IDYLLIC SEASON FOR SPORT

Breezy Notes and Comment on Events the Wide World Over.

THE AUTUMN SHOOTING AND FISHING

Triumph of Western Thoroughbreds—An Equine Klondike—The Ball Field and Cycle Path—Pugilistic Palaver—Sports of All Kinds.

In last Sunday's Bee a short sketch of the positions of center, guards and tackles was given with a few general rules as to how the positions should be played. This week it is the intention of the writer to go on in the same manner with the ends and the backs.

The end rushers fill two of the most important positions on the eleven. In defense it is their duty to prevent the long runs of the game, as most of those runs are only tried around the ends of the line. To stop these runs he stands well out from the rest of the line and receives little assistance. Often he has to alone break through a cloud of interferers to tackle the man with the ball, and it requires nerve, skill, good judgment and great agility to do this successfully.

The end should be a man possessing all of the above qualities and weighing from 150 to 165 pounds. Many teams have one light and one heavy end. Often the man who can play a brilliant game at end could not fill any other position on the team. It requires an agile, cat-like man, who can throw himself against the runner with all his force. He must guard his end of the line, prevent runs around that end, break through the line and get the man before he has started, if possible, strive to prevent a kick by his opponents and keep a constant eye on the ball at all times.

When his side has the ball his work is different. He must prevent his opponent from doing all that he should do when they have the ball. In addition he must hold his man until the ball is in the hands of the one who is to carry it. If the play be through the line on his side he must crowd his opponent out to help make the hole; if the play be around his end he must throw his man in as far as possible, so the runner will not have to go so far out before he can turn and run forward, so soon as the runner is safely past him he must leave his man and help guard. If the play is on the other end he must get through as soon as possible to help interfere around the other end or else he must guard the runner from behind. One of the most important duties of the ends is to get down the field on a kick. This is absolutely necessary for successful play. He must pass his opponent and run down the field, keeping an eye on the ball all the while, that he may be on the spot when the ball falls, ready to throw the man who catches it, or, if he should muff it, pick it up and run on down the field toward the opponents' goal. Often a speedy end can score a touchdown in this manner when a slow one would let the opponent get the ball and return the kick. He should be always on the alert and follow the ball wherever it goes. Last year's style of play with the guards back made the work of the ends pretty hard and a somewhat heavier man seemed to have a slight advantage over the lighter on account of the continual hammering on the ends.

As it is the rule to have the largest man on the team at center, it is often advantageous to have the smallest man at quarter. The quarterback stands directly behind the center and receives the ball from him and passes it on to the man who is to carry it forward. He should be able to throw instantly and true, possess a cool head and a great deal of nerve. The instant the ball is rolled back to him the opponents strive to break through the line and prevent him from passing it on; he must get the ball out of his hands quickly but surely and immediately follow it up. A good quarter not only starts every play, but takes an active part in it all the way through. If the player with the ball is to plunge through the line he either helps make the opening or follows him into it and pushes him from behind. If the play be round the end he goes ahead of the ball and helps clear a path for the runner. If it is to be a kick, he gets through the line and goes down the field after the ball or remains nearly in his position, ready to assist in catching the ball should it be returned.

When the other side has the ball the quarter plays in the line or just behind the tackle, ready to help at any point that seems weak. Often the tackle will make a hole and let the quarter through to tackle the runner instead of going himself. If the opponents are playing a kicking game the quarter will go back and help the fullback, either catching the ball himself or push off the coming end rusher and enable his comrade to make the catch successfully. In addition to his other qualities he should be a sure tackler and a speedy runner.

It is now the custom on most of the teams for the quarter to call all the signals, and the skill displayed in making a successful attack is due to his strategy; when the teams line up the quarter notes the position of every man, and tries to discover the weak spot in the enemy's line, and it is a very good plan to hunt the weak spot and to direct the plays against that point until material gains can be made at will; he then gives the signal and receives the ball from center. Sometimes after giving one play he finds that the enemy has discovered that play and he must quickly change to another; here is a chance to display great headwork. He is obliged to keep clearly defined in his head perhaps 100 plays to be able to tell just which one to use at the right time, at the same time not to work one man too hard and still make the necessary gains. It takes an enormous amount of study and practice to do this successfully, together with a great deal of experience.

Until recently the position of fullback was distinctly separate from that of the halfbacks. He was a defensive player at all times. His sole duties were to guard the goal line when the opponents had the ball, and do the kicking when his own side had the ball. Even when his own team had the ball, except when called on for a kick, he kept well back up the field and much of his strength lost in offensive play. Now the fullback is practically a third halfback.

They usually stand from two to four yards behind the center of the line, and group themselves at short distances from one another in a way to best carry out the play that is about to be made. Some captains require the halves to take the same positions for every play; others place the men differently for each play.

