THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

OMAHA, SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1911.

JUDGMENTS

THE year 1911 may be the last season for the Western league as now constituted. Recognition of this fact has instilled new energy into many team owners. Next year may bring the long expected invasion and expansion by the American association, producing a third major league, as its franchise expires at the end of 1911. It is almost a certainty that it will not renew its contract with organized base ball in its present status. It will either legally or illegally step up higher. In any event, its move will open the way to advancement and reorganization of the Western league. Magnates, realizing this, are laying their plans accordingly. Every one is keen to make 1911 his best year. A good record will have its advantages. Of course, in the end, other things will enter into the matter of promotion. Omaha, St. Joseph, Denver and Des Moines as the largest cities on the circuit, will naturally have the upper hand over the other four. And Omaha, St. Joseph and Des Moines will be more available than Denver, owing to their advantageous location. Sioux City would also be available, and, possibly, more so, all things considered, than Des Moines, for larger company. If, for instance, four American association towns, say St. Paul, Columbus, Toledo and Milwaukee, are left as the nucleus of a new circuit, Omaha, Sioux City or Denver, St. Joe and Des Moines would go well with them to form a new Western league, making the fastest class A organization. That would leave the other four Western league towns for another good league. Pa Rourke is getting in on the ground floor for such a move with his new plant, which will be the only modern plant on the present circuit.

The Chicago Cubs have loaded up with a lot of new material for 1911. They have three shortstops besides Joe Tinker, Manager Chance's idea being that what he needs to do now is to make the old men hustle up to the maximum every minute. If Tinker's speed should be increased much more Chance would have to get a whole new team, with one or two exceptions, to keep up with him. There is not much chance for one of these brushers to nose Joe out of his job this year. But the plan is not a bad one, though very expensive. For a team like the Cubs, however, where it is necessary to station armed guards at all the entrances to fight the crowds back, expenses cut little figure. Among the new roster are several third basemen who will race it out for poor old Steiny's shoes. Their permanency is not so uncertain as is that of those shortstop candidates, for Steinfeldt is on the toboggan and can come back this season only by a remarkable spurt, probably. If Evers' leg heals properly nobody will have a look-in at his job. Chance and Murphy have had their Scotch and Irish, respectively, raised by the lamming the Athletics gave them and evidently are going in for their greatest fight this year. They are going to be in shape for some fight, too, believe that. So far as things now stand, it is not apparent that any other National league team will have it on the Cubs, though it might redound to the interest of base ball if one did. Yet it will be interesting to hang hopes on the Cubs coming back for another run-in with Connie Mack's McGillicuddys.

As a winter subject of conversation the matter of "hold-outs" in the Western league may be all right, but as real stuff it is as tangible as a snow storm in July. Never worry, little ones, about minor leagues being broken up by salary strikes. No minor leguer ever lived who could long resist the sweet warble of the birds in spring, or afford to pass up one regular season pay day. Not a club in the Western league is in any danger of delay from this cause. Every man who is needed and desired will be champing his bit, eager to rush into the collar at the first tap of the gong in April. Only a few majors are ever able to make the hold-out bluff stick, let alone minors. Minors are too easily forgotten and know it too well to hazard any chances. Speaking of Denver Kelly holding out for more money, that boy will be one of the first around camp in the spring to see if he still has a berth. Pa Rourke's boys never jolly him this way. Their humor runs in different directions.

Carrie Nation has collapsed, but Jack Holland, another distinguished reformer from the white-winged fields of Kansas, has arisen to take her place as the defender of sobriety. Jack has slipped the skids under Demon Rum in St. Joe, attaching a proviso to every contract. Jack is dead right. So is Pa Rourke and Frank Isbell and every other Western league magnate insisting on sobriety among their players. True, the Western league has never been conspicuous for its lack of sober men, but just the same this move is not in vain or without cause. And it is a business move. You pay a man for his best services. He cannot give them if he drinks, even occasionally—not a ball player. No man needs to put up with a tippler on the diamond today and these men are aware of that. Patrons of the game should thank them for it. It means better base ball. Standing at the flesh pots the night before never reacts favorably on the game next day.

Pa's park work goes on, zero or not. And he is out there every day to boss the job. He is getting to be some contractor and builder himself. The concrete work is now going ahead. All will be ready for the grand bazoozoo.

The Cubs' purchase of old Vic Willis may give them another good rescue man, enabling them to start more games with Miner Brown. Vic is also a good utility hitter.

If Captain Peary really wants a walking match we will back Chick Autrey against him to trek from here to the pole and back before the season opens.

