BREEZY GRIST OF FALL SPORT

Glowing Prospects for Omaha During Transmississippi Year.

RAMBLE WITH THE SHOOTERS AND FISHERS

From the Foot Ball World—The Diamond, Race Track, Cinder Path, Gymnasium and the Ring.

There is every prospect that Omaha will be a prominent sporting center during the year 1898, the year of the Transmississippi Exposition. Not only are local sport promoters already laying their plans for vigorous action, but prominent lights from abroad are figuring on locating here for that period. Charles E. Davies, more familiarly known as Parson Davies spent several days here during the past week looking over the field with the view of establishing an athletic club here on a mammoth scale. He made a thorough investigation, had numerous talks with many men who have a sportive tendency and went away secure in the opinion that the field presented is a most inviting one.

It is the parson's idea to temporarily remodel Blum's hall in South Omaha, occupy it until spring, and then erect a suitable coliseum in this city for the stirring campaign that will inevitably open up with the inauguration of our great exposition. It will require, according to Mr. Davies' estimates, something like $1,000 to put the South Omaha hall in a condition suitable for his purposes. This sum he will cheerfully expend if he receives the necessary encouragement. He does not hope to reap much profit out of this preliminary enterprise, but will be thoroughly satisfied if he makes expenses throughout the winter months. That will afford ample time for the public to become familiar with his methods, the character of his entertainments and pave the way for more elaborate things next summer. The club will be known as the Trio City club, Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs, and the intention is to give exhibitions in high class athletics of all kinds, including boxing, wrestling and kindred pastimes.

The horsemen are also all alive to the prospects for a successful season here next year, and a ten-days' trotting session and an extended running meet are as good as already provided for. The Omaha Fair and Speed association will hold the light harness affairs, while the thoroughbreds will be managed by horsemen from Kansas City, Minneapolis and Chicago, together with a fair representation from this city and the Bluffs.

While the outlook for a professional base ball team is just now somewhat vague, there is every reason to expect that Omaha will be an important point on the Western league circuit in 1898. C. H. Harriman of Des Moines is now the owner of the Grand Rapids franchise, and he writes me that it is his intention to put a team in here if the sanction of the eastern contingent is forthcoming at the Chicago November meeting. I have been urgently invited by the president of the Western league to be present at this meeting, and with Frank Bandle, Jack Haskell, Russ McKelvey and one or two other business men, will go over to plead Omaha's case. From the condition of things existing in the Western at the close of the season I think there is every ground on which to base hope that Omaha will be successful in its efforts to break into the fold.

Another possible big attraction for 1898 is an extensive handicap athletic meeting in accordance with the requirements of the A. A. U. of A., and under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association. Physical Director Barnes, who is mentioned in another column, is interesting himself actively in this matter and is positive that these field day trials would be a splendid attraction for transmississippi year. It is his idea to make the affair worthy of the attendance of many of the prominent amateur athletes, which means the students of our big colleges from all parts of the country. Chicago and St. Louis are both particularly interested in amateur athletics just now, and have both recently held extraordinarily large and successful meetings. Mr. Barnes is intimately acquainted with Mr. Fishburn, president of the central section of the A. A. U., and he is certain of the hearty co-operation of this gentleman in any project that may be put on its feet here for the coming year.

In addition to the branches of sport already touched upon the gun clubs of this city and the Bluffs are talking of combining in the interests of a grand free-for-all, as well as handicap, ten-day tournament for June next; the Omaha and Council Bluffs rowing club is to be reorganized and the local kennel club to be revived. So, as I intimated in the outset of this article Omaha promises to the nucleus for much that is important and interesting in a sportsman's way during the year of the exposition.

The new physical director of the Young Men's Christian association has been upon the grounds for three weeks now and all of this time has been spent in putting the gymnasium in something like ship shape. The gym locker rooms, bath room and physical director's office have been thoroughly overhauled and cleaned, papered and painted in places where most needed, the old apparatus overhauled and repaired and some new apparatus added. A complete outfit for scientific measurements and strength tests has been added to the director's office, as follows: Grip dynamometer, back and loin dynamometer, spirometer, wall parallels measuring tape and calipers.

An indoor base ball diamond has been laid out on the floor of the gymnasium and a complete equipment for the game purchased.

Athletics will receive especial attention at monthly contests of the association and a city championship will be held during the winter months. A basket ball league will also be formed and play for a banner. Educational, corrective and recreative gymnastics will be taught to the different classes. The physical examination will consist of a careful measurement of the bones and muscles, strength tests of the principal groups of muscles, lung capacity, heart rate, and a careful examination of the vital organs to ascertain the fitness for work. These examinations will occur at the opening and close of the season's work and will give an accurate idea of the benefits derived from the exercises taught. In fact, it begins to look as if the local Young Men's Christian association had at last started out on a course that will bring it up to the rank of the best institutions of this kind in the country.

