WHERE'S OUR SUMMER BIRDS

A Brief Treatise Upon the Feathered Family of Nebraska.

AMONG THE FISHERMEN AND SHOOTERS

Whisperings of the Wheel—Close of the Championship Season—The Horse and Dog and the Usual Weekly Sporting Round-Up.

WHAT becomes of our summer birds? Many have already gone and others are going, daily and nightly, and as little is known generally about bird life, this is an appropriate time for the above question.

All of our summer birds, in the main, are migratory, there being but two directions of flight, north and south, to and from pole to equator. The Canada goose, the brant, speckled brant and white, while they cannot be classed with our summer birds, will serve to furnish much information. In the summer time these choice game birds, particularly the two latter species, perform journeys to the hyperborean regions before which our most intrepid arctic explorers would falter; while in the winter the golden oriole and cat-bird, common in our dooryards for a brief sojourn from June until August, are piping and flirting away amid the perennial foliage of the equator. At either extreme of this extensive scope of the feathered family's pilgrimage there are wide stretches of country, which, either by reason of their climatic conditions, the character of their topography, or the shelter and food they supply, attract the bird tourists, thus curtailing many journeys, that originally had been more extensively mapped out. Every season there may be found in this latitude—perhaps in some sheltering neck of timber, along some spring-fed stream, like the Elkhorn or Niobrara, or in the intricate tangle of some low lying marshy swamp land, in the severer months, birds, whose kind, as a whole, are carolling in the warm climes of the gulf, in the West Indies or sunny Central America. Migration, after all, with some species of the winged tribe, is largely a matter of disposition or inclination, and either of these qualities may make the summer songster a winter resident.

According to my years of observation here in Nebraska, the yellow breasted sparrow and the dainty blue bird are the first to greet us with their sweet notes in the spring time—the sparrow ever preceding his cerulean hued little cousin. Here the blue bird departs with the first stinging manifestation of frost or with the falling leaves, but in isolated cases they have been known to linger until bitter cold comes, aye, even to remain here throughout the winter. This, however, is rare. His appearance and disappearance is sudden, but timely. The sparrow does not linger as long, but puts in an appearance earlier, facing his hardships in the spring time of life rather than in the tail end of the year.

The robin—I guess a favored bird the world over—is another of our early spring harbingers. He follows the blue bird, makes a long summer of it, and often in midwinter may be flushed and startled to wing in the denser thickets and woody shelters of our river bottoms. He is a different sort of a fellow, though, is robin redbreast, in the bleak, dreary days of cold and snow. He is then alert, wild and querulous. In the summer he is the pet of the door yard and orchard, rythmic, melodious and docile. They flock like turtle doves in the late fall, and linger in great numbers, often long after the time they should be swinging in the foliage or hopping over the sward of the softer south. When thus found, though pity it is, he is a legitimate prey of the gunner, legitimate I mean so far as his qualifications for the table are concerned, but being insectiverous and a song bird, here in Nebraska he is always properly protected by the statutes. In some states, especially in the south, he is included in the list of game birds, and is compelled to take his chance with Bob White, the waders and reed birds. While the robin is strictly migratoria, he frequently does his love making and his family raising as far north as Hudson bay, while hundreds of his kind are performing and enjoying the same functions within the sultry marshes of the isthmus.

The turtle dove, very similar to the robin in his coming and going, is materially different. He is first seen on rail fence, dead tree, or in the road way, long in the first mild days of April, coming in goodly numbers about the middle of May, and departing, generally, in a body, early in October. Some few linger in the stubble well into November, but by the first day of December they are generally completely gone, and their mournful plaint is lost until the warm winds once again blow from the south. The turtle dove, while protected throughout many states, including our own, is as choice a game bird as gastronome or epicure could crave, equal almost, in my esteem, to either the reed bird, the upland plover or the yellow leg, but not quite up to the par excellent standard of a quail or jack snipe. In various parts of the country, notably in California and the south, there are regularly prescribed seasons for his protection and slaughter, the same as governs the balance of feathered game. Nebraska is a favorite haunt for the turtle dove, and he breeds and multiplies here as possibly no place on earth; but like the robin, he also puts in much of his time in the south in the summer season, and abounds in great numbers from the Carolinas to the Sierra mountains.

The catbird, not so familiarly known in Nebraska as in the same latitude in the eastern states, although quite plentiful, is a late comer and an early goer. He is a delicate bird, and is not to be mat with north of the British line, and on his trip south hardly halts this side of Central America.

