Wichita Eagle

NYE IS NOT SUFFERING.

HE AND THE NOB HILL SET UNAFFECTED BY DULL TIMES.

Charms of San Francisco in the Balmy Month of March—A Landlord Grossly Imposed Upon—The Oceans of Sympathy Lavished on a Penurious Traveler.

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California has a rainy season which takes the place of winter, and has some rain left for other purposes. Last winter it rained and did other things for five months, but on the day that I burst upon the coast like a long legged benison from a clear sky, the sun came forth from his long seclusion and lit up the grand old main—the ocean main, I mean, not mine. Then the timid songster caroled to his mate in low, passionate tones, the gay orange poppies began to give gorgeous coloring to the green billows of field and prairie, and a thousand bright and beautiful wild flowers garnished the great American vineyard, orchard and conservatory.

SHE WAS THE DRUMMER.

You always hear a great deal of California before you see it, because the Californian is so infatuated with his state that he cheerfully gets up in the night to brag about her, and yet, somehow, when you see the real state, you are not disappointed. A great many people go to California, but few return. This is because the majority do so well they do not care to return, and the balance do so poorly that they cannot get home again.

San Francisco is the American Paris, and seemed to me almost like getting home again. It is the abode of wealth and refinement. The newspapers of San Francisco have done much to bring wealth to the coast. They have done more than the railroads in that way. The latter have brought a good deal of money to California, of course, but have forgotten to divide after it got there.

Times are said to be dull in California at the present time. I must say that I did not see any evidences of it, though traveling over the state for some time constantly. Certainly there seemed to be very little suffering on Nob Hill, and in fact times are good, I know, among our set. With the common people and tradesmen of course I could not say positively, but I am told that the suffering is greatly exaggerated by enemies of the coast.

I rode out on the bay clear into the open Pacific in The Examiner's steam launch. It is a beautiful and swift little craft which Mr. Hearst and his staff use while recovering from brain fag. When weary of the hurry and turmoil of opinion molding, and the thought ganglia begins to sag and the intellectual joints to wabble, and thought itself becomes a burden to the teeming brain, they hitch up the yacht and, allowing the trade wind to meander through their late whiskers, they smell the salt sea air and the seal rocks and the wood violets, and in an hour the world again looks inviting; the odor of printers' ink and hot machine oil and political records can again be endured cheerfully and even hilariously, and all is well. I wish that the steam yacht could become more general among newspaper men, and hope to see it adopted soon throughout the country in place of the buck saw and other outdoor sports.

The bay is too well known to my readers to need a description. At this season of the year it is a glassy stretch of quiet water at the feet of green and velvety hills. Later on the grass gets brown and so the effect is not so good. As it is now, there are few flies upon the bay. For the first time I have found a desirable place to live in during March. March everywhere else points to itself with pardonable pride as the champion in the bete noire business. It is the meanest month on the calendar. It is a month that is replete with suicide and the smell of hot soap. The screaming winds carry everywhere the odor of burning arctics in the front yard and go searching with sinister eye and stealthy tread for the man who has in an unguarded moment shed his winter yagers.

In California March has her tushes drawn by the soft air from a gentle oceanic current, the weather bureau drops her a tender little isothermal line or two, and the robins nest again, the clouds roll by and the spring time has came, gentle Annie.

Before I forgot it I must allude here to a little sensation which has not yet been printed, and as the public will occasionally read a sensation, if truthful, I beg leave to give it here. I will not use names, because they are not necessary. A sad faced man, with a little vox humana and the tremolo pulled out on his voice, came to the desk of the hotel as I was registering and said in a low voice that unless things were reformed there he would go away. "I am not particular," he said, "as a general thing, but I've about decided that this has gone far enough."

The landlord asked him what was the trouble. He said that he had heard the voice of a lady in the room of a drummer several times. The landlord investigated it, pounded on the door, and made a good deal of trouble, but found that it was the lady's own room. Then he tackled the sad man, and he said it might be the lady's room, but that if they would search it they would also find the drummer. Much excitement was excited and money rapidly changed hands. Curious faces of both sexes were seen protruding from various doors all along down the hall. Finally a stern man from St. Louis said this thing had gone far enough and that he knew the lady in question, and that while the charge was substantially correct it ought to be explained a little. The lady herself was the drummer.

The man with the tremolo in his voice then paid his bill out of the landlord's money, took several deep draughts at the bar at the landlord's expense and hurried down to the depot to pay his excess baggage bill, also with the landlord's money. I believe that there are three women acting as traveling men now, and this was one of them.

