

SEASONABLE SPORTS.

A Peep Into the World of Base Ball, Racing, Golf Bowling and Athletic Sports Generally.

BASE BALL.

TRICKS TO WIN BALL GAMES.

Slick Plays That Have Been Worked With Success.

Tricks worked with such exceeding speed as to deceive the umpire, the opposing team and often practically every one on the ground have been pulled off again and again by clever ball players, and many of them have won games.

It is strange that the stories of such tricks are confined to a few men. Whether that is because only a few turned such tricks or whether all the clever tricks were attributed to them, just as all the funny stories are attributed to notorious story tellers, no one knows, but the greatest of the tricks are attributed to Mike Kelly, Jimmy McLoer, Pat Tebeau, Billy Hamilton, Camille, Tip O'Neill and Tommy McCarthy.

Tricks are pulled off almost every day—little ones often unimportant, but they win ball games, and that, especially in professional games, is all that counts. It is boldness and quick thinking and acting that makes them possible, and however one can feel about the sportsmanship of the player who turns the trick, he cannot but admire the cerebral serenity of the player.

Dalyrimple, the old Chicago star, once won a game by one of the cleverest tricks ever pulled off, says Hugh S. Fullerton, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It was in a game against Philadelphia, when the waging, the game was close and went into extra innings with the score 5 to 5, and both teams fighting for every inch of ground. The eleventh inning began with darkness descending over the field—with the score still a tie.

Chicago scored one run and the Philadelphia crowd, which had the last bat, was howling at the umpire to call the game on account of darkness; but he refused and the Quakers were sent to bat. Two men were retired and then a single and a double suddenly changed the aspect of things.

With men on second and third and a big hitter up, Chicago's chances grew dim and they began chafing and fighting for darkness. Still the umpire was obdurate—and the ball was pitched. The batter swung. There was a crack and the sphere went flying out to left center. It was lost to sight in an instant. The crowd did not know whether it was a home run or a line fly.

Two players were leaning toward the plate. In that instant Dalyrimple stood still, waved both hands above his head, shifted an instant, jerked them down, stuck something into his pocket, and turning ran to the club house, while the crowd roared over Chicago's victory.

In the club house Dal confessed that he hadn't seen the ball at all, hadn't the slightest idea where it had fallen, and that his entire play of catching it was pantomime—times fooled everybody except a few in the left field bleachers—who saw the ball cross the left field fence of the grounds and fall into the street.

Johnny Evers worked a clever trick a couple of seasons ago that resulted in a put out. He was playing second, and there was a runner on first when the batter cracked a hot grounder straight at him. In some way the ball shot straight between his legs and rolled on out to center field. Without blinking an eye Evers went through the pantomime of throwing the ball toward second to force out a runner. Tinker covering the base, pretended to catch the ball, and the base runner, completely fooled, dropped and started to walk to the bench. Before the yell of his team mates aroused the base runner Slagle had recovered the ball and thrown the runner out at second.

O'NEIL'S GOOD LUCK BETTER.

Chicago, April 20.—The local American League baseball season opened today with a victory for the home team over Detroit by a score of 6 to 1. Chicago hit at opportune times and took the lead in the beginning, and with a rally in the eighth, clinched the game. Attendance, 14,100.

In the game O'Neill scored two of Chicago's runs and had one hit, a two bagger. The local man's speed also showed up, as he stole a base. He had no fielding chances.

Speaking of the game, the Chicago Record-Herald says: "Both of the new men pleased with their high class work. Hemphill making the last catch of the day, which clinched victory for the Sox, and also the first fielding play, a catch of Davy Jones's opening fly.

"O'Neill was the spectator in some ways. He opened the game for the Sox in the first inning with a rousing two-bagger over Left Fielder McIntyre's head, and later stole second base in approved style, and came the rest of the way home on a short single to the left field. O'Neill is the fastest party seen on the south side in many a day.

"The whole crowd got up and gave the Sox a salute as they went to field to start the game. The tigers were blanked in the first round, although men were on the second and third when the last out was made, McIntyre and Crawford having uncracked hits.

"Chicago acknowledged the compliment without losing any time. The bleachers looked O'Neill over carefully as he came up to the plate with all the carelessness of the veteran, and a roar went up when 'Tip' smashed one of Mullin's fast ones to left for a pair of sacks. An out put the runner on third, and then George Daddis responded with another two bagger, the ball going over Davy,

Jones's head in center. The first run came in and another appeared in sight.

"The Sox removed all doubt as to who would win the eighth. Al-trock went out, but O'Neill's roller to Lindsay was fumbled at second, and the speedy one was safe at first. He stole the second base like a runaway, and scampers home when Ishbel clipped a hit into left.

"O'Neill's strong arm in right field was a noticeable improvement over 'Danny' Green's weak whip.

