

BASE BALL GOSSIP OF WEEK

Omaha Roasts on Top Rail in Western League Race.

NICE WORK BY ROUKRES ON LONG TRIP

Sixty Per Cent of Games Played Won by the Team in Despite of Most Adverse Conditions.

What do you think of that? Same old team, same old place in the standing table. Add the home knockers of which peculiar genus of base ball crank Omaha has a lovely bunch, have went their little hammer to the sport to get new tips. Back in the lead again after taking Kansas City's dust for more than a month, after running third to Denver's second for a few days, and by steady, honest consistent playing. Robbed by incompetent umpires, roasted by incompetent writers, and battered by the most vindictive gang of home roasters that ever maligned a team, the Roukres family has gone forward with its work in a conscientious, careful manner that has delighted its ardent supporters. When the team left Omaha it was after the hardest possible run of luck. Five successive defeats on the home grounds had pulled it down and the first game away from home was lost, making Denver within easy reach of second place. Three defeats at Denver did the trick and then three at Colorado Springs seemed to clinch the matter. But the turn came after the team had lost twelve out of fifteen games. On the trip which ended Friday evening at Kansas City the Omahas played twenty-three games, winning thirteen, losing nine and one was tied. That is a good enough record for anyone. It is over 50 per cent and is mighty close to championship form. The gait is the best possible answer to the croakers who raised that joyful chorus of "I told you so" when the team was losing. It looked as easy, then, to see history repeating itself that many bets were made that Omaha would not be better than fourth on its return. It is needless, perhaps, to say that none of these bets went begging for takers. And here the team is at home again in first place, with a series of eighteen games on the home grounds. It will be mighty queer if Omaha doesn't lead the league race for a few days, at any rate.

Denver has been doing the slide act with the greatest vigor and persistency during the week. It will be something to wonder at if the Grizzlies, which left home in second place for a short trip through the east, get home any better than fifth. Milwaukee has already passed Denver and holds third place, while St. Joe is in fifth and is apparently the only reason that will prevent Denver from falling out of the first division bunch before the end of the present disastrous expedition. When St. Joe started its little runaway by taking four straight from Omaha and three out of four from Kansas City, The Bee remarked that the kibbly crowd, which on public form at least, had no right to be turning off quarters at the rate they were. The soundness of that judgment has been proven by the performance of the Saints lately. Milwaukee has gotten together a good team and is playing first rate ball. Moreover, the people of Schlitzville are slowly swinging around to Duffy, and his gate receipts are increasing correspondingly. Des Moines is out of last place now and is putting up a game that ought to send it still higher up the table. Peoria has the booty prize for the present, but Colorado Springs is a bidder for the place. Bill Everett is hustling for players, though, and may get his team in better condition. His bunch never did look fast, though, and gives no sign of recovery.

Just how steadily consistent the game presented by the Omaha team is can be told better by the figures given herewith: BATTING AVERAGES.

Table with columns: Player Name, A.B., R., H., Ave. Week. Includes players like Stone, Graham, Doherty, etc.

Table with columns: Player Name, P.O., A., E., Tot. Ave. Wk. Includes players like Alloway, Albright, Bonding, etc.

One of the really amusing features of the race is the cheerful consistency with which the Denver faithful refuse to see any other

team in the league than Kansas City. "If Kansas City is out of the way Denver will win it" is the continual cry of the Packard contingent. To a man up a tree just now, barring Omaha and Kansas City, there are two other teams in the league that will beat Denver out unless the makeup of the Grizzlies is greatly changed. They are Milwaukee and Des Moines. Predictions, unsafe at any time, are especially so at this half way stage of the race. If public form is to be taken as a basis for calculation Omaha ought to be a cinch, for it has won a majority of games played from every team but Denver. This performance under all known forms of making dog gives Omaha first in the race. Kansas City under the same rule is entitled to second and the other places are open. Just what changes the second half of the race may bring about only time can tell. It isn't too late to turn the standing upside down, for none of the teams are in an absolutely hopeless hole.

