

ATTITUDES OF BILLIARDISTS

How Experts Poise and Hold Them-selves at Table.

WIZARDS OF CUE WHEN AT WORK

Schaefer Short but Supple and Can Adjust Himself to Any Position-- Cure Teeters and Pumps When About to Shoot.

There is just as much individuality in the position of a billiard expert's body at the table as there is in his stroke.

The light delicate wrist movement of John Schaefer--the Wizard has the nearest to the ideal stroke of any billiard master--typifies to a large extent his whole attitude when wheedling the ivory balls.

Schaefer lifts the ball of his cue comparatively high and can twist his neck without a corresponding turning of the body more than most players.

Thus, with the balls on the rail, he can turn his neck so that his eyes are straight ahead on the balls, but with his body facing the table more squarely than other players would find comfortable.

Cure the Queer One.

Louis Curre, the Frenchman, has the most striking position at the table of any of the cracks. Cure is a big man, but is down lower when he shoots than players of seven inches. He squats. Then, too, he bends his knees, stands rather lightly on the fore part of his feet and pumps up and down as he is getting ready for the shot.

He teeters, keeps his body in motion all the time, and the knee bend distinguishes him from other players.

George Slosson is the set, rigid type of player. He stands up fairly well with the butt of his cue lower than is the case with Schaefer. He does not turn his head as much as Schaefer and is more solidly set on his feet.

He has not as much weight to carry as George Sutton, whose position is not the personification of grace.

Sutton is short and stout and stands close to the table, closer than the other big men. Cure. He squats something like Cure, however, but is inclined to sprawl on the table, getting his elbow point up close to it and spreading it out. He is firm on his feet, has the arm extended and sights along the cue like a man aiming a gun.

The youngster William Hoppe is pretty well up over the balls when he shoots. His feet are firmly planted, but not heavily so, for he shifts easily. His whole attitude suggests the unsteady. He does not stoop much. His head is turned a bit, making it appear as if he were looking out of the corner of his eye.

There is a noticeable spread of the fingers of the left hand. He has a very expressive hand.

Photographs of Hoppe and Vignaux in their I. I. balk line championship match in Paris show Hoppe to be closer to the table than Vignaux. The veteran Parisian is built on dignified lines and takes all his dignity to the billiard table.

He stands up high, though well over the balls, looks straight ahead, carries the cue low, and has a straight wrist and a sweeping movement.

Frank Ives Was Careful.

Probably the firmest of all on his feet was Frank Ives, the Napoleon, and by many considered the best billiard player that ever lived. He was an extremely careful player, one who more than anybody else realized the risk of carelessness.

He had a habit of faintly planting himself on his feet when getting ready for a shot, bent his body at a medium angle, but stood up straighter over a mass shot than anybody else. Every part of him had to be fixed just so when preparing to shoot, and a friend tells how he has known Ives to wear depression in the end of his cues from adjusting his fingers.

Albert Garner, the Frenchman, has a supple wrist like Schaefer, but swings more. On a morning he is a graceful player, with a pretty stroke and free wrist movement, who leans well over. Cutler, the Bostonian, shoots with a noticeably short bridge and doubles all but the forefinger underneath, the middle knuckles of the other fingers resting on the table.

REAL BAD MAN FROM BODIE

Reminiscences of a California Specimen of the Old Mining Days.

BLUFFED TOWN FOR THREE DAYS

But When They Had Starved Him Out They Proceeded to Honor Him Instead of Hanging Him.

WINNING WILLIES WERE BEATEN

Could Hit Hard, but Not in It With the Vaudeville Nine.

"Base ball is not so profane of hard hitter as it is used to be," said Buck Franck to a circle of the faithful.

"I have had on my staff swart artists of great ability, and I could monologue about scores of men noted as bat wielders of multiple horse-power.

"But no one ever approached the batting performances of a western team I ran into a few summers back. It was a club called the Winning Willies, organized by a man who had discovered a system for driving the horsehead record distances.

His name was Billson and he was the genuine confection in getting results.

"All that season his Willies slugged out victories. There wasn't a pitcher for miles around but had been handed his fare there well by Billson's biffers.

"When the Winning Willies batted home runs were so thick you couldn't keep count, and if a man did not better than a single he received a word picture done in Thulin paint. They couldn't lose a game, and Billson began to throw out his chest. They were finding it hard to get matches, so Billson offered a prize of \$1,000 to the team that could show his biff experts the way out.

