SPORT FOR FLOWERY MAY

Deeds in the Field and Ring and on Land and Water.

OPENING OF THE BLACK BASS SEASON

The Last of the Jacks—Derby Day Next Wednesday—McCoy and The Mysterious—The Ball Players and Regular Sporting Round-Up.

THE twenty-fifth annual international game of foot ball between Scotland and England was played at Celtic park, Glasgow, Scotland, on the 4th of April last, and I am in receipt of the Glasgow Evening Times of that date containing an elaborate two-page illustrated story of the contest, a courtesy extended by James Gardner, 2922 Seward street, this city, who was abroad this spring and had the pleasure of witnessing a 30,000 crowd at the same park. This annual struggle is certainly one of the premier athletic events of the world, in so far as the extraordinary excitement it occasions in these two countries, the enormous crowds it draws and the fortune that flows in at its gates are concerned. The great contest was inaugurated in 1872 and has been played annually ever since. During this time there have been six draw games, Scotland has won twelve and England seven. The attendance has always been tremendous, but in this regard the last contest surpassed anything ever known before, there being 80,000 paid admissions recorded twenty minutes before the start, when the gates were closed, the capacity of the grounds being taxed to their utmost. To give a vague idea of the imaginary importance of the affair it is only necessary to mention that there were 160 active newspaper reporters in the boxes and that the receipts of the day aggregated something like $30,000. After an unprecedentedly fierce and thrilling struggle Scotland won by a score of 2 goals to 1. In its description of the scene the Times said: "Electrifying indeed were the sights in and about Celtic park. In fact, as it appeared from the press pavilion, Celtic park resembled what the famous Colosseum in Rome makes it. Never in the annals of foot ball has such a crowd turned out to see the game or have been accommodated with so much comfort. As early as noon the public began to put in an appearance, and from that on the torrent of hurrying humanity continued. The spectators came from all parts of the kingdom, railway and steamboat companies having offered unusual facilities for cheap travel; indeed, if the man from Aberdeen had indulged in the luxury of a cab his journey from Buchanan street to Parkhead would have cost him more than his 300 miles to and from the banks of the Dee. The "Gay Gordons" were conspicuous among the crowd, and their white jackets caused not a little interest among the folks who looked down upon the animated scene from the Gallowgate windows or from those in the less patronized route by London road. Country youths, with big sticks, pungent cigars, cutty pipes, or the fashionable cigarette, came in their thousands, and the men of the south, on Easter holiday, were among the earliest arrivals at the park gates. To a nervous person the efforts of children and old women to cross the line of traffic caused a shudder of terror, but a few juvenile ragamuffins were not so timorous, for they endeavored to turn an honest penny by amateur displays of acrobacy."

As is to be seen by occasional telegrams from various cities, Jim Corbett, the ex-heavyweight champion of the United States, aided and abetted by his claquers and a limited number of misguided and prejudiced, if not subsidized, sporting writers, is still endeavoring to force "Colonel" Robert Fitzsimmons, "Esq.," into some sort of an agreement to fight him, but to the everlasting glorification of the Colonel he is steadfast in his determination to fool the whole outfit until Corbett fights and defeats Slavin, Maher or Choynski, then he will consent to meet and put him out in ten rounds. Fitz is certainly bully, and all the rot being foisted on the people by a small number of newspaper friends of Corbett about wanting a fighter who will fight should be met with the contempt it deserves. Fitz is all right and there isn't a square sport in the country but who is ready to give him the happy hand. Didn't Corbett demand that Fitzsimmons should meet Maher or O'Donnell before he would fight him, and wasn't there weary months wasted before the Dallas plot was finally concocted? I guess yes. Let these ducks who are thirsting so savagely for a fight get up one between Corbett and Alkali Peter, Frank Slavin, Joe Goddard or any good old man. Let him demonstrate what he is capable of and then, after Fitz takes his little jaunt on the continent, he'll return and give Jimmy a job as is a job. Savey?

All over the country the ambitious bicycle riders are industriously engaged in conditioning themselves for the national circuit races which will soon be on. New riders have sprung up in all the large cities, and in the rural districts, too, so far as that is concerned, and it is very reasonable to expect that some of the speedy champions of last season will find themselves in the dust before the wind-up in the autumn. The professional ranks will be swelled a hundred fold over this year and bicycle racing is a sport which is certain to take rank with both base ball and horse racing. There are the three pastimes in which there is money, and as money is what we are all after an exodus from the amateur ranks is inevitable. Even here in Omaha we are to see a number of new racing men and several of the local celebrities are very likely to have their measure taken early in the game.

