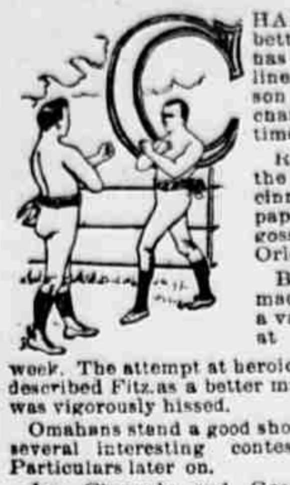
LAST OF SEPTEMBER'S SPORTS

A Graphic and Well Written Report of the Bykers' Reunion at Blair.

A BREEZY BATCH OF JABS AND UPPERCUTS

In the Field and at the Trap—The Horsemen's Budget—Yelps from the Bleachers—The Bench Show and a Lot of Interesting Local Miscellany.



CHAMPION CORBETT denies that he has drawn the color line, and that Jackson will be given a chance when the time comes.

Ren Mulford, of the Times-Star, Cincinnati, sent his paper very newsy gossip from New Orleans.

Bob Fitzsimmons made his debut with a variety company at Brooklyn last week. The attempt at heroics when the lines described Fitz as a better man than Corbett, was vigorously hissed.

Omahans stand a good show of witnessing several interesting contests this winter. Particulars later on.

Joe Choynski and George Godfrey of Boston are matched to meet at the Coney Island Athletic club. This will be a prize fight sure.

It is possible that Cal McCarthy will be matched to fight ten rounds with Sim Collins, instructor of the Nonpareil Athletic club, New York, at the next boxing show of the Manhattan club.

George R. Clark of Chicago offered Dick Roche when in New Orleans $2,000 if he would match Jack McAuliffe against Tommy Ryan for $10,000 a side. This, however, was done without Ryan's sanction.

Harry Overton is coming over from England to tackle Jack McAuliffe for the light-weight championship. Jim Burge, another Briton, is also after the title, and thus McAuliffe has two more snaps on hand.

A subscriber writes: "Please state through your columns which gave his opponent the best fight, Sullivan or Myers?" That is easily answered. Sullivan made the poorest fight of the three defeated men, as incredible as that seems.

Dom McCaffrey says he will make no further advances toward meeting Corbett, but he is ready any time on the original terms. If they meet on these lines Dominick should win. The man doesn't live who can knock McCaffrey out in four rounds.

Eddie Pierce, the New York featherweight who lately fought a draw with George Siddons, is anxious to fight again and has good backing. He will fight George Dixon, or if the latter cannot make a match now he will take on Johnny Van Heest.

Jim Corbett says that Charley Mitchell is the first man he wants to meet, and a long-suffering American public will hail the day when this takes place, as in it the English blowhard will receive his everlasting quietus. However, they will never fight—Charley is too foxy.

Citizen George Francis Train couldn't withstand the temptation to break in and he sent his greeting to "Citizen World's Champion Corbett" in the following words: "Stand on your laurels and quit ring for stage! Don't accept Jackson's challenge. I know him!" And he might very appropriately added "so do you."

Bob Fitzsimmons is so awkward in his movements that he sometimes stumbles over the cane he always carries. He made the foolish break that he would like to tackle Corbett. That was before the surprise party. He is frank enough now to declare that he will not push his claim for an argument.

"I do not think Sullivan can ever whip Corbett," says Phil Casey. "John was as good a man in that fight as he ever will be. Furthermore, I don't think he will ever fight again. It was his intention upon entering the ring that fatal Wednesday night to make a short address to the crowd, stating his determination to quit the ring forever, whether he won or lost."

Jack Skelly has fought his first and last fight as a professional. He will wed that sweetheart for whom he strove to win fame and fortune. W. H. Reynolds, his wealthy friend and backer, insists on being Cupid's assistant in the matter, and he will escort Jack clear to the foot of Hymen's altar. The boy made a plucky fight—about the best of the three losers.

On Monday night, October 3, Johnny Griffin and Jimmie Lynch are to meet at the Coney Island Athletic club to battle for the 122-pound championship and a $2,500 purse. On the night of the McAuliffe-Meyer fight Griffin said to me: "If you want to win a little money, Sandy, put it on me. You can get a play in Omaha, and I'm a dead sure winner. I'll lick Lynch in a canter." It is dollars to dimes he is right.

Among a group of sporting and newspaper men discussing fights and fighters over the St. Charles bar on the afternoon of the Dixon-Skelly fight, Jimmy Carroll said: "I have managed Bob Fitzsimmons for more than a year and I know exactly what he is. He has great shifting ability, but isn't game, and three or four stiff drives in the stomach will make him quit. If he ever meets Jim Hall he'll get what he is aching for—a good beating."

Macon, in his resume of the last of the great contests, asserts: "Sullivan never saw the day when he was the equal of Jem Mace in fistic skill when Mace was Mace. I saw the great gypsy fight Tom Allen and Joe Coburn and I aver now that Jim Corbett is far and away cleverer than Mace ever was, a good deal shiftier on his feet and by far a heavier hitter." Mac os again on velvet. His prediction of the result of the big fight saved his life.

