

The World of Sports

HARD LUCK STORY

Jack Bernie Adds One to Season's Usual Quota.

HOOKS FATHER OF ALL BASS

Gets the Monster Within Reach of the Landing Net, and Finally Loses Him.

A whirling reel, a line stretching out in a long, swift cast o'er the silent water; Oh, sweet is the hour when the birds awake, And man comes forth equipped for slaughter.

A frog dropped down with a gentle splash Close to the side of a submerged log; Oh, a Gating gun is a nerve-shaking thing, And so is the Black Knight who nalk that frog.

There's a rod bent double, a line stretched taut, A screaming reel, a wild leap into air; Oh, Grover's all right in Buzzards Bay, But Isaac himself had been badly left there.

"Now, steady, old man, with the landing net! Five-pounder! I've got him! 'Tis game to me!"

Oh, how spoke truth when he rhyminally said: "The best-played game gangs aft' aglee."

One last daring leap—one fierce shake of the head— Rod straightens, line slackens and hook flies bare; Oh, holy Davy was onto his job; "Naught pass the bursting heart like prayer."

Like Silas Wegg, I occasionally drop into poetry, and the above is "not so worse" as it might be if it was "worse," but if I could reproduce the outbreak that relieved Jack Bernie's bursting heart at about 8 o'clock one morning this week—and get it printed—believe it would come nearer the real thing than any man, be he poet or prosa, who ever attempted a description of a fishing excursion.

We had risen with the lark, which is the proper thing to say, and do, though never saw a lark in this country, or a feathered kind, at least, of the other—but no matter. We had beat the sun in rising this once, and were on the lake while the morning sun was rising from behind the bedclothes and spring into view, with his usual maniac laughter, and a splendid buck, his horns sheathed in velvet, stood on the sand not forty rods away, engaged in taking his morning eye-opener from the lake.

The deer looked up at our advent, and for a moment he seemed as one contented of being under the protecting aegis of the law, and safe from us. But then he behought him that at that present moment the law is a dozen times as southeast of him, and vanished as if a wolf had howled his view-halloo in the distance. As the Texas said, "You may go 'bout a gun in this country for a long while and never need it, but when you do need it, etc., etc." However, we were after bass and nothing else, and so the deer went lumbering with but scant attention from us.

Jack Gets a Strike.

A few rods of padding brought us to a point where sundry Norway treetops lay, half in, half out of the water, affording a lurking place of the kind beloved of the best of the sun, and we were anchored within good casting distance, and set to work. For my sins I was trying a new-fangled casting ball, and it was on our way to the lake that I struck.

But Jack stuck to the time-honored little greenback, and his first cast brought a tremendous strike, so I reeled in, grasped the line, and heaved it over my shoulder as soon as he could bring it within reach. But there are two sides to every question. The prey refused to come, beat with outward, hearty good will that the rod tip broke under the strain, and Sir Ebony got to the sunken branches, where he lost no time in tying the line into a dozen different kinds of knots. The only thing to do was to snap the line, adjust the extra tip, and look pleasant, all of which Jack did, while I took in a couple of goodly ones in the meantime.

But Jack made up for lost time by hooking and landing a five pounder with the first cast of his renovated rod, and soon made my start look like thirty cents, or something smaller.

Indeed at the rate he was going he would soon have acquired the dignity of high book, had he not hooked the father of the family he was depleting so rapidly, and thereby got into a game as dangerous to player as was ever big mitt to nucker.

Time after time the big fellow almost got within line-wrapping distance of the tree-tops, and as often Jack stopped him just in time by reeling in the line. Three times he leaped, and frantically tried to shake the hook from his jaw, and still it held him.

And then he began to weaken and Jack to wax jubilant. Eheu fugaces! Chickens should never be counted before out of the shell, and all the world, which still goes on counting them in that form, knows full well.

Prize Is Lost.

I was leaning over the boat side, landing net at the full stretch of my arm; Jack was towing the big fellow into reach; both pair of eyes were glistening over his giant proportions—and he didn't do a thing but make one more leap, feebly shake his head, and shake the hook out.

After full justice had been done—as far as it could be done—to the occasion, we both took off our hats to the knightly escape, and wished him the length of days his fighting qualities so well entitled him to. We didn't want to play hot air, now; we had our full share; were rather glad than otherwise the gallant fighter had won, etc. "And yet, and yet, we cannot forget," and never will while we retain our life to retain interest in sport, which is only a way of saying that we will remember, and talk about that bass as long as we live.

