MARCH'S FISTIC CARNIVAL

Commencing on the First with the Ryan-Dawson Mill.

SPORTS OF FOREST, FIELD AND STREAM

Meager Base Ball News—The Byker's Gossip—Lacrosse Notes and the Usual Questions Answered.

TO the second fistic carnival given under the auspices of the New Orleans Olympic club, I see will open up one week from next Wednesday night with the welterweight fight between Tommy Ryan of Chicago and George Dawson of Australia, which will doubtless prove one of the most interesting combats ever witnessed in this famous arena.

That another very large attendance will be on hand to witness the sport is now a foregone conclusion, as the interest manifest all over the country in the Olympic's events, as well as the new Crescent City club's great attraction, the $40,000 fight between Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons is but precious little milder than that evinced over the original carnival last fall. Much of this is undoubtedly due to the excellent business capacity of the officers of the two clubs. The fact that they know a little better how to work up these affairs than any other set of men in the country will admit of no dispute. Then, aside from this, the united programs of the two clubs are of such extraordinary merit that general and widespread attention has been commanded in spite of every other influence.

Boston, New York and Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore will again have trains specially chartered for the accommodation of those cities who are desirous of witnessing the sport, and while the attendance from these towns may be numerically weaker than that which graced September's jubilee, it will be fully up to the standard in the enthusiasm and prominence of the parties who make it up. In the middle section, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, will be largely represented, while in the west Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Denver and 'Frisco will even send greater crowds than ever. The advance sale of seats for the Olympic's first night is even now greater than that shown for the McAuliffe-Meyer fight this far in advance, and that the club is bound to pull out with a nice balance is now a guaranteed fact.

The Olympic's program opens Wednesday evening, March 1, as noted above, with Tommy Ryan and George Dawson, for a $6,000 purse, with the following scale of prices: General admission, $3; reserved seat, $5; box, $7. March 2 McMillan and Hines fight at welterweights for $1,000, and Ernest Roeber, the German Hercules, and Evan Lewis, the Strangler, meet at wrestling, mixed styles, for $2,500, for the championship of the world; general admission, $2; reserved seat, $3; box, $5. Friday evening, March 3, the Olympic's punching saturnalia reaches the wind-up in the heavyweight battle between Joe Goddard, the huge rusher from the land of the mongoose and kangaroo, and Denver Ed Smith. They will battle for the princely sum of $10,000 and a side bet of $5,000; general admission, $5; reserved seat, $7; box, $10.

That this is an attractive card any one will freely acknowledge. In every detail it far outclasses last September's card with its triumvirate to abuse a good word—of cinches. The McAuliffe-Meyer fight was the best of the former program, but it cannot be spoken of in the same day with the meet between Ryan and Dawson; the Skelly-Dixon collision was a pudding stuffed with raisins, while the climax, Sullivan and Corbett, was akin to an oyster stew at a church fair. The Roeber-Lewis wrestling match will be worth a dozen such fights as Skelly and Dixon might put up, and I'll stake my reputation more fighting is seen in the first round of the Goddard-Smith battle than was seen in all the twenty-one rounds between Sully and Jim.

Winners, why Ryan, Hines, Lewis and Goddard, is the way I would size it up prejudicially, but between you and I and the gate post, that man Dawson is liable to treat Ryan most ungraciously, and as for McMillan and Hines, I know nothing about either, excepting that Ryan punched McMillan out in a couple of rounds a year ago over near the Windy City.

After this quartet of turns all eyes will be directed toward the new Crescent City club, who will restart the ball in motion the following Tuesday night with a fight between those clever lightweights, Austin Gibbons and Mike Daly. They will argue for the butt end of $3,500, and Danny's brother will be there or thereabouts when the division is made. He is probably the only man, save Jem Carney, who ever got the best, without winning the fight, however, of Jack McAuliffe in a bona fide contest. They do say that that fight really belonged to Mike. But let that go. Gibbons is a likely scrapper himself, but the artistic way in which Jack McAuliffe threshed him, or would have threshed him had the fun been allowed to proceed, I don't think he will be much more than in it with the sturdy, stocky, stubborn Mr. Daly. Admission $3, $5 and $7.

