

Transmississippi Tournament at Field Club is Big Golf Event of West

WARREN DICKINSON,
Des Moines.D. G. GUINAND,
Des Moines.

P. E. STEWART, MINNEAPOLIS.



R. R. KIMBALL, OMAHA.

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GUY D. THOMAS,
Omaha.

THE sixth annual tournament of the Transmississippi Golf association opened under most favorable circumstances at the Omaha Field club Wednesday with the largest entry list and the largest number of starters in the history of the association. With over 100 starting from the first tee, the managers of the tournament had a busy day in keeping the players going in order to give all a chance to play the thirty-six holes before dark. This was done, however, without a hitch and the last players brought in their scores before 1 o'clock, so that all the scores were posted and the drawings made for the first round before 5 o'clock.

The towns represented this year were Holdrege, Omaha, Hastings, Lincoln, Nebraska City, Des Moines, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Rock Island, Denver, Marshalltown and Wichita.

Much surprise was expressed on all sides that St. Louis did not send a delegation, as the tournament was held in that city last year and considerable interest was manifested in St. Louis. The date last year belonged to the Field club, but on the request of Secretary Leavitt the Field club waived the right of entertaining the tournament in favor of St. Louis that the extent of the association might be broadened by holding a tournament further south. The only excuse given by the St. Louis club for not sending a delegation is that a local tournament was held last week at which the players would prefer to play.

Selection of Officers.

The date for the annual election of officers was advanced from Friday night to Thursday night, at which time directors and officers were elected for the coming year.

The new president is Hayward G. Leavitt of Omaha, who has been secretary and has done more to build up the game of golf in the western country than any other one man. Through his efforts the Transmississippi was organized and has been kept going until at present it has reached its lofty place in the ranks of exponents of the ancient game. The officers elected for the coming year are: H. G. Leavitt, president; A. D. S. Johnston and F. R. Talbot, vice presidents; John D. Cady, secretary and treasurer. The other directors elected were: E. R. Galt, Minneapolis; Walter Fairbanks, Denver; Warren Dickinson, Des Moines; A. B. Davis, Colorado Springs; R. W. Hodge, Kansas City; Colonel George S. McGraw, St. Louis; L. R. Maxwell, Marshalltown; N. Reckard, Omaha; E. H. Sprague, Omaha; C. F. Morey, Hastings; and M. Van Dyke, Sioux City.

The only other business transacted at the annual meeting was the recommendation by a vote of 8 to 5 that the directors choose Rock Island as the next place for holding the tournament.

It was also recommended that a separate department for women be established to be offered by women and run entirely separate for the women.

Three Cities After Meet.

Three clubs sent delegations to the Transmississippi to present their claims for the tournament for next year. These were Rock Island, Kansas City and Des Moines and it was a remarkable thing that each of these had two men to qualify for the amateur championship. The question of a place for holding the tournament was not decided upon definitely as the matter

is in the hands of the directors, who were elected Thursday night and these will decide where it will be held. Kansas City presented the strongest claims with Des Moines a close second. The Evanston club at Kansas City has the golf fever according to its representatives and the members are anxious for a chance to show off their new quarters. They promise the very best in the way of entertainment for the visiting players, and declare they will leave no stone unturned to land the prize. Des Moines had about the same number of players entered, and in addition a large number of enthusiasts came for the express purpose of urging the claims of the capital city of Iowa for the next tournament. Among the arguments they put forward were that Des Moines is in the center of the Transmississippi association territory and that the links of the Waverly and Grand View clubs which adjoin each other constitute one magnificent sports course of thirty-six holes which cannot be equaled anywhere in the world. They point out that this combination course would enable them to handle a much larger entry list with less possibility of congestion than would be possible in any other city in the west.

Denver, which was spoken of at one time as a competitor for the location of the next tournament, made no bid for it, believing that a better opportunity for the Colorado city will come another year.

