

SPORTING GOSSIP OF WEEK

Nebraska's Foot Ball Team Triumphs in Defeat at Boulder.

TAUNTED INTO DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING

Booth Agrees to Play Under Conditions that Result in Large Hospital List, as Well as Loss of Game.

Who is to blame for the defeat of the Cornhuskers at Boulder? This question has been answered in a variety of ways. The climatic conditions are given as the main cause by some; others hold "Bummy" Booth ought not to have allowed his boys to play with such long odds against them, and still others jump on the team, holding that the game was lost by over-confidence on the part of the Nebraska contingent. Whatever may be given as the reason of the downfall, Booth and the team are certainly not to blame.

Booth had to play. After the taunting remarks made by one of the professors of the Colorado university, in which he practically called the Nebraskans cowards unless they played, "Bummy" had only one course open to him and that was to play. It is almost needless to remark that the taunt would have sounded more suited coming from the lips of a gutter urchin than from a professor in a western university, but, considering as it was, no supporter of the Cornhuskers would have thaned Booth if he had swallowed the insult and adhered to his resolution to agree to play only twenty-five-minute halves. Against his better judgment, then was he drawn into the game; but rather defeat than an accusation of cowardice.

Expressions such as these coming from a member of the faculty do not reflect credit on the university or its athletic board. That professor knew full well that thirty-five-minute or even thirty-minute halves, at that altitude, would inflict great physical injury on the Nebraska boys; he knew the intense strain those not accustomed to the climate would have to endure with such long halves, and yet, knowing this, he had the spirit to come out with the remark that Nebraska was afraid to play unless with all the advantages on their side. To Colorado went the game; but whose was the victory? As far as foot ball is concerned, the Cornhuskers outplayed Colorado from start to finish, circumstances over which Colorado university has no control helped its team and it was solely on this account that it won.

The deplorable result of the game, which has landed so many good men on the hospital list, has as a consequence been the cause of a general shout of disapproval from the hundreds who know nothing of the game. Forgetting the benefits to be had from a game of foot ball, these people remember only the list of the injured. This only goes to prove that if foot ball is to continue in public favor, games such as the one played at Boulder ought not to be played.

Cases are rare of games in which players were subjected to as hard a strain as were the Nebraska boys at Boulder. With their splendid physical power, prematurely exhausted and with their breath coming in short gasps they stood their ground, and it is really remarkable that a larger score was not rolled up by the opponents. They endured what few men, even trained athletes, could endure, despite the fact that they were not yet well seasoned. That their hard-fought fight against the exigencies of the altitude was realized and appreciated in its fullest significance, was evidenced by the great throng of students and faculty members that turned out to meet them on their return to Lincoln. The demonstration actually rivaled that of two years ago, when the Cornhuskers returned with the scalps of the Gophers from Minneapolis. The players were each borne on the shoulders of admiring enthusiasts to the university campus by hundreds of willing hands.

This was timely action in a critical situation. Had the Cornhuskers been allowed to return unnoticed the spirit of the team would have undoubtedly suffered and the way perhaps thus paved to further defeats; but now the Cornhusks are beaten again the hospital list will be larger than it was in the game with Colorado. A hospital list

of that size does not befit a team of cowards or quitters, and in the games yet to come the Cornhuskers can be expected to give a good account of themselves. The fact that the energies of the Cream and Scarlet supporters have been roused by a blow at the greatest pride of the institution is a guarantee that the boys will fight to a hot finish and accomplish results of a startling nature. The defeat has not discouraged the team in the slightest; it has only stirred it to do better in the future.

The Creighton university team in its initial game of this season showed up to good advantage against the heavy soldiers from Fort Crook. The heavy men that gave balance to the team for four years was not to be discerned in this year's lineup. But nevertheless the team, though light, is speedy and aggressive, good on defensive play and has a habit of gaining ground on its opponents that warms the hearts of its supporters. The showing made by Creighton is another instance included in the proof of the well established fact that weight and mass plays are no longer the essential of the game, and that speed and head work are the qualities that count and will offset advantages held by a heavy team. A bruising game played by foot ball giants is not an enlivening spectacle and may even be repulsive to many because of its brutality. It is the play in which brains and speed are the main factors that produce long end runs and sensational tackles. Scientific methods have a tendency to elevate the game and leave a much better impression among the lookers-on than the smashing of the opponents' line or the massing on tackles. Creighton will undoubtedly make a good showing against institutions of our own class, and the team this year, well coached as it is, certainly has an opportunity of showing what a light team is able to accomplish by scientific methods of play.