Then comes—on the next night, March 8—the great $40,000 controversy between Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons. This is surely the attraction that must rank only second to Sullivan and Corbett, in the annals of the sporting world. It is the largest pot of money ever subscribed for any sort of a sporting event, and no two fighters were ever talked much more about than Hall and Fitzsimmons. The question of the superiority of one or the other is what the sporting universe wants to see decided, and a veritable crush will be on hand in the Crescent's mammoth arena on the night of March 8. Hall has the best wishes of a large preponderance of the public, but Fitzsimmons will be the favorite. Still that will not win for either. That this is a fight open to any amount of guessing all intelligent connoisseurs of fighting flesh, all sporting writers and all sporting authorities, agree. So I shall let it go at that, with the hope that the best man wins, and that the best man, when the clouds roll by, will be found in Jim Hall's shoes. It will cost you just a ten-dollar William to get in the door to see these two megatheriums clash, $5 more for a reserve seat, and $150 for a box for a half dozen of you, and it is cheap at that.

BAY ST. LOUIS, Miss., Feb. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: I am still training, not too hard, but just enough, as I am down to weight and have only to keep well and strong. The weather is very warm here, rendering outdoor exercise just the thing My system here has been pretty much the same as I went through at Omaha for Wilkes, and I never felt better or more confident in my life. I rather like Dawson and hate awfully to be compelled to thresh him, but I just need $6,000 just now badly. The way I am being picked for a win has given me additional confidence, and I will put forth every effort to justify the faith of my many friends. I'll make a careful fight, and at the same time a sure one. I wish you were here now, for I need a man with a head on his shoulders, but will wait patiently, knowing you will come as quickly as possible. Just heard from "Spud." He wrote me a newsy letter.

I will not attempt to give you any lines on any of the fighters here—you remember I put you on Corbett, but you wouldn't have it.

TOMMY RYAN.

Jack Charms the Senorita.

The readers of the Looking Glass who have followed in it the movements of Jack Prince, the champion wheelman, who made so many friends and created so much interest here, will be glad to hear the latest bit of news concerning him, especially as it is of a very romantic character.

Last week Prince was billed for a series of races against horses at Ybor City, a flourishing little town excited by the cigar business on the outskirts of Tampa, Fla. Nearly the entire population are either Cubans or native Spaniards and the manners, customs and language of the place are all alike foreign. The Ybor City folks took a great interest in the stalwart wheelman and the ladies were particularly enthusiastic over him. The day before the race he received a magnificent bouquet at his hotel and an invitation in a queerly spelled very Spanish looking note to take a carriage ride and visit the points of interest of the town. The note was signed "J. Gonzolas," and never doubting but that J stood for Juan, Jules or maybe Jim, Mr. Prince replied that he would be happy to accept.

At the appointed hour up drove a magnificent open barouche and in it was seated a dark eyed, raven tressed and altogether distracting Spanish fairy with a lace mantilla over her head and an armful of flowers in her lap. She sweetly explained to the dumbfounded athlete that she was the Senorita Julie Gonzolas, who had had the honor of dropping him a line that morning. To make the situation more critical Mr. Prince was well aware that the eagle eye of Mrs. Prince, who is his constant traveling companion, was glued upon him from behind an upper window blind. He accordingly controlled his eager desire to inspect the sights of Ybor City and told the lady that he was very sorry but that he had a prior engagement, momentarily overlooked. The beauty pouted and replied in a flood of Spanish, of which Prince understood not a syllable. He started to explain again and she responded in more Spanish. Mr. Prince had picked up just one word of the language and that was "si," meaning "yes." He thought it would have a soothing effect, so he repeated it a number of times, and to his great relief the dark eyed Venus smiled radiantly and drove away.

