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FAMOUS AS A STAKEHOLDER

Billy Edwards Said to Have Held a Million Dollars in Wagers.

HIS HONESTY NEVER QUESTIONED

Tactful as a Bouncer, He Handled John L. Sullivan When Loaded—How Conkling Prevented a Scrap.

In a reminiscent article on the life of the late "Billy" Edwards, as stakeholder and bouncer, the New York Herald says: David B. Hill, Roscoe Conkling, John W. Mackay, Wright Sanford, John A. Cockerill, Amos Cummings, Steele Mackaye, Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree and a score of others equally well known in the days of the old Hoffman house recognized "Billy's" unique qualities, and they were his friends, but so also were "Circular Joe" Vendig, Gus Tuttle, "Jere" Dunn, "Larry" O'Brien and a hundred others who moved in quite different political and social spheres.

It is conservatively estimated that during the years when "Billy" Edwards was an attaché of the Hoffman house, charged with the preservation of the peace in its famous cafe or art gallery, no less than \$1,000,000 of trust funds passed through his hands in the form of wagers entrusted to him as stakeholder by habitué of the place. It is not recorded that of that large sum a dollar ever went wrong or that a better ever had occasion to seriously challenge "Billy's" stewardship.

This in itself is no small tribute to the integrity of the little pugilist, and when it is considered that at least two-thirds of the men who placed money in Edwards' hands in the form of bets were prominent strangers to him and knew him only by reputation, the universal confidence felt in his honesty and judgment appear the more remarkable.

There never were any kicks over the way he did his part. The newspaper writers of the time helped to spread his reputation and finally the Hoffman house, changed into the Cleveland-Harrison from Denver, Milwaukee or Oakland was as ready to bet his roll, provided he could trust it to "Billy" Edwards, as was the seasoned New Yorker who had been frequenting the Hoffman house for years.

Edwards' well known abstemiousness probably helped him to inspire and retain popular confidence. He was not precisely a total abstainer from liquors and tobacco, but he indulged himself so seldom that it almost amounted to that.

While on duty in the Hoffman house Edwards never appeared like an employé of the hotel. He always wore his hat while about the corridors or bar and in dress and demeanor affected the appearance of those who frequented the place for diversion or conviviality only.

Heid Big Election Bets.

In the days preceding the presidential election of 1888 Edwards held about \$20,000 in wagers staked upon the result and in the Cleveland-Harrison election of 1892 he held nearly \$100,000 in political bets. Betting was particularly brisk in 1889 and during the nights of the week immediately preceding the election Edwards' services were in demand frequently in half a dozen places at once.

Edwards' system of taking bets was simple and apparently effective. He always made three memoranda, each contained, briefly stated, the conditions of the bet, the amount wagered and the names of the parties to the bet. One of these cards, signed by the two betters, Edwards re-

turned. The other two he signed and gave one each as receipts to the makers of the wager.

When election results were close or in dispute it sometimes happened that large sums of money remained in the stakeholder's hands for months. When the question at issue had been decided Edwards paid upon surrender of the receipt card signed by himself, which he had given to the man who had the winning side of the wager. If that man happened to be unknown to him, Edwards always made him not only produce the receipt card, but also requested him to sign his name. This signature the stakeholder then compared with the one written upon the memorandum and given to him when the bet was first recorded.

Men sometimes refused to wait for the formality of memoranda or receipts, and they often had no voucher whatever, though Edwards always preferred that they should have one.

"How did you manage to prevent pickpockets in the crowd from getting your money while you were busy writing?" Edwards was once asked.

"I am not positive that I did always prevent it," he replied. "I may have lost some bets in that way, because the chances are that if a pickpocket took anything he took the roll of money with the memorandum card attached to it. All I could do to prevent pocket picking was to lean against a table, counter or chair in such a way as to prevent anybody slipping a hand into my pocket without my feeling it."

Watched for Pickpockets.

"Long experience has also enabled me to do two things at once in such an emergency. I kept part of my mind on the memoranda I was writing and part of it in the money in my pocket. During the week preceding election I put the money into the hands of a trust company as soon as I could, on the day following the making of the bets, but during Saturday, Sunday and Monday preceding the election in 1892 I was unable to make any deposit, and had to carry about \$50,000 around with me. That is a good deal of responsibility, and I would not care to do it as a steady thing."

"I have never taken bets except on the understanding that my judgment is final," Edwards continued. "I make the best decision I can, and once the money is handed over I consider myself through with the bet. So far I have never had any serious trouble on that account."

