CHAT WITH BALL PLAYERS

The War of the Colleges and What Their Athletes Are Doing.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

All that is Late and Newsy in the Bicycle World—A Trip to Horseshoe Lake and Heaps of Breezy Gossip.

WHILE the Western association championship race is nothing like the one of the opening year for closeness and excitement, it is still a very interesting chase and it will require a wise man indeed at this stage of the game to place any team one, two, three. Peoria is in the lead, but the margin between that city and Lincoln is so narrow that any one series of games is likely to reverse the standing. Buckerino has a ball team there is no mistake and probably the best controlled one in the association. They play good, hard, uniform ball and will hardly fall below their present standing, barring unforeseen accidents. It is hard to tell just where Peoria gets her strength, but the best theory is that it is derived from her pitchers. They seem to all be in good form and are pitching better ball than was expected of them. Both the Quinceys and Rockfords have been disappointments, especially the former, who looked like almost certain winners in the start. St. Joe has had a rocky experience with boozing and insubordinate players and the best part of the season has been practically thrown away. Alberts, however, seems to have gotten them in something like condition at last and may yet make a bid for at least second honors. They are not out of it by any means, but it will require almost uninterrupted good work from now on until their next eastern trip to assure them of any very material change. Jacksonville has a good team, but their work has been irregular and unsatisfactory, which can likewise be said of the Omahas. With the accession of George Darby some weeks ago the fans expected the team to vault right into the van, but they have been disappointed and their standing is about the same as it was then. There is no denying the fact that the home team has had more than its share of bad luck. At no time yet have any two of the pitchers been in perfect shape, and for the past month there has been one, two or three of the boys almost wholly incapacitated by sickness or injury. So, under the circumstances, they have accomplished all that could reasonably be expected of them. During the recent visit to St. Joe the team was deprived of the services of one of the mainstays of the club—George Ulrich. He had a little finger jammed back into his fist in last Sunday's game, and during the past five days has been compelled to lie idle. These constant drawbacks have caused a good deal of shifting around, and it was this that brought about the poor fielding that marred so many games. With the team in anything like decent shape, the Hutchinson family should go to the front in a canter.

"Hard luck stories," observed Manager McVittie on his return from St. Joe yesterday, "are always in order, and every manager in the country has a fund on hand at one time or another during the season, and he is always willing to get rid of them at the first opportunity. However, I haven't any fairy tales to retail now, notwithstanding the tailenders have just finished mopping up a small section of St. Joseph with us. We lost those two first games down there through rotten ball playing, and nothing else. Hard luck had nothing to do with it. When Hutch's boys did play ball, and that was on our last day down there, Gussie Alberts' rejuvenated Saints were easy; just like eating soup with a fork. But that cuts no figure. The St. Joes are 50 per cent stronger today than they have been any time this season, and from this on the team that beats them will have to play ball. They are due for a string of victories, or I miss the mark. Alberts has been on the hustle, and his team presents an almost entirely new front. His new men are all strong ones. Percy Griffin is a beautiful fielder at short, and while he does not hit very hard or often, he has plugged up a big hole in the team. California McCarthy and old Emmet Seery in the field also constitute a strong acquisition. Besides these they have two new pitchers, Stultz and Dolan, and I think they will both pan out well."

"About our new grounds. I think before the middle of July the people will be in love with them, if they are not already. The big field offers all there is in the game for the players who guard that territory, and from this on out errors out there should be a rarity. The stand may be a trifle far back, but that is unavoidable just now. Let the fans give us their support for the balance of the present season and next year we will get back at them with as handsome grounds and buildings as any in the country, not excepting but one or two parks in the National league. This is all I can say on this head now, but the lovers of the great sport can depend on just what I say. Prepare for a treat in the way of magnificent new grounds next spring."

"What do I think of the outcome of the present race? Well, I am willing to bet a bunch of bananas that Peoria doesn't win it. If ever a club has been smiled upon by the fickle Goddess of Fortune it is the one which Fatty Dugdale controls, but it is about time for a shift. You have noticed that Quincy has just got through lambasting Duggy's outfit, and when we get them here day after tomorrow we won't do a thing to them. They are here Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, you know. We want those three games in our business. If we don't get them, why, Peoria will, that's all. Just who will land the coveted flag, I don't presume to be able to guess, but if pressed for a shot at it I would have to say Omaha. Let our pitchers once get in half respectable shape and we will back in and win."

Palaver with the Ball Players.

Jack Fanning, an ex-Omahan, is pitching great ball for Minneapolis.

"Sandy" Griffin has been released by Syracuse. Sandy was a cracker four years ago.

Little Hollingsworth of the Lincolns is Lincoln's safest man at the bat at a critical time.

Harry Raymond is playing a nice game for Detroit and is anxious to return to major league company.

Manager Twitchell of Milwaukee is after several new players. He says he is determined to strengthen his team.

Peoria seems to have the best two pitchers in the association in Hanson and Thomas. Thomas is an especially strong man.

