

FREAK BET MADE IN BOSTON

Brave Fan Gambles 700-Mile Walk with Mud Turtles Against \$100 Braver Will Cop.

JINK FOLLOWED RED MURRAY

BY FRANK G. MENKE.

NEW YORK, June 6.—The wagger made in Boston recently by William M. Jarvis and Fred Woodland ranks as one of the freakiest ever made since gambling became a sin.

Jarvis is a brave rooster. Woodland doesn't think very much of the Braves. An argument ensued and this bet was made:

If the Braves win the 1915 National League pennant Woodland will pay \$100 to Jarvis. But should the Braves lose, Jarvis will have to do this:

Walk from Boston to Philadelphia and back, accompanied by Lucy Lee, a pet mud turtle. Lucy must walk two-fifths of the way. The other three-fifths of the way Jarvis must carry Lucy on his back.

A very swift mud turtle could cover two miles a day. Owing to the fact that Lucy must amble two miles out of every five, and is not ranked as a speeding mud turtle, it looks as if Jarvis and his turtle will average about one and a half miles per day.

The distance from Boston to Philadelphia and back, is a foot, is close to 70 miles. Covering an average of even two miles a day, it would take Jarvis and mud turtle companion just about one year to make the round trip.

Assuming that Jarvis gets about \$60 a week when regularly employed, it would mean that he will lose about fifty weeks' salary—or \$3,000—if he makes the walk, in addition to losing weight and patience and his equilibrium.

Two thousand to one hundred dollars that the Braves will win the pennant. Goeh, what a lot of confidence Jarvis must have in that Stallions outfit.

Another Freak Bet. Have you heard about that golf match for a stake of \$10,000 that is to be played on the Philadelphia Sea View golf links within the next three months? It is to be between Clarence H. Gelst, millionaire, and Dr. Edward Martin.

Gelst was Dr. Martin's patient. During the course of one of Dr. Martin's visits, Gelst opened up the subject of golf by remarking that he didn't want to do any bragging about his golfing skill, but he was sure that Jerry Travers didn't have much on him.

"What'd you know about that?" remarked Dr. Martin. "You might be quite a little better golfer. But I am sure you aren't quite as good as I am."

"All right," broke in Gelst. "Well, I'll tell you this, Doc: I can beat you any day in the week."

"You're elected as an opponent," cut in the medical party. And then the stakes were arranged.

If Gelst loses in an eighteen-hole match he is to donate \$10,000 to establish a chair of surgery in the University of Pennsylvania. Should the doctor lose he must pay \$100 for a life membership in the Sea View Golf club and submit to taking a few golfing lessons from Gelst.

A jinx seems to pursue Jack ("Red") Murray of the Giants, preventing him from making in the market reserved for heroes, even though Murray does heroic things.

A dozen times this season Murray has performed the spectacular—done something that should merit his name being blazoned through the next day's account of the battle. But something always happened later on that distracted the attention from Murray's deeds.

A short time ago the sixth inning arrived with the Giants on the short end of a 3 to 0 score. Two Giant runners got on the bases, and Murray belted out a home run, putting the Giants in the lead. Did Murray's feat feature in

The next morning's story of the battle? Nope, simply because in the very next inning the Cardinals overshadowed him by making seven runs.

During one of the series played with the western clubs in New York Murray made a magnificent throw to the plate, killing off a runner. It saved the game for the Giants—for the moment. But just when the writing persons were figuring on how to let their story with Murray's accomplishment, the opposition got to the Giant pitchers, knocked a couple out of the box and did so much hitting that Murray's stunt was forgotten.

A few days before that Murray doubled with two on bases, putting the Giants temporarily in the lead. But the opposition got busy shortly afterward, rallied and beat the Giants, thus forcing the scribbling persons to overlook Murray's timely two-bagger and dwell on more important things.

Gibbons Easily the Middleweight King, Belief in New York

NEW YORK, June 6.—If ever there was the slightest doubt parading the pugilists' high road regarding the status of "Mike" Gibbons of St. Paul since he came into the open and declared himself a middleweight it has had the skids put under it and has slid out of existence. There is no second in the class, no vacant seat since the untimely death of Stanley Ketchell, should not be slipped upon the pompadour brow of Gibbons.

