

CHAMPION ATHLETES IN FORM

Fleet and Strong Candidates for National Titles.

GAMES LOOK GOOD IN ADVANCE

Battle Between Kelly and Parsons in One Hundred Yards the Feature of A. A. U. Championships at Jamestown.

The national American Athletic union track and field championship at the Jamestown exposition this week as the entry list indicates, promises some rare contests.

No minor feature will be the scramble for point honors between the New York Athletic club and the Irish-American Athletic club, and both clubs will be on hand with strong teams for both junior and senior meets.

Though the battle for the senior point aggregate may be highly interesting it will be completely overshadowed by the yard race, in which comes J. Kelly, holder of the world's amateur record of 9 3/4 seconds, and Charles L. Parsons, with a 9 1/2 national record and winner of the 1906 national event at Portland, Me.

Hardly anybody can be found who doubts Parsons' 9 1/2 seconds, for he beat Archie Hahn about two yards for the championship when the Milwaukee sprinter was at his best.

GOLF RULES NEED REVISION

Movement to Secure Reform Has Now Much Headway.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The chief topic among golfers the world over at present is the question of rules. Almost simultaneously with the recent plea for recognition which was sent to the St. Andrews committee over the official seal of the United States Golf association occurred an important development with that ruling body.

Much the same result should be forthcoming in the 220 yards, Kelly, with his record of 2 1/2 seconds, if he runs true to his form, should make the others look slow, and probably Parsons will come in for second place.

The quarter-mile has such cracks to pick from as J. B. Taylor, Pennsylvania University; Harry Hillman, W. T. Coholan, C. M. French and Paul Pilgrim of the New York Athletic club and J. Trevan of the Irish American Athletic club.

Where the Irish may expect a sure enough win is in the half mile, with Sheppard; that is to go on past performances. Were Parsons himself he could be banked upon to give the Irish runner a Yale flier of an argument.

FOOT FAULTS IN LAWN TENNIS

English Committee Appointed to Deal with the Matter.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Messrs. Bentley, Hillyard, Gore, Hickson and Newburn have been appointed by the English Lawn Tennis association as a special committee to deal with the question of foot faults, the council having come to the conclusion that some alteration was expedient in the service law.

HOCKEY TEAM AT PITTSBURG

First-Class Club for Smoky City Depends on League.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 31.—Prospecta for another first-class hockey club for Pittsburgh during the coming season are very good. The organization of a team here, however, depends entirely on whether or not the parties back of the Inter-city Hockey league make good.

Harry L. Hillman should find no difficulty in retaining his title for the low hurdles. Nothing like the time he made last year, 2 3/4 seconds, has been accomplished by any of his opponents.

In the field events the Irish club showed the strength last year by winning four

BASE BALL NO FUN TO THEM

Muggsy McGraw Never Cared Much for the Game.

OTHER PLAYERS GROWL AT WORK

As Much Fun as Moving Pianos, Says Clark Griffith-Cy Young Pre-fer Chopping Asphalt to Pitching.

A question often heard in the fans' buzz of talk at ball games, is this: "I wonder if those fellows playing the game get any fun out of it, or if they look upon it as work?"

Many of cocksure change in staved and blears don't notice that this proposition in the form of a question. They take it for granted, being crazy over the game themselves, that all players of the national game in the professional ranks must be wild over ball playing and that they'd a little bit rather play ball than eat.

"I suppose it isn't the snappy or anything like that," these cocksure ones frame it up. "This thing of carrying the coin, and big coin, at that, just for having fun. Work hard, don't they? Just dance around on the nice, sweet smelling grass for an hour and a half or so of afternoons, and the guy with the pay envelope does the rest. Horrible hard on 'em, hey?"

But these offhand ones don't know. The stingy fact is that a majority of the professional game for so long as ten years were so tired of base ball that particularly at this wanting stage of the season they actually dread the hour when they are due to put on their uniforms.

In an expansive moment, not long ago, Muggsy McGraw told a group of cronies that he'd never really cared a great deal for the game of ball, even when he was one of the most successful players in the country. The reason he gave for this was a curious one.

"The game of ball always took too much out of me, even back in the kid days when I played hockey to let 'em around on the lot," was his way of putting it. "The game always hatched my nerves and unstrung me so that I wasn't fit to be seen or heard for some time even after a scrub, skinned lot game."