One of the interesting features of 1911 to watch will be the Highlanders, led by Hal Chase. Here's hoping Hal makes good, but—

Charley Comiskey and Ban Johnson are bathing off the coast of Florida. Maybe that's what caused that overflow at Mobile.

Hackenschmidt will probably be out with another challenge to Gotch. He almost threw another third rater last week.

Isbell lines himself up for first base for this year. Here's hoping he sticks.

Lincoln still has no manager. Why not hire old Joe Dolan?

Also the new drafting rule will, or should, benefit young players.

Whew! Brother Dave throw on some more rubs!

The Stove league is having its best year.

MORRIS READY TO FIGHT NOW

White Man's Hope Soon to Be Seen in the Ring.

FIGHTS FLYNN IN FIVE WEEKS

Wolgast Says He Will Journey to Australia or England to Pull Off a Match—Tells of His Career in the Arena.

Carl Morris, the latest heavyweight to loom up as a possible successor to James J. Jeffries, apparently believes in the old adage regarding making haste slowly. In a recent interview he said:

"I have only engaged in five battles, and while I have won all of them in a hurry, I know that the quality of my opponents was not such as to set the world on fire. Marvin Hart was the best man I ever fought, and I whipped him in three rounds. He hit me, and hit me good and hard, but I finally stopped him. I have been fortunate in fighting men who came to me. I really don't know what I would do if I had to get after the other man.

"That is the one thing I must learn if I expect to be successful. I know that they don't make fighters in a day, and I am not going to try and conquer the universe before I learn to box. From now on I am going to devote my attention to the fine points of the game. I am going to secure a good man to teach me how to box and how to protect myself. I have strength, the determination and the stamina. Those are valuable assets, but they won't go far unless I master the inside end of the game.

"When I first began training," said Morris, who is only 24 years old and weighs 235 pounds in condition, "I weighed more than 300 pounds. I thought I was in great shape even at that time, but I have learned a lot since then. I don't expect to get down much lower than I am at present, however."

To Fight Soon.

"I expect to fight Jim Flynn inside of the next five weeks. That will be a severe test for me, I am told. They tell me that Flynn comes rushing in and if he does I believe I'll win. After the Flynn fight—if I win—I will prepare for tougher game. Al Kaufman, maybe. I was offered a match with Sam Langford, but I am not going to fight any negroes, unless I develop enough to fight Johnson."

Al Wolgast, the toy champion of our lightweight division, writes promisingly of his ring future, as follows:

"During the year 1911 I expect to face at least half a dozen of the world's greatest lightweights in the ring and have every confidence that I will be able to retain the title. If I should go down to defeat it would most likely be before an Englishman, for the class of the lightweight division at the present time undoubtedly lies between Freddie Welsh and Own Moran.

"I am all right once more. My injured arm has almost regained its former strength and in a month or two I will be just as good as I ever was. My hands have never hurt. Breaks and bruises in other parts of the arm may be healed, but when a fighter's hands once go to the bad it is about all off with him. I have nothing to worry about on that score.

Will Meet Any Six.

"As I said before, I will be open to meet six of the world's greatest lightweights during the coming year, leaving it to the public to decide whom they shall be. If necessary I will journey to Australia or England to carry out the program and the mills can be shoved together just as fast as promoters care to bid for them, so long as they are not closer together than a week.

"Welsh, Moran, Knockout Brown, One-Round Hogan, Tommy Murphy and Danny Goodman are the men I expect the public to select to meet me, and I want to put myself on record now as being willing to meet the entire six in fights to a finish, all inside of three months, and the sooner the better suits me, once I am fit again.

"Welsh is one of the greatest boxers who ever drew on a glove or broke resin, according to my own observations of him in action. Moran is also a great young lightweight. It remains to be seen how much real class Knockout Brown and One-Round Hogan possess, for they have not been pitted yet against real class and may fall down like the selling platers once they are. Murphy and Goodman are classy performers, just outside the championship."

Tenny Holds that Fielding is the Strength of Team

Statement is Controverted by Base Ball History, Showing Reliance on Twirlers.

A statement of Fred Tenny's has been widely circulated in fandom which it seems almost incredible that the Boston manager could ever have made. Tenny is quoted as saying, "Give me a good team in the field and I won't care anything about the battery." He went on to explain that while a pitcher necessarily worked infrequently, a fielder worked every day and had more chances to win or lose games.

This theory seems untenable in the extreme. Charles Radbourne in 1884 pitched seventy-two out of ninety-seven games for Providence and had a winning percentage of .828. Providence won the pennant and Radbourne pitched the last third of the season alone. Gilligan caught seventy-nine games that year for the same club.

