SPORTS FOR THE DOG DAYS

The crowd of spectators that witnessed Thursday afternoon's racing card at the state fair was unquestionably the grandest assemblage of people that ever looked upon a similar event in the state of Nebraska, if not in the whole great west. The mammoth grand stand, which is said to have been built to accommodate 5,500 people, was crammed to the inch, every particle of space was utilized, and as early as 2:30 the doors were ordered closed and an extra force of policemen called to keep the thousands back who were clamoring to get within the already overcrowded building. If the grand stand was constructed with a seating capacity of 5,500, there were fully 7,000 people in the big building Thursday. Every solitary seat was occupied and the aisles and promenades were blockaded and packed with those standing. At both the east and west ends of the building were twice as many more, standing 100 deep, and as thick as sardines in a box. Thousands lined the stretches and half way round the track, the quarter-stretch was a jam and the field a sea of gay traps. Indeed, it was the banner day, so far as a big crowd went, for the Nebraska State fair, and it will be many a long day before its duplicate will be seen.

Tomorrow will be a memorable day in American athletics. It will be carnival day with the New Jersey Athletic club and some startling achievements may be sanguinely expected. B. J. Wefers, the fastest man who ever wore a shoe, and holder of the world's record for running 100, 200 and 300 yards, has consented to run in a special scratch race, distance 300 yards, and try to break the record by himself of 31 1-5 seconds, made at Travers island. Wefers made this record in a handicap race, and may claim that he was bothered and annoyed by competitors in front of him. Things will be different on tomorrow, for it will be a scratch race and there will be no one to bother him. Charles J. Kilpatrick, the peerless half-mile runner, will endeavor to eclipse his half-mile record of 1 minute 53 2-5 seconds, made at the international games last fall. The two-mile race, however, will be the hot race of the day. The entry of A. L. Wright of Boston adds interest to it. He is without doubt the fastest runner New England has today, and John Bowler, his trainer, predicts that he will easily eclipse the two-mile record of 9 minutes, 32 1-5 seconds, made by W. D. Day at Berkley Oval, May 17, 1890. The New Jersey A. C. runners, E. Hjertberg, the one and three-mile champion, and Charles H. Bean, the three-mile champion, are not a bit worried at the boy's running ability, and predict that when the race is over the honors will belong to the New Jersey organization.

A quarter of a century ago croquet was quite as popular all over the country as tennis and golf are at the present time, and while it is commonly supposed to be in at least a comatose state at present, such is not the case. It may interest a lot of those formerly interested in the game to know that there is a National Croquet association and that its membership is composed of clubs representing thirty-three cities. This association holds its annual championship meeting at Norwich, Conn., in August, and this year it was largely attended. Years ago the game was quite popular in the west, but as yet no western club has been represented in these championship games. The National association was formed in 1892 on the grounds of the New York Croquet club. It has been growing steadily ever since and promises ere many years to be one of the most prominent athletic bodies in the east. The officers are: President, Abner B. Holley, New York; vice presidents, W. Holt Apgar, Trenton, N. J.; W. A. Towne, New London, Conn., and W. H. Wahley, Washington, D. C.; secretary and treasurer, N. L. Bishop, Norwich, Conn.

As was universally expected, and as foretold in these columns, Joseph Bartlett Choynski experienced no annoyance whatsoever in disposing of that big Californian ham-fatter, Josephus McAuliffe on Friday evening a week ago. The whilom champion of the coast proved a sausage for the debonnair Israelite, and he knocked him out after the most approved fashion in four rounds. McAuliffe weighed a ton, more or less, and was as cumbersome and clumsy as a cow, and all that Choynski had to do was to chop away until he went down and out. Now J. Bartlett will hie himself to New York and offer any one of the numerous clubs there a chance to see him knock out that big counterfeit, Jim Corbett, in ten rounds.

Why has William Acute Brady, asks a Telegram writer, withdrawn the protecting influence of his powerful lungs and resonant voice from James J. Corbett? William says the burden of his numerous theatrical enterprises prevents that careful attention to detail necessary in handling the affairs of a champion boxer. That seems singular in view of Mr. Brady's well-known disinclination to relinquish his grasp on anything calculated to draw attention to himself. Right up to the time of a certain four-rounded bout in San Francisco Mr. Brady deemed it a pleasure to talk several hours at a stretch in behalf of "Gentleman Jim," and his theatrical duties were never permitted to interfere with his management of Corbett. When Corbett started for Hot Springs, Brady announced that he would not leave "Jim's side till the battle was over." Mr. Brady is not exactly ingenious in his explanation. It is because he is averse to managing a downgrade boxer that he cuts loose from Corbett at this time. It is quite unnecessary to use a megaphone to inform Brady that a man who lies in an exhausted condition fifteen minutes after a bout of four rounds with a strong, unscientific boxer, has lost the stamina absolutely required by a champion pugilist. Like the discreet little quadruped that deserts the sinking ship, Mr. Brady is about to swim ashore rather than face the storm sure to be encountered by the Corbett championship craft.

