THE SPORTS IN HOT WEATHER

What Jack Wilks is Doing Looking to Saturday Night's Mill.

AT THE TRAP AND IN THE FIELD

Club Hunts—Chicken, Quail and Plover—The Straddlers of the Wheel—Dying Yelps and Breezy Notes and Comments.

COUNTRY life seems to be exactly Jack Wilks' size. He was found with his genial big trainer, Heavyweight Jack Davis, at his training quarters at a quiet country place near Covington, Neb., Monday night, as sound as a premium pippin and as hard as the proverbial nails. As a natural consequence he is in excellent health and spirits, and while sanguine of winning his contest with the redoubtable Tommy Ryan next Saturday night, he indulges in no fulsome self-praise or braggadocio.

That isn't Jack's style. He is a gentlemanly and modest fellow and only talks when he has something to say.

"Yes, I'm glad," he said on being informed of Ryan's condition, "that Tommy is getting in the best of fettle, for if I beat the man who is rated with the best in the world in his class they can't come back with the old chestnut that he wasn't fit."

"But are you going to win, Jack?"

"Ask me something easy, Sandy, and I may be able to answer satisfactorily. But I can tell you one thing that if I didn't expect to win I wouldn't be throwing away $10 a day rusticating here and take my chances on losing a couple of thousand more. I expect to win, of course, and can't very well see how anybody can figure out how Ryan has got any the best of me. I have whipped men and made draws with others whom Tommy wouldn't think of going against, no matter what the persuasion might be. I was never bigger, stronger, in better condition or more determined than I am today. Davis is putting me through a course I never underwent before, and I am free to acknowledge that he is the most intelligent and systematic trainer I ever had. Jack says I can't lose, but the big fellow is over-zealous, maybe."

That Wilks is training thoroughly and industriously there is no room for doubt, and if he perseveres, as he assuredly will, one week longer, he will be as fit as judicious work can make him by the 30th, when he will be called upon to defend his reputation and a goodly share of his worldly goods against the assaults of Tommy Ryan before the Magic City Athletic club.

Wilks is a veritable monstrosity, built up somewhat on the Fitzsimmons plan, when stripped for the ring. He possesses wonderful combativeness, as may be seen by an examination of his pugnacious bump. He is tall and boney, with arms like the equatorial quadrumana, and an underpinning which, while unsymmetrical, is well calculated to uphold him through a long and serious trial. He has the typical head, massive jaws, large ears set well back, and a bulging cerebellum that is chock full of fight. That he is resolute as he is game, there is no chance for dispute. He is a hard, aggressive fighter, and never waits for his man to assault him. Like all brainy pugs, he occupies a portion of the initial round wholly on the defensive, but when once he has felt his opponent, look out for lively work. He goes in left and right, and either gets it hard or soon has his man on his beam ends. He is a tremendous hitter, not very clever, but cautious in his mode of warfare when evenly matched. His short arm jabs are particularly dangerous. He moves slowly, to all appearances in the ring, but the man before him generally finds him amply speedy. He is really a dead hard fighter, and if Ryan beats him, he will have well earned the title of welterweight champion.

Like all modern pugilists, Wilks, under Jack Davis' directions, depends almost wholly upon pedestrianism to reduce his adipose and better his wind. It is for the latter effect Jack is now training especially, as the amount of fat ordinarily clinging to his bones wouldn't create much of a furore in a fat stock show.

While not exactly a sprinter, Wilks is both a good runner and walker, and in their pedalistic expeditions every morning and evening he brings big Davis in puffing and blowing like a porpoise. For this species of work the two men are using the river road, which is very sandy, and what is generally termed "heavy going." Davis set the pace for the first week, as Wilks, in his heavy woolen sweaters and drawers, was not quite as supple as his indurated trainer. He soon began to live on these runs, however, and wherever Davis gets in the lead now, it is only by a spurt of the most extraordinary kind. Even these runs, in this torrid weather, do not seem to be very trying on Jack, and instead of modifying, he has increased them, minus his heaviest habiliments. He is already under weight, and is devoting his whole time to wind and endurance tactics. Of course, after each of these pilgrimages up the road, he is bathed and thoroughly rubbed down. Davis is a firm believer in the massage treatment, and Wilks gets its full benefits, both night and morning, at the hands of big Jack and his two assistants. This hand-rubbing, patting and kneeding is surely the best hardening process known to physiculture. Wilks can stand a wonderful amount of this, notwithstanding his attenuated frame, and after every bath, he gets a lively dose of it. Some times his helpers quit limp as dishrags from the strength and energy they have lavished upon him.

He varies his bag punching with bouts with Davis and Cameron, a young Philadelphia trainer, who is working with Davis, and who is very clever himself. Bag punching is merely to make a man quick, alert and effective in delivery. Wilks like Ryan is an adept at this work, and when he sticks his boneymontgomery against the leather, it shoots up against the ceiling as if hurled there by a thunderbolt. The man don't live who can receive and stand up under many blows from Wilks' right.

