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100 different styles of the very latest novelties, and all new colors, in Ladies' Jackets, in all-wool cheviots, kerseys and meltons, with large cape collars and butterfly capes, in umbrella and fan backs, worth $18, go at $9.98.

$9.98 WORTH $18.00.

HUNDREDS OF LATEST NEW STYLES

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In cloth and silk plush. Every one a marvel of beauty. All the latest novelties.

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Made of fine all-wool material, loose front, just the thing for early fall wear, worth $25, goes for $12.50.

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IMPORTED CAPES AND JACKETS.

Over 200 different styles Imported Capes and Jackets, no two alike, comprising the very newest things from the London and Paris markets, in hop sackings, fancy cheviots, Berlin twills, clay worsted, chinchillas and new diagonals, all go at $14.75.

$22.50 Worth Double.

Finest ever seen in Omaha.

For this sale we give you the choice of the grandest Fall Capes and Jackets ever shown in Omaha. 60 different exclusive styles. No nicer ever shown; come and inspect them and you will be surprised at the variety. Your choice for $22.50.

By paying a small deposit you can secure any of these garments.

BOSTON STORE. N. W. Cor. 16th and Douglas OMAHA.

If you are not ready to purchase now you can make a small deposit and secure any of these garments.

CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

Tommy Ryan Punches a Little of the Conceit Out of Billy Smith.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

On the Track and in the Stable—Approach of the Gunner's Idyl—Yelps from the Bleachers and Sporting Miscellany.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Aug. 30.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: For a long time of late years in contests (Queensberry rules) tall men of the same weight with stumpy built men seem to have the advantage, but of late the tide seems to have turned in favor of the latter type. Young Corbett and Alex Greggains were overthrown by the broad, burly and strong breed of boxers, notwithstanding their advantages in height, length and cleverness.

Champion Corbett and Mitchell will represent the two different types of build, and should they ever meet time will prove which will be the winner. Dan Creedon, the Australian, although only 5 feet 8½ inches in stature, is a remarkably big made man at the weight, and Greggains could not contend against his overwhelming strength and stamina. Harry Orme, a stinted Hercules of barely 5 feet 8 inches and a tough piece of stuff, was successful in his contests with Aaron Jones and Nat Langham, who were both his superior in height, reach and science. Ditto Morrissey vs Heenan. As a matter of fact, in the history of the ring very few champions have been over six feet high.

The renowned Jem Belcher, champion of England in 1803, and one of the most accomplished boxers of all England's champions, and Jack Gulley, the M. P., who beat the gigantic Gregson twice, were both nearly six feet high, and both were fairly beaten by Harry Pearce, called "the game chicken," a compactly built man of 5 feet 9, weighing over thirteen-stone trained.

Of all the pugilists of the present time, George Dixon, the little Nova Scotia negro boy, is, from his record, entitled to the proud title of champion of the world at his weight. "Solomon Pulaski" is flying at high game, and will have a hard task to lower his colors. By the way, how many pugilists of the Smith family were baptized Smith? If Denver Ed fought Mitchell a draw battle in England in 1879, that is not the name given in Mitchell's Birmingham record.

Time makes wonderful changes. Fifty or sixty years ago there was considerable hostility in New York between the native American and Irish elements, as represented by Bill Poole and Tom Hyer vs Yankee Sullivan and his followers. At that time there was a tremendous prejudice against the Irish element, particularly in the New England states. Such genuine Irish names as O'Connor became Conners, O'Brien became Bryan and Bryant; Murphy, Morphy and Murchy, etc. Now the Irish have the pull, and several Hebrews are sailing under "the green." Also, Brums and East End cockneys are dubbing themselves "Paddy" and "True Irish Lad!"

