MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

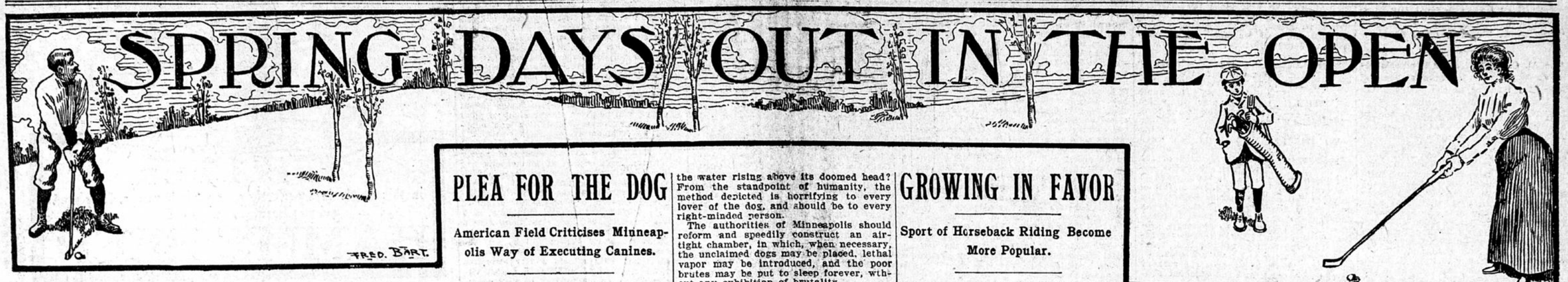
(2)

PART II AND JOURNAL JUNIOR

THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

PART II AND JOURNAL JUNIOR

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1902.



BLEW UP A PANTHER

Big Lije, the Navigator, Narrates a Wierd Tale.

HE USED A STICK OF DYNAMITE

How Sir Ursus Wrought Havoc in the Cache Left by Kelly.

"This beats hell, don't it," said "Little Mike," the cook, and I wearily assented, with mental reservation to the effect that the layout of disaster before our eyes was the inferno itself, if it did not "beat" it.

"Well, anyhow, I ain't a-grievin' none over it," went on the little one, whose littleness consisted of six feet five of length and 280 pounds of avoirdupois; "it ain't no skin off my hide, nohow. It's up to you to rustle grub; all I got to do's cook it," with which "he smiled in scorn and turned away." That is, he started to turn away when an interruption occurred.

We had pushed the drive down Swan river as far as the second crossing, carrying sufficient supplies to feed the crew till we should reach that locality on the rear wanagan, and calculating to replenish from an abounding cache left at an old camp on the river bank in the early spring. We had sighted the cache camp with a day's "grub" yet on hand, landed and found our cache had been required of us by a bear—or a family thereof—as soon as we reached the old camp.

We had locked front and rear doors when we left for the river head, but the rear one now lay in splinters on the floor, and there was a confused medley of barrel staves, broken boxes, and trampled, wasted provisions lying around, that resembled nothing so much as the Douglas larder minus the corpses that amiable warrior seasoned his mix-up with. And here we were with fifty men to provide four meals a day for; as many miles from the nearest base of supply; no road but the Mississippi river between—and one day's "grub" in sight. And it "was up" to me to supply the deficiency.

The robbery was plainly the work of Sir Ursus, for there were no thieves in the country in that day, and he had left his sign manual very plainly all around the camp. It was too bad for Michael to remind me that the onus of the "white man's burden" was mine; that "I'd better quit gapin' around like a stuck pig and git a move on me," as he did in the very act of leaving me to my own devices. But that is the way his sympathy was manifested, and a suitable retort was springing to my lips, when the interruption came.

It came in the shape of major himself, who came swinging into the camp, probably to see if there was any little tidbit left that he might devour.

What Mike did I know not even to this day. What I did was to swarm up the wall in some fashion I have not yet comprehended, shoot through the ventilator out upon the roof, and there, beholding bruin in full flight for the woods, set up an animated popping at him with a 38 I had in my inside pocket. By good luck I didn't hit him or he would probably have returned and murdered Mike, but that sarcastic gentleman never thanked me for the service my poor shooting did him.