Stories that reflect to the credit of the new champion of the world are constantly cropping out. At the Southern Athletic club's reception "Gentleman Jim" drank nothing but a glass of milk. One of his friends lifted a glass of wine to his lips, saying: "Jim, I have not tasted wine for two years, but I will break my pledge to drink to your health." "Wait a moment," said Corbett, "you may drink my health in water, but if you touch that wine to your lips I will never speak to you again. I will not have your pledge broken for my sake." That is very very pretty in Jim, isn't it!

Frank Hough who "did" the fights for the Philadelphia Press in his sum up says: "Corbett's victory will make a departure in the style of pugilism of which Sullivan has been the chief exponent for the past decade. It will tend to make the 'manly art' more of a science than ever and materially reduce the effectiveness of brute strength and hard hitting. He has demonstrated that a man can't be whipped unless he is hit, while on the other hand, the constant jabbing will wear away and weaken the stronger man and practically put him at the mercy of his more skillful and lither opponent."

For the first time in his life Colonel Bill Harding was "on" Sullivan to win. So was P. Jay. The latter's last wail in the New York Recorder was humorously pathetic. P. Jay has been "up against it" several times lately and he has lost caste as a prophet. He went wrong on Dempsey and Maher. Missing it on Sullivan the milk of human kindness in him has turned to bonny clabber and he lays the blame for the big fellow's defeat at Phil Casey's door. He says: "Born in Boston, trained in the sand and beaten in New Orleans," should be the inscription on Sullivan's tombstone, if he ever has one, and perhaps it should be supplemented with the remark: "I died a martyr to ignorance and sand." P. Jay gives less credit to Corbett than is allotted by the defeated champion himself. His position is as unique as it is absurd.

James J. Corbett's latest addition to the literatures of the late fight is a very interesting review. He says: "I think I deserve more credit for the first round, when I did not strike a blow, than for almost any other one in the fight. When time was called I began to feel him out. He would lunge for me, and I would gauge his force and speed and see just where his weak points were, then I would make a faint and try to bring out another weak point. In this way he showed me his entire hand. His best plan would have been to stand stock still and let me come to him. If he had done this I would have thought he had something up his sleeve, and I would have been very cautious how I went in. When I heard the people hissing I wanted to tell them to wait; instead of this I held up a glove, but they didn't know what I meant. They thought I was running away when I was only sizing him up."

Getting Ready for Business.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Thought I would drop you a line or two as I am anxious to know how you and all the Omaha sports survived the New Orleans carnival. Suppose you have not yet got over the Big Fellow's tumble. Well, you have lots of company.

I am going to Mount Clements for a six weeks preparation and during that time I authorize you to make any engagement for me you see proper—whether with the New Orleans, 'Frisco or Coney Island people, or the Omaha club. I would in fact rather appear before your club, with the proper inducement, than any club in the country. Have you heard anything further from the Dawson end of the line. I am in fine health and getting stronger and bigger every day—haven't nearly quit growing yet.

Ask Frank Bandle what he thinks of Corbett now, and how he likes my tips on prize fighters. Send my scrap book when you happen to think of it.

TOMMY RYAN.

It is pleasing to note in reference to Tommy's mention of prize fighting tips that to my knowledge he hasn't named a loser in two years. Pretty good guessing, that.—Sport. Ed.

Ed Moulton Heard From.

AURORA, Ill., Sept. 20.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: I have been managing Lily Williams through a successful season, matching her against lady riders and trotting horses, of which she has won all she entered. I will match her against any lady rider in the world for a stake; for I believe her to be the best lady rider before the public, either amateur or professional. The racing season now being about over until later on I am getting her ready for a century road run, which the inclosed clipping from the Beacon here will explain, and although comparatively a novice in road riding and riding a safety I have great confidence in her establishing a fast record.

The best time so near as I can find for a century rider is near twelve hours, and I believe she will make it under ten, weather permitting. She will ride the pneumatic safety.

I am also handling Wilbur Campbell, probably the fastest sprinter in America today, whom I shall take to England this winter and enter in the Shrovetide handicap.

ED W. MOULTON.

Jack Is Coming Again.

During the races at the trotting park yesterday evening, says the Springfield Gazette, Jack Prince of Omaha, the bicycle wonder and record-breaker, gave another wonderful exhibition of his speed and endurance, in which he broke the world's professional record for a quarter of a mile. He did it without a pacemaker, and had he been speeded could have covered the full mile, no doubt in 2:04. It was on the rough and wavy horse track, at no point as smooth as a bicycle track. Prince took a flying start, and came down the quarter under the wire "like a streak of lightning" in 30¼ seconds, lowering the world's professional record, which was 33¼. The marvelous speed attained by Prince on that rough course would have been 27 or 28 on a smooth track. He rode a twenty-three pound wheel geared to seventy-two inches. Bicyclists at the track gathered around Prince and congratulated him on his great feat.