The meadow lark is much like the robin and the dove, that is, while migratoria, he often lingers in the northern states long after the regular time for departing southward. In mild winters he is to be found throughout Nebraska almost any day in the week, the tall grass of our limitless bay fields affording him ample shelter and food. He is always to be met with plentiful during the summer months in almost every state in the union, and while a beautiful bird, with a beautiful bit of song, is also a delicate morsel for the table—in fact, in some parts of the United States is highly thought of for his excellent game qualities. His cousins, the bobolinks and orioles, speed away before killing frosts, and await the fullest foliage and abundance of insect life before returning. They are never to be encountered in this region, even as stragglers, later than the middle of October, and rarely as late as that. From Panama to Ontario they ride up on the vernal ebb, and whenever the tender bud of shrub or tree and odorous blossoms are opening, there they are today, trilling their tinkling and sweetly plaintive songs.

The blackbirds of all kinds, yellow-necked and red-winged, rusty, crow and cow, close relatives of the bobolink, also follow the same waves southward for both health and happiness. The myriads of red-winged and the rusty are still here, but will shortly be thronging the regions south of Mason and Dixon's line, but the yellow-necked and the big crow blackbird invariably winter on the table lands of old Mexico. They all come north with the first warm wave and in a day the landscape becomes alive with their shifting colors and impatient yet musical chirp and twitter. They are the companions of the farmer and follow him gleefully along in the furrows, and wherever the plow is upheaving the black soil and revealing its hordes of larvae and flies they are to be seen fluttering up and on from tuft to tuft and roll to roll, chuckling and cackling as if in the highest state of bird life felicity.

And the martins, with their sheeny purple garb of black, and the swallows, with their forked tails and rufous throats, are mostly already in the lower southern states or across the gulf, and soon the last bird of them all will disappear from dizzy space and be gone. Just where the chimney swallow, that mysterious little swift, spends the frigid epoche of the year is something I have never as yet been able to learn. Only early in April he makes himself known along the lower Floridian coast, but not until May's suns have materially softened our atmosphere here do they arrive in Nebraska.

Both the bluejay and the scarlet grosbeak, our common redbird, are tough and hardy, and can endure very severe cold. Still, in a large measure, they are migratoria. The bluejay, I might add here, like the wild turkey, is purely an American bird, and one of the sauciest, jauntiest and prettiest of all our natives. In manner, habit and characteristic the jay and the redbird bear the closest propinquity to each other. The redbird, however, is a charming vocalist, while the jay has a wild, discordant scale of notes, which he keeps working for all they are worth the year round—the winter cry differing somewhat from that of summer. Thousands of these birds spend the winter here and those that do emigrate go no further south than the territory.

The little indigo bird, the thrush, both wood and hermit, scarlet taninger, rain crow, or cuckoo, chipping sparrow, black and yellow-throated warbler, vieros and the finches, which make our groves and thickets resonant with their ecstatic serenades during the sunny summer time, pass their winters south of our confines. Some halt in Florida, among the orange blossoms and along the north gulf shore, but the majority pass on to Guatemala and equatorward. All of the species that subsist in the air, like the flycatcher and the whippoorwill, the ash-throated and king bird, but seldom, if ever, tarry this side of Cuba or South America. The pheobe bird may rest content a little further north, but generally goes on to the lands of permanent summer. They come back only when spring is well on, and the buzz and hum of insect life has awakened field and wood.

The woodpecker family, the picidae, is a numerous and an interesting one; they are both resident and migratoria. The common yellow hammer, which is known also as the flicker, the highholder and the golden woodpecker, depending on locality, derives much of his sustenance from the ground, about old stumps and logs and fences. He goes far enough south late in November to be beyond the danger of frozen earth. But the redheaded woodpecker, a natural concomitant of our landscape, sap-sucker or nuthatch, the hornbill and other birds of the picus genera, derive the best part of their living from the trunks of trees above the snow line, and as there is always a never-ending source of livelihood for them, and as they are tough and indurated to all kinds of exposure, besides being warmly clad, a large proportion of them stay with us through the most severe winters. The titmouse is another hard little nut, as is the chickadee, and they defy both storm and cold, and on the bleakest day in January their melancholy call, sweet as an aeolian harp, may be heard in the depth of the snowy timber lands of our river bottoms.

Of our game birds, the quail and chicken and grouse, although they evince a tendency toward southern migration when the weather turns keen for keeps, are to be found with us the year round, while the plover and sandpiper ken are lovers of warm climates and make extensive flights to reach them. There is a queer thing noticeable to ornithologists, and that is the birds that go farther north to breed may be expected to go the farthest south to winter, and most all of the long-legged genus, such as the uplands and waders, are of this sort. Long-legged birds of a gamey order also have long wings, of which they make the best of use. The golden plover, however, is not a long-legged bird, and is with us but a brief period in the spring and fall. He burrows a shabby little hole in the ground on the shores of the Bering sea for his nest, but revels in the winter amid the swales of Patagonia. The killdeer and upland plover both breed here, but when once on their southern journey, the last of this month, they rarely settle down for any lengthy sojourn this side of the broad and majestic Amazon. The woodcock, a rara avis, indeed, in Nebraska, halts in the southern states, but the jack snipe, wilsoni gallinago, and incomparable as he is, goes on over the gulf or into the southern districts of Mexico. He is here now on his way south, and will remain until Jack Frost begins to stiffen the muck in the swamps, when his sensitive bill is inadequate to the task for which nature has designed it—boring for worms and larvae.

