The World of Sport

VICTORY IN REACH

The Gophers Can Attain It by Hard Work.

ADVANTAGE HAS BEEN THEIRS

But Changes Following on Mueller's Loss and the Weather Are New Factors.

If Wisconsin does not play a better game against Minnesota than she did against Nebraska, she will be defeated by the gophers.—Captain Westover at Milwaukee after Saturday's Wisconsin-Nebraska game.

I think Wisconsin will win from Minnesota.—Coach Booth of Nebraska after Saturday's game.

Comparative scores show Minnesota and Wisconsin very evenly matched. Minnesota, three weeks ago, defeated Nebraska by a score of 19 to 0. Saturday Wisconsin almost duplicated the score, falling just one short of it.

But, as usual, comparative scores do not tell the whole, or anything like the whole, story. In the Minnesota game, besides getting three touchdowns and a safety, Minnesota three times got near enough to the Nebraska goal to admit of a trial for a dropkick from the field, and at no time was the gopher goal line in serious danger. Saturday, at Milwaukee, for the first twenty-five minutes of the game, the Nebraskans "played the badgers to a standstill," twice getting close enough to the badger line to give the thousands of cardinal supporters present a very bad fright. During the whole of the twenty-five minutes the ball was in badger territory, and the Madisonians seemed not only unable to gain ground when they had the ball, but unable to stop the gains of the cornhuskers. At the end of that period, however, the Nebraskans' steam seemed to give out, whereas that of the cardinals was just getting up, and from that time on conditions were reversed. Perhaps Nebraska was overcome with surprise at her own success, or missed the assistance of her big brigade of rooters; at any rate, she weakened, and after that the battle was with the badgers.

Lacked Staying Power.

To make a rather sweeping statement, Nebraska's condition of Saturday was just about that of three weeks ago. Her men had recovered from the shock of meeting the gophers, with the exception of Westover, who, however, was in the game for the first half, and Ringer, who was out altogether. Yet in staying power there was something lacking, and it showed itself toward the close of the first half. Her offense had improved, her plays worked more smoothly and went off with greater snap and precision at first, but showed a gradually slower movement as the game progressed. In defense, too, the Nebraskans held like a stone wall at first, but seemed unable to last; whereas, the Wisconsin men seemed to gather strength with the progress of the game, and that is one of the things that Minnesota will have to reckon with when she meets the men from the neighboring commonwealth Nov. 16.

But a little more ginger, the determination to add just the extra pounds pressure of steam required during the early part of the game, and Nebraska would have reversed the score for the first half at the very least. The cornhuskers had taken the Wisconsin men completely by surprise by the strength of their game. The cardinal had been counting on an easy victory, and here they were being played off their feet. Had Nebraska just hung on with bulldog tenacity to her advantage, the story, as said, might have been a very different one.

But despite Coach Booth's statement to the contrary, Nebraska was not 100 per cent better than she was the day of the game at Northrop field. Better she was in the science of the game, but not in muscle, and by no means 100 per cent better in science.

Advantage Was Minnesota's.

The plain inference is that, as between Minnesota and Wisconsin, upon the showing of their contests with Nebraska, Minnesota's team, as it stood three weeks ago in make-up, with the development of the past three weeks, is a better one considerably than that of Wisconsin. In other words, the gopher team that defeated Nebraska, if it had been put in the field against the Wisconsin team Saturday, would have beaten it by a liberal margin.

"Faster Yet, Minnesota."

But since Minnesota's victory over Nebraska some new factors have had to be considered. These are chiefly the barring of Mueller and the weather. Mueller's loss may necessitate a good deal of switching, and the familiarizing of the men with their new positions. If the weather is favorable, so that the men can be given plenty of work, the familiarizing process can go forward quite rapidly; but if it should be unfavorable it may be slow, and Minnesota may go into the Nov. 16 game unprepared to meet the wonderfully rapid play of the badgers, who, when they get to working at full pressure, play like the wind. "Jason's" advice, "Faster yet, Minnesota," therefore, comes with added force at this time. A game that in speed will equal that of the badgers, with the added weight of the Minnesota men, should give Minnesota the game. But it will take work and plenty of it. The victory, however, can be brought within reach by conscientious work, and if the gophers do not take it——.

To let down the pressure now would be to do just what Nebraska did Saturday in the game, and the result would correspond.

Story of the Game.

The story of the game has its own lessons. It follows:

Wisconsin had a slight advantage in the wind at the outset and Nebraska had the ball. The kick-off sent the ball to the Wisconsin five-yard line, from which it was carried back ten yards. Wisconsin lined up to rush the ball down the field, but there was something in the way, and try as hard as the badgers might, they could not get it out of the way. As a result the ball had to be sent through the air in order to prevent giving it to the cornhuskers well down in Wisconsin territory. The punt carried the ball to the center of the field, where Drain was downed as he caught the ball and attempted to run. Nebraska was forced to punt on the third down and sent the ball to Wisconsin's twenty-yard line, but over the side line.