Carter, Yale's crack pitcher, has strained a ligament in his pitching arm and it is feared that he will not be able to twirl again this year.

The question which is agitating the minds of a great many Rockford people is where President Kent gets his umpires.—Rockford Star.

Manager Alberts has at last made a ball team out of the St. Joes, and from this on out they will in all probability be heard from hard and often.

Pitcher Roach, who made such a phenomenal record in the Chicago City league, has joined the Omaha team.—Sporting News. Haven't seen him.

Dad Clarke is now New York's main dependence since Rusie and Meekin are out of form. It is rather remarkable how the old man has come again.

In one of the St. Joe-Des Moines games Purvis hit a ball against the fence. The ball stuck between the boards and he got three bases on the hit.

While in Quincy lately President Kent remarked that the Western association is in the best sort of financial condition and that the prospects are splendid for beating last year's success.

Umpire Vorise had a merry reception in St. Joe and Rockford. Of course these teams lost, not by inferior playing on their part; oh, no, it was "de umpire" every time! Mr. Vorise has resigned.

Miller of the Cincinnatis has a record that won't be beaten this year in a league game. In eleven innings at Philadelphia he threw four men out at first from right field and had another assist besides.

There was a deal on for the trade of Hollingsworth of Lincoln to St. Joe for Jones. Lincoln wanted Marcum, however, and the deal fell through. Snapper Kennedy was to play short in Hollingsworth's place.

The New York club is getting slowly but surely impressed with the opinion that two pitchers do not make a championship team, and that other teams, the superiors of the Giants at the bat, on the bases and in the field, have some Rusies and Meekins themselves.

Fred Pfeffer is in Chicago now doing nothing at all but looking handsome and changing his clothes six times a day. He has refused to "serve out his sentence" in Louisville, and will bide his time until next year, when he will likely be playing second base for Anson's club.

The last night the Quincys were here, says the Rockford Gazette, quite a number of them were full up to the muzzle, and made spectacles of themselves on the streets. They had an off day ahead of them, and thought they could get into condition before they arrived in Jacksonville.

The Peorians seem fond of Rockford's base balls. They only stole five during and after Sunday's game. Thomas walked away with three under his sweater and Dugdale and Bennett were each detected in attempting to steal one during the game.—Rockford Star.

Harry Truby of the Grand Rapids team has been released to Rockford.

The Tebeau brothers are doing yeoman service for Cleveland this season. Pat has always been a good man to stick into a hole, where he was needed, but George is surprising his best friends by the great work he is doing at first. It was a lucky day for Cleveland when President Robison decided not to release him.

Abbey said his shoulder was lame yesterday, but the fact of the matter is, he is a big baby and his heart weakened, says a Rockford authority. Nicol could have had him when he was put on the block, but the Rockford manager realized that Abbey would consider himself above hard work in this league, and no good results could be obtained from him. Quincy has an elephant on her hands.

Mertes is about the toughest acting ball player ever seen on the local diamond. He walks like a cow stuck in a mudhole and he looks as though he lived in the last house in Tough street. But say, that boy is a ball player, in spite of the errors he made yesterday. When he meets the ball it's all day with the horsehide. He knocked a line hit yesterday that nearly took Underwood and Burns off their feet before they could get out of its way. All they could do was to dodge, and they were lucky to escape them.—Rockford Gazette.

Umpire Haskell left last night for St. Joe, where he will umpire today. Mr. Haskell is one of the best umpires in the field, and has given the most perfect satisfaction here. His judgment is quick and accurate, his decisions firm and fair, and he allows no rowdyism on the diamond. Umpire Ward comes over from Jacksonville to preside at the rest of the games.—Quincy Whig.

Manager Watkins of Indianapolis says that he considers the Western league fully as strong as the old American association and believes that it should be given a standing along with the National league.

There came near being a fight on the ground yesterday between the two Frenchmen, Larette and Larocque. Larette is as quick as a cat and Larocque is strong as a bull, and if they ever come together it is evident that there wouldn't be any grass growing within forty rods of them after the first round. Larocque is entirely too windy for any use. He is a bully and should be treated as such by every umpire that has any dealings with him. Burns found out yesterday that the Quincy captain could not be treated as a gentleman. Such fellows should be put off the grounds.—Rockford Gazette.

The absurdity of sending a new man to bat in place of a regular player is demonstrated by the fact that of all the men who were sent up to save the game in the last inning this season only two made hits. On May 4 Grady batted in Hodson's place for the Phillies and made a hit and run, and on May 24 Breitenstein batted in place of Staley for St. Louis and made a hit.—Pittsburg Post.

All the National league clubs have nicknames. The Philadelphias are called the "Quakers," the New Yorks the "Giants," Baltimore the "Orioles," Washington the "Senators," Brooklyn the "Bridegrooms," Boston the "Beaneaters," Louisville the "Colonels," St. Louis the "Done Browns," Cleveland the "Spiders," Pittsburg the "Pirates," Chicago the "Colts," Cincinnati the "Reds."