Mr. Barnes, the new physical director, is a hustling young man who thoroughly understands his business, having been in association work in Purdue and Rose Polytechnic and having devoted part of his time to coaching the athletic teams of these schools.

He remained for one year with Purdue and four years with Rose Polytechnic, leaving the latter to assume charge of the West Side Young Men's Christian association gymnasium in Chicago. The association in Omaha may be congratulated on having obtained such a clean, enthusiastic young athlete to take charge of its work and it is a foregone conclusion that, upon the lines laid out above, the Young Men's Christian association will take the place in athletics to which it is entitled.

The Omaha High school foot ball team is fast getting into shape for its first hard game of the season. It is now just a week till the boys depart for Tabor, Ia., where they play the college team of that town. On a later date, not decided upon as yet, Tabor will play a return game with the High school here. The team now stands, players and weight, as follows: Hutchinson, captain and right end, 146 pounds; Thomas, 142, or Everts, 140, left end; Cortelyou, 138, left tackle; Dickinson, right tackle, 145; Fradenburg, 160, right guard; Neilson, 150, or Moise, 142, left guard; Stokes, 180, center; Stafford, 120, quarterback; Tracy, 136, left halfback; Scott, 150, right halfback; West, 152, fullback.

Of the games in view for the near future, the one with Lincoln, who will be here on the 20th of November, will be a very strong game. The Wesleyan university could only beat the Lincoln High school by the very small score of 20-0. Fremont, Grand Island, Blair, Council Bluffs and a few local teams will be here in November. During the past week Prof. Bernstein and Mr. Cooley, late of Minnesota, have been helping the team out wonderfully. Mr. Crawford, one of the best coaches of the west, has consented to come up and help the team out before the game with Tabor.

The New York Jockey club has been upheld in its ruling off of Riley Grannan for making a valuable present to a jockey. The courts have decreed finally that Grannan must obey the Jockey club. It is a great victory for the organization, and makes it a power in every respect. At the same time there is a heartfelt sympathy for the quiet, courteous, nervy young plunger who so pluckily fought for what he considered his rights. Grannan made the fight against the advice of his friends, but he felt that he could not stay away from the race track, and the fever of gambling urged him on. If the Jockey club had lost its case, then every owner, trainer or jockey ruled off for violations of the rules could appeal to the courts with a view of reinstatement, and the Grannan case would establish a precedent which would result in demoralization of the turf. Rules would have been valueless, and the Jockey club and the racing associations would have no power to enforce them. The decision, however, confers upon the Jockey club a dangerous power. It can at will grab any individual by the back of the neck and deposit him outside the gates for good. The opinion restricts the Jockey club somewhat when it says that Grannan was ruled off for "disobedience of reasonable rules and regulations." In future suits before the courts the case will undoubtedly depend upon the interpretation of rules as to whether they are reasonable or not. The rule under which Grannan was ruled off was not unreasonable. Valuable presents to jockeys tend to demoralize the riders, and it was right and proper that the practice should cease. Grannan has gained considerable notoriety through his plunging proclivities. Personally he's very pleasing and agreeable, and he has many friends, who at present are quietly proceeding to have him reinstated. This the Jockey club, flushed with victory, should generously do. It has demonstrated its power and can afford to be merciful. It is to be hoped that Grannan will be restored to his former standing on the turf.

According to the conclusive evidence of the games, the three most successful pitchers of the year in the National league are Nichols, Corbett and Rusie—two veterans and a "kid." Three men of more radically varying types of ball tossers could hardly be found in the whole league circuit. Nichols is a man of about 30 and of average size. His arm is almost never out of condition, has never taken on glassiness and is as subtle today as a decade ago. Nichols has a shrewd face, confident, self-reliant carriage and a general air of determination. His body is of the kind that never gets too fat, he has the best of habits, is a good husband and father and is always in training.

Many preliminary foot ball skirmishes have already taken place, and yet no one has a line on the leader of the season. In fact at no time in many years has the honor been anybody's at the start of the season as it is today. The foot ball player must indeed be a prophet who sees his own finish now. The big four, Princeton, Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania, begin the season under new circumstances, very different from those of last year. Take Princeton for instance. She loses four of her regular men by graduation, and substitutes for these must be provided. This fact will give Captain Cochran plenty to do, and, like Jordan, his will be a hard road to travel. Galley, Smith, Brokaw and Church are the men who drop out of Princeton. The undergraduates who equal them will have to be skilled players. Princeton will be short in its old-time coachers, too, for business engagements will prevent one, at least, of the very best from doing anything for the team this year. Pennsylvania is in luck that Woodruff will remain another season, and no one for an instant doubts that he will, in his inimitable style, fill the vacancies in a way satisfactory to the supporters of the red and blue. Besides Woodruff and Wharton, Pennsylvania loses the famous halfback, Charlie Gelbert, and the strong tackle, Farrar. To an outsider the loss of these men would probably convey the idea that Pennsylvania will not be as strong as last year, but to a close student of the game it is no secret that Pennsylvania has the best material of any of the colleges to choose from, and that Captain Minds' team will be fully equal to the famous team of '94.

