NOW FOR SOME LONG DRIVES

Omaha's Chances on the Ball Field This Season.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

The University Club—The Spring Fowl Shooting—The Trotters and Pacers and a Great Grist of Local Sporting Matters.

THE balmy spring weather of the past two weeks has had a most exhilarating effect upon the local base ball fans, and, while they are all extremely anxious for the opening of the season, they are happy and will patiently await the all momentous day. That the management has succeeded in signing an aggregation of very fast talent seems to be the general impression, but of course nothing can be positively known on this score until the boys have been seen in practice a few times. Of such men as Captain Walsh, Ed Hutchinson, Grasshopper Ulrich, Charles Schaffer, Billy Hulin and George Darby nothing but the very best article of the game is expected, and it is the strength of the new material that yet remains anywise problematical. The last year's record made by all these men, however, is exceedingly encouraging and under the intelligent tutelage of Joe Walsh and Dave Rowe it is but natural to expect the development of nothing short of a high degree of efficiency on the part of most of these. It may be that Omaha will be so fortunate as to find several embryonic stars among her untried forces. She has done this before, notably under the memorable regime of Uncle Dick McCormick. There was Kid Nichols, Tom Lovett, Dad Clark, Jack Crooks, Little Cooney, Jimmy Canavan and many others, who since those days, at one time or another, have perched upon the topmost rung of base ball fame, and it is said that history never fails to repeat itself. The new men Captain Walsh has secured to assist him in battling for the coveted pennant were the cream of the various ranks in which they figured during the past season, and there is good reason to believe that, in a measure, they will plug up many of the holes that existed in the team last year. Fans should not be too sanguine, however, but at the same time they may rest assured that Captain Walsh will get the best work possible out of the new recruits, as well as out of the older players. Many "promising youngsters" and "rising stars," who have made decided hits on Podunkville and Hardscrabble fields, have proved excruciatingly inadequate when it came down to entering upon the real thing in a championship race. But we will wait, and pray and hope for the best.

In order that the local fans may once more have the opportunity to size up the team that will represent them on the field of action this year, the personnel is once more given. On the pitchers' slab will be seen John Eagan, George Carrish, Louis Napoleon Balsz, Joe Russie, Frank Donnelly and George Darby, an even half dozen. In this batch are two or three well known men, notably Darby, Donnelly and Carrish, and it is but reasonable to expect that out of the other three at least one capable man will be developed. Eagan is a St. Louis boy, who has cut a prominent figure over there during the past two years in amateur circles. He was signed by Manager Rowe on the recommendation of Long John Healy, the Egyptian. He is said to have wonderful speed, good control of the ball and the stamina necessary to go the route at least every other day. Joe Russie comes from Kansas City, and is said to be the double of New York's famous twirler. He is highly spoken of by no less a personage than Ralph Stout, a local magnate of blessed memory, now the efficient city editor of the Kansas City Star. Russie weighs 200 pounds and stands six feet one in his stocking feet, when he is lucky enough to have a pair on. He has the speed of a Krup gun, an eye like an eagle, and something like a half bushel of extra curves, slants, shoots and drops. Balsz was with Lincoln the latter part of last season, and while he failed to distinguish himself with any special eclat, he has been pitching great ball out in California during the past winter, and Manager McVittie, who is nothing when not sanguine, declares he will shine with the brightest of the big luminaries in the association. For backstops there is Rust Pace, a big Californian, who is said to be a second Charley Bennett behind the plate, and a hitter from the very center of the city of Hittersville, and Con Whalen, from the high altitude lands of Montana. Whalen is unquestionably a good one, a fact amply proven by his record. He throws like a shot and as unerringly as a sharp shooter, stops everything that comes within a half dozen yards of him and hits up among the three hundred boys. So far these are the catchers signed, but Rowe is still negotiating with one or two good men, with a fair prospect of securing at least one of them. On first will be Eddie Hutchinson, or "Old Hutch," as he was facetiously dubbed by the bleachers last fall. That he will not be found wanting in any position off the slab is fully guaranteed by the admirable work which marked his play at the close of the past season. Edward Miles will guard the second cushion. He is a young blood and comes from the Eastern league. As to his real ability but little is known. He is well spoken of, however, and will be given a fair trial before condemned. At short Joe Walsh will be seen, and that the inflammatory haired old vet will again arouse the enthusiasm of 1888 and 1889 goes without saying. He played the best ball of his life for Sioux City last year up to the time he wrenched his knee, and now that he has fully recovered from the injury it is but fair to presume that he will give us a sample of the same kind of work the coming season. "Grasshopper" Ulrich on third requires no extended eulogy. He is a clever, foxy player in any position from catcher to field, and will be one of the cards of the outfit. Georgie is one of the best run getters in the business and will land on first base by hook or crook twice to any other player's once during the entire season. Charlie Schaffer, the lad with the prominent proboscis and the melodious jaw, will stack up in left field in a fashion that has seldom been seen in this neck o' woods. Shaf comes from a family of ball players, the old "Orator" of Des Moines being his grandfather, and he don't know anything else. He will be another favorite. Johnny Slagle hails from the Eastern and comes with the most flattering endorsements of any of the new men. Whitehill writes that he is a phenom pure and simple, and Buckenburger of last year's Pittsburgs pronounces him the equal of any fielder discovered in a decade. Buck writes me from St. Louis that Omaha will be lucky to hold Slagle through the season. He is a fast man and will have a National league value before the season is very old. Billy Hulin, who played third for Minneapolis last year, will be in right field. He is an experienced ball player and there is but little chance for him to fall below the high estimate put on him. Besides the above enumerated list there are M. P. Dwyer and Frank Bear on the salary list, both fielders and both good men. Dwyer comes from the northwest, while Bear is an old timer.