The coast is beginning to feel an interest in the World's fair and will do its share handsomely in the way of a display. A general hope is expressed that America will not sacrifice beauty and worth to blow and advertising. Art becomes no longer art when it is obscured by the price mark, and literature suffers when it becomes a reading notice. In a certain city a few years ago a beautiful monument was built to the memory of the boys who lost their lives in the war for the Union. The inscription read:

> Erected in memory of the Brave Men who laid down their lives for the Union, as a mark of love and lasting esteem, by their fellow patriots and loving friends, at a cost of $150,000.

After a long, severe argument, however, wiser counsels prevailed, and the price was stricken out. The trans-Missouri country will enthusiastically go in for a good showing, and will also attend the fair prepared to figuratively knock out the eye and gather in the Etruscan pelts of the great nations of the earth.

California, among other salient features, is the proud possessor of what is called an average rainfall. Every child even knows what it is now, what it was in '79 and as far back as history extends. Fourteen to sixteen inches will do the business in agricultural districts very well, but this year it has been from 40 to 110 inches, according to the locality. The Santa Clara valley has wetness enough to last for four years, and yet only in low parts of the country will crops be delayed or injured by the great rainfall.

I asked a well known railroad man the other day what he thought would be the general effect on business if the government should take charge of the railroads and telegraphs. He said he thought it would be anything but soothing. "In such an event," said he, "business would be subverted to politics, I think. On election day trains would be delayed and voted in the doubtful states. Washouts would give large party gains to the ruling powers. Telegrams would be affected more or less in the rapidity of their flight by their political tenor, and the administration organ would be able to get Sunday trains for its mammoth editions, while the opposition paper would run off the track or be held for orders. We can get all the corruption we need, I think, without extending its scope or possibilities. I would hate to see a Hester street heeler rewarded by being made a government train dispatcher on my road. You can educate a postmaster pretty well in four years, but you take a green politician and try to make a train dispatcher or a division superintendent out of him and you are liable to be bitterly disappointed in him."

We had last week on the train a style of passenger common to this free country. He was a Russian by birth and had made some money in this country by a happy accident in the price of rags or the sudden advance in old clothes. Doubtless in his old home across the ocean he had slept at night on a heap of straw and eaten the brunette bread of the plain people. Here he had made money under the fostering care of our free institutions and rode in a sleeping car. Vulgarity had early marked him for its own, and so, even with a silk hat and an overcoat with a fur collar on it, one could see that he would be more at home sleeping in the loft of a livery stable with his whiskers full of barley straw.

He found fault with everything, and in half an hour had won his way to the hearty and cordial hatred of every one in the car. He asked me what I paid for my berth to San Francisco. I told him, but I told him two dollars less than the price because he was well calculated to call forth that kind of an answer. He was wild. He wanted to jump off the train and go back to the office to get his two dollars back. I then posted the other passengers, and they came and pitied him till he frothed at the mouth.

"WE ALL PITIED HIM."

People told him that the company must have a prejudice against him for something. Every one pitied him and felt sorry for him. Finally we got to working the same thing on him in other directions. We would ask him what he paid for his dinner and his other meals. Then we would find out that he had been robbed again. We would buy fruit of the train boy, according to a previous arrangement with him, at a price at least 50 per cent. below what he could get the same goods for. Then we would go over and feel sorry for him, and ask him if he had ever been suspected of being a Nihilist or of belonging to some other denomination that was unpopular that people picked on him so, until finally he got so mad that large scalding tears of vexation ran down over his red beard and fell on the rich tapestry of the car. His only solace at this time was to turn frequently upon his wife and curse her in corduroy profanity such as is only found in Russia with fur trimmings on it.

He was the meanest old brute I have seen since Mr. Bender dropped out of society, and I was not sorry to help him while away a tedious journey by touching him gently, ever and anon, on the only place where the old pachyderm could be touched without the aid of a bomb, viz., his sensitive little inside pocket.

Bill Nye

POINTS ON ROWING

It Is the Most Popular of Sports Says Malcolm Ford.

HOW FAMOUS OARSMEN TRAIN.

Some Peculiarities of William O'Connor and the Late Henry Searle—How to Avoid Getting a Wry Neck, Flat Chest or Round Shoulders.

Rowing is an exercise which probably stands higher in popular favor than any other one form of physical work. The mere fact that it can be practiced only in the open air may account to a great extent for its popularity. As an exercise it acts directly upon the legs, back, shoulders and arms, and about the only part of the body it does not affect is the chest, although to a small extent it develops the muscles there. The back receives the greatest share of work, and the muscles on that part of a well trained oarsman stand out prominently. One great advantage in rowing is that both old and young can engage in it with enough satisfaction to derive pleasant recreation. This is not so in games that require activity, such as running or jumping, and although rowing in races is an unusually severe strain on one's body, still as the huge majority row for pleasure, it is not to be wondered at that men of comparatively advanced years are seen skimming the water in numbers that compare favorably with those representing younger athletes.