Lew Camp made a great hit with the Indianapolis audience in the last St. Paul-Indianapolis game. Johnstone, Comisky's crack pitcher, had been hit hard and the Hoosiers were making runs as they pleased. Camp was playing left field and had been kept on the move all the time. In the sixth inning, after a particularly long chase, he walked over to the bicycle stand, which was at the side of the field, and securing a wheel walked back in his territory and stood ready to mount and go after the next ball hit in his direction. Even Johnstone's troubled countenance broke into a wreath of smiles.

Old Emmet Seery, the orange merchant who did such yeoman service for Omaha last year, has joined St. Joe.

CAN THE CORNELLS WIN?

Anent the Race at Henley and General College Athletics.

Americans in London are taking a remarkable interest in the Cornell crew, which is training on the Thames for the grand challenge cup for sculls in the Henley regatta, and the American ambassador, Mr. Bayard, spent one afternoon watching the American representatives pulling over the course in their shell. College men on this side of the Atlantic are scanning the cable reports with equal interest. This is the first eight-oared crew which has crossed the Atlantic and Americans are anxious to know how their athletes compare with their British cousins in what has always been one of the leading English sports. While Cornell has not raced Yale or Harvard in the last ten years their 'varsity crew has a list of eighteen consecutive victories on the water, and they hold the world's records for a mile and one-half and for three miles in eights, so they have a valid claim as worthy representatives of American aquatics. The English stroke takes a longer sweep than the Courtney stroke, which the Cornell boys pull, but is slower on the recovery and uses the arms more. With the Courtney stroke the arms are scarcely bent, the great muscles of the legs and back do all the work, the recovery is quick and the boat never lags between strokes.

The course at Henley is only a little over a mile and a half, so the race is a race from the start to the finish. The Henley crew were selected with a view to this fact, and are lighter than the average American eight. But in practice they have been pulling a tremendous stroke and in one of the practice races with the freshmen crew they pushed the stroke up to fifty a minute, which is something tremendous. Forty-four is considered a very rapid gait. The English critics have conceded that the Cornellians are likely to lead at the start, but do not think they can keep up their stroke over the length of the course.

Mr. Courtney, unlike most coaches, speaks freely of his hopes and fears. "If time comparison goes for anything and my boys are in shape we shall give an accounting which will surprise even the slow-going Englishmen. Now, although the Leander club crew in 1891 did the mile and 550 yards in 6:51, the crew to do the next best time, 7:01, was the Thames Rowing club crew. While several winners of the grand challenge cup have done 7:03, 7:04, 7:22, others have finished first in the time of eight minutes, and seconds from one to fifty.

"Of course the water on the lake and at Henley differ as to conditions, the one offering dead and the other live water; still, the difference in time would not be greater than ten seconds, if that much.

"So, you see, when it comes to time, why the chances of our making an excellent showing seem to be good, assuming the while that the crews to meet ours will only be up to the average. So far as other things go, such as rowing on strange water and in a different climate, the aspect of the affair changes. Though not apprehending any evil influence on account of climate, there is, of course, such a thing as our men, even with over four weeks' rowing over the course, being handicapped.

"In other respects, such as rigging of boat and crew, the boat itself, the patent swivel oarlocks, and even the oars, will command the respect of the critics, who, if just, will grant us an advantage over our English cousins."

Late advices from Henley are to the effect that the Cornell crew are rapidly becoming acclimated to the British atmosphere and that they have taken to the course over which they are to row for the diamond sculls like a duck takes to water. They are on the river daily, and while viewed with hypercritical eyes, are fast creating the idea, dontcherno, that they are in it, strictly in it.

Coach Courtney is a foxy old aquatic and he is paying great attention to form and starting, and the way they are breaking away and reaching a top speed stroke at forty-eight is something somewhat remarkable, to say the least. The English judges, who are always great sticklers as to condition, openly avow that the Cornell boys are too light, that is as a crew, and predict that they will not last. But in this they will evidently get fooled. American trainers are also close observants of condition in all classes of athletics and fully realize what a factor wind is in all muscular competition. However, American trainers but seldom rave over bulk, let it be in a rowing crew, pugilism, base ball or any of the other sports where great muscular development is so much depended on. The fact is, Courtney says, that the members of his crew are getting heavier than he likes, so kindly have they taken to their work and the country, and in the past week he has almost doubled their exercise in order to keep them at the notch he has in his mind's eye. The greatest interest is being taken in the Cornells all over America and the great Henley race may very properly be denominated the star event of the season.

The final selection of the crew which will row in the Cornell boat in this great international race has been made, and is as follows: Matthews, Spillman, Hager, Fresborn, Fennell, Dyer, Louis and Hall. Courtney announces that until the day of the race he will devote his entire time to coaching the eight men who have been finally selected to carry the Cornell colors to victory. He expresses his belief that the crew will improve greatly in the interim. The men are all well, and every one of them rows as fast as he did before leaving home.