Speaking of Mr. Bear reminds me of a little story that used to be told on him a decade or two ago, when he first made his debut on the diamond. Frank, as will be inferred, is no spring chicken. He was 19 years of age some twenty years ago and has seen a great many ups and downs, principally downs, in the national game. Bear is a follower of the Ingersoll belief, and while he has every respect for an Omnipotent Power, he does not attempt or pretend to figure said Power into any tangible shape. He thinks that man was put onto this earth to hoe his own row irrespective of Providential or Mephistophelean influences. During an off season in base ball Bear was working on a ranch out in Wyoming. One day, while making his way through the mountains, he met a bear. The ferocious brute was right in his path and behind him was a yawning abyss thousands of feet deep. To turn back was to plunge to eternity upon the jagged rocks below, and to advance was death in even a more horrible shape at the teeth and claws of the bear. Here was a time, thought Mr. Bear, to test the efficacy of prayer, but after a moment's reflection upon the theory to which he had so long clung he changed his mind and resolved to follow out the precepts of his early education, and that was to fight his own battles. So, pulling his knife, he first glanced at the bear and then upwards toward the empyrean of heaven, and exclaimed:

"Oh, lord! all I ask of you is to keep hands off. Help neither me nor the brute in front of me, keep quiet and say nothing, and I'll show you one of the —— bear fights you've ever had the luck to witness."

That it was the human bear that came out on top is fully attested by the fact that he will be here Tuesday next ready to don the white and red of the Walsh family.

Hulin, Darby, Pace, Hutchinson, Ulrich and Balsz have been playing ball all winter in Dixon, Cal., and all report that they are in excellent shape and anxious for the opening of the championship season. As the whole team is expected to report on or about next Monday, advance money to pay the traveling expenses of the above sextette was forwarded to Dixon on Tuesday last by Treasurer McVittie, and they are all expected to arrive here not later than Thursday or Friday next.

From the above it will be recognized that it takes money to get ready for the ball season, as well as to carry a team through the summer, and the friends and patrons of the game will do the nice thing to respond as graciously and liberally as possible when called upon. The management is desirous of disposing of 100 admission books, which they think will be sufficient to get the players all here, put the park in good shape and perfect all arrangements for the beginning of the playing season. These books contain tickets, with coupons for reserved seats, for twenty-two games, and are sold at $10 each, giving purchasers the benefit of a considerable reduction on the regular price of single admissions. Messrs. Rowe and McVittie have been on the street with these books for several days, and, it is gratifying to note, have met with much encouragement in the way of ready sales. Out of the 100 books which they aim to sell they have gotten rid of seventy and by Tuesday or Wednesday next hope to have closed out the full quota.

Carpenters will be put to work on the grounds this week and all contemplated improvements pushed forward with all possible expedition. The fences, grandstand and club house are all to be repaired, and some changes made in and about the bleachers and box office. The grandstand is to be enlarged by the addition of 100 seats, which will be reserved exclusively for ladies and their escorts. The right field bleachers are also to be lengthened and heightened, and altogether arrangements made for the accommodation of fully 1,000 more people.

The regular championship season opens up here on Thursday, May 2, with Quincy, but before that time the fans will be afforded an abundant opportunity to see the new team line up. The exhibition season commences on Saturday, April 6, with Minneapolis, which team will also play here Sunday, the 7th. On the 10th and 11th the team will be split up into two nines, the vets pitted against the young bloods, and on the 12th, 13th and 14th St. Joe will be here. On the 19th, 20th and 21st the Kansas City Western League team will measure strength with Captain Walsh's lads and on the 23d 24th and 25th Buckerino Ebright and his clodhoppers from Lincoln will hoe a little corn out at the Charles Street park. After this series of games the Omahas will go to Kansas City, St. Joe and Lincoln, getting back here on the evening of May 1, in prime fettle, it is hoped, for the important battle that is to take place on the following afternoon with Quincy, when the championship journey will be set out upon.