Dick Moore made such a favorable impression on the Buffalo sports in his recent contest with Tommy Ryan that they are anxious to see him box again, and the Empire Athletic club of that city has hung up a good purse for Dick and Bob Fitzsimmons to contend for in an eight-round bout. It is a question as yet whether the sorrel-topped Australian will accept. The proposition was laid before him several days ago, but up to last Thursday night he had given no answer, although Moore jumped at the offer. The match, if made, would certainly be a big card for the club, a cinch for Fitz and would only prove a regretful action for Moore to ponder over in time to come. There are lots of easier men in the world for Moore to try his hand against than Fitzsimmons, and he knows it. It makes little difference with Dick, however, how big or how little they are, or where they come from. He's always ready to fight at the drop of the bonnet.

There has been considerable turmoil throughout the length and breadth of amateurdom recently over infractions of the somewhat elastic rules. In England the Augean stables have been cleaned to some purpose, and now the reformers are beginning to busy themselves on the Atlantic seaboard. B. J. Wefers, the crack sprinter, is in trouble up to his neck. He is accused of competing habitually at meetings where professionals figure, and the latest charge made against him is that he ran against D. J. Cotter, an out-and-out professional, at Manchester, N. H., on July 4, allowing the pro. ten yards start in 100 yards and beating him by five yards in 9 4-5 seconds. Whether the charge will lie or not remains to be seen, but from the facts to hand two things are patent, to-wit, that Wefers ran a fast hundred and that Cotter does not rank with Bethune.

Bob Fitzsimmons appears to be as wide awake as that emblem of insomnia, the weasel, says big Bill Naughton, the 'Frisco sporting savant. He did not wait for Jim Corbett to intimate that the Sharkey affair would be put aside to accommodate the conqueror of Peter Maher, but announced that he had learned some such trickery was intended and denounced the proposition as being at variance with the ethics of square sport. Then he declared himself. He would undertake to stop Sharkey in four rounds—that is, he would undertake to do what Corbett failed to do—and if Sharkey did not down, he (Fitzsimmons) would agree to meet Corbett in finish combat two months from the date of the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey bout. Lynch, Sharkey's manager, and the sailor himself were on hand to settle final affairs for the coming fight with Corbett at the Police Gazette office Thursday, but no Corbett put in an appearance. The New York Journal says that Corbett is either a knave or a fool.

Australasia has always been regarded as a sport-fostering section of the universe, but it is beginning to look as if the goody-goody people down across the equator are about to inaugurate a crusade against the most fascinating of all pastimes—horse-racing. A Mr. W. Hutchison, a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, is introducing a bill, the objects of which are to prevent undue space being given by newspapers to racing news, to prevent their publishing betting odds, to forbid the insertion of racing advertisements, etc., etc.

An antipodean sporting paper remarks in sarcastic manner that the bill does not go far enough. It should limit the amount of money to be invested in bets, should forbid better prices than "even money," and should see to it that no sport wins more than a given sum on any one race. The paper concludes by saying that as a counter-irritant some level headed member should be induced to bring in another bill having for its object the prevention of undue space being given to Mr. Hutchison.

It seems to be a generally accepted view that the 2-year-olds of this year are a very bad lot—much worse than for several seasons. Possibly this is true, but for all that some very fair colts have been seen. Some writers and turfmen are disposed to doubt the high class of Ogden and call his win of the Futurity a fluke. There is the fact, however, that no horse ever ran that race as fast. In past seasons there have always been two or three youngsters that could beat everything else in training. This year there are more than a dozen youngsters who can beat each other on different days. It is probably on account of this general excellence that the opinion prevails as to their bad quality.

Over $50,000 in stakes alone will be offered by the California Jockey club at the coming winter meeting, which will begin October 19, next. At the present time twenty-seven stakes, amounting to $42,750, have been arranged and are now made public. The club will open six more 2-year-old stakes later and the money offered will make a total of over $50,000. The Burns handicap still remains the richest stake of the season. It is for $10,000, all ages, one and a quarter miles. The Thornton stake is the same as last year, $3,000 for a four-mile race. The first sixteen stakes are so arranged for 2-year-olds, three-year-olds and all aged horses that the best horses in America will be taken to the coast. Ten stakes have been offered for beaten horses or those who could not run much up to January 1, 1897, on account of sickness or other cause. This will give a poor man a chance, and even those who do not own high-class horses will be able to race in a good stake. The entrance to these races is free. It is expected that this will be the means of taking to the coast 200 or more horses than would ordinarily have gone. The entries to all stakes must be made by November 1, except the inaugural stake, which is a novelty and will be run on the opening day of the California Jockey club on the new Oakland track on October 19. Entries for this event close on October 1. It is an all-aged stake of $1,000.

