SPORTING GOSSIP OF WEEK

Doc Shively's Bunch Upsets Percival Pipedream's New Circuit.

SCORNFUL HOOT FOR WESTERN LEAGUE

Class C Bush League Magnates Insist They Are All to the Good and Want None of Omaha and Denver.

Woke up.

Doc Shively and his little bunch of class C magnates didn't do much to Percival Pipedream's schemes for consolidating the Western league and the Western association. But such as they did do will hold Percival for a while. They just kicked out the front and back of the story; tore away its roof and splintered both sides. The cellar is still there, more or less intact. The Shively league met, re-elected Shively president, laughed at Dick Cooley when he offered to buy the Topeka franchise, and listened to an eminent gent from Wichita while he burned up the atmosphere telling his hearers that Wichita and Topeka are better ball towns, even with losing teams, than Omaha and Denver—and where does that leave the Western league, anyway?—and closed with a castiron statement that the Western league couldn't raise money enough to buy an option on Topeka, let alone take the franchise away. Guess that just about settles it, and Omaha and Denver will not be allowed to get any nearer the bush league class than they are at present. Well, maybe we can stand it. We have worried along for several seasons without a Kansas town on the circuit, and with class A ball, and it looks like we ought to be able to last a little while longer without the class C article. It's a little rough on Percival Pipedream, though, just when he had got that pretty story of his sandpapered and polished until it looked almost like the real thing.

In Denver something like unto enthusiasm is shown, the papers out there being real gleeful over the new plans for Broadway park. To the outfielders from abroad the change will not be welcome, for it will put them all directly in the glare of the fierce sun of sunny Colorado, and to eyes not used to the intensity of the light of that region this means "sump'n fierce," as Happy would say. But the new grounds will be a decided improvement over the old arrangement in many ways and will likely renew the popular interest in the game in Denver, especially as Tebeau promises to give the Grizzlies a team worthy of the name during the coming season. Frank Selee is devoting his attention to getting a good bunch lined up for Pueblo and it is pretty certain he will make the rest of the league teams hustle during the summer. Papa Bill Rourke is taking things easy just now. During the week he went to Brother Jim's Hall county ranch with his mother and put in a few days husking pumpkins, just to keep his hand in. Bill says he's for the simple life always, and any old time he gets out of the base ball business, it's back to the farm without hesitation. Next to melding 150 trumps, Papa Bill would rather study out plays for a bunch of yearling Norman-Percheron steers or a team of Plymouth Rock draft horses than anything.

Omaha is to again be given a touch of college life when the Doane team comes to town Thanksgiving day for the annual foot ball game with Creighton. Creighton students have gone into the foot ball season this fall with a vim and are backing up their team as college students should. The band is out to every game and yell leaders have been appointed from the different colleges of the university, and Vinton Street park takes on the air of a regular college campus every Saturday afternoon. The game with Doane will be the deciding game of the season. Both colleges have had most successful years on the gridiron and both are keeping close to the amateur rules. The result is both have teams of fine young men, playing the game for the honor of their colleges, and for the good they can derive from the game. Doane can always be relied upon to have a first class team, and can be expected to give Creighton a run for its money Thanksgiving day.

Since its defeat of the Creighton team early in the season the Morningside team has been looking for new worlds to conquer and would like to meet Grinnell in a post-season game, no game having been scheduled with that team during the foot ball season. Grinnell is supposed to have closed its season on the 17th and the management of the Morningside team has asked them to come to Sioux City for a game on Thanksgiving day. Coe college is also without games, and if the chance to play Grinnell falls through, Morningside would like to arrange a game with that team. Creighton would like to have another chance this fall at the Morningside team to even up on the defeat of early in the season. The Creighton team is a different proposition now from what it was early in the season.

Since the University of Iowa pulled out of the league of western states some years ago, because the student managers thought they outclassed Nebraska and Missouri and Kansas, that college foot ball team has had a hard row to hoe. They have gone from bad to worse until now they are not considered much above practice for some of the smaller colleges. Time was when Iowa did not look upon Ames and Grinnell as in its class, but it is almost certain that Iowa is booked for a good drubbing next week at the hands of the Ames team from the Iowa Agricultural college. This is a sad commentary on foot ball in one of the leading colleges of the west, but they brought it all upon themselves. When they had a Pennsylvania coach some years ago, who taught them the Pennsylvania formation a year in advance of the other western colleges, they were able to win, but when the others learned how to stop that offense they were lost and have not made up the ground since. They had far better stayed back in the class where they belonged than to have looked so high and then dropped with a dull thud.