"The trouble with me is that I never could play any old kind of game without getting all hot up over it. When as a tyke I played marbles or shindy I was just as anxious to win, and probably just as Mulliganish and scrappy, as they call it, as I've ever been since in a professional game of ball."

No game, in fact, was ever any good to me that I couldn't win. Now that that may not be a hitmaking thing for a ball player or manager of a ball club to say in these polite milk and watery days when the knoekers seem to take it as a crime when a man wants to win, but I'm not converting for the purpose of making a hit, but merely to state the fact. In managing or playing, the game of ball is only endurable to me when I'm out in front and winning. I don't care a bag of peanuts for the rest of the game. Results for mine, and results don't mean anything else to me than winning from the other fellow. The rest of the game, if anything in connection with the game of ball can be called fun. Getting licked isn't any fun—not for me. As a manager or member of a talented club I'd become nutty inside of two months, I honestly believe.

Clark Griffith is another of the managers who look with an expression of sullen surprise when the mere suggestion is made that a ball player can actually get any fun out of the game.

"Fun, eh?" he said to a group down in the Athletic City on Grand street, when the Yankees were playing a series with the Athletics in Philadelphia. "Well, it's about the same kind of fun for me as carrying the hod or moving pianos would be, and you can dope that out for yourself."

"I can't figure out where the fans get the idea that it's fun for ball players to mouch out on a hot, sticky, sun-soaked lot every afternoon and sweat and grunt around for a couple of hours at the same old game that most of them have been playing even since or before they began to shave."

"You can take it from me, if the average man had a date to play five or six games of casino or blind man's buff or prisoner's base or puss in the corner every summer afternoon out in the open with thousands lately assumed the proportions of a scandal, and the committee have had pressure brought to bear on them with the object of putting an end to the practice. They find themselves, however, in a most difficult position, as any arbitrary ruling on the subject of betting would undoubtedly require revision, it is practically certain that when the work comes to be taken up opinions will be found to be sharply divided as to the best means of remedy."

LONDON, Aug. 31.—At one or two famous golf clubs, whose members are chiefly Londoners, betting on matches has lately assumed the proportions of a scandal, and the committee have had pressure brought to bear on them with the object of putting an end to the practice. They find themselves, however, in a most difficult position, as any arbitrary ruling on the subject of betting would undoubtedly require revision, it is practically certain that when the work comes to be taken up opinions will be found to be sharply divided as to the best means of remedy.

"Playing ball is the hardest work I know anything about, and this doesn't mean, either, that I haven't done a heap of hard work in my life besides playing ball. The team—just playing the game is hard enough. Of course the young chaps just nudging into swift company pick a little enjoyment out of the thing at the start off, but I know plenty even of the young ones in the game nowadays who hate the sight of the 'bus that takes them out to the grounds."

"The sameness of a player's nerves sooner or later. Added to this sameness is the chance every player has of making a mistake at every stage of the game, and the humiliation following the mistake and the hoots and jeers of the crowd and all like that."

"Playing the game of ball every day, month in and month out, is drudgery and strain enough, but managing a bunch is—" and the manager of the Highlanders gave utterance to the word that Gen. Sherman employed to express his idea of war.

Other well known players in the big leagues express themselves in very much the same way when the fun question is put to them outright. Cy Young, of the Boston American pitcher, is ordinarily one of the most taciturn of men, but he recently expressed himself in pretty round terms about the fun element of baseball, so far as the players are concerned.

"I'd sooner take a pick an dret out in 'em, sooner take a pick and trot out in noon and chop away at asphalt as the way he expressed it. "I think most of the old-time pitchers have got the same way of feeling about it, even if they don't bulge to the front and say so."

"A pitcher is liable to have the distaste of the game grow upon him even more than the other players. The best pitcher on earth never knows how he's going to perform when his day to go in and work comes around."

"He may feel all right and work out all right before the game and yet go in and get slaughtered in the very first inning and then get dretted up on the bench with the whole mob howling at him. The dread of all this keeps a lot of pitchers awake nights as their days go in and work draw along."

"I'd a heap rather work at some corner of the game when I'd be used every day than go through the strain of figuring out whether I would be in shape to make good when my working days swing along."