Princeton's Tigers have sprung a new trick kick. Experimenting along that line is now attracting attention in the east. Heretofore an attempt at goal kicking from the field has been considered a very perilous thing in a big game, but if this new method can be perfected it would seem that the coveted five points to be secured would become much easier to make. According to the new plan, the fullback stands about five yards back of the line, while the quarterback stands out of the way and over in the direction of right end. This is how it has been worked: Baird was stationed in the fullback position in the play, while Captain Cochran left his place at right end and sat down immediately in front of the fullback. The center rush then snapped the ball directly to Cochran, who immediately placed the pigskin on the ground in about the same position as for a place kick, and Baird kicked. Kicking goals in this way was several times attempted in the game against the scrub, but every time it failed. After the game, in the further practice of the method, Wheeler and Baird were both quite successful in their tries. The scheme is apparently quite a hazardous one, there being very little protection to the player who places the ball, but extreme efforts will be made to perfect the play.

While Yale and Harvard are altogether absorbed in the development of foot ball elevens, Cornell, with a keen eye to the future, is already at work developing underclass oarsmen for the future 'varsity crew of the institution that has done so much to bring up the grand aquatic sport in this country. Courtney, the veteran coach, has already taken the ambitious lads who want to row in next year's 'varsity shell in hand, and is giving them some valuable lessons in the art of oarsmanship.

On Friday last there was an exciting one-mile race on Lake Cayuga between eight-oared crews representing the classes of 1898, 1899 and 1900, respectively. At the start '99 took the lead, which it held throughout the race. The other two boats were on a more even footing during the first half of the race, with '98, however, slowly pulling away from the freshmen. At three-quarters of a mile '99, who held the middle course, had a good lead. The seniors spurted in the last quarter, but could not overtake the fleet sophomores while '00 was modestly following in the wake of the upper class boats. At the finish there was about a half length of open water between '99 and '98. Between '98 and '00 the open water must have amounted to nearly two lengths. The official time for the mile was 5:20.

Apropos of the recent letter I published in these columns from Tommy Ryan of Syracuse, N. Y., giving his version of his recent interrupted fight with Kid McCoy, Sam Austin of the Police Gazette says: "It will amuse those who saw this fiasco, as well as those who happened to be in touch with the inside history of the affair, to read what Tommy Ryan has to say for himself in a letter to Sandy Griswold of The Omaha Bee. It is significant that Mr. Griswold published Ryan's letter in his extensively read column without a single word of comment. He probably has his own views about Ryan's chances of beating McCoy, but as the Syracusan has turned the limelight upon himself, Sandy is content to let it flicker out without adding lustre in the shape of rhetorical pyrotechnics that might be utilized to advantage upon a more worthy object. Just a little bit of history. Several hours after Ryan and McCoy left the ring they met in Alderman Mattey's saloon in Syracuse. After a wordy argument they posted $500 each and agreed to meet again on the following day for the purpose of signing articles for a fight upon the same identical terms as the one which culminated in the fiasco. Before McCoy got a chance to "nail" Ryan for a match, however, the latter crawled out of it by publishing a "card" in which he refused to negotiate unless McCoy agreed to weigh in at 150 pounds. As he was fully cognizant of the fact that McCoy could not do that weight without cutting off a leg it is obvious that he was doing a little bluffing, and his little missive to Griswold indicates that he hasn't recovered from the habit."

Now while I have every consideration for Brother Austin, I will add here that the only reason I did not comment on Tom's letter was the fact that I did not consider any criticism called for. As to what I think about the respective ability of these two men, is easily told, and manger my unswerving allegiance to Ryan. If it will do anybody any good, here goes. I have got to pay some respect to the opinion of many of the best judges of pugilistic affairs in the country, the consensus of which is that Ryan is far away and short of a good match for the rangy Indianian, and consequently that must be so. While I know but little personally about McCoy, I have kept close tab on the sayings of others in regard to his fighting capacity, and am unwillingly led to believe that he can lick Ryan in a fight to a finish, notwithstanding I think him a much overrated man. He is too long and wieldy for the Syracusan, too big and strong, too clever and too quick with both hand and foot, and consequently belongs in a class a top higher than Tom's. And still Ryan may be able to beat him, but I'll wait until he does it before I will be sanguine on the subject. As Ryan truly says, McCoy got what reputation he enjoys by defeating him, but claims that he was only enabled to accomplish this by catching him way out of condition, and "conning" him into defeat at that. Be that as it may, I am compelled to give respectful attention to those who are qualified to judge, and until Ryan defeats the Kid, I shall think the latter the best man, and I will also continue to think that McCoy is a greatly overestimated man until he whips some good man in his own class, the middleweight. His talk about fighting such men as Fitzsimmons and Choynski, however, is the veriest twaddle. They are just as far above the Kid, aye, much farther, than he is presumed to be above Ryan, and either man would have but an insignificant task in putting an effectual quietus to his disgusting rodomontade. Let him whip Dan Creedon, there is the boy for him to fight, let him lick Dan, I say, then he may look around with propriety for bigger game, and then we will all take off our hats and acknowledge that he is pretty warm stuff. Do not let it be understood, however, by what I have said in the preceding lines that I am cocksure of McCoy's superiority over Ryan, for I am not. I go as far as I do of the judgment of those who ought to know. Parson Davies, who was here several days last week, told me that Ryan had away the best of the Kid when the bobbies interrupted their recent fight in the fifth round at Syracuse. He said that while this was so, he did not feel justified in the opinion that Ryan could best him. "That fifth round might have been a flash in the pan," said Charlie E., "but if it was not, and was the real stuff, Ryan can whip him any day of the week." Davies thinks McCoy's performance in nowise justifies the wonderful tales that have been told about him, still he thinks him a promising man.