The boxing game has been revived in Omaha and each week sees some good boxing before some of the organized clubs of the city. Omaha always did have plenty of followers of the game of biff to insure the best of sport if it was only handled in the right way, and all the sparring matches were on the square. Boxing is a game which deteriorates fast unless it is managed properly and the athletic clubs will do well if they keep the sport clean. Omaha has turned out some good boxers, and many of these who have made big reputations will be glad to return if the game is handled properly in Omaha. The matches at present are being pulled off before the North Omaha Athletic club in Osthoff hall, and some good principals have taken part and good preliminary events have also been given which have furnished a good evening's entertainment for the club members and their friends.

The angler's season is over. The open season for bass expired in Nebraska November 1 and for other fish November 15, and from now until next April there will be a penalty for catching fish of any kind. This will give an opportunity for the 40,000 bass put into Cut-Off lake by the state game warden to grow up into big, lively "scrappers," and by the opening of next season most of them will be large enough to afford all kinds of amusement for local devotees of the rod and line. The past season has given plenty of sport in the fishing line. Cut-Off lake has been well stocked with gamey bass, pickerel and crappie. Most of these were recently put into the lake, but by another season there ought to be plenty of one to three-pounders ready to take the lure. And there is no question but a one-pound bass can furnish an interesting five minutes to any angler with a light rod. A three-pounder, under the conditions at the lake, has about an even chance to regain his liberty if he is taken on a fly rod, and many of them have waged successful fights against some of Omaha's expert anglers. Fly fishing has been gaining in favor with local anglers, because of the excellent conditions for it at the lake, and with this new supply of bass coming on next season it ought to be better than ever. For the more leisurely still-fisherman the crappie is ready to provide plenty of amusement, and for the bait caster both the bass and pickerel are there waiting for a chance to show their mettle. The Rod and Gun club, which proved so popular during the season just closed, is preparing to run on a larger scale than ever next year. With enlarged facilities it ought to provide a favorite amusement place next season for members.

The Britishers seem to be getting worked up over the old sport of wrestling and are having a large number of high-class matches on the other side of the pond. They are claiming Hackenschmidt as one of their fellow countrymen. Although Russian by birth, George Hackenschmidt is next door to being a naturalized Englishman. For the last six years the celebrated wrestler has lived, breathed and fought in different parts of the British empire. Hackenschmidt is now domiciled in the heart of the West End of London, where he has a cozy flat within a quarter of a mile of Piccadilly Circus. Back from the provinces, the wrestler made his return to the metropolitan stage the other night when he engaged in the first bout he was contested in London since, on April 28 last, he, for the second time in his career, so summarily disposed of the big, strong, good-humored Turk, Ahmed Madrali.

When asked about the prospect of meeting Frank Gotch, the American, he said: "Gotch? Well, I do not take Gotch seriously. You know the American game of bluff. Well, Gotch is playing it. A man has only to insert a challenge to get his name before the public. I don't take Gotch seriously. He is a fine man, over six feet high, but has been beaten by Jenkins, whom I twice defeated; therefore, he does not count, you see."

"Are you going for a second tour in the states?"

"No; that is abandoned. I had exceptional good terms offered for eight weeks, but it is not worth my while to go to America for so short a time; therefore, I have filled up my dates in England."