"If he gets one of those in on Ryan's frontispiece or neck," remarked Davis to me, as Jack sent the pouch crashing against the panels with the force of a mule's heel, "I'll turn my head before he lands the next one, for I have no wish to see the Chicagoan go through the wall!"

And Wilks smiled at his big trainer's enthusiasm.

The skipping rope is another contrivance of latter athletic training, and as in Ryan's case, Wilks resorts considerably to it. While not nearly the artist at this performance that Tommy is, Jack is very clever. It has been proven by scientific research that rope-skipping is greatly instrumental in strengthening the muscles of the stomach, and gives an elasticity to the pectorals obtained by no other process. It is also a wind-helper, and brings all the braces of legs, arms and body to a quick tension and relaxation.

As I remarked in my article on Ryan last week, there is a vast difference in the method of training a man for a fight today from that in use twenty years ago. I was with Aaron Jones at his training quarters at Busenbook Station, Ohio, when he was preparing to meet Mike McCool fully that long ago, and cannot but help compare mentally the two processes. The possibly undue importance attached to athletic prowess today is doubtless the result of a reaction against the almost complete absence of improved means of bodily training and exercise of that decade. Today the training pugilist indulges in the most approved and scientific modes of exercise that tend to strengthen the limbs and render the movements of the body easy and graceful and at the same time to keep the brain bright and active, the muscles hard and strong and the heart in the right place.

Wilks is most scrupulous in his diet, and while he does not religiously eschew all fattening substances, for he can stand considerable of them at all times, he confines himself largely to the foods calculated in strengthening the stomach alone, enhancing at the same time the lung power and the force and keenness of his visual organs. He abstains entirely from malts and spirits of all kinds, and the sight of a pipe, cigar or cigarette would throw him into a duck fit. He has no use for tobacco or liquor, except for swathing purposes while in training.

In conclusion, I will say for the benefit of Jack's large following of friends and admirers, that he is being conscientiously and competently prepared for his great knuckle debate with Tom Ryan next Saturday evening, and if there is anything in absolute perfect condition, He will be fit to contest for the maintenance of all the faith there is within them. He looks a dangerous man and will make a great fight.

Jack Wilks was born of American parents at Evansville, Ind., in the year 1865. He is an athlete and pugilist from early training, and has a record as good as the best of them. Among his many notable encounters, strange as it may appear, he has had no less than eleven draws, every one of them, however, with men known in pugilistic circles throughout the country. In the majority of these he was badly handicapped by either height, weight or reach, and as a consequence, the showing is most remarkable. Here are his drawn battles:

With Jack Burk, the Irish lad, three rounds; Mike Cleary, four rounds; George La Blanche, the Marine, four rounds; Lem McGregor, the St. Joe kid, four rounds; Thomas Conley of England, four rounds; Charley Daly, three rounds; Johnny Daly, six rounds; Phil McHugh of Cincinnati, six rounds; Jack Bolan of Cincinnati, six rounds; Jimmie Edwards, six rounds; and Charles Kimmic, ten rounds.

His victories are over Jimmy Lindsay, in six rounds on a foul; Charley Allen, three rounds; Billy Layton, seven rounds; Charley Slusher, six rounds; Harry Gilmore, two rounds; George Hotis, two rounds; and Alf Bennett, a heavyweight, seven rounds.

The Destructive Club Hunt.

The Omaha gun club will revert to the old pernicious custom of a general club hunt this fall. Captains will be appointed and the two teams selected at the club's September meeting, and the date of the hunt fixed for some time in October. While these competitions engender a great deal of rivalry, and are conducive of much sport, they are to be deprecated by all sportsmen having the preservation of our game birds at heart. Feathered game of all kinds, even including the prolific wild fowl, is being diminished at a rapid rate, and ere long game preserves will be the legitimate gunner's only hope of a little sport afield. Pot-hunters and club hunts are instruments of destruction only, and should both be discountenanced by the loyal members of the craft. The incentive to go forth in quest of a bag of game, whose only merit is its magnitude, is one that should be studiously frowned down, and that is the only inducement for a club hunt. Each member of the team strives to outstrip all competitors, and in his work of devastation he overlooks nothing that wears feathers or hair that can be insinuated into the game catalogue. The meadow lark, robin, snowbird, flicker and dove are popped over with as much zeal as the chicken, quail, goose or duck. Each bird is graduated, that is, counts so many points according to its merits as game, and the insatiate hunter improves every shot offered. When the hunt is over the bags are turned in at headquarters, the score counted and recorded and the game given or thrown away—that is the bulk of it. Every conscientious sportsman will eschew the club hunt.

The October Bench Show.

The Omaha Kennel club is working quietly and systematically in the interests of its contemplated October bench show, and its complete success is already assured. It will be the first and only bench show Omaha ever had. The catchpenny snaps which have hitherto been palmed off on the people here under the title of bench shows were nothing more nor less than exhibitions given by a shyster who knew just about as much about dogs as he did about anything else.