FORT NIOBRARA, Neb., March 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: The Fort Niobrara Base Ball club has organized for the season and on and after April 25 will be prepared to argue the merits of the national game with clubs in the vicinity of our place. We will have a first-class club, fully uniformed, and solicit correspondence.

J. L. CORBY, Cor. Secretary.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., March 25.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: The prospects for base ball in Jacksonville during the season of 1895 are very flattering, in fact, more so than they have ever been before. The citizens of the town have determined that they will support base ball in spite of everything else and the committee which was sent out some time ago had no trouble in obtaining persons to sign the subscription list for various sums of money for this fund. A new park has been arranged near where the old park was and is about 700 feet square. This will be provided with two grandstands and bleachers and will be capable of accommodating large crowds. Jacksonville will not allow Sunday games to be played in the city, but an arrangement has been made whereby all Sunday schedule games will be played at Springfield, and the probabilities are that our Sunday attendance will be larger than any other in the association. Manager Aydelot has taken his time to sign the team and it is safe to say that the men he has contracted for to play with Jacksonville are the finest that could be had for the money. He has taken special care to get good batters and the majority of them have batting averages above the 400 mark; they also have splendid records in their various positions and it is safe to say that Jacksonville will not be near the bottom at the windup of the season. The following is the personnel of the team:

Roy S. Johnson and Frank S. Belt, catchers; F. S. Caplinger, Carl Schwartz, Charles Knepper, Thorpe, O'Connor, pitchers; J. S. Aydelot, manager and first base; David M. Hawley, second base; William L. Deveney, short stop; Thomas McGuirk, third base; William Zeiss, right field; Robert S. White, middle field; left field to be filled.

Pitcher Billy Hart, so says Ren Mulford, recently knocked the ball over the fence of the ball grounds in Savannah, scoring the longest hit ever made on that diamond (old gag). The Cincinnati boy is receiving much praise in his work with Pittsburg.

Whoa Bill Kreig is at the head of the Galesburg, Ill., team, and Ed Smartwood has been promised a "sit" on the National League's umpire staff.

Bill McVittie will again act as ground keeper at the Charles street park. He is a brother of Manager McVittie's, and a good man for the place.

Eddie Jorgtelei, once the pride of the Gate City, will play in Terre Haute's outfield this season.

Larry Twitchell, once with Omaha, is said to be the only manager in the country who signed all his players without a cent of advance money, which is all the more strange when it is distinctly remembered that Larry was once one of the individuals who demanded about all that was coming to him in advance. He is with Milwaukee.

Billy Klusman, who has been with about every ball team ever organized, will again cover first base for Kansas City this season.

Pitcher Beam, who was with the Western association last year, is thought extremely well of in Philadelphia, but here he wasn't worth his weight in old rags.

The Western league opens its season on May 1 with St. Paul at Kansas City, Minneapolis at Milwaukee, Toledo at Detroit and Grand Rapids at Indianapolis.

Catcher Dugdale, the ex-senator and old Western association player, will manage the Peoria team.

Norfolk is to have enclosed grounds and a strong semi-professional team.

Big Ed Cartright is captaining the Washingtons.

Among the players who have once wore a Lincoln uniform may be mentioned: Jake Beckley, who will guard first base for Pittsburg this year; Jesse Burkett, who will play left field for Cleveland; Ehret, who has signed with St. Louis; Raymond of the Detroits; Roat of the Indianapolis club; Johnson of the Scrantons; Dave Rowe of Omaha; Jack Rowe of Buffalo; Moehler of Des Moines; Darnbrough of the Interstate league, who will be remembered as having pitched a seventeen-inning game against the Minneapolis club; Lookabaugh of Bloomington; Wilson of New York; Rogers of Scranton; Lawrence of Memphis; Hart of Pittsburg; McGreevy of Quincy; McKibben of Des Moines; Baltz of Omaha, and Stafford of the New Yorks.—Lincoln Courier.

Jack Crooks, at third, has shown up in splendid form in the Washington team practice games and if Captain Joyce is not very careful he will not be missed this year. Crooks' arm is strong and he has his eye on the ball from the jump. It is claimed for him that he is fully equal to his '91 and '92 form.

"White Wings" Tebeau has again caught on with Brother Patsy Bolivar's Cleveland Spiders.

George Shock, another old westerner, now with Brooklyn, is said to be one of the best general utility men in the profession.

Jacksonville has made arrangements to play her Sunday games at Springfield and the prospects are good for tremendous crowds, as that is the only professional ball the Illinois capital will get to see.

Captain Frank Motz of the Hoosiers was presented with a bat nine fet long by his Akron admirers before he left for Indianapolis.

The Eastern league has secured all the old Western league umpires—Tim Hurst, John W. Gaffney, Herman Doescher and Cholly Snyder. By the way, who besides Jack Haskell and Montana Ward, are going to umpire for us this season?

