

## CANFIELD AND PRIZE FIGHTS.

Last week's COURIER is authority for the following statement which came as an echo from the "distinguished" pugilistic parlors of which this centre of learning and intelligence seems to boast: "While the crowd was waiting for the fight to begin, someone suddenly said, 'There's Chancellor Canfield.' There was a man present who looked like the chancellor, but he assured THE COURIER pugilist that he was not Canfield."

If, indeed, our worthy chancellor so closely resembles a patron of these fighting resorts as to be mistaken for such a person, we would suggest—in the name of good order, common decency, humanness; and in behalf of our city of schools, the fair reputation of our noble state university, and the credit of our glorious state—that he who so grandly represents all these fundamental elements of our state's ultimate possibilities, obligingly change or modify that "something" which likens him to the man who fraternizes with "sports" and fistic champions.

Fortunately for the chancellor, the resemblance cannot be in physiognomy for, looking into his kindly, radiant face and beaming, intelligent eye, one utterly fails to discover the slightest trace of a "thirst for blood," or a desire to see it fleshily drawn from his brothers veins through merely brutal instinct.

Fortunately again for the chancellor, the figures that most frequently sport the latest styles, the longest cutaways, the most neatly turned patent leather points, are less often crowned with a brainy head than otherwise; and so our good chancellor, with a head swollen to an unusual size by its enormous brain, may safely dress as he pleases, since one glance at his "upper story" will easily place him. And as he is never anything less than faultlessly neat and eminently presentable, we fail to note any possible chance through neglect of personal appearance, for this accredited resemblance to a pugnacious sport. Indeed, as a matter of curiosity, we should really like to discover how any one would dare breathe the chancellor's name in connection with any frequenter of such places. It is generally conceded that a man is known by his company; hence it becomes more mystifying what combinations of outward appearance could have suggested his personality upon such occasion.

It has long been a question of disturbing momentum to my mind how it is possible, in this startling age of reality when thinking souls the world over appreciate now, more than when Longfellow wrote it, this:

"Life is real! life is earnest;  
And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest  
Was not spoken of the soul,—

in this age of idealism when that innate fondness of beauty and excellence were never so forcibly stamped on the productions of the reasoning mind and placed within so easy reach of all, that this foul and bloody monster of "pugilism" should thus feed and thrive on the very fat of the land, while honor, clothed in rags, must beg its way. At the spread feast of this vengeful fiend sit intoxication, blasphemy, lewdness, riot, bloodshed and murder; yet with brazen assurance he flings wide the doors, and sends out his heralds to invite the guileless youths, who flock to our city from all sections of the surrounding country to partake of the intellectual advantages so liberally proffered, to consort with them and banquet at their board.

In all pugilistic encounters, so far I have been able to discover from newspaper reports, the drawing of "first blood" is the signal for the rise of enthusiasm among the onlookers, and from that stage on it increases in power as blood flows more freely until it reaches the climax *en rapport* when the vanquished victim lies a conglomerate mass of bruised flesh, broken bones and streaming wounds. Mystery of mysteries; that man, fashioned by an infinite mind, should take such supreme delight in cruelty, torture, and writhing agony of a fellow creature! To what race of savages do we belong that such things may be tolerated in our midst, saying nothing of being encouraged? Instead of man being created but a "little lower than the angels," such fetes as these force every sober-minded person to the conclusion that man himself chooses to be rated but a trifle in advance of the ferocious beast of the forest.

Will that love that delighteth only in tender acts and noble deeds—that constraineth the soul to reach up even to the throne after the good gifts that await the ardent seeker, never plume her golden wing and fly to the rescue of the race?

"Good men! if you pant for glory,  
If you sigh to live in story,  
If you burn with patriot zeal,  
Sieve this bright auspicious hour,  
Chase those venal tools from power  
Who subvert the public weal."  
Myra E. Olmstead

## THE NATIONAL GAME.

Tommy McCarthy has captured St. Joe.

Baltimore sold Dan Brouthers to Louisville.

Bill Kreig is hitting the ball powerful hard for Rockford.

Strauss is the record man on the batting order for Minneapolis.

GEO. A. CRANCER.

B. G. DAWES.

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The game at Courtland tomorrow will be a championship contest.

Lincoln people would like to see Haskell umpire the next series here.

Mike Lawrence is a manager—he has the Waterloo, Iowa team in charge.