Neither would he believe that I ascended the roof merely to attain a good shooting ground. On the contrary, he held the opinion that I was "so skeert that I couldn't a hit the side of the camp and stand three feet off'n it"—and expressed the same so freely and often as to make my life a weariness long before the drive reached Brainerd.

Grabs Bear by the Tail.

I did not believe Mike's assertion that he had "grabbed the bear by the tail and twisted it till he was d—d glad to be let loose and skoot outer the camp," but as I did not tarry to see just what did happen I was in a poor position to contradict him.

I was in nearly as poor a aone to do the required "grub-rustling," but I had the incentive that has produced every good work that has done since "this terrestrial ball" first swung into motion; it had to be done, and at it I went. There were several tepees of Indians within a few miles of us, and I annexed the occupants, setting one with a rifle after meat; one of the squaws had a gill-net, and her I delegated to procure a supply of fish; a youth known to be swift of foot, and trustworthy because as yet not a devotee of the firewater of the paleface, I dispatched to Aitkin with a requisition for supplies to be sent to the river-mouth per steamer; and three more I took with me to the wanagan.

There feeding them well—the road to an Indian's heart is surely through his stomach, whatever that to a white man's may be—I collected packsacks enough to equip the crowd, and, taking "Big Lije" the wanagan navigator, along, struck for "Old-Grub-Pile," a camp on the Mississippi some fifteen miles away, and a depot of supplies of another lumbering concern. Arriving there I begged, borrowed, and stole every pound of foodstuff the custodian would let go, or that could be lugged off without his knowledge, and set off with my supply train headed for the wanagan.

Five Miles Through a Bog.

The way was a combination of logging road, "tote" road, and roadless bog; five miles of the latter there was, knee deep in moss, and ankle deep in water; the loads ran from 80 to 100 pounds per man, and the whole trip was about as pretty a little try-out of sinew, pluck and endurance as any man ought to wish for.

For my part I know that a sudden death would have been a welcome relief long before we struggled through the bog which lay about midway of the distance, gained the hard ground, and sank down to enjoy the luxury of a rest, and wind-catching combined.

"Gosh!" said Lije, after he had filled and lighted his pipe; "but that was a pull and worse, wasn't it? Dunno's ever I hit anything much worse since I followed the river. Wish to Jimmiuy them bears could a let the grub alone, an' not sent us apackin' through that hellable bog. Bet you was skeert wild when that old he showed up in the camp when you'n little Mike was there.

"Mike he says he jus' kep' cool an' chased the old bear outer the camp, but I don't take no stock in that. A man's due to git white about the gills when a wild beast gits him 'foul thataway, an' him without a gun. You bet I know all about that, an' I know a man that says he warn't skeert in sech a fix is either a d—d fool, er a d—d liar.

"Got skeert right outer my boots down on Big Pine 'bout five years ago, an' hain't quite got over it yit. That was by a panther. Didn't know there was any sech beast in this country?

Neither didn't I, an' wouldn't a believed it nuther 'f I hadn't seen him. Was a drivin' down there that spring and was sent up to look after the dam while the rest of the crew was monkeyin' round below a clearin' up river an' gettin' ready to drive.

Hadn't no gun along; never did lug one nohow; never seen the good of one till the pinch come an' I was shy of it. Didn't carry nothin' but 'bout fifteen pounds of dynamite to blow rocks outer the river below the dam, and ten pounds of tobacco.

Well, I'd started a little late, an' the boys had set 'em up so free, seein' I was leavin', that I jes' had to curl up in a soft spot an' sleep it off soon's I got well out of sight of town.

"That lost me about four hours, and I had to leg it like a good one to git to the dam 'fore night. So I went fast's I could throw my feet, an' I'd made it, too, all right, but 'bout eight miles this side of the dam I hears a kid a cryin' way off in the bresh.

"'Course 'f I'd stopped and thought I'd knowed there warn't no kid in twenty miles o' there, but I didn't. I only bulled off in the direction of the cryin', an' traveled five or six miles outer my way, ahearin' the blame kid's whine ever' now an' then, but never comin' up on him. I yelled to him to hol' on till my throat was raw, but find him I couldn't, an' I was gettin' putty well worked up about it w'en I runs onto the track o' some kind o' big beast in a little muddy place I comes to.

Finds Panther's Track.