The eastern racing critics have made more comments on the racing this year than ever before. There is not a paper in the east but what has condemned the in-and-out running. Here is the latest "roast:" "One of Ike Thompson's customers, who had to leave the course before the racing ended, desired to place a wager of $100 on Deerslayer in the fifth race. He gave the money to Thompson and asked him what odds he would receive. "Well," said Thompson, "if the right people bet on Deerslayer I'll give you 1 to 2. If the right people do not bet on Deerslayer I'll give you 20 to 1."

John L. Sullivan, the old king of the magic circle, met Sailor Sharkey at Madison Square garden last Monday night. The crowd roared as the old champion appeared. While it was only an exhibition bout, from start to finish John L. made the best showing. He could not move his ponderous body, but he had almost the old quickness of the arms; he could duck a little, which was more than Sharkey could do, and twice he dodged, but this effort was almost too much. Sharkey was so slow that a watch might have been put on his blows, and he judged distance badly. At first it was thought that possibly he did not want to display the old champion's weakness, but that idea was quickly dispelled. He was a great disappointment. Sullivan hit him in the face almost at will, but even the one-minute rounds tired the old man. In the third and last round he tripped and almost fell. When the exhibition was ended Fitzsimmons said: "I've changed my mind now. He's even easier than I thought." That's what everybody else said, and yet there are a whole lot of people who think he can whip Corbett.

The monthly Horse Show Review, a Kansas City journal of no small merit, is out with a highly ornamental frontispice this month in the shape of a half-tone portrait of Miss May Mount, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of D. T. Mount, esq., one of our prominent citizens and a gentleman who has been long and ardently associated with the trotting horse industry of Nebraska and the west.

In the presence of 8,000 spectators at Fleetwood park last Wednesday William Simpson's pacing stallion John R. Gentry defeated Robert J, Frank Agan and Star Pointer in the fastest harness race on record, the little son of Ashland Wilkes stepping the first heat in 2:03¾, the second in 2:03¼ and the third in 2:03¼. All the finishes were very close and exciting and the contest was, from every point of view, a great one, surpassing in interest and importance any harness race of the present campaign. Marvelous is the only word which describes the performance of John R. Gentry. The day was too chilly to favor fast time and a stiff breeze retarded the horses in the home stretch. Fleetwood, never a fast track, was in good condition, although not quite at its best, the soil giving way in places under the flying feet of the pacers. Gentry got two lengths the worst of the send-off in the first heat and he trailed the leaders, while Robert J and Frank Agan went off in the lead to the three-quarter pole. Robert J. made a break near the point of rocks in the third quarter, leaving Agan in the lead, but John R. Gentry came on with a terrific burst of speed and beat him a short neck in the drive to the wire. The second heat was a repetition of the first, except that Robert J broke before reaching the first turn and Agan was three lengths in the lead at the head of the home stretch, when Andrews made his drive with Gentry. Like an arrow the little stallion came on and cut down the gelding's lead, winning in the last strides by a short neck in 2:03¼. In the last heat Gentry got away on even terms with the others and he was never headed. The pace was terrific all the way this time, Agan's head being on Gentry's shoulder from start to finish, while Robert J was an open length behind to the head of the stretch, where Geers made his drive for the heat. There was a rousing, killing struggle to the wire and the three great pacers were neck apart at the finish, but little Gentry's nose was there first in 2:03¼, and the greatest harness race on record was his.

ON THE BALL FIELD.

Chatty Palaver with the Cranks Along the Line.

The surprise in the big league circles today is the unexpected and astonishing slump of the Cincinnati team, which started east on its present trip at the top of the list, with five points the best of Baltimore and sixty-nine the best of Cleveland. Notwithstanding Baltimore was at home for forty games, it looked very much as if the Red Legs had her on the hip and were about to, for the first time in their career, carry off the league pennant and be the chief disputants in the struggle for the honor and shekels in the Temple cup battle. But alas! for human calculations and the uncertainty of the great national game. The Reds opened up in Bean Town with a nice clean victory over Selee's men, and then came the announcement of the slump. Eleven straight defeats is the size of it, two by Boston, three by Washington, three by Baltimore, three by Philadelphia!

There was not a base ball fan in the country who dreamed of such an avalanche of disaster. Everybody was pulling for the Reds, and everybody put them down for either first or second place, beyond any possible doubt, and when the slump came it was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The present disastrous slump is by no means the first disagreeable experience of this description that the Cincinnati team has ever undergone. In 1887, I remember, the Reds left for their eastern trip with a lead in the championship race that had all the ear-marks of a winning one. Indeed, some of the writers in different cities were regretting the fact that the championship race at that early stage gave indications of degenerating into a procession, with the Reds so far in the lead that none of the other teams would ever get to them. What was the consequence? Before the eastern trip was completed there was no longer occasion for alarm about the race ending in a string-out finish. The Cincinnati team lost eleven straight games on the trip. Day after day the rooters lounged around the tickers, hoping against hope for the brace-up that never came, or at least did not come until the Cincinnatis' chances for the championship had gone glimmering. The Reds finished second that year, and but for the awful slump on the first eastern trip would have won the pennant.