The halfbacks are strong, speedy runners, capable of a great amount of work, possessing great endurance, unlimited wind, sure catches, and much physical courage able to stand any amount of rough usage and get up ready for the next play. Their work is the most noticeable of any on the team, and much of the brilliant playing falls to their credit. In the selection of the backs many points are taken into consideration. They must possess all those given above and in addition have weight enough to prevent themselves from being knocked to pieces. At least two of them should weigh 175 pounds; the other may be a light, active runner and dodger, but many teams prefer having all good-sized men.

Their duties in offensive play are to carry the ball and protect each other. The ball is passed to a half by the quarter, he grasps it firmly in his arms and attempts to carry it forward. If the play be through the line, he plunges in at the point indicated with all his strength, either preceded by the others or followed by them; they pull and push, tug and strain every effort to carry him on for a few feet or yards. If the play be a mass or wedge, the backs form round the one with the ball, assisted by the other players, and drive themselves into the opposing line. If the play be a run round the end of the line, the other two guard the one with the ball, pushing off would-be tacklers, all going at full speed; in these runs they are aided by the tackles and guards. If the fullback is to kick, the two halves take a position in front of him to protect him from the opposing rushers, who are breaking through the line to stop the kick. When the kick is made the three backs hold their position to assist each other in catching the return kick. The backs are the main interferers or blockers; no matter who carries the ball, it is their duty to go with that one and prevent him from being tackled.

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In defensive play the positions of halfback and fullback are separated. One and sometimes both of the halfbacks go into the line and assist the rushers in breaking through to catch the man with the ball behind his own line. They must be sure tacklers and when they get their hands on a man, stop him. Sometimes one of the halves takes a position behind the tackle or guard to prevent opponents from sending the ball through the line; this is always done if there is a weak spot in the defensive line.

The fullback takes a position away up the field, at least twenty yards behind the line. He should be the best kicker on the team and a sure tackle. When an opponent with the ball gets past the line the fullback is generally the only man between him and the line and he must be relied on to stop the runner. He has to catch most of the kicks and should be able to hold the ball and if possible make a quick return kick. If he should muff it, he should then by all means fall on the ball to prevent an opponent from getting it. The fullback must be the one absolutely sure man on the team, incapable of being rattled by the oncoming forwards of the opposing team. He is generally, in defensive play, the last resort, and his failure generally means defeat for his team.

A remark was heard that interest in foot ball seemed to be dying out, but the impression is entirely erroneous, as there never has been such general interest in foot ball since the first day it landed on this American soil. All over this country thousands of enthusiastic supporters of the soul-stirring sport are waiting in joyful anticipation of the first game when the red and white will strive with the yellow and brown for physical supremacy. Many of our aesthetic young men scorn the game, but to those who love to see men trained to the highest point, with their minds alert and their nerves all keyed for instant action, pitted man against man and school against school, no sight is more exhilarating nor tends more to show what a man is made of.

I, myself, have no use for a man who cannot work up enthusiasm over a foot ball game when two colleges are striving for the supremacy and where each is surrounded by its crowds of followers and supporters all gaily bedecked in their different colors.

Omaha is to have several games here this season and probably the first will be the Missouri Tigers against the strong Wesleyan team, which Charlie Thomas is bringing to the front. The Missouri team made lots of friends while here two years ago and the Wesleyans have many supporters, as many of their 400 students come from Omaha. Frank Crawford is trying to get the strong Kansas University team to play a game here, but nothing definite is settled as yet in reference to that game. The Nebraska and Iowa teams also want to play their annual game here and if grounds can be secured will probably play here Thanksgiving day although Minnesota wants Nebraska to play at Minneapolis Thanksgiving day and in that case the Nebraska-Iowa game would have to be played the Saturday before.

Lincoln has secured good foot ball teams, all of which are getting into good shape. At the State university Coach Robinson, of Brown '96, is hard at work and has very promising material and the university people are quite confident of winning the pennant in the Western Intercollegiate association this season. Of the old men who are back and are reasonably sure of positions are: Pearse, T.; Hayward, G.; Hanson, G.; Wiggin, end; Benedict, end; Melford, C.; Cowgill, Q.; Shedd, half, and Turner, G. So that they are well fixed with old material to work on. The promising new men are Loofborough, Stringer, Leonard, Swartz, Williams, Tukey and Hart, while Manager Oury has had to buy two dozen suits to fit out all the men who are trying for the second eleven. The first big game of the season will be with the Missouri State university October 30 on the university campus, and on November 15 they play Kansas on the same field. Bleachers will be put along the whole length of the field on the west side to accommodate the crowds which will undoubtedly turn out to witness these games.

At Lincoln the Wesleyan university will also have a strong team, and daily on the campus under Coach Thomas from twenty-five to thirty men are put through the courses to condition them and put them into shape for the games which have been scheduled. The team will be practically a new team and will have to be almost entirely developed, as only Captain Gilbert and Carver of last year's team have returned, but many promising candidates have presented themselves, so that by the time of the big games a strong team may be expected.