Foot ball is not the only game which is troubled by internal dissension. For some time past there has been warfare between a large and powerful section of the lawn tennis council and the All-England club, the leading club in the country, and now matters have reached such a pitch that a definite split is threatened. The "reform party," as they have called themselves, claim that the lawn tennis championships should be under the direct control of the association, which should be empowered to appoint the referee and the manager, to decide upon the venue of the meeting and to select the particular make of the ball to be used. The All-England club, on the other hand, asserts that as its was in existence before the association, and, moreover, has managed the championship meeting with admitted success ever since its inception, the proposals of the "reformers" are unreasonable, and the committee has definitely intimated that it does not propose to surrender its rights. The situation is somewhat complicated by the fact that the president of the Lawn Tennis association is also chairman of the All-England committee, while several members of the latter also serve on the council of the Lawn Tennis association. These men, however, are, on the whole, prepared to stand by the club, and sooner than see its position undermined will resign their seats on the council. They claim, however, to carry with them the sympathy of the average player, who, they assert, is quite content to see the championships continued under the present management. On the other hand, the reform party declares that players in the Midlands and the North are practically solid for the proposed change, and that lawn tennis will gain materially by the infusion of new blood. Resolutions of a drastic character have been drafted and are to be proposed at the annual general meeting of the council, and if these are carried there is little doubt that a definite cleavage will take place.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Western Bowling Congress Tournament association it was decided to hold the second annual tourney in Coliseum hall, Denver, during the week commencing March 4. Six new alleys will be installed especially for the tourney.

The management of the Detroit base ball nine has arranged a new plan for next spring in the matter of early workouts. There will be no long, long grind in the southland. Secretary Navon has arranged for a brief stay at Augusta and will then scoot homeward. The pitchers will get their workout at Hot Springs. "There's practically no money newadays in southern exhibition games," declares Navon. The south is tired of the big leaguers. They have ceased to be a novelty. Clark Griffith has arranged to send his squad to Atlanta, where the Naps trained last year. He beat Lajoie to it, and the Naps will have to move to Jacksonville. Like the Detroit management, practically all other club owners are seeking to shorten the southern trip as much as possible. Comiskey will send his men into Mexico, but the trip will be brief.

Six of the leading billiard players in the country, who are in a class considerably below the professional Class A, which is composed of Willie Hoppe, George Slosson, Jacob Schaefer and George Sutton, will meet in a tournament for the 18-inch, two shots in, balk line championship of America next week. Among those who are now expected to enter the tournament are Thomas J. Gallagher and Edward McLaughlin of New York; Harry P. Cline of Philadelphia; Albert G. Cutler of Boston; Charles Peterson of St. Louis and Al Taylor of Chicago. Three or four names will be added to this list. Among the probable entrants are William A. Spinks of San Francisco; Leonard Howison of Montreal, and Frank Maggioli of St. Louis. As players who have not won a world's championship for ten years are eligible, many additional entries are expected, and in order to weed out the inferior talent and thus prevent a long and tiresome schedule, a committee has been appointed, consisting of Thomas Foley of Chicago; John J. Murphy of Boston, and Maurice Daly of New York City to pass on the entries. The tournament will begin on November 19, and a new trophy, emblematic of the American championship at 18.2 balk line will be presented to the winner and it will become a player's permanent property if defended successfully for one year, either in a match or tournament play. All games consist of 400 points and the holder of the championship trophy receives the right to name any city in the United States in which to play a match in defense of the title. The stake in championship competition will be $200 a side, the winner to take all the receipts and to pay all the expenses. The winner of the first tournament will be required to pay within thirty days after receiving a challenge. Players who subsequently compete in world's championship matches or tournaments will forfeit all further rights to play for the new championship trophy. Though none of the probable entrants is regarded as of world's championship caliber, the 18.2 tournament to be held in New York City this month will furnish some spectacular exhibitions. Some of the men entered are capable of very fancy and high-class billiards. Charles Peterson of St. Louis won many admirers here when he practiced last winter with Willie Hoppe. Harry Cline is clever and Gallagher and McLaughlin are both veterans who can still hold their own in the billiard game.

"I treat him as I would be treated myself." That's how Connie Mack declares he has tamed Rube Waddell, the most eccentric ball player in the world. "And," continues Mr. McGillicuddy, "I do not have the trouble with Waddell that some people think I have. I find Rube a very willing fellow, and one who does not need the humoring that the ordinary follower of base ball thinks he does. Rube, of course, is a peculiar fellow. He has his whims, just as other players, but Waddell is all in the open and does his peculiar stunts in full light of the base ball public. If you consider that this big fellow is pampered and spoiled by the fans and newspapers in every city in the circuit it will not be hard for you to see how it happens that he is spoiled. But Waddell is far easier to get along with than some other players. When he wants to do something he goes and does it, and offers no explanation either before or after the act. I would rather have a player of the Waddell type than one who sulks. Now there is one good feature in the Rube's makeup, he never sulks, and he does not instill trouble in the ranks as some other star players do."