Field Club Excellent Place.
The Omaha Field club proved a most excellent place for the holding of a large tournament, for the commodious club house was ample for all demands made upon it. Especially was this true of the large locker rooms, where special accommodations are at hand for just such gatherings. The directors, with great forethought, had installed many additional steel lockers for the use of the visitors, and these were ample without forcing the members to give up theirs temporarily. The cafe also proved itself equal to the emergency, and the house committee was often congratulated for the manner in which the table d'hôte was prepared for the large crowds which were ever present when the dinner bell rang.

Many of the players were heard to complain on the first day of the medal play. Although partners are drawn for medal play, each man is on his own resources, and the only idea of pairing is to have a good check on the score. The total number of strokes for the thirty-six holes counted, and it made no difference what a man's opponent played. Strong players complained if they had to play with the weaker ones, because it weakened their game to be playing with a man who was not their equal. One player who did not qualify was heard to say that his opponent was no help to him at all in making him play the game for all it was worth and that if he had had a strong man at the medal play he would have qualified. Match play is different, for here man is matched against man, and the best man is supposed to win, while his opponent is out for the rest of the tournament, unless he

gets in on some consolation prize.

Rev. Hall R. Talbot of Kansas.
One of the unique characters at the tournament and who was along with the leaders on the first day was Rev. Hall R. Talbot of Hutchinson, Kan. He is styled by his friends as the "golfing parson." He came to the tournament several days ahead of the opening and soon made a record among the club members for his wonderful drives. One enthusiastic reporter sent out the statement that he could drive over 200 yards as a usual thing. Although of rather slight build he is athletic looking and played the game for all it was worth and soon made a great many friends by his true western spirit. The Transmississippi this year was not his first tournament, as he won the consolation prize at St. Louis last year and has many trophies of the links which he has won on various occasions. Although not playing such a brilliant game, he was a consistent player and was a hard man to beat at either medal or match play. The reports of the tournament were eagerly watched by his parishioners in Kansas, whom the "parson" said take as much interest in the game as he does. No objection is raised in his parish to his attitude toward the game.

Forty-Hole Fairbanks.
Walter Fairbanks, "Forty-Hole Fairbanks," as he is called, was one of the unique figures at the tournament. He is known in golf circles from coast to coast. The story of his acquisition of the title above mentioned is interesting. He was

playing in the National at Ontonwaga in 1900, and when he came to the thirty-sixth hole all was even. It took four more holes to decide the championship, which Fairbanks won, and ever afterward he was called "Forty-Hole Fairbanks."

While returning through Omaha from the Transmississippi at Minneapolis two years ago he was robbed at the station of his wallet, which contained \$1,000. He is nearly 65 years old and still one of the most active players on the links. He hails from Denver, where he easily leads all comers. He is a fine sportsman and a man whom all like to play against, although not wishing him as an opponent in a tournament.

Dickinson and Other Cracks.
Warren Dickinson of Des Moines, last year's champion, has been at the game for about six years, and during that time won numerous trophies. Last year at St. Louis he beat Walter Fairbanks in the finals and was runner up in the first two tournaments of the Transmississippi. He is a member of the Golf and Country club of Des Moines and is a thorough athlete. He was state champion three times and three times runner up, thus being in the finals every time. He was a semi-finalist in the Western in 1902, being beaten by

Chandler Egan.

Harold P. Bend, the handsome golfer from St. Paul, has been state champion for three years until last year, when he was put out in a crushing finish. Three years ago he won the Transmississippi at Minneapolis and has been prominent in golf circles for some time. He is the greatest match player in the north country and has been considered so for some time, and when he is on his game is really in a class by himself, in the northwest. Two

years ago in the Western he was only beaten, 1 up, by Chandler Egan. C. T. Jaffray is president of the Minneapolis club of Minneapolis, is a steady player, and has been considered next to Bend the crack of Minnesota. His defeat of Thomas Thursday after being three down was a wonderful exhibition of golf. He has been the runner up in nearly all the Minnesota state championships and he and Bend have fought it out on many occasions. Bend has always beaten him.