All birds of prey, from the royal eagle down to the sparrow hawk, the raven, buzzard and crow, are all inclined to southward flight in the fall. Many go on for thousands and thousands of miles, while some halt just south of us at the line of demarcation between the rain and snow belt.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

The Closing Days of Base Ball.

IN another seven days and the Western association championship race will have reached its end. After next Sunday, when Omaha closes the season at Rock Island, there will be no more games. So far as the Rourke family are concerned they are practically out of it. They will not stand one, two, three. While they have played good ball on the present trip, luck has been against them, and instead of improving their position they have gone down the scale. In addition to hard luck, their batting has been wofully weak, and no matter how excellently their pitchers worked the other fellows did a little better. At a guess the standing on Sunday evening next should be something about as follows: Rock Island, Peoria, Lincoln, Jacksonville, Omaha, St. Joe, Des Moines and Quincy.

In the Western league the standing is pretty much as it was a week ago. The Western teams are on their last trip in the east, the season closing the 25th, and there is but little prospect of a material change. Sioux City continues to play good ball and will probably win, although it is yet in the cards for Kansas City to beat her, but this is not likely. At the end they will be found close to the following order: Sioux City, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Toledo, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Detroit and Milwaukee.

In the big league it begins to look as if Baltimore had a copper riveted cinch, although the Giants are hanging onto her heels like the Old Man of the Sea clung to Sinbad's neck. It is hardly possible for Boston to better herself and the teams should wind up with Baltimore at the top, then New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington and Louisville.

The Jax didn't do a thing to Abbey on Thursday last—only hit him for a total of thirty-eight bases. Chicago was thinking about recalling him for the windup, but will now allow him to finish the season out with Omaha.

Kid Mohler, it is now quite probable, will jump into the National league next summer. Charlie Abbey has recommended him to Washington and he will be given a trial. The Kid is a Nebraska boy and so is Abbey.

Elmer Smith, once the king of the Western league sluggers, will be allowed to escape from Pittsburg this fall.

Fred Lake, an old Western association player, has been resurrected by Louisville.

Kid Fear has been setting the prairie on fire out in the western part of the state.

White Wings Tebeau is not yet ready for the stable. He has been playing grandly on first for Cleveland. He writes The Bee, however, that he will return to minor company next season, and put a team in at Denver—with what league he fails to mention.

Abner Dalrymple, a hero in the old French and Indian wars, has been chased by Indianapolis.

St. Joe, who had almost a dead winning lead in the early part of the season, has made a bigger slump in her playing than any team in the association. Hugh Nicol, however, is expected to accomplish wonders in another season.

When the base ball legislators gather at the annual convention to try and improve the rules, the first business should be the abolishment of the catcher's mitt for infield or outfield purposes. Unless a halt is called baskets and lacrosse sticks may evolate therefrom. It is really a farce to have such artificial aids in the game. The catcher's mitt must go.—New York World.

Tommy McCarthy will collect $500 in bets if the Bostons are four times winners. Most of the Boston players have wagers that the champions will again win the pennant. Those bets look a little shaky just at present. It is safe to say, however, that Manager Selee hasn't put up any stuff.

Tim Hurst has been nominated as manager of the St. Louis Browns. It would be funny if Tim and Chris should ever mix their Irish and German adjectives.

Omaha's post season exhibition games will be announced in Tuesday morning's Bee.

Old Hutch continues to put up one of the choicest seconds in the association. Langford, too, is playing finely.

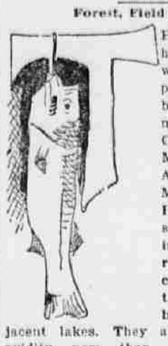
The Omahas will be home tomorrow, and President Rowe will make immediate preparations for October exhibition games.

"Billy" Merritt has developed into quite a hitter since he joined the Cincinnatis. With two exceptions, he has secured hits in every game in which he has played.

The Peoria team has played about as steady game throughout the season as any team in the association.

President Rowe says that a new umpire system, that is in the selection of capable men, will be practiced in this association next season.

Forest, Field and Stream.



THE anglers are again having quite royal sport with bass, croppie and pickerel, and respectable baskets are being made almost daily at Cut-Off, Manawa, Big Mud and Nobles' lakes. At Lake Washington, Minnesota, and at West Point and Ashland, this state, the bass are taking the frog most voraciously. Ring perch can be had for the labor and by the barrel at any of the adjacent lakes. They are biting with more avidity now than at any time during the entire summer, and from this on until the last of October it will be no trick at all to fill your creel in a few hours fishing. They are not very gamey, but if used when fresh, make a delightful pan fish. The regular market fishermen along the Missouri are making big hauls of channel cat, and, generally speaking, the sport is good where there is sufficient water to keep the finny denizens in anything like their normal condition.