"O'Neill goes down to first fully as fast as Ray, of Cleveland, who is supposed to be the fleetest man in the league."

THE RING.

Honest referees starve for lack of engagements, says George Siler. "Fight promoters cater to the boxers who, as a usual thing, don't want a man in the ring who can't be handled," he declares. "Referees who are not honest are short lived in their profession, however, they are busier while they last. Fighters who draw the crowds do the dictating, not the club owners."

Albany, N. Y., April 24.—With a veto message in which he sharply denounces the present law permitting at race tracks the gambling which is a felony elsewhere, Governor Higgins returned to the senate last night without approval of the bill of Senator Coggeshall increasing the percentage of the gross receipts of race meetings to be distributed among the agricultural societies.

New York Mail.—The Gus Ruhlin-Job Fitzsimmons fight talk has subsided for which relief much thanks. But they made a big stir didn't they? The impudence of these fresh young scrappers is amazing. They seem to have a penchant for getting in the limelight.

So long as John L. Sullivan, Chas Mitchell, Jake Kilrain, Ccl. Bill Clark, "the Bellast chicken" Ike Weir and a half dozen other mantling of the sixties, are alive, what right have these youngsters to be occupying the public eye and attention?

Seriously, though, it's not likely Gus Ruhlin and Lanky Bob could draw a crowd of newboys and boot blacks if they fought in an alley. Still they might put it on in Philadelphia, where they fall for about anything in the bunk line, assisted, of course, by a dock of eager comers who are ever ready to leave Broadway.

WASTE OF STRENGTH.

New York, April 24.—Tommy Sullivan of Lawrence, Mass., pounded Joe Grim of Philadelphia about the ring at the Navarre Athletic Club in the American Theatre Hall last night for four rounds, at the end of which the Italian appeared to be fresher than when he started. Sullivan let loose every blow in his repertoire, but Grim didn't even fall down. Several times the Lawrence fighter landed wallops on his opponent's jaw that would have killed an ordinary man, but the human munching-bag never flinched and always came back for more.

Grim landed about two blows during the entire four rounds, and each of these was so low that the referee had to caution him. When the bell rang at the end of the last round Grim turned a summersault in the middle of the ring.

RING GOSSIP.

All eyes in the pugilistic world are now directed to the coming Jack O'Brien-Fitzsimmons bout at Essington, Pa., next month. Just how much of a fight it will be is something of a guess, but that it will be a house-packing attraction for the Tidewater Club seems to be a foregone conclusion among the sports. The date set for the battle, May 30th, will give both men ample time to put themselves in first-class condition for the contest. This will be their third meeting in the ring. The first time was in a six-round contest in Philadelphia, in which Fitz appeared to have much the best of it in the last two rounds. Their second meeting in San Francisco, about a year later, resulted in Fitzsimmons being practically knocked out in the thirteenth round of what was carded to be a twenty-round battle.

While Fitzsimmons has a decision against him, he nevertheless claims that the game as it now stands is a sort of a "hoss and hoss" affair, as he would certainly have been entitled to the verdict, had one been rendered, in the Philadelphia bout. This, it must be remembered, is only Bob's way of figuring out his fights with O'Brien, and as he has never been known to have achieved any great degree of success in an algebraic contest, it is just possible that he may be wrong.

The shifty Philadelphiaian it is needless to say, reckons matters between himself and Fitzsimmons by an entirely different system of mathematics. Fitzsimmons has ever since his defeat by O'Brien claimed that it was not the latter's blows that defeated him in their twentieth round contest in Frisco—that other causes contributed to his defeat on that occasion, and that he will be able to demonstrate to his friends in the coming battle that he is O'Brien's master in a Queensberry tussle inside a set of prize ring ropes.

On the other hand, O'Brien says that Fitz will be easier next time than he was in their last meeting, and he is glad to be given the opportunity of showing that the old man, so far as fighting goes, is very much pleased. "Fitz may have seen the time he could have taken my measure in a twenty-round battle," said the ideal of Quakerdom, "but not now. Remember," continued O'Brien, "I am not going to take any liberties with him by a long shot. He will

never get a chance to plant one of his pile-drivers in my mid-section if I can help it. O'd Fitz is just as dangerous right now, if he is allowed to set and wallop, as he ever was, but if he is forced to move around, he has slowed up so much lately that he practically is at the mercy of a cleverer shifty fellow."

This is the way O'Brien has the situation sized up. It seems to be asking too much of Fitzsimmons at this stage in life to beat a man of O'Brien's class, but he might turn the trick at that—he surely will if he can, only land one of his Dunkhorsts on the Philadelphia jaw. O'Brien will pull an immense crowd from his home town to see the fight, while old freckles may be sure that Gotham will be there with bells to see him have one more try.

