

**Absolutely The Most Colossal, Costly and Majestic Out-Door Exhibition Human Eyes Ever Beheld.**

**5 ACRES OF MASSIVE SCENERY.**

**A BEAUTIFUL BALLET AND GLITTERING TABLEAUX.**

**AWE-INSPIRING ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.**

Ladies and children unescorted can visit this refined performance with perfect propriety.

**TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS.**

**Grand Opening Performance: Tuesday Evening, August 21.**

**350 Performers on the Stage.**

Charming Music by Boyd's Theatre Band.

Roman Sports and Games 18 Centuries Ago.

Immense Lake 300 Feet Long 100 Feet Wide with Pompeian Flotillas.

**REDUCED RATES ON ALL RAILROADS.**

**AERIAL AND AQUATIC FIREWORKS.**

**GRAND BEYOND DESCRIPTION.**

**OPENING PERFORMANCE Tuesday Even'g, August 21**

**PAIN'S GORGEOUS HISTORICAL SPECTACLE**

# Last Days of Pompeii

Entire Change of Fireworks Nightly.

Entire Change of Fireworks Nightly.

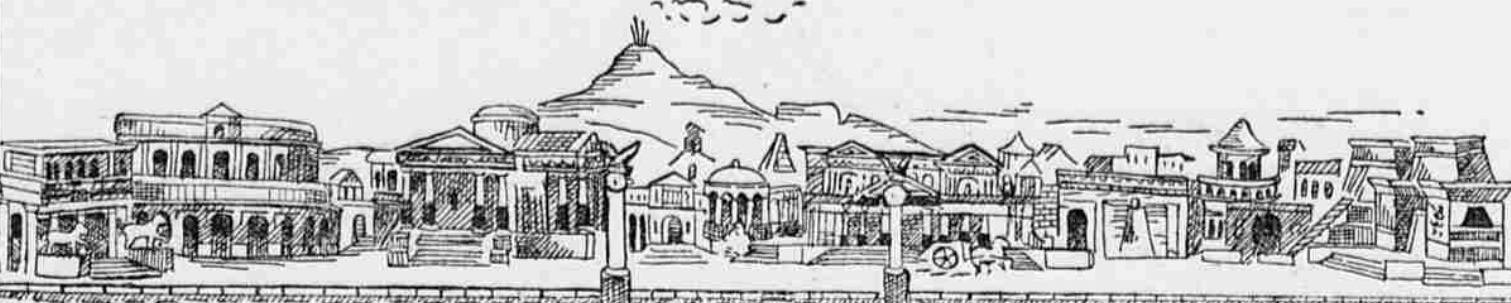
Brightly blazing, glaring electric lights will make the grounds as bright as noon-day to see the most wonderful performance the world has ever produced.

**EXHIBITION EVERY OTHER EVENING. TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS SATURDAYS.**

**TAKE 15,000 SQUARE YARDS OF WONDERFUL SCENERY.**

Modest, handsome and shapely ladies neatly and classically costumed in a series of marvelous groupings and intricate evolutions.

**OPENING PERFORMANCE Tuesday Even'g, August 21**



# Courtland Beach

**RESERVED SEATS ON SALE AT**

Kuhn's, 15th and Douglas.  
Kinsler's, 16th and Farnam.  
Fuller's, 14th and Douglas.  
Kiplinger's, 13th and Farnam.

Admission, with good seat..... 50c | Family Boxes, seating five persons.....\$5.00  
Admission, with reserved seat in palatial grand stand. 75c | Single seats in boxes..... 1.00

Children under 12 years, 25c. Children occupying reserved seats, full price.  
IN CASE OF PEACE OFFICERS: POSTPONED, TICKETS WILL BE GOOD FOR THE NEXT PERFORMANCE ONLY.

**OPENING PERFORMANCE Tuesday Even'g, August 21**

### CHATS WITH THE BOXERS

End of the Corbett-Jackson Talking Match Brings Some Relief.

PEOPLE WERE TIRED OF THE FUSSING

Public Opinion Seems to Have Finally Got the Pugs Properly Sized Up—Activity at New Orleans the Only Feature.