There is a good deal of shooting going on nowadays, nights and mornings, at Cut-Off lake, and if all the shooters tell is true, and it certainly is, there is a powerful lot of teal and spoonbill being slaughtered. The time was when Cut-Off, or Wilson lake, as it was then known, and which lay some distance to the northeast of the present lake, was one of the most famous teal grounds in the whole western country, and in the old days it was no trick at all for such shots as John Petty, the late General Crook, John Collins, Hen Homan, Jack Knowles and others to drive up there and knock over their half-hundred birds in an evening's shoot. Improvements about the lake in latter years, however, have encroached upon the feeding grounds of Anas Discors, and they do not visit the waters in anything like the numbers they did in auld lang syne. Still there are plenty of attractions yet, good feed in the muddy, reedy shallows, delightful cover, and despite the fact that buildings have shot up on all sides, and the shores are almost constantly lined with men and boys, the birds continue to drop in here in season in considerable numbers.

The blue-wing is about the first of all the ducks, save the ever present wood duck and spoonbill, who returns to us in the fall from his breeding grounds in the north, and this is the time for them here, September. Where not frequently disturbed they sit in the mud along our low lake shores, sometimes crowding together so thickly that the stealthy pot hunter is enabled to kill a dozen or more at a shot. The teal, both blue-wing and green-wing, fly like a bullet, and when they alight drop down with the suddenness of a Wilson snipe. They are extremely fond of low, mucky waters, where the spiatter duck, reeds and smart weed thickly abound. Their food is mostly of a vegetable character, and they are inordinately fond of the tiny seeds of the reed, of wild rice and the tender shoots of all aquatic plants. No finer table bird exists, and in the fall, after a brief stay here, they become exceedingly fat and toothsome. They do not linger in this latitude long after the first ripping frost. There is no more delicate member of the wild fowl, and, as they are very susceptible to the cold, they continue on southward at an early date.

Erastus Young of the Union Pacific, in a special car, piloted a choice little party up into the mountains of Idaho some two weeks since, returning Tuesday evening. In the party were Drs. Bryant and Coulter and C. E. Bates, and they report a most splendiferous outing. The car was sidetracked at Hailey, on the Ketchem branch, and, per wagon, the hunters and fishermen made their way off to the northwest about forty miles, to the famous North Wood river. Here they shot and fished to their hearts content. The country is startlingly mountainous, but rent and riven with swiftly flowing crystal streams, where the gamey trout loves most to disport. Dr. Bryant won the pennant with rod and reel, landing a monster five-pound spotted trout with a six-ounce rod. There were other big fish taken, but this one capped the climax. They also had good sport with the sage hens, and found mallard and teal very plentiful. Twelve miles north of their camp ground, an old mountaineer informed them, was a region fairly infested with bear, but, as none of the party had lost any bear, they made no pretense at hunting them.

Charlie Budd of Des Moines, and well known here, has accepted the challenge of Dr. Carver to shoot him three live bird matches, 100 birds to the man, for $200 a side each match. The first of the series will be shot at Des Moines next Tuesday afternoon, under the auspices of the Highland Gun club. The Chippy, as Bud is endearingly called, is in capital form, and his legion of friends throughout the west will go broke that he wins the series.

Clark R. Hutton of Paxton, Neb., and a crack wing shot, was in the city several days last week. He reports chicken and grouse very scarce on account of the long continued drouth.

Theodore Wiseman, the well known market hunter, came in one day last week with a handsome lot of young chicken. He has been shooting in the vicinity of O'Neill, and says the birds are exceedingly plentiful up there. Says he killed over 200 last week, sixty-two in one day.

Dr. Caples of Percival, Ia., writes that he has killed less plover this fall than in any season for years. The lakes are all dry down his way and he looks for but little duck or snipe shooting.

That redoubtable trapper and market hunter, Fred Lamb, has left us for the fall months—has gone to Swan lake, and will endeavor to keep the market glutted with game from now until the holidays. The winter he will put in ratting, and expects to reap a big harvest. Success, Frederick, write us occasionally.

A. Hospe and Jack Knowles spent three days in the field near Fremont last week, bagging in that time forty-two chicken. We have it that there are good birds between Fremont and Arlington.

These cool mornings and evenings are bringing down the blue-wing teal, and some good kills have already been made at Honey creek and Cut-Off.

Isn't it about time we were again hearing from Fred Fuller or John Petty? They haven't shot a match now for over a year.

Will F. Chambers, Billy and Allen Marsh of this city and Charlie Bruen, jr., of Sioux City spent the last week guests of the obliging Pat Sheehan at Lake Washington. They had a great week of it, making a magnificent catch of bass, and a big bag of teal and yellowlegs.

