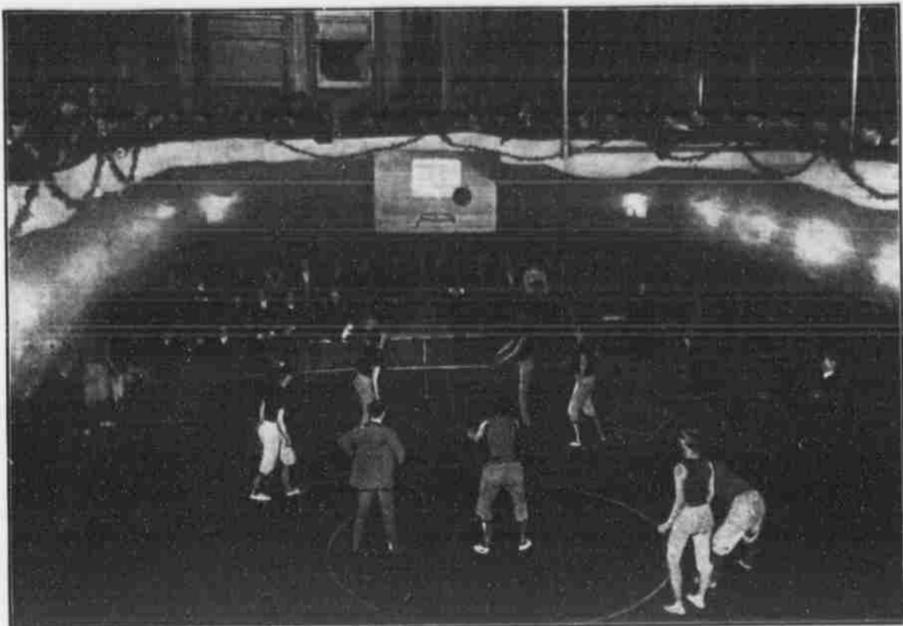
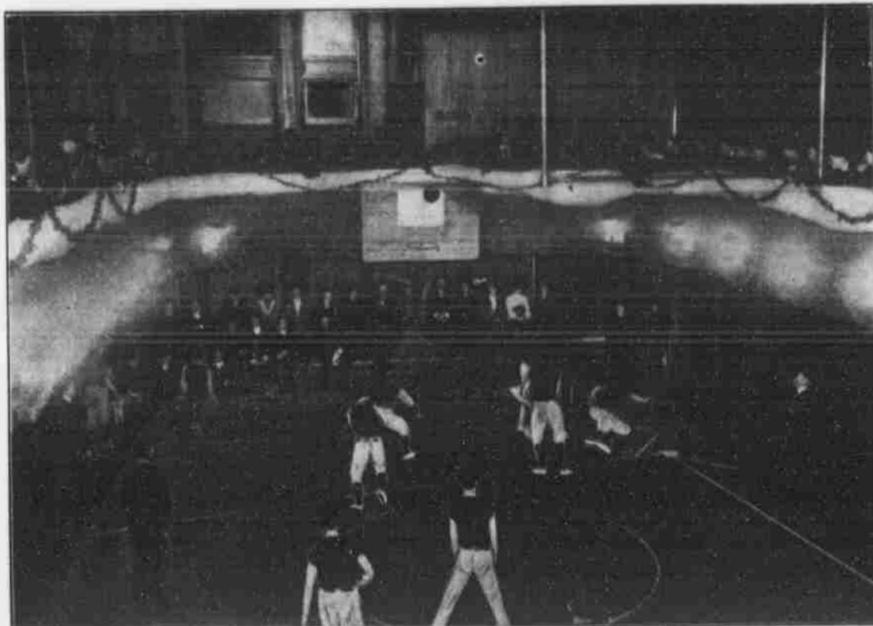


How Basket Ball Is Played

Pictures from Flashlight Photographs by a Staff Artist Taken at the Gymnasium of the Omaha Y. M. C. A.