Guinand Youngest Outsider.

The playing of "Bunny" Guinand of Des Moines was watched with interest all week, as he was the youngest player from outside the city in attendance at the tournament. He played a consistent game all the while with a strong drive. He was younger looking than any of the players entered except Raymond Low of the Country club and Sam Reynolds of the Field club. All the gallery was pulling for the youngster all week and he merited the confidence they placed in his playing. Arriving several days before the tournament for practice he had all the caddies and employees as well as the golfers as his friends from the start. "Bunny" has been playing for about six years and plays a pretty game of golf.

Although a recommendation was made at the annual meeting of the delegates of the different clubs that the next meeting be held at Rock Island the question is entirely in the hands of the new board of directors, which was elected Thursday night. These will decide later in the year where the tournament will be held. At any rate, wherever it is held, an especial effort will have to be made to equal the magnificent record made by the Omaha Field club this year.

Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

GRANDMOTHER'S Sunday lap was not so nice as her other ones to lie in. Her Monday lap, for instance, was soft and gray, and there were no texts to disturb her every. But grandmother would stop her knitting to pinch your cheek and say, "You don't love grandmother."

"Yes, I do."

"How much?"

"More'n tongue-cantell. What is a tongue-cantell, grandmother?"

And while she was telling you she would be poking the tip of her finger into the soft of your jacket so that you could see suddenly with your knees to your chin; and while you guarded these ribs a funny spider would crawl down the back of your neck; and when you chased the spider out of your collar it would suddenly creep down your chin, or there would be a pimple in the ribs again. By that time you were doing but wriggles and giggles and little cries.

"Don't, grandmother; you tickle. And grandmother would pause, breathless as yourself, and say, "Oh, my!"

"Now you must do some more, grandmother," you would urge; but she would shake her head at you, and go back to her knitting again.

"Grandmother's tired," she would say. You were tired, too; so you laid with your head on her shoulder, sucking your thumb. To and fro grandmother rock'd you, to and fro, while the kitten played with the ball of yarn on the floor. The afternoon sunshine fell warmly through the open window. Your mind went a-wandering-out through the yard and the front gate and across the road.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Bird Cities.

All along the coast of the Atlantic ocean are little cities inhabited by birds alone. Gannets island, at the extremity of Long Island, is the place where the fish hawks come during their breeding time, and owing to the friendly attitude of the family living on the island the ospreys have become very tame and build their nests upon the ground instead of in the high trees.

In the Indian river, Florida, is a small island called Pelican island. It received its name through being one of the favorite settlements for the pelicans during their nesting season.

Away up in the mouth of the St. Lawrence river is the famous Bird Rock, "the greatest bird tenement house in the world," as one naturalist expresses it. This rock rises abruptly from the water, and in its formidable clefts thousands and thousands of northern seabirds dwell—the snowy-feathered gannets. On the crest of this rock rises a lighthouse, whose keeper is on the best of terms with his countless feathered neighbors.

These bird cities, or settlements, are under the protection of the American Ornithological union.

The Best Place After All.

"Doro-the-a!" came floating up the stair in a dispassionate tone. Dolly barged down

her book. How she hated that name and Aunt Jane seemed always to be saying with her. Well, perhaps she hadn't dined the parlor very well and the town cousins were coming to tea.

"Dorothea Baird, bring your duster right downstairs again and do this room properly," went on the aunt's voice. Dolly obeyed very slowly.

"I'm sorry, Dorothea," her aunt said, "that you need to be watched in everything you do. You left the dairy open this morning and Towser knocked over two pans of milk. You put sugar into the gravy and forgot to take out the cake until it was burnt. Perhaps you'd better stay upstairs for a while and then you will remember better in future." Up in her little room Dolly wept over her wrongs.