Our old and esteemed friend, Buffalo Bill, has been smashing glass balls at a terrific rate recently, while riding at full speed. Out of 1,008 he broke 1,000, and it is a rarity indeed for him to miss. In November sometime Colonel Cody and Frank S. Parmelee, the local champion, may go against each other at the trap.

Barney Shannon and Will Simeral made a great bag of teal, yellowlegs and rail at Cut-Off one morning last week, numbering in all something like seventy-five birds.

Stockton Heth and the sporting editor spent several hours at Big lake Thursday afternoon and bagged fifty-three rail or marsh hens. The birds are wondrously plentiful and are being killed by the hundred daily.

Mat Bugger of the United States National bank hasn't been shooting long, but has caught on in great shape. Recently he purchased a handsome Lefever and was with a party of friends at Cut-Off the other morning watching for teal. A flock of seventeen yellowlegs came piping down the wind, and all three of Mat's companions got a shot into them without disturbing a father. The last shot, however, veered the golden-plumed whistlers round over Bugger's blind in the reeds, and as they passed he cut loose both barrels. For a moment it looked as if the floodgates of heaven had opened and nothing but yellowlegs were falling. Out of the seventeen Mat didn't do a thing but kill fifteen of them.

Nebraska State Bicycle Records.

The following interesting table shows the Nebraska state bicycle records as accurately as they can be obtained. The compilation is the work of Harry K. Smith, who has been careful in his research for facts. The table is made up from press dispatches and clippings which, Mr. Smith has preserved for years. In this connection he says:

"In these days of record breaking, records change with the hour, and possibly these records may be set at new figures before you go to press, but it is doubtful. Those, you understand, are records in competition, not against time. The records against time are so numerous that no record has been kept of them to my knowledge. Every 'dub' in the state claims a record of some kind;"

RECORDS IN CLASS A.

Distance, one-quarter mile, 34 2-5 seconds, L. E. Holton, Omaha, Neb., at Omaha fair grounds; July 22, 1893, Tourist Wheelman tournament.

Distance, one-half mile, 1:14 2-5, H. E. Fredricksen, Fremont, Neb., at Kearney, Neb.; July 5, 1894, fourth annual state tournament.

Distance, one mile, 2:29, A. E. Proulx, Omaha, Neb., at Kearney, Neb.; July 5, 1894, fourth annual state tournament.

Distance, two miles, 5:20, A. E. Proulx, Omaha, Neb., at Kearney, Neb.; July 5, 1894, fourth annual state tournament.

Distance, three miles, 7:39 3-5, William Schnell, Lincoln, Neb., at Omaha, Neb.; August, 1893, Y. M. C. A. tournament.

Distance, five miles, 12:53 1-5, R. P. Condon, Omaha, Neb., at Omaha, Neb.; August, 1893, Y. M. C. A. tournament.

Distance, ten miles, 29:55, R. P. Condon, Omaha, Neb., at Omaha, Neb.; July 22, 1893, Omaha fair grounds, Tourist Wheelmen meet.

RECORDS IN CLASS B.

Distance, one-half mile, 1:12, F. G. Barnett, Lincoln, Neb., at Fremont, Neb.; July 27, 1894.

Distance, one mile, 2:27 1-5, O. E. Boles, Denver, Colo., at Kearney, Neb.; July 5, 1894, fourth annual meet, Nebraska division.

Distance, two miles, 5:15, J. A. McGuire, Denver, Colo., at Kearney, Neb.; July 5, 1894, fourth annual meet, Nebraska division.

At Kearney, Neb., July 5, 1894, C. R. Coulter of Toledo, O., established a state record for the mile against time, paced. Time: 2:19 4-5. Coulter is a class B man.

At Papillion, Neb., in 1893 (can't just find date), Jack Culley of Omaha rode an unpaced quarter mile in 33 seconds flat, which is probaly the record for the unpaced quarter mile.

Hardening for the Fall Campaign

The Young Men's Christian association football team this fall is being coached by Charles Thomas, who last year was instructor for the Baker university of Kansas, and Harry Lyman of Yale. The team, if I may so designate it in advance of regular organization, is surpassing the most sanguine expectations, and under the mentorship of such men as Thomas and Lyman may be expected to develop into a very formidable aggregation. Football players need more practice than any other class of athletes, as it is absolutely necessary to the vigorous action to which they are subjected in a game. They must be hardened and indurated to the very highest standard, and with this knowledge the Young Men's Christian association men are improving every spare moment. They are determined to be in the best possible form by the time of the season's opening. They assemble for work every evening at Young Men's Christian association park, where football devotees will find a cordial welcome. There is plenty of the finest kind of timber within the institution's ranks, and the team this fall may be confidently expected to fully sustain the Gate City's credit upon the gridiron field.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

LADY CYCLISTS who read "Whisperings of the Wheel" will be interested in the following remarks from the pen of one who seems to be specially anxious to see the advance of the national costume for ladies who enjoy the splendid and healthful sport of cycling. The contributor in modesty signs "Common Sense," and the article is worth the reading, containing comments and information of value relative to the new costume which is attracting so much attention all over the civilized world.