Wisconsin then made five yards on three downs, but at the next effort fumbled and the ball went to Nebraska. Here Nebraska played the trick that Wisconsin worked so successfully on Minnesota several times a year ago—Nebraska's center jogged the ball as though to pass it, several Wisconsin players were offside in a moment, and Wisconsin lost ten yards as a penalty, the officials not detecting the "jog." A moment later, however, the Nebraskans lost the ball on a misunderstanding of the signals, the ball falling on the ground and a badger covering it.

Wisconsin was forced to punt, and the ball went outside at the center of the field. Nebraska getting the ball. Again Nebraska fooled the Wisconsin players and the officials by the "jog" trick and got ten yards.

Then began a series of short but sure gains through Wisconsin's left by the cornhuskers which took the ball down to the Wisconsin ten-yard line. There the badgers held firm and the Nebraskans were forced to kick. Drain tried a place kick, but the ball went wide, though the goal was not a difficult one. That was scare No. 1 for the badgers.

Marshall for the badgers recovered the ball after the kick, but instead of touching it back made a run, which was unexpected by the Nebraskans and netted the badgers twenty-five yards. Fifteen yards were added by a succession of rushes before the badgers were stopped and the ball went to Nebraska at the center of the field. The playing had been wholly in Wisconsin territory.

Scare No. 2.

Nebraska began another series of attacks on Wisconsin's left. Then, by a swiftly executed double pass, Cortelyou, Nebraska's right end, took the ball and, skirting Wisconsin's right, cleared the field and dashed for the Wisconsin's line. But he was not fleet enough. Cochems, Wisconsin's left half, outran him and downed him on the Wisconsin five-yard line.

Again the Wisconsin rooters were in a cold sweat. But the badgers rallied and held for downs—a trick they learned from the Minnesotas last year. Getting the ball, the badgers promptly punted to the center of the field. Nebraska got the ball and returned the punt, the ball going to the Wisconsin two-yard line. Wisconsin made twelve yards on rushes and a fake kick, and then sent the ball soaring through the air for sixty yards, Nebraska getting the ball on her thirty-five-yard line.

Cornhuskers Waver.

The Nebraskans began to waver at this point and the tide of battle seemed about to turn. Nebraska punted to the center of the field and the ball was Wisconsin's. A quarterback kick gave the badgers about eight yards. The Nebraskans kicked out of bounds on Wisconsin's forty-yard line. Wisconsin got the ball.

Badgers' Great Brace.

This was the turning point of the battle. Nebraska lost ten yards for offside play and seemed to lose heart with it. The badgers on the other hand seemed to realize that the tide was turning and began a fierce series of rushes which within five minutes carried the ball over the Nebraska line. The play was as fast as was ever seen on a gridiron, the badgers springing to their places the moment the ball was down and dashing into each scrimmage with great force. The Nebraskans seemed powerless to stop the advance.

An exchange of punts and a few rushes landed the ball at the center of the field when the whistle sounded closing the half with the score of 6 to 0 for Wisconsin.

The Second Half.

At the opening of the second half Nebraska lost her captain and right tackle, who gave way to Stringer. Nebraska was forced to punt after capturing the kick-off. Driver fumbled the punt and Cortelyou got the ball, only to see his men lose it on downs at the center of the field. After a few short rushes Cochems got around the Nebraska right end and made forty yards before he was brought to earth on the Nebraska eight-yard line. Four yards were gained by rushes and then Wisconsin had to kick and Juneau tried without success for a drop kick from the field.

"A Series Play."

Nebraska punted to Wisconsin's thiry-yard line and was carried back five yards. Then began a brilliant series of plays, which took the ball down the field, eight, three, ten, five, five, ten yards, and over the goal line.

A PAIR OF CENTRAL HIGH STARS

Left Tackle Browne and Right Guard Morse.

A fairly difficult goal and the score was 12 to 0 for Wisconsin.

The Nebraskans were plainly feeling the effects of the struggle. They lined up after a scrimmage with painful slowness. This gave the badgers with their quick work a great advantage and they began another procession. But Nebraska at the center of the field rallied and forced Wisconsin to punt, the ball going to Nebraska's fifteen-yard line. Nebraska made a few short gains and then sent the ball spinning through the air and over the ground to the Wisconsin's twenty-yard line. Cortelyou was close after the ball and downed the catcher almost in his tracks. Wisconsin punted to Nebraska's fifty-yard line. Moffat took Driver's place and Bender G. Shedd's place.