"But I can't see where the fans get that notion about the 'fun' of it for the player of any corner of the game. Ball playing is toll, and it's more often thankless toll than any other work I can put on record as to that part of it."

BIG LEAGUES AFTER LITTLE

Annual Hunt for Recruits is Now in Full Progress.

BUSH PLAYERS GET A CHANCE

Youngsters Will Be Asked to Show the Mighty Magnates What They Can Do on the Diamond.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—All over the country the base ball scouts of the big major league teams are digging into the bush in search of playing phenoms who, they hope, will startle the fans next year by developing into Wagners, Mathewsons or LaJoles and incidentally help materially in pulling down a pennant for the club that secures these wonders. The mail that is daily dumped upon the magnates' desks contains scores of letters from well wishers of the clubs and the youngsters, who desire to bring the magnate and the wonder together for mutual advantage. The weird and wonderful doings of Josh Rustle on the Buckeye Corners nine are described in seven chapters and a postscript, and the advice is handed out gratis that the magnate better hurry, for Managers Chance, Jones, McGraw and LaJole are on the scent, and Mr. Rustleform will be gobbled up "if you don't watch out."

Way of the Magnate. The magnates are keen on the hunt, too, but it isn't every Buckeye Corner star that can tear up turf on the big diamonds to the advantage of the clubs, and for that reason there is always a suspicion of doubt about the rustic's ability, despite the fact that the writers are earnest in their desire to see him located with their favorite big league club. That is one way by which the lad from the backwoods lands on the teams of the big cities—by writing ahead, "getting introduced"—and then coming on, if he gets the chance, to try and make good in the eyes of the owner. Then there is another way. Mr. Magnate needs a vacation. He goes up into the mountains or into the silence of the shadowy valleys in the belief that there, at least, the game of base ball is unknown. False hope. He has barely rested from carrying his grips up the hill from the station before his host draws out:

"You've come just in time, mister. There's gone to be a darn fine game of ball this afternoon over in the meadow between the Blue Jay Rustlers from Smithport and the All-American Stars. I think they call themselves, from down by Pinkstaway way. Dad fine players, I tell yer. Best I ever saw."

So, in the sunny Sunday afternoon Mr. Magnate goes "over high the meadows," half to please his genial "spinach-whiskered" host, who accompanies him, and half to satisfy the love of the national game, which cannot be throttled, vacation merely to state the fact. In managing or playing, the game of ball is only endurable to me when I'm out in front and winning. I don't care a bag of peanuts for the rest of the game. Results for mine, and results don't mean anything else to me than winning from the other fellow. The rest of the game, if anything in connection with the game of ball can be called fun. Getting licked isn't any fun—not for me. As a manager or member of a talented club I'd become nutty inside of two months, I honestly believe.

"I am only speaking of and for myself—remember that. There are, I know, plenty of players—good players and good fellows, too—who are sick and tired of the game. But I can't enter into their feeling of weariness, for the reason that I say, I say, I say, I can't understand it, for I'd just as lief go on playing the game for twelve months in the year if that were asked of me."

"But this is just the difference between liking your work and not liking it, and it just happens that I'm one of the fellows who do like theirs."

Among the passengers on the steamer Kaga Maru, which has just arrived at Vancouver, is the biggest Japanese ever landed in America. He is the champion wrestler of all Japan, and he is known as Hitachiyama Tametomo. The great Japanese sumo, who is a mountain of fat and muscle of 300 pounds weight, is on a tour for the purpose of studying the western methods of physical culture. He will go from Victoria, via Seattle to New York, and after a stay of three months on this continent will leave for London and Europe. He is accompanied by three other great wrestlers of Japan—Haritayama, Omifuj and Kakanoura—all professional wrestlers of the usual weighty type, and all of some distinction in Japan. Satake Nobushiro, professor of Jiu-Jitsu at Waseda college, Tokio, is also accompanying the party. It is stated that Hitachiyama will not make until he has studied foreign wrestling, which differs in style and method from that of Japan.