O'CONNOR BEGINNING A STROKE.
[From an instantaneous photograph].

Very few athletes engage in the exercise of running simply for recreation. They generally have an object in view, such as getting into condition for a certain event. If, however, a man leading a sedentary life is troubled with headaches or dyspepsia, the exercise he would be advised to indulge in would be light all round gymnastic work or for the summer months rowing. The reason these exercises far excel others for such a purpose is that they can be taken in a very mild form, and at the same time call into play many muscles.

A man, whether young or old, can get in a boat and pull over a few miles, breathing at the same time plenty of fresh air, and on returning feel that a complete change in his physical tone has taken place. He may be fatigued, but still no one set of muscles will have been worked sufficiently hard to cause a downright ache. The mere exercise of pulling an oar slowly will very seldom stiffen a man. Racing, of course, is different, and a tough two or three mile pull will cause a commotion among the muscles used and the heart and lungs which will not be soon forgotten by one who is unaccustomed to such things. Although my forte is all round athletics I have done considerable boat pulling, and can say that to spurt with an oar is an exercise as vigorous as I ever attempted.

One will often hear the question, "Where did Hanlan get his power from, and how is it that O'Connor is but a medium sized man, and Henry Searle, who was the world's champion at the time of his death, was no bigger?" These three oarsmen were and are looked upon as the best the world ever produced. Hanlan used to row at 156 pounds. O'Connor's weight in condition is between 158 and 160 pounds, and Henry Searle, when he beat O'Connor last fall in England and won the proud title of champion of the world, weighed about 162 pounds. There are other good oarsmen who are many pounds heavier and three or four inches taller than these three men; they have a longer reach and sweep, but for the past dozen years no big man has reached the top.

When I first met Hanlan we engaged in conversation concerning what was necessary to keep in good condition at our respective specialties, and what he told me struck me so forcibly that I have thought often of the wisdom of his advice and how well one can apply it to any kind of exercise. At that time I did not know quite so much about exercise in general as I have since learned, and on asking him what diet he lived on and how he kept himself down in flesh, Hanlan said: "All these ideas about my dieting or reducing flesh are wrong. My rowing ability has come simply from a continued use of certain muscles, and put me on an exercise that would bring in the use of muscles other than those developed on me and I will be all at sea, even though most people probably imagine that I am in splendid condition and fearfully strong all over."

Hanlan at this time was in fine rowing fettle, and we were just about the same size and weight. Now, however, he is about twenty-five pounds heavier, for he lately told me he weighed 185 pounds in athletic costume. To continue what he told me at our first meeting, I remember well his asking me to feel certain parts of his arm developed by the exercise of pulling an oar, and he said: "I can tell by feeling yours that there is quite a difference in shape from mine. You have shoved dumb bells and done a good deal of gymnasium work which has brought it up well in all parts, but put us on any kind of a pulling machine and I can probably play with you. That is the whole secret of my rowing. I eat moderately plain food and get a good quantity of sleep, but if I have any muscular energy to waste it is directed almost entirely to pulling a boat, and I am at present fit to put as good a strain on an oar as any one I know of."

SEARLE BEGINNING A STROKE.
[From an instantaneous photograph.]

It will be seen by the above that Hanlan's theory of rowing is not at all complicated, and it resolves itself to a question of having stronger pulling muscles than any other man. His style at using the oar was considered very fine, and even now, in giving different exhibitions of oarsmanship, he has not lost the same smooth, powerful swing which he showed when he proved himself to be invincible.

The illustration, "O'Connor Beginning a Stroke," shows that oarsman as he appears in his boat. When William O'Connor was an amateur predictions were many that he was quite capable of developing into an oarsman as good as any who had then come before the rowing world. His numerous victories in this country, after he had become a professional, proved that the form he showed while an amateur had not been misjudged. O'Connor is known to have good staying power and an easy way of handling an oar. Previous to his departure for England to row against Henry E. Searle last fall I had a conversation with him in regard to his prospects and his general method of getting into condition. He, as well as Hanlan, put particular stress on developing the pulling muscles, although he gave me the impression that he considered rowing more of a science than Hanlan does. He spoke of different rigs of shells in a detailed way, which showed that he was fully alive to any advantage gained in using a new invention in that line. O'Connor left this country last August, and I heard nothing authoritative about how he lost the race until the well known oarsman, Wallace Ross, returned to New York, after having had a considerable stay in England. He, of course, saw the Searle-O'Connor race, and he told me that the latter was rather under weight on the day of the contest.

