

THE SPORTS OF EARLY WINTER

Fax Has Something to Say About a New Game Law.

THE BIG TROTTERS IN OMAHA

It is a Mile Track—Football Ball in the Gate City—The Celebrated Peters Shell—Grip with the Ball Players and the Usual Sporting Gripe.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 22.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Your letter of recommendations and general invitation to all lovers of fish and wild fowl to share with you their opinion concerning the best plan for the preservation of the same may meet with many answers of greater worth than mine, but let me assure you that none of said advocates can be more earnest in the object to be attained, which is the main thing, after all, and none can more heartily endorse the spirit in which your article was written.

After carefully reading all the Nebraska statutes prior to 1889, relating to this matter, I was particularly struck with the total absence of ways and means for the enforcement of the same. I would, therefore, recommend that the call for a meeting include all lovers of the noble recreation, and that every effort be made to bring in the unorganized, as it is only by winning over to the good cause all legitimate sportsmen, and making them feel that they, too, have a hand in the work that we can hope to meet success and see the provisions of such laws lived up to.

The increase in interest with every recurring year, and if it keeps this up many of our amateurs will be playing in the league teams pretty soon. The Young Men's Christian association baseball team of this city is no doubt the strongest amateur team in Nebraska. In fact, they have proved themselves so, and will reorganize next season and come out on the field stronger than ever, and the likelihood is that Omaha will have a city amateur league. The league as now contemplated, is to be composed of about six or eight teams. Manager Bondleard of the Orchard and Wilhelmus will lend the scheme every assistance in his power. The teams that join this league will have to have uniforms, and if possible, it would be a nice thing to have each represent some local business firm.

Mr. Griswold, sporting editor of The Bee, is very much in favor of having a city amateur league, and says he will do all in his power to help the boys push it through. The merchants of this city could advertise themselves in a way which they find out to be entirely satisfactory. They could furnish their teams with uniforms, and name it after the firm. The Orchard and Wilhelmus will reorganize next season and come out in shape. Mr. Orchard and Mr. Wilhelmus were very fortunate when they succeeded in getting the team they did which represented their last season, and if the city league can get together six or eight teams of this sort, they will have a league that Omaha may well be proud of.

In organizing it will be necessary to secure good grounds to play on, and if the league consists of six teams, it will require three diamonds, and these could be so situated as to be easy of access from the central part of the city, and by playing all the Nebraska matches in the city, it will compel a manager to have his own players and not depend upon material from other clubs, as has been done in the past. I would like to have the managers of teams desiring to organize this league send in their names, and the name of the firm they expect to represent, to The Bee, so that the work of organization can progress as rapidly as possible.

Revolver Shooting for Women. There are some secrets, or rather points in regard to shooting of a revolver that are worth while considering. Possibly, however, the tiger in the jungle and the bear in the mountain, as targets do not allure you, but you will have the misguided midnight burglar to contemplate. It may be well just here to remark, in parenthesis, that the only way to get the work of holding the revolver wholly on the outer finger. The object of this position of the hand is to get the barrel in exact line with the arm and wrist, thus bringing the eye and the sights and eye in one line. This position also minimizes the effect of trembling and rotating the arm. The weapon being properly held in this position, and the trigger being very gently and steadily pressed. The hand grasps the revolver high on the butt, with the thumb well around to the inside and straight, and the trigger finger entirely free. This throws the work of holding the revolver wholly on the outer finger. The object of this position of the hand is to get the barrel in exact line with the arm and wrist, thus bringing the eye and the sights and eye in one line. This position also minimizes the effect of trembling and rotating the arm.

The Champion of All Bykers. J. M. Irwin, who accompanied Zimmerman, the champion bicycle rider, over a good part of the world, has been interviewed about plans for the future. He said: "Yes, I accept of the bicycle as a means of transportation, and I tell you I had a lively time juggling about so many bicycles, trunks and catches. As for Zimmerman retiring from the track, I take no stock in such a yarn. As long as he is Zimmerman he will race, and when he retires it will be when he feels his physical powers giving away. He is the cycling wonder of the age, and there is certainly no man on earth who can beat him. Alleged wonders spring up every year, and they break all sorts of records under all sorts of conditions. Then they meet Zimmerman and their every-body seems what class they belong to."