But the race, how does it stand today? Well, Baltimore has next to a downright "lead pipe" on the flag and the unlucky Cincinnatis are still second, but by such a slight margin over Cleveland, that the two remaining eastern games with Brooklyn may see her in third place. Chicago and Boston are both playing uniform good ball and have a slight show of "cutting in" for a piece of the Temple cup money, although Cleveland must take quite a fall and Cincinnati continue to slump for either one of them to do so. Old Anse is still fourth by four points over the Bean Eaters, Pittsburg sixth and can scarcely improve her condition, and as much may be said of Washington, St. Louis and Louisville.

Since Joyce took charge of the Giants they have won fifteen out of the nineteen games played. No better record can be expected of any team and "Scrappy Bill' should be given the greatest credit for his excellent work. Joyce has the entire control of the team, the first time that a New York manager or captain has had his way in two years. The result is shown in the standing of the clubs. It is not likely he would stand for any advice on how to run a team. Let Mr. Freedman look after the business end of the New York club and let Scrappy Bill have full control of the team. Then a large dividend will be declared on the stock when the season is over.

It is contrary to the Baltimore club's custom to play up close in the earlier innings when a runner is on third and two hands are not out. The chances of stopping the ball, throwing the runner out and yet holding the man on third are considered more than overbalanced by the possibilities of a sharp hit lined past the inguard, and at an early stage of the game it is not considered wise to take the desperate chances a close score may render necessary later on. There is lots of sound sense in the Baltimore idea, for many more hits are made through a congested infield than there are runs killed at the plate.

Every city has its rooters, and all possess some queer characteristics. There is one crank in Philadelphia whose name is Smith. He is never happier than when associated with ball players, and it is his proud boast that he is acquainted with nearly every man who ever played in the league or association. The Reds did not arrive in Philadelphia until midnight, and when they got to the Hotel Hanover they found Smith waiting to greet them, and he was about the last man to bid them goodbye when they left for New York. He is a regular "You-can't-lose-me-Charley."

"Mike Kelly was the peer of all tricksters on the diamond and his tricks came so thick and fast that he often kept the players on the team with him guessing and in hot water," says Tom Brown. "When he found an opening for a trick he would make some witty remark as a signal to us that something was coming off. But we couldn't figure out for the life of us exactly what that something was. If Kelly needed our assistance in a trick and we didn't come to his rescue he would get sore and call us a lot of Rubes. But we were not mind-readers, and told him so."

Extra inning games are scarce in the National league, but they have been frequent in the Western. Nearly forty extra inning contests have been played in that organization this season. The Columbus team alone has played four fourteen inning games, a couple of thirteen inning contests, one or two which required twelve innings to decide, and some ten and eleven. They have played four extra inning games with Indianapolis, five with the St. Pauls, and others with every other club in the league.

Joe Quinn says infielders are born, not made. He says unless it comes natural to a man no amount of practice will make him a first-class infielder. He says the successful short-stops may be counted on the fingers and the great second basemen may be counted within the figure. There are exceptions, however, to every rule. Billy Gleason of the Giants was born a pitcher, but he makes a pretty good imitation of a great second baseman. Gleason is quick on his feet and has done remarkably well at that bag.

Washington Post: McCormick, the insect-weight of your Uncle's Colts, is about as corpulent as a toothpick. He is of the exclamation-point build, like Connie Mack, but not so numerous as Connie. McCormack is the lightest man in the league in point of pounds. Imagine the concussion if Ed Cartwright, in tearing down to third, telescoped the frail avoirdupois of young McCormick.

Third Baseman McGraw's batting average for the first five games he played was .590. This is a very remarkable average for any player to have for five consecutive games, and is all the more remarkable in a player just recovered from a long illness and who had been out of the game for nearly a whole year. If "Little Mac" can keep up such a lick he will beat Hughey Jennings for the honor of leading the league in batting.

Here is a shot for Cincinnati from the Cleveland Press: "Cleveland will be second when the eastern trip is over, and the Reds will have to rearrange that Temple cup money division. It might be good for Cincinnati to arrange a series of games for the championship of Ohio (barring Cleveland) with Columbus of the Western league and Toledo and Youngstown of the Interstate. The Reds ought to win such a series."

Early in the year Washington couldn't field a little bit. The Senators lost two or three games in Cincinnati because they went to pieces at critical stages. With Gus Schmelz in command it is a common thing to read the chronicles of the game: "The Senators played a fast fielding game." They certainly fielded all round Cincinnati.

Curt Welch, one of the old-time players and probably the equal of any fielder of his day, died at his home in East Liverpool last Saturday of consumption. He was a member of the famous St. Louis Browns in 1884 and 1885, then three years with Philadelphia. His last work was with Syracuse in the Eastern league.