H. S. Ferguson of Tecumseh is trying to organize a base ball league for southeastern Nebraska and wants all interested in the game to correspond with him.

Preston, who guarded third for St. Joe last season, is putting up a fine game for the Louisville colonels.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

AT LAST the time of year is approaching when every man and woman who has a bicycle want to fly from the hot and dusty city to the country in order to get a bit of pure, fresh air.

Most of Omaha's cyclists are shut up in an office or confined to a salesroom for six long days during the week and thus have evenings and Sundays only to get their recreation. There are about seven good wagon roads leading out of Omaha that are available to the cyclist. He may arise early on a pleasant Sunday morning, don his bicycle clothes, pump up his tire, see that the necessary repair outfit is safely in his tool bag and start out. If he wishes to spend the entire day in the country one of the most pleasant runs he can take is via Council Bluffs to Glenwood. Leaving Omaha, he crosses the Douglas street wagon bridge, follows the cedar block pavement to the first street west of the Council Bluffs pumping station, and turning south one block, he follows the dirt road running parallel with Broadway. Here he finds this much better riding than the block pavement, which has become almost unrideable within the last year or so, on account of the holes and ruts caused by heavy traffic. Following this road straight east he arrives at Bayliss park, Council Bluffs. Here turning south for a few blocks, then east, to the foot of the Bluffs, he finds himself on the main road leading past the Deaf and Dumb institute; straight on for a couple of miles he comes to a fork in the road, following the one which turns to the right, he spins along the foot of high bluffs covered in the summer with wild flowers and grasses of all kinds, from which the gentle breezes carry a delicious odor to him. So far he has traveled about eleven miles, and has encountered but few small hills. Now he approaches some quite steep ones coming to where the road forks, he follows the one to his left, and after about two miles' ride he arrives at the top of the bluffs, along whose base he has just been riding. Here a pretty sight greets his eye, the scenery is beautiful. He looks down over the green fields and sees the "Big Muddy" winding its way toward the gulf. He is now opposite Bellevue college, spinning on he finds the road quite level for a mile or so, when he begins to descend the steepest incline on the road, known as Pony Creek hill, and using one foot as a brake, down it he shoots, his momentum carrying him half way up the hill that lies before him on the other side. After climbing this he again comes upon almost level road and is within about four miles of Glenwood. If he wishes to quench his thirst, he stops at a farm house, and water never tasted as good as the cool, fresh cup full he gets from the well. He mounts, and is off again, passes by many orchards, which later in the season are usually laden with delicious fruit. Glenwood is reached, and hastening to the hotel he washes himself and prepares for dinner. And such an appetite as he has; the waitress stares at him in amazement as he cleans up everything in sight. Right here I wish to say if a man has lost his appetite this will help him find it quicker than all the tonics or appetizers he can take. Dinner finished, the wheelman contributes 50 cents to the hotel keeper for the food he has kept from spoiling. After resting long enough for his meal to settle, he prepares to start homeward. There are two different roads to choose from, he ides the one he came over, viz., the bottom road, via Pacific Junction, or the telephone road. The latter is usually preferable, as it is traveled more and is in better condition. There are, however, no hills on the bottom road, which is a point in its favor. Deciding to take the telephone road he goes east from the hotel two blocks, north three, thence east to the first fork, taking the one to the left, he passes the Williams place, which, if he stops to view, will see one of the finest fruit farms in the west. Leaving this, he follows the line of telephone poles. The road winds around 'neath a very bower of vegetation. He stops to rest a few minutes in the shade, starting on again, he soon comes to the road which he came over in the morning. Council Bluffs is now within four miles, where he arrives a bit later, and within fifteen minutes he reaches the Douglas street pavement, and his cyclometer shows that he has traveled a fraction over fifty-one miles. This is one of the most popular long runs around Omaha.

Lieutenant Melton piloted a party of Tourists down to Bellevue last Sunday.

Captain Dahl of the Ganymede Wheel club, across the Big Muddy, lead a dozen of his clubmates up to Missouri Valley last Friday, it being the first called club run of the season.

The Cudahy Cycling club spent last Sunday at Glenwood, Ia. Messrs. Hynes and Culley of the Tourists accompanied them upon the tandem. The two Johns made the old bird hump herself on the way back.

Captain Smith of the Tourist Wheelmen has made his appointment of subaltern officers and issued his first run card for the season. The run card is the neatest thing in the way of a run card we have seen. It is gotten up in the shape of a folder, containing an open invitation to wheelmen to turn out with the club, road rules and other little bits of information, and an inserted card bearing a list of club tours for the month, the whole tied in one corner with a neat bow of cherry, white and black ribbon, the club's colors. The runs for April are as follows: April 7, Bellevue, 22 miles, start 8:30 a. m.; April 14, Bennington, 36 miles, start 8:30 a. m.; April 21, Fort Calhoun, 36 miles, start 8:30 a. m.; April 28, Glenwood, Ia., 50 miles, start 7:30 a. m. All runs start from the "pump house," or, in other words, Randall's Cafe, 1517 Capitol avenue. A register will be kept at this place, also an air pump and other tools. Bulletin boards will be placed in the restaurant and cycle stores, giving information concerning the runs. All unattached wheelmen are especially invited to turn out with the club. The runs will be for health and recreation and new riders need not be afraid to tackle them. The officers appointed are: Alex Melton, first lieutenant; David Harding, second lieutenant, and Charlie Pegau for bugler. The bugle will be used on the runs this season and Charlie is the boy that can get the music out of it.

