CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

A Cursory Review of the Fate of Mysterious Billy Smith.

CHICKEN SHOOTING AND ITS DELIGHTS

Whisperings of the Wheel—The Dog, Rod and Gun—The Pennant Chase and Diamond Gossip—The Usual Sunday Sporting Grist.

CERTAIN it is that level-headed Tommy Ryan has things down about right. He has made few, if, any, mistakes during his career as a pugilist, and today has not only the honor of being the welterweight champion of America, England and Australia, but the most skillful and scientific fighter in the world. So far as his get-away capabilities are concerned, even slippery Jim Corbett never saw the day he was in it with him. A man that can fight twenty rounds with such a supremely robust antagonist as Mysterious Billy Smith and come out of the same without as much as a nose bleed proves himself the king-pin of them all. That's what Tommy did, and consequently the palm is his.

On the night of the fight and after it was all over, and while Smith was tossing in pain, bruised and contused out of all semblance of his good looking self, on his little cot in the Twin City club rooms, Ryan, with a party of choice spirits, was seated in Dell Rudd's back parlors, discussing, over sundry cold bottles, the thrilling events of the evening.

"I am done with finish fights for all time," observed Tommy, as he tipped back against the wall and quietly sipped his Apollinaris, "there is nothing in them; in fact, there is very little in the business at its best. However, I can realize as much by limited-round exhibitions as I can by fighting any of these guys to a finish. I do not want to appear egotistical, but I don't believe the man lives who can best me in a limited match. Therefore I have made up my mind to stick to that style of fighting from this on out."

In referring to the fight, some one inquired of Tom whether Smith had reached him effectively any time during the turn-up.

"Did he?" quickly responded Tom, "well I should remark. He caught me one right hand smash in the throat while I was going from him 'long in the early part of the fight, and for a few seconds I thought the world had ended. It cut off my wind like a razor, and I felt it to the very close. Then he gave me a poke in the kidneys once or twice that didn't do me a bit of good, but that was about all. He never gave me a single facer that amounted to anything, and all of his body blows combined into one didn't equal the solitary smash I administered in the pit of his stomach in the first clinch in the second round. It hurt him badly, and while it enraged him horribly, I saw a change in his demeanor immediately, and I knew all I had to do was to be careful and bide my time."

"There has been a whole lot of talk," continued Tommy, "about there being a yaller streak in me, or a corner off of my heart, or something or other, I don't know what, but I notice when I fight, and it comes down to actual punching, that you generally find the boys with the long green pretty generally on my side. Why, a week ago the Twin City club people telegraphed it broadcast over the country that Billy Smith was and would be the favorite here up to entering the ring, and at the same time there hadn't been a single bone bet. If the Mysterious was the favorite it was simply with a few stiffs here who lost their stuff when I ended Danny Needham's claims to being somebody. Ever since that memorable event they have been praying out here that God would send along a man who would knock my bloody head off, but up to date God has fooled 'em, and will continue to fool 'em for some time to come, 'cording to my way of thinking. They had Smith ribbed up until he was actually in the seventh heaven of delight, and I honestly believe that he thought he had a copper-riveted cinch. I met him in the club rooms the day I got here, and in his tough way he said I was wasting time training, that he would make me jump over the ropes before five rounds had been fought. Then when I told him that a good big dinner, topped off with a slice of watermelon and a plate of ice cream was all the training I wanted to whip the whole Smith family, he wanted to fight right there, and I am sorry they wouldn't let him. But as I intimated before, I am done with finish fighting for good, and limited round goes also, if there isn't a vast deal more in sight than what I get out of this affair tonight."

Considering the horrible beating Ryan gave Smith, and the fact that he escaped himself without mar or mark to tell that he had been in a contest, it is exceedingly funny to read the various reports that were telegraphed to the various papers throughout the country, and funnier still to read the accounts of the battle written by sporting scribes who were not present at the scrap and could only have derived their information from the telegraphic accounts of the same. For instance, read what Ren Mulford of the Cincinnati Times-Star projects through his 95-cent palm leaf, way down in pork-and-beer-town:

"Tommy Ryan was declared champion welterweight of the world at the Twin City Athletic club last night. In his battle with Mysterious Billy Smith he displayed great ring generalship. He kept away from the dangerous right of the mysterious boxer and threw in his left so often that Smith was exhausted. There was no knockout, but at the end of the twentieth round Smith was a sight. His nose was broken, and his face wore a bloody smile. Joe Choynski, who acted as referee, gave Ryan the decision on points, for he clearly had the best of the battle. That judgment, however, was not a popular one, for even the friends of Ryan thought Smith entitled to a 'look in' on the money and a draw."