The Athletics won last season's pennant mainly because of the pitching of that big four—Coombs, Bender, Plank and Morgan. Detroit was out of the title hunt because its twirlers were wrong. Brown, Overall, Reulbach and Pfeister won the world's championship twice for the Cubs. Last season these boxmen were not as efficient as of old, and the Cubs lost in the title games.

In the American league it was Donovan, Mullin, Summer and Willetts who made the Tigers feared. In 1905 Christy Mathewson won the National league pennant for the Giants and then plucked the pennant, single handed, from the Athletics. It was Matty who won the city championship from the Yankees last season. Nichols won pennants for Boston; Esper, McMahon, Hoffer and Pond made the Baltimores title holders; Kennedy, McGinnity and Hughes carried the Brooklyns to victory.

The major league teams are supposed to be faster than any minor league organization, and yet, take the Eastern league or American association champions and give them a battery composed of Mathewson, Walsh, Johnson, Cole, Coombs and Bender, with Gibson, McLean and Archer on the receiving end, and then put them in either league race. Where would they finish? The best outfield and infield ever put together must have battery strength to be a great team.

Dangerous Surgery

is prevented by the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills, the painless purifiers. 25c. For sale by Beaton Drug Co.

Tinker Tells How the Cubs Lost the Big World's Series

Says the Athletics Were Younger Men and Went Into the Game with More "Pepper."

SUNDAY SPORT—HEAD TO COME

Joseph B. Tinker, shortstop of the Chicago Cubs, pennant-winners of the National league last year, and runner-up in the world's series, has made a little trip to Portland, Ore. Tinker, it appears, was more than willing to talk base ball. When asked how it was that the supposedly unbeatable Cub base ball machine succumbed before a team of youngsters, comparatively speaking, Tinker said:

"They played better base ball. They hit our pitchers when hits were needed, and we couldn't hit their pitchers when hits were needed. Our team did not go into the game with the same amount of 'pepper' it did in the other series; the enthusiasm wasn't there.

"We knew too much for them. For three weeks prior to the end of the American league series, George Huff was compiling statistics—what they hit, where they hit, when they hit, and all that sort of 'dope.' All the players were supplied with typewritten copies of all this. We knew just how to play for each batter; that is, we thought we did. They surprised us by doing just the opposite to what we expected, and that tells the tale. They deserved to win.

"I believe the Cubs will have to fight harder for the pennant this year than ever before. If we are to win I feel we must develop a couple of young pitchers. We have 'King' Cole, who made such a good record the last season, and 'Buck' Weaver, a young giant from Louisville, who ought to make good. I look for Brown to have a banner year in 1911, and I feel that Overall will get his arm in condition again. These two men are engaged in mining at Visalia, Cal., and say they have retired, but they'll get the fever and report when the call of spring training reaches them.

"I hardly believe that Johnny Evers will play as good a game as he did before he broke his ankle. He will naturally slow up, because he will favor his injured leg. I hope the Trojan does come back, for he is a dandy man to play with. The Cubs are all fine, from Chance to the rawest recruit. I never met a bunch of finer athletes.

"I am due to sign a new contract this year, my old 3-year-old contract having expired last season. I'll make no bones about it, except, that I intend asking Frank to switch me to third base. The nerve-racking work made necessary at shortstop, cuts down the years of a ball player's serviceability. I love the game, and want to stay with it, and think by switching to third base I'll prolong my career for several years. However, I'll play wherever I'm told to and do the best I know how.

"I hardly think there will be a big shake-up in the team, as reported in the east. There won't be if the boys get to winning. Of course, if we hit the toboggan there will be a shakeup. This report of our having 'gone back' is all wrong. We're still a strong club and will give them a run for honors as before."

YALE HAS WRESTLING SCHEDULE

Gymnastic Team Also to Work Under Schedule Dates.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 14.—The manager of the Yale wrestling team announced the following schedule for the season: February 11, Annapolis at Annapolis; February 17, Leigh university, at New Haven; February 24, Pennsylvania State at New Haven; March 4, Princeton, at Princeton; March 7, Columbia university, at New York.

The schedule of the meets for the Yale Gymnastic team was also announced as follows: January 21, Rutger's college, at New Brunswick, N. J.; February 10, Tome school, at Tome school; February 25, Springfield Training school, at Springfield, Mass.; February 11, United States Naval academy, at Annapolis, Md.; March 10, New York university, at New York; March 11, Princeton, at Princeton, N. J.; March 19, Intercollegiates, at New Haven.