The illustration, "Searle Beginning a Stroke," shows that that oarsman probably took a longer sweep than O'Connor. The arms are much extended and the body is thrown forward further than shown in O'Connor's picture. Ross told me that he thought Searle had a more powerful stroke than O'Connor, although he admitted that the latter did not seem to be at his best when the two met. The two illustrations of the men show very well their comparative size, and in point of physique they were most evenly matched.

Searle's native country, Australia, has been the scene of unusual activity in professional rowing since the first visit there of Edward Hanlan between eight and ten years ago. The government spent a large amount of money in straightening the Parramatta river, and in Hanlan's estimation it is the finest course he has seen. As so much interest is taken in rowing, as is known to be the case in Australia, it is no wonder that good oarsmen are developed there. O'Connor left America but a few weeks ago for Australia in search of laurels, and as he is well aware of the class he will have to compete with, the probabilities are that he will leave nothing undone to further perfect his rowing abilities, even though they are now very high class.

The illustration "Finish of Stroke" is from an instantaneous photograph of two men in an eight oared crew. It can be seen that there is a decided difference in their attitudes. One is leaning back more than the other. The picture shows well the general positions of the arms and gives a fair idea of the amount of motion or swing used in a full stroke. Instructors say that the only part of the stroke where the muscles of the chest are developed is the one shown in this picture, which probably, to be a little more explicit, means the last six inches of the whole swing. There is a great difference in the way oarsmen hold the head at the finish of a stroke, and the tendency with the majority is to poke the head badly forward on to the chest, thereby developing what some instructors call "wry neck," and which not only looks bad, but is injurious. The same results, however, can be seen in many men who never rowed a stroke, having been brought about by sitting or leaning over desks. But rowing is known to produce, unless care is used, an aggravated type of wry neck, which looks in some cases like a deformity. The reaching forward of the arms will tend to throw

FINISH OF STROKE.
[From an instantaneous photograph.]

the body forward on account of the action of the muscles, and unless an oarsman takes particular pains to throw his head back as much as possible the constant indulgence in his exercise will make a material change in the position of his head on its shoulders.

The question of whether or not rowing is responsible for round shoulders has been discussed too often to need much further comment, but I have noticed that there are more round shouldered oarsmen than any other one form of exercise will show. There are, of course, more oarsmen to pick from, however. There is no question that tug of war or weight lifting will tend to curve an athlete's back even more than rowing, for in those exercises there is actually no way one can throw the head back when practicing. I have met some good oarsmen who were far straighter than the average man. If they had not paid particular attention during the finish of the stroke to hoking their heads erect and taking the opportunity to throw the chest out, they might show the same wry neck, round and stooping back and flat chest which plenty of good oarsmen have.

This part of the subject is most easy to experiment with, and it can be fully understood by trying the movement in a boat or on a rowing machine. Keep the shoulders round and head thrown over all the time, as the tendency is in pulling a race, and then try hoking the head erect, and at the finish of the stroke throw the chest out and the shoulders back, and the most inexperienced casual observer cannot fail to notice the difference. Although it may be troublesome to follow the latter method in a race, there is no excuse for not adopting it when rowing for recreation.

MALCOLM W. FORD.

"Johnny" Murphy.

Manager Mutrie has been particularly successful in signing promising young players for his team, and John H. Murphy is reckoned near the head of his list of "kids." He was born in Fitchburg, Mass., March 8, 1867. He is 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 165 pounds. He has played with the Fitchburg team for the past five seasons and played against nearly every nine in the state. He has always played in the field, except for a short time when he covered first base. Murphy's strongest point is his sprinting abilities. His speed makes him a good fielder and base runner. He played in twenty-six games last season, made 40 hits in 112 times at bat, with an average of .357 on single hits and .482 on long hits. His fielding average was .836 and he stole forty bases. Of course these figures were made against amateur, semi-profesional and college teams, but they indicate promise.

JOHN H. MURPHY.

An Appalling Suggestion.

In Westminster Abbey the other day one of the solemn factotums told me that a very wealthy but very singular American gentleman from Chicago named Eden offered to give him a $5 note if he would clip off one of Henry VIII's mustaches for him. "What did you say to him?" I asked. "Wot did I say?" echoed the man. "Why, sir, the werry thought of such a hawful thing made me so hill that I couldn't say nuthink."—Eugene Field's London Letter.

Penny Dinners in Ireland.

The "penny dinners" established at Kingstown, Ireland, under the patronage of the Countess of Meath, Lady Powerscourt and other ladies of distinction, do a great deal of good. An important element in the working of its arrangements is the circumstance that dinners can be bought and carried home, no restriction being put upon the number purchased by each customer who is known to the management.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Exciting Game.