THE TURF.

QUEBEC HORSES COMING.

Moncton Times: Mr. C. U. Clement of Magog, Quebec, arrived in Moncton Friday morning with three horses which are to be trained on the Moncton track and raced in the different meets in the maritime provinces the coming season. The horses are stable in the Hotel Gilmour barn on Duke street, and will be worked out on the exhibition speedway as soon as the track can be got in shape. At present the track is wet and rough, but a little more fine weather and a few days' work will put it in condition for use.

The names of the speedy ones were given by Mr. Clement as Robert C., bay gelding, Mabel Patch, black mare, and May Girl, black mare. All three are pacers and are said to be practically green horses. May Girl is standard bred and registered, and has a mark of 2.28. The others have no marks. Banner Boy, a full brother of Robert C., has a mark of 2.10. All these are pacers and the black mare is a handsome beast. The latter is eight years old and the other two six.

Mr. R. Hebert purchased a fine driver in Springfield on Monday last, and states that he has already refused an offer of \$140 for him.

HOOF BEATS.

Frank C. Murchie has bred his black mare Nellie Glen, by Red Glen to Malcolm Forbes, full brother to Admiral Dewey (2.04), by Bingen, dam Nancy Hanks.

Ed Geers has hopes of getting the fast gelding Travelsso, by Direct Hal (2.04), to the races this season after his let-up of two years. It will be remembered that the gelding showed 2.10 two seasons ago, but went wrong.

Hon. J. M. Johnston, president of the New England Breeders' Association, has received a letter from Kentucky, stating that the former trotting queen of the turf, the John A. McKerron (2.04), the speed inheritance of this foal will exceed that of any youngster in the world, as the speed average from the sire and dam is 2.04. Mr. Johnston also reports that Fanella (2.13), and Sadie Mac (2.06), and Todd (2.14) is safely in foal to Moko. She will be bred this year to Peter the Great (2.07).

Pinkerton detectives watch every move and hear every word of a look-out from the time he enters the paddock until the finish of a race. The pilot is not permitted to speak to any person. In this manner the Jockey Club hopes to keep stable information away from touts and agents of the big bettors. The riders are prisoners in a wire cage until after they mount. They are under guard in going from the paddock to the track. The penalty for talking to outsiders or attempting to give away secrets or to enter in collusion with gamblers is expulsion from the turf.

BOWLING.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Capt. Babbitt's Team Now Has a Substantial Lead.

Capt. Babbitt's team now has a lead about sixty pins over Capt. Winslow's team in the Queen Hotel candle pin tournament and seems to be in a fair way to win out. Last evening in bowling with Capt. McLellan's team they made an aggregate score of 1071, which is one of the highest made yet. Capt. McLellan's team closed with a total of 1069.

Capt. Staples' team won from Capt. Flewelling's team by a margin of sixty pins.

William Segee of Capt. McLellan's team put on a score of 118 in the second string and his average for the game was 102 1-3. Charles Fowler rolled a string of 117 and Capt. Babbitt's of 110.

The teams and scores in last evening's game were as follows:

FLEWELLING VS. STAPLES

Flewelling, W. P. 76 106 91 273 91
Winslow, R. N. 75 81 86 242 80-2
Gregory, A. W. 79 91 74 244 81-1
Peters, T. A. 89 78 72 239 79-2

Total 313 356 323 998

Staples S. 106 98 96 291 97
Campbell, J. S. 88 103 78 269 89-2
Hanlon, J. H. 85 78 92 255 85
Grimmer, A. K. 80 84 79 243 81

Total 359 354 345 1058

BABBITT VS. McLELLAN.

Babbitt, S. W. 110 76 93 279 93
Fowler, C. H. 81 86 117 287 95-2
McGrath, Dr., 91 83 92 266 88-2
Walker, J., 78 83 81 242 80-2

Total 363 328 383 1074

McLellan, W. A., 85 98 83 266 88-2
Segee, W., 94 95 118 307 102-1
Allen, R. P., 85 86 89 260 86-2
Edgecombe, A. 79 78 79 236 78-2

Total 343 357 369 1069

Miss Passage—It's my twenty-third birthday! You haven't wished me many happy returns of the day.

Miss Flippant—No, you see, dear, I think that you have returns enough of your twenty-third birthday.

FRENCH PRIESTS MET AWFUL FATE.

Driven Into Pond and Stoned to Death—The Work of a Chinese Mob.

London, April 25.—Detailed reports have been received here of the massacre of French and British missionaries at Nanchang, British mission China, on Feb. 25. These accounts clear up every point but one, the exact manner in which the Chinese magistrate, Chiang, was wounded, was not explained. The wounding of this man, it will be remembered, caused the rioting. The magistrate, in his antemortem statement, said a priest, named Wang attacked him. Wang was one of those killed by the mob. Other witnesses say that the official was struck by someone, but not by a priest.