The league meeting at St. Joseph was productive of nothing of real importance. The magnates resolved on what most people had already admitted, that the league will live through the season. Official action was taken to put on the blacklist three or four players who jumped from the Western association into the Hickey fold. "Wizard" Herman is included in this bunch. The magnates also decided that players will have to pay their own dues hereafter. This move was taken in the interest of better discipline. It doesn't look good to an outsider, for any manager who has made a practice of paying the fines imposed on unruly members will easily find a way to circumvent it. It is alleged that overtures from the Hickeyites looking to a peace agreement were received, but just why such action should have been taken isn't clear. Neither side has anything to gain by making peace now. It must be a fight to the finish, and the beaten party will have to get out of the other's territory.

In this connection it is good to see how George Tebeau's judgment is backed by events. He abandoned Kansas City, giving Dale Gear and his Wisconsin colleagues all the results of his season's labors there, including the certainty of a fight, and soured the water with nothing. He heard grounds, erected a base ball plant and scraped together a team which is not only making a procession of the American association pennant race, but is drawing more Kentuckians to ball games than have turned out since the Colonels won the championship of the old American association twenty years ago. Tebeau is the only magnate in the bunch who is making any money. Not one of the other towns is drawing paying attendance, Columbus having dropped off when the team took its slump. If the league should go to pieces now, the wreck would find Tebeau on top with a nice little sum of money to the good, and with the nucleus of a good ball team ready to start another league next season. It isn't all luck in Tebeau's case. He is one of the brainiest men in base ball today, and calling him a pirate doesn't change this fact.

Joe Quinn got home after a winning trip with a kick at the umpires. A mighty bunch of most abused individuals are not so far wrong after all. Winners and losers alike grumble at the decisions, which leads to the opinion that the umpire must be right at least half of the time.

LOCAL HORSE NEWS OF WEEK

Some Aftermath of the Race Meet that was Rained Out on Third Day.

Since yesterday evening the Keystone farm has presented a lonesome appearance. A special Arms palace horse car, new from the shops in Chicago, was sidetracked on the farm switch and a carload of almost sixteen trotters was loaded for Des Moines. Besides the aged horses, such as George Castle, 2:13 1/2, Bachelor, Mat 2:25 1/2; The Merchant, The Medium, The Orphan, Confidence, etc., were the 3-year-olds, The Critic, The Clerk, Confidence and Consider, and two yearlings. The first stop to Des Moines, where the races commence the next week to Freeport, Ill., then Joliet and Galesburg, Ill. From the latter point the horses will go through the Grand circuit, eastward, striking Terre Haute, Ind., Cincinnati, O., and finally Hartford, Conn. Turning westward the Keystone farm will make long ship to Lexington, Ky., and will sail the season at the big Memphis, Tenn., meet. At Lexington The Critic will meet the crack 3-year-olds of the year in the rich class event, the Kentucky Futurity.

The Omaha management is receiving great encouragement through the horse press for the clean, up-to-date meeting just given in Omaha. Although, on account of rain, only two days' racing could be given, those two days showed horsemen that the meeting was being conducted in a fast, business-like way. The only horseman who would have the slightest ground for com-

plaint and that was John Baynor, who protested the last heat in the 2:13 trot, said to the secretary before he left: "Thomas, I cheerfully withdraw my protest and you can pay the money as the judge decided, for I see you fellows are treating everyone alike. I am going to be sure and take in Omaha again next year." Although the Millard Hotel stake for 2:35 pacers was not decided, it being on Friday's program, the association lived up to the rules and not only paid back the entrance fee of \$25 to each starter, but gave them the same amount additional. This is strictly according to a rule that some associations try to get around.