"I hear they tarred and feathered you and then bounced you in a blanket?"

"Yes, it was the most exciting game of pitch and toss I ever took part in."—Chatter.

THE ASSOCIATION.

W. I. Harris Tells About Its Three New Clubs.

BROOKLYN, ROCHESTER, SYRACUSE

Deductions Drawn from Their Makeup as to How They Are Likely to Rank in the Race—Gen. Brinker, the Budding Magnate.

New York state has three teams in the American Association—one at Brooklyn, one at Rochester and one at Syracuse. When it was first announced that the Association would be represented in these cities, there was a good deal of fun made of their chances of getting teams that would make any showing. Many of the jokers seemed to imagine that not one of the three cities would have any license to aspire to the pennant or even to a place in the first division. The jokers have since then taken to the woods. They underestimated the hustling qualities and the financial resources of Messrs. Kennedy, Powers and Frazer, the respective managers for Brooklyn, Rochester and Syracuse.

Manager Kennedy's Brooklyn team will be made up of Reipsinger, Herman Pitz, Frank Bowes and Jimmy Toy for catchers; Jack Lynch, Steve Toole, J. F. Powers and several untrained "kids" for pitchers. The infield consists of Billy O'Brien, first base; Joe Gerhardt, second base; Pitz or Ochs, third base; Frank Fennelly, short stop and captain. The outfielders are Dailey, Peltz and Simon. With the exception of Powers and Ochs all of these men are known nationally, and they are pretty apt to give a good account of themselves in the field. Their journalistic manager, Jim Kennedy, has had experience, not as a manager of ball players, but in similar lines, and is fully equipped with the qualities that go to make up the successful baseball manager. The new Brooklyn club will have a pretty hard time, because it will be placed between two fires, and yet I expect to see Kennedy and his partners make money, in spite of the handicaps.

In the first place he has a very good team and one that will make a fairly good fight. It ought not to do worse than sixth, and may do better if its pitchers turn out well. Secondly, it will have a twenty-five cent tariff, and thirdly, it will have the advantage of Sunday games. At present the Brooklyn Americans conflict twenty-seven times with the League and Brotherhood, but Manager Kennedy is arranging certain changes that will cut down the number to fifteen. It will be seen that Manager Kennedy's position with a low tariff is not a bad one. There are a great many people in Brooklyn who will not give up fifty cents for a ball game; some of them because they cannot afford, and some of them because they have been in the habit of seeing first class ball for a quarter and cannot or will not understand why they should give any more. Kennedy is very apt to be a winner if his team plays good average ball, and doesn't drop down to the tail end at the very start.

And what has Manager Powers got in the way of a team at Rochester? Well, one big argument is the man who doesn't play, P. P. P. himself, or, as every one calls him, Pat Powers. He is a manager whose shrewdness and ability have raised him up from the ranks. He handles players with a skill that produces great results. He has, I think, got a better team than Kennedy, and is pretty sure to land them in the first division, and possibly finish as good as third. His three catchers are Jimmy McGuire, the ex-leaguer; D. J. McKeough and D. L. Burke. All these are good men, McGuire being All. Robert Barr, J. J. Fitzgerald and J. Wells will do the pitching. The latter is an experiment, but highly recommended. Powers tells me that he will prove a wonder, which means that Pat has seen him at work, and that he has more than ordinary promise.

Bob Barr was with Rochester last year and was formerly a League pitcher with the Washington team. Bob and I were boys together in Washington, where we both saw the light of day. I can recollect that at school he was a terror on speed pitching, and he has retained the trait. He will do good work for Rochester. Fitzgerald is comparatively unknown nationally, but he made good showing at Wilkesbarre, and Powers thinks him a stayer.

The infield consists of Tom O'Brien, Billy Greenwood, Jim Knowles and Marr Phillips. It is a good one, and so is the outfield, where Harry Lyons, "Sandy" Griffin and Tommy Sheffler will look after flies and chase long hits. All of these men are hatters of more ability than the average.

Rochester this year furnishes a magnate who will be heard from later if all accounts are correct. He is Gen. Henry Brinker, president of the club and the new vice president of the American Association. Gen. Brinker has grit, as his career shows. A native of Mecklenburg, Germany, he emigrated to America when a mere boy. He did errands about the docks and finally became an attache of a butcher shop. Then he went into the produce business and saved his earnings. Soon he bought a stall at the Washington market and began business for himself. He made money, too. He still owns that stall and draws an income from it. During the war he made a fortune as contractor for army supplies.