Joe Goddard, the heavyweight Australian, who is to fight Sailor Sharkey in 'Frisco on November 20, passed through this city en route from New York to the coast last Wednesday afternoon. The big antipodean is looking finely, just as brusque and just as rugged as he was the night I saw him lose to Denver Ed Smith down in New Orleans four years ago. His color is good, his eyes bright and he says he never felt better in his life. He says that he came over here to meet the best we have, would fast a week for a chance at Corbett, but prefers Fitzsimmons. From the way he talks one would imagine that he considers the malabdorous Sailor a mere side dish. Goddard doesn't speak very highly of Kid McCoy. "Why," said he, "he didn't use the people right over in my country at all. Those who stuck to him in his illness were the first to be turned down by him after he got well. Those stories that you people have been printing here about his winnings in South Africa are pipe dreams. Of course he made some money, but when it comes to running it up into four figures that is nonsensical. He claims, too, I see, that he challenged me in the Rand. He is a romancer. He would as soon think of facing the British standing army as he would me. He is actually funny and I must say you Yankees are the easiest corned people in the world. The truth of the matter is that when he was in Johannesburg I offered to stop him in six rounds or forfeit the whole purse. He said if I would make it four rounds he would accept. I refused and as soon as he gets out of reach he begins to abuse me. My offer still holds good here. I can knock him out, despite all his fancy work, in less than eighteen minutes. If I can't he can have my purse."

Of course it is generally understood that Creedon and McCoy have been matched at last in earnest, and it looks as if Providence alone could prevent them from meeting. This is certainly good news to the lovers of the game. All are anxious to know just how good or just how bad McCoy is, and all are anxious to know whether Creedon really is next man to Fitzsimmons in the middleweight class. While Creedon has fought a great deal, boozed and dissipated some, he is still in the bloom of his youthful strength and vigor. He is tickled half to death over the prospect of meeting McCoy and believes he has a pudding. And so do I. While McCoy may be long and rangy and a good sprinter and all that, he must have a good deal more to counteract the numerous formidable attainments of the stocky Australian. Dan is a real fighter. He uses one hand as well as the other, has an unerring eye for distance and can hit like a trip hammer. McCoy outreaches him several inches, but Creedon has a way of boring in that is marvelous and will take a lot of punching to do a little of the business himself. I have refereed two fights in which Creedon figured as a principal, and I think I know a little about his worth as a warrior. I tell you, he's all right. He'll whip McCoy as sure as they meet. He will hammer away at those lean ribs until the Hoosier is no taller than he is. He has annihilated greater disparity in size than he will be compelled to this time.

And I can tell you another man who is going to get it in the neck shortly, and that is Kid Lavigne. I think on the 29th of this month, one week from next Friday night, it will be on the occasion of his second meeting with Joe Walcott, the colored demon from the Barbadoes. Lavigne won from the shade at Coney Island simply from the fact that he was on his feet when the twentieth round was ended. The conditions of that fight were all against Walcott. He had to get down to 133, and to do it he had to all but cut off a leg. This time the coon has all the best of the agreement. They are to weigh in at 6 o'clock in the afternoon at 135 pounds, which will give O'Rourke's rembrandt four hours and a half to nourish himself on beef broth and other building materials. At the lowest he will scale 142 when he crawls through the ropes. And that means a horrible beating for Lavigne. I do not believe there is a man in the world, not excepting Tommy Ryan, who can whip that black boy at 145 pounds. He is a holy terror, with an arm as long as a telephone pole and a rap always up his sleeve that would put a government mule to sleep. Lavigne, in his supreme gall, or confidence, has overmatched himself, and the negro will be a 2 to 1 favorite on the night of the fight. Those dead game sports out on the coast are not to be fooled in a little matter like this.

FOREST, FIELD AND STREAM.

The Movements of Those Who Love the Rod and Gun.