Then I tumbled, right off. It was a panther a hollerin' the way they does, jes' fer the hell of it, er it might be to tole fools like me off into the swamp an' chaw 'em up, like some folks says they do. I dunno how it is. I never seen none before that one, ner since, ner I don't want to neither. But you bet I got outer there aflyin' an' never let up till I hit the tote road to the dam again. But I'd lost so much time it was comin' dark w'en I'm more'n five miles away f'um the dam, an' I seen I'm elected to camp out right where I was.

"But that don't bother me none. I've done it lots o' times, so I gethers lots o' dry wood, makes a big fire, eats a lunch I has in my pack, an' then sits by the fire asmokin', happy as a clam at high tide, and clean forgettin' all about he panther. But he aint forgot me, fer bime-by I hears that kid holler agin, an' then agin, an' agin, all the time a comin' nearer an' nearer, an' eskeerin' me till I 'm that narvous I'm fit to jump right outer my skin. I'd had sence enough to roll some good big chunks to keep my fire goin', an' now I hove 'em on the fire an' set thar atrimblin' an' asweatin', an' awishin' thet d—d thing would show up an' declare himself 'fore I went plumb crazy awaitin' fer I didn't know what.

"I tell you there ain't no danger rattles a man like one he can't see, an' don't know nothin' about, but does know it's acomin', an' is dangersome, special ef all he can do is jes to set an' wait fer it. But finally he did show up, an' say, 'f'ever you se a cat play with a rat he'd ketched 'n was too lazy to kill right off, you've saw the way that d—d big cat played with me. He knowed mighty well I didn't have no gun, fer he jes' p'raded round the fire, free an' easy's 'f he owned it, an' ever' now an' then he went down on his back 'n rolled over 'n over 's'f the joke was so good he had to do somethin' o keep f'um laughin' right out in my face.

"I could see plain's day what he meant by his antics. He was jes' as much as sayin' to me: It's all right old stockin'. You're my meat, but I ain't in no hurry. I'll git you soon's that fire goes down, fer you dassent come out after more wood, an' I know the longer I keep patrollin' round here, the worse skeert, an' easier handled you're goin' to be.'

Uses Dynamite.

"An' finally the hellion sits up an begins to wash his face jes' like any house cat. Now the cheek o' that, him acleanin' of his face, an' gettin' ready to eat me right 'fore my eyes, makes me so mad the skeer flies outer my head, an' I gits a sparkle o' sense back. An' then I thinks about the dynamite. The cuss is a sittin' 'longside a big stump not thirty feet away, alickin' his paws, an' arubbin' 'em over his face, an' alookin' at ever'thing but me, same's you see the house cat w'en it's a e'etchin' to git at a canary bird in a cage.

"I grabs out a stick o' the blaster, fixes a cap on each end with soap I had fetched along fer that very use, an' taking careful aim at the stump I sends the stick with all the strength I can put into the throw.

"An' then, a whole Fourth of July, an' Judgment Day rolled into one, breaks loose, an' my light goes out like a candle in a high wind. W'en I comes to I'm away off in the bresh, an' when I picks myself up and finds where the stump was, there ain't anything there but a cellar. There ain't hide ner hair of the panther nowhere, and I ain't cryin' none over that, you bet.

"But if we don't shake up them Injuns we'll get in too late to suit Mike, an' then there'll be music. Lets marchong." And we "marchonged" accordingly.

—C .C. Kelly.

A PRACTICAL DIFFICULTY.

Little Chronicle.

Mama had been impressing upon the little ones the verse, "And unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek, offer also the other."

After a while Paul came in crying.

"Why, what's the matter?" said mama.

"Sister hit me," said Paul.

"Have you forgotten about turning the other cheek?" asked mama.

"No," said Paul; "but I couldn't; she hit me in the middle."

TO CELIA.

(With apologies to the Shade of Ben Johnson.)

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the Challenge Cup,
If Ping with Pong combine;
The craze, that in my soul doth rise,
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the role of Pinger up,
If thou'lt be Pongstress mine.

—Westminster Gazette.

PLEA FOR THE DOG

American Field Criticises Minneapolis Way of Executing Canines.

CALLS IT NEEDLESSLY CRUEL

Say the Authorities Should Adopt the More Humane Method of Asphyxiation.