He served in the state militia as colonel of the Fifty-fourth regiment and took part in active service. At the close of the war he commanded an artillery company. He went to Rochester and has become one of its most substantial citizens. He is a director in the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad; is interested in several breweries and owns a distillery for making spirits from fruit. His wealth is estimated at a quarter of a million. Self made men are tenacious, and Gen. Brinker may be relied on to stick to baseball a long time and lose a good deal of money before he cries quits.

Syracuse will have a team that is in some respects an improvement on any it has had for several years. The new manager-magnate there is George K. Fraser, a young man with sufficient financial backing to carry out his plans and an abundance of nervous energy that makes such a slow man as Von der Ahe simply shudder. Mr. Fraser is entirely new to baseball, but if hustle and energy will win he ought to do so. He has this team to help do it. Grant Briggs and Pat Deasly, catchers, both good men. Briggs made a good showing at Worcester and Deasly has been a National league catcher who one time was classed in A. Toby Lyons, J. T. Keefe, Dan Casey, Bud Ramsey and Joe McCabe will look after the pitching, and they will render a good account of themselves. If Casey's arm is all right he will be one of the stars of the Association. Lack of courage only killed him as a leaguer. McQuery, 1b.; Childs, 2b.; Joe Battin, 3b., and McLaughlin, s. s., is the infield, with Fred Ely, W. H. Wright and Mike Dorgan in the outfield.

Taken altogether, New York state is well represented in the Association. This year no one of them can be expected to finish better than fourth or fifth, because it is their first year, and because Columbus, Louisville and the Athletics have well organized clubs with very strong teams. These clubs, as considered on paper, ought to finish one, two, three. The teams are:

Columbus—O'Connor, Bligh and Munyan, catchers; Gastright, Easter and Widner, pitchers; Lohare, first base; Crooks, second base and captain; Elley, third base; Esterday, short stop; Degle, McTammany and Johnson, fielders; A. C. Buckenberger, manager.

Louisville—Jones, Pinlan and Ryan, catchers; Goodell, Stratton, Ehrett, Keenan and Hart, pitchers; Crosson, first base; Taylor, second base; Raymond, third base and captain; Tomney, short stop; Hamburg, Weaver and Wolf, pitchers; Jack Chapman, manager.

Athletics—Robinson and Collins, catchers; M. Kilroy, Benswino, E. Smith, Esper, Seward and McMahon, pitchers; O'Brien, first base; Bowers and Fitzgerald, second base; Lyons, third base; Halpin or Wagner, short stop; Kappel, Welch and Purcell, fielders; William Sharsig, manager.

What St. Louis and Toledo will do is at present an unknown quantity. Both clubs have promising teams. Toledo has the best of the two. Indeed, Toledo's team is liable to hustle everybody. Personally I wouldn't attempt to place them anywhere, because there are only two men on the team I have ever seen play ball. Here it is: R. E. Rogers and Harry Sage, catchers; Leander Abbott, F. C. Smith, Cushman and Sprague, pitchers; P. Werden, first base (captain); Nicholson, second base; W. C. Alvord, third base; F. Shelleck, short stop; W. J. Van Dike, left field; C. E. Swartwood, center field; J. L. Sneed, right field.

Chris Von der Ahe will give battle with this team: J. J. Adams and Frank Week, catchers; J. Fuller, E. Chamberlain, Stivetts, R. Adams and Gittenger, pitchers; A. J. Scott, first base; W. Kinshman, second base; Pete Sweeney, third base; Harry Fuller, short stop; Roseman, Duffee and McCarthy, fielders; manager, Curis himself.

W. I. HARRIS.

OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST.

A Hand Showing Where a Trump Lead Does Not Make Any Difference.

The hands are as follows:

A—Kn, 5 diamonds, 7, 5, 4 hearts, 10, 9, 7, 6 spades, kn, 9, 4, 2 clubs.

B—K, 10, 9 diamonds, k, q, 10, 6, 2 hearts, k, 8, 4 spades, k, 10 clubs.

C—A, q, 4 diamonds, a kn, 9, 8 hearts, q, 2 spades, a, 8, 7, 5 clubs.

D—9, 8, 7, 6, 2 diamonds, 3 hearts, a kn, 5, 3 spades, q, 6, 3 clubs. Clubs trumps.

Round 1—C 8 h, B q h, D 3 h, A 4 h.

Round 2—B 4 s, D kn s, A 6 s, C 2 s.

Although B's longest suit is hearts, he does not lead them, as he would be leading up to C's strength, but he does not play the highest spade (the k), as the chances are two to one against his partner holding the a, in which case his k, if led out, would not make.

Round 3—D 6 d, A 5 d, C q d, B k d

B, still being doubtful whether spades is A's best suit, leads his highest diamond, as he prefers playing through a strong suit to playing up to one.