The bench to be given under the auspices of the kennel club will be governed by the rules of the American Kennel club, with all the requirements strictly lived up to, and will afford the lovers of the thoroughbred dog in this part of the west such a feast as he has never deen accustomed to.

Mr. John Davidson's services have been secured to do the judging for the occasion. This is a good selection by the club, as Mr. Davidson has a national reputation for honesty and ability in dog matters. He judged at New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and at several other shows during the year, and was highly commended in the dog journals of the country for his knowledge of the correct type of all classes and his indefatigable assistance to bench show committees.

Give Nebraska Dogs a Run.

A number of well known local dog owners and sportsmen will agitate in another season, the feasibility of a Nebraska field trial, and it is reasonable to expect a success in the undertaking. There are several notable kennels in the state, and the interest in high-class field dogs is spreading and increasing every day. Already Nebraska can boast of as many and as good a lot of thoroughbred bird dogs as any of the western states, and has the best possible natural facilities for an effective field trial. As for judges, there is no necessity of depending on high priced professionals from the east. There are plenty of men in the state qualified to pass judgment on any dog at any run. Nebraska certainly has the grounds, superior in every detail to any of the big eastern or southern trials, and as long as there is such a general awakening of dog interests, let us have the best and the latest. The Nebraska field trials in a year or so should be worthy of national attention. This is a proposition, respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Kennel club.

The Chicken Outlook.

While the outlook for Bob White is quite promising this fall, according to report, that for chicken is just the reverse. Many of the grounds that have in times past been considered par-excellent are almost depopulated of birds this summer, and there is no assurance of good shooting in any section of the state. The prolonged inclement spell, which extended entirely through the months of April and May and well into June, set the birds back fully four weeks, and in many regions entirely precluded the possibility of successful nidification. This condition, associated with the fact that the scoundrelly market hunter has already opened up in his unlawful work, renders the honest hunter's chances for a little sport this fall slim indeed. Although I haven't heard of any young chickens being shipped in yet, it is the season for the hotels to begin serving their guests with "plover" and "pigeon." This is a matter that merits the attention of the gun clubs. A little wholesome prosecution would bear incalculable results.

Moore Forfeits to Griffin.

The Omaha friends of Dick Moore are disappointed that his second meet with Patsy Griffin is off. They were to have fought on an island in the Mississippi below Davenport, Ia., August 6, for a stake of $500 a side, but the news is that Dick has forfeited to the big wrestler. Why this action no one seems to know, other than that Moore claims that the stakes were too small. There is nothing in this. Griffin, about Davenport and Burlington, was a tremendous favorite, and the report comes here that the Moore end of it could have had any kind of money they desired. Last winter Dick whipped Griffin, who was then sailing under the nom de guerre of Patsy Kelly, in three rounds, at Germania hall, South Omaha, and his friends here are at a loss to know why he pulled out of this second engagement.

A Rara Avis in July.

Adam Kerner of this city killed a canvasback duck last Saturday down on the Platte, near Louisville. It was a hen and she had been seen flying about the locality for several days. While it is a remarkable occurrence to find a canvasback, of all wild fowl, in this region in July, it is none the less poor business that Kerner was in when he killed her. The birds will go fast enough if sportsmen confine their shooting to the legitimate season.

The Last Dying Yelps.

Frank Dwyer, the old Western league twirler, is pushing 'em over the pan for Cincinnati with great eclat.

Omaha, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City and Toledo died hard, but die they did. Their reward comes in another world.

Jiggs Parrott, with Baron Flunker Hach this season, is on the ragged edge with Anson's colts. He is a trifle out of his class.

Omaha demonstrated one thing this season, anyway, and that is that she is able to better support a professional ball team than any other city in the western circuit.

Little George Hogdriver, with St. Paul-Fort Wayne during the glad springtime, has set Green Bay afire with his flying around the bases. George is very fast and very ugly.

Thomas Gilbert Vickery pitched his first game for Baltimore Thursday and won, although Pittsburg hit him safe eleven times. When Vick and Joe Kelly met they fell on each other's necks and wept a good while.

Hank O'Day, who stopped in Chicago to attend the funeral of his brother, has been ordered not to report.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch, July 19. Now wouldn't that just rip you up the back? Ordered to report! Where?

George Darby, the brilliant young pitcher, jumped his written agreement with the Philadelphia league club and went west, presumably to grow up with the mountains. If he is wise he'll soak his "super" and start for the City of Brotherly Love on the first train.

Uncle David Rowe, his white suit and patent leathers, are the last sad remnants of the once mighty White Sox there are left in Omaha. Boby Gilks and Shy lingered mournfully until yesterday, when they packed their little carpetsacks and levanted. In a special car! Well I guess not.