Baltimoreans evinced more interest in the way Philadelphia trimmed Cleveland last week than they did in the trouncing of the Reds. The cheering which followed the posting of every run for Cleveland was even heartier than those after hits made and runs scored at Cincinnati's expense.

Lajoie, the new first baseman of the Philadelphias, although he never played ball until this season, threatens to be one of the stars of the parent organization. It may be that he will not bat so hard after the league twirlers have had a chance to size up his weakness.

Philadelphia Press: It looks as though Cincinnati needed the same kind of an injection as Philadelphia needed. The old timers have done well, but mark the prediction, they must tear down and build up before another year is over.

The Pittsburg club will be greatly strengthened next season, and so will the Bostons. Some of the familiar faces here have become too familiar and will be among the missing.—Boston Post.

Roger Connor may follow the example of Charley Comiskey and acquire a Western league interest next season. There is some talk of his going to Grand Rapids. What's the matter with getting Roger for Omaha?

Ewing thinks that if McJames, the Washington twirler, keeps up his present gait he will be one of the strongest pitchers in the league. He won his last two games that he pitched against Cincinnati.

Jack Haskell of this city has received official notification from Nick Young to hold himself in readiness for a berth on the National league staff of umpires in 1897.

The Bostons are the only first division players who have scored a gain in the past week. So while the Reds are having their troubles, "there are others."

That New York club is no longer a theme for idle jest. The chances are that it will lead the second division, and may possibly break into the first brigade.

The Reds are not alone in their tobogganing. From a distance it looks as though Tebeau's outfit was experiencing the thrills of shooting the chutes.

Tom Vickery is twirling for Hartford. These old-timers are to be found in all of the out-of-the-way corners where diamonds are trumps.

All of the prominent writers on the game think that Billy Hamilton is the best base runner the game ever saw.

There is considerable betting in New York that the Giants will be fourth or fifth when the season ends.

ON THE LAKE AND IN THE FIELD.

Weekly Ramble with the Lovers of Fresh Air.

Owing to the reign of the State fair during the past week there has been but little stir in shooting circles. The open season for prairie chicken began on Tuesday morning last and there have been several parties out during the week. One or two good bags have been made, but the general report is "few birds and no shooting."

Practice makes perfect, so they say, but it is not the man who shoots the most that always has the best records. We know of several men who shoot thousands of shots at the traps every year and who never have their names head the list at even an ordinary shoot. These men shoot enough to become experts. In fact they shot enough ten years ago, but still they never get to be over 75 to 80 per cent men after several years of experience. These men feel that they ought to break better than 90 per cent of their targets and nearly every time when they miss a target they wonder why it was not broken into very small pieces. They simply shoot to the extent of their capacity, for in shooting, like all other pastimes requiring nerve, good eyesight and judgment, there is a limit to one's shooting capacity. It isn't every man who can become a crack shot, no matter how hard he tries, and there is little in the old saying that "practice makes perfect" in everything, after all.

The Nipegon river is probably the best known trout stream in the world. Its big fish are regular "whales." A double of fish that combined weighed 11¼ pounds is reported to have been taken on flies with a six-ounce rod recently. The largest of the two weighed six and one-half pounds and both were brook trout. Larger brook trout in plenty have been taken from the Nipegon and in Maine waters. The largest trout on record weighed seventeen pounds, if a letter to the Forest and Stream some years ago is to be believed. An authentic brook trout of twelve pounds is recorded to have been taken in the Rangeley lakes of Maine. The record for Adirondack trout is now seven and one-half pounds, taken from an artificially stocked pond in Essex county last summer. Previously a dying fish found in Loon lake was the largest. It weighed six and one-half pounds.—Canadian Sportsman.

From reports gathered from almost every direction, the approaching fall is going to prove an exceptionally fine one for quail shooting. Despite the numerous rains throughout the state during the summer months the birds have thriven wondrously well, and all the favored localities abound with them. The broods, now well advanced, are said to be unusually large and two, three and four are now to be found where in past seasons one was the limit. The vegetation is exceedingly heavy this year, and of course the sport will be of a most laborious character, anyway until after Jack Frost has thoroughly demonstrated himself and the weeds and vines have been stripped of their leaves and leveled with the earth.

And the wild fowl shooting, too, surely the coming season is going to prove a glorious one for this, the most royal sport of all, especially on the numerous well known grounds in this vicinity. Nebraska, which cannot be surpassed as a resort for the birds from the royal canvasback to the delicate teal by any state or territory in the country, unless it is California, promises everything grand this year. All of our lakes are filled to the brim, and the rivers and streams are singing a merry song with full banks as they travel on toward the sea. The big marshes are full of feed and in prime condition for the coming of the feathered hordes, while large areas of splendid country, utterly devoid of the least intimation of moisture last year, are this season fairly bedizened with sparkling pools and reedy sloughs. Mr. M. A. Hall returned recently from a trip through the upper Canadas, and being an ardent and observant sportsman, kept a lookout for "signs" of the birds, and made numerous inquiries wherever he lingered along the route. He says that the northern waters, the natural breeding grounds of many of our wild fowl, seemed literally alive with young birds and that everywhere reports endorsed what his eyes beheld.