The rowing expert of Vanity Fair, in an article commenting on the performances of the Cornell crew, says:

"The Cornell men have a capital and very elastic recovery, which many of the British crews would do well to imitate. Their bodies work squarely, their backs are straight, and there is no slouching at the finish of their stroke. If they had more length of reach and made more use of their bodies for a swing, they would be very formidable, but unless they are cast in a stronger mould than former American crews that have visited England they will fall off greatly when their piston action slide becomes weak. The Columbia four, which won the Visitors' cup in 1878, rowed a longer stroke than any of their American competitors before or since, yet even they were short in respect of swing. The weak point of the Harvard four which came over in 1869 was their want of recovery, which, however, is the least of the faults of the Cornell crew. In the meantime, it is sufficient to say that the Cornell men give better promise of speed and staying qualities than any American crew that has visited England."

The recent agreement between Harvard and Cornell to row and play base ball and foot ball together for two years has been the chief topic of conversation in college circles. Outsiders hardly realize the importance of this agreement, but to a man up a tree the situation is decidedly interesting. Coming as it does just after Yale's demand for an apology from Harvard for her charges of brutality against Hinkey, Yale's foot ball captain, and Harvard's flat refusal to do anything, it looks very much like a break between the bean-eaters and the great university of the Nutmeg state. Yale's long supremacy in athletics has caused her to grow a trifle dictatorial. Two years ago they accused the University of Pennsylvania of professionalism and since then there have been no contests in either base ball or foot ball between Yale and Pennsylvania. Since Yale's refusal to row Cornell for a decade or more the two universities have been at outs. Last year, in spite of Princeton's protests, Yale succeeded in bulldozing the Tigers into postponing the annual Thanksgiving day game at New York for a week, and a Thanksgiving day game in December proved a fizzle as far as attendance was concerned. Columbia has never brought glory to the blue and white except on the track, and the only hope for improvement at present is on the water.

So, while the situation among the five great universities is more or less complicated, it looks as if Yale would be the loser in a break with Harvard. Yale would be confined in foot ball to a single big game and that with Princeton, and the Tigers have been defeated by old Eli, with the exception of one year, since 1889. In base ball the New England colleges have shown up well, so here it would not be so bad, but on the water the case would be decidedly embarrassing. Yale has persistently refused to row any one but Harvard. A race with Columbia would probably be a mere procession. Unless Pennsylvania shows marked improvement they would probably have to take Yale's back water, and there is little likelihood of Pennsylvania accommodating Yale with a race. If Yale rows Cornell the challenge would have to come from Yale, which would be like pulling out her eye teeth. It is also likely that Cornell would want to lay down her own conditions, which would be a very bitter pill for the sons of Eli. And to follow in Cornell's wake to England for a race would make Yale feel as though black had been made a combination with her college color.

Harvard certainly has the upper hand in the situation. Yale will either have to back water or take the consequences, which seem anything but cheerful. It is possible that this may lead to some good after all by the formation of a league, or a dual league, among the great athletic universities. Such a league among Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton and Pennsylvania would certainly be a solution. As it is, no college has a valid claim to championship except in track athletics, and squabbles and bickerings do anything but meet the approval of a lover of fair play and true sportsmanship.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

A visit to the old Omaha fair grounds race track any evening between the hours of 5 and 8 is almost as good as going to a race meet. Such a crowd of racing men are in training that one would naturally think upon seeing the swarm on the track that half the wheelmen in the city were racing men. They are clad in all kinds of costumes, some in the modern racing suits, others in "biled" shirts and long pants and many in only their undershirts and pants, the pants being rolled up to the knees, and such scorching and puffing and sweating! They are each chasing the other. Messenger boys, office boys, bookkeepers, clerks, and you might say nearly every branch of trade is represented and they all aspire to be fast racing men. Some of them show good speed, while others the more they train the slower they ride, but doubtless some friend has held a watch on them and to encourage them stretches the truth a little and informs the would-be that he is riding his miles at a 2:25 clip and the would-be then sees visions of diamonds, pianos and such prizes, which he thinks he will win at the first race meet in which he participates. He then enters into his training with still more spirit than before, only to ride slower each day. Why? Because he has no speed in him. He has perhaps some friend who rides fast and he thinks he can be fast also, but a man must be naturally speedy, must have it born in him to win races nowadays. It is not like it was a few years ago, when racing men were few. A man who was speedy then could win without a great deal of hard work, but now he goes to a race meet and finds that he is pitted against twenty or thirty men who are as fast as himself. He is informed by the judges that there being so large a field of starters the race will have to be run in heats, the first three men in each heat to ride in the final. He rides in his heat with eight or ten others and if he qualifies he is lucky. Then in a short time comes the final, in which those who have qualified compete. They ride it and if a man secures one of the three prizes which are offered he considers himself fortunate, and perhaps the prize he wins is actually worth $20, and to win this prize he has worked hard, besides spending a great deal of time and perhaps more money than the prize he has won is actually worth. And then think of the others he has competed against. They have won nothing and are out both their time and money. Unless a man is exceptionally fast—that is, able to do a mile in 2:15 or better—he had better let racing alone. He will be a great deal better off in the long run.

