

Bringing Up Father



CREIGHTON DEFEATS BLUFFS

Basket Ball Quintet Has Walkaway by Score of 52 to 7.

HOFFMAN PROVES TO BE GIANT

Tallest Man Seen on Bluffs Floor Throws Twelve Baskets, White Fruchs Throws Six Before Finish.

Table with League Standing, P, W, L, Pct. for Omaha High school, Nebraska alumni, Creighton university, Bellevue, Omaha, Council Bluffs, Council Bluffs High school, University of Omaha.

The Creighton university basket ball team of the Tri-City league defeated the Council Bluffs High school five last night at the Bluffs "Y" by the score of 52 to 7.

The blue and white team had the Bluffs High school outclassed from the start, and threw baskets at will. Every man on this team had five or more years' experience. Hoffman, Creighton's center, was the tallest man seen on the Bluffs "Y" floor in years.

The Bluffs High school presented a patched up team, two of their best men, Giles and Crowl, being laid up. Captain Pheny had to use two recruits in Deal and Jones. Both Pheny and McIntosh did well in passing, but the men were unlicky in shooting baskets.

DWELLERS WORK INDOORS

(Continued from Page One.) material which formed the squad last season.

Conference Basket Ball Opens. Next Friday night the Tenement Dwellers open the Missouri valley conference basket ball with the Ames team.

The Cornhuskers have one more basket ball trip away from home in which Ames and Drake will be played in two series of two games each—all of them counting on the championship standings.

The high school tournament continues to draw the attention of Nebraska schools and Stuehm has sent out his call for entries. High school managers in making their entries should not forget that it is absolutely essential to include the scholarship standing of the members of the teams.

Worth the Trip. President Comiskey of Chicago, figures that the California training trip of the White Sox will cost him \$100,000.

Cuba to Catch. Manager Tinker of Cincinnati hopes to convert Raphael Almeida, the Cuban infielder, into a catcher.

The New York "Amerian" rather pointedly repeats: "It is a trifle belated out with no desire to sound ironical, we really wish the New York Giants' Branch Rickey, Alford of Athletics and Assault and Battery Defendants club as a new year as possible use, the circumstances.

Need the Coils. Ball players are bum actors, says Hughie Jennings, but any sink who refuses an offer to go on the wire and pick up some of the soft junk ought to be put into a padded cell, says Hughie.

TAFT'S SALARY WILL BE FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 25.—The salary at Yale for Prof. William H. Taft, a law professor of law will be \$5,000 a year, which is the maximum salary now paid to the upper grade of full professors. The salary will include the \$300 income paid by the Kent endowment itself, the balance being made good from the general fund of the academic department.

Der Boss President of the Four-Time Winners is Now Nearing the Home Plate After a Life Given to Sport

BY JAMES B. WOOTAN.

Base ball has had but one Chris Von der Ahe, and he is about to be thrown out at home by the Grim Reaper. Base ball has had but one Four-Time Winner, and the light of their fame went out in final extinguishment with the setting sun of Chris' heyday. For Chris was "Der Boss President of Der Four-Time Winners," the famous old St. Louis Browns of the old American association, who won the pennant in 1885, 1886, 1887 and 1888, beat Anson's White Sox one year for the world's championship, split even with them the second year, lost the other two to Detroit and New York, respectively.

The closing days of this unique old character in all base ball history serves to revamp in the minds of those scores of veteran fans who knew him or knew of him, memories of him and the great days of his primacy in base ball.

Chris was born hardly sixty-one years ago in Germany, but he has lived many more years than that, and if he was the author or the origin of half the stories told about him—for he was the most talked-of man in his day—he would be twice sixty-one. Chris' physical makeup, rotund and rubeanic, his funny temperament, his irresistibly comical German dialect, and his childlike vanity, made him just the man to fit a good story onto and he really did authorize many of them.