Two weeks from tomorrow night, at the Suffolk club in Boston, Mysterious Billy Smith and Kid McCoy will punch each other for the so-called middle-weight championship of America. It will undoubtedly be a great battle and is already arousing much interest in short-haired circles. In the minds of a majority of the patrons of the game the event is now all over but the shouting, and the wise ones are anxious to put up their coin on the Hoosier boxer. He is regarded as a lead pipe almost by the quid nuncs, but I must confess I am not a quid. I have seen these sapient ones bowled over and separated from their bank notes and silver pieces with a regularity that has been conducive to a higher education. Smith was one of the hardest welter-weights the ring has produced in many a morn, and during his late sojourn on the tight battle isle across the sea he took on a good deal of "size" and is back here in such condition as he hasn't known for two years, and from this on he will trot in the middle class. From what I know personally of the two men I am convinced that the match is a very even one. Physically, McCoy has natural advantages over Smith. He is taller, longer in the reach and heavier, and his friends are not only playing him on this, but on his form. His easy victory over Tommy Ryan, who beat Smith to a standstill once and fought him three draws, is all the record they care to glance at. But it will take more than this to show me. I have learned that figuring a fighter's form by comparative analysis is deucedly unsatisfactory, and often leads to false conclusions as to the relative merits of men. Still, this is the only means the fancy have of judging men whom they have never seen perform, and they take it that if Tom beats Jerry in five rounds, and Willie beats Jerry in three Willie will beat Tom, all things being equal. But this inference is often N. J. It led lots of wise guys to lose their money on such men as Sullivan, Goddard and Hall, and I think the list is not yet closed. I do not, by these remarks, mean to say that I believe that Smith will beat McCoy, for, as a matter of fact, I am very much at sea as to the outcome of the match, but I do believe that making McCoy an odds-on favorite is more due to a false impression than sound judgment. Smith is the fastest fighter in the ring today, almost too fast for his own good, as was proven in his fight with Tommy Ryan at Minneapolis. If he would husband his speed a little until the battle is well on, he ought to whip any man in his class that I can think of.

It may be that the Mysterious, like Tommy Ryan, is a little bit premature in jumping into the middle weight division, yet I hardly think so. Pugilists, as is well known, more than any other class of men, seem destined to fare the ill effects of over-ambition. This is probably due to the fact that the combativeness of their nature instills them with the belief that Richelieu was eminently correct when he declared there was no such word as fail. I would like to see Richelieu try to open a faro bank in Omaha. I have a sneakin' idea the reverend gentleman would change his mind. For over a decade we had two pugilists in this country who were considered equal to any task cut out for them. To this day we are all regretting that they were surcharged with this same ambition. They were popular idols. They couldn't move or speak without having action or words reflected in the daily press. How about them today? John L. Sullivan, champion of the world from February 7, 1882, until September 8, 1892, is as good as dead so far as fistic affairs go. And the other one, poor Jack Dempsey. It was over-ambition that hurried him into a premature grave. But the sports are all more or less afflicted with this inimical malady. Cummings furnished a sample of it in "feet" running annals, when he gave the handicap to George; Whistler, the old Omahan, in wrestling, is another example, and no later than a half dozen months ago we saw the evil result of unjustifiable aspirations on the part of Tommy Ryan. All of which puts me in mind of Tommy Miller's sage remarks to me the night he was knocked over the divide by Ike Weir. "Dere's nothin' in dis knowin' too much but troub. Dese guys wot knows it all gives me a pain, see? From dis time on I'm goin' look fur marks. How would youse like to loan me a case? I'm goin' to join the swell procession and go to de oprey."

Out on the beautiful Churchill Downs near Louisville the Derby candidates are being sent down the line every day now, and if you could be present and interview the rail birds in quest of a tip you would discover that there has been a mighty change since a week ago. Then the touts could see no horse but Ben Brush, but today about every nine out of ten will tell you that the colt that beats First Mate will win the big race on May 6. The slashing chestnut is in great form and so is that other hot rag, Ulysses. There is much doubt about Ben Brush. He is said to be a little high and it will require careful attention to condition him for a bruising race by Wednesday next. If this cannot be done the stocky son of Bramble will join those other Derby favorites, Himyar, Proctor Knott and Runnymede.

For a time it was thought that the Lorillard and Croker horses across the drink were going to prove rank failures, for it seemed impossible for them to get their noses from out among the bunch of also rans, but they have come at last. On Tuesday last Lorillard won one race and was inside the money in three others. Berzak, a 100 to 7 shot, was the winner. However, there is not so awful much encouragement in this bit of luck, for Berzak was bred on the other side and the other American horses have all ran unplaced in the previous events in which they have figured. The fact is, there isn't a single real race winner in either of the Yankee stables over there. Just wait until we send over a boat load of Henry of Navarres, Cliffords, Rey del Carreres, Dominos, Lazzarones, Keenans, Halmas, Ben Brushes, Dorians, Counter Tenors, Sir Walters, Hornpipes, Nanki Poohs, Belmars, Senator Gradys and the like and we won't do a thing to the prince of Wales, L. de Rothschild, Lord Ellesmere and the rest of the royal gang.

Again the rules governing the great college game of foot ball have undergone a pretty thorough revision at the hands of an expert committee appointed for the purpose. This committee consisted of Walter Camp, Yale; Alex Moffat, Princeton; J. H. Sears, Harvard; John C. Bell, Pennsylvania, and Prof. Dennis, Cornell, and after carefully overhauling the whole code they unanimously agreed on many important changes, and for the first time in the history of the sport will the colleges of the country be able to play under a regular and uniform set of rules. The fact that slugging is to be absolutely tabooed will meet a most generous and popular approval and go a long way in elevating this vigorous pastime. The rules subject to material change are subjoined:

Rule 29—No player shall lay his hands upon, or by the use of his hands or arms interfere with an opponent before the ball is put in play. After the ball is put in play, the player on the side that has possession of the ball can obstruct the opponents with his body only, except the player who runs with the ball, but the player of the side not having the ball can use their hands and arms to push the opponents out of the way.