Charles H. Gelo, the best known horse writer in the entire west, was present both days of the meeting. The result of his visit is a strong article, in the current Horse Review, predicting a bright future for Omaha race goes. The friends of the association will be glad to know the spite of the rain the club will come out about \$16 ahead. It was the hope of the men interested to make enough to entirely overhaul the grounds. From present indications they will do it anyway. As the horsemen again meet, the secretary, Al Thomas, to wish him goodbye and good luck, for he is a brother trainer, he said to them: "Gentlemen, if we can get a ten years' lease on those grounds we are going to have a five or six days' meeting next year the week following the Denver meeting. It is nearly considered that the track will be almost entirely rebuilt. By next spring also the barns and sheds now standing will be almost entirely rebuilt. Some of them will be torn down altogether. When you come again next spring you will not know the place."

TRACK MEET AT Y. M. C. A. PARK

Director Barnes Announces the Arrangements for Amateur Athletic Contest.

The fourth annual athletic carnival, under the auspices of the Omaha Young Men's Christian association, will be held Saturday, July 19, at the Ames Avenue park, under sanction of the Athletic League of North America, and will be open to any registered amateur. Entry fee will be 25 cents for one event and 10 cents for each succeeding event. Entries close Wednesday, July 17, at noon. All entries and communications should be addressed to F. B. Barnes, Y. M. C. A., Omaha. Handicaps will be published July 18.

The events are: 100-yard dash handicap; 220-yard dash, handicap; 440-yard dash, handicap; one mile run, handicap; running high jump, handicap; pole vault, handicap; running broad jump; twelve-pound hammer throw, handicap.

Special events: 50-yard dash for boys under 12, scratch; 100-yard dash for boys under 14, scratch; one mile relay race (four men per team), five to enter, four to compete; pursuit race (between two teams from 'Cross Country club); half mile relay race for boys under 12 (four boys in each team, each running 250 yards); tennis tournament (members only); boys' tennis tournament (members only); base ball game.

Suitably lettered medals will be awarded for first and second places. Relay races only one medal to each member of winning team.

Valuable Time Saved.

Slight injuries often disable a man and cause several days' loss of time, and when blood poisoning develops, a serious result in the loss of a hand or limb. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is an antiseptic liniment. When applied to cuts, bruises and burns it causes them to heal quickly and without maturation, and prevents any danger of blood poison.

The Last Straw.

Baltimore News: The white-robed nurses quietly busied themselves at the patient's bedside. He was plainly breathing his last. "Have you anything to say?" tenderly asked the attending physician. "Nothing—nothing!" gasped the dying man. "It is only this regret—this remorse—this terrible blow to my self-respect." He breathed now in a labored manner, and they bent lower to hear his story divulged. "Oh!" waited the unfortunate; "to think—to think—that I have smashed all the anti-septic laws in Christendom against automobiles, and then—and then—to be run over by an ice wagon!" It was too much, and he gave up the ghost in mortal agony.

Her Natural Inference.

Brooklyn Eagle: He was endeavoring to show his wisdom by a glimpse into the future. Reasoning from existing conditions, he was satisfied he knew what was to come, but it was all very tiresome. "I can see the writing on the wall," he asserted. She had not been paying very close attention, but this remark, with her little son, "you have been playing with those crayons again."

FISH STORIES TOLD AS TRUE

Omaha Men Contribute to Written History of Red and Reel.

INTERESTING BUNCH OF NARRATIVES

Judge Munger Tells of His Fishing Dog and Tom Brennan of His Trip to a Wisconsin Lake.

A fish story? Now, there's an expression as common as any phrase that can be imagined, yet how many people can tell a good one? Just go out and spend a half a day with your friends who are well known to be ardent fishermen for fish stories, and note your success. It is startling to find how few fishermen can tell a fish story. "A good fish story? Let me see. Well, I don't think I have one, but I can tell you a few about fishing camps and parties that kind, but I cannot seem to recall any fish story just now."

