

THE NATIONAL GAME

News of the Week Among the Ball Players.

The Sioux City *Journal* of Sunday contained the following: "Nothing definite as to the reorganization of the Western association has been given to the public, but it is known that the work continues in secret and may be disclosed at any moment. Revolt against the action taken at Des Moines is sure. Both Jacksonville and Quincy have recognized the fact that they are on the ragged edge, and an effort is being made to have Rock Island and Sioux City admitted, forming a ten-club league. This is a scheme of the two Illinois towns to insure their places in the organization. As for Sioux City it will not accept such a franchise, and Rock Island is in the same position. Omaha, Peoria and St. Joseph recognize the subterfuge adopted by Jacksonville and Quincy and will be dead against the ten-club circuit. The only strong and satisfactory possibility for the Western association is Peoria, Rock Island, Rockford, Des Moines, Sioux City, Lincoln, St. Joseph and Omaha."

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Joe Cantillon, who expected to manage the 1895 Huskers, is an applicant for a position on the Western league staff of umpires.

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Emerson Hawley, the ball tosser from Beaver Dam, Wis., refuses to sign a Pittsburg contract under existing conditions. The fact that the Smoky city management paid a bonus of \$3,500 for Hawley seems to have swelled that gentleman's opinion of his twirling ability and he now scorns the offer of \$2,400. While the Pittsburg management is arguing with Hawley in an endeavor to bring him to his senses, Buckenberger is walking around with a \$250 chip on his shoulder offering to bet that "Red" Ehret wins more games next season than "Pink" Hawley. This act is distracting to the Pittsburgers and they are almost convinced that Buckenberger buncoed them shamefully in the deal, which will be a leading feature in the history of the national game during 1895. Buckenberger is not a betting man and the fact that he makes such an offer does much to increase the Pittsburgers' suspicions. The battle of "Red" against "Pink" will undoubtedly be exciting.

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Youngy Johnson will probably pitch for Scranton, Pa., next season.

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Fisher, one of Lincoln's pitchers, won 37 out of 48 games in Buffalo in the season of '93.

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Among the musty rules for the government of base ball is one which provides that a player addressing the umpire must preface his remarks by a respectful Mr. Umpire. Those patrons of the national game who fondly imagine that the rules are enforced have doubtless often seen the captain of a team stride in the direction of the autocrat of the diamond. With a gleaming eye, compressed lips and clenched hands, the player confronts the umpire, who stands calmly chewing gum like a contemptive heifer in a clover patch. The player's lips are seen to move, he gesticulates wildly, and his attitude is that of an avenging Nemesis. Owing to the distance of the two men from the grand stand the spectators can not hear a

word, but they assume, or at least C. F. Mathison says they assume the player's remarks are about like this: "Mr. Umpire, your decision was intolerably unjust. Did Mr. Mulcahy possess as many arms as an octopus, and each one as long as Brooklyn bridge, he could not have touched Mr. Ratigan, who slid like an eel in a tub of butter. That decision deprives us of a run, and may eventually result in our defeat. Mr. Umpire, I am loth to believe that you are prejudiced against the Boomtararas, but the trend of your decision forces me to that conclusion. I assure you that unless you occasionally acknowledge our presence on the field and in the game, a protest will be lodged against you."

During the argument the umpire chews gum with the greatest industry and when the player pauses to take breath, the umpire is seen to wave his hand and deliver a few remarks, which the spectators presume are in this strain: "Capt. Gilhooly, your strictures on my judgment are uncalled for; I decided Ratigan out because he was not safe. I decline to be intimidated by threatened protests, and I insist that you retire to the bench."

Then the game goes on and the spectators breathe easy, but they are ignorant of what really passed between the player and umpire. As a matter of fact, Capt. Gilhooly spoke as follows: "Sa-a-y? You sap-headed clown from Crazyville, what ye tryin' ter give us, enny-how? Take us fer green goods guys? Sa-a-y! I got a mind to biff yo in the chops! Why, dat man wasn't out by tree feet. Ye give me a pain, ye do. Sa-a-y! know what I'll do to you? I'll put ye out of de business. Yes I will. What chance we got fer de pennant wid yer rank decisions? Sa-a-y, you broke into base ball wid a jimmy, didn't ye? Now, look here, you lunk-headed lulu, you put the kibosh on us agin' an' ye'll git run out of the ground. Fer two cents I'd soak yer!"

Then the umpire responds as follows: "Go on, now? Git over to the bench, you knocker! You can't bulldoze me, and you won't git nothin' that don't belong to you, see? Now go and squat, or I'll put \$10 you on!"

Capt. Gilhooly thereupon slowly returns to the bench, and the spectators say: "That's right, cap. Call him down." It was for exchanging compliments of that character with various league captains that "Tim" Hurst has been left of the umpire staff for 1895. The magnates, of course, took the word of the players as to Hurst's responses.—Cincinnati Times Star.

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Farmer Bill Devereaux will pitch for the Detroit Western league team.

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In a letter to a friend in this city Pequigney says that he has an offer from a Texas league city and will probably go there next season. He also says that Sullivan arrived all O. K. and that Tommy McCarthy is practicing batting and is in hopes of catching on in Rockford.

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Youngy Johnson will try and set Scranton, Pa., on fire next year. Youngy, in the opinion of many base ball cranks, was the best pitcher in the Western association last year, but he drank too much wild cow's milk.

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There is some talk of Pedas going to Washington. He will stay long enough to put sugar in his coffee.

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