Rule 30 (A)—A player shall be disqualified for unnecessary roughness, hacking or striking with a closed fist.

(B)—If a player be disqualified or injured a substitute shall take his place; the player thus replaced cannot return to further participation in the game.

(C)—For the offense of throttling, tripping or tacking below the knees the opponents shall receive fifteen yards or a free kick at their option. In case, however, the fifteen yards will carry the ball across the goal line they may have the distance from the spot of the offense to the goal line, but shall be allowed a free kick.

Rule 31—A foul shall be granted for any violation of the rules or for unnecessary delay of the game, off-side play or holding an opponent unless he has the ball. No delay arising from any cause whatsoever shall continue more than three minutes.

(B)—The penalty for fouls, except where otherwise provided, shall be when the offending side has the ball, the advance of the ball ten yards.

(C)—The offended side may refuse to accept the penalty where it is to its advantage. But in a case of a run resulting, should it be over fifteen yards, that distance shall be the limit allowed.

(D)—Whenever the rule provides for a distance penalty prescribed would carry the ball across the goal line on that of the intervening distance shall be given.

Tommy Ryan writes me from the Mansion House in Buffalo that he will attempt to retrieve his strained fortunes on the night of May 18 by whipping Joe Dunfee, the Syracuse middleweight. They are to go twenty-five rounds, and while Tommy has a good stiff argument on hand I think he will prove his supremacy, that is, if he is anything like as good as he used to be. I have a vague suspicion that Ryan has retrograded within the last twelvemonth, but hope it is a mistake. As a rather queer coincidence, it will be observed that Tommy's conqueror and victim, Kid McCoy and Billy Smith, bump against each other in Boston on the same night.

ON THE BALL FIELD.

The League Race and Breezy Gossip from Far and Near.

UNLESS all signs fail this is going to prove the greatest year in the National league the royal old game has ever known. Crowds of five, six, ten and twelve thousand are of almost daily occurrence, and if the excitement keeps up the grounds in several cities will have to be enlarged. And still there are a few stulted and misguided people who claim that the game is dead.

Thus far the pennant race has proved a mighty interesting one, and full of surprises. Both Baltimore and Cleveland seem to have lost their terrors, and several of the "not-in-its" are decidedly conspicuous. But as my old cadaverous friend, O. P. Caylor, is wont to chirp, the season is young yet, and it is hardly time to attempt to size up the respective teams. It has long been established that ante-season work against minor and college leagues don't count. It doesn't develop the real merit of the fast players. They must have three weeks or a month's experience against each other, with the stimulus of a championship game to extend them, and the fellow who is now yawping, "I told you so," will be telling you so again before the firecrackers begin to crack. Two weeks from the opening of the season is no time to rejoice, groan or philosophize.

How the mighty have tumbled. New York had enough pitchers to free Ireland when the Giants went to Jacksonville, but today she hasn't one that would take rank with Jack O'Neil or Cornelius Boxendale.

Charlie Abbey, whose work for Washington last year was extremely rocky, has recovered his 1894 ability and is putting up very nice ball, says the Chicago Chronicle. Abbey is a newspaper man in the winter, and is a cousin of Bert Abbey, now of Brooklyn and recently of Chicago. Bert Abbey used to play on the University of Vermont team, and the club had a strange and pious look on the score card, as its list of players included Abbey, Church, Priest and Sanctuary.

"Dad" Clarke nearly always retires the first few batsmen who face him. He turns the full light of his countenance upon them and the shock is such that they usually strike out, foul out or do anything to get back to the bench and away from that mug we all know so well out here.

Gus Schmelz has taken all the strings off of Scheibeck and once more Frankie is adrift in the cold world. An Irishman by the name of DeMontreville is filling Shy's place.

Arlie Latham, spavined and broken down, has been turned out to pasture, at last. As a final act to his checkered career he hit Umpire Sheridan's fist an awful rap with his nose the other day, and for this Vondy will probably retain whatever "celery" there is due him.

"Vy, oh vy, did I efer let dot thing play ball mit my glob," cried Chris Von der Ahe one day as he jumped up in the stand and gazed out at Frank Genius, over whose head a ball had just been batted, and over the fence to boot.

"Vot is it dot fellow does out dere, anyvay?" he bellowed. "Fine him fife tollars!"

"What for?" asked the faithful Munson.

"Vot for? For not chasing dot ball, of gourse!"

"But the ball was over the fence!"

"Vell, he should dake an inderest in it, anyvay! He shouldn't stand dere dot vay und look at it go! Vy didn't he follow it, I vant to know?"

The actions of the crowd at Pittsburg the other day—tearing up paper and throwing it in the air in such clouds that it confused the Louisville fielders—marked a new era in devility. It was as clever a trick as was ever played by a gang anxious to see the home team win, and its inventor ought to be decorated with a medal by the Pittsburg managers. The antics of the crowd at a ball game are always amusing, but it is not one time in fifty that the crowd manages to interfere so far as to give victory to its team.

About two months ago Uncle Nick Young issued a proclamation to the League, warning the other eleven clubs to watch out for Louisville, which again proves that the senile Nichodemus knows more or less about a ball team than any other living man. Up to date the Colonels have won one pearly little game.