Now, that is rot. The decision was one of the most popular I ever heard rendered at a fight, if the tremendous demonstration that followed Choynski's declaration can be taken for anything. Smith was left bloody and all but totally blind and unconscious in his chair, while the immense crowd yelled itself hoarse, and fairly pulled the platform down and the ring to pieces to get at Ryan. And honestly, I do not believe there was a man in the entire immense throng, save Billy Smith and Big Alf Kennedy, who thought anything else than that the verdict was most emphatically just and right. Ryan had his man beaten to a gory standstill, and he couldn't have retained his feet one-half minute longer to have saved his life.

Then Mulford continues: "Ryan secured first blood in the sixth, and closed Smith's right eye in the eleventh. In the sixth Smith fought Ryan to his knees. During the fourteenth Smith planted a right-hander on Ryan's chest, which all but lifted him off his feet."

(Another error, Ryan was never fought to his knees or anything like it, nor even was there a single time in the entire twenty rounds when it looked even if Smith might have a chance. He never lifted Ryan off his feet with a chest or any other kind of a blow, and in fact only got in two solid raps during the whole melee, one a right-hander upon Tommy's Pomona Adami, which was a soaker, and one in the kidneys. That was the extent of the execution done by Smith.)

Four rounds later Ryan landed the blow which set Smith's wheels to whirling. It was a jawbreaker, and before the three minutes were finished Smith was going. The bell saved the mysterious lad in the nineteenth and he managed to stand up all through the twentieth. Ryan refused to place himself in reach of the right that has knocked out every man Smith has ever met save him."

Ryan refused to place himself in reach of that awful right. Now that is rich. From the first smack Ryan gave Smith in the twentieth round, to its close almost, Smith was clinging half unconscious, blood-besmeared, wild and delirious, about Tommy's neck, and when the gong sounded and his frantic seconds tore him away, he sunk into his seat like a huge lump of ragged liver. No Ren, you'll have to guess again.

P. Jay Donahue's say on the battle, however, of all I have read, reads more as it should read. P. Jay says:

"Billy Smith's nom de arena will have to be changed. The 'mysterious' part of the westerner has been knocked higher than the Eiffel tower, and he has fallen back into the ranks of the plain Smiths. When Billy's optics are opened again sufficiently to do business, and he can see his way along the pugilistic highway leading to the championship, he will probably appreciate how he was handicapped by the appellation bestowed upon him by his ring sponsors. Alas! Billy is no longer 'Mysterious.' Tommy Ryan has 'laid the ghost,' and is now to be hailed as champion of welterweights. The Chicagoan has demonstrated his superiority over Smith, and, in addition to the honor of victory, he secured $2,000 in cash." (In a pig's valise.)

"The contest Thursday night at the Twin City club was a grand one, and the courage and strength of the men were put to severe tests. There need never be any doubt as to Ryan's gameness or Smith's pluck. Both men fought in the gamest manner possible. There had been doubts expressed in some quarters about Ryan, because of his failure to meet Danny Needham at New Orleans, but those who doubted are now convinced that Tom is not faint-hearted."

"The special telegraph report from the ringside to the Recorder, published yesterday, described graphically the incidents in and around the ring, and made plain the fact that Ryan was a better tactician than Smith. As I predicted in this column several days ago, Smith proved to be the aggressor at the start, and forced the fighting, in order to get a quick decision, while Ryan, acting on the defensive, met the rushes with straight counters on the face and eyes. It was this straight punching that won the day. Early in the game Ryan landed a stiff left jab on Smith's right eye, which soon puffed up. Then that optic became Tom's mark, and it received all his care and attention until Billy was blind on the right side. The left eye was then selected as a mark, and it, too, was visited with stiff left jabs until finally the lids almost met. About that time the "mysterious one" was fighting at random and was a comparatively easy mark to hit. But he had been thoroughly trained and well conditioned, and his legs were strong and his courage unflinching. Ryan was also strong on his legs, but his exertions had taken much steam out of him, and he could not deliver a knock-out-blow in the twentieth round. He had so much the best of the encounter, however, that the referee could do nothing else than give him the fight."

Now that is something like it and shows that Peter knows when a man is licked about as well as the next one.

As a number of Tom's close friends are aware, his real name is not Ryan, that being simply his nom de guerre. He was baptized under the name of Thomas Youngs, and comes from a good old Scotch-English family from near Syracuse, N. Y. Tom says if there is Hebraic blood in his veins, he is not aware of it, but if there is he is not ashamed of it.

On the morning of the fight Tom's 16-year-old brother, Julius, arrived in Minneapolis. He was bound to see the fight and beat his transportation all the way from Syracuse.

"You ought to have seen him," said Tom with a laugh, "before I had him washed and laundered; he was the worst looking kid you ever saw. He had bumped his way clear from Syracuse and was a walking monument of dirt and cinders. They were in his teeth, in his ears and in his hair, and there was enough good, rich loam 'round his neck to have manured an acre of potatoes. But his bonnet, that was enough to knock a sucker into a fit. It had once been a white straw, but now looked like a handful of dirty hay. But the kid's all right, I tell you, and too game to let a little matter of 1,000-mile promenade shut him out of such a treat as seeing his big brother punch holes in one Billy Smith."