There is every prospect now that intercollegiate cross-country running is to be given a big boost this fall, for with the establishment of the new six-mile course at Princeton over which the intercollegiate championship is to be run on November 28, the college men believe that an ideal meet is to be held and those who have had a chance to go over the course predict that new records will be marked up. Seven teams representing as many colleges will enter the race, Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and though, of course, the Princeton runners will have something over their competitors in the matter of practice, the others, with the exception of Cornell, feel fairly confident of making a good showing. Strenuous preparations for the contest are going on at the seven seats of learning and the new men that have reported have swung into line most pleasantly.

Jake Schaefer stated in an interview that he had a challenge prepared for Willie Hoppe, holder of the 18.1 balk-line world championship emblem, and that it would be in the hands of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender company soon. This insures a contest for Hoppe early in January. "I have intended a challenge for some time," said Schaefer, "but thought Slosson was ready to do the same thing. Having waited some time, however, for Slosson, I have decided to act. It is probable, however, that my challenge may be withheld a few days for the reason that Hoppe will play Sutton for the 18.2 emblem about December 15, and I wish to date my defi so far ahead that Willie may have some time to practice the 18.1 game, for, according to the rules governing the emblem, he must play within sixty days from the date of the challenge."

When the National league directors meet in New York December 12 the old question of a change in the pitching distance is on the program. The pitching distance question, however, has been a disturbing element in base ball for the last twenty years, but as yet no one has solved the problem. In fact, many experts deny that it is a problem. They believe that the present distance of sixty feet and a fraction is the ideal distance. The sole object in fixing the pitching distance is to increase batting as much as possible, but every change has worked the other way. Batting has steadily declined despite the numerous efforts to rearrange the base ball rules. About eighteen years ago there was a great hullabaloo over the subject of batting, and the pitcher, who then pitched at a distance of fifty feet from the home plate, was moved back. A few years later he was again moved back, but all the time the batting kept on declining while the pitcher steadily gained the upper hand. Joe McGinnity, who probably has given as much thought to the art of pitching as any man living, maintains that rule makers have been working on the wrong theory since the foundation of our national game.

"The idea of moving the pitcher back to give the batter an advantage was erroneous in the first place," says the Iron Man. "As an evidence of this, the minute they moved us back the more effective we become. If they should move the pitcher back to second base he would be harder to hit than ever, provided his arm held out long enough to get the ball over the plate. A logical answer to this is that the pitcher should have been kept closer. Just why this fact should maintain is hard to explain, but in my opinion the long distance gives the pitcher a better chance to break curves where he wants to. The natural fall of a ball toward the center of gravity is also very deceptive to the eye. When pitchers threw the ball at fifty feet it kept more on a straight line, and wide curves were almost impossible, as they didn't break soon enough. In other words, the batter's eye could follow a ball at a distance of fifty feet better than he could at sixty. A good instance of this inability to hit a ball thrown from a long distance," continued McGinnity, "is shown when you see a batter try to hit one back that is thrown in from the field in practice. Some day you watch that and see how many they can hit on a line. I don't know exactly what ought to be done, but if they are thinking of putting the pitcher further back they are working on the wrong theory."

Carpenter's Letter

(Continued from Page Five.)

the article in it which Andrew Jackson loved most. It is an oil portrait of his wife. It is so placed that he saw it first on entering and so that it met his eyes the last thing at night, and greeted them when he first opened them in the morning.

Romance of Old Hickory.

The love of Andrew Jackson! It surpassed that of ordinary men. It shines out everywhere about the Hermitage. There are paintings of Mrs. Jackson in almost every room and he had medallions and other remembrances of her. We have all read the story of his marriage, of how he protected her from her drunken first husband, a brute named Robards, and how he married her after Robards was said to have obtained a divorce. There was a great scandal connected with the affair. But Jackson again married her when the divorce was actually gotten, and he lived forty happy years with her before she died. During his life he was so devoted to her and her memory that he was said to have a pistol always ready for any who dared speak slightingly of her, and those who did so were only forgiven by him when he came to die.

Her spirit seems to have been especially close to him in his latter years, and long before he died he gave directions that he be buried by her side.

Andrew Jackson's Tomb.