If we are to have square sport, race prejudice and patriotic pugilism had better be dropped. Does any sane man think that, in case of war, our modern millionaire theatrical pugilists who are living in luxurious idleness on the fat of the land would enlist? Pray, how many pugilists of renown enlisted during the late war? It is by no means certain that Jackson and Dixon are not champions of the human race. There seems to be a reaction taking place in favor of the much-abused Mitchell. The abuse of him by half-informed sporting scribblers has been like a man failing to poison himself by taking too much poison. It would appear that the law of New York state in regard to two years' imprisonment for making matches or prize-fighting is only to be enforced against Charlie. Probably if Mitchell had beslobbered Sullivan by declaring "that he was the greatest pugilist that ever lived," and that he was a man he admired and that his heart warmed to him because we both come of good Irish stock, instead of saying that he made him stop swinging his terrible right and made him glad to drop his right arm to protect his big paunch, he would have been more popular with the misled masses. After James John beat John L., when he was lying down and being sponged, he said, "now you fellows keep away and don't shake my sore hand; I know that you are all glad that I have won;" and when old Mike Donovan entered he sprang to his feet and shook his hand warmly, and congratulated Mike on the result of the "mill."

He told Mike that Sullivan had fought just exactly as he said he would, and that Mike understood his tactics and knew just what kind of medicine to administer to him. Champion James John and his mercenary manager tried to court popularity and rake in money by making Sullivan liberal offers at his benefit of money and taffy. Fitzsimmons did likewise to Dempsey, but Jack declined to accept a cent. Prof. Mike got a very small gift for his share for his services from the now wealthy and victorious gentleman with the upright hair, and old Mike was furious and declared he was a mean man and that others would yet be of the same opinion. Mike said there were two men in America who could whip him, and that he would find out who they were soon enough or forfeit the championship. Who were they? Jackson, Slavin, Hall and Mitchell were abroad then. Could Mike have meant Goddard, Fitzsimmons or "beer guzzling Neddy?"

Mitchell says he has never seen Corbett spar. Corbett says he has seen Mitchell perform and has been making a study of his moves and the tactics he uses to insure victory. It might be within the bounds of possibility that Mitchell might fight in a totally different way from what James Jay expects. T. K. C.

There has been an unmistakable effort made on the part of eastern sporting writers—the very men who should foster and further the interests of the game, wherever it may be fortunate enough to gain a foothold—to backcap and bring disgrace upon the Columbian club. These fellows want a monopoly on the fighting business and will only let up when the goose with the auriferous egg proclivities lays dead at their feet. Just now they are overdoing the thing roundabout Gotham, and an official pronunciamento cannot be long delayed. "The reports," President O'Malley writes me, "that were so lavishly telegraphed over the country after our last contest here about the actions of the hoodlum element who congregated about the club house, were exaggerated willfully and maliciously. It is a fact that a certain number of loafers gathered more through curiosity than from any other motive, and after the contest had commenced, they, excited by the cheering of those inside the building, caused considerable annoyance, but that the spectators were ever in danger from them is untrue. They simply endeavored to gain an entrance to the building to witness the fight and in so doing made a great deal of noise. The club officials have profited by past experience and in future the creating of the least disturbance on the outside of the arena will be nigh impossible. The Pinkerton officers have been dispensed with and the club property will in future be in the care of the local sheriff, who guarantees that the stillness on the outside will rival a country graveyard."

While the termination of Dick Moore's fight with Montana Kessler at Minneapolis last Friday night was satisfactory enough, the affair did not come up to the popular idea of what a contest of this kind should be. It was another P. J. Griffin fight over again, and the only creditable thing connected with it was the prompt and proper way in which the referee ended the broil and awarded the simoleons to Richard on a foul. As it was Moore had all the best of the little milling that was done.

CHICAGO, Aug 28.—To the Sporting Editor of THE BEE: It has been a long time since I wrote to you, but I have never forgotten you for a moment, and only refrained from writing because I did not wish to annoy you. Well, Sandy, of course you know all about my beating Maber at St. Paul some weeks ago, and about my winning from George Kessler last Friday night. It only lasted three rounds, and I won on a foul, but I had him as good as gone, and would have won anyway. I came here to match myself against Buffalo Costello, but think my chances are better for a match with Billy McCarthy, as the Columbian people do not think any too well of Costello. I will keep you posted as to what I do here, and in case of a fight will expect you over.

DICK MOORE,
167 E. Madison Street.

I can assure Dick that his letters are never looked upon in the light of an annoyance, but rather a genuine pleasure. There are few Dick Moores in the game.