Ryan, as a natural consequence to being on the championship pedestal, is being challenged on all hands. Even Smith hasn't got enough, and then there is George Dawson and Billy Layton down at St. Joe. Tom may possibly take some notice of Dawson, but of Smith or Layton never. And Dawson, it wouldn't take Ryan but six or eight rounds to make this fellow wish he had adhered to his resolution to quit fighting for good. He is not in Tom's class by several degrees, as Tom demonstrated in their little six-round turn-up at Chicago. By the way, I forgot to mention that the gloves Ryan wore in his excoriation of the Mysterious are in possession of Frank Bandle, and you couldn't by 'em with a carload of gold or two cartloads of love.

Jimmy Lindsey and Fletch Robbins are putting in every minute of their time preparing themselves for their great contest next Thursday evening down at Plattsmouth. Jimmy is already in tip-top fighting fig, and Robbins is said to be fine as satin. Jim is working at Courtland beach, does lots of rowing, running and bag punching, besides boxing with a couple of giants he has imported from Patagonia. Jim says he's got to win and is taking no chances on being caught out of condition. Manager Hamilton was in my office yesterday and he informed me that Robbins was busy as a nailor, already down to fighting heft and as quick and clean-cut as a bird. It will evidently be a contest worth a long journey to see. I will run an excursion to the fight, leaving the B. & M. depot at 7 o'clock and returning the same night, immediately after the contest, all for one price, transportation and the fight, for a three-dollar William.

I had a short talk with my old friends, Charlie Davies and Joe Choynski, in the bar at the West hotel the night after the Ryan-Smith collision and enjoyed the reunion immensely. Both gentlemen look as if they were accustomed to nothing save fortune's blandest smiles, and it is to be ardently hoped there will be no switch in their luck.

"Charlie," said I, "you haven't anything to tell me regarding Peter, have you?"

"Not a word," laconically responded the Parson, and after that neither Jackson or Corbett were mentioned in our conversation. But as little Brady is back and Jim, too, the papers will be glutted with slush in a few days, sure.

I did intend this week to tell of the delights and trials and tribulations of my excursion party, but have already gone too far as it is and again must put off the pleasure. SANDY GRISWODD.

Interstate Tennis Tourney.

The Omaha Tennis club is rapidly completing its arrangements for the interstate tournament, which will be held in this city on Monday, August 20, and continue, probably, throughout the week. This will be Omaha's first venture in holding an all-comers tournament, yet from the numerous inquiries received by Secretary Young its success is already assured. Denver, Kansas City, Sioux City and Des Moines clubs will be represented in the tournament, and a strong effort is also being made to secure several Chicago players. As an inducement to get good players to come to Omaha the club will be compelled to offer some valuable prizes, and will be obliged to call upon the merchants of the city for some financial assistance. A committee, consisting of S. S. Caldwell, Fred Lake and H. E. Snow, was appointed to canvass the city for subscriptions. The club desires to raise $100. Other committees appointed are: Grounds—George E. Haverstick, S. S. Caldwell and C. H. Young. Prizes—W. Owen, J. W. Battin, George E. Haverstick. Reception—C. S. Cullingham, R. R. Young, J. W. Battin, W. Owen.

Coming Home in a Bunch.

There is no change in the standing of the teams in the championship scramble and it continues to stand unparalleled as the hottest, closest, most stubborn race in the history of the great national game. The seven clubs are still neck and neck, with the Yellow Boys from Quincy coming fast. It requires but a single game to make the leaders tail-enders and the tail-enders leaders. All eight clubs are still in the race, although Quincy has but a shadow of a chance. Her bad start has been a hard thing to overcome and the best she can reasonably hope for now is to improve her standing in games won and lost. It is almost certain she must quit last. With the other seven clubs, however, it is different. They are evenly matched and one's chances are as good as another's. They are coming down the stretch in a bunch.

Yale's Captain Next Year.

The Boston Sunday Journal, along with an excellent full length portrait of the subject, says:

Fred A. Rustin of Omaha, Neb., who has been elected captain of the Yale nine for next year, has played on the team for the past three years, first at third base and later at right field. He and his brother, Wylie Rustin, whose sad death during a Yale society initiation so shocked the world two years ago, were both members of the Andover academy team before going to Yale.

Rustin is a good batsman and an exceptionally good outfielder. Among his fellows his genial and frank nature has made him one of the most popular students at Yale. He is 22 years old and should have graduated from the Sheffield Scientific school this year, but will return to Yale next fall and take advanced chemistry courses preparatory to a study of medicine.