The Minneapolis method of executing unlicensed and impounded dogs is severely criticised in an editorial in the current number of the American Field, which holds that drowning is an unnecessarily cruel way of putting the unfortunate canines to death. The article says:

"From the time when the first specimens of the canine species were domesticated, down to the present day, the enduring and well nigh incomparable affection shown by the dog for its master has been unequaled, save, perhaps, in rare instances, by a like trat on the part of any other animal classed in brute creation.

"Well has the dog earned the appellation of 'man's best friend,' for ofttimes his love returns good for evil. He will fawn upon the master who has punished him cruelly and unjustly, perhaps; he will guard his master's home or other property, even to the extent of giving up his life; and verily, his love surpasseth that of a man for his brother, for many instances, by a like trait on the part of any nothing but a dog—has watched by his master's corpse, followed it to its last resting place, and when the human mourners had departed, has stretched himself upon the mound over the beloved remains and, refusing all allurements of food and drink, has died from grief and starvation.

Minneapolis Criticised.

In view of these incontrovertible facts, what shall be said of so called human beings who are wantonly cruel to canines, or, even in the discharge of a public duty, inflict unnecessary hardship? A few days since two illustrations appeared in a Minneapolis daily, reproduced from photographs taken at the first execution of unclaimed dogs, which had been impounded by the city dog catchers because the animals were unmuzzled.

The method of disposing of these unfortunate canines, as depicted in one of these illustrations, is that of drowning in a cage, pressed down in a vat of water by the pound attendants.

To every lover of the dog, this will appear to be an unnecessarily cruel proceeding, and, surely a city like Minneapolis could afford a more humane and up-to-date apparatus, with which to kill off these disowned unfortunates of the noble canine race.

Noble, it may be said, because the trait of enduring affection is as lavishly displayed by the veriest mongrel as by the bluest blooded pointer or setter.

Some people claim that drowning is an easy death; while others, who have been taken from the water in an apparently lifeless condition, and resuscitated, have described their earlier sensation of strangling and terror as horrible.

Method Called "Horrifying."

The belief is rapidly attaining that animals possess reasoning power, or, at least, instinct closely akin to the higher faculty in mankind. What must be the feelings, the fears, the anguish, of an animal endowed with the many noble traits displayed by the dog, when confined in such a cage, upon feeling and seeing the water rising above its doomed head? From the standpoint of humanity, the method depicted is horrifying to every lover of the dog, and should be to every right-minded person.

The authorities of Minneapolis should reform and speedily construct an air-tight chamber, in which, when necessary, the unclaimed dogs may be placed, lethal vapor may be introduced, and the poor brutes may be put to sleep forever, without any exhibition of brutality.

Let it be hoped the sportsmen and humanitarians of that city will take up this matter promptly, and by their combined influence effect a change for the better.

FITZ VERY CONFIDENT

SURE HE CAN WHIP JEFFRIES

Some of His Predictions, However, Will Be Accepted With a Mental Reservation.

Robert Fitzimmons, in a recent press interview, upon the eve of his departure for California to go into training for his coming match with Jeffries, predicts that he will again win the world's championship.

This does not even come under the head of "important if true." Of course Fitz would say that. It is up to him to say it, and as no one will pay any attention to it, no harm will be done.

Further, Mr. Fitzsimmons says that he was doped when he fought Jeffries before. This may be correct, but an intelligent public will reserve the right to form its opinion. However, this, like the former statement, does no damage. It may be remarked casually, in passing, however, that if Mr. Fitzsimmons will reserve a repetition of this belief until after he has whipped Jeffries, more credence may be given it.

Continuing Mr. Fitzsimmons says that he is as good now as he ever was. This may be doubted. At 40—Fitz owns to 40, although knowing ones say 44 would be nearer the mark—no man is as good physically as he ever was. Moreover, in meeting Jeffries, who has the endurance of an ox and the hitting power of a pile drive, Fitz will need to be very good. Whether he would have whipped Jeffries when they first met had age conditions been equal, is a question which will be figured out by partizans of both men according to their prejudices. That he can whip him now, however, with a handicap of some fourteen to eighteen years—according to whether the 40 or 44 year estimate is accepted—is quite another question, and one upon which most followers of the fight game would have little argument.

Fitz closes his statement with a reference to his record. "I have fought thirty-seven battles and lost one" he says. No one will dispute that fact, and no one will grudge the grand old man of the ring any of the laurels he has gained during his long term of service. He has made a phenomenal record, in some respects even more striking than that of John L. Sullivan, and even if now only an ex-champion, instead of a champion, no one stands higher in the estimation of the public.