That's a good sample of the answers you get, and it means a world of insistence and a persistent tickling of all the corners of an angler's memory before you can entice so much as a single anecdote, true or false. And it is not because the people aren't fishing. Omaha fishermen have never angled more madly than during the month of June, despite the fact that the weather has been more unfavorable for that sport than in any previous summer for years past. Twenty-five rainy days out of the thirty did not suffice to check the exodus to the various fishing grounds, nor to local apertures, nor did the steady howl of the wind during the remaining small portion of the month dampen the enthusiasm of the wielders of line and rod. It would seem that the rainy spell even heightened the fishing fever, and when the rarely is considered that the weather and possibly rubber helmets to their outfits with which to guard against the discords of a drizzle or a downpour. In any event, from whatever cause, it is certain that the Omaha fishermen have done their little stint at casting or trolling or whatever fishing the last month, and though the luck has been on the whole rather bad this has not dampened their ardor sufficiently to prevent their returning in good spirits. But, for the time being, let us tell a good fish story and they stand mute, helpless.

"A fish story. Ummmmmm. Well, say, ask me again tomorrow, won't you? I ought certainly to know some, but I'm at a loss to remember one just now." This was the reply of Judge Munger, who has written many northern lakes, met the proposition. But he had the next day, all right, and here it is:

"Now, I'm about to tell you a fish story that I've never told you before, and when I judge it worth telling, especially because of its unusual features, although it has been told many times before, I'll tell it to you. The great merit of this story lies in the fact of its absolute truth. The tale is remarkable. The incident did not even occur on the banks of a river, but on a small lake in the northern lakes, met the proposition. But he had the next day, all right, and here it is:

"This dog was not raised for a fishing dog, and I never knew he was a fisherman until he had attained a considerable age. Dash was born and bred a hunter, in the sense as such I had always used him. His first fishing experience resulted from a hunting trip, too. It was in the fall of 1895 and I was after ducks out in Dodge county near Robert Patrick's farm, with Fried of Fremont and some other boys. We were out to retrieve that day, for he was always a fine water dog, although he was an Irish setter. We had worked up along past the lake near Patrick's farm to the far end, detailed in every particular of the catching, and signed by three witnesses and sworn to before a notary. I'll show it to you."

"This pond was simply alive with bass and pike. It looked like the pools at the fish hatcheries, the fish were so thick in the water. I was too much, and without a word we jumped in and swam. We were after the fish. We had the water riled up shortly, but despite that we scooped out the big fellows in armfuls, tossing them into the boat."

"Meantime Dash had been looking on and suddenly he splashed into the pond. He stood there, eyeing the surface of the water and then a funny back showed near him. He just grabbed it and went to shore. After laying it snuggly on the bank he returned. We were dumfounded, but the best fish, even by hand, so we left off and just watched that dog carry on. He landed fish after fish the same way, and when he once got a grip on it he never let loose till it was an terra firma."

"It was a remarkable exhibition. The dog had simply mimicked our actions in the water." Clerk of United States District Court Hoyt presented to hear his tale. "Well, he vouches for it, and I can assure you it may have been the first time a dog ever caught fish in that manner, but it wasn't the first time men ever did by a long shot. Back in York state years ago when I was a kid we used to do that same trick in the Erie river. The place was at times fairly alive with fish, especially at the season of the freshets. They would come rushing down the canal in great swarms and we would wade in to meet them. All we had to do was to stand in the water facing the run, and as the fish were after armful out of the bank. Of course I do not mean to say that this occurred every day, nor that I ever threw out more than a ton or so of fish at one fishing, but the great profusion of fish in the canal was the best preventive of any poverty or suffering in the neighborhood that could have been had."

"My fish tale will have to be a hard luck story," said R. L. Bush, one of the cleverest fm leasers in Omaha, who was present last Monday. "I had just returned from Lake Washington, where spent eleven days. C. W. Babcock and I fished together during that time, and by last Saturday night we had landed a good sized haul, despite the unfavorable weather. We were making our headquarters at Pat Sheehan's place, and each day as we finished up we would save our choice fish and put them with our pile in a corner of Pat's ice house. We were to start home Monday morning, so we completed the pile Sunday and counted a beautiful mess of 106 fish, one, bass and pike. When we came in to get the string Sunday morning and start for the station across country the whole thing was gone. We were mighty sore and could not explain it at first. Then we remembered that a great crowd of people had come down from St. Paul and Minneapolis for the one day's fishing on Sunday, and we decided that one of them had swiped our string on leaving Sunday night in order to make a swell showing when he returned home. He certainly was in shape to make the showing all right, for he had the results of our



