GUST OF SPORTING GOSSIP

Musings Over the Meeting of the Hercules and Achilles of the Ring.

VALUE OF PROFESSIONAL PREDICTION

Dallas Dan's Day—The Chirp of the Blue Bird—Harvard and Yale—Dogs of High Degree and the Suburban Chances.

There are now two big events on the bill, one at each end of the country, the inauguration of McKinley in the Orient and the fistic combat between Fitzsimmons and Corbett at the Occident. The management at each end of the line is equally confident of scoring an overwhelming success, and as a consequence everybody is happy. There are no signs of a conflict of interests, and Washington and Carson are in sweet accord. From reports from all sections of the country it would seem that the betting on the big fight has begun, but while the amount so far staked is small, there is no doubt but what every man with sporty fluid in his veins is getting ready to back his opinion. Professional opinion has made Corbett, at this stage of the game, the favorite, but, my word for it, there will be a change before the men step into the ring. John L. Sullivan says Corbett will win because he outclasses Fitzsimmons, but you must remember that it has been a saying of long standing that there is money in coppering John L.'s tips. Sharkey, the man before the mast, picks Corbett, basing his opinion probably on the fact that he virtually whipped Corbett in four rounds, while Fitz all but killed him in eight. Steve O'Donnell favors the Californian, although he is honest enough to assert that the Cornishman has a look in. Peter Maher thinks Corbett will get the coin, simply because he hates Fitzsimmons worse than he does an A. P. A. Joe Choynski says Corbett is the man, because he has fought both men and knows. Corbett whipped him in twenty-seven rounds, while Fitz did the trick in five, all of which is the refinement of logic. Charley McKeever opines that Robert can't last longer than twelve rounds, and Charley knows just about as much about it as a wooden Chinaman. Billy Meyers says Corbett ought to win, because he ought to. George Green is cock sure that Jim will win in a walk. George also thought one time that he could do the same with Paddy Smith. Tommy Ryan asserts that Corbett will win if Fitz does not, and there you are. To offset this we have Jack McAuliffe's pronunciamiento. He says Corbett will have his hands full in any event. From what Sharkey told him of his fights with Jim and Bob, he cannot perceive how the latter can lose. Jack Fogarty is refreshingly candid. He asseverates that Corbett is the biggest fakir of the age, and is half scart to death already. He makes a present of the fight to Fitz in six or eight rounds. Horace Leeds warns Corbett to keep cool, while Professor John Duffy declares that Fitz will take a couple dozen of Jim's jabs for the pleasure of insinuating a single punch. And what do Corbett and Fitz say? Here is Corbett's latest: "I am as sure of winning this fight as I ever was of anything in my life," he said. "Barring accidents, there is no possible show on earth for Fitzsimmons. The way I feel now, strong and in splendid condition, I am certain that I could defeat two such men on the same night. And in saying this I am fully aware that Fitzsimmons is a wonderfully clever man and a very dangerous opponent. He would be dangerous to any pugilist other than myself. I know his style of fighting thoroughly. There is not a trick in his repertoire that I cannot discount. My confidence in myself is born of my perfect knowledge of Fitzsimmons. He is a splendid boxer, but he is a novice beside me. So certain as he steps in that ring on March 17, so certain his star will have set when they carry him out." Now what chance on earth does Fitzsimmons stand? However, he is going to fight, and says that he may give Jim his lasting sopporific in the first round, but will likely let him go a ways to please the crowd. Now gentlemen, how much do you want either way? Not much I should judge just yet awhile.

But what is there in all this professional opinion anyway? They are the most prejudiced lot of men on earth and generally predict just what they wish would happen. Gushy blather exudes from them in torrents. They delight in tipping off the verdant public, which is always taking the sucker's end of it. They are feuilletonists, expert in the rot of prognostication, and on bunioned feet limp through the same slough of guff before every prominent contest that takes place here or in any other country. Founding my belief by actual experience with this unpoetic mob, I denounce the whole sentimentality of the "perfesh" nothing more nor less than bosh. If professional opinion is to be taken seriously then the battle booked for St. Patrick's Day in the Morning is as good as fought, and Corbett is a herculean wonder and Fitzsimmons a gob of the commonest kind of mud. I have shown many times in these columns how figuring out a fighter's form by comparative analysis is a profitless task and often leads to disappointment and discomfiture. If Tom beats Jim in four rounds and Bob beats Tom in three it is only natural to infer that Bob will beat Jim, all things being equal. But the inference is often erroneous. Remember how it led you to drop your stuff on Sullivan, on Maher, on Goddard, on Hall and a dozen others. I do not by these remarks mean to indicate that I believe Fitzsimmons will whip Corbett, for, as a matter of truth, I am very much at sea as to the probable outcome of their meeting, but I do believe, and believe it firmly, that the installing Corbett a favorite at the odds I have seen quoted is more due to sentiment than deliberate judgment. I know a whole lot of the big moneyed sports in the east who are betting, or offering to bet, odds on Corbett and I know that a majority of them are offering to back him more because they are friends of his than because of any knowledge they have of his ability to defeat as formidable a man as Bob Fitzsimmons. On the line we have today of the two men as fighters Fitzsimmons should be an odds-on favorite and he would be, too, if as much was known of Corbett as there is of Jim. That is the trouble. Corbett is a wonderfully clever boxer, we know that, and we have been educated to think that he is a wonderful fighter. He has had one pretty good prize fight—that with Choynski, on the barge—a bluff at another—that with Peter Jackson. His fight with Sullivan was cold turkey and that with Mitchell a fake and a farce.