AT THE LITERARY REUNION.

Chicago Tribune.

"Miss Flyppe," said the hostess, "permit me to present Mr. Hogg, author of those clever lines on 'An Arctic Courtship,' which appeared in the Gulf Stream magazine last Month."

"I am glad to meet Mr. Hogg," said the young woman. "Pardon the question but is that your real name?"

"Certainly," he replied, bristling up. "Did you think that it was my pen name?"

GROWING IN FAVOR

Sport of Horseback Riding Become More Popular.

SINGLEFOOTERS ARE IN DEMAND

Some Minneapolis Men and Women Who Are Devoted to This Pastime.

Interest in local horseback riding has shown a decided increase in Minneapolis within the last two years. For a long time it has been a matter of comment that, in spite of the well-kept roads and beautiful boulevards which this city boasts, and in spite of the many delightful resorts which could easily be reached by riders, this pastime has never attained a vogue in Minneapolis.

One local enthusiast, commenting upon this point to-day, said:

Last summer I was in New York, and visited a number of the riding academies there. One of these is situated just at the entrance of Central park, and more than 200 saddle horses are either stabled there by their owners, or kept for renting purposes. I should say that the academy keeps more than 100 animals to rent, yet when I called on Friday, I was not able to get a horse for Sunday afternoon.

When you remember that this was only one of half a dozen academies in this same vicinity, you will see how popular horseback riding is in New York. Yet in point of natural attractions for the rider, Minneapolis is far ahead of Gotham. We have as fine roads as any city in the country, and more places of interest to visit, and still the number of persons who ride regularly is very small.

This lack of interest in the pastime of riding is ascribed by Minneapolis men familiar with the situation, to the difficulty of obtaining fine saddle horses. The gaited horse, which is most popular in this city, and for which there is the most demand, is extremely hard to secure.

This style of riding horse is bred almost entirely in Kentucky and Missouri, and business men as a rule have not the time to make a special trip to the south for the purpose of securing a saddle animal. On the other hand, the expense of bringing these horses north is so great, that dealers do not like to run the risk of having a number of high priced animals left upon their hands.

In the east, where riding is most popular among society leaders, what is styled the "walk, trot, and canter" horse is most in vogue. This style of animal is cheaper and more common than the gaited horse, or "singlefooter," as it is usually called.

Increase in Interest.

This year, however, an increase in interest in this form of exercise has been noted. It is slight, to be sure, but none the less apparent, although it is difficult to explain the impetus given to riding. Saddlers report a much larger demand for outfits than has been known in many years.

One dealer facetiously remarked that a certain new style of riding legging, of very handsome appearance, was probably responsible for the increased popularity of horseback riding. The "strap legging," which was recently adopted by the English army, and has been used by the cavalry of Great Britain during the war in England, and from that country its use has spread to the United States, where it is now commonly used, not only by riders, but for all other kinds of outdoor sports.

One enthusiastic rider, however, gives another explanation, which is probably the true one. This gentleman says that of late years Minneapolis men have formed the habit of spending their winters in the south, in California, or at Colorado Springs, where riding is almost the only form of outdoor amusement.

There they grow to enjoy the exercise, and many of them either purchase saddle horses to bring home with them, or buy outfits after returning to Minneapolis.

Carl Goodrich is mentioned as one of those who became an enthusiastic rider while spending a winter at the Springs. Horace Lowry was formerly devoted to the sport, but had neglected it of late years. During a recent trip to Colorado, however, he again began riding, and is now regularly seen upon the boulevards. He owns two fine horses, a brown mare and a brown gelding, both of the hunter type.

Ralph Whelan is one of the most enthusiastic riders in Minneapolis. He takes great pride in his horse, a big, handsome sorrel, of the Irish hunter type.

John Donaldson is another of the younger men who has recently taken up anew the pastime of horseback riding. He has bought a fine Kentucky horse of the thoroughbred type.

John S. Pillsbury and Charles Pillsbury have never ridden regularly in Minneapolis, although they spend a great deal of time in Virginia during the holiday, and when there always ride to the hounds. Both are recognized as fine horsemen, as is Phil Winston, who, like the Pillsburys, does most of his riding to the hounds in Virginia.

