

# CHAMPION BALL ON BICYCLING

## Greatest Living Wheelman Writes of the Sport.

EDITED BY EDDIE C. BALD.

Although Class B has been officially dead for the past four weeks, there has not been a noticeable large crowd of B riders mourning about the grave. In fact, the B's are not very sorry. To tell the truth, those of them who were not aching to get back into the Simon-pure class had rather than not ride as professionals. And now for the reason. It is said:

Class B for the racing men was neither which nor 'tother. The salaries paid to the riders by the manufacturers were not high, as with a big team of B's on the circuit the manufacturer was not disposed to make the individual riders bloated bondholders, so salaries didn't enter very largely into the consideration. As far as prizes went, the class was not unlike the amateur.

If you won a race, getting as a prize a diamond valued at \$150, you could take it to a lapidary, get it appraised and find that it was worth some in the neighborhood of \$85. This was not encouraging, and furnished small incentive to win a race, especially as the prizes represented the income for your whole year's work. If you didn't win, your backer, the manufacturer, soon got sore on you, and the result was that you were dropped from the team. You were supposed to have protection from the Racing Board, but I have known very few instances where even a strenuous kick resulted in the rider being reimbursed for the difference between the scheduled value and the actual value of his winning.

On the other hand, the B rider had a

and gradually getting ready for the more serious class of training on the wheel. There is some preliminary training that can be done to advantage on the track. In a little while, however, I shall get down to work in earnest. But so much for Buckingham. Dave Shafer has made a good trainer for Hamilton, and if Choppy Warburton has done as well by his man it may be a case of Greek meeting Greek. At any rate, it will be a race that I'd like well to witness.

**MULTIPLE BIKES AS PACERS.**  
There has been some discussion among racing men about which is the fastest pacer machine. It used to be said that the big machines couldn't take the curves in small space, consequently would never prove fast pacemakers on anything but a straightaway track. I see that Trainer Shafer says that the sextuplet is faster than the quad or the quint. When the double quint, with its ten riders, gets on the track, I predict that it will be a faster pacer than any sextuplet that has ever been built. Its designer says that it can take the curves on a three-lap track, and, if so, it will prove a regular steam engine for the boys to lie up behind.

Of course, there must be a limit to the size of practical machines, but bigger ones than have ever been used on the track yet will undoubtedly carry the fast 'nag along to record breaking miles. The big machines are a fact just now, and as long as the fact prevails the manufacturers will keep on building them, each striving to outdo the other. Undoubtedly the time will come when pacemaking will be entirely done

# AS TOLD BY CHAMPIONS.

## Professional Bicycle Racing as a Clean Substitute for Class B--America's Hope at Trap Shooting--Tennis to Add to Its Popularity.

### With the Pennant Aspirants.

# EDGAR MURPHY ON SHOOTING

## How to Create an American Monte Carlo Tourney.

The Journal, New York.  
Mr. Edgar Gibbs Murphy.  
Dear Sir: Would you consent to furnish for the Journal's Sporting Page, from time to time such articles upon trap shooting as you think would be beneficial to the sport, and interesting to those devoted to the gun and trap? Very truly yours,  
W. R. HEARST.  
March 13, 1896.

The Journal, New York.  
Mr. W. R. Hearst, The Journal.  
Dear Sir: Referring to your of to-day, I would say that I would be pleased to furnish your paper with whatever matter may seem to me to be of interest to your readers. Very truly yours,  
EDGAR GIBBS MURPHY.

No American gentleman's sport has made such progress in the last few years as trap-shooting. Within the memory of the youngest of us there was a time when there was scarcely a gun club in New York. Now there are half a dozen gun clubs here, and as many in Philadelphia, and in addition to the regular gun clubs many of the social clubs have a shooting annex. It is a sport which appeals to every man who loves the field, and one in which he can indulge at times when business renders it impossible for him to get at the coverts. I have been interested in trap shooting since I was sixteen years old, and have noticed its growth with pleasure.