Gibson, the ground tender at University park, has got a big stuffed club in soak for the first boy who runs off with a ball knocked over the fence, that is if he can catch him.

The Detroits will be here for a game with Captain Abbott's professors two weeks from tomorrow, and the likelihood is that Kid Eagan, who was with McVittie's aggregation in '94, will do the pitching for the Wolverines. The Kid is pitching in great form this spring.

Freedman, the bugaboo of New York base ball, hit a reporter in the jaw the other day, and the reporter didn't do a thing but rush right off to the office and give Solomon a column ad. What he should have done was to tear a board off the fence and break his face with it.

Dad Clarke, they say, is showing the effects of too much work. The same old shell game Dad has been playing season in and season out for six or eight years.

After all Lou Camp did not go to St. Paul until Thursday last. Comisky wrote and told him to go to Columbus, that he had sold his release, but Camp couldn't see it in that light, and Thursday he left for St. Paul with the determination of compelling Commy to show down.

The Omaha Street Railway Base Ball association, composed of conductors and motormen, are getting into shape to give some crack nines a tussle this season. The officers are: C. F. McKenna, manager; S. K. Greenleaf, captain; M. Clark, assistant captain; E. E. Rink, treasurer; J. R. Gilliam, secretary.

The Metz Bros. team is fast getting into condition. The only defeat they have sustained thus far was at the hands of the strong University club team.

FIELD, STREAM AND TRAP.

Rambles Here and There with Rod and Gun.

THE SPRING shooting may now said to be practically over. The ducks and geese have about all winged their way on to their breeding fastnesses in the far north, and the jacksnipe will remain but a brief period longer. From this on till the middle of July trapshooting will almost wholly occupy the attention of shooters. Of course there is some little sport yet to be had with the yellowlegs and sandpipers, but when the shooting simmers down exclusively to this class of game sportsmen grow lukewarm in the pastime, and the birds are not very generally molested. In July the upland plover come in from the north, linger here until the latter part of August, then continue on to their winter quarters on the plateaus of New Mexico and Texas. They are a very gamey bird, make a capital broil or bake, and afford unparalleled midsummer sport. In season they are extremely plentiful in this region, haunting our broad hay fields and grassy uplands by the thousands. Later come young doves, which, while not included in Nebraska's game law, are almost universally recognized by gastronomes as a superior table morsel, and have their regular open and close seasons in most states. In August the sicklebill curlew arrives, and in the sandhill country in large numbers; in September chicken, and in October the wild fowl and quail season again begins.

While the shooters' joy, however, has narrowed down to the tamer sport of shattering clay pigeons, their confreres, the fisherman, from this on until frost, will be belly-deep in clover, for the angling season has opened up in a most auspicious way. From trout, in the mountains, to bullheads in the Boyer, there are lively and joyous times ahead. Already big catches of bass and croppie have been made on all the local waters from Quinnebogg and Langdon to Manawa and Cut-off. Henry Homan and Mrs. Homan spent a day at Noble's lake last week and made a magnificent catch of croppies, while Frank Bell, Morris Rosenthal and Dave Sampson duplicated this feat at the same place on Sunday. Friday evening Major Jim Dewar, Charlie Coons, Joe Sykes and Jack O'Hern left for Lake Washington, the open season in Minnesota beginning May 1, and from this on until the dog days excursions from this city will be frequent to this popular and beautiful resort. Lake Washington is indeed a picturesque spot and one of the most alluring black bass grounds in all the north country. Its waters are embedded, like a sparkling gem, amidst an exhuberant growth of verdure. There are bordering grain fields and wild and rocky shores also, the whole making a picture of matchless attractiveness. Banks massed with purple lupins and wild lilacs fill the early spring air with ecstatic fragrance, the white, pink and blue morning glories clamber and creep over the rocks, the furzy squirrel-tail trails in the water, and, later, the scarlet Indian plume nods in the breeze and fills the scene with color.

And what sport is to be had there. Did you ever land a five-pound black bass or a seven or eight-pound pickerel? How the royal old big mouth does make your reel click, as he dashes away, twists, contorts and frantically gyrates in his aqueous lair. There! he's actually in the air, his dark-green sides flashing a prism in the May sunlight, until with a splash he is buried in the blue waters again and the stubborn battle for liberty is resumed. But if you know your business and know how to handle the rod and manipulate the reel he is as good as yours. Give him line when he demands it, but always taut, and with the one idea of reeling in at every possible chance. Keep cool, be careful, and in a few moments you will have the landing net under him and the struggle is over.

Colonel J. J. Dickey, W. P. McFarlane and Fred Blake made their last foray into the field for this spring one day last week. They were at Missouri Valley, or in the big marshes contiguous thereto, and after ten hours of laborious tramping, succeeded in bagging forty-eight jacks. The whole country was inundated, the shooting difficult and the showing was a good one, indeed.

Stockton Heth and a companion were on the same grounds the succeeding day, and, although the Dickey party claimed they had either killed or driven the last scolopax from the country, came back with twenty-eight, as many yellowlegs and a bunch of blue-wing teal.

Frank Parmelee has been in attendance at the Joplin Owl shoot all week, and, of course, made his usual impression over there. He was inside the money on every shoot, and won enough "firsts" to start a small bank. Charlie Budd, the Des Moines man, won the E. C. cup.