Manager Fitzgerald of Creighton college team denies a story which appeared in the World-Herald last week which stated that the Omaha High school team is broken up this year because the Creighions would not allow them to use Vinton Street park.

"The story is misleading," said Manager Fitzgerald. "I promised the high school the grounds any time we did not require it ourselves. One of them asked me for permission to play on Friday, but this I was forced to refuse, as I feared the grounds might be soft from recent rains and playing on it the day before the great match of the year—the Creighton-Nebraska game—was out of the question. I consider it decidedly unfair to connect us with breaking up of the high school team. We had gone to great expense in advertising the game and had we allowed the high school the grounds on Friday a number of people would have attended thinking the game was between Creighton and Nebraska. I do not see why the high school cannot get the grounds it has played on in former years."

Manager Rourke of the Omaha base ball team is beginning to pack his grip in anticipation of attending the next regular meeting of the National Association of Minor Base Ball Leagues, which convenes at the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York City for three days beginning October 25. Twenty-four leagues are represented in the association and business of importance is transacted at the regular meetings. At the forthcoming session grievances of various nations are received and adjusted and matters of general interest to the national game are considered. "Pa" Rourke expects to stay in the east about ten days and spend a few of the dollars he made at Vinton street during the season. Manager Rourke already has made out the necessary papers for the drafting of four or five new players for next season's campaign. To say who the new players are might defeat his purpose, so he is just keeping mum on that point, but he says he has had his eagle eye on them all season and when the first signs of spring reached the Vinton street park he will give them a tryout. So far, as can be said at this time, the Omaha team will not be materially changed next season, aside from the loss of Brown and Howard. But as the little boy on the fence says, "there's no telling when some of them major league guys may swoop down on Pa's nest and buy some of his players." The major leagues have until October 15 to buy new players and thirty days from the date mentioned to draft new material. So time alone will tell what fate has in store.

Starting the fourth week of the bowling season, the Drexels still retain the position of first place. The Omahas and the Omimoids for second and the rest are bunches up close together. The Waverleys, however, will not be materially changed next season, aside from the loss of Brown and Howard. But as the little boy on the fence says, "there's no telling when some of them major league guys may swoop down on Pa's nest and buy some of his players." The major leagues have until October 15 to buy new players and thirty days from the date mentioned to draft new material. So time alone will tell what fate has in store.

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last year's champions, have hit the ground with a thundering whack this year. Out of the nine matches played, they have succeeded in winning only one. Last Monday night they were scheduled to tackle the Woodmen of the World team, which was thought to be the poorest in the league. Later developments showed that there was one who was bit more on the bum and that was the Waverleys. W. Hartley of the Drexels keeps first place in individual scores, his average being 208.

Blazerry, the bowling champion of Chicago, was in Omaha last week and spent the greater part of his time around the alleys. On leaving he declared that he has yet to run across a city which can boast of such a number of good bowlers as can the Gates City. This was also the opinion of a number of bowlers from the Pacific coast. Milwaukee is making great preparations for the great national bowling tournament, to be held within its walls on February 12 to February 20. From all accounts the tourney is to be the best that ever was and Omaha is getting ready to send the best it has. M. H. Huntington had already organized a team to compete and the Drexels have signified their intention of taking a hand. It is expected at least four teams will go from Omaha, not counting a number of individual players who are going. Plans are on foot to match a team of Omaha bowlers against a Chicago team, but as yet nothing definite is settled. The following is the program for the coming week:

Monday—Waverleys against Armours. Tuesday—Omaha Kats against Krug Parks. Wednesday—Woodmen of the World against Omimoids. Thursday—Union Stock Yards against Friday—Drexels against Blue Ribbons.