It is quite probable that none of the red-hots have forgotten the historic battle that was fought down in the Molasses City on that memorable September night in 1892. The money that most of them lost on John L. will serve as an everlasting reminder of that great event. If one just goes over the matter in his mind he will discover that practically the same condition of things existed then as now. Up to the very night of the battle Sullivan was a prohibitive favorite, and Corbett had not an hundredth part of the following Fitzsimmons has today. In fact, with the masses of the people the country over in the big fight which is to be pulled off three weeks from next Wednesday, Fitz has the call on Jim so far as friends go. The big moneyed gamblers and the fighters are in a large measure in Corbett's camp. But it was different at the other fight. Then the only boxers of note who were on the Californian's side could be counted on the fingers of one hand, in fact I can recall but four who openly indulged in the belief that Sullivan was about to meet his master, and the loudest of these was One-Eyed Connelly. Dominick McCaffrey, who is now living on a ranch up near O'Neill, Mike Donovan and Tommy Ryan were the other three. The only question with the balance of the "perfesh" was how many rounds could the pompadoured youth from the auriferous coast stand before the Bully Boston Boy. In Lemroth's, under the St. Charles, the betting showed $100 to $23 on Sullivan at the opening, and Corbett's stock never reached a higher notch in any of the pool rooms than $30 to $100. In Omaha on the night of the fight the Big Fellow was made as good as a 10 to 1 shot, and even while the fight was being watched upon the bulletin boards at Bandle's and the different resorts, hundreds of dollars were staked at 2 to 1 and better. Down in New Orleans it was different. There was little or no betting at all. Everybody wanted Sullivan, but few felt disposed to place a fortune to win a meal ticket. Jack Morrison was down there with me that time and he had a roll as big as a can of tomatoes. He was an enthusiastic Sullivan follower up to the day before the fight, when we paid the big fellow a call, and would have bet several thousand dollars on him had I not persuaded him out of it. I will never forget that interview with the big fellow. Billy West, the minstrel man, Morrison and I called on John together. We found him busy punching the bag at the Olympic club rooms. He was doing all his work with his left hand and was so slow and careless and indifferent that misgivings took possession of all three of us intuitively. Later, when we were ranged along in front of the club's bar, I said to West: "What do you think of him, Billy?" "Not much," came the quick reply. "I did think he would win in a jog, but my money will now go on the other man," and West probably won as much money as any man in the country. Morrison, while dubious, still insisted that Corbett wasn't in it, but he knew better and I noticed that the only money he put up was a twenty dollar William with the late lamented P. J. Donohue of the New York World, just before the gong sounded, on the proposition that the fight would not last fifteen rounds. He lost the twenty, but he brought back home his thousands.

I speak of this simply to show the similarity between existing circumstances then and now. Of course the burden of the odds on Corbett at present is nothing what it was on Sullivan, still he is a big favorite with the sporting fraternity, and were he as popular as John L. was in those days, the lay of general sentiment would be just as great, notwithstanding the knowledge of Fitzsimmons' wonderful prowess. But he is not. Fitzsimmons stands just as well with the public as Corbett. The latter's domineering and overbearing character has irretrievably alienated the sympathies of the vast army which makes up the rank and file of the lovers of boxing. All are willing to concede that he is a marvelous boxer, but as a side-partner that is a different thing. As I have clearly shown in the quotation of opinions above, the consensus of opinion among the profession is that Jim will win, yet out of the mass of predictions that have been made there can be detected no agreement as to the number of rounds it will take him to turn the trick. Some have evinced a hardihood to place it at three or four, but the most of them are prone to string it out from a dozen to twenty-five. To me it looks like a short fight. It will prove a cyclopian task, I think, for Corbett to tire Fitz out by his slaps and jabs, and terpsichorean evolutions. The lanky boxer will compel him to mix whether he wants to or not, if he once demonstrates that the long drawn-out business is his lay. Either one or the other, I think, will win quickly. If Fitzsimmons is there at the end of six rounds he will be there when Corbett is out of it. Many good judges think, with every round after six, Jim's chance will be on the wane, and there are others who believe the longer he goes the better he will get. They have probably forgotten the little fact that in his fight with Jackson there was not a blow or even a feint in the last thirty-five rounds. Distance probably didn't count in that fight. As to the Fitzsimmons contingent. His friends are looking for him to win in four to eight rounds, but have every faith in his capability to go the route no matter how long the journey may prove. They concede nothing to Corbett but might and quickness, and offset this with Fitz's terrific propulsive force and ringship. Jim may tap the Australian and get away, but he cannot drive in and smash him with that utter immunity he employed with the Big Fellow. He will find he has an entirely different job on his hands on St. Patrick's Day in the Morning than he did on the night of September 7, 1892, down in the Olympic's classic arena.