WHEN DISCRETION BEAT VALOR

How a Piece of Money Conserved the Face and Happiness of Society Man.

This is the story of the one time that Governor Egan of Washington society man and all-around athlete, refused to fight.

It happened in the lobby of a small hotel in a West Virginia town in the dead of night. Egan was talking to the hotel clerk when a stranger, six feet tall and built on the lines of Samson, lounged in and carefully looked him over. Egan paid no attention to him.

After a few minutes the stranger walked to the main door, sprang up and caught hold of the beam over the door and drew himself up three times, each time making his chin go up to the level of the beam. It was the athlete stunt known among boys as "chinning the pole."

Having completed his exercise, the West Virginia giant walked up to Egan and said:

"Pay me."

"Pay you for what?" asked Egan.

"Why," said the stranger, in great indignation, "didn't you just bet me $5 that I couldn't chin myself?"

"I never said a word to you in my life," contradicted Egan.

The stranger, now thoroughly incensed, turned to the hotel clerk.

"Jack," he demanded, "didn't this guy just bet me five that I couldn't chin myself three times?"

"I don't remember what was said," was the diplomatic clerk's contribution to the argument.

Egan started out of the hotel, but the big man sprang in front of him and closed the door.

"No, you don't!" he snarled, viciously. "You pay me or you don't get out of here."

"But I never bet you anything," protested Egan.

"Don't crawl!" warned the stranger. "Pay up. I'm going to cash this bet or bust. I ain't going to be an easy mark all my life."

Egan paid.—Popular Magazine.

As He Remembered It.

"Did any of you ever hear the song, asked the elderly boarder, "entitled 'The Laugh of a Child?'"

It appeared that nobody present ever had heard it.

"It was very popular fifty years ago," he said, "but I don't suppose it's in any of our modern collections of music. It was a great favorite of mine."

"How does it go?" timidly inquired the new boarder.

"I don't remember it all, but a part of it goes like this:

Clearing his throat, he sang:

"O, the lah-lah-laht of a chi-ld-hild,
So wi-hi-hild and so free-hee-hee,
Is the meh-heh-herriest saw-hom-hound
In the wuh-huh-huh-hurld to me!"

"Dinner's ready!" gasped the landlady, although it was a full quarter of an hour earlier than the regular time.—Chicago Tribune.

BACK TO THE BUFFALO HUNT

Recollections of Big Game Days in Western Nebraska.

TUMBLED IN THICK OF FIGHT

Slaughter of Animals Participated in by Crack Shots from Great Britain—A ery Remarkable Escape.

Among the experiences on the western plains in the days of big game, forty years ago, related by Captain W. A. Morton in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, one which has to do with a hunt in western Nebraska follows:

In November, 1873, I was a visitor at Sidney barracks, Nebraska, the guest of Lieutenant Charles Morton of the Third cavalry. It was near the boundary line of Wyoming, a frontier regimental post on Lodge Pole river. Soon after my arrival it was reported that the earl of Dunraven and his companion in camp, Lord Parker, who had been sporting with elk in the vicinity of Long's peak, were on their way to Sidney barracks, having heard that a drove of buffalo was grazing on the plateau between the Lodge Pole and the South Platte. The commander of the department had issued an order to Colonel Woodward, commanding the post at Sidney barracks, to detail a troop of cavalry to escort the distinguished huntsmen to the buffalo grounds. Lieutenant Morton was detailed to command the escort and I was honored with an invitation to go with the expedition.

Having been engaged in many a chase and a number of still hunts for buffalo, there was no phase of the sport that was novel to me, nor any attraction in the pastime that appealed to me, but I joyfully accepted the invitation. I wanted to see the roving herds once more—was eager to know how the earl and Lord Parker would succeed in their maiden chase. I expected to see them take a tumble, though both were reputed good horsemen. But the unexpected happened.

Their lordships were attended by a retinue of servants and a noted scout and interpreter, named Palliday, known as "Buckskin Bill," who was versed in hunting and all forms of camp life on the plains, who had guided them in the elk hunt at Long's peak.

The weather was strikingly unpleasant the morning we started to the hunting ground—a leaden sky, with a biting cold breeze from the northwest; besides, there was a rumor to the effect that the buffalo had gone south. Under these depressing conditions none of the party was in high spirits except the troop of cavalry. To them the expedition was an outing, a break in the monotony of routine life at the barracks and all were in a holiday mood.

The Herd in Sight.