Charles Metz, C. A. Lewis, Dr. Downs and P. Burke of Omaha and M. J. Fitzgeralds of Missouri Valley left Wednesday for ducks in the lakes among the sand-hills.

Conrad Young and S. Caldwell returned from Arcadia, Neb., at the commencement of the week and have spent the remainder of the week in giving away chickens. They bagged sixty-seven birds. Mr. Young has a couple of dogs at Arcadia and it was over their heads that the killing was done. They say the cornfields are just check full of birds in that part of the country.

Automobile Notes.
William Webster of Munroe, Neb., visited Omaha last Thursday in his Rambler. Mr. and Mrs. A. Moore have returned to Arcadia, Ia., in their Rambler after being away for a month. They are in the city. Some very enjoyable runs were made on Omaha in the machine.

Mr. Fredrickson returned last Wednesday from a trip to China with his wife and accompanied by his wife and a party of eastern friends. The journey out took four months.

Mr. Mickelwath of Glenwood, Ia., took a trip through the western part of the state in his machine last week and is being more and more sandy as the roads was without a flaw.

Mr. Fredrickson is a private hunting card from Gardner McWhorter mailed just as they were about to go to Germany. The card shows the cut of the gun, the name of the gun, the pointing vessel, and must be capable of some service. Gardner has entered under the picture, "28,000 horses power." The card is dated October 11.

COURT WAITED FOR A SCRAPPIN'

Witness Induced to Punish a Spectator Who Had Jarred the Dignity of the Proceedings.

"The practice of law in the country may not be so lucrative as in the big city, but it is vastly more amusing," said a lawyer of prominence up in Senator Platt's home town, Owego. "One experience rewarded me for all the trouble I had in getting to the scene of the trial."

"The case was going along smoothly and I was examining an important witness, when from the rear of the crowded court room this remark was interjected in a loud voice:

"That man's a liar."

I hesitated a moment, expecting the judge, a blunt country jurist, to take some action. He said nothing, so I continued to question the man on the stand.

"Presently came another outburst from the voice in the crowd. It was to the effect that the witness had no truth in his makeup and his story was an offence against justice. Still the court said not a word."

"Feeling that it was up to me to do something, I asked the judge to have the person who dared to interrupt the proceedings committed for contempt. The judge leaned over to me and whispered:

"I'd do it, counselor, but I don't know how to draw the papers."

"The court may have been weak on law, but he was strong on human nature. He paled a moment and then turned to the witness, who was a big chap.

"Do you know who it was that called you a liar?" he asked.

"It do, your Honor," said the witness.

"Can you tick him?" the court queried.

"That's what I can."

"Then go and do it," ordered his honor.

The court is adjourned for fifteen minutes until this little matter of court etiquette is adjusted."

"The witness left the chair, singled out a enormous-looking but undersized man in the crowd, grabbed him by the collar and yanked him out into the sunlight. In five minutes the witness was back, slightly ruffed in his appearance, but smiling broadly. He resumed his place on the stand, the judge rapped for order and the trial of the case went on.

"There were no more interruptions."

New York Sun.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The full name of the little crown prince of Italy is Umberto Nicola Tommaso Maria.

For manufacturing 150,000 bottles of "one out of a million" wine and exporting it as Hungarian wine a firm at Budapest has been fined \$57,500.

The hundred Liverpool shopkeepers have petitioned the council for severe police protection from religious processions which, they say, are ruining trade.

Ten years ago a rich New Yorker bought a diamond necklace for \$100,000 and paid off \$100. He has just declined an offer of \$600 for it, although there is nothing on it but a couple of rude cabochons.

There are 900 saloons in San Francisco. All the children attend the public schools side by side with the whites. As the schools will not hold all the white children, the Negroes are compelled to go on foot, for that and other reasons, to provide a separate school for the Japs. The Japanese being put on the same plane as the Chinese.

Burtonville, Ill., enjoys the curious distinction of being the only incorporated town in America that does not have to levy a municipal tax. The town's population is only 300, but it collects \$4,000 annually for saloon licenses, a sum far exceeding its tax receipts. The town's capacity speaks volumes for the liquid capacity of the inhabitants.