Next Tuesday evening at the club house of the New Jersey Amusement company Bob Fitzsimmons will attempt to knock out the new Irish importation, Jack Hickey, in four rounds. While it looks as if the lanky kangaroo is able to knock out about anything near his "heft," I must say—all reports holding good—there are ample grounds for doubting his powers in this instance. Hickey, they say, has tucked Peter Maher away in his little bed on two occasions on the other side of the herring pond, the second time in less than four minutes. If these tales are of the fairy genus, however, sprung to swell the gate, look out for Robert to land the Hibernian!

There is to be a double bill at Roby tomorrow night in the guise of a finish fight between Jimmy Barry, the clever Chicago bantam, and Johnny Conners, another good little 'un from Springfield, Ill. This will be the curtain raiser and should be a fairly interesting go.

The premier event will be the fight between Young Griffo of Sidney, Australia, and Kid Lavigne, the pet of the Michigan pineries, and it will be a hummer beyond question, as both men are fighters in the fullest sense of the term. But little is known of the Antipodean beyond his record at home, where he was reputed to be the cleverest of his class—the big feather-weights.

According to the stories told of Griffo he is a second Ike Weir in grotesquery within the ropes, and diversifies his pummeling with monkeyshines and ludicrous antics that never fail to amuse the spectators and at the same time aggravate and exasperate his opponent. The dead game of the southern continent were always willing to go broke on Griffo, but they never had to. Out of a half hundred fights the fellow has made over there, forty-eight were victories and two draws. Up to date he has never been compelled to content himself with the loser's end. While I expect to see him beat Lavigne, he has anything but a cinch, as the boy from the home of the Wolverine is a glutton for punishment, is a nasty puncher himself and as game as the proverbial pebble. His numerous admirers all realize that he has a life-size contract on his hands, but pin their faith to his hard-hitting capabilities and wonderful powers of endurance.

Probably one of the freshest men in the world is Mysterious Billy Smith. Since his quick victory over the redoubtable Tom Williams of Australia his braggadocio has been something simply disgusting, and there is hardly a fighter in the country that hasn't it in for him. The salting he got from Tommy Ryan, Tuesday evening last, however, will probably go a long way in improving his manners, and we will probably not hear so much of him for some time to come.

That Ryan had immensely the best of their set-to last Tuesday evening and to a finish would have won is now much more than a probability. Smith, like George Dixon, of the week before, the moment he realized that his master was before him, developed a bad case of rattles, which of course in a great measure diminished his real powers. The man he was going to get in the first round, pounds his face to a jelly in six, and the sound of the gong was one of the most welcome that has greeted his ears for years.

Ryan comes nearer being a second edition of Jim Corbett than any fighter I know of, and his fight Tuesday night was evidently what Corbett's would have been on the 7th of September last, had he found John L. able to have accomplished anything at all. The champion evinced this by his sprinting tactics in the first round, before he had fairly felt the big fellow out, but shortly realizing that he only had a bag of meal before him, he modified his modus of annihilation and became aggressive.

There will be but few to dispute Tommy Ryan's welterweight premiership now. He has bested or whipped every man in the class he has thus far met, including Danny Needham, George Dawson and Billy Smith, and if there are any better than these, I would like to see them trotted out.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Approach of the Sportsman's Idyl.

"The drowsy dream of the sweet autumn time,
With its mildew, mould and mellow
Comes glimmering down with its show sublime,
In robes of russet and yellow."

ALREADY sportsmen are catching the hunter's fever, and preparations are being made for its delights on all hands as the fall shooting comes on apace. In a few weeks more the wild fowl will begin their autumn migration to southern fields and waters, and then truly the shooter will be in clover. The beautiful wood duck and locally bred birds are already furnishing some sport for impatient gunners, but the hunter's harvest only begins when the little teal, the green wing and the blue wing commence to arrive from their northern haunts. They are due by the 20th of this month in full force. Then comes the mallard, with his emerald head and thrilling quack; the coveted canvasback in his soft coat of ashen gray; his first cousin, the "mewing" redhead; the sprigtail, the pugnacious widgeon in his somber raiment; crested merganzer, purrattler bluebill and dumpiey outterball, all will be here in the early days of beautiful but melancholy October. Then there will be rare times on lake and river, in marsh and lagoon. The jacksnipe, too, incomparable in his coat of russett; the golden-back plover, the yellow-leg, greater and lesser, and all the sandpiper family, barring the Bostonian, will revel in every feany expanse, and ever as a will-o'-the-wisp for the ambitious and indefatigable sportsman. And, indeed, these are not all of the feathered game that makes the tenth and eleventh months of the twelve the hunter's idyl and the hunter's joy. The quail, hard to surpass for sport or table, will be found in plenitude in ticket and stubble, and grouse, the sharptail, and prairie chicken will have bunched for fall, and the corn fields and the grassy meadows will echo with the whir of their strong pinions.