A number of applications for membership were accepted at the business meeting of the Tourists held Thursday evening, March 28. The board of officers appointed W. M. Barnum, F. A. Heninger and Louis Fleischer as a membership committee.

The Ganymede Wheel club and the Tourist Wheelmen attended the Turner Wheel club social in a body, wearing their respective club colors upon the lapels of their coats. The Iowa boys turned out thirty-five and the Tourists twenty-eight. The badges worn by the Tourists were very pretty, the work of Messrs. Hynes, Adams and Walker, the club's entertainment committee, and consisted of a large rosette and double bow, with streamers of cherry, white and black ribbon, the whole fastened with a brownie stick pin.

Louis Fleischer, the Twelfth street bicycle builder, is getting his fourteen-pound road wheel into shape. It is a beauty and has many good points.

Dr. F. N. Connor went to Paxton, Neb. last week to slaughter ducks and geese. The doctor is an enthusiastic hunter as well as wheelman.

A. A. Zimmerman has accepted Houben, the Frenchman's challenge, to ride a bicycle race. It will be remebered that Houben defeated Zimmy early in the season last year. Zimmerman will begin training at once and will sail for France early in April.

England has adopted the wood rim this year. The English 'cycling papers condemned it last year. They also sat down on the two class rule, but are gradually drifting toward it.

No ladies are allowed to ride on the public streets of St. Petersburg, Russia. Better come to America, girls.

An ordinance has been passed by the Hackensack, N. Y., authorities providing that no bicycle shall be ridden inside the city limits at a speed exceeding eight miles per hour. It would not be a bad idea for our city council to pass an ordinance prohibiting some of these would-be "scorchers" riding through the business thoroughfares at a break-neck speed and endangering the people's lives who traverse the streets on foot. No 'cyclist should ever attempt to travel at the rate of over twelve miles an hour in the business portion of Omaha.

Motor 'cycles are becoming quite popular in the east. The manufacturers of them claim a speed of twenty miles per hour. Motor carriages are also being used a great deal in France. The time is approaching when there will be but little use for horses.

An Indiana bicycle company claim that they cannot get enough wood for their wood rims to supply the demand. Perhaps some of our Omaha lumbermen might help them out.

Mr. J. August Doyle, treasurer of the Turner Wheel club of this city, has compiled a list of the popular runs from Omaha by wheel, which are as follows: Anchor Mills, 10 miles; Bellevue, 12 miles; Bennington, 17 miles; Blair, 26 miles; Courtland beach, 3 miles; Council Bluffs, 5 miles; Crescent City, 13 miles; Coffman Station, 13 miles; Calhoun, 17 miles; Century Post (5 miles north of Tekamah), 50 miles; Elkhorn, 18 miles; Elk City, 22 miles; Florence, 7 miles; Fremont, 37 miles; Glenwood, 24 miles; Honey Creek, 20 miles; Irvington, 9 miles; Kruse's Mill, 10 miles; Little Sioux, 50 miles; Manawa, 8 miles; Mynster Springs, 10 miles; Millard, 13 miles; Missouri Valley, 28 miles; Malvern, 36 miles; Neola, 30 miles; Nobles Lake, 9 miles; Papillion, 12 miles; Plattsmouth, 22 miles; Ruser's Park, 4 miles; Red Oak, 50 miles; South Omaha, 5 miles; Sarpy Mills, 7 miles; Springfield, 20 miles; Silver City, 20 miles; Tekamah, 45 miles; Underwood, 17 miles; Weston, 10 miles; Waterloo, 20 miles.

Mr. W. M. Reeve of Denver, Colo., is trying to raise a fund whereby he may be enabled to place in one hospital in every large city of the United States a free bed for the benefit of injured wheelmen, called the Denver Wheel club free bed, and has started to raise it by the almost impracticable chain letter scheme, which is for three people, to each of which Mr. Reeve will send a copy of his letter, they in turn to each make three copies, change the date and send them to three of their friends, and so on. Each person who receives a letter is asked to send 10 cents to the Denver Wheel club, who endorses the scheme. In conception the idea may be worthy and benevolent, but the means to the end are decidedly childish and the end itself is unnecessary.