In the Hoffman house for years by the sheer force of his tact, character and reputation he preserved the peace and held within decent bounds the excesses of riotous college youth and the alcoholic demonstrations of persons from its four corners of the east who were prone when in their cups to become querulous.

Less tactful men might have made an awful mess of it, but "Billy" Edwards never flaunted his prowess in the faces of men inflamed with spirituous courage. A few soft-spoken words from him usually sufficed, or if that plan or a gentle escort to a waiting cab failed to avail Edwards sometimes lured the obnoxious personage into Valkenburg's saloon, next door, where there is now a hat store, and unloaded him on the hospitality of that long-suffering German. But "Billy" generally accomplished an eviction from the "art gallery" so artfully that the evicted, if he had any rational consciousness whatever, felt himself rather flattered than otherwise by the polite attentions of so famous a personage.

Pugilist, He Knew Jiu Jitsu.

On the rare occasions when physical force actually became necessary, after all other expedients had failed, Edwards quickly proved that he had not permitted himself to go "stale." Somewhere or other

he had picked up several jiu jitsu tricks and he was also clever in all the arts of the skilled wrestler. When he really had to lay hands upon an obstreperous belligerent he soon had him completely cowed, and the offender usually found himself out in Twenty-fourth street without having been actually struck and without quite realizing how he had got there.

Once it looked as though Edwards' tact and prowess alike were to be put to a crucial test, with no less a personage than the only John L. Sullivan as his antagonist. Sullivan had recently whipped Paddy Ryan and, with his usual train of silk-hatted satellites, John L. had dropped into the Hoffman in process of celebrating his victory. He had already celebrated extensively elsewhere, and when he reached the Hoffman the big fellow was in one of his ugliest moods.

Sullivan and his friends ordered wine liberally, and the heavy-weight champion became more boisterous and abusive. Edwards stepped behind his chair and cautioned him mildly that rowdiness must be restrained, but the special only enraged Sullivan, who arose, glowing over the little man and showering him with abusive epithets. Jacobs, the hotel detective, and the cafe waiters were quietly closing in to the support of Edwards, and every customer in the place was on the alert, wondering just what would happen if the heavy-weight Colossus and the former lightweight champion should really come to blows.

"Serve no more liquor to this party," said "Billy" Edwards quietly to the head bartender, without taking his watchful eyes off Sullivan. The giant understood the order and advanced a step toward "Billy," redoubling his words of abuse. Edwards did not flinch, and he looked as though the next moment must precipitate the most serious "rough house" in the Hoffman's history.

At that moment the Twenty-fourth street door opened and in stalked the majestic form of Roscoe Conkling. The New York senator was proud of his physical prowess, and he was of his comely person, eloquence and grace. He was especially proud of the fact that he had more than once been permitted to spar with the redoubtable John L. He was aware also that Sullivan liked him and that he possessed more erudition than did most men over the erratic champion, drunk or sober.

Conkling took in the situation at a glance, strode over to where Sullivan stood, placed his hands on the big fellow's huge shoulders, whispered a few words in his ear, and in two minutes John L. Sullivan was quiet and mollified, was on his way to a cab outside, under the guidance of Senator Conkling. That closed the incident and the Hoffman house coterie was destined never to know what would have happened if it came to a "showdown" between Sullivan and Edwards.

JACK JOHNSON'S LIST IS FULL

At Arthur Tells Champion Burns to Wait His Turn.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Jack Johnson says there will be no change in his plan to fight Sailor Burke. Johnson evidently does not think there is much in the offer he received to fight Tommy Burns, for when he was asked what he would do about the fight he said: "I'm going to fight Burke on Labor day. If Burns wants to fight me he will have to wait till some time around Thanksgiving day. I have another fight scheduled for August 27, when I'll meet Jim Barry of Pennsylvania. The bout is scheduled to go ten rounds, but I guess it won't be as bad as that. Barry is no heavy-weight. He weighs about 157 pounds and is a very fast fighter but I don't expect my weight will tell."

POLO PLAYERS FIX MATCHES

Four Tournaments Precede Windup at Van Cortlandt.

CLOSING DAYS OF A BUSY SEASON

Meadow Brook Mentioned as Challenger for the Hurlingham Cup—Foxhall Keene Not Named on Team.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Now that the Newport tournament is over and only two or three matches remain to be played at Saratoga the polo players will journey to Van Cortlandt in the afternoon for a brief period, but it is hoped that the three eastern centers of the game, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and the Manhattan clubs, will be represented at the closing tournament of the season on the Van Cortlandt park field under the auspices of Squadron No. 1 on September 15 to 22. The trophies to be played for then will be the squadron cups for teams of four whose aggregate handicaps do not exceed ten goals, and the Van Cortlandt cups, open to all teams under the regular handicaps.