The Way it Used to Was.

OMAHA, July 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Your article anent frog hunting was of decided interest, but you omitted one method of taking the slippery delicacy, which, though possibly lacking in the true sportsmanship ring, is nevertheless a whole barrel of fun; revert for a moment to your former days in the east, and you will no doubt recall the following amusement, so popular with the Yankee:

Time, about 9 p. m., paraphernalia, ordinary boat, bulls-eye lantern, fair size pail with cover, and a healthy desire for a frog breakfast; paddling about rather close to the shore, man in stern inspecting edge of bank by light of lantern, shining throats of our prey come out in bold relief; keeping light full in his inquisitive face, quietly paddle toward bank, and with a firm grip pick him up and deposit his froghip in the receptacle provided. Sounds "dead easy," don't it? Well, it is after you have lost a few, for your chagrin will promptly develop in you a desire to conquer which will give you the grip positive, such as held by death over the tuberculous ethopian. One very decided advantage in catching them in this way is that you may keep them alive, and thus "fresh from the water" whenever wanted on your table.

Thanking you for many pleasant moments spent in reading your carefully prepared sporting news, believe me, ever thine.—One Who Eats 'Em.

Friend P. C. M.: The frog article was not mine, still it was in The Bee, and am glad you enjoyed it. Thanking you for your pleasant comments, I would add that your method of taking the big batrachians is perfectly familiar to me.

Yelps from the Bleachers.

SOME people seem to think that a ball team, to be a good team, must win at least five out of every six games it plays. If this was the case the interest in the fortunes of such a team would be short-lived, indeed, and the average crank would say, "Well, it is a sure thing they will win, so I won't go out today, but wait for the score this evening." I contend, despite the meager showing the Omahas have made away from home, that they are one of the very best teams in the Western association, and if they do not win the flag they will hustle the team that does. Their weakest point is base running. If they were up in this highly essential art it is safe to say their losses on the field would not average more than one game a week. They are giants with the stick and lead the association, while in fielding they rank second, and it would seem from this that they should come in under the wire in the van or close thereto.

President Dave E. Rowe is at Colorado Springs for a few days' rest and recuperation.

Voiceless Tim O'Rourke of memory fond has been sworn in as one of Schmelz's Senatorial curios.

"Tub" Welch of the old-time St. Joes has organized a strong semi-professional team at Zanesville, O.

There has been a break made in the ranks of the Eastern league. Troy has quit about $1,000 in the hole.

Larry Twitchell isn't a league umpire after all, but is now gobbling flies in the right field for Milwaukee.

Count Campau's life as a Senator was very brief, and he is now filling his lungs with pure minor league air in the field for Milwaukee.

"Lily Langtry Langsford is the sort of frontispiece they have put on old Bobby out in the Western association.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Jocko Munyan and Paddy Boyle are both putting up a gilt-edge article of ball for Quincy, much to the pleasure of their many friends here.

"Whit Wings" Tebeau cracked out a liner in the third inning in a game at Cleveland the other day that broke Frank Killen's pitching arm.

"Grasshopper" Ulrich is fulfilling the hope of the cranks with the Rourke family, batting, run-getting and fielding like a regular double distilled little devil.

"Deacon" Whitehill gives promises of upholding the rep he made for himself at Tyrone as a slugger. In every game now he cops out his little two or three bagger.

I met Bobby Gilks at Minneapolis last week. He was there with the Toledos. He is looking fine and playing great ball, and, of course, sent his kind regards to all of the boys down at Bandle's.

The local management is already figuring on a decided enlargement of the Charles Street park this winter and the chances are good for a fulfillment of their fondest hope in this line.

"Runty" Boxendale has not been able to maintain the clip he started out on with the Prohibitionists. In his last three games he got it, and got it hard right where Nancy wears her beads.

Friday next, which will witness the opening game with the Peorias, will be ladies' day at the Charles Street park. The sport has made itself extremely popular with the fair sex this season, and every ladies' day finds the grand stand crowded with youth and beauty.

While in Minneapolis last week John S. Barnes, manager of the Minnies, wanted to bet me a new suit of clothes that Omaha would be in the Western league next year. He hinted at a big deal now in negotiation, but refused to let me in on the ground floor yet awhile.

Scrappy Jack Newell, the baldheaded, has been "trun down" by the Corn Huskers. How would Jack look at third for Omaha?

Jack Fanning, once with Omaha, didn't last long with the Phillies. He was king of the Southern league, but very Council Bluffs in the big body.

The Rourkes will reach home once more on Friday morning next, and in the afternoon meet the Peoria Blackbirds at the Charles street park. They also play Peoria Saturday and Sunday, 11 and 12. On August 14, 15 and 16 Jacksonville follows, Quincy, 17, 18 and 19, and Rock Island, 20, 21 and 22.