Chairman Gideon of the League of American Wheelmen racing board, has appointed S. H. Rowland, Marengo, Ia., and F. B. Thrall, Ottawa, Ia., official handicappers of Iowa, Nebraska and New Mexico. Mr. Gideon's action in appointing two Iowa men has been severely criticized by Nebraska league members. They feel that they should be entitled to one handicapper in their state. There are a number of men in this city who know nearly every racing man in this section and who have had more experience than either of the new men who have been appointed. A petition will be sent to the racing board and if it fails to receive the proper attention the renewals will be few in Nebraska next month.

The Omaha Wheel club held a special meeting last week, at which the constitution and bylaws were revised. The election of officers takes place Tuesday evening. Applications are steadily pouring in and by April 15 they expect the membership to reach the century mark.

Walter Sanger, one of America's fastest class B men, is just recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. His physician states, however, that he will be able to race this season.

That South Dakota legislature which passed a bill prohibiting bicycle riding on Decoration day is sadly in need of common sense. Every holiday in the calander is celebrated by a portion of the community in a different manner from the exact purpose for which the day was originally set aside, and, as this is a free country, any such absurd law as the one noted is bound to prove inoperative.

John S. Johnson, the bicyclist, was arrested in Syracuse, N. Y., Thursday, on a warrant sworn out by a firm of bicycle manufacturers who have a contract with Johnson and his manager for the coming season. Johnson has just decided to turn professional in order to race with Houbin in France, in alleged violation of the existing contract.

President Willison of the League of American Wheelmen says that the league will not establish this year a third class for racing men on the cash prize basis, but he thought the change might be made in another country. The cash prize association did not seem to be doing so well, and he did not think they would conduct races this season. The new president predicts that this will be the most successful year in the league's history.

It is reported that there are thirty-six different bills pending before the New York legislature governing cycling on the highways.

The University Club.

During the past month the board of directors of the University club has been busily engaged in the performance of some very efficient work with the design of putting the new club upon a solid basis. The results already accomplished indicate that the basis has been made about as solid as one could well wish. The grounds occupied by the Young Men's Christian association for the past two years as an athletic park have been leased for a term of three years, and a deal has just been closed with the association whose lease expires tomorrow, whereby it sells outright to the University club all of its improvements just as they stand. The owner of these grounds wanted more rent than the Young Men's Christian association felt it could pay, and as it was able to make arrangements for an excellently situated piece of ground nearer the center of town it was willing to dispose of its improvements for a reasonable figure. These grounds are situated upon the North Omaha boulevard, the most popular driveway in the city, and are without doubt the finest athletic grounds in the west. For the present no material alterations will be made either in grand stand or bath rooms, but next year the grand stand will be entirely remodeled and so constructed that the grand stand, club, locker and dressing rooms will all be comprised in one building, somewhat similar to the plan now in use on the grounds of the Detroit Athletic club. As soon as possible the track will be extended so as to make it exactly one-quarter mile, and such other improvements will be made as are necessary to put everything in first class shape.

The intention is to have a field day this fall, which shall be open to all amateurs, and every effort will be made by the club to put a team into the contest which will keep most of the prizes at home.

Both baseball and football teams will be maintained from the start. The baseball team will contain practically the same players as the old Young Men's Christian association team of last season, with two, and possibly, three places to fill.

Negotiations have been going on for two or three months with all the western colleges, and the prospects are that a number of the leading western college teams will be brought here this spring.

The great drawing card, however, will be on Decoration day, when Stagg, the famous Yale pitcher, will be here with his team from the University of Chicago for two games. Among the best players Stagg has are Henry Clark of this city and Brown, formerly of Omaha, but now of Chicago.

Clark, under Stagg's experienced coaching, has developed into one of the best amateur pitchers in the west, and will probably be in the box for this game. Although no effort whatever has as yet been made to push the membership already over fifty of our most substantial business and professional men have joined the club and heartily assisted it in its efforts to establish a popular athletic and social organization, which will put all legitimate amateur sports in Omaha upon a plane which they should occupy. During the next two months a thorough canvass will be made of the city. In the meantime if anyone wants to know more about the club a letter addressed to 941 New York Life building will elicit any desired information.

On River, Lake and Marsh.

MORE'S the pity, but as was predicted in these columns in a lengthy article several weeks ago the wild fowl shooting in Nebraska this spring has been a most dismal and incontinent failure. On account of a scarcity of feed and water—and one is essential to the other—the birds either took another route north or flew over here without stopping. Of course, there was some shooting, but in the main the sport was the poorest that was ever known in this great game country. In the delightful companionship of Mr. Charlie Metz and Will Simeral I put in a week at Ed. Hamilton's ranch in Deuel county's sand hills, but met with little else than disappointment, in so far as the shooting was concerned. Still we had a most glorious and beneficial outing, met with many interesting features anent life in that weary waste of sand and buffalo grass, and all of which I will take pleasure in recounting in another week. Mr. Hamilton insisted that the birds had not come in, and would surely be along later, but this I doubted exceedingly, as the weather was as sultry as June and the general conditions of that rare region were such as furnish no grounds for a hope of anything better than we experienced. Last evening I received the following brief note from my old host:

LAKESIDE, March 28.—Friend Sandy: We had a good flight of red heads and canvasbacks yesterday. There must have been 50,000 birds on Crescent lake and I now look for good shooting. Omaha sportsmen would now be safe, so I believe, in coming out.