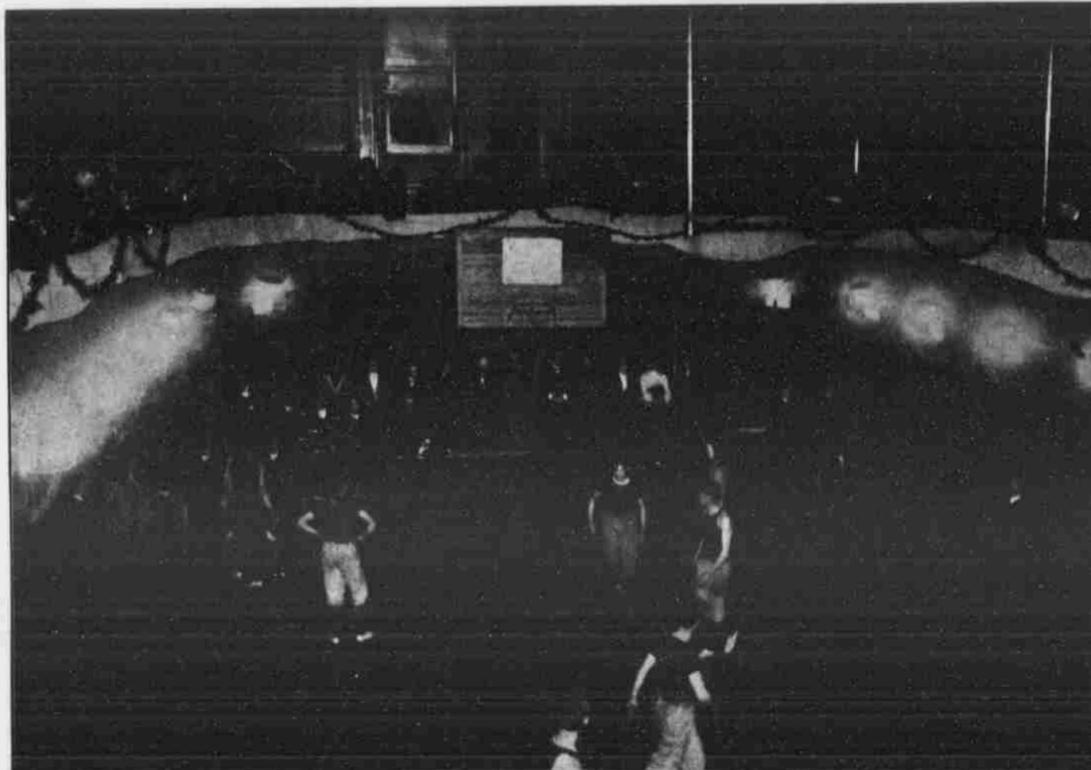
FREE TRY FOR GOAL.



DIFFICULT TRY FOR GOAL WHICH WON.



HASKELL INDIAN BASKET BALL TEAM, FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE WEST FOR ITS PROWESS AT THE GAME—Photo by a Staff Artist.



GETTING INTO POSITION FOR PLAY.

Basket Ball

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

skill and more or less certainty, and, while a school of high school striplings would be no match for one of stalwart, seasoned men, it could yet make a very interesting contest against a team of its own class. Where the players weaker physically would lose would be one big feature of the sport, the speed. It takes sinew to develop any great degree of that.

And so with the women and girls. There being none of the rough and tumble element, tackling or pushing, in the game, it makes an ideal sport for women, who can play it in their own gentle way, pushing it as hard as they wish. The feminine sex at basket ball relies not so much on speed and dash as upon absolute accuracy, and

this they often possess to marked degree. There are girls in this city who can throw field goals that are actually marvels of eye and arm. They can throw them from any position, with seemingly no stop for balance or recovery, and they do it right along. But the reason why they would be unable to prevail against men is that they wouldn't get a chance to make the throws. Their speed would be insufficient to get them the necessary openings.

There is no game more calculated to develop absolute self-control than basket ball. A man must have perfect mastery over himself to refrain from committing grave offenses constantly. A hasty thought might presume that foot ball taxed still more the powers of self-restraint, but this is not so. In the gridiron game a man does not really have to hold back much. If he lose his temper, the very next minute comes a scrimmage in which he may exert

every ounce of his physical strength and give vent to every atom of his spleen. He can either exhaust his anger completely by playing clean ball so hard that he drains his strength to the last drop or he can satisfy his spirit of revenge by playing dirty ball, which it is easy to do unnoticed in foot ball matches for a short time.

But very different with basket ball. In that game a man dare not come openly into a test of brute strength with any opponent. He must contain himself, must hold his hand. In foot ball you may seize a certain man and throw him, and if you have a personal spite against him because of his previous actions in the game that throw is certain to be a whole lot harder than necessary or than it would have been otherwise. There is no way to limit the force a player expends on another. But in basket ball you are not even allowed to seize him, in the first place. It is a con-

stant case of curbing one's brute spirit, and a better school there could not be, for the temptations are many and sore. Temperamental Spartans indeed do basket ball players become.

A peculiar feature of this game is that it contemplates constant infractions of the rules. In any other sport rules are made for players to obey; in basket ball they are made for players to be penalized for disobeying. It is understood that there will be foul after foul in every game. In fact, one may go so far as to say that in basket ball a team wins on its opponent's infractions of the rules more than on its own superiority. Yet in another sense that superiority will in itself cause those infractions. But in every game of basket ball where the resulting score has been very close it is safe to say that the team which won did so on its scores made from the foul line, free throws permitted by in-

fractions committed by the other side.