The table land between the Lodge Pole and South Platte is undulating, with scattered mounds and ridges, which form an interesting landscape, though at that time treeless. We had proceeded eight or ten miles in a southeasterly direction when we came in view of the outposts of a buffalo herd. A flank movement was made around a ridge in order that the wind might blow from the herd toward us, thus enabling us to be much nearer the game when the chase began.

Dunraven was dignified and reserved (perhaps a little despondent) up to the moment we came in full view of the buffaloes, when a change came over him. The sight which thrilled the entire party moved him to display animation, though the group of savage-looking beasts before us, grazing on brown tufts of buffalo grass, was a small drove compared to the vast numbers which a few years before inhabited the territory between Cow creek and the Santa Fe crossing of the Arkansas river.

There was no delay in preparing for a charge. The earl's horse was lank and seemed somewhat jaded up to the moment it started toward the buffaloes—it went with the speed of an arrow and the grace of a deer. It was a thoroughbred, fleet and surefooted. I kept my eye on them. They soon caught up with the herd and moved rapidly into the center, where the cows and younger stock were clustered. It was evident the earl wanted good game and knew where to find it.

As soon as he was in firing distance of the buffalo he had singled out a puff of smoke rose from his pistol—an instant later another, and the buffalo fell, killed by the second shot, a record rarely equaled by trained buffalo hunters—for a beginner it was splendid, though perhaps due to accident rather than skill. It was thought by others as well as myself; but before the day ended we had reason to banish all doubt as to the earl's skill. He was a splendid horseman and expert marksman. The fact that sven buffaloes and three antelopes were killed by him during the day is proof that he was not out to waste ammunition. And the fact that he stayed in the saddle in the swift chase through sage brush and over prairie dog knolls was convincing evidence of his superb horsemanship.

On with the Chase.

While the earl was winning his first trophy in the buffalo field, the other huntsmen of the party were busy. Lord Parker, Lieutenant Morton, Palliday and one of the sergeants were in the chase, all of whom succeeded in bringing down game. The herd broke into detachments soon after the charge began, and a squad a few hundred strong swept round close to the wagon train. My horse had champed upon the bit and danced a polka for some time, eager to enter the chase, but when the rushing herd drew near he became furious. He was a picked cavalry horse, fleet and spirited, thoroughly trained, and warranted to be manageable. It is certain I was not speed crazy, as on the occasion of my first chase, but partly to gratify my steed and partly to satisfy a burning curiosity, to know the difference between a pony and a cavalry horse in a chase, I reined the animal toward the moving herd and said "Go."

He dashed forward like a racer in the speed ring—in ranchmen parlance, "he split the wind like a jack rabbit."—there was a glimmer of sage brush and grass, a rushing of air as we swept on, and soon we penetrated the herd. I selected a 2-year-old bull and reined my horse toward him, drew my pistol and was on the point of firing when a vault into space, the report of a pistol, a stunning thump on the ground occurred simultaneously, followed by a thrill of pain along my spine—I was being dragged by the middle reins, which were firmly held in my left hand, and the horse's hoofs were pounding the ground in unpleasant proximity to my head. The horse halted when he regained his feet. For a time I thought I had shot myself in falling.

Half stunned, I arose. The buffaloes were rushing by on each side, leaving me and my horse in a lane, as it were, and it seemed for a time that we would be trampled beneath their feet, but they parted as they came close to us, and the gap widened as they sped by—every buffalo uttering a pronounced "ough" at sight of us and crowding his neighbor in his haste to get farther away. Soon as the herd was gone I got myself together and proceeded to investigate how the unexpected had happened. I first decided that I was not shot nor seriously hurt by the fall—only badly jarred by sudden contact with the ground, while an inspection of my horse showed no wounds except a few scratches on his nose and face. Walking back a few paces to the spot where my horse fell, I discovered that he had broken through a thin crust of earth into a subterraneous passage made by a badger or some other underground animal, and alighted on his head. Evidently he turned a complete somersault, as he was running at full speed when the accident happened. My only recollection of the event is a flight into air and collision with the earth. In falling I tightened my grip on the trigger and fired the shot which was intended for the buffalo. Remounting I rode back to the wagon train, and during the remainder of the day watched the field sport from a distance.

Great Slaughter.