Gibbons has proved beyond question that he is the class of the middleweights. A glance through the list of contenders discloses none that has a chance with the "Minnesota Zephyr" over the short route of any rate. It is true that Gibbons has never ventured into the unknown and risky twenty-round business. He has contented himself with raking in the golden shekels while giving ten-round lessons, but there are any who will declare, and believe what he says, that Gibbons cannot ramble through twenty rounds and hold his own.

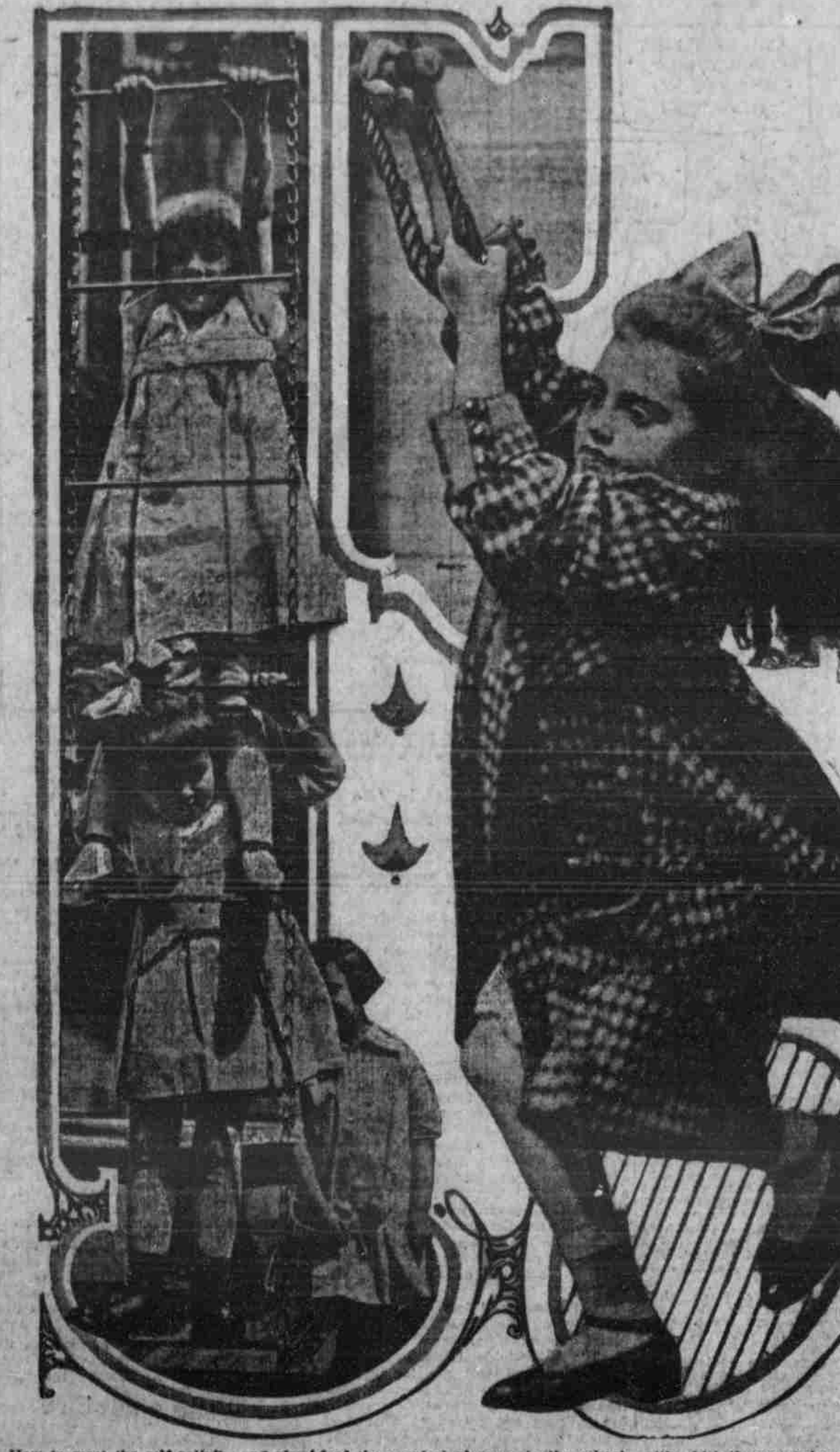
Certainly circumstantial evidence is all in favor of Gibbons being able to turn the trick without losing any of the prowess that has made one of the most popular boxers in the game today.