Nebraska was now playing a wholly defensive game. Her object was not to get near the enemy's goal but to keep the enemy away from her goal. Wisconsin got the ball at last on the Nebraska fifty-yard line and then was begun another of those series that took the ball down the field by long jerks for a touchdown. Another goal was kicked by the unerring Juneau and the score was 18 to 0, where it stood for the few minutes remaining.

The story of the game shows that the badgers were capable of wonderful bursts of speed against the weakening Nebraskans. Whether they would be equal to like speed against a stronger foe is not to be admitted, but with the improvement that may come with the next two weeks, it is hardly safe to predict what they will be able to do then, and it will not be safe for Minnesota to rely upon the showing of Saturday. The badgers are said to be saving a choice assortment of tricks for the surprise of their gopher rivals.

The Line-Up.

Wisconsin.	Position.	Nebraska.
Daum	left—end—right	Cortelyou Westover,
Haumerson	left—tackle—right	Stringer
Lerum	left—guard—right	Brew
Skow	center	Koehler
Schreiber	right—guard—left	Tobin
Curtis	right—tackle—left	Kingsbury
Juneau	right—end—left	C. Shedd
Marshall	quarterback	Drain
Cochems	left—halfback—right	G. Shedd, Bender
Larson	right halfback—left	Crandall
Driver, Moffat	fullback	Pillsbury

Linesmen, Louis Alsted and W. Cowgill. Timers, H. F. Cochems and George Cadwell.

A GREAT FEAT

'Twill Be for Minnesota to Make a Clean Record.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—Michigan furnished a disappointment on Saturday. After rolling up a score of sixteen points in the first half, which was within one of what Cornell made against the Carlisle Indians in the whole game, the wolverines fell down in the last half, scored but one touchdown, and fell seven points short of what Harvard was able to do against the same team. And thus it was that the only chance for the west this fall to establish itself upon an equal footing with the best of the east fell flat as a pancake.

Either the wolverines are a badly overestimated lot, or they played poorly against Carlisle. More likely it is that to some extent both statements are true. On the showing of Indiana against Illinois on Saturday, and takingin into consideration the condition of the Northwestern team when it met Yost's men, it must be said that Michigan has not met a first-class team this year. Furthermore, there is not a first-class team on the wolverine schedule. Iowa is their next good opponent, but the latter has already been walloped by Minnesota, 16 to 0. On the face of the returns it is extremely doubtful if the wolverines can equal that score. Granting that the Ann Arbor team does defeat the hawkeyes by a good score, if either Wisconsin or Minnesota go through the season without a defeat, particularly the latter, Michigan's claim to the championship rating will be weak compared with the team which rarely meets something of class. If Minnesota goes through her schedule cleanly it will be the greatest feat in western football history. While, with the exception of the Minnesota game, Wisconsin has a schedule little better than that of Michigan, a defeat for the gophers will mean more than anything the wolverines can possibly accomplish against the rivals she meets this fall.

YALE 5, WEST POINT 5

West Point Scores Near Close by a Drop Kick.

West Point is now in the class with the "Big Four" and perhaps a little better than at least one member of the old invincible quartet. A week ago the soldier lads held Harvard down to no score up to the last minute of the second half, and Saturday they bettered that performance by tieing Yale. The Elis were well matched and had to work desperately to save their goal all through. Yale scored a touchdown in the first half, but failed to get the goal. In the second half the soldiers were very aggressive and kept the ball hovering around the Yale goal line with splendid persistency.

Five minutes before time was called they worked the ball up in front of the posts and Daly, the ex-Harvard quarter, sent it spinning right over the bar. There is great rejoicing at the Point over the season's results. The line up:

West Point.	Positions.	Yale.
Selfridge, Zell	left—end—right	Swan
McAndrews	left—tackle—right	Hogan
Riley	left—gaurd—right	Glass
Boyers	center	Holt
Goodspeed	right—gaurd—left	Olcott
Bunker	right—tackle—left	Hamlin
Bartlett, Nelly	right—end—left	Gould
Daly	quarterback	De Soule
Phyppes	left—halfback—right	Wilkelmi
Phillips	right—halfback—left	Chadwick, Hart
Graves	fullback	Weymouth

Umpire, Mr. Stauffer. Referee, Mr. Vail.

QUAKERS LOSE

But Columbia Couldn't Score in the Second Half.