Count Campau, Charlie Abbey, "Purty" Merritt, Old Man McClellan and "Slimmy" Stevens have gone down to New Orleans to work on the levee. Of the balance of the champion Columbus team Fred Clausen is with Louisville, Big Lally has gone to California, Walsh to Birmingham, O'Rourke, the Silent, to Baltimore, Breckenridge, with his club, to Green Bay, and "Shorty" Jantzen to Marianette.

Within the Quarter-Stretch.

H. C. Terry is now secretary of the Gentleman's Roadster club.

What has become of Joe Garneau's big running and trotting park?

J. A. Rossiter of Bancroft, Neb., is after a good fast trotting stallion.

John Hussey, Independence, Ia., now has the bay colt, Bert Oliver, 2:38, by Ashland Wilkes.

Spears, 2:16¼, has just been received at the Right On Stock Farm, Waterloo, Ia., to be trained.

The Roadster club is demonstrating more and more with every meeting that it knows its business.

Mihills & Hewins of Norfolk have a speedy gelding they would like to trade. He's a comer, too.

Idavan, in the hands of Dick Tilden, is winning his races in a creditable manner in Iowa and Nebraska.

The race meeting at Friend, Neb., takes place August 3 to 5, and entries to all races except running close July 25.

C. L. Warfield of Muscatine, Ia., has sold to Tom Cowell of the same city his yearling, Phallas Wilkes, for a good round sum.

A colt by Norwood, owned at Waterloo, Ia., entered in the Independence futurity for trotters, has turned out to be a pacer.

If you wish to get an idea of how many good roadsters Omaha can turn out, drive out to the next meeting of the roadster club.

The Gentlemen's Roadster club is in receipt of numerous congratulations over the fact that it has joined the American Trotting association.

The 2-year-old trot at Mexico, Mo., has forty-five entries, the 3-year-old 2:45 class thirty-one and the 2:30 trot has sixty-five all paid up ready to start.

D. Q. Stowie of Chariton, Ia., has purchased at the Lexington, Ky., sales the yearling colt Androcle, by Norval, 2:17¼, son of Electioneer. Consideration, $2,000.

Remember that entries for the August meeting at Linden Tree park, Beatrice, Neb., close on August 10. Send your entries to W. G. Washburn, secretary, Beatrice, Neb.

A. J. Briggs, the popular secretary of the Nebraska Association of Trotting Horse Breeders and the owner of a number of quick steppers himself, has employed Jim P. Fling to fill his sulky this season.

May 26, Bertha Phallas by Prince Phallas, 6438, dam by Legal Tender, 1728, g. d., by Henry Clay, 45, the property of J. A. Preston, Broken Bow, Neb., foaled a fine colt by Sultanis, 17793, by Sultan, dam by Strathmore.

Entries to the stake races of the Dawson County Agricultural Fair association close August 1. The stake races are for 3:00, 2:35 and 2:45 class trotting, each for $500. A. C. Maxwell is the secretary; address, Lexington, Neb.

Allerton will appear on the Mason City, Ia., track during the September races to lower the two-mile record. Secretary Stewart is arranging to secure a string of horses that was never excelled on this track during any meeting.

The Friend Fair association is offering some liberal and attractive moneys. This meeting precedes the breeders meeting at Beatrice, August 9 to 12, and the meeting at Syracuse, Neb., August 15 to 19. L. E. Southwick, Friend, Neb., will supply all information.

The stake for 3-year-olds for the Seward, Neb., meeting closed with seven entries, and it is expected to be one of the best colt races this year. The association has opened a stake class for 1 and 2-year-olds. The track and grounds at Seward have been improved and everything is being done to make the meeting in September a great one. H. P. Brandes is secretary.

The Rod, Gun, Dog and Trap.

C. W. Watterman is the "rat-killer" of the kennel club.

J. J. Dickey is making preparations for his annual incursion into Colorado for trout.

C. A. Claflin, it is said, owns the most complete sportsman's paraphernalia in the city.

The upland plover are in, but the excessively torrid weather so far since their arrival has deterred the grinners from sallying forth.

The Omaha gun club team is not satisfied with its collision with the Raymonds and is preparing for another race.

Black bass, pickerel and croppie are being taken in great numbers from the small lakes in the vicinity of Clarks and Columbus.

Dr. Galbraith, with a couple of eastern railroad magnates, killed 107 sage hens up near Pocatella, Idaho, last Tuesday afternoon.

George A. Joselyn of the Western Newspaper Union owns some splendid St. Bernards.

The premium list for the October bench show will be out in about two weeks, and can be had by applying to E. L. Marston, the club secretary.

Adam Kerner has a pointer dog—a descendant of old Champion Bang-Bang and Sensation—that is a beauty. He will be entered in the coming show.

Mac Morrison, with a party of boy companions, is encamped twenty miles up the river, and from late advices they are making fur, fin and feather fly.

Drs. Galbraith and Conner, together with a half dozen congenial spirits from the east, will go up into the mountains of Wyoming on a big bear hunt about August 25.