Next day after the race he was horror-struck to see her swoop down upon him. He tried to expostulate and she drew herself up proudly. "I ask you yesterday," she said in tragic and broken English, "if you go today when ze race done and you say yes, yes. Don' you deny, sare! You know you say him."

Mr. Prince broke away with difficulty and went home to dream of stilettos. All week long she haunted him. He was afraid to leave his room, for she had a habit of popping out of dark corners and unexpected places and alternately unbraiding and beseeching him. Moreover, Mrs. Prince became very curious to know the exact facts. Between the two the champion was in hot water. At last the engagement was over and Mr. Prince hurried to the depot with his wife and luggage. The first person he laid his eyes on was his fair pursuer pacing the platform. By a stroke of pure good luck he managed to slip into the smoking car unobserved, and didn't breathe easy until there was at least 100 miles between him and the charmer.—Savannah, Ga., Looking Glass.

To Succeed Base Ball.

The Omaha Lacrosse club is commencing to stir and the members are getting out their sticks, wiping the blood off them and fixing the gut, preparatory to beginning practice. All the members are anxious to get out and commence work for the coming season, and the indications are that this year lacrosse will in a measure take the place of base ball as an amusement for the public. The Omaha team will be a very strong one and a large membership is expected.

The strongest additions to the team will be the colored player who was the backbone of the Kearneys last year and who is considered one of the finest players in America. Then they will have a genuine full-blooded Indian professional, said to be the best all around player in the world and a whole team in himself. Mr. William Green, an old-time player of the Brants of Paris, and Mr. H. Tudor, who kept the flags for the Staten Island team, will strengthen the Omahas a great deal.

The annual meeting will not be held before April, but the members will be in the field long before that time, and indeed last Sunday lacrosse sticks were seen at practice in several parts of the city, so enthusiastic and eager to play are the members. The club promises to put up most exciting games throughout the summer, and the citizens can rely upon lots of fun and excitement. Lincoln will be the first team to play here, and Chicago and St. Paul will follow closely after. The Omahas start out the season with the determination of bringing the championship of America from the World's fair, and of bringing the great Indian game into popular favor in this state. Clubs are being organized in several of the state cities.

What They Propose.

OMAHA, Feb. 15.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: As there is no prospect of a Western league this season I would like to propose a good circuit which I think would meet all requirements, both from a sporting and a financial standpoint: Plattsmouth, Fremont, Blair, Nonpareil, Fort Omaha and one more team, which I have not yet named, but which will be composed of the remainder of the old Crane company team and some few good state league players who have signified their willingness to play with the team which I will organize.

By making this league co-operative in every respect, and playing home talent as much as possible, I think it will cause a very friendly rivalry, which has not been noticed in the state for a few years past. The Omaha teams have all signified their willingness to be a part of such a league, and if it meets with the approval of the above mentioned teams it would be advisable to correspond at once, as it will take considerable time to complete all arrangements.

Teams that take notice of this will oblige by giving their opinion and addressing all communications to any one of the following parties: John Carrigan, care Crane company or 1807 Miami street; Dave Shanahan, southwest corner Sixteenth and Vinton streets; Lieutenant Wright, Fort Omaha.

JOHN CARRIGAN.

It Would Be a Failure.

There is some little talk of organizing an eastern Nebraska semi-professional base ball league for the season of 1893, but that is all it will amount to, and no sensible business man at this stage of the game will be found foolhardy enough to encourage such an enterprise. What Omaha, Plattsmouth, Nebraska City, Fremont and other live Nebraska cities most want just now is a healthful rest from professional base ball, and until they have had this it will be love's labor lost to endeavor to re-establish the sport. Of course, THE BEE would support any such project that gave promise of success, but as this does not, nor cannot, it is better to state the facts coldly and unqualifiedly.