While the sporting editor concerns himself in most of the propositions advanced in the foregoing, he most respectfully balks at the proposition regarding the preservation of the game birds before sunrise and after sunset. Cloudy days cut no figure whatever. Of course a gunner could not be held literally to the hour, but if he is a man of even ordinary intelligence, he would certainly know about when to begin and when to leave off to save himself from liability. Again, Fax's idea about the morning and evening flight of ducks is erroneous. Ducks do not get up in the morning, like geese, and leave their roosting grounds and return in the evening. In a majority of cases the ducks feed and roost on the same grounds, and in a large measure, the morning, unless they are disturbed, in the morning, during the day, or at evening, is simply and purely a matter of pleasure and exercise. Of course, they are a better class, naturally, and do a good deal of flying from place to place, but there is nothing regular or methodical about their morning and evening flights. On most any grounds now available are of a daily occurrence, and the

evening seems to be the preferred time for their coming in. With geese it is different. They leave the bars in the rivers, or their nocturnal resting places on pond or lake almost at a given hour in the morning for their feeding grounds. In the fall, about 11 o'clock, green and dose and back on the bars or water until 3 or half past in the afternoon, when they again take wing for the feeding grounds, and return two to three or four hours later for the night. So much for the habits of wild fowl, briefly touched upon. Now, as to shooting the birds before sunrise or after sunset. There is no more hurtful practice in vogue among the lovers of this sport. That a shooting ground can be thoroughly "burned out" by this nefarious practice is a fact that has been demonstrated repeatedly on the best ducking grounds in the world. Again, the sportsman who cannot get all the sport and all the game he needs or wants in twelve hours, is deserving of neither. By all odds I would urge the embodiment of such a clause in any bill looking to the preservation, protection and propagation of the birds, that might be presented for the consideration of the legislature.

Sound Ideas of an Amateur. OMAHA, Nov. 24.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please give large number of ambitious young ball players: The interest that has been taken in amateur baseball in the last few years is most marvelous. For two years Omaha did not have a professional team, and it was then the ball cranks were at a loss what to do with themselves. On Sunday afternoons you could find many of them on some prairie watching the youngsters play ball, and at Hasca's or the ball field, and would assemble to see the Nonpareils whollop their adversaries. Hasca's park was then the only place they could congregate and enjoy a good game of ball under the breezy trees, but you could find playing on almost every unoccupied piece of ground big enough for the purpose. A ball game is something that many people never tire of. They can sit and watch a good game at any and all times. It is surely a great and exciting game under almost any auspices.

The meeting of business men in the rooms of the Commercial club last Tuesday evening was one of the best meetings of the kind held here within many a day. It was large and enthusiastic, a general feeling prevailing that the cause was a commendable one and worthy of every fostering care and encouragement. It was for the purpose of organizing the chances of getting the state fair here and the establishing of a first class mile race track. The consensus of opinion was that the thing could be done, should be done and will be done. Of this, however, there is considerable doubt. Through discussion by the leading spirits of the meeting developed the fact that the sum of \$50,000, at the very lowest estimate, would have to be raised to secure either of the proposed sites, the fair or the race track, and that both would require probably \$25,000 more. Considering the importance of the improvements that would infuse in the veins of Nebraska, it is not surprising that the blood of the accomplishment of the object in view. A first class mile race track, in the hands of competent management, would mean untold good for Henry is regarded as fair in connection with this would be a still greater thing, and nothing should be left undone to bring the matter to a successful issue.

The Battle of the Pastebards. The Omaha Whist club's tournament is rapidly approaching a finish, and it looks very much as if Melke and Hanks and Connor and Zug or Wheeler and Small would be the lucky teams who will go to Sioux City in January to represent Omaha in the national tourney to be held there. The liveliest interest is manifested in the outcome, and ever, who will be the winners. Wilbur and Alver still have a good chance, as they are about tied with the two last teams mentioned above.

The standing, including Wednesday evening's games: Played, Won, Lost. Wheeler and Small..... 15 10 5 Melke and Hanks..... 13 10 3 Connor and Zug..... 9 6 3 Love and Gardner..... 8 6 2 Benn and Ludlow..... 8 5 3 Tilson and Stebbins..... 14 6 8 Reed and Hinchey..... 12 7 5 Jordan and Musselman..... 12 7 5 Singer and Shanahan..... 12 3 9 Schaeffer and Hanks..... 12 1 9 Baxter and Risk..... 9 1 8 Schaeffer and Hanks..... 11 7 4 Heth and McCague..... 11 7 4 Marsh and Pease..... 9 3 6

Palmer with the Ball Players. The St. Paul critics are too severe in criticizing Comiskey. He is better qualified to manage a team than Wilmot, and will no doubt place a team that will rank well in the Apple City—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin. The St. Paul cranks are lucky to be alive and criticism of any one comes with bad grace from them.