Van Cortlandt is the only field of the tournament circuit that is not on the grounds and under the management of a country club. There is a small enclosure back of the timer's stand open only to those who have cards of invitation from the squadron. The dressing tent for the players and another tent in which refreshments may be had are in the enclosure, which is the Mecca of past and present poloists during such matches. The parking places along the side lines on either end of the enclosure are filled with automobiles containing many women who like the game. The squadron coach may also be aligned and possibly two dozen of carriages and sporting traps, but as with racing the admirers of polo now favor motor cars more than driving.

All this savors of the usual country club atmosphere, but along the opposite side line, which is paralleled with Broadway and the trolley line from Kingsbridge to Yorkers, is the real spectacle. Rows of park benches and the sloping hillsides are thronged with pleasure seekers, men, women and children, who follow every play with keen and critical eyes. Whoever reveals fine riding skill and straight hitting is sure of a united yell of appreciation from the onlookers, the sort of a cheer that follows the finish of a great race, and is wholly different from the placid applause of the country club spectators.

Prior to Van Cortlandt there will be a tournament at the Rumson Polo club, Sea-brook, N. J., on August 31 to September 7. The prizes will be the Rumson cup, gift of M. D. C. Borden, and the Monmouth cup, presented by F. M. Warburg and W. S. Jones. Other tournaments will be at the Buffalo Country club, September 2 to 7, and at the Dedham, Mass., Polo club, September 3 to 14. The trophies for the latter tournament are the Perry cup, gift of Mrs. Marsden J. Perry, with individual prizes added by J. B. Gladding, the Dedham, Kaylstein and Norfolk cups and the special cups given by the Myopia Hunt club. There is also a competition scheduled at the White Marsh, Pa., Polo club, for teams of four whose aggregate handicaps do not exceed ten goals, the prize being the present of Charles N. Welsh. It is a three-somes cup, the White Marsh team opening the series with a win last year.

Poloists expect an American team to challenge for the International cup at Hurlingham next season. It will be made up entirely of Meadow Brook players. H. P. Whitney, J. M. Jr., and L. Waterbury and Devereaux Milburn are named as the first choice for the team, with an array of substitutes to include Reginald Brooks, J. A. Burden, the two Hurlingham and others. Milburn played at Hurlingham in several tournaments when he was at Oxford, and before donning the sky blue jacket he was a splendid back for the Myopia team. It is the first time the sending of a team has been broached without Foxhall P. Keene being named, which is to be ascribed to the fact that he is a Rockaway and not a Meadow Brook player. Keene played as a boy on the team that lost the cup to the Englishmen at Newport in 1886 and he has twice captained teams to challenge at Hurlingham, but only to be beaten. In 1900 the challengers were an independent team, and but one match was played, England winning by 8 goals to 2. The Americans were Keene, the McCreery brothers and F. J. Mackey. Two years later Keene, the Waterburys, J. E. Cowdin and R. L. Adams went to Philadelphia as representatives of the Polo association. They won the first match, 2 goals to 1, but lost the next two—5-1 and 7-1. Should Keene so desire he could doubtless select a Rockaway team to go over that would do as well as Meadow Brook, while by including the pick of the Bostonians and the Philadelphia he could form the strongest possible team to try with at Hurlingham. It is not beyond probabilities that there will be two Richmonds on the Hurlingham field next spring.

By going to the Onwentsia club, Chicago, to play for and win the first of the Polo association championships held in the west the Rockaway team—J. A. Rawlins, R. La Montague, Jr., Foxhall P. Keene and D. Clauency, Jr.—scored a distinct triumph. The trip revealed a loyalty to the Polo association and a genuine desire to take the interest in the game throughout the country, for the previous championships had all been on the Atlantic coast. The Bryn Mawr and Buffalo players were also brave enough to seek the "fresh fields and pastures new" for the tournament, the other teams engaged being from Onwentsia and the army officers of Fort Riley.

Meadow Brook, although holders of the 1906 championship, did not send on a team. It is true that the departure of H. P. Whitney to Scotland for the grouse shooting weakened the first team, but with the many substitutes available a creditable four might have been selected to defend the Astor cup and title at Onwentsia—in fact the very same week a Meadow Brook team won the Great Neck Polo club tournament. To build up support for polo in the west is a broad and national object, and should the suggested plan of holding the championships there every three years be followed out, it is probable that next time more than the Rockaway, Bryn Mawr and Buffalo teams will have the enterprise and public spirit to enter.