Anson has tried twenty-one men this season. That is not "such a many," as they say in Council Bluffs. The Louisvilles come next. They tried so large a crowd that it takes two or three books in which to keep their records. During the season Wilson, Dexter, Butler and Schreckengost have been catching for the Colonels. Frazer, Hill, Cunningham, Waddell, McGee, Herman, Hemming, Evans, "Dad" Clarke, Jones, Miller and Dowling have pitched. Werden has had a monopoly on first base. Rogers W. Clark, Johnson, "Hock" Martin, Dolan and Smith have garrisoned second. Clingman has been the regular third baseman, Dexter filling in while he was laid up. Dolan and Stafford have taken turns at short. In the field Clarke, McCreary, Pickering, Holmes, Wagner and Nance have done the best they could. That's thirty-two men, and a few may have got away. Pickering, by the way, was such a sorrow to the Colonels that they let him out, and Cleveland took him in. He has hit at a .350 clip since joining the Indians, and has earned a fixed position on the team. Pickering's two seasons in the league show clearly that he is a slow starter and a fast finisher—a light batsman in the early months and the very demon with the bat at the end.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather which prevailed along the Atlantic seaboard a week ago the annual fall games of the New York Athletic club were again a splendid success. As seems to be the invariable custom, the performance of Bernard J. Wefers was the bright, particular feature. This young gentleman never feels thoroughly satisfied with himself at the close of a day unless his nimble feet have put some track record in the background, and on the occasion in question he celebrated the closing of the outdoor season by clipping a fifth of a second from the 150-yard mark, and of course received the congratulatory shouts of the vast throng who looked on. In this event Wefers had Maybury and Rush, the western cracks, to go against, but they proved but easy game. Rush, who was in good form, put himself out of the contest by getting tangled in the lines that mark the running lanes. Wefers and Maybury ran on even terms for about seventy-five yards, when the king of sprinters cut loose and with his customary spurt broke the tape five yards in advance of the Chicagoan. Rush finished an indifferent third.

There is no use in trying to blink the fact that our western horses fairly "trimmed" the eastern contingent in the racing line this year. Hamburg is incomparably the best 2-year-old of the season, and, while he has run all his races in the east, he not only hailed from the west, but all the "line" that his stable connection had on the colt was obtained through the western form of his stablemate, Howland. Ornament, among the 3-year-olds, does not stand out so conspicuously, but his race in the Twin City Handicap was enough to command for him the respect of every sportsman. Probably four out of every five habitual racing men believe him the best 3-year-old of the year. The remainder would pin their faith to The Friar, especially since the imported colt's great performance in the Brighton cup. A meeting between these two 3-year-olds at even weights at a mile and a half would have been a rare treat, but there is no possibility of it now. Outside of Hamburg and Ornament the west has sent on good horses. Tillo, Peat, Flying Dutchman and Ben Holla-

day, besides many such useful winners as Plaudit, J. A. Grey, Bliss Rucker, Wapamax, Trolley, Rey Salazar, Dr. Catlett, Estaca, Damien, and so on. The unreliability of western form has hitherto been a kind of by-word—not unnaturally, considering the average difference between eastern and western tracks—so at this season of the year, when the campaign of western horses in the east is virtually at an end, it is but meet to do a little modest crowing. A western horse won the Twin City Handicap, the biggest fall handicap, under such conditions as no 3-year-old had ever paralleled in the history of the American turf. L'Alouette won the Futurity, but every one conversant with racing knows that the race would have been a mere exercise canter for Hamburg had he been eligible. Plaudit beat Ben Brush, acknowledgedly the best horse among our 4-year-olds and upward, at a disadvantage of one pound. And so it has been all along the line, western horses have uniformly won all over the east.

Star Pointer, the great pacer seen in Omaha last Friday for the first time, passed into James A. Murphy's hands for the money consideration of $15,000. He has already won upwards of $17,000, granting that he earned $5,000 for beating the two-minute record so long and earnestly coveted. Even if he did not win three-fifths of that sum he will have won himself out, and nothing has been said of any money his owner may have won or lost on him in his races. At the odds of three to five that ruled prior to the first heat of the race at Chicago, July 24, a very neat sum might have been, probably was, won, and at Readville even money was laid against him beating 2:00½, which was altogether a false price considering his previous achievements. "So we may fairly presume," remarks the Horseman, "that Star Pointer has won for his owner about $20,000 net since last Independence day. What is Star Pointer worth today? Except perhaps in the Klondike or other auriferous regions where a man may get rich at a single stroke of a pickaxe or shovel, nothing but horseflesh can be found that will yield $20,000 on an investment of $15,600 within two months from July 4 to date, and the risk, of course, is proportionately great. We can therefore only apply the principles governing modern investments to a limited extent in reaching the price through the profits. A business yielding $20,000 net in two months would, even if it had to be idle eight months out of the twenty-four, bring at least $200,000, possibly more, and would be a valuable piece of property to boot. In 1896 Mr. Hamlin remarked that if Robert J. could be made to pace a mile in two minutes, he was assured by a friend that a purchaser would immediately be forthcoming for the gelding at $50,000.