From Pittsburg, says Ren Mulford, comes the chestnut that the rejuvenated American association will take the field next year and fight the league. As most of the brotherhood moguls have "gone broke" since the disastrous war of 1890 any story of the discovery of a new race of angels looking for a scrap in such times as these will find few believers outside the "space rate boys" and the lunatic asylums.

Bykers' Tourney at Weeping Water.

Weeping Water is to have a bicycle tournament, held under sanction of the League of American Wheelmen racing board and League of American Wheelmen rules, and with J. H. Haldeman as manager, on Thursday, the 23d of this month, for which they are making elaborate preparations and are expecting a large attendance. The day's card is a good one, introducing the following events:

CLASS A.

Two mile novice:
First, bicycle lamp..... $6.00
Second, bicycle watch charm..... 2.50
One-half mile novice, Ladies only:
First, hanging lamp..... $6.50
Second, silver cup..... 2.00
Two mile open:
First, gold filled watch..... $25.00
Second, gold plated watch chain..... 6.00
Five mile open handicap:
First, gold filled watch..... $30.00
Second, gold cuff buttons..... 5.00

CLASS B.

One mile:
One silver tilting water set..... $30.00

After Chicken in Waning Summer.

THE present season has been a good one for the prairie chicken crop in Nebraska if it has not been for any other. The early portion of the season was perfect for nesting, and since the little chicks have hatched out there have been no violent storms to kill them off. There was a large number of old birds left over from previous years, and reports from the central and western part of the state indicate that there is an unusual supply of young birds this season. In spite of the fact that the law does not permit the shooting of the birds until September 1, it is a notorious fact that the hunting of these birds commences all over Nebraska early in July, and usually by the time the season is here there are very few left in the vicinity of the towns, and the sportsman who respects the law must either be content with no shooting of a satisfactory character, or else must go some distance from the town to get it.

This year it promises to be little better, for it has been so insufferably hot and dry that hunting by either man or dog has been out of the question. This has delayed the slaughter somewhat and allowed the birds to grow stronger of wing, and they will not fall quite so easy a prey as formerly, and for this reason there is likely to be good shooting left when the open season arrives without being compelled to go out of the world to find it.

The very thing that has operated to save them so far this season, however, will cause a still more ruthless war of extermination later on unless the sportsmen of the state take a hand to stop it. There are every year a large number of men in this state who make their living by hunting these birds and selling them, and the failure or partial failure of the crops in a large portion of the state will vastly add to this army and the attendant slaughter of the birds. Men who ordinarily do not think it worth while or who have something else to do which pays them better will this year see in the birds an oportunity to make a little money, and will accept it. To make chicken hunting pay the hunter must bring to bag an average of two dozen birds per day, and at this rate even one hunter will kill an astonishing number in a season. If something is not done to stop this slaughter birds will be few and far between next year.

All true sportsmen will be content to await the coming of September 1, when chicken hunting and chicken shooting will be lawful. And by the way there is a vast difference between chicken hunting and chicken shooting, as many an ardent adventurer has found out. At this season of the year there is no sport in either. It is too oppressive to tramp through dried stubble, sere grass or burnt corn for the former, and an outrage in the latter, even if you or your dog is so fortunate as to locate a covey of the soft, flabby, pin-feathered chicklings. There is no skill in this event required in the slaughter, which is attended with neither enthusiasm nor excitement.

Of course a chicken or grouse is at its very best for table purposes when but half grown, but this is no argument in extenuation of their unlawful killing, and a full grown bird is sufficiently toothsome to answer all gastronomic requirements.

When once the season opens there will be an exodus of impatient sportsmen, all panoplied with hammerless and shells, and greedy to get at the mottled beauties from which they have been debarred for a twelvemonth. Side by side, with the pointer and setter ranging in front, they will tramp the fields, the sidehills and draws, and in the lazy, hazy days of golden autumn know such enjoyment as never befalls the midsummer miscreant and buccaneer. Besides the actual pleasure to the hunter from the fact that he is engaged in an honest recreation, there is still greater delight to be derived from the thousand beauties of waning summer. Shut up in store or office perhaps all through the hot days, the sights and sounds and odors of the droning country now seem to him altogether new. Such an outing, with the birds fairly plentiful and strong enough of pinion to test his keenest sight and steadiest nerve, it is a revelation of another existence, yet each enchanted faculty brings back to him memories of other days like these, of other companions, but none so beautiful, so happy or beloved. To him the morning and evening note of the golden-breasted meadow lark, as he perches proudly on the top of the tallest fence post, standing well up on his cream-colored pillars, or tilts on swaying sunflower stalk, never sounded half so plaintive, half so sweet. And for his delight the ruddy-chested robin hops nimbly and fearlessly along the green and dank creek's bank, darts athwart brown meadow, emitting from his yellow beak a sharp, petulent staccato, yet full of the lilt of melody that the sense of honest sportsmen alone can understand and appreciate. The modest flowers of early fall, the moose's heart, the adder's tongue, goldenrod, wind flower and Indian plume, open their tender faces seemingly to greet him, an old-time friend.