There is no better way of teaching polo than by illustration, and if the westerners are fired with enthusiasm by the fine game of the visitors crack teams will soon be as common there as the fine golf with which the inevitable result the championships will become of national interest. The pioneers from the east this year found the Onwentsia field a delightful one to gallop on and free from cups, while the gallery was equal to one at Newport in enthusiasm and the presence of fashionably attired women.

The London polo season ended in July, but matches are still in progress in the country and in Ireland, where a Hurlingham team made up of M. Nickalls, E. Grenfell, Captain H. Wilson and P. W. Nickalls has departed to play for the Patriotic cup. There was not a single important tournament at London in May and only

one club this season that had any first-class polo in that month. There is a movement to begin the next season earlier by having the trial matches for the champion cup in May.

A new location for polo, which seems to follow Englishmen over the globe, has been found in the ancient empire of Abyssinia at Addis Abeba, where the field is at an altitude of 5,000 feet, so that four periods of eight minutes each are quite enough for the men and ponies. The latter are about fourteen hands and vary so little that an official measurer is not needed. The Europeans started a club at Addis Abeba last year for sporting and social purposes generally, besides polo, for which there is a full sized field. The game was first played in the place, which is Emperor Menelik's capital, by Sir J. Harrington and the members of the British legation in 1901, who kept up polo, with the officers of the Indian cavalry until the start of the new club gave a permanent home to the players.

FOOT BALL GAMES FOR ARMY

West Point's Schedule Starts Comment on Its Scope.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Some weeks ago the announcement of the West Point foot ball schedule was commented upon variously, it being remarked that the army men had been induced, by the defeat in the navy game last year, to make this year's schedule somewhat easier. That the navy does not agree with the views of the army on this point is made obvious by its schedule. Harvard is added to the list of opponents and, although this game really takes the place of one with Princeton, efforts for a game with the Tigers have not been abandoned. Vanderbilt, Lafayette, Pennsylvania State and other strong teams are to be met before the team lines up against the army and the eleven will have been thoroughly tried out when the climax of the season comes. That game should show the wisdom or folly of a hard schedule for the government schools.

Yale and Harvard will meet in foot ball this year under a special agreement, the old five-year agreement covering every branch of sport not having been renewed. Whether or not this faced has any significance does not as yet appear. There has been less friction under the five-year agreement than ever before, but the events of this year may be expected to take place as smoothly as heretofore.

Instead of the usual plea from Yale of weakness, New Haven sends out this year stories of certain triumph on the gridiron. The Blue, thanks to the rule forbidding

freshmen to play on varsity teams, had a cub team of unusual strength last year and not unnaturally looks to these youngsters to bolster up the first eleven this year. The varsity could have made good use of one or two of these freshmen last season and a victory over Princeton might well have taken the place of the scoreless tied game had some of them been available.

Base Ball Lingo—1907.

"Oh, father!" quoth a tender maid, "Pray what is this I read about the base ball game they'd played—Such language I never see!"

"It says that 'Twistem had great form, 'His speed was lightning-like, 'He was the goods, and very warm, 'And had 'em on the hike!"

"A pitchers' battle; fireworks start, 'Strom's weak one Nibbsley nabbed, 'A rotten throw—buy him a cart, 'Such air big Muggsey grabbed!"

"Bibs smashed to center for a sack; 'Quibbs cracked it on the nose; 'Squibbs bobbed—failed to get it back; 'Spitball turned on his nose!"

"Another marker, annexed two; 'Jones skied, but died, alas! 'Been beat a hunk and Charley drew 'A plainly framed-up pass!"

"Then Sligger stung the sphere for one, 'And Swatzen sent him on, 'While Killitt warped it toward the sun— 'It may come down by dawn!"

"They all romped home; the fans went mad; 'Oh, what a pud!" they cried; 'Then Crackem' popped—first down— 'A plain plumped-up pud!"

"Flesh got a single—slam to sec; 'Flah fozzled Pounder's drive, 'But Smasher almost broke its neck— 'More honey for our lives!"

"And so it goes—some other stuff— 'Left garden's brilliant catch, 'Farm him!" "Look at that bush leaguer, 'Suff!"

"Some 'uv them fowls may hatch!" "I told you he'd connect with it!" "Him! burned the sod to right!" "Just watch us squeeze!" "A dandy hit!" "Aw, bring that Imps a light!"

"Out at the pan; killed right at home! 'Now, what d'ye think of that?" "And, did not send on a team?" "Three thrasgs rich and fat."

"Oh, daddy, daddy!" cried the girl, "My brain is troubled sore, 'And swirling, twirling in a whirl— 'Who won, and what's the score?"

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