PAPA—Oh, what a pain! I believe I have a fever in the heart. MAMMA—Nonsense, it isn't your heart, it's your stomach. Every time you eat, this hot weather, you get a sour stomach full of hot gases and acids, and you swell up under your heart hardly has room to beat. If you were not so obstinate, you'd take my advice and keep your insides cool by taking a CASCA-RET Candy Cathartic every night before going to bed. They work while you sleep and keep you regular in the hottest weather.

best efforts of eleven days to offer as a day's catch." "O, cheer up," said Tom Brennan, who was standing by. "You ought to be mighty glad to have had such good sport. You were fortunate to have the opportunity of catching so many fine fish. When you hear my troubles you'll feel ashamed that you mentioned yours. I have been to Shell lake, away up in Wisconsin more than 500 miles. Now, let me say to you that after days and days of persistent fishing episodes, both from a scientific and a personal standpoint. The value of the occurrence is chiefly in the fact that it goes to show so plainly how strongly we are affected by the mere thought that certain things are so, or how easily the mind can deceive itself. I felt large and important with my little four fish."

"I cannot remember a fish story proper," said Harry Horn when approached, "but I remember a little incident which occurred on one of our fishing trips which was far more interesting to me than many fishing episodes, both from a scientific and a personal standpoint. The value of the occurrence is chiefly in the fact that it goes to show so plainly how strongly we are affected by the mere thought that certain things are so, or how easily the mind can deceive itself. I felt large and important with my little four fish."

"That was a great catch that three of us made at Webb lake, in Minnesota, two weeks ago," said Judge Fawcett. "On one day we pulled out 500 pounds and three back innumerable pickerel that kept bothering us. It's good fun to fish like that." "Five miles below Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river, there is a veritable fishermen's Utopia. Few anglers know of this spot, but those who do make many visits there. It is called Augustine's place, after the man who owns it, and it is not so much for fishermen exactly as it is for those who have a taste for fish, which are generally fresh, so it amounts to the same thing in the end. And this is what you can find at Augustine's: Absolute quiet, the river at its prettiest, a beautiful grove on its banks, a cool breeze of pure air, a mossy sward, and the grandest kind of a fish supper at the day's close, prepared at an open fire before your eyes and eaten out of doors. Augustine owns a little farm, but he is a born fisherman, and you never have to tell him you are coming, for he always has the fish part of the program on hand. Just put a basket of bread and butter sandwiches and a few bottles of beer in the back of your buggy some afternoon and drive down to Augustine's. He has some smooth quill trout and you can play at the game if you like, or loaf or read. At dusk Augustine will start his open fire near by and throw a peck of potatoes in the embers. Then he will bring a few handsome catfish from a hoop net near shore and will proceed to cook them by an original method. He runs a sharp, long stick through each fish from end to end, then shows the stick perpendicularly in the ground before the fire. As one side of the fish thus impaled is broiled he turns the stick, and by thus twisting now and then the job is finished. Those who have eaten there say it is the finest piece of fish broiling to be had in the country. Lately a few society people have learned of this stunt, and several times parties have gone to Augustine's. Ed George in partic-

ular has been seen piloting several carriage loads down that way. The miniature rustic life of the afternoon seems to take well in Sweden. Then many of the seasoned old fishermen who like to eat the things as well as catch them, have long been in the practice of going down with their wives and families. "Billy" Townsend, J. Smead, Charles Lewis and Bill Hardin do this ever and anon, and they say they always hate to come home. Only a few miles above emitters, railroad shops and railroad yards are filling the atmosphere with a constant din and an omnipresent haze of dirt and discharge, but none of either finds its way around the bend to Augustine's, snugly hidden by the Great Muddy.

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