Columbia went up into the forefront again Saturday by defeating Pennsylvania at the New York polo grounds 11 to 0. Although minus two of her stars, Columbia played great football. The two touchdowns were made in the first half. Pennsylvania waked up in the second half and kept the ball down dangerously near the Columbia goal, but they couldn't quite score. The line up:

Columbia.	Positions.	Pennsylvania.
A. Doysen	left—end—right	W. Gardner
Irvine	left—end—right	Donaldson
Lancon	left—guard—right	Teas
Shaw	center	McCabe
McLellan	right—guard—left	Bennett
Deuck	right—tackle—left	Piekarski, Baird
Van Hoevenberg	right—end—left	Carley, Nelson and Davidson
Morley	quarterback	Howard
Weekes	left—halfback—right	Dale
Smith	right—halfback—left	Reynolds
Berrien	fullback	Davidson, Keller

Touchdowns—Weekes.
Goal Kicked—Morley.
Umpire—Paul Dashiel, Lehigh.
Referee—W. H. Corbin, Yale.
Time of halves, 35 minutes each.

TIGERS' NARROW MARGIN

They Won From Cornell by a Safety.

Princeton won from Cornell at Ithaca Saturday by a safety. Each team had scored a touchdown and clinched the goal. Near the end of the game Princeton tried a goal from a place kick. It fell just short of the bar, but a Princeton player was on the spot and as the Cornell quarter grabbed the ball he shoved him across the line. Referee Wrightington ruled that this was a safety. Cornell protested, but the official decision stands. Cornell made the point that the Princeton man was off side. The line up:

Cornell.	Positions.	Princeton.
Taussig	left—end—right	Henry, Roper
Lueder	left—tackle—right	Dewitt
Warner (Capt.)	left—guard—right	Mills, Butkiemis
Kent	center	Fisher
Hunt	right—guard—left	Dana, Short
Smith	right—tackle—left	Pell
Tydeman	right—end—left	Davis, McClave
Brewster	quarterback	Freeman, Meier
Purcell and Shepherd	left—halfback—right	Fouke
Coffin	right—halfback—left	McClave
Scheelkopf	fullback	Underhill, McCord

Touchdowns—Coffin, Henry.
Goals from Touchdown—Coffin, Dewitt.
Safety—McClave.
Referee—Wrightington, Harvard. Umpire—Waters, Harvard.
Time of Halves, 35 minutes.

ILLINI VICTORIOUS

The Indiana Fighters Unable to Stand Their Charging.

The Illini rolled up a total of eighteen points against their hereditary enemies of Indiana university Saturday and kept their own goal ine inviolate. Indiana hadn't the beef and brawn to stand the shock of the terrific line charges of the sucker state backs. Stahl made two of the three touchdowns.

The line up:

Illinois.	Position.	Indiana.
Cook	left—end—right	Smith, Jones
Buddy	left—tackle—right	Davidson
Stone, Stahl and Elder	left—guard—right	Railsback
Lowenthal	center	Markle
Fairweather	right—guard—left	Elfers, E. Smith
Lindgren	right—tackle—left	Highley
Doud, Sileer	right—end—left	Rucker
McKinley	quarterback	Foster
Brundage and Huntoon	left—halfback—right	Coval and Sanders
Parker, Coons and Jutton	right—halfback—left	Clevenger
Stahl, Cayou	fullback	Gordon

Score—Illinois 18, Indiana 0.
Touchdowns—Stahl (2), Jutton.
Goals Kicked—Stahl 1, Cook 2.
Referee, Kelly, Dartmouth; umpire, Kennedy, Chicago; timers, Martin Illinois; Pike, Indiana; linesmen, Eleggmund, U. of I.; Muhl, Illinois; Darby, Indiana. Time, twenty-five-minute halves.

WOLVERINES' VICTORY

They Defeat Carlisle by Score of 22 to 0.

Michigan defeated the Carlisle Indians handily Saturday, 22 to 0. The Wolverines scored two touchdowns and a goal from a place kick in the first half and carried the Indians quite off their feet. In the second half the reds put on more steam and held their opponents down to a single touchdown.

The chief criticism of the Michigan plays was the frequent fumbling of the ball and slack interference at times. They made their gains largely by hard line bucking. In the second half they were forced to punt often.

Wu Ting fang, the Chinese minister, witnessed the game from a box which he shared with General Alger and at the conclusion of the game gave the players a pleasant little talk.

Michigan.	Position.	Carlisle.
Redden, Knight	left—end—right	Hare
White (Capt.)	left—tackle—right	Dickens
McGugin	left—guard—right	Shaw
Gregory	center	Schouchuk and Chesaw.
Wilson	right—guard—left	Phillips
Sorts	right—tackle—left	Lubo
Hernstein	reight—end—left	Beaver, Bradley and Coleman.
Weeks	quarterback	Sheldon and Johnson.
Heston	left—half—right	Yarlatt, Saul
Sweeley	right—half—left	Johnson, Beaver
Snow	fullback	Williams

Referee, Louis Hinckey. Umpire, Hoagland. Time of halves, 27½ minutes.