Omaha Gun Club Rooms, April 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please note that the season's shooting began May 2 and will end September 26. To be eligible for a prize you must participate in at least fourteen shoots and no "shooting up" of scores will be allowed except in the case of two members, which was provided for by resolution adopted by the club. A score to count must not be begun prior to 3 o'clock p. m., nor later than 5 o'clock p. m., shooting to be at twenty-five targets, known traps, unknown angles. Among the prizes there will doubtless be one for the member who participates in the greatest number of shoots, regardless of his average. It is earnestly requested that each member will make it a point to be present on the opening day.

W. D. KENYON, Secretary.

Sam Richmond, the famous scout and guide of Clarks, and one of the best fellows on earth and a capital shot, spent a couple of days and about $22 in cash in Omaha last week.

Frank Parmelee will leave for Guttenburg tomorrow to take part in the big tournament that takes place there this week.

Some pretty tall fish stories are oozing up from Long Pine. The latest is that a couple of commercial travelers, C. M. Rucker and Harry Lewis, went down to the river one night last week and had a fight with a monster rainbow, but after a stubborn contest of half an hour, the ichthyological behemoth made a big lunge, broke Harry's bot—pole plumb in the middle, and got away. The next day one of the village maidens was gathering hollyhocks, chrysanthemums, artichokes and other esculent vegetables down on the creek's bank, when she saw something floating on the water which she took for the lid of a piano. With her rook she pulled the object into shore, and what do you think it was? Nothing, only Rucker and Lewis' trout, and it weighed a ton. The way them two traveling men identified the fish was by a strawberry mark on one of its legs, and the hook which they found embedded in its gills had Mr. Rucker's name set in diamonds on its shank.

By the way, without any joking, they are catching some fine trout in Long Pine creek, and the place promises to become a famous resort. Judge R. E. B. Kennedy of this city is given the credit of making the first plant here, back in the spring of 1887. Twenty thousand trout fry were put in these waters by the State Fish commission last month, and a large invoice is destined for the same place this month.

The Mecca of trap shooters this month, commencing on the 19th, will be on the grounds of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective association, at Kansas City. It will be the nineteenth annual tournament of the association, and as the prizes and added money amount to $2,500, it is safe to predict that it will be one of the notable shoots of the year. In a note to the sporting editor President Walden says:

It is with pleasure that I can state that every event in our program will be faithfully carried out. Every dollar of the added money in every event is now on deposit with the First National bank of this city, and will be paid promptly upon the completion of every event, and every rule appended will be carried out to the letter, and we assure you with your co-operation this will be a "red-letter day" in the history of the Missouri association. We hold this tournament for the exclusive pleasure of its participants, working in the interest of no manufacturer of dealer in powders, guns, shells, targets, etc. We have no handicap, treating all alike, and trusting that the best man will win. We take out no per cent of the purses, and we are conducting our tournament on conservative business principles.

The British Sportsman, under the kennel department, quotes as follows from an English pamphlet: "It is a growing evil, and unquestionably a bad fault from a working point of view, a dog overdone with feather can't work, and I notice that in nearly all the specimens that have this abundance of feather, the feather is of a quality that is quite wrong in texture, and instead of being silky it is linty in texture, consequently everything sticks to it, and with a spaniel with feathering of this class and with as much of it as one now sees in a modern Skye terrier, work is simply out of the question. In snowy weather the snowballs on the poor brute's legs are of such an extent that he can't walk, and it is almost as bad on heavy, wet land; in fact, such feathering picks up everything, and such an animal can't walk through a farmyard without taking half a truss of straw away, and to work a ditch or a fence is an impossibility."

If any of the readers of The Bee run across anything of interest in the shooting, fishing or natural history line, or anything of interest to sportsmen generally, in their rambles for pleasure with rod or gun, they will do the nice thing by sending it in briefly to the sporting editor.

F. J. Smith, editor of the rod and gun department of the Northwestern Horseman and Sportsman, Minneapolis, spent a pleasant few moments in The Bee office yesterday.

THE OUTDOOR CHURCH.

London Spectator.

The carven pillars of the trees,
The flowered mosaic of the grass,
The green transparent traceries
Of leaf on leaf that lightly lies
And lightly move when breezes pass.

The anthem of the waterfall,
My chorister the blackbird's lay,
And singing with, suffusing all,
Borne by the wind and still let fall,
The incense of the new-mown hay—

This is my church, my altar there;
Here Earth, the kindly mother, kneels,
Her mighty hands outspread in prayer,
While o'er her brow the sunny air,
A south wind, full of blessing, steals.

She wraps me in her mantel-fold,
I kneel and pray beside her there
As children do whom mothers hold,
And living air, and sunlight gold,
And wood and meadow, pray with me.

Asleep on Their Beats.

"Police officers frequently go to sleep while patroling their beats," was the information volunteered by a well known member of the police force to the Washington Star, "especially during the couple of hours that precede daylight. They have no idea of hoodling, either. Only a short time ago I knew of an officer whose beat did not extend south of Pennsylvania avenue on Fourteenth street, who, while asleep, walked all the way down along that street to the Long Bridge. When he awoke he was within ten feet of a locomotive coming across the bridge, and was so frightened that he did not find his way back for nearly an hour. I know of another case, and heard the story from the officer himself, who wandered all the way along E street from Fifth street northeast to Judiciary square. He got all mixed up in the square, and actually had to ask some one where he was before he could find his way back to his beat. Of course, there are officers occasionally who settle down for a quiet snooze, but the cases I speak of are those who actually and without any intention or desire go asleep while they are walking about."