Martin Myer, Charles Schmetzberger, A. J. Short and Major Hazelton spent several days at Langdon during the last week, guests of Edward Izaak Walton Krug. They met with rainy weather on the first day, and rather than risk a drenching outside remained at the hotel and took it inside, filling in the time at high five, at which fascinating game, it is said, Krug and Short are the worst players on earth. But the second day was an ideal October day, and the party made a famous catch, of which a five pound and three-quarter Salmoides Micropterus found its way to this shop. It was a catch by Mr. Krug, and, by the way, was one of the handsomest bass I have ever seen taken from nearby waters. By the way, Ed has just finished a beautiful Langdon legend entitled "Did She Fall in or Was She Pushed?" It will appear later in these columns.

Charles W. Budd, the well known professional shot of Des Moines, Ia. was recently appointed special police on the shooting grounds at Des Moines during the progress of an amateur shoot, in which the chippy was barred. He walked around the grounds once, came back to the office and reported that the sun was shining, and now the police commissioners of Des Moines have offered him a position of special cop on the city force.

Sportsmen generally in this vicinity sympathize with Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, at present champion target shot of the world, in the loss of his venerable father. Gilbert, pere, died a few days since at an advanced age at his home near the lake. He was one of the early settlers of the region and in the early days was a trapper and trafficker in furs, but latterly a farmer. He has been very proud of his son's skill with the hammerless and has watched him rise from the ranks to the chief of them all.

Frank Parmelee made one of his old-time "stringe" on the last day of the recent tournament at Chicago, killing sixty-one pigeons straight with a cheap grade gun.

Miss Nettie King of St. Louis, Mo., claims the title of champion lady wing shot of Missouri, and stands ready to defend that honor at live birds or inanimate targets.

John A. Ruble of Chicago won the season's average of the Cook County league, breaking 96 per cent. He shot at 175 targets and broke 168, having four scores of twenty-five straight, two of twenty-three and one of twenty-two out of twenty-five.

Rollo Heikes, the famous Ohio trap shot, will be in attendance at the big shoot on the other side of the river October 26, 27 and 28.

Texas is a queer state and some strange things happen there. A few months ago a trap shoot was held in a little town in that section and a large crowd gathered to witness the sport. The referee had been giving poor satisfaction. He called a dusted bird "dead" and often a broken bird "lost." Finally the shooters made a kick and called for a new referee. Among the cowboys present was a great strapping fellow who volunteered to perform this thankless task. He strode forward, jumped upon a Blue Rock barrel, pulled out a couple of six-shooters, carefully looked them over and put them back in his belt. Then he turned around and made his speech: "Gents, I am asked to referee this yere shooting match and I'm going to do it proper. The fust son-of-a-gun that disputes my calling will find himself in another kind of shootin' match. Start the traps running." No, 1 man promptly called pull and the target sailed out. At the crack of the gun it flew into several parts. "Touched," yelled the new referee. No. 2 men shot and missed. "Untouched," called the cowboy on the barrel. Not a man dared to tell him that he was not using the usual terms to signify a miss or a hit, and so all the rest of the day "touched" and "untouched" governed the chalk marks on the score board.

Speaking in his Ornithological Biography of the "spoonbill" or shoveler duck, so cordially hated by shooters in this vicinity, Audubon, the great naturalist says: "The shoveler walks prettily and I have often admired his movements in the puddles formed by heavy dashes of rain in our southern cornfields, where I have found it in company with the wood duck, the mallard and the pintail. Its flight resembles that of the blue-winged teal; and in tenderness, as well as in flavor, it rivals, as an article of food, that beautiful bird. No sportsman who is a judge will ever pass a shoveler to shoot a canvasback." Pass a shoveler to shoot a canvasback! What do you Omaha sportsmen think of that? Would you do it? I think you would—not only pass Mr. Spoonbill for a crack at a canvas, but you would be willing to walk five miles around him to get a crack at one of those white and gray boys with the russet colored head. And this all goes to show what we think of Prof. Audubon's taste.

The fishing is now of the finest at all the adjacent waters, even Cut Off lake seems to once more be furnishing an abundance of lively sport, and hundreds of people are there every day, from the fat man who basks in the mellow sunshine and lies faster than Star Pointer can pace about the catches he used to make, down to the urchin with brimless hat, bare feet and bean-pole, cotton line and pin hook. The expert with his modern outfit is to be seen here, too. He is after the bass and clearly figures as the most important personage in all the horde of piscatorial artists scattered about the shores. He is the sun around which the smaller planets revolve. This important and enviable reputation is not always reached by the attainment of any superior skill or excellence, but is yielded by common consent on account of paraphernalia. Should he be so fortunate as to establish his position by a big catch then he is truly a despot over willing and submissive subjects. His every wish is law, his every command promptly obeyed. His red, line and leader are copied as nearly as possible and his style of manipulating the same imitated. Should he patronize a nake spoon the nake spoon falls into immediate favor. If, perhaps, he decides on a frog every man within sight in less than an hour will be off in the high grass hunting for the jumpers. If it is a minnow or a crawfish with him, minnow or crawfish it is with them.