E. W. HAMILTON.

CLARKS, Neb., March 27.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: More sportsmen have for the first time been disappointed in their spring shooting of ducks and geese this year than ever before. Not a single good "kill" has been made on the Platte in this vicinity during the spring flight this year and already the birds have entirely deserted the Platte. Colonel Richmond, Captain Hoyt and other local sportsmen made extensive preparations as early as March 1 to entertain visiting hunters and slaughter the wild fowl on their usual favorite roosts on the Platte. No feed in the fields and no water in the creeks and canyons, together with the fact that the river was early lined with tents and dotted over with blinds, caused the wild fowl to move on to better and more peaceful feeding grounds. The reception of the goose or duck unfortunate enough to bend its flight along the course of the historic Platte might well be compared to that tendered the federal gunboats when they tried to run by the batteries at Vicksburg. Ten camps, equipped with about twenty-five blinds, were located on the Platte within eight miles, traveling east from Clarks, so that you will readily understand that it would be indeed a weary and thirsty fowl that would dare venture to rest on the bars or sip of the waters of the Platte in that vicinity. Of course some of the campers were out for fun and recreation and the shooting was only the nominal object. One party of five I observed occupying one blind, in which they had a large jug, which I suppose contained their ammunition, and they were enjoying a social game of cards, occasionally dropping a poor hand to take a shot at some sky-scraping goose or more frequently at the jug.

A quart flask was found by Joe Wells, near Columbus, containing the following message:

ON THE PLATTE RIVER, East of Clarks, March 22, 1895.—To the finder of this letter: I am alone, abandoned on a sandbar in the Platte, surrounded by three feet of swift running water, which glides over ten feet of quick sand. I wish that I had one of Sandy Griswold's articles on the beauties of nature, as they are presented during a spring shoot. The sky some way fails to reveal the beauties he so vividly represents and the cloud formations have been overlooked; the cry of the alarmed wild fowl is not properly adjusted to the music of the wind and wave. Already I feel the exhilarating and elevating influence of my surroundings, in every joint and sinew. Sandy, I have been victimized by your poetic imagination. Yet, perhaps, if I had at hand one of those articles it might deceive me again and reconcile me to my sad fate. Nature is beautiful in her place, but hereafter she can have her place and I'll take Goodle Brucker's for mine. Before I start out again for a goose hunt, should I escape alive this time, I will take a little proper training, by pushing a loaded hand cart across the Sahara. Save my life by replenishing this flask!!

Drop it into the north channel of the Platte from the Clarks bridge. Don't drop it in until after dark, I shall look out for it. Put a floater on it. Hopefully,

F. S. PARMELEE,

All the camps, with the exception of Colonel Richmond's, have broken up. JACK M.

GREAT BEND, Kan., March 27.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: The flight of the festive feathered fowl has come and gone, and by this I refer to geese and ducks. Their sojourn here was briefer this year than any former season known, so I am told by the superannuated local sports, men who once enjoyed hunting, but are too old now to participate. Game generally tarried here quite a while, the surrounding country affording good foraging and the Cheyenne bottoms excellent trysting grounds for them. These bottoms are sixteen miles long and seven miles wide, including more territory than I at first supposed. As plentiful as I have seen game there, hunting is not as satisfactory as I have experienced in the northwest if bag alone is considered, but it is more exciting and replete with amusing incidents. The most successful and at the same time enjoyable method is for a party of two, with a light buggy and gentle team, but one that is trained to the sport and when necessary can run a lightning gait, to "mosey" around the bottoms. The driver, with the lines over his left arm and his gun ready for action, guides the team until we are within shooting distance. After the first shot the team will stampede and follow the game and all you have to do is to pump it into them. If you are fortunately out on a windy day and successful in driving the game against the wind by working this strategy you can often get right under them. If during the chase you run into a chuck hole and are unceremoniously dumped in a heap into a pool of water, this adds zest to the sport, providing you nor the horses are hurt. Last Saturday Mr. George Meaham and myself rode over there for a couple of hours' hunt and a more exhilarating time I never have had. As we came to the bluff overlooking the expansive valley, here and there we could see bunches of white brant scattered promiscuously with bunches of Canadas and black brants. We consumed a little time chasing a large disabled Canada, but his wings were all right and he eluded us. A flock of white brant lit a quarter of a mile from us and to them we started. Allowing the team to saunter along slowly and keeping our guns out of sight we, as it were, edged around them, approaching nearer all the time. I whispered to George to face team to game, but they were on to the trick and immediately arose. The horses knew their business and the race commenced, we firing as they ran—only a bag of four, we should have killed a dozen, as there were 600 or 800 in the flock. Dou you believe in the charmed life of a white goose? We poured four loads into one, apparently filling it with lead, but it contemptuously sailed away. About dusk, on our return, we noticed what I opined was a wild swan on the west lake, and such it proved to be. We rode up to the east shore and there being no cover I got out and dropped flat upon the ground. My friend proceeded around the lake to the opposite shore, where the swan had taken refuge. It then steered straight for me. About seventy yards off it arose, but a lucky shot fetched it. It is a fine specimen, the largest I have seen, weighing twenty-four and one-half pounds and a perfect beauty. I shipped it to a taxidermist and will have it mounted. I have never seen game as wild as it is this spring. None of our bags have been large, not over eight or ten at a time. J. H. LOWREY.