Glances through the layout of middleweights who are conceded to have a chance: "Young" Ahearn, "Mick" King of Australia, Leo Hook, "Doddie" McGearty, "Jimmy" Clabby, George Chip, "Dave" Smith of Australia, Jack Dillon, Frank Klaus and "Jeff" Smith. Compare these men individually with "Mike" Gibbons and what's the answer? Of the outfit there are but two who are within several kilometers of being as clever as Gibbons Ahearn and Clabby. Of these latter chance of outpointing Gibbons if such a chance existed.

Two Ahearn would probably have the spirit of the little children in the school-rooms of the hardest problems teachers have had to solve. All sorts of theories and methods have been tried, but all called for so much supervision of the child's play by grownups that the child lost interest or the financial burden was too heavy for the meager results the new systems cost.

An auditor now seems to have been reached. Recently on the Upper West side of New York there has grown up an outdoor gymnasium where little tots can be turned loose in the sunshine to play. The gymnasium is perfectly equipped, traveling rings, vaulting buck, horizontal bars and swings of every description af-

Why Not Have Clean, Healthy Sports for Children?



ford the greatest pleasure to the school-tired children, and by the system employed it is necessary to have only one "gym-master" to care for the infants and supervise their use of the apparatus.

Teachers are daily realizing that amusement and excitement are the life of the child. He requires them as a plant needs water. They are the essence of his existence. So the success of the outdoor gymnasium does not depend upon the number and variety of the games played, though they constitute an important factor, but the real benefits are witnessed in the attitude of the children toward their lessons at the end of the play session.

It is a novel sight to match the agility with which the youngsters—many of them only 4 years old—handle the ropes and the traveling rings. They are the living exponents of the old Greek philosopher's maxim that "yesterday is dead; tomorrow unborn; today I live." Their peals of happy laughter stir the summer air as they swing back and forth in the swings, climb high ladders to reach the rings and pines delighted at their prowess.

The picture on the left shows several tots of the outdoor "gym" exercising on a ladder, improvised from a part of a fire escape, while (on right) another of the tots is shown going through a vigorous stunt on a swinging rope. Their pleased expressions show that they enjoy all this hugely.

Mike Gibbons will endeavor to strengthen his claim to the middleweight premiership. Michael has given up his pretensions to the welterweight crown, as he admits he cannot make the required poundage of 142 rindings.

It is the firm belief of those who pretend to be "in the know" that Williams and Welsh will be relieved of their respective championships the first time dangerous rivals oppose them. The last time Williams fought he was floored twice in a round by "Louisiana," a Philadelphia bantam who has been beaten by mediocre boxers, twice since. Welsh has lost newspapers' decisions to fully a dozen lightweight in the last few months and his injured hand will not help him much when he tackles a hard-hitting foe.

It is likely that Welsh will appear in a bout at Brighton on Independence day, while Williams will provide the opposition at Ebbets field the same afternoon. Their adversaries have not been selected as yet.

Williams on Labor Day. Brighten beach race tracks and Ebbets' field have laid park are the at fresco clubs, and one of those will drop out of sight as soon as the other establishes its bid for patronage. Just at present it is impossible to say which will survive as the management of both corporations have to date served some thousands fight dishes to their patrons.

With the competition for suitable attractions racing space between these two clubs, the fight fan of New York is bound to benefit, as he will be afforded a choice of two good cards whenever these clubs present shows. And it is about time the local ring follower received the consideration due him in the matter of bouts of high caliber.

The poor misguided New York supporter of boxing has had many a vision handed him during the last few weeks, what with suspicious fights and indifferent well-appearing bouts that never materialized. So there is something coming to him, and it is up to the promoters of the Brighton track and Ebbets' field enterprises to make up in a measure for the shabby treatment accorded the fans by fallow promoters.

Champs to Battle. And it would entail little surprise if one or two boxing titles changed hands right here in the greater city during the latter part of the season. Already we are assured that the recognized champions in the settled divisions, and the newly recognized title holders in the disputed classes, will dispute themselves for the edification of the local fans and legionnaires. Kid Williams, Johnny Kilgore, Freddie Welsh and Jess Willard, the undoubted favorites, will gather in the sheets at one of the other of these big clubs, while

COBB'S AVERAGE AGAINST JOHNSON IS BUT .233

Walter Johnson has faced Cobb in the capacity of pitcher just 103 times, and of that many times at bat the champion batsman of the American league has 16th rest back to the bench 103 times hitless, the gentleman from Georgia failing to swat the ball to his usual consistent and hit-the-spot manner when facing the consistent M. Johnson. So Walter Johnson has the honor of being about the only hurler to hold the fiery Cobb, the champion batsman of the Tigers and the world, in submission. In the 103 times that Cobb faced the Washington star he made thirty-one hits, runs; just six of these were better than singles, consisting of three doubles and three triplets. These figures give Cobb a batting average for the eight seasons he has maintained a .233.