KNOX OUTPLAYED

The Iowans Were Far Too Strong for Them.

In the fastest game played on the gridiron here this season, Iowa Saturday defeated the Knox eleven by a score of 23 to 6. Iowa outweighed the Knox men and played them off their feet at every rush, but Knox played bravely and furiously to the end.

The line up:

Iowa.	Position.	Knox.
Seiberts	left—end—right	Montgomery
Coulthardt	left—tackle—right	Ewing
Hollenbeck	left—guard—right	Slattery
Briggs	center	Hubbell
Smith	right—guard—left	Sullivan
Burrier	right—tackle—left	Hitchcock
Maresh	right—end—left	Wilson
Wilkins	left—half—right	Zalusky
Watters	right—half—left	Hopkins
Macy	fullback	Ackerson
Jones	quarterback	Grogan

Umpire, Darby, of Rick Island. Referees, Burkland, of Moline. Time of halves, thirty minutes.

Brown Beaten by Harvard.

Harvard made the Brown university men look like a lot of secondary school players Saturday on Soldiers' field, at Cambridge. They scored five touchdowns in the first half and three in the second and kicked a goal each time. Harvard punted but once in the first half. Brown, on the other hand, gained her distance but once in the whole game and could not hold Harvard for a single down. Harvard's attack and defense were both magnificent.

Grinnell's Fast Play.

After playing Grinnell to a standstill in the first half of Saturday's game, the Ames team lost its grip and was swamped. The Grinnell men took the bits in their teeth and simply ran their opponents off their feet, scoring three touchdowns and a field goal in rapid succession.

Game for Farmers.

The North Dakota agricultural college won from the state university team, at Grand Forks, by the score of 17 to 11. The honors were in favor of the university at the end of the first half, 6 to 0. Then the farmers woke up, quickly put a couple of the university stars out of the game, and then carried the whole field off its feet.

Tied by Beloit.

Saturday was another "sad but glorious day" for Chicago university. With the score 17 to 0 in favor of the Stagg lads, little Beloit took a mighty brace and scored two touchdowns and a field goal in swift succession and tied the game. Beloit did all its scoring in the second half, while Chicago got two of its three touchdowns in the first half. McNab missed one of the goals and this lost the game. Merrill, Smith and McRae did very brilliant work for Beloit.

Minor Games.

At West Superior, Wis.—Superior Normal school vs. St. Cloud Normal, 6 to 0.

At New Paynesville, Minn.—New Paynesville high school vs. Atwater high school, 0 to 0.

At Sleepy Eye, Minn.—Sleepy Eye high school vs. St. James high school, 38 to 0.

At Faribault, Minn.—Shattuck school vs. St. Peter high school, 32 to 10.

At La Crosse, Wis.—Sparta vs. La Crosse high school, 17 to 6.

At Fargo, N. D.—Fargo high school vs. Brainerd, 41 to 0.

At Morris, Minn.—Morris high school vs. Glenwood Academy, 17 to 0.

At Grinnell, Iowa—Grinnell high school vs. West Des Moines high school, 5 to 0.

At Fergus Falls, Minn.—Fergus Falls high school vs. Barnesville, 25 to 0.

The Sumner school football team would like a game for next Saturday with any ninety-five-pound team in the city. Address Frank Blake, 429 Bryant avenue N.

The Riverside football team will meet the Blaines to-morrow on the grounds at Eighth and Logan avenues N, and on Nov. 10 will play the Farmington high school team at Farmington.

The Logans claim the 80-pound championship of the city, and would be pleased to make a game with any one disputing that claim. Floyd Chamberlain, manager, 1613 Lyndale avenue N.

Redfield, S. D., 5; Huron, 24.

Saturday Games.

Michigan 22, Carlisle 0.
Harvard 48, Brown 0.
Columbia 11, Pennsylvania 0.
Chicago 17, Beloit 17.
Wisconsin 18, Nebraska 0.
Yale 5, West Point 5.
Princeton 8, Cornell 6.
Illinois 18, Indiana 0.
Iowa 23, Knox 6.
Lafayette 29, Lehigh 0.
Dartmouth 29, Wesleyan 12.
Purdue 23, Case 0.
Des Moines 11, Still College 11.
North Dakota 17, Fargo 11.
Grinnell 23, Ames 0.
Notre Dame 16, Lake Forrest 0.

OPEN SEASON FOR DEER

Does Not Begin in Wisconsin Until November 11.

Special to The Journal.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 4.—Deer hunters who are planning to begin the annual killing next Sunday, Nov. 10, will be likely to find themselves in the clutches of the game wardens, for they will not only be breaking one of the ten commandments, but they will also be violating the state game law.