Football Day in Omaha. The gods of the piskin and canvas certainly bestowed their most genial smiles upon the royal sport Thanksgiving day, not only in this city, but all over the country. Gigantic crowds were witnessed at the same stirring scenes that were enacted at the local Young Men's Christian association park, and the general cry is that the game has got an enduring hold upon the public mind and will continue to prosper. It has become a veritable craze. Thursday's battle in Omaha may very safely be rated as the only big success the sport has so far achieved here, and it was decidedly overwhelming that the genius with the sea-quill pen curls need not entertain any fear for the future. Football day is deemed to be the most important of the city's yearly calendar, and should the same rivaling meet again on the same grounds next November, the excitement and thrills that would make the park's fences bulge.

Interstate Shoot at Norfolk. The sportsmen of Norfolk are rapidly completing preparations for a big interstate trap shoot to be held in that city, Thursday and Friday, December 27 and 28. Invitations have been sent to all the prominent sportsmen in this and the states of Iowa, South Dakota and Kansas, and the management already assured of a good turnout from abroad. The tournament will be held on the fair grounds, and shooters will meet with a happy condition of things, and, of course, any event, there will be something about the article that your sportsman need complain of.

of special prizes. With good weather a success should be scored. Forest, Field and Stream. Heretofore there has been considerable complaint on account of the express company receiving game for shipment at a very high rate. Wyoating hunters were annoyed and violated by the express company, and it was impossible to detect them. The Union Pacific has decided not to ship any game for these hunters this season. Only Jack rabbits will be received. It is said, however, that the railroads in Colorado are not so particular about aiding the authorities in the enforcement of the game laws, receiving all shipments offered.

My old shooting pard, the lawyer—Will Simeral—was out squirreling Thanksgiving day. He was out with a fine outfit, Florence, and being a veritable Dave Crockett in the woods, he soon had an old fox treed. The squirrel had encountered hunters before, but he kept maneuvering quite a while before he succeeded in getting in a shot. But that was sufficient, or at least the lawyer thought so, for he asked the squirrel to come out and shake hands. Sure enough the little tawny rascal let go his hold in the crotch of the big oak and tumbling down through the naked branches he landed among the lawyer's leaves on his back, and Billy picked him up and with much satisfaction stowed him in his shell pocket. Another half hour's careful hunt and a second squirrel was located, and in response to the voice of the lawyer's levee he also dropped from the bushes and landed in the lawyer's pocket, hoping to warm his benumbed fingers in the soft fur of his game. Suddenly he let out a yell that revived memories of the hand around fox's mouth and his contented echoes of those primeval woods with their shrill war cries, and jerking his hand frantically out of his pocket he found the first squirrel he had brought in. He wasn't as fast as Billy thought he was, and in his efforts to warm his fingers he got one of them into fox's mouth and he was contented with a vengeance. The lawyer was startled, as you may imagine, and swinging his hand over his head he saw the squirrel against a convenient tree, and not only succeeded in making him relinquish his hold on his finger, but knocked the squirrel's teeth into the lawyer's eye. My lawyer Simeral wears a stall on his forehead.

E. W. Hamilton of Pawlet, the celebrated dog trainer and canvasback killer, has United States Commissioner Dundy and the sportsmen of the Omaha and Lincoln areas at a Thanksgiving grouse, but all the same they never saw them. When duck shooting last fall a number of express companies left with the mail, and he was to ship in some game. These franks were in the name of N. P. Peil, business manager of The Bee. That tells the story. He got into a quarrel with the sportsmen and the sporting editor of it was a report of the delightful dinner they made at the Peil mansion football day.

The Peters Cartridge and Shotgun Ammunition company at Cincinnati, O., is building up a fine reputation for the superior quality of their shells, and the perfect way in which they are loaded. They shipped in many thousands to this western country this fall, a handsome supply being sent to the Dundy-Hamilton-Heth-Griswold ducking party in the sand hills. That they gave more than satisfaction is evidenced by the big kill made by the party, and especially so when loaded at their factory. They lead to order, using any powder in the market, but this fall have had a large quantity of the best California Peters new shell largely used, and in fact gunners are lavish in their encomiums for the money and the quality of the shells. They have the largest establishment in the United States and are doing the bulk of the business in the line of loaded shells.

It is certainly the first to produce a thoroughly practical and scientifically accurate bullet, and is successfully organized and conduct this new branch of industry. It is also the only company west of the Alleghenies engaged in the manufacture of paper and the best and most reliable of the most extensive plants in the United States. Its output of empty and loaded shells amounts to many millions per annum. These goods are extensively used in this and other countries, and everywhere with the highest satisfaction. This company has recently built one of the finest shot towers in the country, and producing in large quantities a very superior quality of shot for its own consumption and for the general trade. Just now it is also engaged in erecting extensive buildings for constructing machinery for the manufacture of metallic ammunition in all its branches, and the Peters metallic cartridges are now found in large quantities on the market all over the country.

The Bemis Park Gun club is making arrangements for a winter series of trap shoots and is planning to hold a number of sporting events will be held on Saturdays whenever the weather is at all favorable.