By this time the sun had risen so high as to be uncomfortable, warm, and the bass ceased "biting," so we hiked us to a shady bank, where we were prepared to eat a slight luncheon, smoke, sleep, and otherwise while away the hours till our prey should regain appetite, and be ready to furnish entertainment to all comers. But it became so very hot that we were somewhat anxious for the well-keeping of our fish, and incidentally for the welfare of Jack's wife and daughter, whom we had sent to a little lake nearby, which swarms with fierce little bass of from half a pound to a pound weight; always eager to "bite," and hence an admirable place for ladies and tenderfeet to frequent.

The ladies had gone under the wing of the gallant Louis Orge, and were better off without our company than they would have been with it, but off we set anyhow, to see how they fared, and had the pleasure, after grilling through a three-mile hike, to find that they had taken

TIME COULD BE CUT

A. A. Hansen Discusses 1,000 Mile Motor Cycle Ride.

CHEAP METHOD OF TRAVELING

Gasoline and Oil Used on the Trip Cost Less Than Three Dollars.

The 1,000-mile motor cycle record ride which A. A. Hansen finished Wednesday noon was in many respects one of the most remarkable journeys in history. To begin with, it was probably the fastest trip ever made by any vehicle not depending on steel rails. Instances are on record of long distance journeys in automobiles where the actual traveling time, perhaps, has been better than that of a trotter, even though the latter has been taken out to bring the total time above Hansen's, probably 1,000 miles has never been covered in less time, save by a locomotive or steamboat.

The conditions under which the trip was made render it all the more remarkable. A steady rain fell for several days on Saturday, the day before Hansen started. This left the path in execrable condition, and showers on Sunday and again Tuesday night, kept it in bad shape all through the trip. Riding through the mud and rain Saturday in a vain attempt to make a record, and riding over a soft track Sunday and Tuesday caused the motor to work badly and resulted in many delays.

Time Can Be Cut.

Hansen concedes that an experienced motor cycle rider, under favorable conditions, could cut out about fifteen or twenty hours off his time of seventy-two hours. Frequently during the journey and during his previous trials, Hansen covered twenty mile trips in less than fifty minutes. This rate, if maintained, would mean a total of about thirty hours' actual riding time. Possible five hours more should be allowed, because the same speed could hardly be maintained all night.

Allowing for hours, then, for meals, delays and accidents, it will be seen that a man who could ride for two days and nights without sleep could complete 1,000 miles in about ten days. He must have a safe margin for ordinary delays and accidents, bringing the total up to sixty-six hours, and that is not a very long time, therefore, Hansen's time could easily be cut from ten to twenty hours.

To do this, however, the rider must thoroughly understand his machine, and be accustomed to passing long stretches of time without sleep, for motor cycle riding is not like ordinary cycling. The rider hasn't time to rest, and after a while the drowsiness that comes on after a wakeful night. Moreover, the speed is so great that all his faculties are required to hold the machine in line, and a fall, for a fall means disaster when traveling at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

Slept Only Three Hours.

Hansen, in the twenty-two hours required for his record, slept just about three hours. This time was included in one nap of two hours between 4 and 6 o'clock Tuesday morning, and another nap of one hour just before midnight of the same day. Notwithstanding this great physical strain, the "rainmaker" showed no ill effects after his long trip.

Another thing to be noted was the efficiency of the modern pneumatic tire. In the whole 1,000 miles Hansen was only required to pump up his tires three times, and that was on the tubes to which the tubes were subjected. This is a somewhat remarkable feat, for while motor cycles are heavier than the automobile, they are used on single, or even on tandem, tires, they are likewise given harder work.

Although sleep was practically discarded, Hansen ate regularly, acting upon the axiom that an athlete is no stronger than his stomach. Long experience in distance riding, however, enabled him to make his adjustments that the minimum of time was lost on account of meals. As the time for dinner approached Hansen would leave word at his headquarters that he wished to eat, and at his next trip, and when he returned his meal would be ready to serve.

During the trip Hansen used about fifteen gallons of gasoline to run his motor. He also used about a gallon of lubricating oil. The tank of the motor was refilled every sixty miles, although with the machine would ordinarily run a full century. The great amount of lubricating oil was made necessary by the high speed maintained, and the importance of keeping the bearings of the machine from getting overheated.

Cheap Way of Traveling.