Chris went to St. Louis in 1870, started a little saloon at St. Louis and Grand avenues, then in the suburbs, later the main corner of Sportsman park, the home of the Browns, now the headquarters of the Cardinals. Kids played ball on what is now the park and crowds gathered to see them. All liked Chris' refreshing goods and he soon saw that it paid to run such an emporium near a ball grounds—in the fine old city of St. Louis. In 1880 Al Spink and others organized the St. Louis Base Ball association and had games played next to Chris' place. Chris' receipts often exceeded those at the gates. Chris maneuvered finally to buy the majority stock in this base ball club for \$1,000. Out of it he made \$50,000 in a few years on his great Browns.

Sportsman park finally came, and then glory and coin for Chris. He got hold of Charley Comiskey in 1882. Old Ted Sullivan loves to relate how he "discovered" Comiskey up in Dubouque, where the Old Roman was clerking in a shoe store and playing ball at odd times. He went to St. Louis as a pitcher, later going to first, and really becoming the pioneer in the modern style of covering the base. That is, he was the first man to play off down the line and a little out in the field. In 1884 Comiskey took the captaincy and management of the team. His salary, which began with \$50 a month, grew gradually, and he probably was drawing \$5,000 when he left the Browns.

Here were some of those grand old stars that made up the Four-Time Winners: Cathers, Tom Dolan, Bushong, Buehr, Pitchers, Fouts, Caruthers (who for two years almost daily alternated in the box and right field because of their terrific batting coupled with marvelous pitching), McInnis in very early pinnacled, and one or two others; first, Comiskey; second, Yank Robinson; third, Arlie Latham; short, Bill Gleason; left, James E. (Tip) O'Neill, later Tommy McCarthy; center, Curtis Welch; right, Hugh Nicol, finally let go for weak hitting.

It was always easy to tell when the Browns were winning by the headgear of old Chris. Winning, Chris wore a silk tie at the park; losing, a brewery Dutchman's cap, drawn well down over his eyes. Naturally amiable and happy, Chris found it hard to be so when the team struck a bad streak. Comiskey used to tell a good one.

"Sometimes the team would drop a game or two while on a trip abroad," says Comiskey, "and if Chris had stayed in St. Louis I was likely to get a telegram next day something like this: 'Chris O'Neill at once, or 'Pre Caruthers, or it might be any of our best men. I might expect Chris along the next day.' Von der Ahe had the idea (that is still held by a good many fans), that if the team happened to lose, it must be the fault of the best players.

Of O'Neill, large, handsome, the most phenomenal buster of his day, but intangible at times, Chris had a grim fear, yet he almost revered him. But when the big left fielder got to taking one or two, as Chris thought, too many, and the team should lose, Chris was sure that was the reason. "There is a story often told in many versions, but we are sure Chris would O. K. this as the original and since his absence, we leave it to Comiskey." Chris was irate. The men were in the little dressing room, off from right field, getting ready for the game. Chris paced back and forth in front of the club house, each time furtively glancing in,



screwing up his courage. Finally he blurted out to Comiskey: "Charley, I tell you what it is! Dat peer drinking—now, peer it's all right, sometimes I like it myself. But Charley, I tell you what it is, some of dem blayers, dey got it too much peer, already sometimes, I don't want to mention some names, but—and then he vanished past the door, jabbering as he went! Dat Dip O'Neill, he better look out! One hot July Sunday afternoon at Sportsman park, the Browns were playing Brooklyn. The game was close and exciting. The Browns didn't especially need the game to help them win the pennant, but every game looked alike to Chris. He hated defeat worse than a dog hates a hickory. The Browns had three on bases, Latham on third, Gleason on second and Comiskey on first. Big Tip O'Neill reposed to the plate. Chris was perched as usual on the bench. "Dip," he half-whispered. "O'Neill turned before taking his place in the box at the plate. "Dip, for a home run I gif it to you a new suit of clothes." Now, Tip probably did not need the clothes any more than the Browns needed the game, for he was as fancy a dresser, almost, as Latham. There was no crisis or emergency of any kind on hand, though, of course, a home run with the bases full is always acceptable—to the best getting the runs. O'Neill swung at the first two balls pitched. Chris was almost frantic. The things he said, the antics he cut, could not now, a quarter of a century later, be recalled with any nice regard for facts. But the next ball Tip did not miss. He swung and the ball sped on its way toward left field. The three runners moved, the feet-footed Latham crossing the plate before the ball landed. It lit in the left field bleachers and was a fair home run, but some over-zealous fan picked up the ball and tossed it back onto the field. That precipitated a debate, which ended in the umpire's sending the last two men back. O'Neill to second, Comiskey to third, allowing but a two-bagger for the hit. Comiskey and the other players, of course, kicked vigorously. But old Chris—well, it looked for a while as if he would die of apoplexy. He was in favor of taking the umpire to the Four Courts and having him banged without further ceremony. Then, suddenly, his round face that had been contorted and flushed