Like all other games, basket ball has two distinct styles of play, the open and the close, the mass and the extended, the rough and the gentle. When the men play on their hands and knees and keep the ball on the floor most of the time, you have the rough game, corresponding to close formations in foot ball. When the ball is kept in the air largely and the men play on their feet all the time, you have the prettier, the open game. Like all other sports, also, basket ball may be either "clean" or "dirty," and just as with every other sport, again, this depends entirely upon the officials. No game can continue dirty if the officials are competent. In basket ball more than any other is this impossible, for the sport is naturally an open one, where the referee and umpires have every opportunity for keeping their eyes on the actions of the men.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

SENATOR WARREN of Wyoming towers a giant among men. One of his hands was badly injured years ago while he was president of the senate in the state named.

One day a fight started between two members and the sergeant-at-arms was unable to stop it. Warren moved down from his desk and threw both of the fighting legislators out of the hall. But before he had accomplished that one of the warriors in trying to hit his combatant with a heavy ruler struck Warren on the hand. Several bones were broken and the hand has been disabled ever since.

Senator Clapp of Minnesota has had a visit in Washington from a constituent, Charles Christodoro, who stirs the imagination with great fish stories. Mr. Christodoro is very familiar with the vicinity of Cass lake, where Senator Clapp goes fishing nearly every summer, and has been trying to have the national park located up there somewhere in the neighborhood of the Lake of the Woods, but without much success. "The wall-eyed bass are so numerous in Cass lake that they are

tame," said Mr. Christodoro. "They come up out of the water and we give them names to which they answer." Mr. Clapp rather hesitates to endorse this story.

Bishop Potter was waiting for a train in Minnesota on one occasion when he noticed a stranger eyeing him with great curiosity. "Excuse me, mister," he was eventually asked, "but I think I've seen your picture in the papers." "Probably," admitted the bishop. "Kin I ask," continued the fellow traveler edging nearer, "what you was cured of?" Henry Irving had a similar experience in England. A little girl was looking at him earnestly and he said: "You seem to know my face, little maid." "Yes, sir," said the child, "you was cured by Soandso's pills."

We may look for the sultan of Johore in 1904. This crowned head from India has announced his purpose of making a tour of the United States in the year of the Louisiana Purchase exposition. He will be welcome. But Yankee rhymers should be warned against writing jests and jingles when this particular commander of his

faithful subjects is paying his respects to this great and glorious nation. Johore is no joke, and the sense of humor in that part of the east is small.

A new and interesting story is being told of Andrew Carnegie. He was walking along a country road not far from Skibo castle when he came across an old cottager busily engaged in putting a thatch roof on his cottage. He asked the man why he did not put on a tiled roof, and was told that it was too expensive.

"How much?" he curtly asked. "Fifty pounds," the man replied, and to his intense amazement and joy Mr. Carnegie there and then wrote him out a check for that amount. Going indoors, he told his wife the news.

"Mon," she said, scornfully, "why dinna ye say £75? Go an' tell him ye made a mistake."

The cottager journeyed up to the castle and was shown into Mr. Carnegie's study. He explained that he had been wrong about the cost, saying it would be £25 more. The millionaire philanthropist asked for the check back, coolly tore it to pieces, and

the dismayed and disconsolate cottager was promptly shown the door.

Congressman Ollie James of Kentucky will be among the heaviest men in the Fifty-eighth congress, but his wit flashes lightly for all his avoirdupois. He was in the middle of a public address not long ago when an auditor who had dined freely suddenly shot this question at him: "What's the difference between Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt?" Mr. James, who has no particular love for either of the gentlemen named, replied on the instant: "I should say that Cleveland is too lazy to hunt and Roosevelt is too restless to fish."

Representatives Landis of Indiana and Littlefield of Maine entered a Washington book store a few days before Christmas and noticed Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court, apparently deeply absorbed, looking over some books. "A great lawyer," remarked Littlefield, jerking his thumb in the direction of the chief justice.

"And a remarkable jurist," added Landis. "He is now doubtless in search of some

rare legal volume which even the supreme court library does not possess and which will throw a flood of light upon some question of far-reaching importance," continued Littlefield.

"Yes," assented Landis, with admiration in his tone. "Perhaps the ownership of millions or the weal of thousands of our fellow-citizens depends upon the result of his quest."

Just at this moment the honorable chief justice caught the eye of and beckoned to the busy salesman.

"Wrap me up a copy of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,'" he said.

While in a reminiscent mood Senator Hoar got to chatting about New England hospitality. "It is better now than it used to be," he said, "but it will stand improvement here and there. I remember how I dined not long ago with a Connecticut farmer, a boyhood friend of mine. For dinner there was turkey. It was an excellent bird and I ate of it heartily. I said, 'John, this turkey will make a fine bash tomorrow.' 'Yes, George, it will,' the farmer answered, 'providing that you leave off now.'"