But the biggest factor of all in the approaching contest will be condition. With two such gigantic and scientific propositions as Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, how can this be otherwise? And now, what is the true condition of the two men? Of course, I have no greater facilities at getting at this vital point than any of the rest of you. But sports and sporting is my livelihood, and I am expected to give greater heed to such matters than the casual man who picks up his paper and reads of the various sporting events as a mere pastime and pleasure. I am supposed to have an opinion and would be a shabby sporting editor had I not. Now, I think that Corbett is immeasurably better than he was when he fought Sharkey. If he is not he might as well be laid away on the shelf with the other canned goods now so late. But all reports point to the fact that he is better, and improving every day. While I do not believe that hopping around an old skate on the theatrical stage, dancing about a hand ball court, or working his jaw for the edification of a sycophantic lot of admirers is synonymous with perfect physical fettle, I do believe that Corbett is rapidly getting in splendid form. His magnificent physique is evidently susceptible to wonderful perfection in this line, and if he "gets there," oh my, oh me, what a scrap he ought to make. But will he, or can he get there? That's the question that is bothering me as well as a good many others. I see Phil Dwyer, who is a Corbett man and will back him with a small fortune, expresses a doubt about Jim's ability to trot out a "broken heat" race. So, of course, he expects the Californian to do his work with neatness and despatch. As to Fitzsimmons: His condition is susceptible to little betterment, for the simple fact that he is next to perfection already, stronger, quicker and more confident than ever before in his life, and consequently ought to give us the fight of the century. If Corbett can hit him and get away without feeling the full impact of that big right maul or left honeycooler I will miss my guess. Let him fill his lungs with the altitudinous ether of Nevada's snow-capped peaks for the few weeks to come, and he will be ready to go against the thunderbolts of Jove. Fitz's latest bit of titillative chatter is that his wife, Rose Julian Fitzsimmons, has bet him a sealskin sacque that he lays Corbett's pompadour under the daisies in four rounds, and as he doesn't want to lose the sacque he intends to string Jim along for five to six, and then hit him where he lives. But all joking aside, the fight, go as it may, will certainly prove something like a clash between Hercules and that other mythological hero who was slain by Paris in the Trojan war.

It will be seen by this morning's telegraph that Sharkey has opened his mouth and let out a "holler" that is calculated to startle the Corbett cohorts out of their boots. While I take little stock in this fellow, I do not wholly discredit his declarations and am willing to await developments.

By the way, Carson is the busiest city in the world today, and Dan Stuart made it so. He is not only very popular with the denizens of the sage brush state, but round about the capital they worship him as a hero. And he comes pretty nearly being one. There is no other man in the country who could have accomplished what he has, and his name will go down in the annals of Flatiana as one of its idols. While Dan is a sport, he is also a business man of extraordinary judgment and ability. He is enterprising and industrious, and it is to be earnestly hoped that a rich reward awaits him for what he has accomplished and the chances he is taking. He is a safe man in every detail, and as square a one as trots the mundane sphere. He overdoes nothing, but everything he undertakes thoroughly. Truly in his lexicon there is no such word as fail, and he will give the country such a carnival of sport in March as was never dreamed of before. Everything in connection with his affairs will be found in clocklike condition, and it is safe to predict that the big fight will take place under auspices that could not be equalled in any other hands in the country. He has an able assistant in Louis M. Houseman of Chicago, and visitors to Nevada can prepare themselves for a welcome and such treatment as a stranger to this pair of consummate generals would think impossible. By the way, I notice that the soubriquet which I bestowed upon Stuart about the time he first became conspicuous as a fight promoter, that of "Dallas Dan," is being extensively used by the sporting writers over the country. It may not be very generally known, but I also gave Peter Jackson the title of the "Midnight Mars," and have a letter from him, in which he congratulated me on the appropriateness of the nom de guerre I had given him. As "Bug" Holliday, "Deacon" Griffin, "Old Pop" McCauley and many other old-time base ball friends can bear testimony, I used to be some pumpkins in the science of neology. But to return to Dallas Dan. It will be pleasing to know that he has fully made up his mind to have the March carnival extend through four or more days. He will have both professional and live bird handicaps on the two days preceding the fight and it is quite probable that we will get to see Frank Parmelee, Dr. Carver, Charlie Budd and Jim Elliott in a quadrangular match for the pigeon championship of the world. During the evenings of the carnival Colonel Stuart will amuse his thousands of patrons with chicken mains, in which the best strains of birds in the world from all parts of the country will be pitted against each other. Just what the pugilistic events, in addition to the premier attraction will be, have not just yet been decided upon, but that they will be the right stuff goes without saying. I was in hopes of being able to give my readers full particulars about the train I will run west this morning, but unavoidable delays have arisen, and, evoking patience for one more week, I will dismiss the subject for a few days.