Truly the days of the waning year are the days of legitimate outdoor sport, the days when it is health and happiness to be afield in the soft wandering breezes, and golden, hazy sunshine, with dog and gun. There is no sweeter music than the petulant chirp of the red-winged blackbird, as he tilts jauntily on some swaying reed; the scolding of the jay, true emblem of American; the indolent plaint of the frog in oozy bogland; the distant cawing of the mischievous crow, blending with the Æolian murmurs of the wind, makes a natural orchestra man can never hope to duplicate. And then, with the whole face of nature one maddee of glittering color, makes a scene at once bewildering to the senses, yet stimulating, revivifying and ennobling.

The Death of Colonel Buck.

It is with deep regret and sorrow that I am compelled to record the death of Colonel Elisha A. Buck of New York, proprietor of the Spirit of the Times, and an old employer of the sporting editor's, who was instantly killed in the frightful railroad disaster on Long Island a week ago last night. Colonel Buck was 53 years of age. At one time he was largely interested in railroads and also owned much mining property. With J. H. Haverly, the famous old minstrel man, he once owned the entire county of Gunnison, Colorado, built railroads and telegraph lines, and established the Gunnison News. He was always deeply interested in sports and sporting events, and at one time drove and owned the fastest team of trotting horses in America. He bought a half interest in Wilkes' Spirit of the Times in 1875 and four years later purchased the other half. He was universally respected and admired by racing men, and his opinion was greatly valued always.

The Races This Week.

The Douglas county fair and races open up tomorrow, and the prospects are exceedingly bright for an overwhelming success. The race program opens tomorrow with a couple of special events, and a bicycle race, but the regular trotting program will not be inaugurated until Tuesday afternoon and will continue till Friday inclusive. The track is in excellent shape and the races will be among the most interesting ever witnessed in the west.

Omaha has already had two trotting sessions this year, the Roadster club's famous meeting and that of the State Breeders association, both of which, from the standpoint of fine racing, were big successes, and will be hard to surpass in general excellence. The field of grand horses that will be present next week leads to the belief, however, that the coming meeting will be the meeting of the season. The entry list is an immense one, and while it includes almost all of the celebrated flyers that took part in the two contests mentioned, there are many more that will be entirely new to the lovers of the turf here. There are but few horses of any note that are not entered, that is from the western country, and those from a distance are both numerous and noted. Secretary Engelman says that such another field of horses was never seen here before and predicts a huge attendance to witness the sport. He has been working hard along with the balance of the board and all are congratulating themselves on the prospect of reaping an abundant reward for their labor. There will be three events each day, including one running number, and so admirably has been each day's card arranged that horsemen and horse lovers generally have a grand fund of exciting sport awaiting them.

The 2:19 trot on Thursday will assuredly be an event that will arouse a vast amount of enthusiasm, as will the 2:29 trot Wednesday and the free-for-all pace Friday. The horses that will compete for the moneys in these events are all animals of renown and a big field is sure to be sent off each day. The railroads have all made special rates and the chances are excellent for some very large crowds.

A Wonderful Great Dane.

W. J. Estes, manager of the Palace stables, is the owner of a Great Dane bitch who is a phenomenon in her way. She is two years old, a handsome gray with black spots, by Dane, the celebrated Hastings police dog, out of Gypsy, a famous Virginia dog. Queen, for that is her name, is without a doubt the best trained dog in the city of Omaha. The number of tricks she performs, and their incredible character, are too many to enumerate; suffice it to say she comes as near human intelligence as could be reasonably looked for in a dumb brute.

Lozier and the Kid.

Leon Lozier and Kid Sullivan will probably go against each other in a 100-yard sprint at the fair grounds next Sunday afternoon. The sporting editor of THE BEE holds $15 of Mr. Lozier's money to bind such a match for $50 a side, but up to date the Kid has failed to cover the same.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

To be, or not to be? that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in the end to ride for cash
Or, take to arms against these new departures,
And, by opposing, end them? To ride for cash
Alone, and, by so doing, say we end
The lying and the thousand ugly schemes
That prizes raise—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To ride for cash—
For cash! perchance to win—ay, that's the stuff.
For through that prize of gold what joy may come,
When we have shuffled off the present schemes
That give us pain.
—British Sport.