Fighter Corbett and Pug Jackson have at last given public expression to their long standing intention not to fight, and that accomplished the public can breathe again. The failure of the strenuous efforts to get the two men together was not unexpected by the shrewd admirers of the art. It has long been contended that Corbett would never fight Jackson, and the developments of the last week go to show that such was never his intention. While there were suckers enough left to pay \$1 a head to see the man who had whipped Sullivan, why should he risk everything to settle the question of supremacy with a man from whom he could gain nothing. The man who had whipped Sullivan could gain but little by whipping Jackson, and all things considered the chances were that the suspicious negro would give him a stiffer argument than the Boston champion. While Corbett is certainly a clever and successful fighter, none except his most enthusiastic admirers believe that his cleverness would outlast a few stiff punches, such as Jackson might land on him at any stage, and it would not be surprising if "Gentleman Jim" retained a sufficiently unpleasant recollection of their former meeting to make him a little wary of the hard hitting negro. No one who has paid any attention to the recent comment on the Corbett-Jackson negotiations has not but noticed the decided falling off of interest since the last great fight. It seems that the American public is beginning to rate these pug fights at their true value. The sporting element of scores of cities have heretofore tumbled over one another to secure a big fight, but now there is a noticeable lack of enthusiasm in this respect. Even if Jackson and Corbett were to get together, it is doubtful whether the mill could be pulled off publicly in this country. Public sentiment is of slow growth, but prize fighting is rapidly becoming a nuisance and a crime in the eyes of a large majority of the people, and in coming years it will have to be carried on without the confident publicity that has characterized it heretofore. Boxing as an exercise has too much value to ever become obsolete, but the brutal exhibitions of prize fighting will soon have had their day, and will not be allowed in any law abiding community.

Stanton Abbott has gone to New Orleans preparatory to his meeting with Jack Everard before the Olympic club Wednesday night. Should he win, as seems probable, he has selected either Carroll or Andy Bowen as his next opponent.

Dan Creedon and Bob Fitzsimmons have agreed to meet for a \$5,000 purse before the Olympic club within six weeks. They will weigh in at 165 pounds. The New Orleans club seems to be about the only prominent organization in the country that is willing to undertake to pull off a fight of any note now unless a sign fails it will soon be alone in its ambition to provide entertainment for the short-haired fraternity.

Dannie Needham is said to have forsaken the ring and gone to sheep raising in South Dakota. A fighter who is willing to turn to honest employment is a rarity and it is to be hoped that Needham will be as successful on

his ranch as he was when his fistie powers were at their best.

**Had a Terrible Time.**—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—Harry Muthall and Ed Cox of the Omaha Wheel club were assigned for the relay between Ogallala, Neb., and Julesburg, Colo., a distance of thirty-one miles. Not since leaving Washington had any of the relays encountered any difficulties until this one was reached. Both were strangers and knew not the country. The ride was made at night in a terrific thunder storm on these plains. The wind blew a gale, the rain fell in torrents, the night intensely dark, except when lit up by blinding flashes of lightning, which only made the darkness more impenetrable. Drenched to the skin, covered with mud, these undaunted fellows went on. In the darkness they lost their way and got out on open prairie, sometimes going through several inches of water. On they went, when without any warning they were precipitated over an embankment several feet into deep water. Not losing their presence of mind, and exercising a little nerve, they fished their way out and crawled up the bank, and waited, while the storm raged around them, for some flashes of lightning, they struck out for the Missouri Pacific railroad. They walked on and on until very much fatigued they left the railroad, mounted their wheels and rode and rode; the lights of a town came in view and disappeared again. They found they were lost again on the prairie, and riding in a circle. At last they hit the railroad and walked again until they came to Brule. They again mounted their wheels with better success. The storm had abated. The clouds had rolled away, and they rode seventeen miles into Julesburg in one hour and seventeen minutes, being only one hour and ten minutes behind schedule. They arrived here more dead than alive. They were hungry, bedraggled, muddy shoes, torn from their feet, they presented a woebegone appearance. The hotel was closed, and they had to wait five minutes after the arrival from Ogallala, and made the run, a distance of seventeen miles, the roads still being in a bad condition, in one hour and nineteen minutes.