It is said that near Oshkosh, Wis., in the great marshes that have been for years one of the finest shooting grounds in the country the ducks have been very scarce. The native hunters have been shooting at night and gathering up the birds next morning. In some places nets are set in the feeding ground so that when the ducks dive for food they are entangled and drowned.

While in camp a short time ago Mrs. Kate Wheeler, the American, had made scores of killing a fine bull moose. Her husband had a gun to hold while he returned to camp for a supply of shells. She had not waited long for the shells, for the moose was stopped with his head side toward her. She brought him down with one shot.

With No. 1 shot. John says the ducks have all been shot, and the geese, too, for that matter, although a belated flock is seen now and then.

Questions and Answers. LINCOLN, Nov. 25.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please publish in next Sunday's Bee address of person with whom it is necessary to communicate regarding standard registration of American horse ever won the Derby in England, and how long ago?—John Wilkinson.

ANS.—Lorillard's Trogon in 1881. NORFOLK, Nov. 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please give age and birthplace of Peter Jackson, also nationality of Corbett and Peter Maher and oblige.—A. Constant Beer.

ANS.—Jackson is a West Indian and 31 years old. Corbett is an Irish-American, and Maher a bona fide product of the soil direct.

2123 N. 24TH ST., Nov. 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To settle a financial difference which exists over the following points in a game of single high five 21 points up, will you kindly decide who wins? Best contestants, 20; B bids 2 and makes trumps, and makes it, playing bid and saving Jack. A plays low before B. makes his points. Who wins?—Fred Pawlker.

ANS.—B. COUNCIL BLUFFS, Nov. 27.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: What is meant by a hand in horse measure; how much is a hand in inches?—Arthur L.

ANS.—Four inches. LEXINGTON, Neb., Nov. 22.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please give us the measurements of J. J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons to decide a bet. Please answer in Sunday's Bee.—John Walsh.

ANS.—These measurements were published in The Bee three or four Sundays ago. FREMONT, Nov. 28.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: My setter bitch is troubled with sore throat; she drools and coughs, has difficulty in swallowing, and I find her tongue; please give a remedy in Sunday's Bee.—Nesmeck.

ANS.—Rub throat with camphorated oil, also apply hot poultices. Give her tabaccoseed and half of either under every three hours. One ounce dissolved in tin cup of water about the right thing. Be sure there is nothing lodged in her throat.

ANS.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet will you please answer in Sunday's Bee whether or not the populist party polled a larger vote in '93 than they did in '91?—A Subscriber.

ANS.—The populists made a gain of 600,000 in '94, as compared with '92. There was no general election in '93. TREKAMAH, Neb., Nov. 27.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: A society wishes to elect three trustees. The constitution provides that "all elections shall be by ballot, and a majority of all the votes given shall be necessary to a choice. A motion is carried that the three trustees be voted for on the same ballot. Thirty-eight voters vote for the name of each, and the secretary announces 114 votes cast, twenty being the highest number received by any one candidate. Is there an election? Or is it illegal to vote for three candidates under such a constitutional provision?—W. H. Korner.

ANS.—Each candidate must have a majority of all the votes cast.

JES' FORE CHRISTMAS. Eugene Field in Ladies Home Journal. Father calls me William, sister calls me Mother calls me Willie—but the fellows call me Bill!

Mitty said I ain't a girl—rather be a boy Without them shashes, curls an' things that I worn by Pauley's! Love to chuckle, kisses apples an' go swimmin' in the lake— Hate to see the castor-ole they give fr bellyache! Most all the time the hull year round there ain't no mist on my nose!

But jes' fore Christmas I'm as good as a kid! Got a yaller dog named Sport—sleek 'im on the head! Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she's at! Got to be tied, an' when us boys goes out to slide 'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all get in the sled! But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worried an' cross, He reaches at me with his whip and larp—rups up his horse; An' 'tho' he ain't no holler: "Oh, you never taught me!" But jes' fore Christmas I'm as good as a kid!

Then of Sport he hangs around, so solum like an' still! His name seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?" The cat she sneaks down off her perch, an' purrs an' purrs, an' brush yer hair, an' use them two enemies of hern that use ter make things hum! But I'm so polite an' stick so earnest like to biz, I'm ever seg to father: "How improved our Willie be!" But father, havin' been a boy himself, sus—pends me, an' says: "When jes' fore Christmas I'm as good as a kid!"

"It is an ill wind That Blows Nobody Good," Saturday, Dec. 1st, At 2 p. m., when we commence to offer our entire stock at auction. People will not buy diamonds and silver nor unless they can do so at a bargain. We are obliged to have money. Every article warranted as represented.

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