His Three Squares a Day.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Feb. 13.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Thought I would drop you a line and let you know that I am still getting three squares a day. I am riding hard and good and feeling and looking out of sight. We are having summer weather here, and I wear my lawn tennis robes every day. Race here Friday, then go to Key West, thence to Cuba. Why don't you mail me a SUNDAY BEE occasionally, so I can see what is going on.

JACK PRINCE.

Forest, Field and Stream.

John R. Shaw is spending the winter at Pensacola, Fla. He writes that quail are very plentiful in that state and he has made several fine bags. He also declares that the Floridians have the finest dogs in the world, using the pointer almost exclusively, and that no dog can beat them in the field. He will bring a pair home with him.

Justice von Lenyorke of New York, the American agent for the Schultze Powder company of England, has accepted M. F. Lindsley's challenge to test the comparative merits of Schultze and American wood powder. Such a test will be of interest to every user of nitro powder in the land and THE BEE will give space to reports of the proposed tests.

Dropped in to see the champion rifle shot the other day. His front name is Colonel John Petty. In the course of our talk the name of that erstwhile champion German shot, Fred Fuller, was mentioned, and the Colonel said that he had given his rifle away and bought a bow and arrow, and gone out to Pine Ridge to make a match with Little Big Bull. Don't believe it, though.

H. E. Chubbuck is back after a two weeks visit to Pueblo, Colo. He states that he had a fine time and that, of course, with Chub, means plenty of shooting. He says the trap shooters out there are way behind the Omaha shooters. He tried to get a match on with some of them but failed on account of a lack of gameness on the part of the Colorado sportsmen. Do not see why Mr. Chubbuck has to go way down there in the mountains, though, for a match. Why doesn't he tackle some such a man as John J. Hardin? He'll shoot him a 100 live bird match and make him like it.

That genial gentleman and sportsman, John Field, now at Glenwood Springs, Colo., was in the city a few days last week. He says Omaha hunters do not know what big game is. He was out one day in December and bagged two cinnamon bear, one weighing over 700 pounds. He killed seven deer in two hours and could have made it twenty-five if he had wanted to. The deer are very thick about Dot Zero in the early winter, when they come down from the mountains in droves, and are very tame. Small game, Mr. Field says, with the exception of grouse, is very scarce. Before leaving he invited the writer to come out next winter and catch a bear. Guess I'll go.

J. A. R. Elliott, the champion wing shot of Kansas City and for years defender of the American Field cup, has foresworn matches for money and will hereafter shoot only for fun—a conclusion that J. A. R. should have arrived at about four years ago.

Sportsmen all over the country are contributing to the Forest and Stream's fund to erect a monument to the memory of Nessmuk, an old school fisherman, hunter and woodsman, and for years the Forest and Stream's star contributor. As a depicter of wild woodland scenes G. W. Sears—Nessmuk—had but few equals.

John W. Petty is waiting patiently to hear from some of the crack rifle shots of the country. He can get backing to go against the best of them.

J. E. Knowles is making big preparations for a grand onslaught on the geese and ducks this spring. Happened into his shop yesterday and found him busy overhauling his decoys, tacking on heads, refastening anchors and repainting. He says he knows just where the ducks board in March and will show the gunners around here just what a bag of birds means. And jack snipe, well he knows where they drop down thicker than flies on a molasses barrel in August, and will go out and kill three or four barrel. Speaking of shooting, Jack says that ten years ago it was nothing for a good shot to bag 100 ducks a day almost anywhere within a radius of fifty miles of Omaha, and declares that he will show them it can be "did" yet. He says the spring prospects couldn't be finer, there will be plenty of feed and water, and the birds will come early and stay late.