The most peculiar note it ever heard from a pickpocket was caused by Mr. Sullivan of Mount Carbon, Pa., to hurry to his henry recently to see what the trouble was. There he found a large copperhead snake, which had greedily devoured a chicken. It already had the fowl completely under control. Mr. Sullivan, who had killed the snake, which measured four feet.

As a result of a decision of the supreme court, handed down September 19, the state of California will be compelled to pay \$165 to the holders of coyote scalp claims.

In 1881 a law was passed placing a bounty of \$10 upon every coyote killed in the state, so that when the scalps were turned over to the state, the state paid the scalps to the coyotes among the sheep and chickens.

The scalps, when delivered at county seats, were to be paid to the sheriff, who asserted that the scalps were sometimes paid more than once, and the scalps were imported from Nevada and Arizona. So when it was paid out \$10,000 it stopped.

But it could not prove its case.

THREE OUT-OF-DOOR TALES

Tips on How to Shoot Game Birds in the Open Season.

SWALLOW AND FLY CATCHER FIGHT

Novel Method Employed by a Courageous Englishman to Put Finishing Touches on an Ugly Lion.

Only practice can insure that valuable thing, the smooth, rapid handling of a gun, but because a man is swift at this does not necessarily mean that he should be as quick at pulling trigger. They also serve who occasionally stand and wait, in fact my ideal field shot is that seldom-met artist who can get on like lightning and then, cover and other things allow, coolly hold on till the bird has approached that distance at which the shot-pattern is at its best.

While it is extremely difficult to lay down hard and fast rules for good shooting, I would say—get on the bird smartly, then hold if too close, for there's no sense in blowing a fine bird to bits. Hold high for birds going straightaway about the level of the eye and the same on everything finishing near and going into thick cover. Hold low on a fast bird skimming the ground straightaway; hold a trifling high and well ahead of quartering birds and dead on the head of an incomer. Most beginners fall on fast quartering birds, which should be the easiest because they offer the biggest marks. The chief causes of the failures are not enough allowance and the stopping of the swing of the gun as the trigger is pulled. The remedy is to get the gun well ahead of the mark and to maintain the even swing until the shot is started upon its journey. Very few indeed are the birds missed through shooting too far ahead. Finally, never balk at a bird which rises close by in thick cover. Shoot anyhow. Get the habit of smashing through all sorts of stuff as long as one inch of game is visible. More times than not cover which appears a hopeless mass of tangled stuff is nothing more than a lot of soft leaves and slim twigs through which a shot can plow a path for many yards. Make up your mind that where a bird can pass through, shot should readily follow and even should the bird vanish as you pull, don't despair. Many a choice bird falls to the veteran who shoots just ahead of where the mark disappeared.—Edwyn Sandy in Cutting.

FEND OF SWALLOW AND FLYCATCHER.
In a ranch house, snug against the foot-hills in western Texas, there lived for many years an old judge who was a good friend of the birds. He never allowed any shooting on his premises, and when we were there the trees and bushes around the house were alive with birds, while his piazza was possessed by a pair of buff-breasted, black-tailed Sayas' flycatchers and several families of the blue-coated barn swallows.

For three years the flycatchers had been contesting the ground with the swallows. To encourage the swallows the judge had nailed a piece of tin under two of the piazza rafters and the birds had shown their appreciation of his kindness by promptly building there; but, sad to relate, no sooner had they finished the feather lining of the nest than the flycatcher fell upon them and evicted them from their own premises.

At the time of our visit, Saya was serenely brooding six white eggs in the barn swallow's nest; but, not content with her conquest, whenever the mood seized her she would send the whole colony flying from the piazza and light in a tree, snapping her bill and shaking her tail with deplorable gusto.

The old friend of the swallows watched the usurpers with disapproval, and exclaimed emphatically: "If they don't quit that monkey business I'll have to stop it. The swallows were here first." Then, looking fondly at his favorites, he added, with enthusiasm: "I have a string stretched across the piazza, and they come and sing to me while I read. I wouldn't have them disturbed for \$20 apiece."—Birds.

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