Yale and Harvard have kissed at last and made up. The osculatory act was performed on Saturday last and all is plain sailing now toward a restoration of the glorious days of auld lang syne. The armistice, or agreement, rather, is for five years, and frequent contests may now be expected on both land and water between the athletes of our great universities. While there is a feeling of relief in all collegiate circles, the agreement is regarded as a great diplomatic victory for Harvard. A month or so ago the negotiations came near ending without settling the boat race, but the rowing men raised such a howl that the finale was averted and it looked as if the whole attempt at a patch-up would result in failure. But all is felicity now, and even Cornell has agreed to allow Yale to enter the former's race with Harvard, and this opens up the way to one of the greatest aquatic events that has ever been arranged, a race between the five great rowing universities—Cornell, Harvard, Columbia Pennsylvania and Yale. The undergraduates generally are in high feather and immensely pleased at the result of the negotiations. Somehow or other the Harvard-Yale games have always been more to the students than any other contests, and there was universal regret when the games were broken off, although it was felt that Harvard's position was right. Ever since the day Harvard's ultimatum was given out by Prof. James Barr Ames the Cambridge undergraduates have looked forward to a reconciliation. Whenever and wherever Harvard and Yale men met, either jointly or separately, the wish has been expressed by both that some end might be found to the difficulties. That the period of interruption has brought Harvard and Yale closer together than ever before no one would deny, and therefore the break has at least done some good. With the plan of arbitration proposed it is hard to see how anything can arise in the future to break up the regular succession of games. As a result the first noticeable thing will be a wave of enthusiasm in all branches of athletics at Cambridge. The preparations for the spring foot ball season have already been mentioned and there is bound to be renewed and greater activity in rowing, track athletics and base ball.

The eighth annual dog show of the famous Mascouta club will be held in Chicago during the week of March 9. The club will be extremely liberal with its offerings and a large array of Omaha dogs will be seen upon the bench. While the premium list does not show many great additions over those of past seasons, all the different classes will be treated generally in a more liberal manner. No one class will be given much preference over another. The club is a member of the American Kennel association and entries will be made from the best kennels from all parts of the country. They will close on Saturday next and local fanciers wishing to display their dogs should at once communicate with the secretary, John L. Lincoln. Omaha exhibitors were surprisingly successful last year in carrying off prizes, and it is to be hoped the same good fortune will attend them this year.

It was rather humiliating to eastern turf followers last summer when a horse from out the golden west swooped down on the east and fairly ran all their famous gallopers off their legs, and this year the Suburban will see in its field more western horses than ever before, and while I hope to see some one of them repeat the dose of 1896 I hardly expect to be so gratified. Never before in the history of the running turf was the average form of the horses in the Suburban so low as it was last season. But very few ran up to their best form. Of the western horses entered for the event this year are, Halma, Buck Massie, First Mate, Crescendo, Dr. Rice, Counter Tenor, Loki, Ben Halladay, Ogden, Teshoo II., Algoe, Berclair, Blazerock, Arbuckle, Meadowthrope, Rookwood, Frank Harris, Orestes, Bright Phoebus and Captive. Requital will undoubtedly be made the top weight, and even if he got a regular steadier he would be made favorite if betting were done on the race before the opening of the season. The chances are that, with the general disposition to raise the weights the top weight in the Surburban will be put a good deal higher than heretofore, and Requital may possibly be asked to shoulder 135 pounds. Anyhow, he will probably be called upon to concede five pounds to the next horse, and this will in all likelihood be Handspring. Then may come Clifford, Halma, Hastings and Buck Massie, in the order named, with about 126, 124, 123 and 122 pounds respectively.

A LINE FROM SIOUX CITY.

Something About Corbett's Fights with Sharkey and Jackson.