As fast as the buffaloes were shot down the forage wagon was called to the spot by signal. Only the hindquarters of the game was taken into the wagon—the remainder was left for wolves and birds to feast on. At nightfall we camped behind the foothills of the Platte, not far from Lillian Spring. It was dark when the earl and Lord Parker arrived. They had jackrabbits dangling at their saddles. After the buffalo chase had ended they turned their attention to smaller game. The fruits of the day's sport were twenty buffaloes and eight antelopes, with a few jackrabbits uncounted. The following morning the lords were out early, while the rest of us were dreaming in camp. Armed with shotguns, they went to the Platte to shoot geese and ducks. At 9 they returned laden with game. After a hearty breakfast, at which eleven different kinds of meat were served, they rested awhile, then went gunning for sage hens and jackrabbits, and were as successful in the pursuit of these kinds of game as in the chase for buffalo. They were also as industrious as skillful. Had their lives depended upon their efforts they could not have been more persevering and energetic.

Our rations of game were varied, and at no time short while in camp, thanks to their industry and skill. And their camp equipment was admirable, elaborate and well selected, in no respect falling short of perfection. Their arsenal contained a sufficiency of guns to arm a platoon of infantry—long and short range rifles and shotguns and smooth bore rifles—in short, weapons for all emergencies and every class of game. They were well equipped and knew how to use effectively every article of their military stores.

Visit of Alien Tennis and Golf Men is Off

Word Comes that Famous Australian Experts Cannot Compete at Boston.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Word comes from Boston that from private advices received in that city there is now only a very remote possibility of the team of Australian golfers and lawn tennis players being seen in this country this year. There is only one little ray of hope for those who were anxious to see the strangers in action, for the story seems to have arisen in lawn tennis sources. The company of Antipodeans was, of course, to include several tennis experts, and it had been arranged that they were to stay around Boston for about a week and take part in the classic Longwood singles lawn tennis meeting, while the golfers of the company would interest themselves in a tournament that would probably be run for them by the Massachusetts Golf association.

It is now reported, however, that a man prominent in tennis circles in the Hub has received a private communication that the team sought among the Australians was impossible to muster. They would not take the long trip for various reasons, one of which was that it would mean a heavy loss to most of them in their business. The golfers who were expected were Michael Scott, open champion of Australia in 1904 and 1907, amateur champion of Australia in 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909 and 1910; Victorian amateur champion in 1904, 1905, 1907, 1908, 1909 and 1910, and New South Wales amateur champion in 1909 and 1910; Arthur Duncan, open champion of New Zealand in 1907 and 1910 and amateur champion of New Zealand in 1899, 1900, 1901, 1905, 1907 and 1909; C. Felstead, open champion of Australia in 1909; Clyde Pearce of New South Wales, who won both the amateur and open championship of Australia in 1908; his young brother, Bruce Pearce, a left-handed player, and E. P. Simpson of New South Wales.

PENNSY TRACK MEN AT WORK

Mike Murphy Has a Strong Squad in Training.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 14.—Coach Mike Murphy has set about forty candidates for the University of Pennsylvania track team at regular practice. Among the varsity men who have reported to Captain Minds, Ramsdell, Hough and Mercer in the sprints; Paull, Walle, Boyle, Levering, Church and Bodley in the distance runs; Haydock and Riddell in the hurdles, and Burdock, Lane and Ferrier in the high jump.

The indoor team has been entered in the Boston Athletic association games at Boston on February 11 and in the Federal games at Washington and the New York Athletic club games at New York.

Manager Williams has announced the following outdoor schedule for the coming spring:

April 20—University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.
April 22—Johns Hopkins university, at Baltimore.
April 29—Spring handicap meet.
April 29—Relay races at Franklin field.
May 6—Cornell at Franklin field.
May 13—United States Naval academy at Annapolis.
May 20—Interdepartment games.
May 26-27—Intercollegiate championship.

WISCONSIN TRACK MEN BUSY

Coach Wilson Issues His Call—Ten Old Men in Squad.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 14.—(Special.)—Coach Wilson issued his call for candidates for the University of Wisconsin track team early this week, but the men have been slow in reporting, and it is not expected that much will be done until after the first semester. Ten old varsity men are now logging on the indoor track, getting into shape for the harder work, which will come as soon as the mid-year exams have been weathered.

According to Captain Arch Richards, the Aurora boy, the Badgers' chances this season are the brightest that they have been in recent years. The team will be minus the services of only one man so far as depletion by graduation goes. Storey, the weight man, being the only veteran who will be missed.

"I don't believe there has ever been a year when prospects loomed up as big as this," said Captain Richards yesterday. "While we cannot expect much from last year's freshman team, we don't need any help if the old men stay eligible."

A Guarantee of Business Prosperity—The Persistent and Wise Patronage of The Bee Advertising Columns.

GRIM REAPER CLAIMS SPORTS

Year of Nineteen-Ten Notable for Death of Prominent Men.