"It was that \$1,000 that made me open my eyes. I ached with the desire to give the Willies a taste of the acid fruit, and that cash bonus made the trick worth some small trouble. I recognized the reality of the fact that the Winning Willies were really stars, and I buzzed my motor considerable before I picked a campaign plan.

"After some cogitation I made a flying trip to Chicago and engaged the services of a dozen vaudeville artists. That's what the agent called them, but they didn't look it. Individually they were punk, but as a job lot they were worth the money.

"I took my stage yaps home and trained them to play a passable imitation of baseball. I added to the other things.

"I called Billson's deft, and a game was arranged. When we reached the battlefield a fair sized and rather apathetic crowd was on hand, ready for another slaughter.

"In the preliminary rehearsing my troupe showed the volumes they didn't know about base ball. Knowing that I wasn't altogether verdant, Billson should have had his suspicions.

"But he bit, and when he saw my miffed do weird stunts he made my side bats. When he should have been reading the 'Recessional' he was blasphemous in his joy in a sure thing.

"My mercerized base ballists went to bat first. The slugging champions didn't bank on their pitching staff, and the footlight fingers scored a brace of runs.

"The first Willie advanced to the plate commiserately, as if he were about to inflict torture on the helpless. Our pitcher in his normal state was a monologist and had some self-possession on the rubber plank.

"He threw down a wide one and the batter waited. As he twisted up preparatory to his second heave the first baseman addressed the shortstop:

"'Prince, make me an answer voice.'

"'Well, vot was he?'

"'If you haf a two horse-power motorcycle, do you feed it gasoline or oats?'

"'In the midst of a high velocity swing the slug expert slobbered over with laugh. He poked a weak one into the diamond that even my entitles could handle.

"Billson and the entire bunch were doing the ha-ha. I had a joy dance. If the Willies would laugh at that joke, it was all over but picking out the lamps and the trimmings.

"The next chap squared up to the rubber determinedly. While our pitcher fiddled the third baseman broke loose:

"'Reginald!'

"'Chess,' replied the shortstop.

"'If a man's wife chases him out of a saloon after his second drink, what time is it?'

"'Foolishness! I haf no flaws from which to make obstructions. Vot time should it be?'

"'Twenty-three after 2,' bubbled the third sacker.

"'I groaned, but the batter's risibles were doing spasms. He swung helplessly and knocked a pop fly that was easily corralled. Billson didn't see so much humor in this incident and delivered a red hot monologue himself.

"The next man came up with a grim gleam in his eye. His face was a label that said the mother tincture of fun couldn't make him wrinkle a smile.

"Our pitcher looked a little sorrowful as he twisted up.

"'Ikey,' he said to the catcher, 'I haf been very sorrowful about your fadder burning up last night at forty minutes past eleven.'

"The batter looked interested and the first ball sailed over the plate without interference.

"'Ach, Ikey,' replied the catcher, as he returned the ball, 'but you is a happy doper!'

"'Himmel, how can you say it?' said the pitcher, as he made his second fling.

"The batter seemed to have his mind on the same thing and absently struck at the ball. The catcher deferred his reply until the monologist was again about to deliver.

"'He had had his life just already insured!'

"The Willie's next swipe was so filled with veneful disgust that he foisted again. He had struck out.

"This awful calamity had Billson seeing the three primitive colors. He kicked about talking on the field, but we were not playing under league rules and he couldn't do anything but keep on.

"Before the game ended we had the Willies clean dippy. It must have been heavily for the vaudevillers, for the mtds of the backwoods biffers were virgin soil, and the old and forgotten had for them the charm of the new.

"Billson paid up, but he disbanded the Willies and stepped dallying with base ball. Billson was a thinker and when you beat a man at his own game it hurts."

Guide is Out.

Spalding's official foot ball guide is just out from the hands of the printer, and this is alone sufficient warning that the time is now at hand for the foot ball warrior to look up his old toes, cast away the cigarette and prepare to get down to hard work. The book contains a fine line of photographs of many teams, the playing rules and much other useful information.

See Want Ads for Business Directories

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SPORT ON THE KOOTENAI

Mountain Range and River the Haunt of Big Game.

REASONABLY EASY OF ACCESS

Most Attractive Spot in the Nation's Forest Preserve--Charms of the Region Described by a Hunter.

Perhaps no better opportunities can be found for enjoying the free and elemental life of stream and mountain in connection with good sport than in the Kootenai range of the Rockies. The mode of traveling will be somewhat difficult at times, through tangled under brush, skirting deep slopes, and scrambling over ragged boulders; but the very uniqueness of seeking unfrequented spots will stimulate the dilatory and success will repay the effort.