Councilman Mercer, who introduced the recent bicycle ordinance, has come to the front again with a resolution to have a path six feet wide left unsprinkled for the use of cyclists on all the business streets which have been heretofore flooded. Mr. Mercer sees the necessity of having legislation to govern bicycle riders and he is not trying to give them the worst of it, but is only doing what he thinks will benefit them in the long run.

The Omaha Wheel club will on Tuesday evening give a social for the club members and their lady friends. Light refreshments will be served and a general good time is expected. All club members are requested to come and bring their ladies.

Mr. F. M. Harter, secretary of the division meet to be held in Kearney the 4th and 5th inst., is in the city getting entries, etc., for the meet.

Plattsmouth opens her new third mile track Thursday with a race meet. There are six good events on the program and several of Omaha's fast ones have signified their intentions of going down to see just how fast "Happy Holloway" can ride at home.

Omaha will be well represented in the state championships this year. Last year Omaha did not secure a championship, but the year before made a clean sweep and got them all. They are going to try the clean sweep business against this year. Gadke, Fredrickson, Mach, Edwood, Holton and Pixley will all be starters in the championships. Gadke is comparatively a new man, but is showing a burst of speed that will surprise them all. Last week he rode one-eighth of a mile in thirteen seconds, which is moving a little. Fredrickson is doing good work, but is not up to the standard yet. With hard work he will round to by the 4th. Mach and Elwood are both new men, but are riding like old timers and some fast work may be expected from both. Holton, the old veteran, is showing good form and will be close to the front at the finish. Pixley is riding stronger than ever before. Last Thursday evening, in training, he rode one-half mile unpaced in 1:06, which is class A, state record, for an unpaced half.

The Omaha Wheel club is making great preparations for the state meet. They will have a special car and will leave Omaha with their ladies at 6:50 the evening of the 3d and arrive in Kearney the next morning. Each member will wear a uniform which will consist of white duck trousers, a red, black and red blazer, white sweater with the club emblem on the front and white yachting cap. They will endeavor to have a good time if there is such a thing possible. The "Googlers" will not be in evidence this year, therefore Kearney people may rest easy.

The most popular short evening run out of Omaha is the Twentieth street boulevard to Florence. Every pleasant evening between the hours of 7 and 9 the boulevard is a mass of cyclists and carriages, the cyclists outnumbering the carriages by about three or four to one. By the way, the surface of the road is almost as smooth as asphalt and the wheelmen take advantage of this by taking a spin over it almost daily. There is no street, road or boulevard west of Chicago, the surface of which is any smoother and better than that of the Dodge street course, which is six miles in length. Wheelmen, however, do not frequent it so much for the reason that it is quite hilly, but for beautiful scenery it is unsurpassed by anything in this vicinity. Another popular evening ride is the one out Leavenworth street to Park avenue and thence to the park, in which the drives are beautiful and the riding fine. Five years ago the run to Council Bluffs over the Douglas street bridge and the newly paved street which lead to the "city across the river" was considered the finest in this section of the country, but the pavement is now in bad shape and the trip is made by but few if any wheelmen who are out for a pleasure trip.

It is claimed that the wheelman who ran into the little Italian girl on Twelfth and Capitol avenue last week and was nearly mobbed by the child's parents and friends was riding at a greater speed than the new ordinance allows. If this is the case he should have been arrested and fined for his conduct, as there is no excuse for a wheelman riding at a speed greater than eight miles an hour through the business streets. Parents, however, are very careless in allowing their children to play in the streets and there should be a law punishing the parent who permits this. They run the risk of having their children dashed to the ground and trampled to pieces by run-away horses, which are by no means uncommon these days.