**WILY SCORES RUN LOW.**  
A great many people reading the accounts of matches at the trap have wondered why the scores are so low. No man by simply reading the account of an event can form any conception of the excellence of the score unless he should have been present at the event itself and noted all the conditions of the day. My last essay at the trap was in a match with Mr. Work at 200 birds each. We averaged about 76 birds to 100. On the face of the thing that seems to be a poor score, but it was shot on the ground of the Westminster Kennel Club, considered the fastest grounds in America, and on a day when the wind was blowing not less than a gale.

On such a day as that nearly every bird that left the traps with the wind was carried beyond the bounds, and the winning of such a match was more a matter of good fortune than of expertness. It reduced itself to a matter of good luck with the last few birds of the score. An opponent getting in the last moments a series of birds with the wind would be almost sure to lose two out of three of them, and the man who had the good fortune to get quartering or incoming birds would obtain a lead which would mean victory to him, without superiority.

**WESTMINSTER GROUNDS ARE FAST.**  
To show how difficult the Westminster Club grounds are, I must instance a few scores recently made there. On February 21, which was a fair winter's day, in a friendly match, Mr. Work killed eighty-five birds; Captain Money seventy-five, and Mr. Morris sixty-two out of a hundred. On February 20 Mr. Work had a practice shoot with Mr. Brewer. Mr. Brewer

Prix du Casino, at Monte Carlo, since George Lottard carried off the trophy in '76. I can explain that by showing the make-up of the gentlemen who shoot there. Every year there comes to Monte Carlo say forty Englishmen, as many Frenchmen, a dozen Italians and a number of Russians, Austrians, Germans and Spaniards, who enter in the contest, and after one tournament perhaps a dozen shots out of the entire lot will find themselves in sufficient form to contest the following year. The effect of this is to bring to the Monte Carlo traps the winnowed material of Europe, and against these each year the two or three Americans prove enough to enter must be pitted. One can see at a glance what a small chance the American has of winning.

**AN AMERICAN MONTE CARLO.**  
The greatest proposition that has been put forth since my initial effort at the traps is that recently suggested to me by Mr. W. W. Watrous, of Tuxedo, to give a pigeon shoot on ground like that at Monte Carlo, in America. London supports two gun clubs--Hurlingham and the Gun Club. Paris supports one--the Cercle de Patineux, in the Bois. New York is trying to support a dozen, and for that reason ten or a dozen entries are the most that we can hope for in any of our big shoots, whereas in Europe they have from forty to eighty, and sometimes as high as one hundred and twenty entries, the last number contesting for the prize at Monte Carlo.

The idea suggested by Mr. Watrous is that all the lovers of pigeon shooting join a single club on Long Island, doing away with all the other clubs; that a round clubhouse be built, alike on all sides, with a circular iron track upon which the traps can be swung, so that at all times the birds may have the advantage of a driving wind, and with a boundary that can be placed in any direction by a system of movable posts set in fixed receiving sockets. By this system, instead of ten clubs giving shoots on the same day, with eight to twelve entries each, we would have a day like those at Monte Carlo, with from fifty to one hundred entries shooting.

**THE ENGLISH BIRD IS SUPERIOR.**  
For years I have listened to the arguments pro and con with reference to the superiority of the English over the American bird. I acknowledge that as a rule the English Blue Rock is faster than our bird, but I think he is easier killed, whereas our bird ("Eagle," as they call him) will undoubtedly carry more shot and take more killing. Our swinging traps give the bird the benefit of the wind, making him show up quite as well as the English Rock. Our birds cannot be so very much inferior to the English article, as is evidenced by the fact that some of our second and third rate shots have acquitted themselves with credit abroad. While very few foreigners have faced an American trap, I cannot re-

# AT SUNNY JACKSONVILLE.

## Stories of the Exiled Giants, Who Are Getting Their "Prap" in the Far South.

Jacksonville, March 14.--Life in Our Boarding House may be somewhat cramped, but it is never dull, as they sometimes say of a sporting career. The hotel Roseland is pleasantly situated in the middle of a grassy lawn, surrounded by the fragrant stems of orange trees blighted by the frosts of a year ago. Between the house and the river at the back is a pale drab croquet ground, where tourists from the North engage in this cheering sport. A bowling alley and tennis court in front engage the attention of those who yearn for more violent exercise.