Lily Will Make a Record.

Edward W. Moulton, the trainer and manager of Lily Williams, the bicyclist, has a new project in view for his protege. They are now at Elgin, Ill., and Moulton's idea is nothing more or less than a scheme to establish a century run over the famous Elgin-Aurora course, but their time has been very slow and no official record has been made. About the 27th of the month Miss Williams will make an effort to establish a record which will be hard to break. The young lady has already commenced active training for her ride, which will be made on a safety wheel. Tuesday she made forty miles just for practice and made the run in three hours and fifteen minutes.

The Bench Show Booming.

The secretary of the Kennel club is having his hands full these days, as entries and inquiries for the coming bench show are coming in in showers, and one of the finest exhibitions ever held in the west is already assured. Business men and citizens generally should not lose sight of the importance and value of this enterprise. It will give Omaha a splendid ad, and every aid, every encouragement should be extended the club in its laudable undertaking.

Hastings College Athletes.

HASTINGS, Neb., Sept. 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: The Hastings College Athletic association of Hastings, Neb., has elected as officers for the coming school year: George Norlin, president; R. A. Paterson, treasurer and C. B. Aitchison, secretary. The association starts out well for the new year and the prospects of a revival of athletics in college circles in Hastings were never better.

Gossippy Breezes From the Ball Field.

Jimmy Manning did good work with his Birmingham, Ala., club.

Norman Leslie Baker has floated south. He is at Chattanooga.

Twitchell is very well thought of by President Wagner both as a fielder and batter.

Stivetts and Nichols both appear to be overworked and as a result are being hit hard.

Kid Baldwin has turned up at Los Angeles and is again catching in his old-time Cincinnati form.

Jimmy Collopy, formerly of the Omahas, has taken Knowles' place at Providence's third base.

Lou Camp has been retained by St. Louis as general utility man. They call him the kangaroo.

Jack Crooks, after a long rest, is back on second for St. Louis and is playing a better game than ever before.

Jake Beckley was fined $50 in New York last week for telling Umpire Lynch he was full of cholera microbes.

Big Sunday, with the late Johnny Speas, was one of the biggest hitters in the Southern league, with the pipe for a target.

John T. McGlone, the old Omaha third baseman, has won a fight with gastric fever and is at work at the Brooklyn navy yard.

Frank Ward is called the "Human Hyena" even in his own town of Baltimore.—New York Herald. Out here he was called "Pig."

Old Cy Duryea is again on that Iowa railpile. When will this old man realize for all time that he is a farmer and not a ball player?

Joe Kelly—"King Kel.," jr.,—was presented with a gold watch by his Cambridge friends when Pittsburg played at Boston last week.

Eddie Burke has made more home runs in the second season than any other player in the league save one. He and Dahlen are tied on five.

Nichols, who with Devlin, Craver et al., was blacklisted in 1877, is still playing Sunday games about New York, using a fictitious name.

Shortstop Cooney, late of Chicago and Washington, is said to have played very poor ball in the Eastern league. He was with Providence.

St. Louis has tried just twenty-nine players this season. The Washingtons are next with twenty-five, but the Baltimores "take the cake" with thirty-one.

Bob Leadley, the old Omaha manager, still devotes the time not given to Uncle Sam's revenue department to managing the Detroit Athletic club's ball team.

The season closed at Seattle with a benefit game for the players between teams captained respectively by Camp and McGinnis. Camp's team won by 7 to 6.

Tony Mullane isn't missed any more than is Lovett. And yet lots of people formerly really believed that without Mullane there could be no Cincinnati team.

Atlanta claims to have the best shortstop in the southern league in Sheibeck. Shy must have quickened his pace a little since he left the Gate City.—Ohio State Journal.

The Leavenworths in the Kansas league went up the flume last week. Their death was due to the treachery of their manager, Charley Toof, who ran off with all the funds.

Not a single player in the Pacific Northwest league has made 100 hits this year. Jake Stenzel, who has the greatest number to his credit, is within one of the century mark.

Sam Dungan is sixth on the League's batting list, Tim O'Rourke seventh, Elmer Smith sixteenth, Eddie Burke twenty-fourth and old Cy Sutcliffe thirty-fifth. All old western leaguers.

Alack Donaghue for Atlanta, Lally for Memphis and Hamburg for Mobile were the star left fielders of the Southern league. All were with the Western league until that muchly lamented base ball body turned up its toes to the daisies.

Ely has been doing some brilliant work at short for Memphis. He is a rattling good fielder and a fair hitter. It is not generally known that Ely was formerly a pitcher but such is the case.

Kansas City was the only club in the defunct Western league that paid all its debts.—Life. What's that! How about Hi Hach, Toughy Cushman and the rest of the gang! They all squared up?

Manning has a great head and Birmingham wants him again next year. He is the best hitting and fielding second baseman in the south, and as a manager by no means has an equal.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Chattanooga has already signed Bob Gilks for '93. Gilks played great ball for Mobile during the past two months, and all the southern league managers have been making a lively hustle for his services for next year.