"I was impressed with the cheapness of motor cycle traveling," said Hansen, in discussing the point, the day after finishing his ride. "The gasoline and oil which I used cost 20 cents. Gasoline can be procured in Minneapolis, in large quantities, for about 10 cents a gallon, but in country towns, bought in small quantities, it costs about 15 cents. The expense of traveling 1,000 miles across country, therefore, would be about \$25, possibly a little more, if it had paid out an extra strain upon the machine."

"I found, too, to my surprise, that the moon was more often a hindrance than a help to me in night riding. When the moon is high and bright, it is an aid, but when it is dim, or just rising or setting, the shadows cast upon the path confuse the rider more than they help his vision. Sometimes the glare of the moon, falling at an acute angle upon the path, made it impossible for me to distinguish the track at all, and I crawled along at half speed, uncertain whether I was on the path at all. Twice I did run off, and if I had been going at top speed the results would have been serious."

"When the moon was down, however, I had little trouble. I used two very powerful lamps, and they enabled me to see the path clearly for 125 yards ahead. But if a wheelman was approaching me, I would see the glitter of the nickel work on his wheel long before I could make out the man, and was a cinch he would see my lights. Nearly all the wheelmen I met were very obliging in getting off the path and giving me a clear track; in fact, most of them all but one, that was, made haste to get out of my way."

Has Had Enough.

The "rainmaker" admits that he is satisfied to let distance record riding alone for a while, and he says that he will not make another trip until his time is bettered. He intends, however, to make a trip on his motor to Chicago some time next month.

The day after finishing his ride Hansen received a telegram from the firm which manufactured his motor, congratulating him upon his success and asking for full details of his ride.

If You Want to Sell.

Anything, remember a little want ad in the Journal will get you a buyer.

SPEED OF TROTTERS

IS TWO-MINUTE MARK IN SIGHT!

THEY MISS WILMOT

Millers Make Poor Showing When Manager Is Out.

BLUES AND BREWERS IMPROVE

Slump of White Sox in American League Is Feature of Last Ten Days.

Seven straight defeats was the record of the millers at the close of Wednesday's game with Kansas City, and the team mentioned is consequently with in hailing distance of Toledo, instead of sixth or fifth place, as was fondly hoped by the fans two weeks ago.

The poor showing made during the four games away from home must be partly charged up to the absence of Wilmot and Katoff. The manager is undoubtedly the nerve and brains of the team, and when he is taken away what is there left? Dan Kelly, a veteran, somewhat inclined to soldier, but on the whole a good ball player; one good experienced pitcher with a bad arm; two good young twirlers, both somewhat inclined to aerial flights; a bunch of kids afflicted with lack either of steadiness or nerve; and Perry Welden, a good ball player, and a splendid man to keep the rest of the team "folded" up to playing efficiency, but not such a field general as Wilmot.

The lack of Wilmot's good individual play and fighting qualities, and the lack of Jack Katoff's good right arm have weakened the team considerably, and it was hardly to be expected that they would win against the blues and the brewers, who are playing the kind of ball that wins.

Wilmot and Katoff will be in the game again during the series with the eastern teams, but it is doubtful whether they will strengthen the aggregation enough to drop it from the second place to the Louisville. The millers should win the series with Toledo, and possibly may take the long end from Columbus, but they are largely a minus quantity just now. The Blues and Brewers are in good fortune if they get a game each from the Tebeau and Watkins aggregation.

Notes of the Players.

Walter Wilmot and Billy Nance are two of the best pitchers in the American League. Wilmot is a right hander, and Nance is a left hander. They are both right armers, and it is pretty hard to draw the line between them.

McMackin, who was let go by Columbus, is pitching ball for Milwaukee. That patchwork Baltimore club smothered McMackin's pitch, and he is now taking a walk-off at the white Sox.

Lave Cross is one of the oldest baseball players in the country, and he is apparently as good now as he was ten years ago.

BIGGEST EVER CAUGHT

Is Believed to Be the Heaviest Ever Taken With Light Rod and Reel.

Small Hope of First Division.

Meanwhile the public has been contented that it is useless to hope for first division horses this year. The first division teams are pretty well balanced, especially the leaders, Indianapolis and Louisville. St. Paul has been badly crippled, but if Kelly fills up the hole in his infield, and gets all his crimples working again, he will finish just where he is now.

Edie Kinkie, a local man, has been signed to catch, but as amateurs are always more or less of a long shot, the fans generally will reserve judgment until the new man has been tried out.

Direct Hal's Performance at Detroit Excites Comment.