Racing men should be careful how they race around at the little back country races; they should first ascertain if the races have the sanction of the League of American Wheelmen—if not, they run an elegant chance of suspension from the league. A coterie of racers were "laid off" for three weeks in Virginia the last week for participating in an unsanctioned meet.

John Hynes of M. O. Daxon & Co.'s cycle store and a prominent member of the Tourists, is in Chicago taking in the fair.

The Patterson boys are agitating a race meet at Plattsmouth this or next month.

The Omahas and Tourists hold their regular monthly meetings this week.

The Turners and the Omahas pedaled down to Ruser's park last Sunday afternoon and took in the German riflemen's picnic.

The Tourist medal mileage to the 1st of September will be published in THE BEE next Sunday. It will be changed very little from last month.

The century riders of the Ganymedes started on their trip to Sioux City last Sunday, but were forced to give it up as a bad job, the roads being impassable.

England has a racing man with the ominous name of Death. Wonder if the other boys who race against him are ever in at the death.

Zimmy, the speedy New Jersey man, has no use for Milwaukee whatever, and Milwaukee does not seem to have much use for Zimmy, all on account of the jealousy over Sanger.

Nebraska division, League of Amateur Wheelmen, has climbed up the ladder as far as round number three, and let us hope is still climbing.

The Tourist Wheelmen picnic has been indefinitely postponed. Rain and bad roads knocked them out last Sunday, although a number of club men gathered at the club house with baskets, etc., to go. It may be held in October.

One who has tried it advises wheelmen who are looking for a good chain lubricant to try common every day castile soap. He claims that the dust will not stick and that there is just enough grease to make the chain run over the sprockets easily and noiselessly.

The great Ramblers Bicycle club of Denver, Col., has gone to the wall, although some of the 350 members claim that the club will be reorganized again shortly. Let us hope so. The Denver Ramblers was one of the largest as well as one of the oldest cycling clubs west of Chicago.

Sanger, the burly Milwaukeean, has succeeded in getting himself "baked" as far as the membership of his club and the interested patrons of the sport in his own home are concerned. He flatly refused to ride at the joint meet of the Telegram Cycling club and Mercury Cycling club in Milwaukee, held last week, although he had promised to ride. Many people were present only because he had been advertised to ride and when it was announced that he would not ride, he was hissed.

H. C. Wheeler has won $2,510, Berlo $1,270, Kluge $810, Dorntge $670, Rich $640, Ashinger (the Oklahoma cyclone) $445, Starbuck $175, Tom Roe $35 in cash prizes up to date this season. These men are all professionals, many of them being fairly good amateurs last season. Now take the prizes in cash value won by the leading amateurs to date: Zimmerman has won somewhere in the neighborhood of $12,000, Sanger $9,000, Johnson as much if not more, Bliss, Tyler, Taylor, Tuttle and the others up in the thousands. Zimmy won $1,200 worth of prizes at the Chicago meet alone.

Captain Conradt of the Omaha Wheel club has prepared a splendid schedule of runs for his club this month, beginning with today. The card embraces a century, a grape and melon run and other nice spins. It is to be hoped that every club member will attend some if not all of these pleasurable trips to the country: Sunday, September 3, melon run, start 8:30 a. m.; Wednesday, September 6, Council Bluffs, start 7:30 p. m.; Sunday, September 10, Fremont, start 8 a. m.; Wednesday, September 13, Fort Omaha, start 7:30 p. m; Sunday, September 17, Tekamah, 100 miles, start 5 a. m.; Wednesday, September 20, Salamander F. R. park, start 7:30 p. m.; Sunday, September 24, grape run, start 8:30 a. m.; Wednesday, September 27, Florence, start 7:30 p. m. All runs start from Omaha Wheel club house on Seventeenth and Chicago streets.