Merritt, the young back stop of the Louisville nine, resembles Morgan Murphy of the Cincinnatis in his actions when behind the bat. He is as quick as a flash and he handles the delivery of Sanders and the other twirlers in fine shape.

Joe Hornung, who has been playing ball since the flood, is the last to find a mate for Glasscock's oyster can. A dead uncle of his has come to life and left him $35,000. Clinkers Fagin and Reddy Hanrahan had better get a move on themselves.

If your sad-eyed uncle, Adrian Constantine Anson, says Ren Mulford, knows a good thing when he sees it he'll say farewell to Chicago this year and go somewhere else. The cranks up there imagine he is in Sullivan's class and has "played one season too often."

Ex-Umpire John Kelly lost $21,000 on John L. Sullivan and will practically have to begin life over again. Still Honest John is used to such reverses.—Exchange. Yes, John loses $21,000 every afternoon or so and never loses a wink of sleep over it, that is according to some great newspapers. Kelly never saw the day he could lay his clamps on $21,000.

Jack Frost will make his bow long before the last league championship game is played. There is nearly a whole month of campaigning before the twelve, for the season does not close until October 15. While Cleveland has no mortgage on the lead reasonably good ball playing ought to keep them at the top. Boston is sincerely striving to cut them out and win both series, thus making a play-off for the flag unnecessary. The lateness of the season holds little promise for phenomenal interest in a battle between Cleveland and Boston for the pennant. Both cities are in the cold belt and the atmosphere there will doubtless be decidedly chilly before the regular season closes. The league commences its fight too early and closes too late. With six months contracts in force next year there may be a change in that program.

Our old friend Jack Crooks is still at his sly tricks. He is now working a St. Louis reporter in the following challenge: "Please say for me that I am willing to throw 100 balls for $1,000 a side with any infielder in the country, the contest to take place on a skin diamond and the contestant who makes the least errors to take the stake. This challenge is open to any infielder in or out of the big league, and I am ready to place the money now, the match to take place when the playing season is over." If Jack has $1,000 or any part of it to bet on any proposition the rake off in that dining car job he held last winter must have been enormous. He probably meant he would bet a package of cigarettes—of the Charley Reilly brand. When in Columbus Crooks was great on throwing balls, but they were of the "high" variety and the price was 5 cents per ball—that is where the "tab" didn't go.—E. K. Rife.

An eastern writer has something pleasant to say about "Cush's" umpiring in a recent Buffalo-Binghampton game. He says: "Mr. Cushman, formerly manager of the Milwaukee club of the Western association, had a very unpleasant time of it in the umpire's position. Cushman apparently was trying to please everybody, and, as the old saying goes, 'He pleased nobody.' The 400 became greatly worked up over some of Cushman's decisions and made life miserable for that gentleman. Some of the adjectives hurled from the grand stand at Mr. Cushman, when he pulled his book from his pocket to consult the rules, would cause a smile to illuminate the phiz of a stone man. A small boy away up in the corner of the grand stand notified Cushman that he was 'holding the book upside down.' The umpire seemed bothered about finding the particular rule of play that would fit the occasion, and finally gave up in despair amid the yells and hoots of the congregation. Verily, Mr. Cushman had a pleasant time."

Two more base ball leagues have turned their toes up to the daisies within the past week—the Eastern and Northwestern league. Both failures are due to the slump in base ball that wrecked the Western league two months ago. Speaking of the death of the Eastern league the Rochester Union says: "The base ball reaction set in long ago in this city, and it is doubtful if any encouragement can be aroused for the sustaining of a club next year. The inglorious results of the last two seasons have sickened and disgusted the most ardent devotees of the national game. Manager Watkins will bundle the remains of Rochester home to a long-suffering base ball public." The Eastern league will apply for permission to reserve its players until next season, and it is possible that there will be another organization in the spring. Should the national board refuse to allow the reservation claim because the season was not finished, the clubs will pay their men up to October 1, and then the protection asked cannot be denied.