The Omaha Gun club met at Parmelee's gun store one night last week for the purpose of deciding on dates for the next trap tournament of the States Sportsman's association, and May 23, 24 and 25, was finally unanimously agreed upon, the management being entrusted to Messrs. Frank S. Parmalee and W. E. Nason. The club, however will supervise the drafting of the program, and will add $1,000 to the purses. The arrangements for the meeting will all be made on an elaborate scale, and there is but little, if any doubt, but what the affair will be a big success. The club has given itself plenty of time to perfect everything, and it goes without saying that this time nothing tending to assure success will be overlooked or neglected. All the crack shots of the country will be present, including Budd, Fulford, Work, the Klineman's, Harvey Hill, McMurchy, Stice, Parker, Hicks and scores of others. Even the "Only" Penrose promises to be on hand and show the natives how to shoot—probably with his mouth.

The unlawful business of fishing through the ice at Cut-off lake is still being prosecuted with impunity. This might be a matter calling for the attention of the state fish commission.

Banker W. D. Mathews of O'Neill was in the city several days last week. He is a thorough devotee of both rod and gun and has an inexhaustible fund of reminiscence anent hunting in the early days of Nebraska. At some future time the tale of his adventures in the Niobrara valley will be recounted in these columns—particularly his night with the wolves on the banks of the legendary Minnaeshaduza.

A correspondent from Paxton, Neb., writes me that Clint Hicks and Clarence Trent of Paxton killed eleven Canada geese on the North river one day last week.

The ducks have begun to drop in in straggling flocks and the shooting is apt to open up almost any time.

Questions and Answers.

OMAHA, Feb. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please answer the following in Sunday's BEE: Did Joe Goddard ever say he whipped Peter Jackson in Australia? If so, how many rounds?—Subscriber.

Ans.—They fought an eight-round draw and Goddard claims he had the best of it.

PIERCE, Neb., Feb. 10.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please state in your Sunday number if Nancy Hanks ever trotted a quarter in better than thirty seconds, and if so, where and when and the exact time.—Horseman.

Ans.—It is claimed that Nancy has made the quarter in :29 and a fraction.

OMAHA, Feb. 15.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please state in Sunday's BEE who you consider the best live bird shot in the state. Some say one and some say another, and I would like to hear from you, as we consider you authority on sports?—George E. Smith.

Ans.—I think Frank Parmelee the best live bird shot in the state, although there are a number of shots, among whom I might mention J. J. Hardin, who would give him a tight race. However, I think he can beat any man in Nebraska, and most any man in the country for that matter.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: In playing the game of high five do we either have to follow suit or trump?—James W. Mann.

Ans. Trumps must be played on trumps; or off suits suit must be followed, but it is not compulsory to play trumps if you cannot follow.

HUMPHREY, Neb., Feb. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you answer in Sunday BEE the following question to decide a bet: In a six-hand game of razzle dazzle high five No. 2 bids 14, No. 3 15, No. 5 16, and No. 5 claims if he plays it alone and makes 14 points he wins. Can he bid 16 in a high five game of razzle dazzle?—Subscriber.

Ans.—He cannot.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 12.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Sunday's BEE, in giving an account of how Jim Hall was training, spoke about his putting a heavy strap around his forehead and lifting two forty-pound dumb bells. Will you kindly explain what their meaning is? Does he lift the bells with his head or how does he use them? Answer in SUNDAY BEE next.—A Subscriber.

Ans.—He lifts them with his head. This is for strengthening the neck.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please inform me under your answers to correspondents column the whereabouts of Omaha's once famous shortstop, Joe Walsh; is he dead or still playing during the league season?—L. A. U.

Ans.—He is an attache of the Pacific Express company, and will play ball in Atlanta next season.

CREIGHTON COLLEGE, Feb. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: A few weeks ago I noticed an announcement that probably before the coming spring was over an amateur championship would be held in Omaha. Since then I have seen nothing more, and as I take a great interest in athletics I should feel obliged if you will inform me through your correspondents column in Sunday's BEE when, where, and what events the competition is likely to take place.—Enquirer.