LIST IS EXCEPTIONALLY LONG

Boxers, Ball Players, Racers, Foot Ball Stars, Turf Men, Swimmers, Aviators and Others Answer the Call of Death.

Many notable persons, identified with the various branches of sport, passed away in 1910. Professional base ball lost among others John L. Rogers, once chief owner of the Philadelphia National League club, and one of the best known lawyers in the state of Pennsylvania; Frank V. Dunn, a theatrical man and base ball fan, who tried to buy the Boston National League club from Soden, Billings and Conant before they sold it to the Dovey brothers and John P. Harris; Bug Halliday, for many years a member of the Cincinnati Reds and once considered a star outfielder; Mike Hines, the old Boston catcher, who handled the cannonball curves of Grasshopper Jim Whitney back in 1883, when the Beaneaters won the National league pennant; Thomas J. Loftus, well known as the manager of the Chicago Cubs after A. C. Anson was released, and later the manager of the Washington Americans; Dan McGann, who played first base for the Brooklyns and then became a member of the Giants, who won the world's championship from the Athletics in 1905; Joe Nealon, former first baseman of the Pittsburg Pirates, who retired from the game to make his permanent home in California and for whom Boots Durnell named a race horse which won thousands of dollars in wagers for John W. Gates; Bob Petitt, who played right field for the Chicagos in 1888 and went around the world that year as a member of the Spalding tourists; Harry Staley, former pitcher of the Pittsburg and Boston league teams; Alan Storke of Newton, Mass., who was a member of the Pittsburg, St. Louis and Cincinnati teams during his short diamond career after leaving college, and H. V. Lucas, who lost a fortune in promoting the Union Base Ball association in 1884.

Jem Mace is Gone.

Among the leading men of the prize ring were Jem Mace, once champion of England, who was considered the greatest boxer of his time, and incidentally brought Herbert Slade, the Maori, to this country in 1882; Stanley Ketchel, world's middleweight champion, who had nerve enough to tackle Jack Johnson and stayed twelve rounds before he was put to sleep; Tommy McCarthy, who was fatally injured in a bout with Owen Moran in San Francisco, and the veteran Joe Gans, former lightweight champion of the world, who was a victim of tuberculosis.

The prominent turfmen were Lucien O. Appleby, a well known breeder and former bookmaker, who was known everywhere as a square dealer; Phil Daly, long identified with sporting matters at Long Branch; James Galway, a member of the Jockey club and a breeder of many famous race horses; John Littlewood, a veteran jockey; Lucien Lyne, who rode the great Roseben when the son of Ben Stroke was the champion sprinter and who passed away in Germany; David T. Pulsifer, the owner of the never-to-be-forgotten Tenny, the swayback, who ran a memorable match race with the great Salvator; Edward Purser, a turf speculator, who ran a shoestring into a fortune and then went to the wall; Robert Tucker, a plunging trainer, who saddled the late S. S. Brown's Broomstick when he hung up the world's record for a mile and a quarter, and W. S. Williams, a veteran owner, whose best horse was Ram's Horn, winner of a Brighton handicap.

The best known foot ball men were Francis Burr, former captain of the Harvard eleven, and Jim Hogan, the Yale captain and tackle, who was deputy street cleaning commissioner of New York under Big Bill Edwards at the time of his death. Others who died were Jacob Schaefer, once the champion billiard player; John A. Albert, a famous swimmer; Willie Anderson, the golfer, Tobin De Hymel and Al Livingstone, auto drivers; R. F. Doherty and John A. Ryersen, the tennis players; A. C. Willard, the trap shooter, Andrew M. Walsh, a prominent Philadelphia cricketer, and Big Jim Kennedy of New York, widely known as a book-maker and gambler.

Digger Stanley of England to Fight All Yankee Bantams

Little Englishman with Fine Record Will Mix with Best Scrappers Here.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Digger Stanley, English bantamweight champion, comes to this country in quest of the bantamweight championship of the world. His first fight on this side of the water is to be a ten-round bout with Frankie Burns of Jersey City at the National Sporting club of this city.

This event will probably take place on January 20. It should be a notable affair, as Burns, while he does not hold the American title, is generally regarded as one of the fastest bantams in the country. After his meeting with Frankie the little Englishman hopes to engage in arguments with Johnny Coulon, who claims the championship; Frankie Conley, Joe Coster, Tommy Houck, Joe Wagner, Monte Attell, Philly McGovern and the best of the others who fight around 116 pounds.

Stanley was born at Norwich, England, on February 28, 1883, and is therefore not quite 28 years old. His first battle as a professional was a twenty-round victory, in 1901, over Owen Moran, who so recently beat Battling Nelson. The next year Digger fought eleven times and won ten of his bouts. The one he lost was a ten-round contest with Pedlar Palmer, who at that time held the English bantamweight title.