From the Transvaal Independent, published in Johannesberg, Transvaal, South Africa, I extract the following item: "As the Johannesberg Hunt club has accepted the generous offer of Mr. William Wade, Oakmount, Pa., a very prominent member of the American kennel world, who proposes to send over here some specimens of the American foxhound, and as there seem to be so many wrong ideas as to what this hound is really like, it will perhaps here be best to describe what his shape and characteristics are. He is a live hunter in every sense of the word, about the height and weight of his English cousin. He has more of the southern blood in him, as witness that in the Harrier and Otter hound. With long leather flews and deep sonorous note, he will be found just the hound when scent is bad over a rough and strong country. These hounds follow a trail all day, and the next night, and therefore it stands to reason they are not faster than the English hound. In color the American is generally black or liver-and-tan.

J. C. Morrison and party spent the "opening chicken day" with H. J. Paulsen, the proprietor of the Commercial house at Bloomfield, this state. In company with Dr. Little, Mr. Morrison enjoyed a splendid day's shooting, while the balance of the party shared equally well in the pleasures of the field, with that capital shot, Grant Hutton. Mr. Paulsen knows how to treat sportsmen, and nothing that is to be desired on such an excursion is left out of the list while stopping with him. The party bagged some thirty odd chickens.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" and than the shotgun and rifle and bowie knife and revolver. Armed with all of these, many a bold and courageous man would fail to "reduce to possession" the mighty and ferocious game he so comfortably and so expeditiously slays with his pen, when he sits down in the shade to work up a hunting story for a Sunday newspaper.

Some more than fair bass fishing has been had at Lake Quinnebogg during the past ten days, and with good weather it is apt to continue several weeks longer. Those desiring a last day with the rod, however, had better not put it off too long, for with the cold mornings and evenings, which are approaching apace, the fish will take to the deep water, and then goodbye until the warm winds of April are once more a-blowing.

The mounted armadillo—the only perfect specimen in this country—in the Cross Gun company's window, attracted the attention of hundreds and hundreds of people during the fair. The case also contains the largest steer's horn in the world—the single horn holding two gallons and one-half of water—besides the biggest grizzly robe in the west, and a number of rare birds and animals killed by local sportsmen within the confines of the state.

The swift flying little teal—both blue and green-wing—have begun to drop in, and shooting will be good before the lapse of another week. Many of the birds bred were below the forty-third parallel this season and they can be expected here in vast numbers before the middle of the month. In the old days there wasn't a greater resort in the country for teal than Cutoff lake, and indeed they are to be found here numerously yet every favorable season.

T. R. Porter, A. U. Yost, Billy Nason, F. P. and Dwight Williams of this city and B. T. Van Horn of Fort Russell will leave for North Park, Colo., on a hunting and fishing expedition tomorrow afternoon. They expect to be gone several weeks.

Questions and Answers.

SLOAN, Ia., Aug. 29.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in Sunday Bee: When the pitcher in a base ball game, in the act of delivering the ball to the batter, raises his foot, that should be in contact with the pitcher's plate, is it called a balk? Does it advance the batter to first base or advance any of the base runners? What is the remedy if he still does raise his foot through the game?—F. H. Farley.

Ans.—(1) It is. (2) Yes. (3) Put him out.

JUNIATA, Neb., Sept. 1.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In a game of base ball a runner on first base and runner on second base, a base hit being made, the runner on second goes to third base and then starts for home, the runner on first base runs to third base, touches it, the ball is fielded to home base ahead of first runner and held on home base, the runner runs back to third base and the other runner, who was on third base, returns to second base without either one being touched with ball, the ball being held at home base all the time and the one making the base hit remaining on first base all the time. The question is: Is the head runner out or is he forced off third base by the following runner, or can they return to the bases, provided they are not touched by the ball? Please answer this and settle a dispute.—H. H.

Ans.—Neither man out.

SCHUYLER, Neb., Aug. 31.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In conversation with a prominent man in politics I made the remark that I was going to vote for McKinley. He said: "I'll bet you $10 you don't." I gave him the opportunity to place his money and he backed down, but still insisted he was right. The ground he took was that I would not vote directly for McKinley, but for his electors. If you can find space for such a question please answer in next Sunday's Bee.—F. M. Hoxie.

Ans.—Technically your friend was correct. But you do vote indirectly for McKinley. There can be no money won on a catch bet, such as the one he proposed.

OMAHA, Sept. 3.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a wager please state in what round Corbett conquered John L. Sullivan?—B. & R.

Ans.—The twenty-first.