The accounts agree that the riots followed the closing of the native mass meeting to discuss the wounding of Chiang. This was announced as an orderly affair, but the crowd hooted down the moderate speakers and started for the Catholic mission, where there were seven priests. Six of these were killed, including Wang, who made a brave fight for his life. He and the other five were driven into the pond and pelted with stones until they drowned like so many helpless puppies. The only survivor was rescued in a semi-conscious condition by some soldiers.

The mob then went to the British mission, where the Kingham family was surprised. Mr. and Mrs. Kingham were terribly beaten, and the brutal rioters jumped on their bodies with their nailed boots, crushed them with heavy stones, and then threw that of Mrs. Kingham into a pond. Their fate, as reporters say, was as bitter as can be imagined.

The Kinghams' eldest daughter, Grace, was terribly beaten, while the younger one, Vera, was saved by a female Chinese servant, who, at the imminent danger of her life, carried the little one away from danger.

Miss Nellie Warr, another British missionary, was saved by soldiers. She tells a thrilling story of her escape, describing how she donned a soldier's uniform and rode with the Chinese cavalrymen to the launch where the other missionaries were already waiting to be taken to Kiu Kiang.

On the boat she found Miss Gertrude Howe, the Lansing, Mich., missionary, with Dr. Ida Kahn, the Chinese girl who was educated at the University of Michigan. The latter did all in her power to save the life of Vera Kingham, but the child died before they reached Kiu Kiang.

The accounts agree that the Chinese soldiers tried to save the 6 victims, but say that they could not have been sent to maintain order at the mass meeting, where the trouble started. The authorities had warning of impending trouble, but did nothing in advance. Governor Hu, of Kiangsi Province, is most blamed for the trouble.

MURDERED!

H. C. Tilden, a Red Cross Worker, Slain at San Francisco.

San Francisco, April 24.—H. C. Tilden, one of the most prominent members of the relief committee, was shot and almost instantly killed in his automobile yesterday at 22nd and Guerrero streets, while returning from Menlo Park. He was shot by men supposed to be members of the citizen's patrol.

A friend of Tilden's who was in the automobile, was out in the face by a bullet, and R. G. Seaman, acting lieutenant of the second company of the Signal Corps, was struck by a spent bullet. He suffered no injury.

Tilden was a prominent commission merchant of this city, and was one of the foremost workers in the general relief work. He had taken his three children and a nurse to Menlo Park, where he has a summer cottage. His automobile had been used as an ambulance in carrying sick and wounded to the hospitals, and the Red Cross flag was displayed on his car. Besides this, he had the Red Cross insignia on his right arm.

According to Seaman, six men stood in the middle of the road and separated as the car approached them. When the car was within ten feet, Seaman claims, the guard began shooting without warning or challenge, and continued firing after the car had passed them.

"The machine had gone about 50 feet past the patrol," said Seaman, "when the car stopped suddenly. Tilden, who was driving it, dropped back in the seat, and rolled out of the car dead. I sprang up and fired five shots at those who were still shooting behind us. Several policemen came running up and arrested two of the men who did the shooting. The men were in khaki uniforms."

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cannot be obtained, guano or bone-meal can be substituted with good results. The dealer of whom you purchase these fertilizers will tell you how much to use, as he understands the strength of the grade he handles. Those who live in the city will, as a general thing, find it necessary to depend upon one or the other of these fertilizers for rose food.

Roses grown for the market in the open ground ought, if possible, to be planted well before the first of May. Those who live in the city will, as a general thing, find it necessary to depend upon one or the other of these fertilizers for rose food.

Even the least sensitive will feel something akin to a shock at the announcement made recently at the national sea defense conference that 105 square miles of land have been swallowed up by the sea on the Yorkshire coast alone, and this in time that has elapsed since the Roman invasion.

For the harder kinds, such hybrid perpetuals, I consider autumn

as the June flowering sorts and the planting preferable. The very tender kinds can be held in reserve for spring planting.

DISAPPEARING VILLAGES.
Swallowed up by Encroachment of Sea on English Coast.

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the shores of Scotland, Ireland and Wales, for from the year 1867 to 1988 the total area of Great Britain diminished from 56,464,264 acres to 56,781,053 acres, a net loss of 182,207 acres.

Several villages have been completely swallowed up by the waves. The Blue Bell Inn, in the neighborhood, has a stone in the east wall inscribed: "But in the year 1847; distance from sea 533 yards." In September, 1876, it was 392 yards from the sea, so that the loss has been five yards per annum.—London News.

Freddy—There's no use in trying to do good things in this world. They ain't appreciated.

Clarice—How do you know?

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