Captain Williamson of the Ganymede Wheel club, Council Bluffs, has prepared a fine schedule of runs for his clubmates, which also includes a century. Runs start from the club rooms in the Grand hotel annex promptly on time. Visiting wheelmen are invited to take an outing with the club, and the genial captain guarantees a good time: Sunday, September 3, Malvern, Ia., sixty miles, start 7 a. m.; Wednesday, September 6, South Omaha, seventeen miles, start 7:15 p. m.; Sunday, September 10, Sioux City, Ia., 100 miles, start 4 a. m.; Wednesday, September 13, new bridge, six miles, start 7:15 p. m.; Sunday, September 17, Macedonia, Ia., sixty miles, start 7 a. m.; Wednesday, September 20, Crescent City, Ia., fifteen miles, start 7:15 p. m.; Sunday, September 24, Elk City, Neb., fifty-six miles, start 7 a. m.; Wednesday, September 27, Parks Mills, six miles, start 7:15 p. m.

Where shall the second annual reunion of the cyclists of the Missouri valley be held this year? is a question that is being asked frequently at the local club houses and cycle stores. This year's reunion ought to be a big affair and one that will go thundering down the long line of successful tournaments, meets and reunions as the event of them all. The Blair club is anxious to have the reunion held at Blair again this year. It is adjacent to Herman, Fremont, Craig, Missouri Valley, Logan, Omaha and Council Bluffs, being about equal riding distance from all these points. The first Sunday in October would be a good day for it, and the month of September will give all the wheelmen plenty of time in which to make preparations for it. Why not carry this annual affair a little further and perfect a permanent organization, choosing the officers from each of the clubs represented at the reunion? Last year every one who attended had a good time, over 100 being present. There is no reason why the number should not be swelled to 300 this year. Come, boys, let's all get to work and boom the affair.

Clipped from The Wheel: "A most profitable field has been shamefully neglected by our racing men. It is the drama, the play with three hours of drivel and one thrilling incident. When Corbett, the great, and Sullivan, the ex-great, and Sandow, the strong, and Joe Smith, the fat, have succeeded, why may not Zimmy and Sanger hope for histrionic honors. The king of the pugilistic and of the wrestling arena, the man with the iron jaw and steel wrist have stepped lightly and gracefully from the sawdust to the boards. They have won the money and the admiration of the thousands. Who will be the first to forsake the cinder path for the footlights." Here is a field for the hundreds of cycling scribblers. Let some one build up a play around a cycle race meet, call it "Zimmy, the Scooter or Skeeter," as fancy dictates, frame it in a prologue, five acts, seven thrilling tableaux and a tag, and launch it on the unsuspecting public with a score of pretty chorus girls, a trick rider or two, and a miscellaneous assortment of knickerbockered gentlemen in sweaters, in the cast. It would take.

Captain Potter has endeavored to make September the banner month of the season. He has prepared by far one of the best run cards the club has had this year. The schedule embraces a century, blind runs, grape runs and melon runs galore. The Tourists who attend every run will have nearly 300 miles to their credit for the month alone. Captain Potter especially requests that each club member invite his friends along on these runs. The century will be a club run this year and not a road race as last season. The course is one of the easiest out of Omaha and the run will be delightful. Sunday, September 3, Plattsmouth, forty-four miles, start 7 a. m.; Wednesday, September 6, blind run, start 7:30 p. m.; Sunday, September 10, Springfield, fifty miles, start 7 a. m.; Wednesday, September 13, Pries lake, fourteen miles, start 7:30 p. m.; Sunday, September 17, Underwood, Ia., fifty miles, start 7 a. m.; Wednesday, September 20, South Omaha, ten miles, start 7:30 p. m.; Sunday, September 24, Tekamah, 100 miles, start 5 a. m.; Wednesday, September 27 Irvington, sixteen miles, start 7:30 p. m., return by moonlight. All runs leave the Tourist Wheelmen club house at 2006 California street promptly on time. Members must register before starting.

Busy people have no time, and sensible people have no inclination to use pills that make them sick a day for every dose they take. They have learned that the use of De Witt's Little Early Risers does not interfere with their health by causing nausea pain or griping. These little pills are perfect in action and result, regulating the stomach and bowels so that headaches, dizziness and lassitude are prevented. They cleanse the blood, clear the complexion and one up the system. Lots of health in these little fellows.

Old Dad Clarke is the star pitcher of the Eastern league and Erie fairly dotes on him.