with anger, burst into a large Teutonic smile. A thought had evidently flashed across his mind. "Dat's all right, dat's all right," he kept exclaiming, and it really was, not because of his, but the umpire's fat, and Chris was not supposed to have even a voice in the procedure, for while he owned the Browns, Comiskey managed them. "Dat's all right, ve maybe get two runs mit Tip's hit and ve maybe get the orders and Dip, he don't got der suit, for the umpire says it cusen't a home run." Chris was the whole thing in the American association during the days of his Brown's ascendancy. He almost ran the league, naming the umpires, fixing the schedules and, the worse for Chris, kept the other teams needing money supplied, for he was the champion spender of his day, as well as the boss president and most famous man in base ball. It was a sad day for him when the disintegration of his great team came. Caruthers, Bushong and Fouts went to Brooklyn, then soon Welch, succeeded in center by Lyon, Gleason at short by Fuller and O'Neill in left by Tommy McCarthy, famous among the most famous, went and when the brotherhood made its cruel advent, even the pillar of his hopes, the cornerstone of his achievements, Comiskey, left him.

Base ball war with the Brotherhood, or Players' league, in 1890, and a war with the National league in 1891, depleted Von der Ahe's resources and changed his fabled "Dutchman's luck." His last winning club was that of 1891, which finished second in the American association, in which he had been chief, in fact, sole factor for ten years. In 1892 he entered the twelve-club National league, and his teams invariably finished last or next to last until 1899, when the Sportsman's Park and Club were sold to satisfy the demands of Von der Ahe's innumerable creditors. The sale was made by the sheriff at the east steps of the court house, and bought by E. C. Becker, a retired grocer of St. Louis, for Frank Deless and Mathew Stanley Robinson, who transferred the Cleveland club to this city and named it the Cardinals.

Mrs. F. Schuyler Britton, the present owner of the Cardinal team, is a daughter of Frank Deless Robinson and directly inherited the property from her uncle, the late Mathew Stanley Robinson. On his retirement from base ball in 1899 Mr.

shoot the chutes" and said he was going to make his park the "Coney Island of der Vest." He subordinated his base ball interests to these things and lost much money. Then in 1899 came the sheriff and that was the last of Chris Von der Ahe, "der Boss President of Der Four Time Winners," in base ball. Even his enemies now say that Chris was "the best fellow," meaning the best buyer and most generous man, that ever has been in base ball. They also admit that he was the "gamest" Dutchman that ever lived. When he was kidnaped he almost wrecked the carriage and then the Pullman in which he was confined, ate a \$36 wine dinner and refused to pay for it, on the way, broke the windows, licked Bendie, and when they finally landed him in jail he turned good humoredly and said: "Well, fellers, I gafe you a — off a good vit, anyhow."

"You bet you did, you — you," said Bendie, as he fell in a heap on the floor exhausted by his battle with "Der Boss President of Der Four Time Winners."