Hitachiyama is the idol of the sport lovers, young and old, of Dal Nippon. His immense size, his great strength, his perfect skill, have made him champion of champions, while the fact that he comes from the remotest part of the island ranks in the social order above 99 per cent of his people, doubtless adds materially to the size of his halo. Ordinarily wrestlers are held in high esteem in Japan; wrestlers extraordinary taste the sweets of adulation. Hitachiyama holds about the same place in the body politic that John L. Sullivan held in his painted island.

The outward and visible signs of the wrestler in Japan, aside from his size, which marks him a giant in the nation where the average man is under-sized, is the peculiar topknot of hair that adorns his head and the inevitable crowd of admiring small boys following his heels. In the wrestling season the contests form the principal part of the life of the average Japanese. The progress of the contests is spread upon the bulletin boards in front of the newspaper offices, where crowds are to be found all day long. Every boy in Japan, and apparently every man, knows the record of each contestant; detour, slant-eyed little women in the shops give the general discussion, and the men have been known to cast furtive and admiring glances at the men of might and fat as they pass by.

The great wrestling meet of the empire occurs each year at Tokio. There for a season of daily contests, covering about two weeks, assemble all the notable wrestlers of the country. Before this meet at the capital, and after it, smaller parties visit other cities and provinces, but at Tokio alone all the numerous and sundry champions and would-be champions are to be seen.

The Smelts Were Biting. John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, to the third of that name, who died about ten years ago, was very fond of fishing, and not especially fond of his legal profession. One day, the story runs, a case in which he was counsel was down for trial in a Massachusetts court. Mr. Adams did not make his appearance, but sent a letter to the judge. That worthy gentleman, who had just postponed the case, with the announcement: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business."

It was afterward learned by a colleague of Adams that the letter read as follows: "Dear Judge: For the sake of I ask, Walton, please continue my case till Friday. The smelts are biting, and I can't leave.—New York Times."

BIG LEAGUES AFTER LITTLE

Annual Hunt for Recruits is Now in Full Progress.

BUSH PLAYERS GET A CHANCE

Youngsters Will Be Asked to Show the Mighty Magnates What They Can Do on the Diamond.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—All over the country the base ball scouts of the big major league teams are digging into the bush in search of playing phenoms who, they hope, will startle the fans next year by developing into Wagners, Mathewsons or LaJoles and incidentally help materially in pulling down a pennant for the club that secures these wonders. The mail that is daily dumped upon the magnates' desks contains scores of letters from well wishers of the clubs and the youngsters, who desire to bring the magnate and the wonder together for mutual advantage. The weird and wonderful doings of Josh Rustle on the Buckeye Corners nine are described in seven chapters and a postscript, and the advice is handed out gratis that the magnate better hurry, for Managers Chance, Jones, McGraw and LaJole are on the scent, and Mr. Rustleform will be gobbled up "if you don't watch out."

Way of the Magnate. The magnates are keen on the hunt, too, but it isn't every Buckeye Corner star that can tear up turf on the big diamonds to the advantage of the clubs, and for that reason there is always a suspicion of doubt about the rustic's ability, despite the fact that the writers are earnest in their desire to see him located with their favorite big league club. That is one way by which the lad from the backwoods lands on the teams of the big cities—by writing ahead, "getting introduced"—and then coming on, if he gets the chance, to try and make good in the eyes of the owner. Then there is another way. Mr. Magnate needs a vacation. He goes up into the mountains or into the silence of the shadowy valleys in the belief that there, at least, the game of base ball is unknown. False hope. He has barely rested from carrying his grips up the hill from the station before his host draws out:

"You've come just in time, mister. There's gone to be a darn fine game of ball this afternoon over in the meadow between the Blue Jay Rustlers from Smithport and the All-American Stars. I think they call themselves, from down by Pinkstaway way. Dad fine players, I tell yer. Best I ever saw."

So, in the sunny Sunday afternoon Mr. Magnate goes "over high the meadows," half to please his genial "spinach-whiskered" host, who accompanies him, and half to satisfy the love of the national game, which cannot be throttled, vacation merely to state the fact. In managing or playing, the game of ball is only endurable to me when I'm out in front and winning. I don't care a bag of peanuts for the rest of the game. Results for mine, and results don't mean anything else to me than winning from the other fellow. The rest of the game, if anything in connection with the game of ball can be called fun. Getting licked isn't any fun—not for me. As a manager or member of a talented club I'd become nutty inside of two months, I honestly believe.