OMAHA, Sept. 13.—To the Bicycle Editor of The Bee: Things that are in themselves acknowledged to be sensible and correct when properly made, always have to suffer in the eyes of the public because of mismade and untrue imitations, which are resorted to in order to accomplish difference and individuality, and even especial notice. Gay colors and awkwardness attract quickest, but neatness and taste leave more permanent and favorable impressions. There are conceded to be two sensible and modest modes of attirement for our sister 'cyclists. Quite preferable the soft colored suit consisting of waist neatly made, with sleeves loosely pleated at shoulder to match pleats in the skirt, bloomer trousers, not too large, reaching just below the knee, where they merge into leather leggings which should match the suit as nearly as possible. A short skirt to the top of the leggins leave unwarranted the claim of immodesty. A wide belt and cap of the goods, and gloves, shoes and leggins alike set off the combination, and the universal comment (aside from those who delight in unkind criticism) is that the desired end, viz., comfort, safety, refinement and modesty are accomplished in this mode of 'cycle dress.

The other, while not conceded to be so popular, yet quite as comfortable, is the carefully made divided skirt of dull, soft shade. No description need be given. In any suit loudness should be avoided. Bright colors or contrasts are very noticeable, and usually worn by those whose grace does not justify the attention they attract. Erect posture, proper conduct, neat and tidy appearance and perseverance in the cause will do most to overcome the as yet only partially historical prejudice against ladies riding 'cycles, and this much less important innovation, the new and proper, safe and sensible costume for ladies a-wheel.

COMMON SENSE.

The Model League of the Country.

Next Sunday will close the season of the model minor league within the history of the sport, the Western association. Taking the field under the most discouraging and uncertain auspices last May, without a dollar in cash to back them, they quit now in September, after four brief months of play, with something like $6,000 in the treasury, and with comparatively no indebtedness in any city in the circuit. In fact, they have all made money, even Quincy will wind up with a few dollars on the right side of the balance sheet. If this isn't an endorsement of the way in which the association has been managed I would like to know what is. No other league in the country can make such a showing. While credit is due sundry persons for the possibility of such a condition there is no one individual who comes in for the commendation and praise that President Dave E. Rowe is entitled to. It was his untiring energy, foresight and good judgment that made the prospect feasible at all, and I doubt if there is another man in the country who could have accomplished the same work in the same territory. While President Rowe has plenty of fault finders it is principally at the hands of men who do not take into consideration the facts of the case. They are blind to the fact that if it hadn't been for Rowe we would have had nothing better than amateur ball—blind to the fact that there wasn't anybody else in Omaha who had the nerve to take hold of what looked like a white elephant as Rowe did—blind to the fact that he has given us a great season of sport and achieves a wind-up of the season that marked no year in the past.

Another gentleman who must come in for his full need of praise, and that is General Manager McVittie. He was the originator of the Western association, the one protoplasm, I might say, from which the powerful organization we now have grew from. Tom lay awake nights last winter cudgeling his brains for ways and means to bring about just what we behold today, and it is to his unwavering faith, intrepid aggression and perseverance we are indebted.

A Lot of Giants at Home.

Looks as if there was something in the claims of Buck Ebright after all—that the Rourke family owe their batting reputations to the circumscribed dimensions of the Charles Street park. Take the games at home alone, and the Omahas have a batting percentage almost 100 points better than any team in the association, but include the games abroad and they will be found in fourth place. At home here Moran's percentage touches almost the 500 mark. McVey 4.10, Langsford 3.60, Ulrich 3.00, Hutchison 2.95 and the rest of them way up, but abroad a 2.00 man would look like a piece of art. At no time this season have they batted away from home, excepting in two or three games, and on the present trip their hits have not run into double numbers once. Such pitchers as Carish, Figgemeyer, Sonier, Caplinger and Burris have been letting them down with two, three and four hits, which ought to be sufficient to make such giants as McVey, Moran et al take to tall grass. What is the reason of this? Well, simply because the Omahas are not hitters, that's all. If they were they would hit off their own cellar door as fluently as they would on it. In the composition of next season's team an eye to the hitting qualities of any new men to be engaged would be something that would help to land us a little nearer the top of the heap than we landed this fall.

Questions and Answers

SUTTON, Neb., Sept. 10.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please decide the following through the columns of The Sunday Bee: In a game of ball where one run is out on a base runner occupied first base, an infield fly is batted and caught by the second baseman, within the diamond, the first base runner on hearing the ball batted starts at once for second base, the second baseman throws the ball to first base and the umpire decides both men out. Was that decision correct according to rule, or was the first base runner entitled to first base?—Thomas E. Stewart.