The trap-shooters, to a man almost, are using Shultze powder nowadays. In the course of time the old fulminating black will be relegated from the field entirely.

M. C. Peters of the Bemis Bag company has some fine bred English setters, with the blood of the champion field trial and bench show dogs of the world coursing through their veins.

Lock up your bird dogs. The pot-hunter and dogthief are loading up their scatter bores and preparing to supply the eastern millionaires with young prairie chickens served as canary birds.

The only good-looking King Charles around the city is owned by Lieutenant Wright of Fort Omaha. She is a beauty, and takes her beer with the rest of the boys. Good specimens of this breed are very scarce.

Goodley Brucker and Billy Nason were also in attendance at Columbus and both shot well enough to pay expenses. Goodley, with his new Greener ejector, wasn't far behind Parmelee. He shot like a house afire.

Mr. Charles Ogden is an enthusiastic worker in the kennel club. If a few more gentlemen of his ilk would take an interest in such matters we would have fewer curs and mongrels keeping us awake nights. A thoroughbred dog seldom barks at the moon.

Charles Johannes, undoubtedly has the best red Irish setter in the city. He is by Jerry Jarvis, jr., out of Corinne. This comprises the best nick of Elcho and Sarsfield blood, and if "Pat" keeps on improving he will give the cracks a chase that will make their owners nervous.

T. C. Brunner returned from Clear Lake yesterday where he went to visit his family, who are spending the summer there. While there he and a Mr. Anderson from Clinton, Ia., one morning before breakfast caught the finest string of fish of the season, sixty-eight bass and twenty-nine croppies.

Old man Den of Brownville, although past 65, is yet one of the sporty boys of the state. His predilection is the gun, and he hasn't missed a trap shoot, big or little, given in the state for a quarter of a century. He is still capable of a good score. A race between him and S. B. Fleek, another sexagenarian trap shot, who takes in all the shoots, would be a card.

Doc Haynes, assistant manager and treasurer of Boyd's opera house, is the proud possessor of a fox terrier puppy of the Billy Thompson strain, and he is one of the handsomest puppies in this part of the country. Major Furay has another, and Jack Withnell did have the third, but he stepped on it and squashed out its little life.

Dogdom suffered in the death of Billy Meldrum of Omaha a loss which is not easily repaired. He was one of the most competent and zealous dogfanciers in the west, and a genial, wholesouled companion at home or afield. He was a prime mover in the organization of the Kennel club, and a host of friends deplore his untimely death.—Sports Afield, Denver.

From all sections, despite the cold, damp spring, come reports of an unusual crop of quail. The enthusiastic sportsman, however, is apt to be led into extravagant declarations by the sight of an old cock rolling in the dust, or the cheery whistle he hears from neighboring railtops as he rides through the country. It is unreasonable to expect an uncommon crop of the birds after such an unfavorable nesting season. The chicks are just now breaking the shell, and will require the month of August to speak intelligently on the outlook.

Frank Parmelee came pretty nearly bagging things down at the Columbus tournament last Tuesday and Wednesday. He got a piece out of every event shot, save one, and has been kicking himself ever since because he wasn't in that. Parmelee is unquestionably one of the best trap shots in the world, and yet he hasn't got the sand to go up against any of the big cracks in an individual match. He is the superior today of J. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City, holder of the American field championship cup, or Fulford, Rolla Hicks, Big Stice, the Kliemans and the majority of way-uppers, and the equal of Captain Brewer, or Chippey Budd, still rural tourneys are Frank's first choice always.

The Nebraska State Sportsmen's association has taken hold of the matter of an improvement in the Nebraska dog laws, and a committee will be appointed by President Hughes to co-operate with the Omaha Kennel club in getting a "dog-property" law passed by the coming legislature. As the law now stands, an owner is liable for all damages caused by his dog, but is allowed no redress in case his dog is killed or stolen. In other words, dogs are not recognized as property or supposed to have any value. What the dog owners of Nebraska want is a law that will cause dogs to be assessed and taxed the same as other live stock. Such a law would protect them against wanton destruction and theft.—C. P. Hubbard.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

The Morrill twins and their tandem safety create quite an amount of curiosity as they pedal along. They do present a very unique appearance.

Frank Howard, of the Chicago Cycling club, who has been in charge of O. M. Daxon's salesrooms for the past two weeks, returned to Chicago on the 19th.

Remarkable fast time is being made at all the race meets this season, and the general opinion of wheelmen is that the mile record will be pulled down to 2:12 before the autumn.

E. L. Lytle, the popular vice president of the Omaha Wheel club, is a volunteer to the "scorchers" ranks. He is sporting a brand new Humber road racer. "Cyko" says some of the local records will have to fall this year.

It is surprising how many of the wheelmen climb Dodge and Douglas street hills and make the High school grounds their destination these hot summer evenings. You can always count a dozen or more lounging around on the green sward enjoying the breezes.