Contrary to what seems to be the general impression, the open season for deer does not begin Nov. 10, but one day later, Nov. 11. The misunderstanding arises from the fact that the law says the closed season for deer shall be "between the 30th day of November and the succeeding 10th day of November in the year following." This might be construed to include the 10th in the open season if the law did not further state: "All the year excepting the last twenty days of November being thereby intended to be included in the closed or prohibited season for such animals." As the last twenty days of November do not include the 10th, hunting on that day is clearly illegal.

State Game Warden Gverbeck has received many letters of inquiry on this subject, and to these he has replied that the open season for deer does not begin until Nov. 11, continuing to and including Nov. 30. After that the hunter has five days in which to ship his game home.

Thinks It Too Radical.

Dr. H. L. Williams, coach of the Minnesota football team, does not agree with Stagg's plan of prohibiting all football men from participating in summer baseball. Stagg thinks it is the only way to kill out professionalism effectually. Dr. Williams regards this as a too radical view of the case. It is carrying the matter too far, he holds, to say that a college man shall not play ball or take part in any athletics during the summer. The present rules are sufficiently stringent, he thinks, only let them be obeyed to the letter.

DOUBTFUL.
Puck.

Stranger (in Frozen Dog)—I suppose a poet would be liable to starve to death in this place.

Broncho Bill—Well, if he lived long enough to starve to death he'd be goshamighty lucky.

UP IN WINNEB'GOSH

A Story From the Country Where Ducks Fly Low.

HOW 'NIGGER' PADDED THE SCORE

He Guilelessly Retrieved Many More Ducks Than Fell to His Protege's Gun.

It is written that Henry Ward Beecher once delivered an address in San Francisco. The great preacher had been touring the wonderland of Cadifornia, and had just returned with the beauties of the Yosemite valley fairly soaked through and through him. Of course as a result his address was one that thrilled the Argonauts to the very core. But as he finished his peroration, a kid in the gallery "got in his work" and spoiled the whole thing. Said Mr. Beecher: "When I gazed on the wondrous beauties of the Yosemite valley to my lips sprang the involuntary exclamation, 'of a verity when the Great Architect finished California He finished His latest work, and His best,' of words to a similar purport. Now, before the earthquake of applause that was due to follow that outburst could begin, the kid in the gallery piped out: "Taffy!" "Only that and nothing more." But it was enough and more than enough. The laughter of Homer's whole bead-roll of Trojan war heroes, was as a whisper to what followed. And for once the foremost orator of his time in all the world was stricken dumb, and glad indeed to get out. But had the scene of Mr. Beecher's address been Minneapolis, and his theme the Minnesota fall climate, not even an American kid would have dreamed of interrupting him. The truth as well as the beauty of his words would have been so self evident that even the apotheosis of irreverence would have applauded them to the echo.

Thus far a gentleman who has just returned from an outing of three weeks or so "up in the Winnebegoshish country," under the pilotage of the good Mr. Wheaton. This good sportsman and a companion came up from the metropolis of Minnesota and, this being their first visit, were as strangers in a strange land at first, but they fell in with Roy, and afterwards their way was a path of delight. Indeed, as to the upper country as a hunting ground, the climate as a thing to make living a delight, and Roy as a guide, both are of one opinion. That all three can only be fittingly described in the well known words of Rob the Rhymer, as things:

To be worshiped on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command, be free;

For there is nothing like to either "in the heavens above, the earth beneath aor the waters under the earth." Well, this good twain of sportsmen got off with Roy, Harry Prices' "Nigger," and a "get there" and this is about how they sped, as one of them related it:

Never saw such a country, such a guide or such a dog in my life, nor ever expected to see either such, but the three made life an exquisite delight for every minute while we were out, and something to be eagerly looked forward to till we can enjoy it again. As to Nigger, why if any man had told me that a little black and tan could do what I saw him do, I would have laughed in his face. Duck, partridge, grouse, deer or moose, he was good for all, and I tell you the only thing that dog can't do is to speak, and Roy says he can do that but confines his gift in that respect to his master.

A Yarn by Roy.