Ans.—It was, if the runner was off of first base when the first baseman got the ball.

OMAHA, Sept. 12.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please give answer in Sunday Bee: Game, casino; 21 points; C 19 points; W 13 points; W makes 8 points and claims game; C makes cards only and claims game; who wins?—Oley Olson.

Ans.—In old-fashioned casino you count out, that is if C makes 2 points before W makes 8 and claims out, he is out; or if W makes 8 points and claims out before C makes 2 points W is out. If a man claims out, however, and is mistaken, his opponent goes out. In your case, however, abiding by the count in regular order C wins, but as you had no understanding it is a draw.

SOUTH OMAHA, Sept. 7.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I saw a piece in last Sunday's Bee asking you what was the best time made for dressing a beef. I thought it would let you know. The best time ever made was 4:08 dressing a beef in market style, made by Larry Noonan of South Omaha in 1892. That time beat the world's record.—A. M.

WILCOX, Sept. 10.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer these questions through your paper: What are the best records for foot running for one, five and ten miles?—N. W. Aul.

Ans.—One mile, 4:12¾; five miles, 24:30; ten miles, 51:06 3-5.

GRAND ISLAND, Sept. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In next Sunday's Bee please give the state records made on a bicycle for quarter-mile, half-mile and five miles, also names of persons making same.—A Subscriber.

Ans.—See records in another column.

CRAWFORD, Neb., Sept. 11.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In your Sunday Bee please let me know how many rounds that J. L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell fought the time they fought in France. I made a bet that it was over 100 rounds.—Crawford.

Ans.—Thirty-nine rounds.

GRAND ISLAND, Sept. 11.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet please state in next Sunday's Bee which of the two clubs, Boston or Baltimore, has held the lead the longest this year up to September 11, inclusive, and oblige.—Constant Reader.

Ans.—Baltimore.

BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 13.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in next Sunday's Bee the following question: A and B are playing cribbage; A plays six, B eight, A five, B seven. Is this a sequence, and how many points can B score?—W. H. Stryker.

Ans.—It is a sequence with a run of four and five if it is the last card.

HOME MADE GYMNASIUM.

Exercises Recommended for Healthful Development of the Muscles.

In the article preceding this I described the making of the gymnasium. In this will be detailed some of the rudimental exercises. You should begin training so moderately that you will never feel a soreness from it.

With the gymnasium described you can develop nearly every muscle of the body, and you can learn to do some exceedingly clever feats, but it will require time and patience. Go at it with the same system that you study mathematics or Latin.

THE HORIZONTAL BAR.

This is the simplest, yet it furnishes the most varied and interesting forms of exercise and amusement of any other two gymnasium adjuncts. The muscles of the arms, wrists, chest, abdomen, legs and hips are chiefly benefited by bar exercise. The bar should be at a sufficient height above the head to require a slight spring to grasp it.

HANGING BY THE HANDS.

Stand directly under the bar, jump up and grasp it firmly with both hands, the palms facing from you and the thumb on same side with fingers. Practice this until you can sustain your weight, either at a standstill or swinging back and forth, for several minutes. Then practice hanging with one hand.

BREASTING THE BAR.

Grasp bar firmly as before, and gradually, by bending the arms at the elbow, raise the body until your chest is even with the bar. Once or twice will fatigue you at first, but continue it until you can breast it seven or eight times successively.

HANGING BY THE LEGS.

Grasp bar with both hands, bend the knees, bring them between your hands and hook them over the bar. Let go with your hands, allowing the body to drop, head downward. To reach the ground from this position swing back and forth vigorously until the head rises about even with the bar, and on the forward swing unhitch the legs from the bar and spring quickly to the ground, alighting on the feet. This, on first appearance, seems difficult, but a few trials (I would suggest making them over a mattress or sawdust) will perfect you in it.

CIRCLING THE BAR.

Breast the bar as before described. With the legs together and held stiff, move them forward and upward, describing a circle, and bring the body around the bar until you lie flat upon it. From this position you circle round and round the bar as many times as practicable. Circle it both forward (that is, going around in opposite direction from the one in which you came upon it) and backward.

ONE LEG CIRCLING.

Hang by the legs as before described, but do not let go with the hands. Loose one leg, bring it as far back as possible and with a very vigorous kick throw it forward, carrying the body around the bar. As the body falls over the bar repeat the kick for the second circle. After the first two or three revolutions the body will go around of its own momentum.

TO SIT UPON BAR.

Grasp bar firmly with both hands. Bring the legs between them and bend them over the bar. Pull the body up with the arms until the small of the back rests on top of bar. Now, raise the body erect, pulling the seat back between the hands, and assume a sitting posture.

THE MUSCLE GRIND.