During the races of the New Hampshire division, which were run off on the 12th, Berlo, the great New York crack, rode an exhibition mile in 2:16; he rode the quarter in 37 seconds, half in 1:08¾, three-quarters in 1:42. His pacemakers were such flyers as McDuffee, Taylor, Relph and Porter.

Wonder why some of the "scorchers" don't try to capture the Florence medal. The present condition of the roads, and the adaptability of the lightly made pneumatic tired wheels of today for fast riding should surely be in the rider's favor; then, too, the course has been leveled and improved since the medal was won.

"Our Zimmy" returns to the shores of his beloved "Yankeedom" wearing with dignity the title, "Champion of England," he having captured the bauble while on his trip, beating the best men that England could send against him. It is to be regretted that Osmond could not screw up enough courage to ride against him when he had so many chances.

Every cyclist, man, woman or child, is requested to leave his or her name at M. O. Daxon's cycle store for publication in the Omaha Cyclists Directory, which is now in the process of being compiled. Parties will make the work much easier for the compiler if they will leave names and addresses at the place designated, or mail direct to M. O. Daxon, 120 South 15th street.

Club runs for today: The Omaha Wheel club start for Glenwood, Ia., from their club rooms on Seventeenth and Chicago streets at 5 o'clock sharp. The Tourist Wheelmen start for Fort Calhoun and Friess lake at 5:30 a. m. from the corner of Fifteenth and Dodge. Both runs are beautiful ones, and all wheelmen who enjoy short country tours should turn out. The clubs return in the cool of the evening.

The Bellevue record has been lowered several minutes and the "scorcher" who goes after the record now will have to ride inside of forty minutes. The Tourist wheelmen, paced by Captain Potter and Louie Fleischer, pulled the record down four minutes last Sunday, every man coming through. The men were a grimy lot when they stopped at the corner of Fifteenth and Dodge, the point from which the record was made. Nine men stuck to the pace set without a break.

One of the most delightful rides taken this year was the one taken by the Tourists who went down to Plattsmouth the 17th, starting at 5 o'clock before the sun had fairly risen—the air was remarkably fresh and cool. The members of the club and their friends who turned out were loud in their praises of the enjoyable tour. A heavy dew had fallen the preceding evening and had laid the dust on the roads so that the wheeling was very smooth. Breakfast and dinner were taken at the Hotel Riley and return trip was made late in the afternoon.

The Omaha Wheel club and the Fremont Wheel club dined together out at Florence lake Sunday, the 17th. The Fremont boys made the trip to Omaha on their wheels and were met on the road by the Omaha Wheel club who escorted them in. The large attendance of wheelmen as hosts was a true sign of the popularity of the Fremont boys. Their short stay was made an occasion to outdo all previous efforts at entertaining visiting cyclists. The visitors left for home in the evening.

The storm of Thursday evening spoiled the weekly club run of the Young Men's Christian association cyclers. The club was scheduled to pedal down to Papillion. The Tourist Wheelmen were to accompany them on their trip. The Thursday evening tour of the cyclers is quite a feature, and many of the members of the association take advantage of them. Next week the club pedal out to Irvington, one of the nicest little suburban runs out of the city. Start from the Young Men's Christian association building on Sixteenth street at 7:15 sharp. Captain Grant extends an open invitation to all wheelmen who enjoy short country runs.

"Scorching" is growing very unpopular on club runs of late. The road officers discountenance the practice and try to conduct club runs without this former unpleasant feature. There are many riders, who go on the club runs for the pleasure and benefit to be derived from the ride, these same riders could if they so chose "scorch" along at as hot a pace as one would care to set, yet they refrain from doing so out of consideration for others who attend the run. These men are always popular chumpions and thorough wheelmen. The "old time club run scorcher" will soon find that he is without pace maker or follower.

Another wheel has been "borrowed" by the "light-fingered gentry" who have evidently struck a "soft snap" in Omaha. This time the mourner is Ray E. Thomas at Max Meyer & Co's. The stolen wheel is a pneumatic tired "Century" Columbia and is numbered 8441. The wheel was stolen from in front of 1513 Douglas street. The Pope Manufacturing company of Boston, Mass., offer a reward of $100 for the recovery of the wheel and the arrest of the thief. Mr. Thomas offers an additional reward of $25 for the same. Every wheelman is requested to keep his eyes open for the missing machine. A subscription paper is being circulated among the local cyclists for the purpose of establishing a fund to be used for the recovery of stolen wheels and the arrest and conviction of the thieving rascals who have thus far proved too foxy for apprehension. The cyclists intend to have protection and have decided to back up their claims for protection from thieves with good solid cash. The money will be deposited in one of the banks and will only be used for the tracing up of the wily sneak thief who has such a penchant for bicycles. If caught the marauder will be treated to as severe a dose of the law as money will buy.

Miscellaneous Local Sports.

The Athletic clubs after August 1, will elevate its initiation fee to $25.