Winfield Scott Camp, the Omaha boy, is now considered the coming pitcher of the North Pacific league. He was born in Columbus, O., in December, 1869. When very young he moved to this city, and received his schooling in the national game here. While still a mere boy he made quite a reputation as an outfielder, and it was not until 1889 that he tried his hand at pitching. W. E. Rockwell, president of the Pacific Northwest league was then a resident of Omaha and was handling the Garneau Cracker Company team, which played Sunday games at a summer resort. One day being hard up for box talent, the manager pressed Camp into service, although the youngster had no experience in this line. He had plenty of speed, however, and soon mastered the curves. He at once branched out as a "phenom," and before the season ended was pitching for teams in Seward and other towns in Nebraska. In 1890, when Rockwell took the management of the Seattle team, one of the first men signed was "Kid" Camp. In his first professional season the young pitcher made a creditable record and last season, continuing with the same team, he developed into the star pitcher of the league. Last fall he made the trip to California with the champion Portlands and attracted a great deal of attention by his fine work. He was snapped up by the Pittsburg league team over the protest of the Seattle club, which believed itself entitled to hold him as a reserved player. The powers that be in base ball decided, however, that the reserved rule was dead, and the "Kid" went to Pittsburg this spring. There he was given no chance to show his worth, being kept on the bench while the veteran stars pitched, and was occasionally put in to finish out a game which one of them had already lost. In June the Seattle club, being in need of another strong pitcher, secured Camp's release from Pittsburg, and he returned to the town which has witnessed practically all of his career as a professional ball player. Since joining the team his work in the box has been of the highest class and has done a great deal toward bringing the championship to Seattle. Camp measures 5 feet 11½ inches and weighs about 160 pounds. He has good speed, excellent control, and splendid curves, which he makes use of with fine judgment and never gets rattled, no matter how hard he is hit. He is also a good, heavy man to have at the bat or on the bases in a tight place.

A Newsy Batch of Horse Talk.

Up to the present time Flying Jib has never lost a race.

Alvin trotted a heat at Independence while wearing only three shoes.

Time Onward, brother of Shadeland Onward, is said to have speed enough to beat 2:30.

At present Lobasco, 2:10¾, is the only stallion that looks to be able to give Alvin a race.

The October meeting at Ponca, Neb., has been declared off on account of the classes not filling.

S. A. Parker of Newell, Ia., was recently in California, and purchased four well bred mares, two of which are by Fallis, 2:23.

Mathewson Sprague, owned by G. Mathewson, Brady Island, Neb., sired by Round's Sprague, took a time record of 2:29¼ at Independence.

Budd Doble offered G. W. Williams $5,000 for the 2-year-old filly, Elloree by Axtell, dam by Robert McGregor. She has a record of 2:26 and her dam is but five years old.

John R. Gentry by Ashland Wilkes, the king of Mr. Toler's stock farm at Wichita, paced the fourth quarter of the third heat at St. Joseph in 29¾ seconds, a 1:59 gait.

W. C. Brown, one of the judges at St. Joseph, gave the horsemen an agreeable bit of news when he announced that all purses would be paid in full at the end of each race.

Silver City, Ia., has a good track and the association there offers $2,000 in purses for the fall meeting. The dates are October 12 to 14. W. B. Oaks, secretary, will answer inquiries.

During the first week in October "horse" is apt to be the leading topic at Rushville, Neb. A horse sale, a race meeting, an auctioneer and a starting judge all in town the same week.

Jack Daw by Jay Bird, owned by R. I. Lee, Topeka, Kan., dam by his old horse, Robert McGregor, 2:17½, has entered the 2:30 list, he taking a record of 2:28¼, in the third heat of a winning race.

A convention was recently held at Des Moines in the interest of better roads, and about 300 delegates were enrolled. It was urged that power to establish good roads be vested in the government.

Roy Wilkes' mile in 2:06¾ at Mason City, Ia., was a great exhibition, but as Mr. Davies was to receive 30 per cent of the gate receipts, which amounted to just $81.30, he was not very well paid the performance.

For the benefit of numerous inquirers it is here stated that Jesse Gains, a Nebraska horse, holds the champion race record for a half mile track, she trotting the third heat of a race at Des Moines, Ia., August 31, in 2:15¾.

Dates for the Seward, Neb., meeting are September 27 to 30 and entries close at 8 p. m. the night before each race. The meeting should be a successful one and all entries should be addressed to H. P. Brandes, secretary.

The Rusk Park farm, Independence, Ia., has sold to L. Todd, Nehawka, Neb., the yearling colt, Firmin, by Allerton, dam by William L., and to T. A. Hendricks, Rochester, N. Y., Creole Queen (3), by Red Wilkes. Creole Queen is in foal to Allerton.

Over one of Nebraska's kite tracks will be held a "banner" meeting October 4 to 7, writes Secretary Charles E. Mays. The Agricultural and Trotting association of Rushville, Neb., is incorporated with a capital stock of $10,000 and on those days will distribute $4,000 in purses.

On October 11 to 14 the racing association of Lyons, Neb., will hold a meeting and it offers twelve purses of $300 each and a number of smaller purses. Online and Belle Acton will be there but they are barred from the yearling and 2-year-old classes. Address A. W. Everett, secretary, for particulars, and remember entries close tomorrow.

During the races at Shenandoah, Ia., a horseman hung his vest, containing $160, in a stall and while hitching up two boys from Malvern stole the vest and contents. The mother of one of the boys, while engaged in a maternal investigation of his clothes, discovered about $60. Through her inquiries the facts became known and both boys, together with two youthful accessories that had been given $10 each to keep "mum," were arrested.