Every man should read the advertisement of Thos. Slater on page 11 of this paper.

JUNE'S BIG TROTTING MEET

A Visit to the Track and the Talk of a Veteran Trainer.

A LOT OF GOOD ONES ALREADY ON HAND

What is Going on in All Parts of the Country—Hoof Beats on Many Tracks—Prospects for an Exceedingly Busy Season.

The prospects are brilliant for the success of the coming June meeting of the Omaha Fair and Speed association. A recent visit to the track showed the active preparations which have been made for that series of speed events, which are to inaugurate the Western Grand Circuit. Vast improvements have been made since last fall, and horsemen now pronounce it as one of the fastest courses in the country. The different stables already contain many fine looking animals, sleek and well groomed, which are daily scanned by critical eyes, quick to see and remedy any want or defect.

During a round of the grounds a veteran tariner, commenting on the vast improvement of the light harness horse in recent years, said:

"I was reading an article lately which recalled what was then considered a great triumph for the trotter, fifty years ago, I being but a youngster then. I was one of the gathering at the old Beacon couse at Hoboken, N. J., and witnessed the first lowering of the 2:30 record by the then famous gray mare 'Lady Suffolk,' and with others, I waxed enthusiastic at what we supposed to be the time limit for fast trotting; but as time has gone on, in almost each succeeding season, of recent years, at least, the record has been materially reduced, until now the two minute class is so near an assured fact that even I, so far advanced along the home stretch of old age, hope to witness its fulfillment before coming under the final wire. There are any number of fine horses at this track now, which, even in their obscure youth, bear every promise of being among the foremost in the near future, if good blood and breeding may be accepted as a criterion, and with this track and its surroundings and features conducive to speed, there is no reason that at the end of the coming meeting, which will commence June 9, the Omaha track record should not be one to be proud of."

Handling the record, which is reproduced below, he said: "This clipping shows each pronounced advance in the fast trotting mark, and I hope to see the leap which will cut the record to the long hoped for two minutes."

Lady Suffolk, gr. m., foaled, 1883, by Engineer, second dam, by Don Quixote; Beacon course, Hoboken, N. J., October 13, 1845. Time, 2:29½.

Flora Temple, b. m., foaled, 1845, by Bogus Hunter, dam, Madame Temple; Kalamazoo, Mich., October 15, 1859. Time, 2:19¾.

Jay Eye See, blk. g., foaled, 1878 by Dictator, dam Midnight, by Pilot, jr., second dam Twilight, by Lexington. Providence, R. I., August 1, 1884. Time, 2:10.

Maud S, ch. m., foaled 1874, by Harold, dam, Miss Russel by Pilot jr., second dam, Sally Russell, by Boston; Cleveland, O., July 30, 1885. Time, 2:08¾.

Sunol, b. m., foaled, 1886, by Electioneer, dam, Waxana, by General Benton, second dam, Waxy, by Lexington; Stoctont, Cal., October 20, 1892. Time, 2:08¼.

Dexter, br. g., foaled, 1857, by Alexander's Abdallah, dam, Ab, by Abdallah First; Mystic pard, Boston, September 2, 1874. Time, 2:14.

Rarus, b. g., foaled, 1867, by Conklin's Abdallah, dam, Nancy Awful, by Telegraph; Buffalo, N. Y., August 3 1878. Time, 2:13¼.

St. Julien, b. g., foaled, 1869, by Volunteer, dam Flora, by Harry Clay; Hartford, Conn., August 27, 1880. Time 2:11¼.

Nancy Hanks, br. m., foaled, 1886, by Happy Medium, dam, Nancy Lee, by Dictator; Terre Haute, Ind., September 28, 1892. Time, 2:04.

Alix, b. m., foaled, 1888, by Patronage, dam Atlanta, by Attorney; Galesburg, Ill., September 19, 1894. Time, 2:03¾.

Nancy Hanks, 2:04, and her foal are reported to be doing finely.

The brown gelding Brilliant, a prize winner at the late Boston horse show, was sold on April 23 by Isaac Strauss to H. J. Kunhardt of New York City; price, $1,200.

Budd Doble will sail for Europe on May 16 with his wife and daughter. He will not take any horses.

W. H. Crawford, who has just returned from California, says it is very dull in the Golden State, there having been so much racing there the past winter that everybody is broke.

Star Pointer, 2:04½, goes under the hammer at the next blue ribbon sale at Cleveland.

Geraldine, the dam of Robert J., 2:01½, has foaled a filly by Mambrino King.

C. J. Hamlin and Ed Geers have purchased from Tennessee parties the four-year-old pacer Red Oak, by Red Wilkes.

P. Stoer, McGregor, Ia., owner of the great young race mare Onoqua, 2:08½, recently refused Ed D. Cerula's offer of $10,000 for her.

Keep your eyes on Jubilee Wilkes, 2:11. John Nay has given this horse his personal attention the past winter, and if looks count he will just about cut one of those 15 to 1 squashes.