"I am only speaking of and for myself—remember that. There are, I know, plenty of players—good players and good fellows, too—who are sick and tired of the game. But I can't enter into their feeling of weariness, for the reason that I say, I say, I say, I can't understand it, for I'd just as lief go on playing the game for twelve months in the year if that were asked of me."

"But this is just the difference between liking your work and not liking it, and it just happens that I'm one of the fellows who do like theirs."

Among the passengers on the steamer Kaga Maru, which has just arrived at Vancouver, is the biggest Japanese ever landed in America. He is the champion wrestler of all Japan, and he is known as Hitachiyama Tametomo. The great Japanese sumo, who is a mountain of fat and muscle of 300 pounds weight, is on a tour for the purpose of studying the western methods of physical culture. He will go from Victoria, via Seattle to New York, and after a stay of three months on this continent will leave for London and Europe. He is accompanied by three other great wrestlers of Japan—Haritayama, Omifuj and Kakanoura—all professional wrestlers of the usual weighty type, and all of some distinction in Japan. Satake Nobushiro, professor of Jiu-Jitsu at Waseda college, Tokio, is also accompanying the party. It is stated that Hitachiyama will not make until he has studied foreign wrestling, which differs in style and method from that of Japan.

Hitachiyama is the idol of the sport lovers, young and old, of Dal Nippon. His immense size, his great strength, his perfect skill, have made him champion of champions, while the fact that he comes from the remotest part of the island ranks in the social order above 99 per cent of his people, doubtless adds materially to the size of his halo. Ordinarily wrestlers are held in high esteem in Japan; wrestlers extraordinary taste the sweets of adulation. Hitachiyama holds about the same place in the body politic that John L. Sullivan held in his painted island.

The outward and visible signs of the wrestler in Japan, aside from his size, which marks him a giant in the nation where the average man is under-sized, is the peculiar topknot of hair that adorns his head and the inevitable crowd of admiring small boys following his heels. In the wrestling season the contests form the principal part of the life of the average Japanese. The progress of the contests is spread upon the bulletin boards in front of the newspaper offices, where crowds are to be found all day long. Every boy in Japan, and apparently every man, knows the record of each contestant; detour, slant-eyed little women in the shops give the general discussion, and the men have been known to cast furtive and admiring glances at the men of might and fat as they pass by.

The great wrestling meet of the empire occurs each year at Tokio. There for a season of daily contests, covering about two weeks, assemble all the notable wrestlers of the country. Before this meet at the capital, and after it, smaller parties visit other cities and provinces, but at Tokio alone all the numerous and sundry champions and would-be champions are to be seen.

The Smelts Were Biting. John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, to the third of that name, who died about ten years ago, was very fond of fishing, and not especially fond of his legal profession. One day, the story runs, a case in which he was counsel was down for trial in a Massachusetts court. Mr. Adams did not make his appearance, but sent a letter to the judge. That worthy gentleman, who had just postponed the case, with the announcement: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business."

It was afterward learned by a colleague of Adams that the letter read as follows: "Dear Judge: For the sake of I ask, Walton, please continue my case till Friday. The smelts are biting, and I can't leave.—New York Times."

FORGET ALL THE OTHER DAYS BUT REMEMBER THESE TEN. 1907-SEPTEMBER-1907. 1907-OCTOBER-1907. AK-SAR-BEN CARNIVAL DAYS AT OMAHA.

KRUG PARK OMAHA'S POLITE RESORT. SUNDAY and MONDAY (Labor Day) SEPTEMBER 1 and 2. GRAND INTER-STATE MEETING OF THE DEUTSCHER LAND WEHR VEREIN. Callado's Venetian Band and Finn's Greater Omaha Band.

Steamer Susan. SPECIAL SUNDAY AND LABOR DAY. FLORENCE AND RETURN. Boat Leaves 2:00 p. m.—Evening, 8:30 p. m. Dancing Free—Union Orchestra.

OMAHA NATIONAL BANK. This bank has made an enviable reputation for taking care of its customers through periods of financial stringency.

FOUR Daily Trains to LINCOLN. Leave OMAHA at 8:45 a. m., 1:35 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 11:40 p. m. State Fair at Lincoln, Aug. 31 - Sept. 6. Rock Island.