Hodooed by a frying pan. Such was the experience of the wheel club last Sunday and never before have I been called upon to chronicle such a clear case of "got left," "passed up," etc., and I hope many long days will go by before it happens again. But we had lots of fun anyhow, and here goes to tell it to you. If you prefer it in poetry let me know and you can call at the office for copies any time after I write it. The club run was called for Horseshoe lake for a fishing party, but by unanimous consent it was changed for Kelly's, where some of the boys celebrated the Sunday before, and some of the jealous members had to get even by having some fun up there, too. So we started. Six of us in the commissary wagon and ten on wheels, every one telling somebody how many fish they were going to bring home. Well, they didn't bring them, for if they had it would have been published the next day in both editions; and you didn't see it, now, did you? For a mascot we took "Harvey" along and Harvey took a frying pan to cook the fish in. That's really Captain Potter's fault, for he notified every one they must catch fish or go hungry, and the "coon" thought he had a cinch. I'm quite sorry, of course, that he failed to get a chance to show what a good cook he was, but we would be hungry yet if we hadn't had a wagon load of eatables that our German steward was wise enough to purchase the night before. The ride along the river was a delightful one and it didn't seem to make much difference to the boys whether they went fishing or not so long as they had the "trap" in good running order, and the road didn't have a fence across it to stop us. Finally, however, our destination was reached and while the two "colored gentlemen" unhitched and took care of the horses the others unloaded the eatables, drinkables and tin cupables and got ready to dine. All went merry as a marriage bell for an hour or so. After that they were eating and drinking as fast as Harvey and "Chocolate" could dish up the excellent lunch, and if a good dinner and a social glass of lake water won't make a man merry it's time for him to let some fellow take a shot at him. After dinner a rush was made for the fishing boats and in a little while the lake was as speckled as my name by those poor misguided boys who fondly imagined that all they had to do was to throw the hook in the water and pull out croppies, bass and piccolos by the hundred, but as I told you before, they didn't do it, and that frying pan was the cause of it all, for if we hadn't taken it I'm sure every fish market in town would have been handling the O. W. C. brand for several days. As for me, I, with a couple of other good fellows, had a sailboat and cruised the classic waters of Kelly's until we were called to referee a match Tommy Collins had with a friend of somebody, nobody knows who, in a little game of trouble, but we had to call it a draw for one talked just as hard as the other and we were forced to look elsewhere for genuine excitement. But that was easy, for any one a mile away could hear Harvey as he called out "come up seben," "big dick," "little Joe," etc., and for the next hour it was better than a minstrel show. Probably the game would still be on if "Paddlefoot" hadn't ordered the team hitched up, for it was getting late and all decided it was about time to start home, in order not to be late to church. And it's lucky we started just when we did. After stowing away Cox's broken pedal, Brady's bursted tire, Lavidge's smashed wheel, and a number of rods, reels, lines, etc., we "gentlemen of leisure" lit our pipes and clambered up to the high seats of our coach and made fun of the boys who were forced to push a bike home while we took it easy. That was lovely, and the more we thought it over the more we laughed. But somewhere in history I've read of a case where "he who laughs last laughs best," and all old proverbs are true, for we hadn't got half a mile from the scene of our day's merriment when one of the wheels was tired and needed a rest, and stopped to take it, without giving any notice whatever. Of course we fell easy, for it wasn't over fifteen or twenty feet from where we lit, lighted, or whatever you call it, and while some big fellow was making room for me to get out, I was trying to cheer up another, who was in a worse fix. Just about the time we had all the pieces picked up Jeff Bedford came along, and after listening to our tale of woe and viewing the remains, he offered to assist us by sending a livery team from Florence to meet us. That was the very best we could do, and as our deliverer faded from sight we sailed into the woods, and I cut down a tree while the other boys ate wild strawberries, told lies, and watched me blister my hands as I initiated myself into the Woodmen. The log was about the right trick, and half an hour later we started again, that time with one man on the box driving, and, I'm sorry to say, I wasn't that man, for my feet are sore yet. Drill, drill, drill, and for fully seven miles our Trilbys patted the ground up hill and down dale, doing a quickstep that would make the Thurston rifles jealous. Florence was already in sight when we spied our rig Mr. Bedford had ordered. It was Sunday, you know, and the belles and beaux of Florence were telling funny stories in all the carriages the town afforded, and we were met by something that was a cross between a country band wagon and a hay rack and guaranteed to shake a person's shoes off. But it beat walking, and it wasn't long until the wagon was filled by several tired young men, who hunted in vain for a soft spot on those boards. As we passed Fort Omaha I heard a soldier's clock strike 9, and at the next corner I looked at my watch and it was 9:30. Either we were going slow or else the clock was wrong, I don't know which. At last a motor came in sight and soon we were started homeward for certain, and as we spun along with a refreshing breeze blowing on us we just commenced to realize how tired and hungry we were, and the rest of the way all you could hear was Maurer's, sirloin steaks and sleep. Well, we had them, just as it's written, and now it's over, we tell our friends it's the finest time we ever had and we're going again next Sunday and take them with us. But will we go?

I got a tip from Kearney a short time ago that if the "Googlers" were going in full force as claimed all the residents of the city will vacate their homes. Whether it's to accommodate the crowd or because they are afraid of the unearthly noise I failed to hear.

From what I've heard from the boys and girls around this city a bicycle will be a scarce article in the streets here the Fourth of July, for they all say Kearney for them. Of course I don't believe all of them, for, as a matter of course, some of them will get disappointed; besides that, many more say they are going when they haven't the slightest intention. Nevertheless, a big crowd is assured and the committee on transportation, arrangements, etc., is jumping for joy already over its success in making up the list they have. With lots of lady members, the funny "Googlers" and jolly outsiders I think the Omaha crowd will be worth going miles to see, and I'm sorry I can't go to help out, but the fates are dead against me.