SIOUX CITY, Sept. 1.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in Sunday's Bee the distinguishing difference between a muscalonge and a pickerel. I have a friend who brought a fish here yesterday he caught in Lake Madison, Minn., which he is willing to bet is a muscalonge. It weighs about twenty pounds, and he caught it with a spoon.—R. M. Halston.

Ans.—There are no muscalonge in Lake Madison. Your friend's fish is probably a pike. It has pale spots on a dark ground, while the muscalonge has dark spots on a pale ground. The pike's cheek is scaly and the lower half of the gill cover naked; the muscalonge's cheeks and gill covers, naked. All pickerels have cheeks and gill covers scaled.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Sept. 2.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in Sunday's Bee where I can get the pedigree of a dog properly printed and how much will the price be?—M. T. Black.

Ans.—(1). Write to C. L. Schember, 96 Nassau street, New York. (2). Do not know.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I am going into the kennel business and appeal to you for a little information I cannot get from any of the sporting editors here. Can you recommend me to any party in Ireland who will purchase dogs for an importer? Which are the most profitable dogs, pointers and setters, or St. Bernards and Great Danes? Give me the color of the Yorkshire terrier.—Midland Hotel.

Ans.—(1) William Graham, Belfast, Ireland. (2) Setters and pointers. (3) Golden tan on head and legs and silver blue from neck to tip of tail.

CHADRON, Neb., Aug. 30.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state best flies for Montana now and oblige an old friend of The Bee's.—Tourist.

Ans.—Coachman, royal-coachman, dark-coachman, Professor, Montreal and Imbrie. The Black Prince and Alexander are the best for the swiftest streams.

The Slander Promptly Met.

A shrill voice in the audience interrupted the fair orator:

"Mrs. Lettergo says you're a turncoat!"

With flashing eyes Mrs. Skingdom, candidate for assemblyman, turned toward the quarter of the hall from which the interruption had come and pointed a long finger at the offending party.

"The candidate of the opposition," she said in a ringing voice, "reiterates the old and exploded charge that I have changed my political principles! She calls me a turncoat, does she? You tell Mrs. Lettergo I have never yet been driven to the necessity of turning my winter cloak four years in succession, until the nap was all worn off from both sides of it, as everybody knows she has had to do!"

Pausing merely long enough to take a sip from a glass of iced tea that stood on the table near her hand she proceeded with her speech amid loud applause.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press: No man is much of a hero to a widow.

The woman who marries for spite usually gets it.

Few men would marry if they could live forever.

Matrimony has established the fact that love is not incurably blind.

About every third woman imagines that she is an uncrowned queen.

The man who is good for nothing else sometimes makes a good husband.

Never marry a man to reform him. Reform him first, and then don't marry him.

A good many men marry to get a home and then spend most of their time away from it.

BLIGHT OF FREE TRADE

Statistical Proof of the Injurious Effect of Tariff Tinkering.

LANGUISHING INDUSTRIES OF MILWAUKEE

The Prosperity of 1892 Compared with Present Conditions—Interviews with Prominent Manufacturers.

(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 4.—The memory of man runneth back sixty years. Then Milwaukee had but 250 people. Today she has 250,000. That is a good growth. The city itself as we find it today is one of the most attractive in the country. There is a good deal of taste in its buildings. The city hall of Milwaukee I regard as one of the most impressive, if not the most impressive, of these buildings in the country. It was honestly built. There are many other handsome buildings. The Pabst block, for example. The Pfister hotel is a model of beauty in architecture, and I doubt if any hotel outside of Chicago or New York can compare with it. The streets of Milwaukee are being greatly improved. The parks show a great amount of taste, the drives are beautiful. Then we have the inland lakes of this vicinity, reached by charming drives, which, with the resorts along the shores, afford amusement and summer recreation for the people.

Industrially Milwaukee stands well by beer. Here we find some splendid breweries, built of white brick, and so clean and well arranged that the wonder is how so much beer can be produced and such an infinite amount of work done, and yet everything so orderly, and no rubbish or litter. I have visited many of the great London breweries, which are orderly institutions and cleanly. They look dark and gray beside these remarkable institutions of Milwaukee. If one may judge by the assortment of posters and circulars and pamphlets and cards which Mr. A. Cressy Morrison of Pabst's is getting out, the beer trade is taking an esthetic garb, and may become the feature of fine arts and paintings.

Beer is king in Milwaukee. Over $30,000,000 of capital is invested therein. The 2,700 men employed pocket annually $1,500,000 in wages, and beer flows out from their operations to the extent of $14,000,000 each year. Beer, however, like everything else, is languishing, and the brewers, like other people, are looking hopefully for McKinley and settled finances.