Tod Sloan, the great American lightweight jockey, has gone to England to ride Keene's Speedy Voter in the Cambridgeshire, and it may be that he will also have a mount, Keene's St. Cloud II, in that other English classic—the Czarowitch. These two are the most attractive events of the amateur racing season in Johnny Bull's land and two of the great thoroughbred handicaps in the world. The Cambridgeshire comes off on Wednesday next and the Czarowitch just two weeks later. That these two American horses are way above the average is positive, for St. Cloud has shown in England that he is of the stake quality by his exhibition in the St. Leger, in which he ran third to the great horse Galtee More. Of Voter I can only say that he is a colt with phenomenal speed and as he only picks up 105 pounds he will fly, providing he is as good on Cambridgeshire day as he was when he left New York five weeks ago. According to the English market quotations on the Czarowitch, St. Cloud II has a royal chance to win, as he figures about third on the betting list, many of the handicappers and close observers having cast their lot with the Keene horse. This fact and the knowledge that Sloan will ride him will no doubt be an incentive for many Americans to wager on St. Cloud II, the line being taken from the English critics favoring the horse and the American critics' belief in the ability of the jockey. As to Sloan, his style of riding will be peculiar to Englishmen, as he has a habit, and a good one, too, of lying as close to a horse's neck as possible. This he does to escape the wind resistance. He is a fairly good judge of pace, but is not as strong in a finish as some jockeys. Still he has a method of resting his mount during a race that he always has something left in the horse to finish with, which is a desirable quality in a jockey. No American jockey has ever created any sensation in England. W. Donohue, Sims and Reiff all tried their long suits over there, but none of them scored many victories. Sims returned with his breath and a cane. Donohue had a few suits of clothes. Reiff had a little something because he won considerable money through his employer's shrewdness. "Tod" may come back with greater laurels. It is to be hoped so.

That Omaha is represented by a triumvirate of featherweights with championship aspirations may not be generally known among the followers of the game, but is nevertheless a fact. Billy O'Donnell, now in New York trying to get on with any of the topnotchers, is an Omaha boy, his parents still residing in South Omaha. He made several fights in this vicinity five years ago, breaking even with Danny Daly on two occasions and besting him on the third. He knocked out a young lightweight from Butte, Mont., in Germania hall, South Omaha, and then suffered defeat, on a foul, however, in the same classic precincts in a meeting with Young Jack Davis, at that time a pupil in the High school. O'Donnell did not get a very high rating here and was quite generally looked upon as a "ratty" fighter. In New York he ranks way up in G and has backing to fight any man in his class in the world. Oscar Gardner, who knocked out Johnny Van Heest last Thursday night down in Lexington, Ky., is another Omaha lad and goes under the sobriquet of the Omaha Kid. His parents still live here. Gardner is really a good man in his class and has whipped such men as Tommy Dixon, George Siddons and drawn with one or two equally as good. When in Omaha he portered for Billy Hawley at the Old Alhambra on Douglas street, where he was found by Tom Biddison, put into training and matched against Ike Weir of Minneapolis. The fight, however, never eventuated and instead Gardner was sent against George Stout, the last man of the trio mentioned in the opening paragraph. They fought in Hawley's "bug roost" back of the Alhambra bar and it was one of the tightest and bloodiest little arguments ever witnessed in this neck of the timber. A big peripatetic fighter by the name of Abe Nixon refereed the mill and at the end of seventeen hot rounds called it a draw. George Stout makes a good running mate for O'Donnell and Gardner and is the equal, if not the superior, of both. He worked in Swift's packing house in South Omaha while here, but was always ready and willing to lay off and take a punch at some one, it mattered little who. I saw him make several good fights and have always considered him "good" enough to go against the best of them. Like Gardner, he, too, was a victor Thursday night, knocking out Bezenah, the short-haired pet of Cincinnati, in one of the variety halls of that city.

It was the same old story that floated in from 'Frisco last Monday night, that is George Dixon and Solly Smith went the full length of their prescribed journey of twenty rounds, and although there was no knockdown or no blood, the Californian got the decision. The idea of two such terrific punchers, two such aggressive fighters, going twenty rounds without an upset or a bloody nasal. George Green, the welter, so effectually licked by Joe Walcott a month or so ago, refereed the affair. He, too, is a Californian and was in Smith's corner when he fought Johnny Griffin recently. More than that, Walcott is Dixon's stable mate, and the idea that he made a second rater out of Green has surely cut no figure with the latter gentleman. He loves the Barbadoan just as fervently as he does a rattlesnake, and would give any of his friends the best of it whenever an opportunity offered—in a prize valise. The way I size up all such alleged artists as this is that the fighters agree to split even on the money at stake, but go in and take their chances on victory or defeat, but so long as they know that the reward will be the same one way or the other, it is not likely that they will extend themselves. Of course they fight and fight on the level, but they take good chances not to fight too hard, and not to leave an opening for a knockout. The one who, in the opinion of the referee, has the best of it at the end of the pilgrimage gets the decision, and both are satisfied. On the coast, with the close propinquity existing between fighters and club managers and sure thing gamblers, it is simply a guess which way you lay your money. Like playing a slot machine, you may strike the lucky combination, and then again you may not.