**Three Chances Missed.**

Willie McGill will not wear an Omaha uniform. He was advertised to pitch at the Charles Street park Thursday, but just before the game President Rover received a telegram stating that his mother was not willing that he should leave Chicago and that he would stay there for the present.

Omaha has had a streak of downright hard luck in securing pitchers. Most of the games lost on the last trip were on account of inferiority in the box. Whitehill has been doing good work most of the time, but Lookabaugh was hit hard most of the time and Neal's glass arm made him practically useless. The local management spent a good deal of money to secure Neal, and there is no question but that it would have been well invested had not his arm given out. With Neal and Clauson the club would undoubtedly have been close to first place by this time. Clauson was unfortunate enough, however, to get himself in jail, from which all the efforts of the management have not been able to deliver him.

When McGill was promised the management had the choice of either him or Abbey. McGill was chosen, but his refusal to come to Omaha adds another straw to the burden of ill luck on the backs of the Omaha management. A telegram was immediately sent to Chicago for Abbey, but it is doubtful whether he can be signed thus late in the day. The management has used every effort to strengthen the team in pitchers, but after three first class men have been signed and been lost by sheer hard luck no one can blame them for their apparent failure to secure pitchers. They are still keeping the wings hot, and every possible effort will be made to get another good man within a few days.

**Earth for a Time.**

The Bee has received a copy of the Cyclists' Handbook which has just been issued by the American News company of

New York. It is a very valuable publication for wheelmen and as it is on the market at the remarkably low price of 10 cents a copy, it should have a liberal sale. It includes a complete compendium of all sorts of racing information, and also numerous cuts of the leading riders. The hand book arrived with the following letter from "Senator" Morgan, which explains itself:

"NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Although in the wicked metropolis, I often think of Omaha and the old boys. Jack Prince was here recently, but his shows would not go. He should have given them a fox chase or a tug of war. He gave a description of his hunting with you the time you shot the cows, the other day in our office to a large and appreciative audience. For heavens sake steer clear if he comes to Omaha, because he has Cuba, and that index finger of his, "Remembering the fight, as is wicked as Jim Corbett's left. By the way, I called on your friend Corbett the other afternoon, and he told me on the quiet that his English trip was not over financially successful. With regards, and trusting you will call if you ever come to New York, I remain, yours very truly,  
W. J. MORGAN.

**Cripples Won It.**

The Cripples and the Twin Cities faced each other on the Council Bluffs bottoms last Saturday afternoon and for the second time the Twin Cities failed to make enough tallies to outpoint their antediluvian opponents. The Cripples used their "crutches" quite merrily and by a happy bunching of hits in the sixth inning succeeded in tying the score and winning out. Clarke's ramming catch of a long fly to left field was the feature of the game. Veith was put in to pitch for the Cripples, but was taken out in the second inning and Smith substituted. Kelley pitched a good game for the "Reserves" and received better support than given the pitcher in the first game played some weeks ago. The officiating came very near being unstruck during the afternoon. The third game will be played next week, either at Reel's station or Sarpy mills. The score: Cripples, 5; Crisples, 7; Errors—Reserves, 4; Cripples, 5; Batteries—Kelley and Miller for Reserves; Veith, Smith and Stanger for Cripples; Passed balls—Miller. Struck out—by Kelley, 5; by Veith, 2; Smith, 9. Time, one hour and fifty minutes. Umpire—Hemmingler.

**Great Event for Cyclists.**

The cordial endorsement that the newspapers are giving the Good Roads tournament which commences on the three-lap track of the Asbury Park Athletic association August 30 is proof enough that the efforts of cyclists looking toward the improvement of roads is appreciated by all classes of citizens. A grand upright piano will be the chief prize for the class B riders, and in regard to the championship mile of that class Tom Eck, Johnson's trainer, writes as follows: "I am glad to see that you are going to give a race where Sanger, Tyler, Bliss and Johnson will be able to fight it out; it will be the race of a lifetime, depend upon it."