In the metal industries we find, including iron shipbuilding, $20,000,000 of capital, though the number employed is greater than in beer, namely, 13,000, and the wages paid exceed $5,000,000. Beer, iron, meat, flour and leather—surely we have staple industries here, and in all of them Milwaukee excells. Her beer goes all over the world; her engines and machinery are well known in the heart of Africa and on the Sea of Japan. Her meat and flour are highly esteemed throughout the northwest. There are thirty industries here producing annually more than $1,000,000 worth of product. Milwaukee, in fact, nourishes much of the country within her radius. Her clothing and knitting establishments furnish the clothes; her shoe factories the boots and shoes; her planing mills and wood establishments the material for the houses; her iron and steel works the frames for mills and the engines to run the machinery. Flour and meat and all sorts of food products she sends forth in abundance, and having thus supplied the necessities, she cheers with her wholesome beer, warming the bones of the lumberman with her good whisky and consoling him with her tobacco.

PEOPLE ENJOY LIFE.

Really Milwaukee is quite a place.

The people of Milwaukee enjoy life. They have lots of summer gardens and resorts where all turn out for innocent fun and cool, refreshing beer. They are fond of music and demand the best quality of music and the drama. Moreover, they are a law-abiding population. The Cream City boasts less policemen to the square acre—I mean per capita—than any other city, and it has otherwise distinguished itself by the absence of law-breaking and thieving propensities. In spite of a recent disappointment about a loan the financial standing of the municipality of Milwaukee is as sound as its reputation for beer. It is simply going ahead with public buildings, notably a magnificent library, during these dull times, which shows the wisdom of the city fathers and the foresight of the public-spirited citizens. These are the very times for public buildings and improvements. As a wholesale trading and jobbing point Milwaukee is important, aggregating last year, with the products of its own factories, sold at wholesale, about $180,000,000.

Milwaukee, so its own men claim, is not so much noted for handsome women as for industrious, healthy and noble women. The Milwaukee woman is a home builder. She is not afraid of work, so the men say, and I am inclined to believe this, because I observed more than one well dressed woman mowing the lawn with a vigor and dexterity which bespoke familiarity with that useful implement. From all I can learn, Milwaukee men are blessed with sound, healthy, sensible, thrifty wives, who get up at night and answer the telephone, are down before their husbands in the morning, who interest themselves in home building and who are not altogether averse to more muscular exercise, such as described if necessity demands.

There is also a sort of womanly independence about the Milwaukee women. They have organized clubs, formed a corporation, built a club house, are out of debt, and allow no male stockholders to share the profits or become members of a club that pays. Surely we have here an example of thrift, as well as of ability of home building. The Milwaukee woman has demonstrated her capacity to build a home for herself, and, what is more to the point, pay for it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PROSPEROUS YEAR.

This letter, however, is of men, not women, and, attractive as the subject may be, it will be necessary to change it. The year 1892, in Milwaukee, as I said in a previous letter, was a prosperous year in both manufactures and trades, and the culmination of nearly a generation of republican government. It was only right that a party that had done so much for the nation should turn over the country as it stepped down and out, in a condition to which all republicans may well point with pride. Instead of three years of growth since then, Milwaukee can only look at three years of distress and tremendous effort to hold its own. Here is a comparison:

HARRISON. 1892.	CLEVELAND. 1895.
Number hands employed, 53,873.	Number hands employed, 31,469.
Wages paid, $28,967,400.	Wages paid, $22,533,596.
Value products, $145,294,500.	Value products, $120,372,323.

This is bad for a growing city. At the proper rate of growth Milwaukee should have increased her manufactures 50 per cent by the close of 1895. She should have had 64,000 engaged in these industries, and her pay roll should have been not far short of $40,000,000, while the value of the product should, at the rate of growth between 1890 and 1892, have reached nearly $200,000,000. These are the losses from the policy of free trade, and which will continue until the policy of confidence has taken the place of the distrust that hovers like a bird of ill omen over every center of industrial energy in the country.

A CONTRAST.

Having the data at hand in correct and convenient form, I shall endeavor in this letter to make a contrast. First, let me say that I carefully consulted an expert in principal lines of industry. In the iron and steel business I had an interview with Charles Allis of the Edward P. Allis company, who do a business of $3,000,000 annually. In the brewing interests with A. Crassy Morrison, who has written much of interest on the history and progress of Milwaukee. In the leather business with W. Pfister of Pfister & Vogel, and with a representative man in every other influential trade.

And what is the substance of what they say? The year 1892 closed with Milwaukee greatly ahead and somewhat elated in the race for position among her sister cities. She had produced nearly $150,000,000 worth of products, paid out in wages about $30,000,000, and looked with satisfaction upon the round $100,000,000 of capital invested.

Capital was employed, business good, men and women getting high wages, employers advertising for help, homes going up, and the community contented and happy.

How is it now?

Let Mr. Charles Allis and his superintendent, who has been employed at the Allis works forty-nine years, tell the story.

"Our own business," said Mr. Allis, "is not suffering so much, because we are doing a great deal of municipal work. Still, we are 300 men short. In the staple industries of iron and steel