I am pleased to be able to state this week that it was all a mistake about Jack McAuliffe being defeated by "Philadelphia" Tommy Ryan some ten days ago. To be sure an incompetent referee did give Ryan the decision at the end of the journey, but later in the evening he took it all back and awarded the honors and purse to Jack, explaining that he thought McAuliffe had to knock him out in order to win. As One-eyed Connelly would say, "he only thought he thought." A letter from a personal friend in New York tells me that Jack had a ridiculously soft snap with Ryan and only refrained from knocking him pizzle-end-upwards to give the crowd of brawny miners present a run for their stuff. The Philadelphia plater was clearly overmatched, and when he was on the floor in the seventh round, Jack went back to his corner and leaned against the ropes until he got on his pins and fully recovered his nut. And then in the closing rounds Ryan was allowed to make most all the play to round the thing out in the shape of a fight. In plain English, so far as the old champion was concerned, the affair was a fake pure and simple. Some old pals of Jack's only wanted to give him a chance to get his mitt on a little cash—an almost total stranger to the Williamsburger since last spring—and Jack reciprocated by allowing Ryan to act like a fighter. My correspondent adds that McAuliffe was really in good form and stacked up like in the days of auld lang syne. So I will shift from vale Jack! to vivat old man!

Joe Goddard has arrived in New York from the other side, and after a few days sightseeing in Gowanus will leave for the coast, where he fights Sailor Sharkey on November 20 before the Knickerbocker club. Although the Barrier champion may have retrograded to some extent since I saw him fight Denver Ed Smith down in New Orleans, I see no cause for hesitation in picking him for a winner. The man from the back blocks is a literal giant and one of the most slashing fighters that ever donned a glove. He is a hurricane inside the ropes and there are few big men in the world his equal in hitting. The quick way in which he disposed of Peter Maher in their fight at Coney Island was a revelation. As for his fight with Denver Ed—well, that was one of those scratches for which there is no accounting. As it was the man from the land of the Southern Cross was not knocked out—only counted out by a partial, and on that particular night, an incompetent referee.

The controversy that has sprung up between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, in which the former claims another match, has inspired a protest from Frank V. Dunn, manager and backer of John L. Sullivan. Mr. Dunn raises the point that Sullivan's claims have priority over all others. Mr. Dunn was at the ringside in Carson City and posted $1,000 on behalf of John L. in his challenge to the winner. Mr. Dunn urges also that subsequently he met Fitzsimmons and Martin Julian and they both promised to give Sullivan the first chance. Dunn says Corbett knows he has not a single chance with Fitzsimmons, and he should go along and not interfere with those who have. He also says: "I will post $5,000 that inside six months Sullivan can defeat Fitzsimmons, the contest to take place in a private room—each side to be allowed half a dozen spectators. I will also stake my money that I have an unknown who can beat Corbett. And I will also wager that if Corbett should ever meet Fitzsimmons again he will be defeated in less than fourteen rounds." In so far as Colonel Dunn refers to Fitz and Corbett he has my hearty endorsement, but when he asserts that he is burning up to bet $5,000 that John L. can whip Fitzsimmons, I balk. Colonel Dunn is evidently one of those men who have lucid periods between draughts.

FOREST, FIELD AND STREAM.

An Autumn Ramble with the Votaries of Rod and Gun.

There is little or no doubt about it, but wild fowl shooting holds first rank in the estimation of a large majority of sportsmen over and above any other species of shooting. Of course there are those who are more fond of either chicken or quail shooting, but where you will find one enamored of this class of sport you will find a score or more who will tell you that it falls far short in healthful excitement and exhilarating entertainment of the pursuit of the palmiped beauties of marsh and lagoon. This, in fact, takes in not only geese and ducks, but jacksnipe, crane, yellowlegs, avocets and the plover family, affording the hunter a greater variety of shooting than any other class of game. There is no denying a ramble over one of our immeasurable hay fields and stubble and through thicket and copse for chickens and quail is a royal pleasure, and so even is upland plover shooting, but there is something resistlessly fascinating about shooting geese and ducks over the decoys that claims an overwhelming majority of sportsmen as its devotees.