Woven Wind is one of the entries in the 2:25 trotting stake for three-year-olds at the blue ribbon sale at Detroit in July.

W. Donohue's Lazzarrone, who won the Suburban last year, is doing fast miles every day at Morris Park. "Billy" Lakeland's handicap entries, Hornpipe and Cernuld Tenor, are moving fast at Sheepshead.

"Nick" Hulinger, owner of Frankogan, recently lost the valuable trotting mare Lottie at New Haven by influenza. She was valued at $2,500 and was entered in all the stake events throughout the country during the coming season.

Mr. Hall, the superintendent of J. Malcolm Forbes' farm at Milton, thinks that the brown yearling colt Captain Haff, by Arion, dam Maggie Sultan III., as a 3-year-old by Sultan, has as much speed as any yearling he has ever seen.

W. F. Steele of Chicago, Ill., in a letter to a friend in this city, states that he will send James L, 2:11¼, and Lake Erie, 2:17¼, to Kirtland, Del., to be trained and later will ship each. Both were actively worked at Saugus, Mystic and through Maine last season.

The values, distances and places where the big derby of the year will be run are as follows: Kentucky, at Louisville, Ky., mile and one-quarter, $6,000 guaranteed, May 6; Oakley, at Oakley, O., one mile and one-quarter, $12,500 guaranteed, May 25; National, at St. Louis, Mo., mile and one-half, $20,000 guaranteed, June 20; Latonia, at Covington, Ky., mile and one-half, $10,000, June 25; Milwaukee, Wis., mile and one-quarter, value to winner $2,000, June 27; Inter, at Detroit, guaranteed $5,000, August 4.

Fantasy, 2:06, the great mare from Village farm, became frightened at a goat while being jogged by her owner on the road near Selma, Ala. Her driver was thrown out and the mare ran away, with the cart hanging to her. In running she got the point of one of the shafts under her arm, and in this way injured herself seriously. Previous to the accident Fantasy was in great shape, and Ed Geers was greatly pleased with the way she had been taking her work, but now her racing career for 1896 is doubtless at an end.

Questions and Answers.

OMAHA, April 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following question in The Sunday Bee: In a game of base ball there are three men on bases, two men out, and the batter hits a grounder to the pitcher, who, instead of throwing the ball to first, tries to put the runner on third out at home, but fails. Should the pitcher be scored with an error?—Scorer.

Ans.—Yes, if he makes one.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, May 1.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in The Sunday Bee how whisky poker is played, and oblige a couple of readers.—M. T. H.

Ans.—Each player puts up a certain amount; this forms a pot, which is not increased, there being no betting. Five cards are dealt around, with an extra hand in the middle of the table, called "the widow." The player next to the dealer has the choice of retaining his hand or taking "the widow." If he retains his hand he passes, and the next player has the privilege, and so on all round. If "the widow" be taken the player taking it places his original hand in the center of the table, face up, and the other players in turn take one or more cards from the exposed hand, replacing them with cards from their own. This goes on until one player declares himself satisfied; those after him may continue to exchange cards until it comes round to him again, when the hands are considered "called" and the highest wins. Any player may consider himself satisfied at any time, and so indicates by rapping on the table with his knuckles.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., April 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in next Sunday's paper who is champion wing shot of the United States? (2) Who is champion trap shot of the United States? (3) How long was J. A. R. Elliot champion?—Reader.

Ans.—(1) There is no bonafide champion, either wing or trap shot. (3) Three years.

DES MOINES, April 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please mention a book of instruction in The Sunday Bee on rifle shooting—M. L. Marks.

Ans.—Wingate's Rifle Practice.

DUNLAP, Ia., April 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Answer in The Sunday Bee to decide a bet: In a game of draw poker, A opens a jack pot on a straight, viz., 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; B draws one card and makes a straight, viz., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; isn't the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 highest? Isn't ace always considered highest acrd?—A Subscriber.

Ans.—(1) 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, wins. (2) No, not in this kind of a straight. In straights the ace changes in value.

BEATRICE, April 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet, did Moran, catcher, play in Omaha season of 1893? Please answer in The Sunday Bee, or when did he play in Omaha?—J. A. Hilbourn.

Ans.—Moran played on the Omaha team first, 1890, and 1894.

SOUTH OMAHA, April 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet please state in Sunday's issue of The Bee what the population of London, England, is?—James Andrews.

Ans.—Municipal census, 1891, 4,231,431.

SHORT RUNS.

Happenings Here and There of Interest to Wheelers.

Some people never realize how well off they are until they try to ride a bicycle.

The proposed bicycle trust will certainly come under the law which prohibits any combination to raise the prices of any of the necessaries of life.

A woman bicyclist of Springfield, Mass., has kept a record of her riding during the winter, and says that there have been only twenty-six days since November 1, 1895, when she has not been out on her wheel.

There is nothing new under the sun. In a stained glass window, placed in an English cathedral over 100 years ago, is depicted a bicyclist riding through a town, with the admiring populace watching him.

Mrs. J. M. Savage of Boston, has a remarkable record as a cyclist. During the five years that she has been riding she made thirty-three centuries and covered altogether nearly 20,000 miles. She was the first woman to make the Boston, Providence and Worcester triangle, a distance of 145 miles. Last summer she rode 5,437 miles, including twelve centuries.