A world's record was broken at Detroit on the opening day of the grand circuit. Direct Hal, who has been badly crippled, but if Kelly fills up the hole in his infield, and gets all his crimples working again, he will finish just where he is now.

Direct Hal looks like a good two-minute prospect.

GRAY IS NETTLED

Weight Thrower Will Try to Better Hogan's Record.

George R. Gray, ex-champion and present record holder for the sixteen-pound shot, contemplates returning to active competition.

When he retired, several years back, he held the world's record and present American record of forty-seven feet. This has since been eclipsed by Dennis Horgan, the gigantic Irishman, who has set the record at fifty feet, and a few inches more.

It has somewhat nettled Gray to know that his figures were beaten so far. He has been away from home for some time, and he has been working in Coldwater, Ontario, and worked with such a will that he reduced himself from 260 to 210 pounds. It is rumored that he has hurled the missile forty-nine feet in practice.

HAS A PRIVATE LAKE

J. J. Hill's Fishpond Fairly Bulges With Bass and Pickerel.

J. J. Hill, the Great Northern railroad president, has a lake of his own. It is Zylmar's own preserve. It is the subject of many raids. The fish are so numerous here that they fairly bulge out of the water in their eagerness when a frog casts a stone into the water. Pleasant lake has never been stocked. It happened to be located within the 6,000 acres which the owner has reserved for a country home. Occasionally he or some member of his family will spend the night at the farm, and perhaps, hook a few bass, but Zylmar's own preserve is visited only by poachers, who steal quietly through the deer ranges in the quiet morning hours and cast their lines into the water.

It is questionable if Mr. Hill does not really court the advent of poachers as a means of keeping most of the fish from his hands. It is not a rule to exclude them, though they number a great many anglers who are Mr. Hill's associates in business and society.

The Most Handsomely Furnished Office in the Twin Cities.

The new city office of the Omaha road in Pillsbury building, corner Nicollet and Sixth streets, is the most handsomely furnished office in the Twin Cities. This office is in keeping with their famous trains:

The North-Western Limited.
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three of the finest fast trains out of Minneapolis.

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AUTOS ARE THICK

Bubbles Very Popular in Cleveland, Says W. E. Wheeler.

HIGH SPEED IN WINDY CITY

Police Do Not Bother Chauffeurs When They Travel Under Thirty Miles an Hour.

William E. Wheeler, the well-known chauffeur, has just returned from an eastern trip, and was much impressed with the foothold which the automobile has gained in that part of the country.

"Minneapolis is decidedly behind the eastern cities in the number of autos used," said Mr. Wheeler, yesterday. "In Cleveland, especially, chauffeurs are thicker than blackberries in summer. I presume that there are more than 400 machines in use there, nearly three times as many as there are in Minneapolis. There are half a dozen factories in Cleveland, which partly accounts for the popularity of the auto there."

"It is somewhat strange, however, that the horseless vehicles have gained such a foothold in the Ohio city, because of the wretched condition of their pavements. All the streets, in the business and residence districts alike, are paved with granite blocks, the most unsatisfactory kind of road imaginable for a high speed vehicle. Most of the pavements have been laid for ten or fifteen years, and are now so bad that granite will last almost till the trump of doom—and a ride through Cleveland on an auto is like traveling on a comet—a comet that is feeling its oats and hasn't been broken long, I mean."

Speed Ordinance Reasonable.

"They have a very reasonable speed ordinance in Cleveland. Autos are allowed to travel ten miles an hour in the business district, and fifteen miles elsewhere. Accidents are very unusual, which demonstrates that speed is not excessive."

In Chicago, too, autos are very popular. "You don't know what the speed limit is there, but it must be about twelve miles an hour, at least, judging from the rate at which most of the chauffeurs travel. They go whizzing along Michigan avenue, even down through the most crowded sections, at a terrific pace. On most of the business streets, however, the pavements are too bad, and the trucks and street cars too thick to allow high speed."

"One chauffeur told me that the police never bothered about an auto as long as it traveled under thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. I asked him how they stopped when they were going at that rate, and he only chuckled. He later told me a funny story. In Evanston the authorities tried to stop fast driving, and one day they stationed policemen in front of the auto blocks, and the street most traveled by autos. One man came driving along at a pace which the first patrolman thought too fast, but when he spoke to the chauffeur, he later told me a funny story. In Evanston the authorities tried to stop fast driving, and one day they stationed policemen in front of the auto blocks, and the street most traveled by autos. One man came driving along at a pace which the first patrolman thought too fast, but when he spoke to the chauffeur, he later told me a funny story. 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