Western League Averages

Table with columns: Club, G, AB, R, H, E, Pct. Lists statistics for clubs like Des Moines, Omaha, Lincoln, etc.

National League Averages

Table with columns: Club, G, W, L, T, AB, R, H, E, Pct. Lists statistics for clubs like Cincinnati, New York, Boston, etc.

Pitching Records

Table with columns: Name, Club, G, IP, B, SO, E, Pct. Lists pitchers like P. Pierce, M. McGowan, etc.

Three Handed Hitters

Three Handed Hitters. The brilliant Red Sox outfielder, declares that 200 hitters will surpass this season for the American league and gives as his reason the fact that there is better pitching in Johnson's circuit than there has been since he entered the league. No doubt Speaker is right as far as natural ability is concerned, but the youngsters who so erratically are sensational performers are so erratic that their good games have been lessened.

TENER TO MAKE RULING SOON

Will provide for Player on Hospital List so as Not to Count in Player Limit.

MANY SUFFER BROKEN NOSES

NEW YORK, June 6.—With a short time President John A. Tener will present a rule to the National League for approval, which will determine under just what conditions a player may be placed on the hospital list so that he will not count in the twenty-one player limit which was adopted for this season.

The large number of injuries which are occurring make a ruling necessary. The endeavor will, however, be to hold as near as possible to the spirit of the twenty-one player limit, and the rule which will be presented will be so worded that it will be impossible to substitute for a player who has received an injury of minor consequence. To accomplish this a clause will be inserted specifying a definite period that a player once on the list shall have to stay out of the game, regardless of the possibility of a rapid recovery. The period will probably be at least a month and possibly longer.

Such a rule will make a club hesitate about asking that one of its regulars be placed on the hospital list unless the injury really is of a character to incapacitate him for a considerable time. Under the old twenty-five player limit, the method of procedure was for the club to present the request to the league president, and he in turn referred it to the national commission. The new rule which is being promulgated, however, will differ in that the final reference shall be to President Tener.

Broken noses seem to be playing a big part in the base ball injuries this season. Thus far there have been five or six among the injured players being Brittie Cree, Phil Ferritt, and last of all with the worst smash, the unfortunate Fred Merkle. He was just recovering from a dislocated elbow when he went into the game against Perth Amboy, and as a result of the broken nose which he received there he will be out of the game for some time. The break is said to be much worse than that which Ferritt suffered a short time ago.

June the Month for Colds

Harden your system with Bell's First-Cure. It kills the cold germ. Cures the cough. Only 5c. All drug stores—Advertisement.

To Fly at Burlington

The annual ball game between the Chicago and Omaha offices of the Burlington railroad will be played at the Three Eye league ball park at Burlington, Ia., on Sunday, June 6.

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The Hypodermic Needle

By F. S. MURKIN

Indianapolis as its title. They can talk about prices soaring into the immediate vicinity of the well known clouds out in San Francisco where the fair is flitting and they can talk about the petti larceny grafters at the seashores and maintain a reserve, but believe us if the police are looking for highway robbers the entire crew abide in and around one village of Indianapolis and about May 20 each year. John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie were backing the family jewels after about three days in that illustrious city.

The people of Indianapolis believe in these times—were proverbial that there is one born every minute and the well known public exists only to be trimmed. Once a year Indianapolis gets a crack at the said public and take it from us, they take considerable crack.

They have a few hotels in Indianapolis. At least they are alleged to be hotels in the electric lights blazing in front. They sometimes resemble a hotel, but they are in ordinary three is a bunk and a half to two. On Decoration day the meaning of reasonable is changed materially. If you can get a bed for five rocks everybody will tell you you were born with a silver horseshoe in your left mitt. If you can get one for seven you're lucky, if you can get one for ten you're fortunate and if you can get one under fifteen you did pretty well.

Restaurants publish new menus for the occasion. A new scale of prices is arranged about: multiply the regular price by ten, add each, subtract two, divide by three and add the largest number the waiter can get up.