And more, too, he hears the querulous caw of the flapping crow, the faint chickadee of the vagrant solitaire, and the sharp and almost incessant twitter of the blackbird. From off over the low sandhills, from river, lake or marshy expanse, occasionally comes the honk of an early goose or the quack of a mallard that has nested and reared her family here, while from above falls the shrill shriek of the ever-present red-tailed hawk, poised on moveless wing, intent on some unwary rabbit or creeping chick. Then again the broad prairie, with its endless undulations of yellow grass, is as silent as the tomb. The birds have hushed their merry throats, yet over the limitless plain, through the hills and mottes of timber, across lake and into somber valley, is marching southward noiselessly, imperceptibly, but sure and certain, the advance guard of a host—cold, white and cheerless—soon to make itself everywhere felt and heard.

But look! There is Nell, and Don, too, on a dead stand, in that little patch of buckwheat stuble yonder. Now for a double!

With Rod, Dog and Gun.

W. J. Connell is shooting grizzly bear and turtle doves in the mountains of the Big Horn.

Harvey Moores left for the grayling streams of north Michigan Friday morning, to be gone a month.

Lawyer Bill Simeral and John Owens made a handsome bag of plover out on Paxton's ranch several days ago.

E. T. Johnson spent a couple of days with the bass at Spirit Lake last week, but reports few fish and poor sport.

Joe Chilberg, Sam Megeath, W. E. Heathcote and E. S. Brooks will put in a couple of weeks among the mountain streams near Rawlins.

To make prime wild fowl shooting this fall on the best known grounds in this state, there must be a vast deal more rain than has thus far fallen this summer.

Reports from all sections of the state are in harmony on the head that this year's crop of both chickens and quail will exceed that of any former years in a decade.

The Wallace Gun club of Wallace, Neb., held a meeting a few evenings ago for the purpose of formulating plans for the prevention of illegal chicken shooting, and their motto is to let no guilty man escape.

Notwithstanding but small bags of upland plover have been made by local gunners upon the hillsides and meadows of this immediate vicinity, they have not been as plentiful in twenty years. The prairies and uplands of the whole state are literally covered with them, and at some points in the interior of the state they have been killed by the hundreds. The bird is a queer one in many respects, and being nocturnal in their migrations, the air seems full of them every night, as is indicated by their plaintive but melodious "tur-wheetle, tur-wheetle."

Judge John M. Thurston and wife have returned from a two weeks' outing within the terebinthinated wilds of northern Michigan, and a major portion of the time was occupied with rod and reel. The judge is an expert, while Mrs. Thurston is exceedingly skillful, and they would make a formidable couple in a piscatorial competition. The last few days of their stay was at Lake Gobebic, which Judge Thurston thinks the best black bass waters in the world. They made a big catch, among which was one four and one-fourth-pounder, and innumerable three and three and a half pounders.

Big Trots This Fall.

Following is a schedule of the big trotting sessions to be held over the country during the remainder of the season. In all of these meetings the Billy A. Paxton stables are entered, and in many of them that of Clinton H. Briggs: Joliet, Ill., August 7; Grand Rapids, Mich., August 13-17; Chicago, August 18-25; Independence, Ia., August 27-31; Indianapolis, Ind., September 3-8; Terre Haute, Ind., September, 10-14; Galesburg, Ill., September 17-22; Columbus, O., September 24-29; Chillicothe, October 1-6; Lexington, October 6-13; Nashville, October 15-25.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

AGAIN the schedule in the Washington-Denver relay has been changed, but does not affect Omaha, the time being the same as heretofore published—11:02 p. m., Saturday, August 11.

The Ganymedes receive the message at Atlantic at 5:19 p. m. on the 11th instead of 5:24 p. m., and the Omaha riders deliver the message to Fremont at 2:02 a. m. Sunday, the 12th, instead of 1:52 a. m., as before scheduled. Indications all point to the ride being a "corker" now, and the cyclists are all sanguine that the schedule will be beaten by several hours. The change in time is caused by the change from Eastern to Central time and from Central time to Mountain time along the route, the route having been found to be ten miles shorter than at first reported, and as some of the relays will have to be ridden in the night, the time has been necessarily lengthened and shortened on the daylight relays. The moon is full on the 16th and will, therefore, be rather luminous on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. Riders are requested to be ready at a moment's notice to jump into the saddle.

