south-paw man, pitched a good game and was well supported by his team.

For Nebraska, Captain Rhodes was the bright and particular star. His work at short was of the grand stand order, and brought forth continued applause. No matter how hot the grounder was Dusty would run up on it and put the ball to first with accuracy and lightning speed. Gaines pitched good ball and should have won the game. The fielding of Reeder and Bell was good, the former making several difficult catches after long runs. Raymond led in the batting.

But it all happened this way: Minnesota was first to bat. Plymat hit safe, but was crowded out at second by a hit of Freeman to Gaines. Freeman then went to second on a bad pitch and to third by a hit by Cameron. But it was of no use. Metcalf went out to Bell and Allan was caught at first. Nebraska went out in one, two, three order.

In the second, Minnesota piled up two nice fat tallies. Leach hit safe to right and Hurley got a free pass. Thing looked bad for Nebraska. Solem fanned, out Varco hit the first ball down. Townsend missed it and let in two scores, and that was all. Plymat was caught at first, and Gaines fanned Freeman, just to show he could.

For Nebraska, Townsend came off the bench with blood in the northwest corner of his south optic, and rubbing his front feet in the dust, knocked the ball over the center field. It was a good base hit, but Townsend tried to stretch it into a homer and was caught at the plate. Rhodes fanned, and DePutron went out on a foul. The score was still two to nothing in favor of the northerners.

For Minnesota in the third inning, Cameron sent a fly to left. Reeder took after it like a small boy after custard pie—and got it all, making a pretty catch after a long run. Metcalf hit between center field and right but Allan and Leach were caught at first. For Nebraska, Raymond failed to beat the ball to the initial bag, so Reeder, to make sure, took the private car "Four balls." He was pushed out at second, however, by Doane's hit. Hood was caught out on a fly.

Minnesota tried hard to score in both the fourth and fifth, getting a man to third in the latter, but the Nebraska boys held them down. The Nebraskans, in turn, could not connect

with the ball for enough safe hits to score.

Then came the sixth, and Nebraska started the fire works. Only four Gophers faced Gaines in their half. For the Cowboys, it started thursty: Hood hit safe. Bell followed with another to Plymat, who sent the ball to second. The Gopher in those parts was not on the bag, and forgot to get there before he sent the ball to first. The bony first baseman for the Minnesotans groped around for the initial bag, but Bell beat him to it. Thus, what should have been a double failed. Hood, while the Gophers were recovering from the shock, stole third. There were two men on bases and no outs. The fans went wild, and called upon the Cowboys to keep up the good work.

Gaines went up to bat and acted very much as though he wanted to do something. When Freeman sent the ball over the plate, Bell shot out for second. The Gopher catcher did as expected and threw the ball to second. Bell slid into him and was safe. While Solem was recovering, Hood went home. The crowd jumped to their feet as one man. While the Minnesotans were figuring out how it all happened Bell stole third. The smoke cleared away. Freeman wiped a tear from his eye, and prepared to start again. In the meantime, Gaines, with a broad grin on his face, was waiting "until we should meet again," that is, he and the ball. He made a hit all right and started for first. The Gopher pitcher gracefully fielded the ball, slowly turned toward first, and threw Gaines out. Bell, however, although struck speechless by the drawing room grace of Minnesota's society pitcher, started home before the ball left that individual's hand. He landed all right, and the score was tied. Townsend was caught at first, and Rhodes and DePutron hit safe. Raymond made three safe hits, that is they didn't hurt any one, and Nebraska went to the field.

In the seventh Minnesota scored one by a two base hit and a single. The Nebraskans went out in apple pie order. The Minnesotans went out in 1-2-3 style in both the eighth and ninth. Rhodes made two pretty stops and Reeder ran from left field to center, catching a fly, and incidentally some applause.

Nebraska scored a goose egg in the eighth, but in the ninth—well it happened thus: DePutron was caught at First. Raymond, next to bat, walked modestly to the plate, swatted the air twice and the ball once. When the fans had recovered their breath, Raymond was seen on third, looking as though he were frightened at the applause. Reeder hit safe and Ike scored. This tied the score, and it looked as though Nebraska might win. Doane fanned, but Reeder stole second to even up. Hood hit safe, but Reeder was afraid to try for home, stopping on third. Hood stole second. Bell went out on a fly.

The Gophers went out in the tenth in regular order. Nebraska tried hard to score, but got a man only to second. Gaines went out on a fly, Townsend walked and Rhodes went out to right field. Townsend stole second and DePutron walked. Raymond was

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CAMP J. J. PERSHING.

Cadets Enjoy a Taste of Camp Life at Fremont—Shirt Tail Parade Saturday Evening—Night Attack Repulsed.