Our party, consisting of five men and three women (the latter reluctantly invited after their promise not to hamper us with impediments and not to "huck" with ten horses loaded with blankets and provisions for two weeks, left Columbia Falls, Mont., at the beginning of the open season. The trail carried us along the capricious windings of the Middle Fork, its intense blue-green bordered by millions of cobble stones that seem by their regularity in size and coloring to have been laid by a master hand. Overhead rose the green-timbered heights of the rugged old Rockies, whose base reaches down and hugs close the river's edge. By following a well traveled wagon trail overshadowed by tamarack and pine, fifteen miles up the canyon we came to the station and hotel at Belton, where we made our first halt. It was not a long afternoon's journey, for the days were long, and thus far the trail was well broken and not steep; but to the novice in the woods it was tedious enough, and we were glad to climb down and have a good night's rest at the little boarding house.

Striking the Main Range. Early the next morning we were on our way, passing the picturesque McDonald lake, about 8 o'clock. The smooth, placid water of this splendid lake invited attention, but it had the disadvantage of being a popular local tourist resort; we had tasted the full flavor of courted waters, and the pondering presence of distant hills sped us on. Three miles above the lake, the outlet of the North Fork, we left the main trail for a less precipitous one, and struck up through the narrow pass in the canyon toward the main range of the Rockies, whose glaciated peaks, rising now constantly in view, seemed to be higher and higher. It was the trail, explained our guide, named by himself twenty years since, while on a prospecting trip to the borderland of Canada for Marcus Daly. As it crosses the range at a high altitude it is passable only in summer or the very early days of September.

And so we journeyed along, unburied, through landscape that grows more and more rugged and quirkens the dulled imagination and stirs the pulse through very joy of living; pausing reflectively now and then by a mountain stream to admire or for love of sport, without longing to get anywhere in particular--setting up our small camp at night in some sheltered hollow of the hills, and drawing most of our meals from the streams, although grouse was not infrequently served.

The second day, as the sun disappeared above the pines, we surprised several deer at the edge of a small lake, evidently in the act of drinking when they were startled by the noise of our approach. As they bounded through the undergrowth two guns went into action, and we were fortunate in securing a big buck.

Ideal Panoramic View. Mounting gradually through timber too dense to see out, on the fifth day of our winding, tortuous trail led up through a narrow pass, and as we rounded the crest of a lower hill, we came upon a series of small lakes cradled in on all sides, save one end, where a tiny meadow beckoned the forest wall with a touch of gold. The panoramic view was ideal. Below us lay miles of cedar and pine, their stately strength not yet molested by greed of man; nearby a mountain stream came singing through cool, gray rocks. We had long passed the land of the tenderfoot, and outbursts of pure delight had become not uncommon; but this sport seemed the embodiment of all we sought--beauty and sport for ourselves, with the meadow for our horses, and our camp facing the snow-capped glories of the Rockies and surrendered ourselves to the potent charm of our surroundings, and the four days spent in such stupendous silence and peace will long be treasured in memory. Silver trout in droves rose to the surface at every cast. Game was abundant; the graceful Virginia deer darter away at every turn, and without making special effort we had all the venison we wanted. Often we caught glimpses overhead of moving white spots, that we knew to be mountain goats, and in the early morning we heard the mournful call of the big bull moose. At nights a cold wind swept the mountain side, but we kept up our fires, which burned quickly from the pitchy, resinous wood, and our blankets were warm and heavy; so we suffered no discomfort.

Regretfully we watched our guide lead the last pack horse, and tie the "diamond hitch." Again at the crest of the hill, we turned for a last look upon the glimmering water and the beauty and freedom of this pristine spot. Happily, this beautiful remains in all the "Forest Preserve." May our pristine charms never know the desecration of human "improvement."--Forest and Stream.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

More than 100,000 railway servants in England are required to work from twelve to fifteen hours per day.

The sixty-hour-a-week schedule will be put in force in the cotton mills of South Carolina January 1, 1908.

Average wages in Canada have increased 25 per cent in five years, according to the census report.

Eight hundred union laborers in Chicago have been granted a schedule of wages and working conditions by their employers.

An effort is being made to establish a federation of unions in Ghent, Belgium. If it is organized it will have about 15,000 workers under its jurisdiction.

A National Association of Carpet Workers of America has been organized. This will have jurisdiction of about 20,000 persons employed in carpet mills.