From the sitting position ease yourself forward off of bar, throwing the arms around it (one at the time). With the hands clasping your pantaloons at the sides, swing your legs back and forth, vigorously carrying the body over the bar. Repeat the motion as body falls over the bar for the next revolution.

SWINGING RINGS.

The primary exercises on the rings are so simple that detailed descriptions are unnecessary. Swinging back and forth, "chinning" and "breasting" the rings, "skinning the cat," hanging by the legs, etc., should be practised for several weeks. You will then improvise more difficult and interesting ones.

STRIKING BAG.

For gymnasts who care for boxing this is an admirable apparatus. With it you can train yourself to hit a powerful blow. The bag should hang about even with the breast.

CHEST WEIGHTS.

Use light weights at first, say from two to four pounds. Never exercise long enough to fatigue yourself. Assuming position, carry the rings above the head, down to sides, and out at arm's length. Then turn the back to rings and repeat same motions. All of the exercises are simple, but in the course of time wonderfully effective. A. H. F.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Virginia has the greatest manganese mines.

Railroad ties have almost depleted California redwood forests.

American corset factories represent an investment of $7,000,000.

A substitute for glass is made of collodion wool, and is flexible, not brittle.

Four-tenths of the operating expenses of an electric light plant are for coal.

A new planing machine is worked by electricity and will do the work of fifty men in one day.

An elevated railway with novel features is planned for Vienna. The cars are to be suspended instead of running upon ordinary rails.

There is talk of lighting by electricity about twenty-five miles of the dredged channel of Mobile bay. At present the path is too dark and tortuous for night navigation.

By the Nissel system of telephony, which is a German invention, it is said that any subscriber can connect himself with the station independently of the others.

A scheme has been proposed to reduce the friction of salt water against the sides of a steamer, which it is claimed will increase the speed 50 per cent. It is to force air through the vessel's plates and thereby form a narrow space between the iron and water.

An absolutely sawproof metal is made of three layers of iron, between which is placed alternately two layers of crucible steel, and the whole then welded together.

A power building designed for the occupancy of sixty-four different small manufacturing concerns is under construction at Pittsburg, Pa., in which no belting, shafting or pulleys will be used. A complete system of electric motors will be installed on each floor, the power for which will be supplied by a 250 horse power steam-driven electric generator located in the basement.

The general committee of the German trade unions is now considering the advisability of calling together a congress next year. The last congress, held at Halberstadt in 1892, was unable to form a strong central organization for united action. The German unions are behind those of other countries in numbers and money resources. According to the committee there are only 227,000 members. The strongest organization is that of the metal workers, with 26,000 members; the joiners have 18,000, the printers 16,000, the tobacco workers and masons 11,000 each, and the shoemakers 10,000.

The phonograph is gradually finding its way to industrial application. In the office of the Pall Mall Magazine articles are spoken into the cylinder, which is then sent to the printer, where it is set in a duplicate machine in which it winds off its message at the pace set by the compositor, who works by ear. The proofreader uses the phonograph in the same way, and thus does away with the need of a copyholder.

The editors of the Will Reporter and the Boston Herald are arguing the "old, old story" of whether better woolen goods are made in this country or in England. The fact is, says Wade's Fiber and Fabric, we have never tried to excel the English manufacturer in quality, and we are not going to try, except perhaps in a piece of goods for exhibition. If we did try we would fail, for English manufacturers have accumulated experience handed down from father to son for hundreds of years, and millions of dollars cannot buy experience.

IMPIETIES.

The other day an Anglican clergyman prosecuted a young woman for trespassing on "his" church yard and damaging "his" hay growing therein, by visiting her sister's grave and placing flowers thereon. Commenting on this incident London Truth says: "By two sentimental fictions the church yard is God's Acre and the church the national or the people's church. But in dry law God's Acre is the incumbent's freehold, and the only right of the people in the 'national' church yards is the right to be buried there. Next to the right of a vicar to the grass growing on a grave, I think the most obnoxious privilege of the beneficed clergy is their right to levy toll on monuments in church yards. The other day a gentleman desired to place a stone wall round the grave of him mother in Hampstead cemetery. He found that he could not do so without paying a fee of £4 10s to the vicar of Hampstead. Were I to propose to abolish such fees I should be charged with 'sacrilege' or possibly even 'robbing God.'"

Rev. Dr. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, was making a pastoral call at the Shackelford dwelling, and had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Tommy Shackelford had begun to grow hungry.

Burning with righteous indignation, and moved by a strong sense of personal ill-treatment, Tommy strode into the parlor.

"Maw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gait on you. If paw comes home an' finds supper ain't ready again he'll raise the darnedest row ever you went anywhere!"

Miss Gallie—Do you really believe that dancing is in itself wicked?

Deacon Dogood (solemnly)—No, not in itself, perhaps. In fact, there may have been cases in which dancing could have been unhesitatingly declared not at all wicked.

"I am delighted to hear that. Won't you mention one of them?"

"Well, for instance