The Judge Poppleton sale at Elkhorn, Neb., was a satisfactory affair to the owners, although the prices brought were, had the stock been first class and sound, remarkably low. Fifty-five head brought $9,700. The highest price, we believe, was paid for Bentwood, son of Nutwood, dam Nettie Zulu, by Zulu, 2:29¾; a 3-year-old colt that was deformed in his face, having a crooked nose, sold for $385. J. B. Stetson, Silver Creek, Neb., purchased the yearling colt, Mandam by Salaam, dam Nettie Zulu, by Zulu, and Salaam being by Onward this ought to be a very good colt, indeed. Leonard Everett of Council Bluffs, Ia., was the heaviest buyer of the sale.

What the Nags Did at St. Jo.

The following horses reduced their records at St. Joseph, September 13 to 17:

IN RACES.

Blue Sign, b. g., by Egmont, 2:11¼ to 2:08¾.
Labasco, b. h., by Egmont, 2:11¼ to 2:10¾.
Chester Allen, br. h., by Mohawk Hambletonian, 2:31 to 2:25.
Ramona, br. m., by Whitney, 2:28¾ to 2:23¾.
Rupee, br. h., by Guy Wilkes, 2:14¾ to 2:12½.
Brooklyn, br. g., by Lawrence, to 2:26¼.
Ore Wilkes, blk. c., by Sable Wilkes, 2:25½ to 2:21½.
Dan Tucker, b. h., by George Tucker, 2:21¼ to 2:16¾.
Belle Vara, b. m., by Vatican, 2:15 to 2:13.
Charleston, ch. h., by Bourbon Wilkes, 2:14½ to 2:13.
Roy Wilkes, b. h., Adrian Wilkes (race), 2:09 to 2:08½.
Manager, g. h., by Nutwood, 2:11¼ to 2:09¾.
Grace Napoleon, b. m., by Louis Napoleon, 2:30 to 2:17½.

AGAINST TIME.

Northwest, b. h., by Egmont, 2:17¼ to 2:15½.
Sol Miller, ch. h., by Colonel West, 2:25 to 2:19.
Boabdil, b. h., 2:30¼ to 2:29¼.
Arabel, b. m., by Arabesque, 2:39¼ to 2:26½.
Bermuda Boy, blk. h. (3 years), by Banker, 2:24¾ to 2:20¾.
Birdmount, b. h., by Bird, 2:20 to 2:19.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

Zimmerman won the $10,000-team, harness and carriage, at Springfield on the 16th.

Great spokes! how the old timers did turn out to the reunion. They said they wouldn't have missed it for a farm.

They say that Billy Schnell and Ike Holton of the Tourists would rather walk than ride from Fremont to Omaha. The boys hold the walking record from Elk City in, having established it one day of last week between the hours of 3 p. m. and 4 a. m.

One of the Omaha Wheel club boys, prominent in cycling circles, is thinking of trading off his wheel for a Rocky Mountain goat, not because he is disgusted with cycling but because he wants to try a novelty. This is the rumor that is floating around Perrigo's.

The Misses Frazier, two of Omaha's plucky little lady cyclists, accompanied the Tourists to Blair last Sunday and rode the entire distance, averaging ten miles an hour. They returned as far as Calhoun and then took the train home, having wheeled forty or fifty-six miles.

It is an assured fact that the Tourist Wheelmen are to occupy club rooms this winter. A cosy suite of rooms has been found and will be furnished as early as possible for occupancy about the middle of October. The club have decided to take this step in order to keep its members together during the months that riding is not to be enjoyed.

Like a thunderbolt comes the news that "Bonnie" Johnson, the Minneapolis flyer, has smashed the breath out of the one-mile safety record, on the Independence kite. If true, the time is 2:04 5-6 and was made last week. Now, Zimmie, Taylor, Osmond and Windle will have to take off their caps to western muscle and pluck.

Providing the roads are rideable and the weather permits the Omaha Wheel club and the Tourist Wheelmen will ride a century today. The Tourists start for Elk City in in the morning and will make Glenwood on the return. Every member who intends to go on the run, whether he wishes to finish or not, is requested to register at Daxon's. A register will also be found at Elk City and Glenwood. The Omaha Wheel club reverse the route, going to Glenwood first and finishing on the Elk City course. The distance is 104 miles.

Last week's Thursday evening run of the Young Men's Christian association cyclers and Tourists was a "corker," about forty wheelmen turning out. After a nice little spin to Fort Omaha the party proceeded to the association building, where Captain Grant and Prof. Sheldon of the cyclers had prepared a feast of watermelons and other fruit, which was greatly enjoyed by the boys. The bath rooms and gymnasium were then thrown open and the wheelmen invited to use them for the evening.

