

SPORTS OF THE AUTUMN TIME

Pleasant Reading for the Followers of the Dog and Gun and Rod.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

Standing of the Whist Players—Chat with the Ball Players—Frederickus and the Grizzle and Fall Sports of All Varieties and Kinds.

Robert and John Patrick, Dick Berlin and Fred Morrison continued a little camping party on the Platte a few days ago. They were in the stubble and brush but one day, and over the Patrick and Morrisoners bagged seventy-six quail. The camping outfit of the Patricks is said to be a model in its way.

E. A. Shepherd and A. E. Kimball of this city and B. S. Walbank of Chicago have returned from a week's duck shoot among the lakes in the vicinity of Gordon. Like the majority of other wild fowl shooters they report a scarcity of both birds and water, yet scored a satisfactory kill, considering these conditions.

Frank S. Parmelee and the writer will attend the big trap shoot which is being held in Chicago in November, and it may be the local champion will try conclusions with Captain Blawie and Brewer and one of the other so-called world beaters. Captain Brewster has a \$250 forfeit up in the Windy City for a match with Parmelee, Elliott or Fulford, and the probabilities are that each gentleman named will go after it. He already has a match arranged with Charlie Budd, and the prospects are good for the greatest convocation of famous wing shots ever known in this country.

Captain Charles H. Townsend and son, the genial Billy of the Cross Gun company—bagged thirty-three quail on the Iowa side last Monday evening. They are in the field with Major Jenkins near Columbus today.

The sporting editor is indebted to Nathan Kirk Griggs of Lincoln for a copy of his handsome little volume entitled "The Lyrics of the Lariat," a collection of original poems touching upon the varied romantic phases of life in the wild west. Many Mr. Griggs' effusions are gems of purest rare, among which should be conspicuously mentioned "A Thirty Years' Dream," "The Cowboy" and "The Hobo," the first named in particular containing much beautiful poetic sentiment. That Laureate Griggs is a veritable genius will be recognized when it is stated that he has had his poems set to original music, which he carries about with him in a Russian leather portfolio, and being the legal luminary of the B. & M. railroad he is pretty much on the go. He not only carries this music with him, but cuts it loose on the slightest provocation, entertaining whomever caught within the limits of his very stentorian and not unmelodious voice. We were among his auditors in a Pullman enroute to the sand hill ducking grounds a couple of weeks ago, and listened with a degree of ecstatic rapture to about everything he knew. There are but two drawbacks to poet Griggs' vocalization, one of which is a rather hoarse, guttural quality of tone and the other that he has been a victim of laryngitis, which cuts his high pranks with his shrill voice at frequent and distressing intervals. When we met the poet singer he was evidently on an electrifying tour for his road and Tommy Majors, for a moment or two he made earth and atmosphere quiver with a choice selection entitled "Rosey on the Run," which he continued until the small hours of the morning and until the poor imprisoned Pullman passengers, among whom were many ladies, unitedly appealed to the gentlemanly conductor to have him coked. But the "con" wasn't equal to the emergency. When poet Griggs discovered that his helpless victims were rapidly evincing symptoms of paralysis he resorted to the smoking compartment and continued his poetic contortions, in which Rosey, Tommy, the cowboy and the hobo suffered in about equal measure, until from sheer exhaustion he quit.

Percy Ford and Will Simeral made an onslaught on the quail the other day down about Loupville someplace, both being experts with the hammerless, of course they came back with game pockets bulging with birds.

Fred Fuller, ex-champion rifle shot, Fred Schrader, Fred Heft and Fred Mangoldt are still in the Big Horn mountains, hunting grizzly bear, moose, elk and mountain lions for the English market. On Wednesday of last week Colonel Fuller had a very close call with a bear. He was in the woods and after emptying his Winchester at him without any visible effect Mr. Brain challenged Mr. Fuller to a hand to hand conflict. Nothing daunted, Fred drew his bow and a bladed knife and advanced to meet his antagonist. He got within range and was about to plunge the glittering steel where it would do the most good when the grizzly side-stepped him, a la Corbett, and hit him a swiped with his ham-like paw alongside the neck with such force that Fred's head was flying over the rocks like the projectile from a catapult. He fell just 913 feet and would have been dashed to instant death on the rocks below had not his breath caught in the projecting branch of a big hemlock, where he hung suspended for twenty-four hours, and whence he rescued the next evening by the other three Freds just as he was about to perish for a drink.

The challenge issued by Captain Brewer to Elliott, Bull and Parmelee has elicited the following from Elliott, the Kansas City champion, and which appeared in a late issue of the American.