As all anglers know, your so-called expert is a shifty sort of a person, apt to forswear tomorrow that which he faithfully abides by today, and rag-tag and bobtail of the grand army of devotees of the gentle art are kept constantly guessing.

As I intimated in the outset the fishing just now is capital almost everywhere in this region—Langdon, Quinnebogg, Blue Lake, Mud Lake and Manawa, while at Lakes Washington, Jefferson and Madison in lower Minnesota it is unsurpassed. This is especially true at Washington, where any fairly skillful angler can fill his reel in a few hours' industrious work. The beauty of the scenery here cannot be matched, with the timbered crags looming high above the blue waters, and the flowering fields bordering away to the south. The air is redolent with the odor of autumn flowers and all the surroundings entrancing and beautiful. The shallows are studded with tiger lilies and delicate pink and white azaleas clamber over all projecting banks. Pass, Pat Sheehan writes me, are now taking the line with greater avidity than at any time this season, and cropple and pike are to be had for the taking. The bass that abounds here is noted for its delicate flavor, its magnificent tints and hard-fighting qualities, a basket of which will more than repay the journey, though it were twice the distance.

CURTIS, Neb., Oct. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Having noticed several communications in your valuable Sunday edition from different parts of the state and none from this section, so thought I would let you know how we are fixed out here: Now that the time for quail shooting has almost arrived, I believe it would not come amiss to inform you concerning the shooting prospects for this bird this fall and winter. They are most plentiful here, in fact, more than has ever been known before. The past season has been an ideal one for both quail and chicken; no cold rains or floods visited us to destroy the young birds. Most all the old quail have reared the second brood, which are almost full grown. Only a few minutes ago I sighted a covey of perhaps a dozen or fifteen quail within a block of Main street. Of course they strayed into town, but it goes to show that they are plentiful and tame. The undergrowth is quite heavy along the creeks and in the canyons, which will afford good protection from the sportsman's gun, and especially the cold storms of winter, one of which, I believe, will destroy more birds than the sportsmen do throughout the season. Chicken, though not nearly so plentiful as quail, are by no means scarce, and no one need come home with an empty bag. I read with pleasure the sporting page of The Sunday Bee, especially the "Forest and Field" column, which would be hard to beat. We have excellent train service, which enables people leaving Omaha or the eastern part of the state in the morning to arrive here the same evening, and leaving here in the morning to arrive at Omaha the same evening.—Rush Razee.

W. P. McFarlane, Fred Blake, J. J. Dickey, G. C. Towle and W. D. Kenyon left for the northwestern sandhills last Wednesday for a ten days' crack at the ducks.

John Kuhn of the Northwestern railway, C. S. Cullingham and party from the east, are shooting snipe on the lowlands near Buffalo Gap.

According to Hough the best quail shots in the world are found in the south, where men are born and bred to the gun in that well stocked country, where the food is so abundant and the cover so dense that these birds have always existed there in great numbers. In the old time it was part of the southern gentleman's education to shoot with the fowling piece, and in the pursuit of this bird he has had the great advantage of an experience that began in youth. Others shoot quail ardently, handsomely, at times brilliantly, but few men ever attain the quiet certainty of one of the old-time southern field shots. In the south the sport is usually pursued on horseback, with servants to carry the game and ammunition and to hold the horses. In the north, and indeed in any country where small fields and high fences prevail, the quail shooter goes on foot. Dogs trained to hunt in front of horsemen slow up and cover less ground when the shooters dismount and follow on foot, but the latter way of getting to one's quail shooting is after all desirable, as it gives the shooter the incomparable exercise of brisk walking in fresh air.

As I mentioned last Sunday, this is the sportsman's idyllic season, and scores of Omahans are already encamped on the different favorite shooting grounds within easy access of the city, and hundreds of others are yearning to get away. You remember just twelve months ago the first night we stood upon the Raccoon's legendary shores and watched the sun go down behind the hazy sand hills? What a picture of glorious enchantment. Who cared whether the ducks came in or stayed out. Just then nature was supplying every want the senses demanded. Tints not detectable in the atmosphere kindled the quiet lake's surface and not a fragment of drifting cloud but found on its delicate texture a perfect image. Every second, almost, its appearance changed. Now it smiles in tenderest azure, then a little breath from the ghostly plains lighted upon its quiet surface and a gleam of silvery ripple flashed athwart. Then an impalable shade turned it into purple, again a vague gray, then flitting lights and darks all over, finally settling into softest tranquillity and divinest hues. How soothing to close the eyes and look back over such scenes. And the ducks, the next morning! Do you remember how they flew and what a bag we made? Alas, me! but those were happy days.