A bicycle ordinance very favorable to riders was recently passed at Denver, Colo. Wheelmen will not be obliged to carry lanterns or bells, and it makes it a misdemeanor to throw upon the streets anything which will injure rubber tires.

The cyclists' Utopia is evidently to be found in Belgium. The government is so anxious to encourage wheeling throughout the country that it will construct special cycling tracks along the chief highways. The first track is to be laid at once on the road from Brussels to Ostend.

The latest whim of lady cyclists is to have their wheels painted to match their dress. In the London streets are seen cycles in various shades of green, brown and terra cotta. The fashion was started by Lady Warwick, who in summer had her wheel painted white and dressed in white from head to foot.

St. Louis boasts of a champion tandem team—John Brooks Walters and William G. Davis. The former has but one arm and the latter is minus a leg. Neither of them seem to feel the loss of limbs while astride a wheel. Both can ride without handle bars and tackle a hill as nonchalantly as though they were fully equipped with all that nature gave them.

Union Pacific Wheel Club Notes.

Those members who participated in the run to Millard and Papillion on Saturday, the 25th, will long remember it as one of the most enjoyable trips taken. On the outward journey a stiff head wind was experienced, taxing the muscles of the greener members. From Millard the club wheeled over to Papillion, where supper was served and a rest indulged in until about 8 p. m., when the signal "Mount" was given for the homeward spin. A full moon clearly outlined the road, the wind had died down, and the pedaling to Omaha was of the easiest kind.

Tuesday's run to South Omaha had, of course, to be abandoned on account of the rain storm, but these kinds of disappointments are always expected in April.

There is now no doubt that the club's membership will overshoot the century mark, the deal referred to last week with a prominent bicycle firm having been consummated, whereby nearly a score more of headquarters men—and ladies, too—will become devotees of the steel steed. Superintendent of Car Service Buckingham, Chief Engineer Pegram and Superintendent Sutherland will soon be seen on new mounts. President Anderson, too, has decided to be right up to date, as he has purchased a new 1896 model.

In Captain Reid, the newly appointed local consul of the League of American Wheelmen, Omaha will find a worthy representative and enthusiastic wheelman—one of the hardest workers in town.

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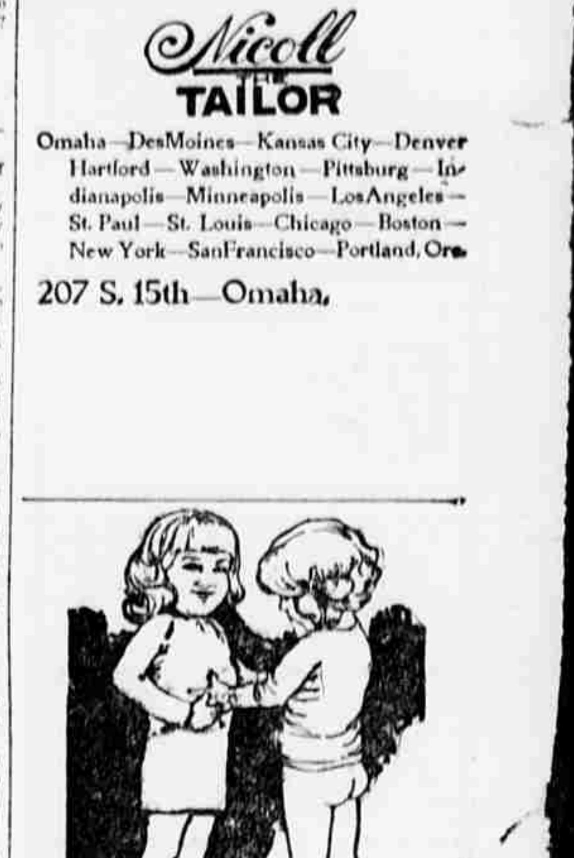
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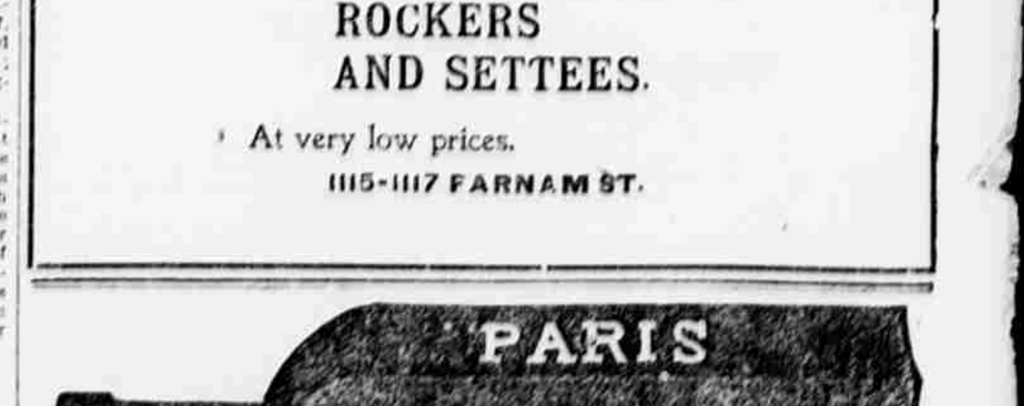

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