"The other little girls don't have to dust and learn to cook and they all have mothers. Oh, dear! I—I think," said Dorothea, "that I'll run away."

Downstairs her aunt was getting ready for her visitors and she did not hear Dolly creeping out. The little girl passed through the scullery doorway and away beyond, great white daisies brushing against her. "Go back! go back!" they said. "Go back, little girl." But Dolly never listened nor stopped.

Presently the woods grew dark and fear-some and there were strange noises all about her and Dolly grew frightened.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, "I'm going home," but there was no way out, and she tumbled—a little sobbing heap—down on the ground.

Hours after a light flashed in her eyes and Aunt Jane picked her up lovingly. "I have found my little girl," she said, and Dolly cuddled into her arms and thought aunts were almost as nice as mothers.

"Aunt Jane," she whispered, "I want to dust the parlor." Aunt Jane smiled. "Not tonight," she said, "but you may in the morning."—Gina H. Fairlie in Jewels.

The Flight of Birds.

The course of flight is a distinguishing character of many birds. The grouse rises gradually while flying in a straight course; the woodcock rises to a height of several feet, or even yards, then flies straight away; the cuckoo's flight is also in a straight line, but peculiarly arrow-like, being graceful and silent, the long slender tail and body of the bird still further suggesting the arrow. A number of the birds, notably the brown thrasher and the song sparrow, progress in short flights, as from bush to bush, with a queer, eccentric—or bobbing motion, as if their flapping tails were a great hindrance. A Wilson snipe flies in a zig-zag line; a goldfinch in long undulations or bounds; all of these and many other ways of flying can be indicated by dotted lines in the notebook, supplemented by such words as "sailing," "rapid," "slow," "heavy" or "graceful" flight, and "rapid," "slow,"

"silent" or "clattering" wing beats; the exact color of the grouse hum, those of the woodcock and the mourning dove whistle.

How grand is the hawk or the eagle sailing far away in the blue sky! And how beautiful are song birds, each in its favorite position to sing, the song sparrow with head thrown back, the bobolink sailing down to the grass with raised wings! Those who have spent much time in watching birds in the field know how differently the various birds perch, fly, run, climb or feed. The warblers catch flies, but they do not do it in such an interesting way as do the true fly catchers. We come to know a bird by the flight or walk, just as we know other friends by their gait or even by the sound of their tread. In flight, the wings of many different birds make peculiar sounds, whereby we may know the birds even if they themselves are out of sight. It is not at all necessary to get close enough to a bird to see its exact color, or the shape of its bill and feet; for its movements and outlines can be seen at a greater distance, and so we may know the bird even though it should fly away, as birds often do as soon as we try to stalk them for a nearer view.

The bill of the canary is built for crushing seeds—has strength, but in many of the doves the bill is slender and weak. Many of the pigeons and doves that feed on seeds have gizzards that are large and muscular—crushing and grinding being accomplished in that way.

It is difficult to say how much birds experience taste—probably in a small degree. Ducks and parrots have soft, fleshy tongues, but in most birds much of the tongue is sheathed in horn. Food may be selected by intuition as to what is wholesome, more than by taste.—St. Nicholas.