Twenty-six hundred and sixty deaths were reported to the corner of Pittsburgh, Pa., in the year 1905, 919 of which were the result of accidents in mills, mines and on railroads.

The wages of mechanics in Yukon territory, per day of ten hours, is \$10; common laborers, who board, is \$5; without board, \$4; draft teams, per day (two horses), \$25; clerks, per month, \$150 to \$200.

The Belgian Labor department publishes statistics relating to strikes that have taken place in Belgium from 1901 to 1906. There were altogether 474 strikes, in which 147,982 workers (with 325 women) were concerned.

Circumstantial Evidence. The Crushed Tragedian smiled sadly as he dodged with an agility scarcely to be expected from one of his ripe genius, the various tributes of nature's mature production which were making a great hit with him.

"From the way antique eggs are coming this way," he muttered, "I imagine that a most fatal conspiracy is being hatched against me."--Baltimore American.

REVISION OF THE GOLF CODE

Text of Communication Sent by United States to England. NEW YORK, Sept. 7.--The official communication sent by the United States Golf association on the subject of rules to the chairman of the rules of golf committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf club of St. Andrews is causing no end of comment.

The communication is the result of a growing demand in this country for an overhauling of the rules. Just how the letter will be received is at present largely a matter of conjecture, but from unofficial advice received from abroad it is believed that outside associations win at last be allowed representation. The letter reads as follows:

We are authorized by the executive committee of the United States Golf association to present to you for your consideration your honorable committee a matter which, in our opinion, is of the greatest importance.

The United States Golf association has always been a loyal supporter and follower of the rules of the Royal and Ancient Golf club, and we earnestly hope and trust that the same will exist as long as the game is known and played. It is this strong sense of loyalty on the part of our executive committee that impels us to send you this communication, because in this country there is growing up a feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing rules of the game, which has already gone so far as to call into prominent view for an American code of rules, without regard to those laid down by your honorable committee.

It is to meet this demand for separate legislation in this country, for a breaking away from ancient authority, that leads us to propose to you a revision of the rules of the game. We are sure that you will feel, with us, that golf as a world-wide game should be governed by uniform rules, and that the present rules, which are different in different countries, are a source of confusion and dissatisfaction.

If different countries once start in to make codes to govern the playing of the game, it is necessary to make a state of chaos, and will not be recognizable a dozen years hence. Certainly one had code would be better than several codes, some good and some bad, in force in different countries.

This feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, this growing demand for a careful revision of the existing rules or for a separate American code, if necessary, made a matter of superlative importance that the United States Golf association, the association which represents and controls the game of golf throughout the United States, should act the facts before your honorable committee for the purpose of inviting your opinion as to what course of action ought to be taken.

We need not say that our executive committee does not believe in or recommend any drastic or radical legislation. We will state that the game of golf is a growth, and should be brought out by long experience. We know also that the rules of golf committee is and always has been composed of the best interests of the game at heart and who know better than outsiders what the problems have been, and how difficult it is to frame rules which will meet all the requirements of the game.

It is nevertheless the opinion of our executive committee that the time has come for a revision of the rules. It is not meant by this that the existing rules are seriously at fault, in matter of substance, or that an effort should be made to throw them aside and attempt the drafting of an entirely new code, but the existing code is so out of date that a revision, rearrangement and better expression.

While our executive committee is opposed to any radical American legislation for reasons above given, we would be falling in your duty if we did not call your attention to the present condition of the game.

Submitting these matters to you for your consideration and looking to you, as the leaders of the game, for the final decision at this critical time, we remain, etc.

Re-sections of a Bachelor. Women write long letters so there will be room in the postscript for the news. There would be a lot of fun staying home with your family every night if it made a scandal.

A very successful way not to have a girl want to marry you is to have her parents want her to.

It must take a good deal of diplomacy to get a girl to go to a party where she shall have the bathroom first in the morning.

When a man wants to take a nap on the sofa after dinner all alone, instead of sitting jammed up in a corner of it with a woman, he should say "I'm tired."--New York Free.

Advertisement for California tourism. Features a large '\$25' price tag, 'EVERY DAY' text, and 'Union Pacific' logo. Includes details about train service and ticket offices.

Advertisement for Omaha National Bank. Includes a building illustration, text about capital and services, and contact information for J.M. Millard and others.

Advertisement for Bee Want Ads. Promotes the effectiveness of advertisements in Bee's publications.

Advertisement for MacCarthy-Wilson Tailoring Co. Promotes their 'Fall Dress Suits' and offers a 'GIVE IT AWAY' promotion.