The manager of the tournament proposes to run all trial heats on the morning of the three days, so that only the semi-finals and final will be contested in the afternoon. Governor Flower of New York and Governor Werts of New Jersey, Senator David D. Hill, Mayor Gilroy and other prominent people have been invited to attend the races.

**Copple is Too Sick to Start.**

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please publish just a couple of lines to let my Nybraga friends know I am not feeling well and don't think I shall start in the big sweepstakes that comes on August 19 here at Denver, so I wish to tell them not to play any money on me.  
W. H. COPPLE.

**Plugging for the Flag.**

The local flag seems to have struck a winding streak and should be in second place at the worst before the home series are ended. They are playing the sort of ball that pleases the fans and are being

sober and gentlemanly, an error is much more rarely excused.

The leaders are closing up on Sioux City in the Western league race and the prospects are bright for an exciting finish after all.

The release of Charley Ganzel by the Boston management marked the temporary retirement of the last of the old trio, Clark, Bennett and Ganzel, which was the nucleus of one of the strongest teams that ever trod a ball field. Bennett lost both legs in a railroad accident, Clark has quit the diamond for good and Ganzel's base ball career is evidently nearing its end.

**Whisperings of the Wheel.**

The Perry (Ar.) wheel club will be the guests of the Ganymede wheel club today.

Ray Bixby and C. E. Parsons of the Ganymede wheel club are booming the Ganymede tournament in Denver.

The recent high showers have improved the condition on the country roads, as well as the appearance of the countryside.

H. K. Smith made a moonlight trip to Missouri Valley, Ia., last Tuesday night. He reports the roads in line shape and his trip a delightful one.

Barnett and Condon, the two fastest men that Nebraska can sport, are in Denver, and "cutting out little slices of the melon" for themselves.

M. C. Lawrence of Toledo rode a half-mile backward at Ripon, O., in 1:47, and there are lots of wheelmen who can't ride a half-mile "frontwards" in that time.

A. H. Perrigo left for Denver last Wednesday morning to visit with "Pop" Brewster and the other "big guns" of the League of American Wheelmen now at the national met.

Business in the bicycle line is as quiet as the times can make it. Many of the factories and bicycle jobbers have taken men off the road entirely until the spring trade opens up.

Parisians have dubbed "Zimmie" the "Flying Yankee." Eighteen thousand people saw him defeat Menager, Louvet, Burden, Pournier and half a dozen more of Europe's fastest and best on July 24.

Chicago papers make a great "to-do" over their century riders and the Aurora-Egion course. Send some of 'em out here and tackle a western Iowa or Nebraska centurion and then let them flap their wings and crow. We have some of 'em.

The great relay ride is now an event of the Tourist Wheelmen, who were selected to ride in the Washington-Denver relay, were called out with the state troops for duty at South Omaha on the eve of the arrival of the message, and sadly trundled their wheels to the attic, resigning their places to some other enthusiast.

Secretary Abbott H. Bassett of the League of American Wheelmen has bade farewell to the cobwebs and sweet old-time memories of his Boston office and is now located in a spick-span new "suite" in Chicago. Mr. Bassett has been editor and secretary for the League of American Wheelmen for many years—ever since the organization was formed.

The Tourist Wheelmen will take their regular Sunday run today, their destination being Burr. A round trip of fifty-two miles. Their moonlight run to Metcalf park last Thursday evening was fairly well attended. The club is taking up its fourth annual century for next month. A beautiful gold century badge and bar will be given to the club member who finishes last, yet within the the fourteen hours required by the club rules.

The great relay ride is now an event of the past. The sturdy riders who carried the sagged message have again assumed the garb of everyday life. The little party caused by the Grimm letter in the pool of complacency has subsided and only a little ripple, curving its tiny way shoreward, remains one of the greatest and most successful of relay messages carrying performances ever on record. There were many laughable and noteworthy incidents occurring upon the long spin. Every rider has his little story to tell, all of which would make an interesting little book to while away an hour or two with one of the most notable riders perhaps was that taken by George W. Frueh of the Burlington bicycle club, Burlington, Ia., who was selected to carry the message across the "big bridge" at Burlington. The message reached him at dusk and his path

Glistening Scenes of Amazing Beauty, Impossible to Describe in Words