A beautiful day, perfect roads, the largest congregation of wheelmen ever assembled at any Nebraska point, a general good feeling toward one another, and the "biggest time" ever experienced by the cyclists of the Missouri and Platte valleys marked the first annual reunion of the Interstate Wheelmen on last Sunday at Blair. Did they have a jolly time! Well, I guess yes! Was the meet a success? Ask that question of any one of the 130 odd wheelmen who attended. The day will always be remembered by those who had the pleasure to be present, as one of the happiest epochs in their cycling career. Everybody was there! They came early, they came late, they came in twos, threes, dozens and scores. The assembly included the man who rides the natty pneumatic, the enthusiastic supporter of the solid-tired safety and the old-timer that still clings to the grand old ordinary, and its pleasant long ago memories. Blair, the quiet little country place which lies so adjacent to all the lively cycling towns within the radius of 100 miles, never before received such an influx of merry wheelmen since the days it first donned the habiliments of cityhood. Every country road that found its way into the pretty little town was marked with innumerable tracks left by the speeding wheels. From early Saturday evening until late Sunday morning the wheelmen poured into the town. It reminded one of the storied days of the crusades when pilgrims wended their weary way to the sacred shrine, only in this case the caravans were composed of crowds of swiftly-moving, gleaming wheels and the pilgrims were athletic young fellows bent on seeking a good time, and they had it. The meet first originated in the minds of the members of the Omaha Wheel club and by their untiring zeal and the valuable aid rendered by the other wheelmen the idea blossomed into a grand and successful reunion, beyond the most sanguine hopes; but the day has passed and now only lives in the pleasant memories of the fortunate fellows who were there. Old friendships were renewed, and new ones made. The wheelmen all became acquainted, and with many the same acquaintances will not be soon forgotten. The Omaha Wheel club boys proved that they were a royal set of entertainers, and every man who was fortunate enough to partake of their hospitality will vote them capital fellows. But for the details. The rendezvous was located in a pretty little grove just within the city's confines, a well selected spot. Delegations from Missouri Valley, Ia., Logan, Ia., Council Bluffs, Ia.; Fremont, Neb.; Plattsmouth, Neb.; South Omaha and Omaha, were there. The Fremont wheelmen, under the guidance of genial Charlie Nicodemus, created quite a stir with their firey red caps and enormous visors. They are a merry lot and made many friends. The Patterson brothers from Plattsmouth were decidedly "in the push." The Logan Wheel club, nine men, under command of Captain McCabe, accompanied the Missouri Valley Wheel club, under command of Captain Kendall. There were about a dozen of the latter club. Messrs. Carruthers and Hattenhauer represented Council Bluffs, and South Omaha was represented by E. F. Congdon. The Mandolin club from Omaha was on the ground and rendered some of its exquisite music. The Omaha Wheel club had about twenty-eight wheels in the parade although many more of the boys were in attendance. The Tourist Wheelmen under command of Captain Potter, however, "fetched the bun" for the largest attendance, they having forty-two men in line. The Omaha cyclists rode up in the morning and back in the evening. When the main body of the Tourists swept into view on the De Soto road they had the appearance of an army of cavalry swooping down to take their positions in a line of battle, the peculiar combination of glittering steel and clouds of dust produced an effect to be remembered. Every hotel and restaurant was filled to overflowing after the parade. Through the kindness of the managers of the Keeley institute, many of the cyclists were enabled to procure an elegant dinner at this popular cure. At the grove in the afternoon a local photo artist caught the wheelmen in several positions. By some misunderstanding the report was circulated that there would be bicycle races at the quarter mile track and many of the Blair people wended their way to the fair grounds to see them. It was a mistaken idea, as the wheelmen had made no arrangements to run a race program. Now that the first reunion was such a success let us try to make next year's "hand shake" eclipse the first. We can do it if everybody will bear his weight on the pedals and "go with the push."

In the Field and at the Trap.

There will be a live bird shoot at Sarpy mills this afternoon.

Billy Brewer is considered about as reliable a target shot as there is in the city.

Billy Townsend was in attendance at the trap shoot at Weeping Water Thursday.

The Omaha and Raymond gun clubs shoot their match on the grounds across the river next Saturday afternoon.

C. A. Claflin has returned from a big chicken hunt up near Ord. He found birds in abundance and made the banner bag of the season.

As usual, the quail hunters are anticipating an uncommon good season this fall. The same old reports about an unprecedented crop of birds are being circulated.

The Wilson snipe are in and the best shooting may be expected within the coming two weeks. The precious little scolopax is but a brief visitor during the autumn season.

The abandonment of the club hunt by the Omaha club is a wise determination. While it is conducive of much friendly rivalry and a great deal of sport, it is hard on the game.

The genial sportsman, Frank Fogg, in paying his dues to the gun club the other evening, amounting to $7.75, paid it in nickels, and yet the doctor says he never saw a crap game.

The different gun clubs close their season's shoots on the following dates: The Bemis Park Gun club, October 27; the Omahas, October 1; the Raymonds, October 1 and the Syndicate Park, October 30.