Jimmy Sullivan is batting well at present and if he holds up his lick he will pass the 300 mark.

The Des Moines boys keep up their lick while at home, but when they strike the road they will receive some rough treatment.

People who witnessed Wednesday's game saw Mr. Ebricht make two wild throws. This is the first time he has ever done this.

We have got the best corps of pitchers in the Western association. Each club that has been here this year has one fairly good pitcher and two dummies.

Manager Ebricht gave Meyers his release Wednesday evening. Myers was taken sick the next day after he reported in Lincoln and has been quite an expense to the club.

One of the umpires uses seven marbles for an indicator; three of them are black and four white. When a man gets a strike he passes a black marble from his right hand to his left, and if it is a ball he hands a white one over.

Tommy McCarthy has signed with the St. Joe club and when he comes to Lincoln the fans will give him an ovation. Last year Tommy was one of the hardest workers in this league and his inability to hit the ball is all that prevented him from getting a situation in Lincoln this year.

Clem Kimmerer succeeded in shutting the Quincy boys out up to the sixth inning when two hits, a stolen base and a passed ball let in a run. Up to this time but two hits had been made off him. After it was impossible to shut the club out he let down and in the next three innings they scored five runs.

Hoffner, who pitched for Grand Island a few seasons ago, has caught on with the Baltimore club, and Saturday he went against the Brooklyn team and shut them out. The New York World in commenting on the game says that if his work in this game is a sample of what he is going to be Baltimore has the greatest find of the season.

How are these for nicknames: The Peorias are the "Distillers," the Omahas the "Omahogs," the Quincys the "Brownsox," the Lincolns the "Missing Links," the St. Joes the "Sinners," the Des Moines "Traffley's Tubs," the Jacksonvilles the "Infants," and the Rockfords the "Nicol Plates."—Rockford Register-Gazette.

This is probably the last season that Lincoln people will have to watch Kid Speer. He is too fast for this league and there is no doubt that he will be in the National league next season. Just why Chicago picked up Moran and left Kid Speer, people will never understand as the Kid is a better man at bat and catching.

Umpire Snyder is improving in his work and if he would give the players to understand that he was boss of the diamond he would not have half the trouble. Take a little advice, Mr. Snyder and tell the players that if any but the captain question your decision that you will fine them and show them that you mean to keep your word and they will think more of you.

Omaha has been claiming the services of George Darby all season, and at last they got him from Kansas City by paying \$300. There is no doubt but what Darby is a good pitcher but he won't have everything his own way in this league. There are a great many people in Lincoln who know base ball and study the player's records for seasons back and there is no use of Omaha trying to deceive the people about their salary list. The limit in this league is \$900 per month. Darby received \$225 in Kansas City, do you think he would consent to sign with Omaha for less? Then take the rest of the team with players like Lohman, O'Brien, Ulrich, Shaffer and Donnelly and figure how much each one would be getting if they were within the limit.

There was consternation in the local camp when Toledo defeated the "Done" Browns by a score of 6 to 5. This is the way Sheridan of the *Globe Democrat* expressed himself: "It is the veriest nonsense to attribute yesterday's defeat to Clarkson's wildness. Six runs is not too much to allow a team like Toledo and besides it was Clarkson's first game this season. Like the other pitchers, Clarkson is all right. The team can't bat. Some of them never will bat. They are not able to hit a man tied to a post. Lose 'em, Mr. Buckenberger, lose 'em. Don't bring them back to St. Louis, whatever you do. You will be welcome, but that team never will Can't Mr. Von der Ahe give some of them away and go forth upon the lots where he got Breitenstein and Peitz? There are hundreds of amateur ball players in St. Louis who can put up a better game than several of the best paid men on the team."

"Early in the spring I was fearful of the results of trying Stafford at second base. I still believe it would have been a wise policy to have bought the release of McPhee or Childs, even at a price as high as \$8,000 or \$10,000. Then there would have been no chances taken whatever. My opinion of Stafford is changing after seeing him play a few games. He is not a McPhee nor a Childs, and it is ecarcelly probable that he will ever equal either in work at second base; but he does surprisingly well. His playing in Philadelphia was so promising that it attracted attention and won for him downright praise from several local newspapers. Jim's modest demeanor makes him popular with players of other clubs, and every member of the Philadelphia nine found time to give him a word of praise and encouragement." The above is from the pen of O. P. Caylor, who is authority on base ball matters.