Transportation to the race is swell, even better than at St. Louis. Shuttle trains run back and forth on some railroad, we haven't the heart to tell you which. Coming from the races you are herded into a cattle chute and there a crowd of milksmen push you from one gate to the other. At the never gate the guides send you to the train doors and stop at. After you walk around for an hour and a half, carrying a line when the guides aren't looking, you may be able to hurdle the fence and get a foothold on the last step of the last car of a train going to the city. If the car don't cave in or the engine give one last snort and subside for life, you can afford to boast about it for weeks to come.

Nobody in Indianapolis goes to the races. The entire populace is working the commensurate graft inside or outside the Speedway. Hot dogs, said not dogs being of the shriveled possible variety, are sold at one dime per almost hot dog, coffee made out of disintegrator sets at a dime a cup, brown sodas without any sugar or cream at five cents and the usual assortment and premiums were then those inflicted on the unsuspecting public at some hot party would be purchased for a nickel if you weren't short changed.

The dispensers of these articles were all expert short changers and business was good. The pickpocket fraternity also makes Indianapolis. Large signs warn you against these individuals, but by the time you see the signs your pocketbook is gone. You have long since departed to parts unknown.

Leaving Indianapolis on the night of the race is an experience that even a person with the faintest memory could never forget. The depot at the Hoosier hamlet is a beast. After seeing that, the Omaha stables are palaces. All of the special trains leaving the night of the race are made up in the freight yards and you must go over to these yards to board said special trains. You are given a transfer ticket good for a free bus ride. Hacks of the vintage of '08 are used to transport the passengers. You will probably have to clamber on top of one if you wish to get to your train before it pulls out. Then you bounce over cobblestone pavements that were fashioned after the Rocky mountains. If you hang on tight you may not get bounced off, but you will probably lose your traveling bag. Also when you get your transfer ticket you will probably find a white man waiting you to go to Alabama street, when your train is at South street.

The citizens of Indianapolis are boastful persons. No more are you in town ten minutes than your attention is called to the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, which stands a couple of hundred feet in the air in the middle of a public square, or circle as the square is round. It costs two bits to go up to the top of the thing and look over the city. You can't see anything after you get up there, but if the friend who tells you about it is a good talker, he can make you think there is nothing like it this side of Hong Kong.

The next thing you see is the interurban terminal. This is a temporary affair and the Indianapolis friend inventively says, "They come in here like bees into a hive." James Whitcomb Riley or some other Hoosier of more or less note pulled that expression once and the whole state is still using it. No matter if most of them come in empty, they come in like bees.

There ends the attraction of Indianapolis. The rest of the time you will have to find amusement by lamping a jitney's worth of bum film and to make it worse, Charley Chaplin is the constant card at every picture house in Indianapolis—or by spending money in a tight corner, where you have no cash, only near-money, and the Indianapolis friend evidently learned their trade in Keweenaw. It's a nice trip, a fine town, you will have a good time and don't miss it in states.

Curing Catarrh is A Simple Method

Go to its Source and the Cure is Then Accomplished.

Only those who have used S. S. S. for the blood know that catarrh is simply a blood trouble. Most people, uneducated in this membrane disease, treat their nose and throat as if catarrh was a local trouble. It is not. To cure catarrh it is necessary to go into the stomach, the liver, the lungs, the kidneys and all the vital organs of the body. And it is S. S. S. that attacks the entire blood circulation, all the organs of the body, all the mucous surfaces and becomes a dominant factor for renewed health. It is a simple method when you figure it out. Catarrh is plainly an inflammation of the mucous membrane.

And there is in S. S. S. certain ingredients which cause the mucous surfaces to change or convert their secretions into a substance for easy elimination. A special book on this subject will be mailed to all who write to the Swift Specific Co., 110 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Catarrh is very often the result of some other trouble, some germ that gets into the blood and multiplies beyond the control of nature. S. S. S. is the remedy. Do not accept a substitute for the authentic remedy. Read the circular wrapped around the bottle. It is important.

"SERVICE" FOR DRINK OR DRUG

USERS BY "NEAL WAY" compared with "Old-Time Way" is as different in its method of transportation as modern methods of transportation are different from the old-time stage coach.

Instead of the long, tedious absence from home and heroic methods of the old-time "jag" cure, under the "NEAL WAY" method, you are in your home, hotel or club or in a fine private hotel with "accommodations" equal to the average found in the best hotels or clubs at the head head institute, No. 1562 So. 4th St., Omaha, Neb., or at any one of our

Head Institutes in 60 Principal Cities