The Omaha Gun club has abandoned the annual club hunt. The chief reason for doing so is the scarcity of game within a day's shooting distance of the city. The rule governing the Omaha Gun club hunts provides that a hunter must report at the headquarters on the evening before the day set for the contest and have his game back at the appointed place on the evening of that day before 12 o'clock. This is altogether too short a time to satisfy the majority as it takes the best part of a day to go by cars where game can be found and the boys refuse to pay railroad fare for so short an outing, preferring to pay the fine and the expenses of their opponents' supper, as it is much cheaper to do so. The club hunts originated when game was quite abundant within a few miles' drive of the town, but that time is a thing of the past as is the club hunt. Shooting at the trap has supplanted the field and cover hunting to a great extent, and in the future contests of skill with the gun and the settling of banquet expenses by gun club members will undoubtedly be decided at the trap. The Omaha Gun club is advocating the scheme of a meeting of all the clubs in the city on some day next month to choose sides to see who shall pay for a banquet and have a roaring big shoot.

Questions and Answers.

BEATRICE, Sept. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of the BEE: Will you please give a brief history of Flora Temple, the trotting queen of thirty years ago, and compare her with Nancy Hanks of today?—Old Timer.

Ans.—Flora Temple was as much of a sensation thirty years ago as is Nancy today. Her record was made October 15, 1859, when James McCann drove her a mile in 2:19¾ at Cincinnati. She was thus the first trotter to do a mile under 2:20, considered a wonderful occurrence then. This record she enjoyed for about eight years, when Bud Doble drove Dexter in 2:19. Although there is nearly fifteen seconds difference between Flora Temple and Nancy Hanks, the trotter of today is not that much faster than the trotter of thirty-three years ago. There has probably been an improvement of at least twelve seconds, however, and the pneumatic tired sulky and the kite shaped track may be responsible for the remaining two and one-half seconds. Flora Temple was foaled in 1845, and was 11 years old before she began to do fast trotting. Her sire was Bogus Hunter and her dam Madam Temple, both horses of what would now be called quite ordinary breeding.

OMAHA, Sept. 23.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: A bets B $5 that Van Wyck will be elected governor. A afterwards meets C and says what will you give me for a half interest in the bet? C says $1. A says I'll take it. If A wins what does C get, and if A loses what does C have to pay.—Rep.

Ans.—The purchase of half the bet is a side issue and has no bearing on the original bet. C, if A wins, gets half the bet and that is all there is to it. If A loses C loses his $1.

OMAHA, Sept. 23.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: What were the stated receipts of the Dempsey benefit, and what in your opinion were the actual receipts, to decide a bet?—W. K. S.

Ans.—What Demsey benefit do you mean?

SCRANTON, Ia., Sept. 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please answer in Sunday's BEE the following and oblige a dispenser of your publications: What is the correct name of the man now called and known as Jake Kilrain? Is this his correct name? Please state his correct name if not Kilrain.—Thos. Morgan.

Ans.—John Killian.

OMAHA, Sept. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Kindly answer following high five question in Sunday's paper: A and B are 44, C and D are 46, game 52 points. A and B buy the trump (spades) for 8 and get high, low, game and five of clubs. C and D get jack and five of spades. Which side wins game?—Jason Hill.

Ans.—A and B.

OMAHA, Sept. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: To decide a bet did a man recently bet $100 against $1,000 that Sullivan would kill Corbett in their fight at New Orleans, on September 7, or was it $1,000 against $100? Answer in your Sunday edition.—B. J. McArdle.

Ans.—Read of a bet of the kind somewhere $100 to $1,000.

WYMORE, Neb., Sept. 24.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you kindly state in your columns where you can buy or get some light dramas for a home dramatic club to play?—A Reader.

Ans.—French & Son, West Twenty-third street, New York City.

GRAFTON, Neb., Sept. 11.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: To decide a bet answer the following through the colums of THE BEE: Is Corbett an Irishman or an American? Where and when born?—F. M. Fisher.

Ans.—Irish. Born September 1, 1866, 'Frisco, Cal.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Sept. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please answer in next SUNDAY'S BEE the following: In a game of base ball the bases are full, the man on third starts for home and the basemen try to run him down but he gets back to third without being put out. In the meantime the runner on first goes to second, touches the base, but gets back to first without being touched with the ball. Should he be declared out for touching second?—Crank.

Ans.—A base runner cannot return to a base after having touched another in advance.

HOOPER, Neb., Sept. 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: I wish you would be so kind as to give me the name of the horse that trotted the fastest or made the best time on a half mile track up to date, as I have got some money up on the horse J. I. C. as making the fastest so far on a half-mile track. I wish you would name the horse and the time and the track it was made on. Thanking you for the favor of an answer.—William Borkenhagen.

Ans.—Jesse Gaines, 2:15¾, at Des Moines, Ia., in August last.

SHERIDAN, Wyo., Sept. 15.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please answer in THE SUNDAY BEE in a trotting race, mile heats, two in three, A, B, C start: A wins the race in two straight heats. B is second in first heat, C is second in second heat. There are two moneys, first and second: how is second money disposed of?—C. S. Breg.

Ans.—The second horse in the first heat gets second money.

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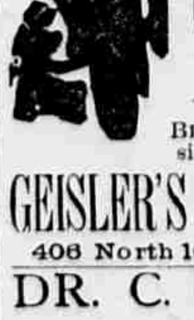

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