It is currently reported that handsome Dick Moore will be on hand at the Ryan-Wilks contest next Saturday night to challenge the winner. Whichever this may be will be willing, provided Dick can get down to 142. Catch weights will not go with these men, they are too fly.

The Nebraska Lawn Tennis association will hold its fourth annual tournament for doubles at Hastings next Tuesday, the 24th, commencing at 10 a. m. The series will comprise men's, ladies' and mixed doubles. All entries must be made on or before July 25, address the same to some member of the following local committee: H. J. Dungan, S. J. Mattock, C. B. Hutton, J. D. Henry, Bedford Brown, Hastings.

The Farmer Burns-John McInerny wrestling match, catch-as-catch can, at the Athlete club rooms tomorrow night, should draw a big house. The Farmer is indubitably the champion at this style of the world, and word comes from Chicago that McInerny is a dangerous customer. In any event it will be a good match and the best man will win. Tommy Ryan will also give a mixed exhibition of rope skipping and bag punching.

Danny Daly and Ted Gallagher have returned from 'Frisco. Danny is nursing a broken jaw, and Ted is busy telling how it all happened. The 'Frisco Chronicle says: Danny Daly has reached home and has his jaw on exhibition as evidence that he did not quit fighting because of a simple caress. Daly was afraid of what people there would say about his alleged quitting, and hurried back while he was yet on a broth diet to square himself.

Questions and Answers.

OMAHA, Neb., July 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: To settle a dispute will you kindly inform me through the columns of your valuable paper the proper decision in the following case; In a game of base ball two men are out and three men on bases. A batsman hits the ball and all four men score, but the batsman fails to touch first base and is declared out by the umpire. Do the other three men score?—John Carrigan.

Ans.—They do.

NEOLA, Ia., July 20.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please state in your Sunday's edition the best time made by Maud S, where and what date?—A Reader.

Ans.—2:08¾, at Cleveland, O., July 30, 1885.

OMAHA, July 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you kindly publish or answer in the Sunday BEE where full rules for high five sufficient to teach beginners can be obtained; also the age of Ryan.—An Old High Liver and Subscriber.

Ans.—(1) E. C. Snyder, care THE BEE. (2) 23.

PLATTSMOUTH, July 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please inform me in Sunday's BEE with what city Frank Shelbeck has signed.—Bailow.

Ans.—He is still here, unsigned; want him?

FIRTH, Neb., July 22.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please answer the following questions in THE SUNDAY BEE: When each base is occupied by a base runner and the batsman strikes three times and the last strike ball is held by the catcher and all base runners hold their respective bases and the catcher throws ball to third and is put on the base runner at third while base runner is on the base, is there more than one man out? Up to this time in the inning there was no man out. If the catcher had failed to hold the third strike ball, would it have made any difference? Firth club was at bat and the umpire decided that there were two men out. The Firth club then refused to play, claiming that the umpire had nothing upon which to base his decision and that it was entirely against the order of the game, and the umpire claimed that he had authority to settle everything and that any man could be put out if so desired by himself, and after giving Firth five minutes to play declared the game in favor of Panama 9 to 8, although Firth was three scores ahead and had the last half of the seventh inning to finish. There is some money up on the game. Who wins?—W. J. Crandall.

Ans.—(1) One man out only. (2) No. (3) All bets go with umpire's decision.

OMAHA, July 21.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: A has 51 points in high-five, B has 49 points: B deals and makes high, low, jack and both five-spots: A makes game on first trick. Who is the winner?

Ans.—B.

OMAHA, July 21.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Please tell me in your Sunday issue what the heights and reaches are of the following fighters: George Dixon, Danny Daly, Abe Willis, Nunc Wallace, Johny Van Heest, Johnny Murphy and Cal McCarty. Also, who holds the title as featherweight fighter of Omaha? Will write you about the latter question later on.—Subscriber.

Ans.—(1) Dixon, 5 feet 4½ inches; Daly 5 feet 3; Abe Willis, 5 feet 5; Nunc Wallace, 5 feet 5½; Johnny Murphy, 5 feet 6; Johnny Van Heest, 5 feet 2; Cal McCarthy, 5 feet 2. (2) Anybody who fights at under 118 pounds.

SPEARFISH, S. D., July 20.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: Will you please publish in your query column: How many races did Proctor Knott and Spokane run in during the season of 1891, and how many races did each win?—P. G. Whitney.

Ans.—Can't tell.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A paper published in Greenland can boast of the longest name in existence. It is Arrangagliotto Natinginnavnik Sysaraminus Sinik!

In Washington county, Oregon, a man named Tongue, who was a candidate for the office of state senator, was defeated by a man named Hare.

The Philadelphia Record, which is somewhat of an authority on cows, knows of one which eats ice and strawberries and gives strawberry ice cream.

The forty-first chapter of Genesis, fourteenth verse, contains the earliest reference to shaving of the beard, where it is told of Joseph that he shaved himself.