SIOUX CITY, Feb. 18.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Have you considered carefully what Corbett has to say in regard to Fitzsimmons? He has contended all the time that he has a "soft thing" with Fitzsimmons and has been telling us how easily he would defeat him, etc. Now see what he says about studying Fitz' methods carefully for the last three years; notice the number of trainers he has around him trying to put him in the best possible shape. If Fitz is so dead easy, why is it that he has studied his way of fighting for the last three years, and why is it he has got all the trainers he can get, including all of Fitz' old trainers and seconds, to give him pointers? He has White, Fitz' old-time second, and Carroll is giving Jim all kinds of pointers, so a friend tells me who lives in 'Frisco. You will see Carroll in Corbett's corner when the fight comes off. My occupation is that of commercial drummer and I cover the country from Chicago to the Pacific coast. I hear many claim that Fitz showed the white feather when he did not meet Corbett at Hot Springs, Ark.; that he ran into the sheriff's hands to evade Corbett. That is all rot.

How was it when Fitz challenged Corbett? Didn't Corbett tell him to first defeat Dan Creedon and then he, Corbett, would give him a show? Fitz beat Creedon and called Corbett to time on his promise to meet him. Corbett then put up Maher; Fitz beat Maher and called Corbett again. Then Corbett wanted Fitz to defeat O'Donnell, but the press of the country howled so that Corbett had to come to time. It looked as if Corbett did not want any of Fitz's game at that time by trying to place between him and Fitz another man. Fitz kept knocking them down right along, however, and calling Corbett to time. I am not posted in regard to the Hot Springs deal. It may be that Fitz was afraid to meet Corbett at that time, but I can't see why he should have been. Corbett, from what a friend writes to me from 'Frisco, is not looking as well as he did when he was on the coast before, but he and Brady own the press out there and keep the papers full of all kinds of gossip. Fitz has to take his chances in this line. We hear a lot about Corbett and his good condition, examination by physicians, etc. However, I have reason to think that he will be in but little better fix than he was the day he met Sharkey.

I was present and saw that fight, and it is but fair to say this for both men, that Corbett did his best to put Sharkey out in the first three rounds, and did go up one side of him and down the other, biff, bang, but his blows did not phase Sharkey. It was like hitting a brick wall. Everybody spoke about Corbett's blows being weak, and that he could not knock Sharkey down in a month. He hit many times with the glove open. Sharkey did violate the rules by clinching in the first two rounds, but Corbett with all his swiftness of foot could not keep him away; he was like a baby in Sharkey's grip. He could no more throw him off than he could throw off a ton of shot. In the third and fourth rounds it was Corbett that wanted to clinch—he commenced it in the last half of the third round. He was badly winded. In the fourth round Sharkey saw that he was winded and he went in to finish him. Corbett came up with his mouth open, and Sharkey went at him, but Corbett clinched and held on like grim death. He was all but done. They broke, as per orders, and Corbett clinched again, and then nodded his head to either his seconds or the police, I don't know which, but every one noticed it. It was all he could do to stand up. The captain of the police then spoke up and time was called. That is all that saved Corbett. Another round, and he could not have stood up. His friends in 'Frisco told him that he had gone back, and the match with Sharkey was made to show his friends that he had not. He did his best to get in shape and he trained faithfully for a month. He was in fair looking condition, and did his best to show that he had not gone back, but made a most miserable failure.

If Fitzsimmons has courage and keeps his head he will win with Corbett easily. Some question his courage. I often hear the point argued that if he gets the gaff in the first part of the match that he will weaken. I have never seen him, and don't know how that would be. I have seen Corbett in his fights with Sullivan, Mitchell and Jackson, as well as his fiasco with Sharkey. Sullivan was dead on his feet and it was like hitting a brick house to hit him. Old man Mitchell had been in the game twelve years, and was a middleweight. Jackson was crippled so badly that for thirty rounds he could hardly get out of his corner, yet Corbett did not have the courage to go in and finish him. Jackson's ankle was as large as his thigh the very time he put it through the ropes. Corbett hit Jackson, but his blows lacked steam, and that was when Corbett was in his prime. He is not the Corbett today by half that he was the day he faced Jackson.

Now, Sandy, we all watch The Bee up here closely to get the news of the fight. It will be impossible for me to go to this mill, the first of importance I have missed for years. However, I take as much interest in it as if I could. Hope you will keep us posted through the columns of The Bee, as you always do. Mr. Griswold, we all shall watch The Bee carefully, as we know that you are the man who can give us a line of this kind as well as any man in the country.—R. E. G.

THE CHIRP OF THE BLUE BIRD.

A Reawakening of Life Among the Followers of Field and Stream.

It looks very much as if the ugliest part of the winter had been lopped off and the devotees of the rod and gun have begun to drop in at the gun stores to look over the things they love so well and to recount for the hundredth time the tales they love to tell. While it is a trifle premature yet, I might say that the prospects were never more flattering for a royal time, both in the field, on the water and before the trap. With plenty of waters the spring wild fowl shooting will be all that could be asked. Then comes the early angling season, the opening of the traps, snipe and plover shooting. The gun club members are exceedingly active and are anticipating six months of the most incomparable sport. The coming season promises to be a very active one among the lovers of trap shooting. The boys are all on the qui vive, getting their shooting sticks polished up in readiness for the tray.