And as to Roy; well, just listen to a tale he told us beside the campfire the first night out, and which was only one of a thousand similar flights of fancy he regaled us with. I will tell it as nearly in his own words as I can, which won't be nearer than gunshot. And thus Roy, apropos of what the Lord only knows:

"W'en I was out west I learnt thet trick they call t'hosophy. Learnt it off'n 'n' old duck of a Turk, er Eas' Injun, er somethin' thet drifted out there somehow, 'n' went broke, like lots o' white men done 'bout thet time. I wuz sheriff o' the county then, 'n' wuz goin' to run the old cuss in for a vag, but he begged off so hard I took pity on him, en final w'en he offered to teach me his little game ef I would let him go, 'n' stake him to git back, I done it. So he teached me the trick right off. Teached me how to drive the everlastin' Karma right outen a feller so's he'd 'pear croaked, 'n' fool any doctor, but wouldn't be dead by a jugfull, 'n' you could fetch him to w'enever you wanted to ef you knowed the trick, en he'd keep in any weather, too, jes's long's you wanted ter keep 'im. You may bet's soon's I learnt thet trick I wuz a-eetchin' to try it on somebody, but every d—d fool I wanted to play corpse for me wouldn't do it, 'n' it wuz a long time 'fore I got a feller't hed to w'ether he wanted to er not. Could I do it on one o' you fellers? No, sirree! The feller you kin fix thataway's gotter hev brains.

"Well, bimeby, a feller I knowed right well stole a hoss, 'n' I gethered 'im in, 'n' locked him up. Well, out there they stretches hoss thiefs, 'n' nex' thing I knew the boys wuz a getherin' to come'n take him out, 'n' hang 'im. So you bet I hedn't no time to lose, 'n' I jes' whirled in 'n' fixed 'im jes's the old fakie teached me how to. An' w'en the stranglers comes up I has the corpse to show 'em, 'n' their little side show's off. But they ain't agoin' to be beat outen all the fun, anyhow, so they jes' takes 'im off 'n' plants 'im, with a shingle over his head a tellin' all 'bout his virtoos. I waits a day or two tell they kinder forgits all 'bout 'im, 'n' then I moseys out, intendin' ter dig 'im up, fetch 'im to an' waltz 'im off to the capitol w'eres there's a jail will hol' 'im tell I kin git 'im tried 'n' sent to the pen legal. Did I fetch 'im to all right? No, I didn't. Th' goldummed coyotes hed got ahead er me, 'n' dug 'im up, en there warn't nothin' lef' er 'im but a few scattered bones. Dern a coyote, anyhow! Ef I could a ketched the right ones thet et him, 'n' all o' 'em, 'n' ketched 'em quick enough, you bet I'd a fetched my hoss thief out all right, but seein' how it wuz there wasn't nothin' to do but to cuss quiet 'n' let it go at thet."

The Guileless Nigger.

After which we all turned in, marveling at the wondrous dispensation that wasted such a genius of the Have and Hold order on the wilds, and were out at cock crow on the morn, ready for the glorious day of sport that came to us. We found a beautiful duck pass along which the birds were flying from a lake where they had passed the night safely bedded out of range, to their feeding ground, a rice lake near by, and better shooting man need never ask—for he can't get it. I forgot to say that George had his dog along, and so Nigger fell to my lot, or rather I to his, which I looked on at first as rather a handicap for me. But it proved nothing of the kind. I noticed that at times the little fellow seemed remiss about retrieving my ducks, but as when I could see him at work he did his devoir beautifully, I put it down to the account of being work foreign to his nature, and let it go as being marvelous that he should do it at all. But Nigger had business on hand of which I wotted little. After we had been shooting about an hour we had to quit and stop a desperate fight between Nigger and George's dog, or rather force Nigger to let up before he killed the other canine. When we had separated the cloud of battle into it's component parts, and peace again brooded over the scene, I observed a duck lying near the place of combat, and one I well knew had not fallen to my gun. I also observed Mr. Nigger, when he thought no attention was being paid to his movements, quietly pick up that bird and deposit it in my pile. That gave me the cue, and before we quit for the day I saw him steal five of George's ducks, bring them over and deposit them among mine, and do it so swiftly and adroitly that I really hadn't the heart to stop him. And George couldn't understand how on earth he could have been so widely mistaken in his count of kills, as he proved to be when we went over and numbered the slain together, before starting for camp. I knew, and so did Nigger, but there's no use spoiling a good story by over candor, so neither of us spoke a word. And so it went while we were out. George is, if anything, the better shot, but I made the bigger bag, and still the wonder grew on George's part—and will keep growing till we reach home and I tell him the truth. We could have killed a carload of birds, I verily believe, but there's no use in being a hog just because you can be, and, like Clive in India, we were really surprised at our own moderation when we totted up at the finish.

Worrying Papa Moose.