A mustache worn by the pastor of a church in Knox, Ind., aroused the displeasure of his congregation, and they asked him to shave it off. He refused and tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

A man living in Berks county, Pennsylvania, was born on February 22 and married on February 22 to a woman born on February 22. Their five children have also each been born on February 22. Father George should feel honored.

Last month, Mrs. Harrison Breedlove of Carson City, Nevada, who is sixty-three years of age, presented to her husband, seventy years old, a pair of bouncing twins. They are believed to be the oldest couple on record who have been favored in this way.

In a cemetery located on the Susquehanna river there is a grave with this epitaph on the marble memorial slab: "Chas. Lewis: He Voted for Lincoln." A Baton Rouge, La., gravestone bears this legend: "Here lies the body of David Jones. His last words were: 'I die a Christian and a democrat.'"

A small station on the Old Colony road in Massachusetts bears the queer name of Kenberma. It appears that three children of summer residents born in the place are named respectively Kenilworth, Bertha and Mary, and the first syllable of each name was taken to form the name of the station.

In Maine, a certain kind of beer, said to be nonintoxicating, is called "Uno," because would-be beer drinkers in that state are in the habit of asking for "a glass of you know." It is said that the stuff is genuine beer until the seller is arrested for selling it, and then, by some mysterious process it becomes "uno."

Senator Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland was once a page in the senate. When but a lad he was about to start west in quest of fortune, when Senator Douglass said to him: "Don't go; stay at home and go back to Maryland, and make up your mind that you will come back right here in this chamber as its representative in the United States senate. It is not a very hard thing to do if you once set your mind on it."

DON'T WAIT!——MONDAY, AUGUST 1, IS CIRCUS DAY!

Ringling Bros' World's Greatest Shows!

LARGEST, GRANDEST AND MOST COMPLETE CIRCUS EXHIBITION ON EARTH!

Backed by Unlimited Capital---Strengthened by the Antagonism of Disgruntled Rivals.

Real Roman Hippodrome!

3-Ring Circus, Elevated Stages, Mighty Millionaire Menagerie, Royal Aquarium, Mammoth Museum of Marvels, Far-Famed Horse Fair and Equine Congress, Embracing 350 of the Finest Blooded Horses in the World, Together with More High-Salaried People, More Acrobats, More Riders, More Aerialists, More Novelties, and

More Genuine Circus Acts Than Any Two Other Shows in the World.

Caesar's Triumphal Entry Into Rome

Not an Excuse for Curtailing the Circus Performance—Just One Glittering and Gorgeous Incident of the Great Exhibition.

CHAS. W. FISH, the World's Greatest Somersault Rider.
REED SISTERS, Europe's Equestrienne Queens.
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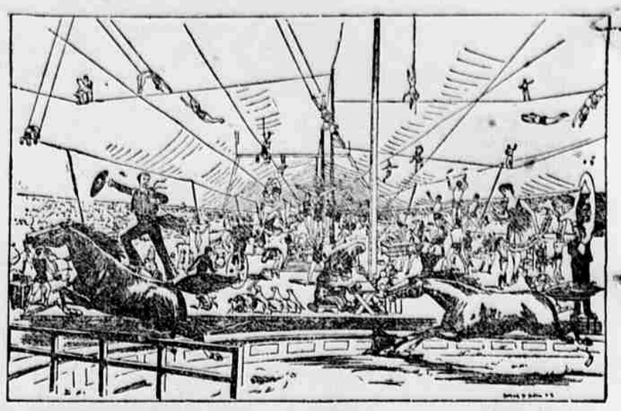
TREMENDOUS REVIVAL OF THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS!

Terrific Gladitorial Combats, Absorbing Trials of Strength and Endurance; Grand Gala Day Sports and Spectacles; 2 and 4 Horse Chariot Races; with Lady and Gentlemen Riders; Novel Elephant and Camel Races; Child-Delighting Pony Races with Monkey Riders; Laughable Donkey Races with Clown Drivers; Mammoth Highway Locomotive Hercules; Moscow's Far-Famed Cathedral Bells.



OMAHA, MONDAY, AUGUST 1, Show Grounds, 20th and Paul Streets.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, AUGUST 2.

Two Performances Only--Afternoon at 2, Night at 8.--Doors One Hour Earlier--Admission--Adults, 50c; Children, Under 12 Years 25c.

GRAND FREE STREET PAGEANT AT 8 O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF THE SHOW DAY!

ARE YOU SUFFERING?

FROM Female Weakness, Catarrh or Rheumatism, Chronic, Nervous or Private Diseases.

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Consultation Free.

Acknowledged to be the most successful specialists in all PRIVATE, BLOOD, NERVOUS, SKIN AND URINARY DISEASES.

Gonorrhœa in from 3 to 6 days. Syphilis cured without Mercury. All stages for life.

STRICTURE permanently cured, removal complete, without cutting, caustic or dilatation. Cure effected at home by patient without a moment's pain or annoyance.

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