Elmer Frank and Chat Redick are after bear up in the Wyoming mountains. There is an old vet up there—a grizzly that is supposed to weigh something like 1,400 pounds—that all the stockmen, ranchers and hunters have been trying to bag all summer, but thus far to no avail. Elmer Frank and Ed Clarke followed this monster for three days and nights, but never got a shot and finally gave up the chase. Knowing of Chat Redick's prowess as a bear hunter Elmer came down from the mountains last Tuesday and took the young man back with him, and as soon as that old grizzly hears that he is in the country he will probably climb up on the highest peak in the neighborhood and jump off and kill himself.

All my sportsmen comrades will agree with me when I say that tobacco never has such delicious flavor as when he loads his old pipe in open camp after an exciting day's shoot. How the stimulating vapor soothes the perturbed nerves, what lazy contentment it brings, and what pleasant fancies it procreates as you loll back, puff away and float off into dreamland. Again, they will agree with me when I say there is no cooking that can hold a candle to that which the camp stove affords. Boiled, stewed, roasted, baked or broiled over its blaze or coals, in the glow of its embers or in its ashes, whatsoever dish it may be there is none comparable.

With the Oarsmen.

The news that the University of Pennsylvania is considering the advisability of engaging a new rowing coach is something of a surprise to those who have thought that the crews of the Quaker institution had shown great improvement under the instruction of Ellis Ward. To be sure, they have not been successful against the crews of Cornell university, but what American crews have? The Pennsylvania crews have been followed by a large streak of hard luck for more than two years past, but it has not been altogether due to the coach.

It is given out in Philadelphia that Edward Hanlan and Jacob Gaudaur are both under consideration as Ward's successor, and it is a fact that both are anxious to demonstrate what they can do in the direction of turning out oarsmen to compete with the lads from Ithaca. Hanlan has long desired an opportunity to prove himself a better teacher of oarsmanship and watermanship than Charles E. Courtney, and it is likely that now he may have a chance. If he is engaged by the Quakers it will be all over with Yale even for second place among American college crews.

Advertise for One.

A reader writes the sporting editor to know where he can buy a pointer or setter dog. The way to find out is to advertise for one in The Bee.

Questions and Answers.

WEST POINT, Neb., Oct. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please decide the following bet in next Sunday's Bee: A and B are playing casino. A has 18 points, B has 15 points; on the next hand, after several cards are taken in, A has big casino, ace of diamonds, ace of clubs, then calls game and says he is out. B says he is not out according to Hoyle?—F. B. Aldeman, Stake Holder.

Ans.—A is out.

FREMONT, Neb., Oct. 12.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you decide in next Sunday's Bee the following, which has been left to you? A bets B that in a ball game to be played the next day the game will be a tie. Now, at the end of nine innings the game is a tie and the tenth inning has to be played to decide. A claims that nine innings constitute a ball game and that he wins, and B claims it is no game until it is played out. Who wins?—L. M. Clark.

Ans.—B.

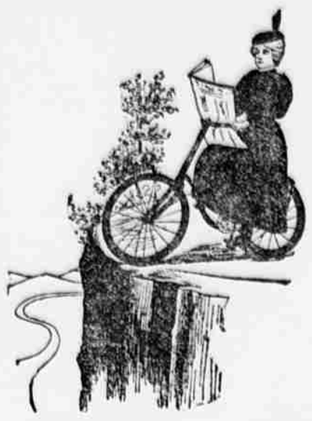
COUNCIL BLUFFS, Oct. 14.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please state when you can commence shooting quail in the state of Iowa, 1897.

Ans.—It is never safe to shoot quail in Iowa. For further information see H. D. Carbee, deputy game warden.

A delicate lunch. A bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne and a dozen raw, and a good cigar for a wind-up.

The Wisconsin tobacco crop, which gives employment to thousands in its harvest and care, has been seriously injured by drouth.

On Dangerous Ground.



CLARKSVILLE, TEX., May 3rd, 1897.

I was sick four months with inflammation of the bladder and other irregularities and troubles and thought sure I would die. My doctors some way did not give me any relief. I heard of Wine of Cardui and sent for a book on "Home Treatment of Female Diseases." After reading the book in bed I determined to try Wine of Cardui. After using the Wine with Black-Draught three days I could feel a great change. I took five bottles altogether and believe it saved my life. I have had perfect health ever since, until last week. I felt some symptoms of the old trouble then. But I got a bottle of Wine of Cardui at once and before I had taken half of it I was all right again. I recommend Wine of Cardui to everybody. I don't think there is anything like it for "Woman's Relief".

JULIA A. MASON.

McELREE'S

Wine of Cardui

When a woman's menstrual periods are accompanied by severe pains or when the time of appearance or duration varies a day or two, she is in danger. There is something wrong. To go on without giving attention to these warning signals means suffering. If long neglected it means invalidism and untimely death. But every kind of uterine, ovarian or kidney trouble can be cured by the use of Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught at the proper time. These medicines have an unparalleled record for curing suffering women. They do their work in the privacy of a woman's own home. $1.00 per bottle at drug stores.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, *Ladies' Advisory Department*, The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Chattanooga, Tenn.