The cadet battalion reached Fremont Wednesday afternoon and was greeted at the depot by a large concourse of people. The battalion was immediately formed in a column of fours and, headed by the band, paraded the principal streets of the city, which was in gala attire in honor of the university boys. They were then marched to the fair grounds in the northern part of the city, where a detail was already at work pitching tents.

When the first mess call blew at 5:30 the tents were all pitched and sentinels posted and camp John J. Pershing took on a military appearance. Supper the first night consisted of bread and butter, black coffee and boiled potatoes. There was little or no sleeping done in camp the first night. The new surroundings and the crackling straw beds were not conducive to sleep. Then the sentinels' cry of "Twelve o'clock and a-l-l's well!" and the sharp calls of "Corporal of the guard, post number three," which echoed through the camp at frequent intervals during the night, were effective in keeping Orpheus from running any of the guard lines. Captain Klinge was officer of the day, and Lieutenant Stuhr officer of the guard the first day.

THURSDAY.

At 6 o'clock in the morning the reveille was blown by six trumpeters, and the sleepy men tumbled out of the tents and made for the pump. Assembly was blown at 6:25 and each company fell in for a half hour of setting up exercises. At 7:15 the notes of "Beanie, Beanie, Beanie," sounded through camp, and the men fell in line with tin plates and cups for mess.

Guard mount came at 8 o'clock and the old guard was relieved. Captain Langer was officer of the day, and Lieutenant Hewitt officer of the guard. The remainder of the forenoon was devoted to cleaning up the company streets and burning rubbish.

In the afternoon the battalion was formed and marched down town, where it took part in the Memorial day parade. After the return to camp the guard lines were opened and the company streets were filled with visitors, who were greatly interested in the camp and its surroundings. Races were held on the ground in the afternoon and these, together with the camp attracted a large concourse of people from Fremont and the surrounding towns.

When night came the men were tired enough to sleep in the midst of any kind of noise, and when taps was sounded at 11 o'clock all the men in camp were asleep and snoring loudly. A light rain fell about midnight which caused some annoyance to the men on the guard lines.

FRIDAY.

On Friday military life began in earnest. Captain Tukey was officer of the day and Lieutenant McGeachin officer of the guard. Assembly was

blown at 10 a. m. and the companies fell in for two hours of hard drill. The guard lines were closed all day and strict military discipline prevailed throughout the camp. Dress parade in the evening attracted a large number of visitors from the city.

SATURDAY.

Captain Barnes was officer of the day and Lieutenant Hull officer of the guard. Saturday forenoon was a repetition of the day previous. Blank cartridges were issued to the men and extended order drill was indulged in for two hours. Company D, under command of Captain Tukey, indulged in some wall scaling exercises which were highly entertaining to the on-lookers in the grand stand. The company stacked arms and at the command of Captain Tukey the long line charged on the grand stand and inside of five minutes every man was lined up on the roof. Company B meanwhile took advantage of the unprotected stacks of arms and captured them and took Captain Tukey prisoner. At this time men on the roof of the grand stand tumbled off in all haste and with a cheer charged on Captain Klinge's company and recaptured the rifles and Captain Tukey, who was none the worse for his experience.

Dress parade was held at 5:30. Some of the cadets' cymbals belonging to the base drum and an order was issued to the effect that if the cymbals were not found before dress parade was over the cadets would all remain in camp that night. Strange to relate, when the battalion marched off the parade ground the lost cymbals had been found in a company A tent. The camp was deserted Saturday evening by every one but the men on guard duty. Every man left camp with a night shirt secreted under his blouse. A band concert was given in the park and the cadets formed a large circle and danced to the music. After the concert was over a bugler blew assembly and a loud voice called out, "Company Q, fall in!" Night shirts were brought out and the white company formed in column of fours, headed by part of the band and the people of Fremont were made the spectators of a shirt-tail parade. The shirt-tailers were invited to partake of refreshments at one of the soda fountains.

The men had all been ordered to be in their tents when taps blew at 11 o'clock, but the guard was kept busy until 1 o'clock running in men who tried to elude the sentinels and reach their tents without being caught.

SUNDAY.

Time: 2 a. m. Scene: Camp Pershing in the moonlight. Tired cadets sound asleep. Guards walking their beats half asleep. Everything peaceful and quiet.

Suddenly the piercing notes of the call to arms blown by six buglers sound through the sleeping camp. Immediately everything is hubbub. The first sergeant runs into the company street with trousers in one hand and shirt in the other. "Company Q, fall in!" The tent flaps are up and white robed figures emerge in all states of undress. Trousers are mixed and won't fit, and hats can not be found. The captain appears from his tent buckling his sword on the run. The