The Knox Wheel club was organized some six weeks ago, thirteen members signing the constitution. Rev. Asa Leard, pastor of the Knox Presbyterian church, was elected president; Miss Perle Ochiltree, secretary; Dr. S. E. Leard, club surgeon, and H. L. Tostevin, captain. Since that date the membership has increased very rapidly until now the Knox boasts of having more women in its ranks than all of the other bicycle clubs in the city combined. Last Friday night the club members took a spin out to Irvington and upon their return they rode direct to the residence of Dr. Leard, where Mrs. Leard had prepared a delicious lunch. The following named parties made the run: Misses Florence Betebener, Eva Beach, Lizzie Carnes, Maude Cooper, Matie Cannon, Hattie Ivans, Madge Leard, Cora Martin, Perle Ochiltree and Messrs. Oscar Allison, Fayette Leard, Ed Lower, Asa Leard, Dr. S. E. Leard, Carl Ochiltree, Charles Stokes and Ed H. Wedge. The invited guests who went out with the club were: Miss Blanche Lyons, Willard Barrows, George Cone and Frank McConnell.

From a Tourist's Note Book.

Blair today! You are going, are you not?

The "Boulevard run" last Wednesday evening was a grand success and was ably handled by the ladies.

Some of the club men who aspire to become future Zimmermans will take part in the benefit race to be given by the Council Bluffs boys on the 27th.

Several of the club members will try to make Tekamah and return today. They will so arrange their spin that they will take their dinner at Blair with the club.

"Grandpa" Sancha has grown giddy in his old age and is cavorting around on a brightly enameled new mount. George, hope your presence will grace our runs often.

Charlie Barnum piloted a party of two over the Tekamah century course last Sunday and now will make application to the Century club. Chief Centurion Hynes, you have a victim to spring your initiation ceremony upon.

The dastardly assault on Mr. Huston last Wednesday evening is a matter that should be looked thoroughly into. If the assault was unprovoked the Amateur Cycling club should take it up and make an example of the bad citizens who committed it.

It is rumored that our first lieutenant has grown tired of the onerous duties of a road officer and intends to give up riding for the balance of the season. Hope this is only rumor and that our dashing leftenant will be with us in the future, as faithfully as in the past.

Tuesday evenings hereafter will be known as "ladies' nights" until the evenings become too cool to enjoy a wheel trip. The runs scheduled for that evening will be managed entirely by the lady members of the club. The spins will all be pleasant and short. Every lady member should attend and help to make the runs a success.

The club members to the number of eighty or more were photographed at Hanscom park Sunday morning by Heyn. The pictures are splendid and can be obtained of Mr. Heyn at a special price made to the club. The large ones especially make a fine wall decoration when framed.

The club enjoyed its outing at Bellevue last Sunday. Only one little feature marred the trip—the people who were to furnish the dinner failed to do so and the citizens kindly volunteered to feed the hungry cyclists in parties of ten. Every one obtained a good dinner and felt relieved. The game of ball between the Toozers and Hosfords was a lively battle and resulted in a victory for the former—score, 12 to 4. The game was played at the range in the afternoon. The club rode down together and home again in same order.

The board of officers of the Tourist Wheel club met last Tuesday evening in Secretary Newcomb's office and after two hours' hard work arranged the prize list into a tangible shape. The prizes have all been donated by friends of the club and, while not costly, are sufficiently so to attract the attention of the club members and draw them into the friendly contests for mileage, club attendance, hill climbing and century runs. The ladies were not forgotten, as a nice list of prizes was arranged for them to compete for. The different contests were classified as follows: Class A—Mileage made with the club, with nine prizes. Class B—Attendance on runs, with five prizes. Class C—Applications for membership, with four prizes. Class D—Hill climbing, with five prizes. Class E—Centuries, with three prizes; also three prizes for best time on any century run. For best attendance on ladies' runs during the season and best mileage made, six prizes. A special prize, a gold medal, will go to the League of American Wheelmen member making best mileage during the season. The rules will be forthcoming next week.

Questions and Answers.

CRAWFORD, Neb., June 17.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Is there a ball player by the name of Bittinger playing on the Omaha Western association team? Please inform me through the base ball columns of The Bee for the purpose of settling a wager. —F. P. McMahon.

Ans.—No. There is a Bittenger on the Omaha University club team, however.

OMAHA, June 20.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please let me know in Sunday's paper where Langeford of last year's Omahas is?—A. Maloney.

Ans.—With Memphis.

INDIANOLA, Neb., June 22.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Should money wagered be drawn on forfeited game base ball?—F. B. Duckworth.

Ans.—No. Everything goes with the umpire's decision.

SIOUX FALLS, June 20.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Is it a fixed fact that the big championship fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons is to come off at Dallas, Tex., next October, and what do you think of it?—An Old Reader.