The autumn season, the grandest of all, with its mists and mellows, is now upon us and we will hear more or less about the sport until the encroaching influences of winter drive the birds to the softer climes further south.

So many men are attracted to the marshes and lakes in the fall that he who has no affinity with such pursuits wonders whether it is really sport or greed of gain that lures so many to the comfortless wilds to brave all sorts of weather and privations in the wild fowl season. His doubts should be easily dispelled. If the average gunner does not get more sport than gain out of his yearly outings the balance sheet would show almost over 1,000 per cent against him. But really there is no thought of profit with the true sportsman. Health and enjoyment are the dominant influences. The pleasure comes first in the anticipatory delights of an expedition. If the sportsman happens to be advanced in years he becomes a youth again and the night before the morning in which he crawls into his blind of reed and rice he experiences all the ecstasy of a child with a new toy. If he be a young man, his emotions are as varied as they are beatific and he would not exchange places with the president of the United States. Then comes the actual sport itself, the glories of a mingling with nature in her blandest moods, the exultation over a capital shot, the keen disappointment at a miss, and to crown all the supreme satisfaction and pride felt in bringing home a big bag of birds with which to regale his legion of friends, for they are always legion especially when he has a lot of fat birds at his disposal. Such an outing, be it in spring or autumn, is worth to the happy sportsman more than a ton of physic or all the prescriptions of the most learned of physicians. So, once more, I will reiterate, there is nothing in the shooting line to be compared with a day with the ducks. Can you imagine a fuller pleasure than a trip to one of Nebraska's famous shooting grounds on a morning or evening, like these we are now enjoying.

How the hunter's heart bounds as he plants his rubbered foot upon the oozy marsh and enters feverishly upon his errand, whether it be for mallard, teal or snipe, forcing his way through tangles of ambitious sprouts, briar and bramble, into lichened crypts, and through thickets of yellow-tendrilled willows and Tyrian-dyed maples; entangling grass and creeping vines; rustling cane and swaying rice, the whole landscape aflame with the royal banners of Jack Frost and aflutter with animation and life.

A vagrant breeze, warm and wandering, stirs the waters into azure ripples and bends the reeds into green and yellow undulations, the loitering robin chirps his farewell notes from scraggy cottonwood, the red-wing blackbird twitters from this rose clump and that, or streams overhead in long and musical lines; the jay scolds at every feathered relative that comes within his vision; the crow caws querulously from a distance, and the redtail hawk, cleaving on steady pinion the dome above, all combine in making one grand panorama, as pleasing to the senses as it is entrancing and mystifying.

But about the season that is now just dawning. What will the harvest be? Is there going to be good shooting, or otherwise? These are the stereotyped questions hunters put to themselves, and which are only answered by a trip afield. The summer has been an unusual one, with its hot suns and lack of storms. Still there has been plenty of moisture, and my understanding is that the lakes and sloughs and streams and creeks are all full to almost their normal depth, and I have but little fear that there is a busy campaign ahead for the sportsman. By the middle of this month the main issue of birds will have quacked their farewells to the obscure breeding grounds about the frozen bays of the distant north, and will

tells a story. If the fuel has been only half consumed your stove's at fault. If you have a *Jewel Stove or Range* you will have no such trouble. They are built to burn all the fuel without waste; to give you the most heat at the least expense; to give you the greatest service—the highest satisfaction. This trade mark will identify a genuine "JEWEL" among a thousand other kinds. Ask to see it at the dealer's.

be reveling amidst an abundance of feed which is to be found within the confines of the Dakotas, Nebraska and even further south. The Canada goose, the royal old honker, with his congeners, the wary Hutchins, the white goose and speckled front, the chestnut-hooded canvasback, the noble mallard, whizzing redhead, the mottled widgeon, baldpate, bluebill, pintail and teal, in fact, all the feathered frequenters of lake and river, morass and marsh, are now settling down within our own province for a month's recuperation and rest.

There is little need in telling this, at least to the sportsman. This is the idyllic season of the whole twelvemonth for him. He needs no stronger admonition than the gilded timbered bottoms and the shroud of hazy splendor that envelops the silent hills. He watches with jealous delight the shifting hues in landscape and sky; the sumach burning in shady wayside nooks, and the browning sweep of prairie grass; the silvery sheen on half-hidden waters and the lapis-lazuli of overarching space. These are the pursuivants of the decaying summer time, the signs that stir the hunter's blood and fill his restless brain with visions of waders, canvas jackets, boats, decoys, shells and the numerous other concomitants of his calling.

Before closing I might appropriately add here that all the reports I have received from distant points tend to encourage one in the belief that this is going to prove a great fall for the birds. Mallards have been unprecedentedly plentiful about all of our little inland lakes since the blazing days of July, and teal, both the blue and the green wing, have been encountered in vast numbers, thus showing that a larger percentage of birds than usual evidently preferred to remain in this region and bring up their young to the long and arduous pilgrimage to the fastnesses of the hyperborean lands of the far north. Jack snipe are in in countless numbers, and the crop of yellowlegs and the lesser waders promises to be something remarkable.