Captain Walker of the Tourist Wheelmen extends a standing invitation to all wheelmen in the city who enjoy country touring to join with his club on any or all of the August tours. Below is given a list. See what you are missing by not attending: August 5, Plattsmouth, forty-four miles, start 7:30 a. m.; August 9, Courtland beach, eight miles, start 7:30 p. m.; August 12, Millard, thirty-six miles, start 7:30 a. m.; August 16, Metcalf park (moonlight), fourteen miles, start 7:30 p. m.; August 19, Blair, fifty-two miles, start 7:30 a. m.; August 26, Crescent City, twenty-six miles, start 8 o'clock a.m.; August 30, blind run, start 7:30 p. m. It may be possible that today's run may be changed to Elk City, to go over the Washington-Denver relay course from Omaha to Elk City. All runs start from M. O. Daxon's store, corner Sixteenth and Chicago, promptly on time.

The Ganymede Wheel club of Council Bluffs passes through the city today enroute for Fremont.

As the time for the national meet draws nigh it is in place to ask if you have made any arrangements for attending this, the greatest meet of the year? If not, don't you think it is about time to bestir yourself and save up your dollars for the event, that is if you have not already been fortunate enough to save them? The meet is bound to be the finest you ever attended, and the trip alone will compensate you for the small expense incurred. You will see some of the grandest and most picturesque of American scenery, some of the speediest and hottest contested races and thousands of merry wheelmen and wheelwomen that you never saw before. The railroads and hotels are making a strong play for your patronage, and to meet you part way have reduced rates, to be in reach of all. You are going? Of course you are, and you are going with the Nebraska delegation, too! An elaborate program of entertainment has been planned by the Denver wheelmen and league officials, the principal events of which are two monster parades of wheelmen, one in the daytime of Monday of the festive week, the other a lantern parade on Friday evening; a mammoth "picnic" for visiting cyclists on Lookout mountain on Wednesday, and the league races of Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The national championships will be run as follows: Thursday, half mile and five mile; Friday, two mile; Saturday, quarter mile and one mile. Riders of classes A and B compete together in these championships. You know what that means! The races will be hummers. Nineteen other races will be run during the three days, in which class A and class B men will compete separately.

FROM THE EXCHANGES.

Cycling is experiencing a boom in South Africa.

Kearney is to have another $2,500 meet in September.

The Japanese are enthusiastic wheelmen. They have a weekly cycling journal published at Tokio.

The German army has adopted the cycle for courier and picket duty. Eight hundred and thirty bicycles have been recently ordered by the government.

Constant Houret, the French long distance cyclist, broke the world twenty-four hour record by thirty-two miles. His record is 457 miles and 1,612 yards.

Five hundred delegates were present at the first annual session of the Good Roads convention at Asbury Park on July 5. Governor Fuller of Vermont presided. The major portion of the United States and territories were represented.

"Pinkey" Bliss' record of two minutes flat for the standing mile is gone, "smashed to flinders." On August 2 at Waltham, Mass., Harry C. Tyler paced by three tandems succeeded in lowering it to 1:57 3-5. These times are also record—two-thirds of a mile, 1:19 1-5, three-quarters, 1:29. The record was official.

The recent light showers have not laid the dust on the country roads very much, especially in the vicinity of Omaha, and in consequence the club runs are not very well attended. The bathing resorts seem to be the rendezvous of the local wheelmen.

Questions and Answers.

OMAHA, Neb., July 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Friend Sandy—Please let me know through next Sunday's Bee what bait you use for bass and perch. I have tried many kinds without success.—William Paxton.

Ans.—I hate to give it away, Billy, but I have found Charlie Townsend's Yellowstone rye a grand bait for bass, and Old Hermitage will land a perch every time.

RAPID CITY, S. D., July 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: A, B and C are playing seven-up. C deals, A and B tie for game, each having 4 points, C 3 points. A claims game, having eldest hand. B and C claim no game out. Which is correct? Please answer in Sunday Bee and oblige.—F. M. Cannon.

Ans.—Goes to the one furthest from the dealer.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., July 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet please answer the following in next Sunday's Bee: A and B are playing old-fashioned game of seven-up and A turns spades as trump. B begs and cards are all run out except the last one, which is turned by consent and is the jack of spades. Does that jack count for dealer or not?—William Neville.

Ans.—Yes.

SOUTH OMAHA, July 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you kindly state in Sunday's Bee the highest price ever paid in this country for a 2-year-old horse; the highest price paid for any horse, and kindly explain what is meant by the expression "2-year-old" as applied to horses? From what country has this country drawn its best racing stock? Thanking you in advance for your trouble.—Sportsman.

Ans.—The answer to this question last Sunday was both incomplete and incorrect. (1) The highest price ever paid for a 2-year-old was for Arion, $125,000. (2) The highest price ever paid for a horse was for Omonde, $150,000. (3) A horse is a 2-year-old on the second 1st of January of his existence. For instance, a horse foaled in December is a yearling after the 1st of January and a 2-year-old after the next 1st of January. This is according to the racing code. (4) Runners, England; trotters, United States.