"I will shoot Mr. Brewer a series of five races, the same to take place within the next thirty days, under the following conditions: Two races to take place in the city of Omaha at an intermediate point, east or south of Kansas City, to be mutually agreed upon, and the remaining two at any point in the east, to be designated by Mr. Brewer; these matches to be for \$100 each, with an additional \$250, and the world's championship to go to the one making the highest aggregate score; each race to consist of three rounds, Hurlingham, Gun club or American Shooting association rules, thirty yards rise and fifty yards boundary (the American Shooting association's under a flag); a contract with Mr. Brewer and Dr. Carver, or any other championship aspirant, under the same conditions as agreed upon between Dr. Carver and Mr. Brewer for their proposed matches which are to take place in Chicago, viz.: Three races, 100 birds to the man, each race, \$100 a corner, and \$500 each to go to the man making the highest aggregate score in the three events. I am willing to enter this contest with any number of entries, the winner of each day's shoot to take the stake of that day, and the man making the highest aggregate score in the three contests to take the additional money bet on the general result, and all honors of champion of the world. To make this proposition good, I enclose a forfeit of \$100.

"J. A. R. ELLIOTT."

The Interstate Fish Protection Association of this city and Council Bluffs is formulating plans for a vigorous campaign for next year against illegal fishermen of all kinds and classes.

Frank S. Parmelee will be the champion of a party of English gunners to the grounds of Kansas, leaving this city the day after the election. After a week in the stubble they will start by way of the goose grounds along the Upper Platte, where another week will be spent, then a hasty run made to the big game preserves of the northwest.

Owing to the long drought the lovely little lake northeast of West Point has dwindled to the veriest puddle, and the future chances for the glorious micropetrus salmonides are slim indeed. During the past month many handsome bass were captured there by boys wading in and scooping them out into the mud in their arms. This was one of the best bass holes in the whole west, and the local anglers will all lament its present condition. It will require several years for the lake to regain its former prestige.

Standing of the Whist Players.

Saturday, their pleasant apartments in The Bee building are filled with ambitious contestants. The conditions are that each team play a game with every other team, duplicate whist, and the two teams winning the most games are to be sent to Sioux City January 5 and 9 to represent the Omaha club in the national tournament to be held in that city on the day mentioned. It is the object of the participants in the competitions with the best whist players in the country that is stimulating the local members in such a vigorous manner. Despite the excitement of the gubernatorial campaign, and the almost constant occupancy of the business men, the attendance each night is complete. But seldom are there more than one or two teams absent, and the playing has become more and more furious. The rivalry, while intense, is of the friendliest character, and the outcome is yet exceedingly problematical. Up to date Messrs. Hawks and Mottel lead with five straight wins, but as there are many skilled players engaged in the struggle they are liable to receive a setback at any time. One thing the tournament has demonstrated is that the Omaha club which was most sought, is the very material increase, on the part of the members, in their interest in the game, and a general improvement in the outlook and prospects of the club.

Table with 4 columns: Team, Games, Won, Lost. Lists teams like Small and Wheeler, Hawks and Mottel, Love and Garner, etc.

The Old Red's First Defeat. Sunday, Oct. 21.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Many times during the past few years I have seen mention made of the clean sweep made by the Cincinnati Red Stockings during its memorable trip through the east, and all have agreed with Harry Wright, as noted in your columns of today's issue, that their record of victories was not marred by a single defeat. Let me tell you a little story.

In the spring of 1870 the writer, with another youngster (from New York), was reading a New York paper an account of the contemplated trip of the Reds. Some unimpaired discussion arose as to their prospects, which resulted in the New York boy offering to pick a club to bet them for \$10,000, and that especially in that line of business, the investment seemed too promising to be allowed to slip by, hence was clinched with a board of trade colony. Young New York naturally named the "Mutuals."

Later when the Reds had donned their war paint, and were daily adding to their string of scalps, we watched the campaign with just \$20 more interest than some others. When the morning of the day arrived on which they were to play in New York my young speculator called over hurriedly to me for permission to change his bet to another club. He had noticed the names of some new players with the Mutuals, in his New York paper, and he thought he was acquainted with them wanted his money to go with the Atlantics of Brooklyn. "Barkis being willing," the change was duly made, and that night, after a long and weary day of three hours difference in time, we camped in the little telegraph office until the operator had caught the result of the game, as it was passing over the wires. The Mutuals won!

Later in the year when we were reading detailed accounts of the most wonderful baseball trip ever made, Matthew J. McFarland of New York used to sigh to think how narrowly he escaped being a prophet, not to mention a twopenny. He picked the only club that won a game, and then threw it away at the last moment. C. L. W.