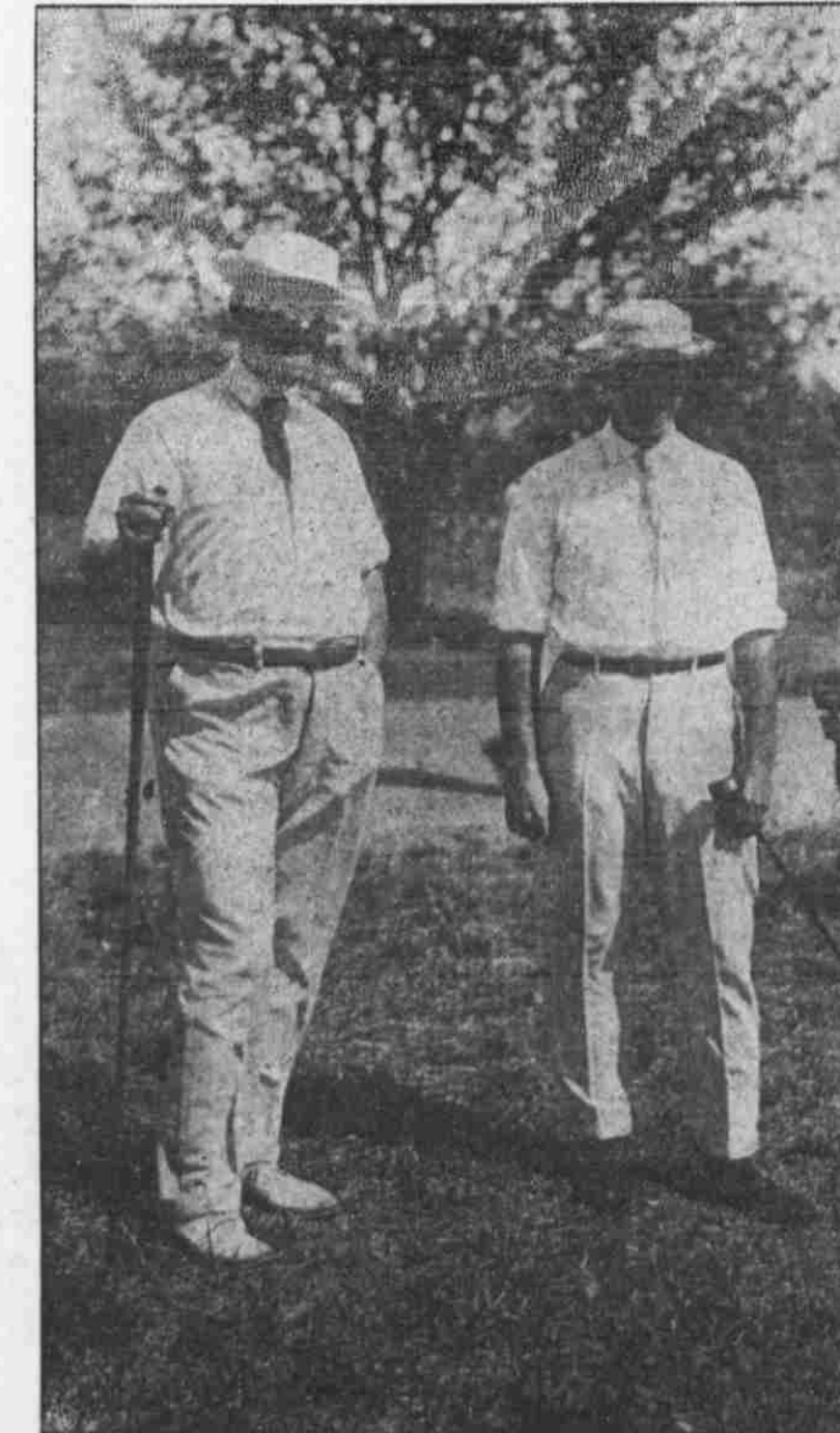
For a Little Girl of Three.

What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will cut the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea;
Mow, mow! that's what I'll do
For my dear little maiden of three.

Mew, mew!
What can I do
For my little girl of three?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you'll see;
Mew, mow! that's what I'll do
For my sweet little maiden of three.

Bow, wow!
I will go now
With my little girl of three;
I will make a great noise,
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me;
Bow, wow! that's just how
I'll guard my sweet maiden of three.

Neigh, neigh!
Out of the way
For my little girl of three!
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
Over the meadow floor;
Neigh, neigh! that's just the way
I'll help my sweet maiden of three.
—St. Nicholas.

A. D. S. JOHNSTON,
St. Paul.

St. Paul.

H. P. BEND,
St. Paul.WALTER FAIRBANKS,
Denver.E. H. SPRAGUE,
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