Baldwin had come to St. Louis to try to get Jack O'Connor to jump to the National league, with which Von der Ahe's American association was at odds. Von der Ahe had Baldwin arrested for conspiracy. There was no foundation for the charge and Baldwin was released. In 1892 Baldwin had Chris arrested in Pittsburgh for alleged false imprisonment in St. Louis. He got a judgment. It was up to his bondsman, W. W. Nimick, to produce Chris or to settle the judgment. The Pennsylvania courts gave Nimick but a few days to produce Von der Ahe or \$10,000. Nimick could not induce Chris to leave Missouri, so he engaged Attorneys Scandrett and Ford and Detective Nicholas Bendie, now chief of the Carnegie Steel company's secret service, to go to St. Louis and kidnap Von der Ahe. They arrived in St. Louis one Monday morning, decoyed the base ball man to the Lindell by a "fake" message, induced him to enter a cab and dashed over the bridge with him. They put him in a Pullman state room and though Chris fought valiantly every foot of the ground, they landed him in Pittsburgh and he was obliged to settle the \$10,000 claim. The case attracted wide attention at the time. It was one of the most famous kidnaping cases on record. This blow started Von der Ahe downhill as a base ball magnate. He took up horse racing and operated a dinkey one-third-mile track in his base ball park, which is now Robison field. He ran a

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



With the Bowlers

Set Season Record. The O'Brien Monte Christo won three games from the Rogers Permits and set a season record of 2,817. Brown was high with 610. Scores:

Table with O'Brien Monte Christo, Rogers Permits, Fairmont Creamery League, Diadem, Better Butter, Delicia.

FAIRMONT HANCH

Table with Williams, Wilson, Gasser, Weigel, Holcomb.

OMAHA LEAGUE

Table with Stunz, Johnson, Balser, J. Wacker, Martin.

BURKLEYS

Table with Firestone, Christensen, Cain, J. Wacker, Angelsenberg.

LUTKUS

Table with Firestone, Tracy, Sprague, Zimmerman, Goff.

JETTER'S OLD AGE

Table with Solomon, Ohnberg, Godenawager, Zard.

METZ BROS.

Table with Neale, Fowler, Chambers, Francis, Huntington.

HOSPE'S

Table with C. Weeks, Fenton, Toman, Hall, B. Hull.

Mordcaal to Earn His Pay. Joe Tinker figures that Mordcaal Brown will earn his salary if he does not pitch a full game next season. He figures that the veteran will come in handy in the pinnches. He will be able to stop many a batting rally because of his cunning and knowledge of the pitching art. Brown believes that he will be able to take his regular turn on the rubber for the Reds. Murphy Holds Berghammer. Martin Berghammer, the Pittsburgh boy, who was tried out by the White Sox last spring is one of Charles Webb's boys. Murphy's fond hope for a regular infield job with the Cubs. Berghammer will go south with the Cubs late in February. St. Louis wanted to get him, but Murphy shook his head. Going to Bermuda. Hal Chase is figuring on going to Bermuda with the Highlanders' battery men about the middle of February, so as to get into first-class shape for the "best year of his career."

Take advantage of Kelley's Closing Out Sale

Two days of active selling have proven unmistakably to us that the Omaha public appreciates the fact that high class, clean merchandise is selling here at exceptionally attractive prices. The most famous makers of men's furnishings are here represented—Faultless Pajamas, Holeproof and Interwoven Hosiery, Munsing and Lewis Underwear, E. & W. Shirts, Fowles and H. & P. Gloves, Stetson and Schobbe Hats and scores of other household names. We must vacate by March 15th and the shrewd, economical buyer can well afford to buy for future needs.

Table listing various clothing items and prices: Pajamas, Hats, White Shirts, Full Dress, Munsing Underwear, Colored Shirts, Lewis Underwear, Interwoven and Holeproof Hosiery, Gloves.

Tom Kelley Co. This Sale Strictly Cash 315 South 16th Street