Archie Latham Talks a Bit.

Archie Latham, the well known third baseman of the Cincinnati National League team, and the acknowledged buffoon of the diamond, was here the past week with the Conroy & Fox Specialty company. All the baseball clubs in the city were present, and he made earth and atmosphere quiver with a choice selection entitled "Rosey on the Run," which he continued until the small hours of the morning and until the poor imprisoned Pullman passengers, among whom were many ladies, unitedly appealed to the gentlemanly conductor to have him coked. But the "con" wasn't equal to the emergency. When poet Griggs discovered that his helpless victims were rapidly evincing symptoms of paralysis he resorted to the smoking compartment and continued his poetic contortions, in which Rosey, Tommy, the cowboy and the hobo suffered in about equal measure, until from sheer exhaustion he quit.

Want Omaha to Join.

Jimmy Manning, manager of the Kansas City Western league team, and one of the committee of three appointed at the late Chicago meeting to fill the alleged vacancy caused by the kicking of Sioux City out into the cold world, has written from his home in Fall River to President Rowe asking him to join forces with the Western league for next year. Mr. Manning says that organization would like to see Omaha join, and that he has a revolver, and they are willing to make most any kind of concessions to get the Gate City in. But it strikes a man up a tree that the genial Jimmy is counting his chickens before they've been hatched. Sioux City claims she is not out of the Western league, and that she is not going to be taken out unless she is amply compensated for the departure. She claims that the league cannot put her out without a vote of the league, and she must be disbanded before any member can be gotten rid of, and when they do this away goes all reservation of players on the part of the league. He holds the key to the situation there seems to be little doubt, and before the Western league proceeds with the work of filling her place they must proceed. Whether this is the case absolutely or not it is a decidedly hoped so, for the treatment of the Western league under the present conditions is not turning out as well as it should, and it is not until the season was played out, was, as it were, asked, desirable.

November Meeting at Rock Island.

President Rowe will call a meeting of the Western association clubs at Rock Island on or about the 10th of November. The meeting would have been called ere this had not President Rowe thought it best to see what shape the proposed new base ball association would take, but as all danger from this body seems now to have passed, he will announce the date for the coming meeting this week. The business to be transacted will embrace the winding up of the past season's affairs, awarding the pennant for '95 to Rock Island, and a submission of a statement of the condition of the organization. Of course the prospects for the coming season will be a good deal of discussion as will the probable course of the circuit. President Rowe has already been advised that there will be a full attendance for all the cities included in this year's circuit are anxious for another whirl at it next year. Whether they will all be retained is a matter of conjecture. To a man in a balloon, however, it looks like a walk-away for the regulars. The

present chief consul is a man whom the division manager will not turn down. The example set by the League of American Wheelmen in regard to sign posts might be followed to good advantage by some of the clubs in these parts. A good serviceable sign post, erected here and there, giving information as to the direction, and distance of certain towns, would be a convenient help not only to wheelmen but to travelers in general who use the country roads leading out of Omaha and Council Bluffs.

At last P. G. Barnett, the Lincoln flyer, and W. C. Mills, the Kearney speeder, are to meet in a match race for a prize that would make the average racing man's eyes ring green with envy. Some weeks ago, at the close of the late Kearney wheel club tournament, W. B. Walker, in behalf of Mills, issued a challenge to Barnett, for a five mile race, the stipulations of which were that the prize would be put up equally by the backers of each contestant and Mills was to receive a handicap of 200 yards. Barnett has accepted and now the wheelmen will watch with interest the result. The following will explain itself:

R. P. F.

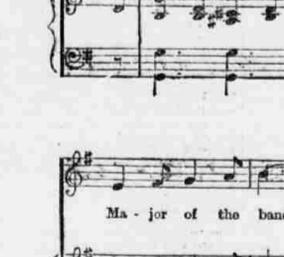
DRUM MAJOR JIM.

G. FROELICH.

MARCH



I. Say, girls, just look at Jim—mie boy, Oh! ain't he gay and grand?... His face is lit with smiles of joy, Drum



Ma - jor of the band.... Just see his shi - ny but - tons blink, See the feath - er in his cap;..... Now see him tip his



girl a wink, For none he cares a rap. Oh, right a - bout face and march in line; Now girls, I say, don't



Jim look fine? Puts all the oth - ers in the shade; He's boss - ing this par - ade, He's boss - ing this par - ade.

2 His mustacho has the sweetest curl, He walks like Duke by birth; To-day I feel the proudest girl, As though I owned the earth. Jim Dandy, that's just what he is, Such a dude when in parade, On other days he tends to biz, Of work he's not afraid. Oh, right about, etc.

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