But let us go together and look upon the spot where these two lovers now lie. We pass out through the old-fashioned garden of the Hermitage which, with its flower beds surrounded by their little brick walls, is kept today just as it was when Jackson lived, and at the back of it, shaded by great magnolia trees, we find the tomb. It is a little temple ending in a dome, below which stands a pyramidal monument. On one side of this monument under a slab lie the remains of Andrew Jackson and on the other, under a similar slab, those of his wife. The grave of the great president has an inscription of but three lines. They are:

> General Andrew Jackson,
> Born March 15, 1767,
> Died June 8, 1845.

Only about a dozen words in all, they are enough, for Jackson's life is his greatest monument.

Upon the other slab is the inscription which this man wrote and had engraved before he died. It is worth the reading of every wife and every husband of today. I give it verbatim:

> Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged sixty-one years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor; even Death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God.

Ladies' Hermitage Association.

In closing this letter I wish to compliment the Ladies' Hermitage association, which now owns and cares for the home and tomb of President Jackson. The old farm was long since cut up into small holdings. Five hundred acres of it were sold by Andrew Jackson, jr., about eleven years after Jackson's death to the state of Tennessee for the sum of $48,000, and that state had intended offering this tract to the United States government for a branch of the West Point academy. Then the civil war came on, and for years nothing was done. In 1889 the Ladies' Hermitage association was organized, and at that time the legislature of Tennessee gave the house, the tomb and all the outhouses, with twenty-five acres surrounding them, to it. This association has collected a great part of the furniture and relics of Andrew Jackson, and it is gathering more of them from time to time as its money permits. It keeps the various establishments in the same order in which they were when Jackson died, having caretakers there, who are glad to show the buildings to such visitors as may come.

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Catarrh is not merely a stubborn or protracted cold, as some people seem to think; it is a deep-seated and serious blood disorder, more generally affecting the body than any other disease. Hardly any part of the system is exempt from the trouble; it attacks the head, throat, stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, lungs and other members, and its effects often completely break down and undermine the entire constitution.

This catarrhal condition is usually first noticed after the contracting of a cold. The inner skin and tissues of the body become irritated and inflamed and secrete an unhealthy matter, which is absorbed into the blood; this foreign matter corrupts and diseases the circulation, and as the blood goes to every nook and corner of the body the poisonous matter with which it is loaded is deposited to set up inflammation and disease of the different members. Catarrh has more disgusting and annoying symptoms than any other trouble. There is a constant buzzing noise in the ears, a watery discharge from the nostrils, headaches and pains in the eyes, stringy, filthy matter drops back into the throat, requiring continual hawking and spitting, the breath has an offensive odor, slight fever often accompanies the disorder, gradually the entire blood supply becomes tainted and diseased and the system completely disordered and upset. After awhile the kidneys and bladder become affected, chronic Dyspepsia or Catarrh of the stomach develops, and the disease settles in some vital place, generally the lungs, because of the constant passage of poisoned blood through them, and Catarrh terminates in consumption, a hopeless and fatal disease.

Catarrh is usually worse in Winter, because of the cold and dampness and suddenly changing temperature, but it is in no sense a disease dependent on climatic conditions for its development. Neither is it a trouble to be cured with sprays, washes, inhalations and such treatment; these merely relieve the reflex symptoms for awhile, but they are fanned into existence again at the next exposure to unfavorable weather.

As Catarrh is a deep-seated blood disease the very best constitutional treatment is required to effect a cure. S. S. S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and is therefore the remedy best fitted for the work of removing the cause and permanently curing the trouble. Forty years of successful service have proven the worth of this great medicine in the treatment of Catarrh. S. S. S. is peculiarly suited as a remedy for this disease. It is made entirely of healing, cleansing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks, without the least addition of mineral medicines. S. S. S. goes down into the blood and removes the catarrhal matter and poison, and its gentle acting vegetable properties strengthen and repair the diseased membranes and tissues so that when the cause has been removed the entire system is left in a state of perfect health. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion, and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. S. S. S. has been curing Catarrh for more than forty years, and what it has done in the past is a guarantee of what it will do in the future. It is not an experiment, but a real blood purifier tested by time, for blood diseases like Catarrh. Write for our book which contains information about Catarrh, and ask for any medical advice you desire. No charge for either. *THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.*

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