Smead and Kenyon are the crack billiardists of the gun club and either one may be termed quite expert.

It is about time for those two gentlemanly sportsmen, Fred Blake and M. C. Peters, to have another argument with the chokebores.

Jim Smead is one of Omaha's best shots. He is very gentlemanly about it, however, and says little about his own ability, but is usually to be found at the top when the smoke clears away.

Those of the Omaha Gun club having wheels intend forming a wheel club. Many pleasant spins out into the country can be taken if this plan is carried out, and a little shooting indulged in on the side.

Did you ever stop to think—Where is there a more genial, gentlemanly, big-hearted lot of fellows than shooters generally?

My friend "Edwards" will cut considerably of a figure in the prize list offered by the club this year. He showed a 90 per cent gait last fall and can do it again.

Colonel Hughes will show some of the younger bloods that he is a top-notcher yet. Just wait till the weather gets a little warmer, and the colonel gets his lamps just right.

Carmicheal and Montmorency are both training under the Swoboda system of physical culture. They are both getting so strong that 500-pound dumbbells are mere toys, I don't think.

The Du Pont Gun club have a new mangatrap for target shooting. As many as 10,000 targets can be thrown during the day with this new machine. It is an automatic affair and will throw targets fast enough to keep from ten to fifteen in the air all the time. Go out and see it work on Washington's birthday.

Charley Johannes, the "Genial Jo," recently received from his illustrious friend, Tom Reed of Maine, a magnificent specimen of the Angora cat. It is perfectly marked and has a pedigree as long as your arm.

John Reed, when in Kansas City the other day, made the preliminary arrangements for a live bird contest between Kansas City and Omaha. The match is to be at 100 birds per man, fifty to be shot in Omaha and fifty in Kansas City. The teams may consist of six, eight, ten or twelve men, and the shoot will be for the price of the birds and the championship of the two cities.

George Loomis made a very creditable showing at San Antonio. He finished only a few points under Parmelee, who was third in the grand average.

Goodly Brucker also shot well when at San Antonio, but owing to the disagreeable weather he didn't take part in the shooting but one day.

Johnnie Reed, on his return from Texas, stopped off at Kansas City to attend to some business matters, and while there took a shy at the Kansas City live bird shooters, and didn't do a thing but kill twenty-nine out of thirty, one string of fifteen straight and fourteen out of the next fifteen, a good enough score for anybody.

Billy Brewer is one of the most graceful shooters in the Omaha Gun club. His position when facing the trap is perfection, and he not only looks good, but is good.

The Omaha Gun club has the honor of numbering among the now already famous list of members none other than the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang. Some people may think this funny, but it isn't. They changed his name from Parmelee to Li Hung Chang during the San Antonio tournament. It happened like this. Dr. Carver, who is a warm personal friend of the great Chinese statesman, met Parmelee on the depot platform at San Antonio, just as the northbound train was pulling out. The doctor seeing Parmelee, who is the living image of Li Hung, rushed at him, grasped his hand in fond embrace, asked him how Mrs. Li Hung was, sent his regards to the baby and then quickly mounted the rear platform of the last car of the fast departing train. The doctor will probably never know the gross mistake he made. This fusillade of hand-shaking, regard sending, etc., so bewildered Parmelee that all he could say was "And—and—you go to—"

For the benefit of the many sportsmen who love to seek the black bass in his native haunts we give a few extracts from a letter anent the reported destruction of Holman's or Quinnebaugh lake by the cutting in of the Missouri river. "The river got blocked with ice about a mile below here and raised enough to overflow that narrow strip between the river and the lake, so at present (February 3) the lake is almost four feet higher than it was, but since the river went down the lake has been falling. There was no new channel formed, and I don't think it is going to hurt the fishing a particle, and am almost sure it will improve it. Will let you know later."

From the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, says the New York Times, comes a warning that unless civilized man mends his ways, and at once, every race of birds except the few that have been domesticated will disappear from the earth, with results whose gravity can hardly be estimated. The process of extermination is going on steadily and rapidly. Scores of species that had almost numberless representatives a few years ago have been entirely killed off; of others only scanty remnants survive in out-of-the-way places, and even there they are the victims of relentless pursuit. The rhea of South America, the Western Hemisphere's one member of the ostrich tribe, has become so rare that specimens of it are hard to procure, and yet the plumage of this bird is used only for making feather dusters. The last Labrador duck, once common in summer as far south as New England, was shot in 1852, and the species now exists, thanks only to thirty-eight stuffed specimens in various museums. The birds of islands are especially helpless against the persecution of hunters, as they have no place to which they can retreat. The Blue Mountain duck, a species of petrel, has just been exterminated in Jamaica; Cuba has lost her macaws, unless a few of them still dwell in the remotest swamps; the Lesser Antilles now have few or no parrots; the manu, of whose wing feathers the Hawaiian kings made their royal cloaks, is now no more, while New Zealand, once rich with unique birds, at present is almost destitute of feathered life more interesting than hens. The list could be extended almost indefinitely—as could be tales of insect ravages, which are the direct consequence of bird destruction.