Ans.—The Omaha Athletic club contemplated such a competition, but have, I believe, given it up.

February 13.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please answer in next Sunday's BEE the following: A, B, C and D are playing cribbage. A holds two eights, one seven and a six spot before the cut. B cuts the cards and there is an eight spot turned up. What does A's hand count?—Mc.

Ans.—Twenty-one.

There are letters at the sporting department of THE BEE for Dick Moore, Emil Haeft and Zick Abraham.

SOME MEN OF MARK.

Ex-Senator William M. Evarts has just rounded out three-quarters of a century of life. He is less active in the pursuit of his profession than formerly, and spends much of his time at his Vermont farm.

Dr. Mary Walker isn't bothering about the reintroduction of crinoline. She will quietly persevere in her Prince Albert coat, dark trousers, button shoes, silk hat and brown military cape, which is her de rigueur.

A memorial statue to General Fitz John Porter, who for many years suffered an unjust sentence by court martial, is about to be erected in Portsmouth, N. H., where the general had many friends, both civil and military.

Senor Sarasate, the noted violinist, is the possessor of many watches, no less than thirty-two of which have been given him at different times. Some of them are extremely valuable, and several are appropriately violin-shaped.

Dr. Jenkins, health officer of the port of New York, is a man of light build, about 5 feet 7½ inches in height. He wears a set of auburn side whiskers, without which he would look like a boy of 19. He is a bold fighter and accounts for it by the fact that he came from Mississippi.

The Denison (Tex.) Herald chronicles the arrival in that city of Isa-To-Ba, one of the most picturesque characters in the Chickasaw nation. His long silky hair, massive head and generally imposing appearance attract attention wherever he goes. He has been justice of the Chickasaw supreme court and national auditor. He is a full-blooded Indian, but is known to the whites as Josiah Brown.

The chance that General John Corse, who "held the fort" at Altoona and after a terrible battle declared that he "could whip all h—l yet," may again be appointed to office recalls this incident: When he was made postmaster at Boston the newspapers were full of stories of his valor, and scores of clippings were sent to him at his home in Winchester. Repetitions of the phrase just quoted were abundant. At length one day his wife, half in jest and half in a feeling of annoyance, said to the general: "There is one consolation at least, and that is that you have got through licking all h—l and will occupy yourself for some time to come in licking postage stamps."

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

The devil's masterpiece is a drunkard's home.

A man with a bad liver very often has a good heart.

If the tongue could kill not many would live to old age.

Every man in a brass band thinks his horn makes the best music.

There is no greater misfortune in life than to have a bad mother.

The devil has no better helper than the man with a fault-finding spirit.

The diamond has the most sparkle, but the window glass does the most good.

The trouble with people who can talk is that they are apt to say too much.

The shadow of a misfortune will generally frighten us more than the disaster itself.

The world is full of lion fighters, but it is hard to find people who won't run from a hornet.

If you have the wrong kind of religion in the street cars you don't have the right kind at church.

Do good as often as you have opportunity, and it will not be your fault if you are not kept busy.

The recording angel never strikes a balance on his books by what is said of a man on his gravestone.

There are men who would be willing to go on a mission to China who let their wives carry in all the stove-wood.

A little weed has no more right to live than a big one. To spare any kind of a sin may mean to lose your own life.

When all people are willing to become as good as they think their neighbors ought to be the millennium will come.

You can't always tell how much religion people have by the amount of rain they will go through to get to prayer meeting.

There are preachers who would make several radical changes in the plan of salvation if they could.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in other places where it is more needed.

Every new acquaintance we make has the power to tell us something we didn't know about ourselves.

One of the times when a man begins to cry and sigh that all men are not honest is when he gets the wrong hat.

A ballet girl's costume, an experienced ballet master tells us, weighs, on an average, about twenty-five ounces, but the ballet master does not explain whether this estimate includes the smile that seem to weigh so heavy on the ballet dancer's heart.