$5,000 CHINESE PRIZE PUZZLE!

THIS picture represents Li Hung Chang at the original occupation of his people. Around him are four of his customers presumably after their washee-washee. It is not very easy to find the faces of the four customers, but by a close search and twisting and turning the Chinaman around they will be revealed. Can you find them?

YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE! If you do.

TRY IT. Don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found them mark each one with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. If correct we will send you a prize at once, all charges prepaid. We are bound to be at the top. Hence we are compelled to make big offers to induce people to subscribe and we are going to do it. We must double our subscription list this season, and to do so we intend giving away *THOUSANDS OF PRIZES*. Among them will be *$100.00 CASH PRIZES, BICYCLES, SILVER WATER PITCHERS, SILVER TEA SETS OF FOUR PIECES, STEM WINDING WATCHES, DIAMOND RINGS, PLAIN RINGS, GOLD PLATED STICK PINS*, Birth of our Flag, Silver Napkin Rings, etc., and last but not least an 80 Acre farm (our value)

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Every one solving this Chinese Puzzle correctly will surely receive ***Free of all Charges one of the above prizes***, of our selection. You are sure to be pleased but if you can honestly say you are not; we will cheerfully return your money. We do this to advertise our paper in your locality and we will expect those who would win to interest their friends in a pecuniary manner, and when they get their prize to show it and say it came as a premium with the **Chicago Household Guest**, one of the best family papers published. To be first is a laudable ambition. It is our desire to lead all other papers, and for this reason alone do we make this wonderful offer of ***thousands of valuable prizes***, to secure the best subscription list.

You can win if you try. With your answer you must send fifteen 2-cent stamps, or 25 cents in silver to pay for one year's subscription to the **Household Guest**. The regular price is 50 cents, but during this offer, we will give you one year's subscription for the price of six months. You will get full value in the paper, and you are sure of a prize also. Bicycles, Tea Sets, Water Pitchers and all large articles are sent by express, while Watches, Rings, Pictures and Stick Pins go by mail. If you miss this you will be sorry. It is the greatest opportunity you ever had. Answer to-day it may be your lucky day. Every one has an equal chance to secure the cash or bicycle prizes. When contest closes, the names of winners of the principal prizes will appear in the **Household Guest**.

THE FOLLOWING HAVE RECEIVED LARGE PRIZES DURING THE PAST YEAR.

E. Fore, Knobsville, Pa. $100.00; Mrs. A. A. Peak, 1728 Southgate St., Louisville, Ky. $100.00; Mrs. Parkinson, Stocton, Manitoba, Can., $100.00; Rena Miller, Box 767, Geneva, Ind. $100.00; Walter Black, Etna, Pa. $100.00; Miss. Kittie Pratt, Perry, N. Y. $100.00; Miss. Mamie Burns, DeMoines, Iowa. $100.00; Miss. E. Higgins, 63 R. R. Ave., Washington, N. J. Bicycle; Lena Weaver, 708 4th St., S. E., Washington, D. C. Bicycle; Mrs. Joe. Weaver, Raimswood, Va. Bicycle; D. E. Foro, P. M., Knobsville, Pa. Bicycle; John Schulte, Racine, Wis. Bicycle; Albert J. Thomas, Detroit, Mich. 5 Washington Ave., Bicycle; Mrs. Mary Merryman, Sturgis, S. D. Bicycle; H. C. Printer, 327 Lexington Ave., Col. O. $25.00; Kitty Tennessen, West Granville, Wis. $25.00; Miss. Mamie Fox, Greenbush, Rens Co., N. Y., $25.00; Michael Connody, Box 255 Hinsdale, Mich. $25.00; Nellie Quigley, 334 Baldwin St. Waterbury Conn. $25.00; W. S. Leavenworth, Ripon, Wis. $25.00; Mrs. Richard Sanndes, Watertown, N. Y., 98 Baker St. $25.00.

Besides hundreds of other prizes. It is our desire that you write any of those parties and satisfy yourself that we do as we say. When answering please state whether you are a subscriber or not.

Address HOUSEHOLD GUEST CO., Dept. 53 CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR LATEST CONTEST

A New Idea. $100.00 For Correct Lists.

1-OYEKWRN	21-THULDU
2-OKLYRNL	22-ATSNUG
3-AAIILLRHPPED	23-YNLN
4-STOSILU	24-SHIPMME
5-MELTIOABR	25-ATLPSU
6-BOONTS	26-EGNINPSLIMA
7-TINNNICIAC	27-VENEDCALL
8-AOERESNLWN	28-RENNOUT
9-BUTTISHPGR	29-OATSNDY
10-IMKUAELWE	30-REFGILNSPID
11-NFACSOICSANR	31-LOPRATDN
12-RDTIOTE	32-TTAAANL