Has any one heard from the Man-from-Wild-Horse-Canyon since he tackled Dago George out at Sutton? Jim thought he had a snap, but he went back to Arapahoe a sadder and wiser man.

The Dupont Gun club will hold its regular Sunday afternoon shoot on its grounds at Anderson's, on the lake, this afternoon, at which the new magutrap will be used for the first time.

Questions and Answers.

WOOD RIVER, Neb., Feb. 17.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please publish in Sunday Bee of February 21 whether Jake Kilrain is a cousin of John L. Sullivan or not. There is a bet here to be decided by your decision of the matter. Are they related in any way?—T. P. Ryan.

Ans.—They are not, neither cognate or agnate.

STROMSBURG, Neb., Feb. 18.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in next Sunday's Bee whether or not the new law in Nevada allowing the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight was made by populists and democrats.—Reformer.

Ans.—They are all 16 to 1-ers.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Feb. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please give amateur running record as well as for professionals for this country at 50 and 100 yards in next Sunday's Bee and oblige?—Lawrence Berry.

Ans.—Firty yards, 5½ seconds, L. E. Meyers, New York City, December 12, 1884; 100 yards, 9 4-5 seconds, J. Owen, jr., Washington, D. C., October 11, 1890.

WAHOO, Neb., Feb. 18.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: A bets B that Bryan carries Kentucky, B bets that McKinley carries Kentucky. Who wins?—T. M. Fyle.

Ans.—B.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 10.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you kindly send me original articles or a copy of the same for the fight between Jack Davis of your city and Joe Choynski which took place here March 26, 1890.—Robert L. Masten.

Ans.—Did not preserve a copy of the articles.

SOUTH OMAHA, Feb. 17.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In a game of single-handed high five, S and C playing, S 19 and C 20; S bids 2 and C bids 3, S makes low, jack and C high, five. Who wins? Please answer in Sunday Bee?—Subscriber.

Ans.—C.

SHERIDAN, Wyo., Feb. 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please let me know in next Sunday's Bee, C bets M that Sullivan weighed less than 260 pounds at Corbett fight. Please inform me how much he did weigh in your paper and oblige—C. H.

Ans.—212 pounds.

GENOA, Neb., Feb. 17.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please write me what diet you would suggest would be good for any one intending to get in good condition for summer sports. Inclosed find 2-cent stamp for reply.—J. G. Lillibridge.

Ans.—No answers by mail. Good wholesome food of any kind, meat, vegetables and fruit, avoiding as much as possible breads of all kinds, oat meal and the like, and abstain absolutely from pastries and sweets.

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 15.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please inform me where to register a dog and the fee, and oblige—Reader of Sunday Bee.

Ans.—American Kennel club, New York City, $1.00.

OMAHA, Feb. 20.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please give answer for below in Sunday's issue: In a game of double high five A bids 8, B 9 and makes trump. A holds seven trumps and discards one, face up on the table. B claims A should tell him he had discarded trump, as it would make a difference in his lead. A claims not. Which is correct?—F. S. K.

Ans.—A.

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IN THE WHEELING WORLD

A string of bicycle shows is stretching across the country. Chicago set the pace a few weeks ago. New York followed and distanced the lake city. Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Denver will entertain the fans this week and Omaha will follow next week. These exhibitions do more than demonstrate the popularity of the wheel. They group the skill of manufacturers and inventors, and present to the cyclist the latest improvements in wheels, all calculated to increase the comfort and pleasure of riders. The result of the two leading exhibitions, particularly in attendance, must be gratifying to the dealers, as the manufacturers report a goodly number of advance orders.

Australian papers are telling a pretty good story on Martin, the old American crack, who is racing in that country. At Brisbane, on September 18, he was billed to go for the Australian hour record, and was induced by a Mr. Beckman to ride his patent hand driving attachment. Martin got the record and the manufacturer claimed all the credit, although it is stated that he only turned the coffee mill when passing the grand stand, using his legs entirely when on the back stretch. The machine weighed 36 pounds, but Martin established new records, as follows: Ten miles, 22.16; 25 miles, 57.20; one hour, 26 miles, 380 yards.

Dr. Shadwell, who has written much about the bicycle and who claims credit for the discovery of the "bicycle face," has an article in the National Review on the hidden dangers of cycling. If the doctor had his way all would-be riders of the wheel would be condemned to the ordeal of a physical examination before taking to this form of exercise. But the redeeming feature of the wheel is that while it may do harm to some riders with weak hearts or diseased kidneys it cures more than it kills.