The last four days we spent at a farm-camp belonging to one of the lumber companies, and tenanted by a grizzled old fellow whom Roy called "old Billy," and who was hospitality itself. Here we made a glorious kill, and Nigger and I wound up the hunt with an exploit which enveloped us in a blaze of glory. Or rather, to tell the whole truth, Nigger played the chief part in that brilliant finish, while I performed on the second violin. Old Billy had a birch bark canoe, and, even though a tenderfoot, I can handle one of those elusive craft as well as the next fellow, so at odd times I went out on the like, which was right at the camp door, and took a mess of fish, greatly to the delight of Nigger, who always went along. Now it chanced that toward evening of the last day, when everything was packed and ready for the homeward start the next morning, that I took Billy's trolling line, the canoe, and Nigger, and sallied out on the water to get a mess of fish for supper. I got half a mile or more from the camp, when I saw a tremendous big bull moose come out of the woods, enter the water, and start to swim across. Now, I had no gun, and, believe it or not, would not have harmed him if I had, but the chance to worry him a little was to good to be lost, so I let him get well out into the lake, and then stretched out in pursuit, meaning to head him off, force him to swim in a circle, and othewise bedevil him just for the fun of it. He was a pretty ugly brute and would not turn at first, and I paddled quite a long distance on parallel lines with him before I could turn him. In fact, I got closer to him in the heat of the sport than was altogether safe, and might have been unpleasantly reminded of that fact had it not been for Nigger. I had forgotten that ebon gentleman completely, but he suddenly recalled himself to my recollection by shooting, a black streak, through the air, and alighting squarely on the back of the swimming bull. Then the next moment he had one of the big, flapping ears between his teeth and was shaking it as viciously as if he were a tiger instead of a little black-and-tan. The bull dipped his head and kept it under water until I thought the dog must either drown or let go, but he did neither, for when the great creature, now mad with rage, again lifted his head, Nigger was still there, and still hanging to that ear. Three times did the great bull repeat that performance, and three times did Nigger stay with him, but the fourth immersion was too much for the game little atom, and he was forced to release his hold and come to the surface. The the bull turned and went after him, and I consider it good canoemanship that enabled me to pick up the little dog and head the canoe away before he could reach either. All this time both moose and I had been "going it blind," and when I got the bearings again the whole posse was headed for Billy's potato field and approaching shore rapidly. Well, I was pretty tired by then, and so e'en let the bull go as he listed, following at a safe distance, and restraining Nigger, who was evidently lusting for another tussle. Which latter reached the shore—and confronting the uprising of old Billy and a Winchester from behind a big pine stump, promptly gave up the ghost under the hail of lead that ancient sent into him. Billy had witnessed the whole performance, and made ready to get into it if possible, and indeed gave me great credit for the masterly way in which I had driven a month's meat to him—which credit, believe me, I neither wish nor deserve.

—C. C. Kelly.

Revival of Coursing.

Special to The Journal.

Aberdeen, S. D., Nov. 4.—Sam Handy, the veteran courser, has returned from the big meets at St. Louis and Friend, Neb. While none of the dogs from this vicinity which he handled took first moneys, several were runners-up, and he is well satisfied with what they accomplished. He believes the coursing spirit is undergoing a revival and that next year meets will be held at many places throughout the northwest.

MAMA GOT TIRED.
Chicago Tribune.

"Mama, does money make the man?"

"I am sorry to say it does sometimes, Tommy."

"Money will make a man go anywhere, won't it?"

"I suppose so."

"If it was down in Cuba would money make a man go to raising mangoes?"

"Don't bother me."

"Do monkeys eat mangoes, mama?"

"I presume so. I wish you wouldn't talk so much."

"Then if money makes the man go to raising mangoes, and monkeys make the mango go——"

Whack! Whack!

"Ouch!"

TIGHT FITS.
Chicago News.

"Shoes and bathing suits," said the janitor philosopher, "are things women always get too small for them."

An Appleton Golf Champion

Special to The Journal.

Appleton, Wis., Nov. 4.—The golf season on the Riverview Country Club closed last week when the final cup contest was played. B. A. Pride won the coveted trophy. Mr. Pride, son of the wealthy architect, C. B. Pride, the most extensive paper mill builder in the Fox River valley, has been a member of the local club during the last three years, and is to-day declared to be the best contest player on the Riverview team. He holds the lowest record for the 18-hole course, that being 69 strokes.

The Riverview links are considered to be the "sportiest" and the most picturesque course in the state. There is not an artificial bunker on the course, but it is interspersed with deep ravines, is crossed by a creek and has all the natural hazards to make the course a most difficult and interesting one to play on.

The local team has been defeated but once on the home course. Numerous defeats have been administered to visiting teams, among them being the team representing the Winona Golf Club, of Winona, Minn.

B. A. PRIDE,
Winner of Riverview Country Club Cup Contest.

WHAT PHIL KING THINKS

Phil—I Bet I'll Drown the Gopher Out of His Hole This Time.

A Wisconsin boy's idea. Drawn by W. H. Dietz, Rice Lake, Wis.