No. 9 of the Official Bulletin of the National Sportsmen's association, a monthly magazine published in New York, has found its way to my table and I am pleased to find a lengthy article on the wild fowl and chicken shooting in Nebraska, copied from a recent number of The Sunday Bee, but not overly delighted to find it over the initials of some one other than the author. As I remarked I am pleased to find this article in the association's gem of a magazine, as it evinces a high order of talent in the way of selecting well-written matter, yet I would have been doubly pleased to have found it accredited to its proper source—The Omaha Bee.

J. W. Vail, H. B. Coryell and H. A. Worth leave this evening for a few days' quail shoot down in the vicinity of Phelps, Mo. Mr. Vail has received most flattering reports from the vicinity and the party is counting on some unusual good sport.

A. T. Austin and A. A. McClure of Omaha and M. J. Smith of Schuyler and F. E. Williams and C. C. Davis of Wabash, Ind., have gone to the sandhills of western Nebraska for a two weeks' chicken and duck shoot.

The killing of wild horses is just now a popular industry in Nevada. A new state law permits the animals to be killed, as they are using the grazing ground needed for cattle and were getting so fierce that they attacked cattle that ventured within their boundaries. Hunters receive $2 each for the hides, and the hair of the manes and tails bring a fair price.

Champion J. A. R. Elliott was defeated at Kansas City Friday in a 100 live bird match with Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the Kansas City Star cup, by a margin of one bird. Gilbert killed ninety-five and Elliott ninety-four. Both Elliott and Gilbert will be present at the big shoot here October 26, 27 and 28.

Fred Goodrich and party returned from a week's camp at Lake Quinnebogg yesterday. Fred says that the fishing has not been as good during the whole season, especially bass fishing, and that his party made a famous catch. As to the ducks, as yet they have only come in sparingly, but the feed is abundant, cover plenty and the prospects good. Snipe were found in goodly numbers and several nice kills were made.

The trap shooting season is practically over, the Dupont's last shoot on Saturday, October 30, being the last club event of the year. The Omaha club has already wound up its summer card, and the members are all now engaged in the livelier pastime of getting ready for the game season.

The St. Paul Dispatch of September 28 contains a fine half-tone cabinet size picture of Mrs. A. C. Claflin of this city, wife of one of Omaha's best known and most popular gentlemen sportsmen. Mrs. C. is clad in a unique fishing costume, short skirt, rubbered feet and broad-brimmed hat, and stands with a gaff rod in hand, while depending from the limb of a nearby Norway pine is an immense muskallonge, a trophy of her skill on the wild waters of the north. Beneath the picture is the following bit of history: One of the largest finny trophies taken in this state was the victim to the rod and skill of a woman. Mr. Claflin of Omaha, recently a guest in St. Paul, has spent the past fortnight at Walker, on Leech lake, waging war on the denizens of that water. On Saturday she made the prize catch, taking a twenty-pound Muskallonge on a light rod. The fish made a desperate struggle, and an hour was necessary to land him, the feat being finally accomplished with a gaff rod. The fish was sent to St. Paul friends and furnished several luscious breakfasts.

General J. J. Coppinger, commander of the Department of the Platte, U. S. A., Sir Rose Price, Bart., of Morganshire, England, and Lieutenant A. W. Perry of the general's staff; Dr. W. S. Webb, president of the Wagner Car company, his two brothers, Lewis and Creighton Webb, Jack Purdy, George Bird, the novelist, and R. T. Emmett, all of New York City, have just returned from a month's outing in the Jackson's Hole, Teton and Sawtooth mountain region. The party succeeded in bagging eleven big horns, eighteen bull elk, twenty buck antelope and four bear, all black, and trout, both speckled and rainbow, galore. Next Sunday's Bee will contain the full story of the general's stay in the big game country.

The shooting tournament, which will be held on the shooting grounds across the river on October 26, 27 and 28, under the auspices of W. D. Hardin, F. S. Crabill and C. B. Randlett, will evidently prove the crowning achievement in this line of recent years. There will be enough added money, the amount as yet not having been fully determined on, to make the event sufficiently attractive to bring the best shots in the country here and the management is perfecting arrangements for the entertainment of a very large attendance.

On next Friday A. C. Claflin, George A. Hoagland, Charles Metz, George Scribner, T. J. Foley and S. G. V. Griswold of this city, and Major T. W. Santell of New York and George I. Settle of the Pennsylvania railway, Philadelphia, will depart for a ten days' ducking expedition on the government reservation in South Dakota. The party will be joined at the agency by a number of prominent railroad magnates from Chicago and Pittsburg.

Questions and Answers.

There are letters at the sporting department of The Bee for Lily Williams, bicycle rider; Charlie Thomas, foot ball coach, and T. R. McManus, horseman.