Round 4—B 10 d, D 2 d, A kn d, C a d.

Round 5—C 5 c, B k c, D 3 c, A 2 c.

C's object now is to get out the trumps. He is sure that none of the others has more than 4, and A's play of the kn of diamonds on his partner's 10 indicates that A has no more diamonds, and consequently will have an opportunity to make one or more of his small trumps. B, with his k of clubs, thwarts C's design, as will be seen in the next round.

Round 6—B 3 d, D 7 d, A 4 c, C 4 d.

B perceives that A can have no more diamonds, and consequently leads the 3 so that A can make one of his small trump. B knows what A's plan was, and he also knows that A had not more than 4 trumps originally.

Round 7—A 7 s, C q s, B k s, D a s.

A returns what he supposes to be B's long suit, B having had no opportunity to inform A that he, together with C, is strong in hearts.

Round 8—D q c, A 9 c, C 7 c, B 10 c.

Round 9—D 6 c, A kn c, C a c, B 8 c.

Round 10—C a h, B 9 h, D 5 s, A 5 h.

Round 11—C 9 h, B 10 h, D 6 s, A 7 h.

Round 12—B k h, D 8 d, A 9 s, C kn h.

Round 13—B 6 h, D 9 d, A 10 c, C 8 c.

C and D make one by cards.

Suppose C, thinking that his plain suits were good enough to fall back on, had led out trumps originally. Here is the result:

Round 1—C 5 c, B k c, D 3 c, A 2 c.

Round 2—B k h, D 3 h, A 4 h, C a h.

Round 3—D q c, A 4 c, C 7 c, B 10 c.

Round 4—D 6 c, A 9 c, C 8 c, B 3 d.

Round 5—A 7 h, C 8 h, B 10 h, D 3 s.

Round 6—B k h, D 5 s, A 5 h, C kn h.

Round 7—B 6 h, D 2 d, A kn c, C 9 h.

Round 8—A 6 s, C 2 s, B k s, A a s.

Round 9—D 6 d, A 5 d, C kn d, B k d.

Round 10—B 2 h, D kn s, A kn d, C a c.

Rounds 11, 12 and 13 go to C.

C and D make one by cards, the same as they made by C's lead of hearts.

NOTE.—In playing these hands for practice, after sorting the hands out, place them in the form of a square on the table, face up, A's hand opposite B's and C's opposite D's. Place the cards as they are played directly in front of each hand, making four piles, one in front of each hand, and every card that takes a trick turn face down. At the end of the game the points can be readily counted and the hands are not mixed, but ready to be played over again.

TOM LAWRING.

Philadelphia's New Theatre.

In August there will be opened in northeastern Philadelphia (Kensington) a new theatre, which will rank among the finest of the city's many fine places of amusement. One especially notable feature of the building will be

THE KENSINGTON THEATRE.

its many facilities for escape in case of fire. It will be lighted by electricity, the doors will be opened by electricity, the exits will be numerous and several extra iron fire escapes and iron stairways will be provided. Its seating capacity will be 2,100, besides ten private boxes.

The New Passion Play.

Considerable gossip has been caused in New York by the announcement that a new passion play is to be produced entitled "The Young Messiah." Ambrose Bierce, who wrote "Broken Barriers," is its author, and he asserts that the production will be free from any suggestion which will offend. Miss Jeanette Winston, it is said, will take the leading role.

The Patagonian.

Countryman (at a Bowery museum reading a sign over a vacant chair): "The only Patagonian ever brought to this country"—Say, where's the Patagonian?

Lecturer (absent mindedly)—He'll be back in a minute. He's just gone 'round to his mother's. His brother's been run over.—Chatter.

Growing on His Prospective Father-in-Law.

Dumpsey—I say, Popinjay, doesn't young Prettyboy grow on you the more you see of him?

Popinjay—Well, yes, I suppose he does. The fact is he is engaged to my daughter and gets more than half of his meals at my house now.—Burlington Free Press.

Almost a Blot.

He—Give me a kiss!

She—You should be ashamed of yourself.

"Ashamed of what?"

"Of asking for a kiss when you have such a chance to take one."—Texas Siftings.

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA.

She Is an American Singer and Her Real Name Is Gower.

A dozen years ago, perhaps, a tall slip of a girl, almost womanly in physique, and with a wondrously beautiful pair of dark blue eyes, violet eyes, in truth, attracted universal attention from the music lovers of Boston. She appeared in concerts, and the programmes told nothing further than that she was Miss Lillian Norton. Today the best men of both continents know her as Mme. Lillian Nordica, the famous operatic contralto. Miss Norton continued to sing at concerts for a few years and finally determined to adopt the operatic stage. With this object in view she studied abroad under the best instructors of masters, with such admirable results that on Nov. 26, 1868, she made her operatic debut in America at the New York Academy of Music as Marguerite in "Faust."