SOUTH OMAHA, Aug. 1.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please report in next Sunday's Bee which man is out in high five: A had 17 and B 20. A bid 1 on hearts, and made high and low and five spot?—F. J. Kavan.

Ans.—B making jack or game went out.

SILVER CITY, Ia., Aug. 3.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In your Sunday issue please answer the following questions, and please put it in so they won't know it is from Silver City. You can sign my letter backward, S. E. G. Silver City Ball club went to Carson to play ball. After the game was over they sent a cipher telegram. The fellow that got it went and bet some money and the ones that he bet with claim that it was no bet, as he bet the money after he got the cipher message and was running no chance, but betting on a sure thing.—S. E. G.

Ans.—According to betting ethics you can't bet on a sure thing, but you can all the same, and it is done hundreds of times every day on every race track in the country. The bet goes.

NEWMAN GROVE, Neb., Aug 3.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in Sunday's Bee the following: What has Omaha done with Camp and Moran? Also where did Omaha's this year's players play last year.—G. A.

Ans.—(1) Camp is indisposed and Moran quit. (2) Don't know.

ROCKPORT, Mo., Aug. 1.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In a game of base ball the bases are full, and the man on first base starts for second base without being forced off, and the ball is thrown to first base. Without touching the runner from first base, is the runner from first out unless touched by the ball. The second base runner and the third base runner each holding their bases, and not advancing to give the runner on first a clear base?—T. A. Bailey.

Ans.—He must be touched.

BARTLEY, Neb., July 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To settle a dispute will you please answer the following in next Sunday's Bee and oblige: In a game of base ball A claims that a base runner is prohibited from taking more than one base in case a ball, fairly thrown by pitcher, passes the catcher. B claims runner is entitled to all the bases he can get before catcher fields ball to put him out. Who is right? Does a captain have the privilege of changing the positions of his players at any time during the game? Who is right in this dispute? Captain removes his pitcher from the box to a base and substitutes another pitcher in the sixth inning. Wishes to reinstate first pitcher in the eighth after two outs have been made. A holds that he can; B says not.—Reader.

Ans.—(1) B. (2) Yes. (3) A is correct.

ARAPAHOE, Neb., July 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in Sunday's issue the following question: Has a club the right to change pitchers during an inning over the objection of the captain of the opposing nine. The pitcher is not taken in from the bench, but is changed from first base to pitcher's box.—Subscriber.

Ans.—Yes.

AXTELL, Neb., Aug 2.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you be so kind as to answer this in next Sunday's Bee: If in a game of ball a man running from third to home runs in a circle and don't come in on the line, is he out or safe? Give us your opinion. If a home team has no flags out and bats a ball between third and short, and strikes fair and rolls out, which is it, fair or foul? Please give us your best opinion to settle a dispute and oblige.—D. S. Sellen, Captain of Axtell Base Ball club.

Ans.—(1) Safe. (2) Foul.

MADISON, Neb., Aug. 2.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in the Sunday Bee to decide small wager and oblige: In game of base ball there is base runner on first base and umpire calls three strikes on the batter, but the catcher fails to hold third strike—isn't the batter out?—W. E. Kinsella.

Ans.—He is.

DENISON, Ia., July 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following in Sunday's Bee: In a game of base ball, with two out and a man on first base, A bets B that the batsman goes to first base. The batsman bats a grounder to the second baseman, who puts the base runner out at second base and makes no effort to throw the batsman out at first, there being three out. Who wins? Can the pitcher cover first base on a grounder, hit to the first baseman, between first and second bases.—John W. Campbell.

Ans.—(1) When the third man is out that settles it, B wins. (2) Yes, or on a hit anywhere else.

CENTRAL CITY, Neb., July 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following question in your issue of the Sunday Bee of the 29th to decide a dispute: With the catcher behind the bat a foul is knocked and said catcher makes no effort to catch it and it is caught by a spectator or player of the opposite side, is the batter out or not? Said foul goes at least forty feet in air.—John R. Foresman, Captain Central City Base Ball club.

Ans.—Of course not, unless the man who caught the ball interferred with the catcher, then of course the umpire would properly call the batsman out.

OMAHA, Aug. 2.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet will you please inform me through Sunday's Bee whether Hill voted on the late senate tariff bill, and how he voted? M. Cunningham.

Ans.—Well, sir, Hill and I were old sports together twenty years ago, but I haven't heard from him for nearly a week now. In his last letter he didn't say a word about how he voted on the tariff bill, but he promised me he'd vote agin it.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Tommy—Say, paw. Mr. Figg—Now, what do you want? Tommy—What is the difference between the sea horse and the navy plug?

Tommy—Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel, 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sitting all alone in the dark I heard her say to him, "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved today."

Little