J. A. Nelson owns a spirited bay horse of the gaited type, and is a regular rider. J. W. Palmer is another enthusiastic horseman. He owns a handsome Kentucky mare, a gaited animal, which attracts much admiration.

W. H. Dunwoody rides for an hour every morning when he is in Minneapolis. Rain or shine, he may be seen cantering about on his bay trotting mare, and even on cold winter days he never foregoes his ride.

Dr. F. A. Dunsmoor rides regularly, both when in town and at the lake. His daughters, the Misses Dunsmoor, also are accomplished riders.

Miss Elizabeth Donaldson is a fine horsewoman, and rides her bay gaited mare regularly. George Donaldson also is an enthusiastic rider.

J. S. Bradstreet is devoted to the sport, and makes riding his regular form of exercise.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Walton are among the most devoted riders in the city. Mrs. Walton rides a bay Kentucky mare, and Mr. Walton a black cob, of the walk, trot, and canter type.

Rev. M. D. Hardin of the Andrew Presbyterian church always owns a fine saddle horse, and takes great pleasure in his daily rides. He has a very handsome brown gelding of the Kentucky gaited type.

Alvin Skiles owns a fine bay gelding but has ridden very little this year. C. M. Harrington is occasionally seen on his bay gaited gelding, and devotes all the time he can spare from his business to the pastime.

William Peet owns a valuable Kentucky bred mare, which is one of the fastest singlefooters in the city. He is quite as devoted to this sport as he is to yachting.

A. T. Rand owns a fast trotting saddle horse, and rides regularly. Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Hunt also are enthusiastic riders.

A. E. Merrill devotes much time to riding during his vacations at Lake Minnetonka. He owns a fine Kentucky gaited bay mare.

Owns a Prize Winner.

Mrs. G. F. Hunt is one of the most accomplished horsewomen in Minneapolis. She rides a handsome sorrel horse, which has won ribbons at horseshows both in the twin cities and at the state fair.

E. H. Moulton is devoted to riding, and Thomas Shevlin was formerly an enthusiastic horseman, although he has neglected the sport of late years.

C. R. Lamb owns a fine bay cob, and takes great pleasure in riding. Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Hobart are both enthusiastic riders. Park Quirk owns a fine gaited horse, and is devoted to this form of exercise. Stanley Washburn is another fine horseman, and ex-County Attorney Reed owns a handsome gaited horse on which he rides to work every morning.

Miss Fannie Heffelfinger owns a handsome saddle horse, and is a most enthusiastic and accomplished horsewoman.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Vanderlip are devoted riders. Angus Morrison is another enthusiast.

NO, NOT AN ASTRONOMER.

But "Billy,, Lawhead Lofts the Ball So Far at Bryn Mawr That His Caddy Has to Carry a Telescope to Locate It.

ONE ON SENATOR M'COMAS.

New York Herald.

Senator McComas of Maryland, who was for some years a member of the District of Columbia supreme court, is a lecturer in the law school of Georgetown university. Sometimes the senator, while delivering a lecture, is overcome by an impulse to tell of his personal experiences, which are generally entirely foreign to the subject matter. The other night he happened to remark that the world was a very small place, after all.

"I was over in London last summer," continued the senator, "and was passing along the Strand, when I saw coming toward me a familiar figure. Who should it turn out to be but old 'Bill' Smith, my boyhood playmate at Columbus, Ohio. I had not seen him for twenty-five years.

"I went to Paris. Passing along the Boulevard I saw a stranger approach. Who should it turn out to be but old 'Bill' Smith.

"I returned to this country. A month later I went out to the Yellowstone Park. I was going down a trail, when I saw a man coming toward me. He looked familiar, and again it turned out to be 'Bill' Smith."

Just then one of the students in the back of the hall called out in clear and penetrating tones: "Why don't you pay the man?"

The class yelled, and the senator adjourned the lecture.

HAD THE EARMARKS.

Chicago News.

Cynicus—I read your spring poem in the last issue of Blank's magazine.

Scribble—That wasn't a spring poem.

Cynicus—Of course, it is. That tired feeling got a strangle hold on me before I had read half a dozen lines.

MIGHT.

Puck.

Might doesn't make right; but as a rule, it manages to make good

GOLFERS ARE BOLD

Minneapolis Players May Enter National Tournament.