There are two sides of the cycle question for women and from a woman's point of view. This only serves to illustrate the battle that is now being waged. Miss Frances Willard says she has found a high moral use in the bicycle, and can recommend it as a teacher without pulpit or creed. "She who succeeds in gaining the mastery of such a creature as the bicycle," she says, "will gain the mastery of life, and by exactly the same methods and characteristics."

On the other hand, Mrs. Lynn Lynton says: "One of the lowest crazes of the age is that of the bicycle. Walking, riding, skating and dancing I can understand as fit exercise for the vigorous and young. But cycling seems to be such a doubtful kind of amusement—such a queer cross between the treadmill and the tight rope—demanding such a constant strain of attention to keep your balance, with such a monotonous and restricted action of the limbs, as to render it a work of penance rather than of pleasure."

Yet there are plenty of people who believe in either one side or the other of the question.

It looks all right for an able-bodied, full-limbed person to ride a bicycle, but a person with one arm, or one leg, or maimed in any other way, seated on a machine, is regarded as odd. But the loss of an arm or a leg, or, for that matter, both arms or both legs, is not an obstacle to riding a wheel. In New York there are several persons who have lost one of their arms who can be seen riding a wheel, and a safety at that. With one hand they are able to guide a machine with as much skill and as much confidence as many of their brethren who have two arms. Then, again, there are several persons in the city with one leg who use the wheel. The bicycle not being especially adapted to them, a tricycle is brought into requisition, and the power supplied by the one limb is sufficient. There is one instance, of a young man who has a false limb, who pedals his wheel, a safety, with as much vim as those who have two sound legs. In fact, this young man could push a wheel so fast and so well that he entered a couple of local track races. There are also unfortunate people deprived of the use of both limbs who managed to get around on tricycles or quads, by using their arms as the means of transmitting power. In Chicago there is an instance of a young lady who lost a lower limb through an accident, and who pedals around with one foot.

Electric lights for bicycles have for the most part been dead failures. They were too heavy, or too inefficient, or too troublesome, and the bicyclist, as a rule, felt that he had thrown the purchase money away. The latest electric wheel lamp, however, is of an entirely different order. It is a clean, powerful illuminator, which cannot be blown out, jarred out, or extinguished by the ordinary accidents which affect other lights. It consists of two parts, the battery, or source of power, which is carried in a compact leather case hung from the top bar of the diamond frame, or from the handle bar of the drop-frame machine. The lamp proper is a very small, heavily plated with silver reflector, mounted on a swivel support, and connected by a slender cord with the battery. Within this is the small incandescent lamp which gives the light. The whole outfit is almost as useful in a carriage as it is on a bicycle. The most striking thing about it is the power of the light, which the rider can instantly deflect in any desired direction. It is more like a miniature searchlight than like an ordinary lamp, and it throws a strong beam of light for fifty or seventy-five yards ahead. This increase of the light of a one candle-power lamp to over 100 candle-power simply by a scientifically made reflector will probably suggest to some thoughtful people that they may cut down their bills for electric light fully 50 per cent or more by going the right way about it. The battery will run for eight hours on one charge, and can be recharged at any incandescent lamp socket, or by the special appliances which are provided to save trouble in the process. Many bicycle clubs now keep a charging outfit for the use of their members.

How many girls would use wheels out shopping if circumstances were all favorable cannot, of course, be stated accurately, but doubtless there are many. The chief difficulty is that the shopper has no handy means of carrying home whatever small parcel she may have purchased, for be it remembered some shoppers do really buy—sometimes. A Parisian has devised an ingenious parcel carrier, which may be attached to the front of the wheel and which, when not in use, may be folded up neatly. Being attached to the wheel there is no danger of its being forgotten when the forgetful shopper starts on her tour. Artisans and office workers who carry lunch with them would also find such a contrivance very handy.

A correspondent of the League of American Wheelmen Bulletin bought one of the bargain counter bicycles last season and submits the following statistics relative to the cost of his season's riding:

Cost of first-class, high grade, guaranteed bicycle, worth $125, but sold on "bargain day"	$49.98
Repair of handle-bar	1.50
Two repairs of chain	1.25
Repair of fork	2.75
New crank	1.50
Eighteen new spokes	1.20
Two pair of rims (front wheel)	2.00
One rim for rear wheel	1.00
Two new tires (for front wheel)	7.50
One tire for rear wheel	3.75
Repairing nine punctures	2.25
Minor repairs	2.00
Car fare back to city when the wheel broke down (seventeen times)	22.50
Expressage of wheel back to the city (seventeen times)	9.75
Tips to the baggage master during the year	2.75
Total	$111.68

Number of miles ridden, 328. Number of miles walked, owing to breaking down, 672. Cost of riding per mile, 34¼ cents.

The associated dealers of Baltimore at a recent meeting adopted a scale of prices for exchanging bicycles, which might be adopted to advantage by other dealers. The wheels were divided into four classes.