It was during a Patti season; but, for all that, Mlle. Gigho Nordica was accredited with creating a genuine furore. Mlle. Gigho Nordica, as the programmes had it, was Lillian Norton. In passing it may be mentioned that Lillian Norton was born in Massachusetts. She spent a goodly portion of her early life with the family of Judge Goodhow, of Farmington, Me., old friends of her parents, and even thus early in her youth she was famed in the far away city of the east for the purity of her voice. Just previous to her debut in grand opera Miss Norton was

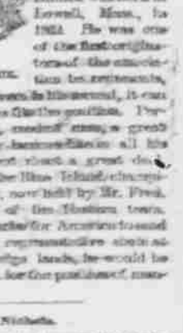
MME. NORDICA.

married to Frederick A. Gower, a Providence journalist of much repute. They subsequently went abroad. Mlle. Nordica appeared for the first time in grand opera in Europe July 24, 1884, at the Paris Opera house. Marguerite, in "Faust," was the role she selected. She fairly duplicated the success she achieved in her native land.

Mr. Gower was a daring and enthusiastic aeronaut. He perished in 1886 in a storm which suddenly arose after he had made an ascension, in an attempt to cross the British channel. Mrs. Gower has never remarried, and as Mme. Nordica has devoted herself entirely to her art. She has appeared in all the principal continental cities of Europe and with marked success. Previous to her joining the Italian Opera company, which has toured America this season with Patti, Mme. Nordica sang in concerts at most of the larger cities of Europe, and she fulfilled a special engagement at the Paris exposition last year.

Herman Pitz.

Herman Pitz is a rising young catcher who has already made a name for himself on the diamond, although his work thereon has really just commenced. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is about 26 years old. He made his first appearance on the ball field in 1884, playing with the Alaska club, a local team. During the season of '85 and until July, '86, he played with the Ridgewoods. The first professional work was with the Oneida team, of the New York State league, which was the championship. The season of '87 found him with Johnstown, Pa., doing excellent work, at one time catching eighteen consecutive games. He finished the season with the Binghamtons during the seasons of '88 and '89. During '88 he caught in no less than forty-three out of fifty-five home games, and in '89 twenty-four out of thirty. His work on the road was equally strong. Pitz is a sure and plucky catcher, a good batter and thrower to bases, and a hard worker for the general success of his team. He has been signed by Manager Kennedy, of the Brooklyn Association club.



HERMAN PITZ.

Charles W. Dimick.

Here is an excellent likeness of Mr. Charles W. Dimick, well known as the genial president of the American Shooting association and manager of the eastern and western teams of champion trap shots, now making a tour of the United States and Canada in their private car, the "Interstate." Mr. Dimick was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1853. He was one of the first originators of the association, and, as his present term in the second, it can readily be seen that he fills the position. Personally he is a quiet, modest man, a great joker and thoroughly honest in all his dealings. He does not shoot a great deal, and only acquired the Blue Island championship of New Jersey, now held by Mr. Fred. Quimby, a member of the Western team. Should the committee for America to send a team of five of its representatives shooting shotgun balls, he would be the most eligible man for the position of manager.

CHARLES W. DIMICK.

Ross Nichols.

A very clever player is Ross Nichols, who will cover left field for the Columbus team next season. He is a baseballist from his shoes up, has an engaging manner, is polite and modest, a perfect type of the new class of ball players. Born 24 years of age. In 1887 he began his professional career as a member of the Wheeling club of the Tri-State league. He started with Detroit in the fall of 1889, when he went to Pittsburg and played with the League team as an outfielder. In the spring of 1890 he was still with Detroit, but finished the season with the Lincoln club of the Western Interstate league. [illegible] that year and finished another fielder. Nick weighs 158 pounds and is very well built. He ranked as leading in 1889, in batting .322.

ROSS NICHOLS.

Doctor—You ought not to smoke if you expect to get well again.

Sam Johnson—Golly, what de medical science am gittin off. How de fiddle does yer expect yer sure Sam without smokin'?—Texas Siftings.

The Witty Problem.

"How many matrimonial knots can you go on now, Dr. Chatter?"

"That depends on the tie," returned the D. D.—New York Sun.

Cause for Slander.

Stranger from St. Louis (to Chicago undertaker)—Is the corpse insured?

Chicago Undertaker—No, sir. Why?

St. Louisian—Oh, I didn't know but he would be, to have been found dead in this town.—Lowell Citizen.