OMAHA, Oct. 8.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in Sunday's issue what constitutes a royal flush in poker. Is any straight flush a "royal?"—John W.

Ans.—Ace king, queen, jack and ten of any suit.

LINCOLN, Oct. 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state in Sunday's sporting department a good receipt for browning gun barrels, also when the law for quail is open in Iowa? By this information you will oblige several of your Lincoln friends.—H. M. Hoyt.

Ans.—One ounce of spirits of nitre, three-fourths of a drachm of tincture of steel; sublimate of mercury one-half drachm, bluestone one-half drachm; rain water, one-half pint; the unmedicated tincture of iron will do if tincture of steel cannot be had. Mix and let stand a week or so before using. Do not let it freeze. Polish barrels bright with oil and emery. Then wipe dry and cork both muzzle and breech and apply the mixture. The Iowa quail law open season commenced October 1.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 7.—Friend Griswold: Will you kindly state in next Sunday's Bee the winner and time in the Ross-Hall foot race? I only get the Sunday Bee so am at a loss to know how the race resulted—Yours fraternally, W. A. Pierce of the Illustrated Police News.

Ans.—Ross, in 11 flat.

BARNUM, Ia., Oct. 7.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee. Please answer the following questions, to decide a bet, in the next Sunday's Bee, and oblige an old subscriber: (1) What year did Fitzsimmons come to the United States? (2) How many times have Fitz and Jim Hall met? (3) How many rounds did they fight each time? (4) Did Hall ever knock Fitz out in four rounds?—A Sunday Reader.

Ans.—(1) 1890. (2) Twice. (3) Four. (4) Yes.

HARTINGTON, Sept. 10.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in Sunday's Bee: "If in three-ball game billiards, if the shot ball jumps from the table if the balls are not spotted same as when the game started?—Reader.

Ans.—The above was incorrectly answered a week or two since. Only the ball that leaves the table is spotted.

BLOOMINGTON, Neb., Oct. 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you kindly answer the following in Sunday's Bee? Does a stallion from a standard dam; sired (the stallion) by a standard stud, become a standard bred animal regardless of performance; or in other words a horse by standard bred parents?—Wilson, A. H.

Ans.—Find standard requirements according to American Register association rules below: (1) Any trotting stallion that has a record of 2:30; or pacing stallion with a record of 2:25 or better, provided any of his get has a record of 2:35 trotting, or 2:30 pacing, or better, or provided his sire or dam is already a standard animal. (2) Any mare or gelding that has a trotting record of 2:30, or pacing, 2:35 or better. (3) Any horse that is the sire of two trotters with records of 2:30, or two pacers with records of 2:25, or one trotter with a record of 2:30 and one pacer with a record of 2:25, or better. (4) Any horse that is the sire of one trotter with a record of 2:30, or one pacer with a record of 2:25 or better, provided that he has either of the following additional qualifications: (1) A trotting record of 2:35 or a pacing record of 2:30 or better. (2) Is the sire of two other animals with trotting records of 2:35 or pacing records of 2:30, or one trotter with a record of 2:35, and one pacer with a record of 2:30 or better. (3) Has a sire or dam that is already a standard animal. (5) Any mare that has produced a trotter with a record of 2:30, or pacer with a record of 2:30 or better. (6) The progeny of a standard horse when out of a standard mare. (7) The female progeny of a standard horse when out of a mare by a standard horse. (8) The female progeny of a standard horse when out of a mare whose dam is a standard mare. (9) Any mare that has a trotting record of 2:35, or a pacing record of 2:30, or better, whose sire or dam is a standard animal.

OMAHA, Oct. 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please let me know through next Sunday's Bee, when does the law on wild ducks and geese open and close (in Iowa), also here, if any, and oblige?—Charles Crawford.

Ans.—From September 1 to April 30 in Iowa. From September 1 to May 1 in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Oct. 7.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer the following questions in next Sunday's paper: 1. Where did Boston and New York play last and what was the result? 2. Did New York ever beat Boston twice this season; if so, on what grounds?—H. T. L. S.

Ans.—(1) In New York. (2) Yes, in New York.

LOVELAND, Colo., Oct. 7.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I presume at some time you have published the game laws of the state of Nebraska; if so, will you kindly send me a copy containing them; if not, can you tell me where and how I can procure them?—Clarence Monroe.

Ans.—Write to the secretary of state at Lincoln.

ATLANTIC, Ia., Oct. 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in Sunday's Bee: A bets B that that Indianapolis wins the Free Press cup; B claims that it is a stand-off, because Indianapolis refused to play out the series?—Peter Schmitzen.

Ans.—It went to Indianapolis by mutual agreement with Columbus.

ALLIANCE, Oct. 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Can you send me the addresses of two or three firms who handle wild game. I will send stamp for reply?—John Hague.

Ans.—I can, but I won't.

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