Stanley fought nine times in 1903, losing again to Palmer in twelve rounds, losing to and winning from George Dixon in two six-round battles, and again defeating Moran in fifteen rounds. In 1904 he fought two fifteen-round draws with Jimmy Walsh of Boston and knocked out several second-raters.

The season of 1905 was a poor one for Stanley. He lost the decision to Moran in a twenty-round bout before the National Sporting club of London, lost a six-round bout with George Moore and then came to America, only to lose the decision to Jimmy Walsh in a fifteen-round unpleasantness at Chelsea, Mass. Since this battle the Englishman has not appeared in the ring in this country.

Digger lost to Al Delmont in seventeen rounds in 1907. That same year he was defeated by Bob Kendrick in nine rounds. He has not lost a fight since that time. He won from Sammy Kellar in 1908 and fought a fifteen-round draw with Dalsh in 1909. Last rounds, knocked out Joe Bowker, former champion, in eight rounds, and defeated Johnny Condon in twenty rounds.

In agreeing to meet Burns in his first fight here Stanley has shown that he is not looking for easy marks, as Frankie is thought by many followers of the ring to be the best bantam now fighting in America. He has the speed, the strength and the punch, and if the Englishman can beat him decisively he need not be afraid to go after any of the others.

Stanley's advent may stir the bantamweight ranks to action and aid in picking a real champion. At present there are almost as many claimants for the title as there are fighters in the class.

The Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ads.

S.S.S.

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There is no subject about which we can talk with more confidence than that of curing RHEUMATISM with S. S. S. Forty years is a long time, and when a remedy consistently performs any work for such a lengthy period there can be no doubt about its value. This is the record of S. S. S. in the treatment of Rheumatism. For nearly a half century it has been curing sufferers of this disease, and has more living witnesses as to its curative virtues than any other remedy. Each day's mail brings letters from men and women who have been afflicted with this trouble, telling us that S. S. S. has cured them, and they are once more free from its aches and pains.

Rheumatism is a blood disease, due to an excess of uric acid in the circulation. Its primary cause results from weak kidneys, constipation, indigestion, etc. In other words the eliminative members do not carry off all the urea and refuse matters of the body, and these impurities being left in the system soon sour and ferment, causing uric acid, which passes from the stomach and intestines into the blood.

When the uric acid gets into the circulation it causes a partial fermentation of the blood, which changes it from a thick, rich fluid to a thin, acrid stream, whose nourishing properties are greatly impaired. Through the circulation the uric acid is carried to every muscle, joint and nerve of the body, and then the pains and aches of Rheumatism commence. The longer the blood is allowed to remain in this acrid, weakened condition the more severe will the disease become; gradually the muscles harden and lose their elasticity, the joints begin to stiffen, and frequently calculous deposits collect and form lumps and knots at the finger joints.

The pains of Rheumatism can sometimes be temporarily relieved by the application of plasters, liniments, hot cloths, etc., but such treatment can have no possible curative effect on the disease because it does not reach the blood where the real trouble is being harbored.

There is just one way to CURE Rheumatism, and that is to cleanse the blood of the uric acid poison. S. S. S. goes down into the blood, and attacks the disease at its head, and by removing every particle of the cause and PURIFYING the circulation cures Rheumatism permanently. S. S. S. eliminates the uric acid because it is the greatest of all blood purifiers. It filters out every trace of the sour, inflammatory matter, cools the acid-heated blood, furnishes the material for multiplying the rich, nutritious corpuscles of the circulation, and by its fine tonic effects assists the system in rapidly overcoming every effect of the disease. S. S. S. contains no minerals but is made entirely of botanical roots, herbs and barks. It may be taken, therefore, by any one without fear of the bad effects that so often follow the use of medicines containing mineral salts. It has cured thousands of cases of Rheumatism and it will cure you. Special book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write.

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I had a severe attack of Rheumatism from which I was unable to leave my room for several months. I was treated by two doctors and also tried different kinds of liniment and medicines which seemed to relieve me from pain for awhile, but at the same time I was not any nearer getting well. One day while reading a paper I saw an advertisement of S. S. S. for Rheumatism. I decided to give it a trial, which I did at once. After I had taken several bottles I felt a great deal better, and I continued to take it regularly until I was entirely cured. I now feel better than I have for years, and I do cheerfully recommend S. S. S. to any one suffering from Rheumatism.

CHAS. E. GILDERSLEEVE,
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