The sporting editor of The Omaha Bee gave our old friend, Tom Coleman, a great write-up in Sunday's edition, telling of the big success Tom had in early days in bagging wild geese, ducks and other game. From a description given of the country about Mr. Coleman's place it will no doubt give Meadow a boom, and will be visited by hundreds of Omaha sportsmen.—Springfield Monitor.

The fourth annual tournament, under the management of Central City's well known shot, A. C. Conner, will be held in that city next Tuesday and Wednesday, April 2 and 3. Experts will be handicapped 90 per cent. There will be ten events each day, all at artificial targets, and on the third day, so the program declares, at 10,000 wild geese on the Platte. No one is barred and American association rules will govern. That Mr. Connor will give all visiting sportsmen a grand good time is amply guaranteed by his work in this line in past years.

Colonel Shepherd's camp still stands on the flowing Platte, west of Ashland, but up to date the party has had but meagre shooting, notwithstanding the proverbial luck of the colonel himself. In the party are Howard Clarke, Stockton Heth, Charles Thompson, J. H. Dumont, J. A. Sunderland and Jim S. Smead.

Hugh McCaffrey, T. C. Brunner and William Bushman have returned from a week's outing near Tekamah. They bagged fifteen red heads, 1 canvasback and 1 hooded merganzer.

LONG PINE, Neb., March 25.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Long Pine trout are still growing. The latest is a rainbow, caught today, weighing seven and one-half pounds and measuring in length twenty-four inches, width six inches. It was captured at the Chautauqua grounds by G. F. Earley, who reports him as very game and making a strong pull on the line.

F. Whellemoy.

With Bow and Quiver.

Perhaps it is the charming costume, or it may be the opportunity to display to best advantage a graceful figure, but whatever the incentive, Dianas of this end of the century are becoming as enthusiastic and as skilled in use of bow and arrow as belles of olden times. Tennis and croquet and hand-ball always have their devotees; archery is not replacing any one of these sports, although it is being played more and more each year. At Lenox, for instance, where the lawns are spacious and velvety as any in England the game of archery is one of the principal attractions each summer. There is always a target tournament during August and September, with a costly bit of silver for the trophy. An archery outfit is comparatively inexpensive, although of course, one may add any sum to the original cost. There are, for instance, bows and arrows inlaid with mother-of-pearl, monograms in silver or any other like extravagance, but for a club the whole outfit can be bought for a very few dollars.

Questions and Answers.

WINSIDE, Neb., March 22.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet will you tell me by return mail what constitutes a "ramps" in a game of pin pool?—A. L. Hughes.

Ans.—Down the four white pins only at a single stroke.

WASHBURN, Ill., March 24.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Can you tell me how or where I can get the back numbers of The Bee, containing the account of your shooting expedition with Ed W. Hamilton at his ranch? I think some of the papers date back to May 4, 1894. Ed sent me two, the only copies he could find. I would consider it an especial favor if you would send to me, or inform me, where I can obtain the desired copies.—S. I. Mundell.

Ans.—Am sorry, but they are out of print.

WYMORE, Neb., March 26.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer following questions through sporting columns of Bee: (1) With what club is McKibben playing this year; also Whitehill? (2) Does Speer play with Lincoln this year?—P. A. Harmon.

Ans.—(1) McKibben with Des Moines; Whitehill with Detroit. (2) Yes.

BROKEN BOW, Neb., March 19.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following in the sporting columns of The Bee: In playing the game of cards called "pitch or cinch," of 11 points, A is 10 and bids 2, B is 8 or 9, for that matter, and as dealer has last bid, raises A's bid to 3, and makes the trump diamonds and holds ace, jack, ten and four spot; A holds the queen and tray, making low, and claims out in the order, high, low, jack, game, being 10. Now please answer as to who wins the game, and is not the game of pitch simply a modified game of seven-up anyhow?—Constant Reader of the Bee.

Ans.—(1) As played here