MAY POSTPONE STATE CONTEST

Minikahda and Bryn Mawr Clubs Make Many Improvements on Their Links.

Increased interest has been aroused in golf in Minneapolis this season by the fact that both the western annual tournament and the national amateur tournament will be held in Chicago in July, and the state tournament on the Minikahda club grounds in June.

It is probable that for the first time on record, Minneapolis golf clubs will be represented in the national tournament. A number of local players will enter the western contest, and if a good showing is made by them in this and the state tourneys, a few, at least, will compete in the national event.

"It all depends upon the way we show up," said a prominent member of the Bryn Mawr club to-day. "If the men unt up a good article of golf and think their form is strong enough to warrant it, they will enter both the western and national tournaments. There are half a dozen men in the Minikahda and Bryn Mawr clubs who ought to show up well, and they will probably enter for the experience they will get by playing against the cracks of the east and west, if for nothing more."

State Contest May Be Postponed.

There is a probability that the state tournament will be postponed until a later date. There has been considerable agitation for a change in the time of both the Western and National tournaments at Chicago, which are set for July.

If these are postponed, it is felt that it would be wise to set back the state contest as well, since many players are prevented by cold weather in the spring from reaching their best form before July. It is felt, however, that the state event should precede the larger contests, and if these are not postponed, no change will be made in the date of the Minnesota tournament.

Improvements at Minikahda.

The Minikahda club has made many improvements on its links this spring, and the putting greens when finished are expected to be as nearly perfect as it is possible to make them. So far the members of the club have been using temporary greens, but the repairs will be finished in time for the players to get accustomed to the permanent greens again before the first outside match is played.

The interest has been so great this spring that even during the comparatively cold weather of the last two or three weeks the links have been at times so crowded as to delay the play. With the players who have been added to the list, Minikahda expects to make a better showing than ever before in the outside matches and tournaments.

Plans for the club and outside matches are still indefinite. It has been decided, however, that team matches will be arranged between the members of the club for May 10 and May 17. The results of these matches will practically determine the first selection of the club team, and the scores will be used as a basis for handicaps in the cup contests later in the season.

The Town and Country club will play at Minikahda May 24, and the Minikahdas will go to Winona to play the Meadowbrook club of that city on Memorial Day. A handicap tournament against Bogey will be played May 31. Later in the season it is hoped to secure games with one of the Chicago or Milwaukee clubs, and correspondence to that end has been begun, although no definite arrangements have as yet been made.

Repairs on Bryn Mawr Links.

The Bryn Mawn club, also, has been expending much labor upon its links, and up to date the players have been using temporary putting greens. The permanent greens will be smoothed and rolled, and it is predicted that they will be as good as any in the state when the repairs are completed.

No schedule of club or outside matches has as yet been made by the Bryn Mawr club. A match with the Town and Country team for Memorial Day is a possibility, and later matches will be arranged with the Minikahda team, and with the Faribault and Winona clubs.

A big delegation will enter the state tournament from Bryn Mawr, and probably at least four or five men will enter the western contest at Chicago. A. B. Cutts, G. C. Schroyer, Professor John N. Greer and W. A. Lawhead, it is said by their friends, will probably be represented at the tournament in the windy city.

WHY HE BET ON GRAY.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Once, when Wayne MacVeagh had finished arguing a tedious technical case before the United States Supreme court, speculation arose between Mr. MacVeagh and his colleague as to whom Chief Justice Fuller would assign to write the opinion, and a wager was made.

Just then Chief Justice Fuller came down the corridor of the court building, Mr. MacVeagh stopped him and told him of the wager, asking the chief justice to tell whom he would assign, as that would settle the bet.

"On whom have you placed your money, Mr. MacVeagh?" the chief justice asked.

"Mr. Justice Gray," was the response.

"Why did you chose Mr. Gray?" queried Chief Justice Fuller.

"Because," replied Mr. MacVeagh, "I noticed he slept through the entire argument."

DEEP-LAID SCHEME.

Philadelphia Press.

Kraftee—Henry, while you're at the telephone just tell my wife I'll bring Mr. Topnotch home to dinner with me tonight.

Clerk—Beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Topnotch is out of town to-day and won't be back.

Kraftee—I know it, but I feel as if I'd like to have just one good square meal.

Defective Page