Ans.—It looks safe to say that it is. Joe Vendig, who represents the Jacksonville Athletic club, has seemingly consented to allow Dan Stewart, a leading Dallas sport, to handle the affair on shares, and Stewart has made it plain that he can carry the big contest through during the state fair there next fall. All of those immediately concerned are satisfied with the arrangements, and as it seems to be a settled point that there will be no interference from the authorities, there is apparently nothing to hinder the mill taking place, unless it be that one of the principals falls ill or weakens.

ROUND AND ROUND THEY GO

A Belt of Pneumatic Tires Almost Encircle the Earth.

PHYSICAL EFFECT OF THE BIKE ON WOMEN

The Subject Discussed by an Eminent Doctor—Bewildering the Sedate Orientals and Stimulating Modern Progress—Stories About Wheelers.

Dr. Just Championniere, an eminent member of the French Academy, discusses in a Paris publication the physical effect of bicycling on women. He sees in the bicycle something that is destined to play a more important role than anything that has yet appeared in physical training. The bicycle is an actuality, and whether welcomed or not it has given birth to a fashion. But it is a fashion, he maintains, that will not pass away as other fashions have, however much that fate may be desired by those who bear it no good will.

The bicycle has come to stay as surely as the railroad, because, like the latter, he says, it responds to a need, a general social demand. The introduction of a new sport, he assures us, may lead to many new and unexpected consequences in the morals and costumes of a people. The most curious consequence of the present movement is the adaptation of the bicycle to women, or rather woman's adaptation to the bicycle.

NOT A MERE FAD.

This fact, he says, is yet a surprise to many, who prefer to see in it but a fever, a fad born of the folly of imitation, rather than to search the real cause of woman's infatuation with the wheel.

"I'm willing to add to the surprise of these superficial observers," continues the doctor, slyly, "by saying that it is more natural for women to mount the bicycle than for men. Doubtless they fail where extraordinary performances of speed or endurance which characterize man is required, but for grace and regularity of motion woman is man's superior in the use of the bicycle."

Here Dr. Championniere enumerates the cause of woman's superiority. The bicycle, while an instrument of gymnastics, is at the same time an apparatus of progress, and of equilibrium. For progression it exacts but a minimum expenditure of force, which in moderated movements is very inferior to the expenditure made in walking. Equilibrium is attained without effort through a combined and harmonious movement of the muscles. It is this necessary harmony of the movements which completes woman's triumph on the bicycle. Woman cycles well as she dances well. No one will dispute this superiority of woman, even when the dance exacts vigorous effort.

SUITS HER ADMIRABLY.

Among acrobats, who exercise at the same time strength and equipoise, women, he says, even when they are physically inferior to men, are more perfect and harmonious in their movements. A woman on the bicycle finds not only occasion to exercise these inclinations of her organization, but derives therefrom a veritable satisfaction.

Woman has established beyond doubt, the doctor says, that the bicycle does not subject her to an expenditure of force to which she is not equal. She recognizes in the bicycle the most "measurable" of all intruments of muscular exercise. Not only can the bicycle be worked at the least expenditure of force, but the expenditure at all times can be graduated.

This new exercise, the doctor recognizes, calls for a radical change in costume. The half masculine attire attracts her, but her taste and good sense, he is confident, will eventually evolve something attractive and convenient. The tangible outcome of the innovation the doctor hesitates to predict. Certainly the first result observed is the general development of the muscular system.

"I have seen," he says, "women obliged to change all the armholes of their gowns, so great was the muscular development of the top of their shoulders. Another fact observable today is that enlarged muscles can be retained until advanced age.

"Bicycling imparts to woman's walk more assurance. One feels in her presence confidence in her strength.

"Her walk hitherto has often been uncertain, irregular. She would hesitate to advance or pass in haste in a dangerous place, and would run the greatest risks because she did not know how to measure the danger."

MANIFOLD ADVANTAGES.

Bicycling, he says, puts her on the alert. The necessity of not being knocked down teaches her very quickly to direct herself with assurance and to perceive at a glance all the obstacles of the way.

Begun at an early age, the continuous exercise of the bicycle will have a marked influence on the judgment and the character.

The bicycle, he tells his readers, reduces flesh, first, because the exercise in itself preserves combustion in proportion to the material consumed. Women who preserve sufficient activity are certainly less prone to premature corpulency, while those who are not corpulently inclined, but indulge in bad hygiene, find that the bicycle obliges them to take better care of themselves. They will be better able to support increased flesh when the proper period for it arrives. But one ought not to count too much on reducing flesh by the use of the bicycle, he assures his readers. When thinness is desired through active exercise a special regime is imperative.

In short, this erudite Frenchman, who is evidently a veteran bicyclist, sees in the legitimate, reasonable exercise of the wheel the physical and moral regeneration of woman, and through her mankind.

TWO IS COMPANY.

Ever since the invention of the bicycle it has been regarded as more or less an unsociable diversion, or at least as not exactly suited to the needs of, say, a young married couple who liked to wheel, but didn't care to go out and leave the baby at home with the nurse.

But now the kind inventor has come forward and done away with all these troubles of married wheel riders. The latest improv