Mrs. Marshall has proven herself a most charming hostess, doing everything in her power to make the Giants comfortable. They came at a time when the house was full of non-athletic guests, some of whom trembled at the thought of living beneath the same roof with ball players. The landlady herself confessed to having given way to dull forebodings of she knew not what. She had never seen shortstops and base stealers except in pictures, and a lady who had bid for the team declared her idea of Lord Chesterfield, but never met the ideal until "Kid" Gleason flattered into the door at the Roseland. The fact that Gleason requested some of his young men to remove their razor shod shoes before walking on the carpets won him a true friend.

**HARMLESS, DOMESTIC GIANTS.**  
Naturally, the regular boarders, who have everything but health, and the hostess remained in a state of mild panic until the Giants were installed. Now things are so different. Timid mamma, who hid in the parlor at first, lead their babies to the parlor at night, and always have them returned in a good state of repair. The old gentlemen sit up late at night listening to words of wisdom that fall from the inspired lips of Trainer Davis, and the entire household, babies and all, are regular attendants at the afternoon games.

No later than yesterday, the landlady remarked that she had pictured her idea of Lord Chesterfield, but never met the ideal until "Kid" Gleason flattered into the door at the Roseland. The fact that Gleason requested some of his young men to remove their razor shod shoes before walking on the carpets won him a true friend.

**WHERE THE GIANTS LIVE.**  
The ball-tossing combination is quartered in the annex on the north side of the main structure. Local historians say that at some remote period this annex consisted of a one-room cottage which thrived in the fertile soil of Florida until the present proportions. Slender maidens can engage in it with scarcely quickened breath, while young men, trained to the pink of condition, may be brought to the verge of exhaustion, but always by their own voluntary exertions.

**ATTRACTIVENESS OF TENNIS.**  
Lawn tennis has the advantage of offering a minimum risk to life and limb, and, further, the contestant can expend as much or as little energy as he desires. The difference between a hard-fought championship match between skilled experts and an ordinary garden party game would be paralleled by an Anglo-American war and the Cuban revolution. Slender maidens can engage in it with scarcely quickened breath, while young men, trained to the pink of condition, may be brought to the verge of exhaustion, but always by their own voluntary exertions.

**GERMAN AS A NIMROD.**  
Lester German is the Ewan of the combination, being a mighty hunter of game, both large and small, though Lester is not a hairy man, nor does he dwell in a tent. Last Spring he slew some sort of a beast that turned out to be a panther in print, but what it was in reality has never been revealed. Lester carried his trusty gun and some smokeless powder along on the present trip. German does not smoke, and he cannot endure the habit, even in powder. When not otherwise engaged, German tramps the hills and dales, accompanied by his faithful Stafford, who retrieves anything but ducks. Last week the pair went out one morning and brought in eleven quails. The Florida quail is not a game bird, according to German. He says that the advanced bird knows that the true sportsman will not shoot at a sitting bird. As Lester's reputation is well known in Florida the quails took advantage of his sporting instinct and whistled defiance at him from the rider rail. But with Stafford to flush the birds, the hunter can all his bag with a clear conscience.

Stafford has since confessed that the eleven quails were robins, shorn of their red breast feathers.

**CHARLES DRYDEN.**  
**Want to Arrange Baseball Games.**  
The team of the Harlow Athletic Club was dated with all athletic, semi-professional and college teams within 100 miles of this city. Address James Sheely, secretary, No. 144 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, City. The Athletics would like to arrange Sunday and holiday games with teams whose players average fifteen years of age. J. P. Crowley, Post Office box 2,180, City.

# HOBART WRITES ON TENNIS

## Sterling Expert Advice for Beginners and Novices.

EDITED BY CLARENCE HOBART.

Alike for pleasure and exercise, lawn tennis is one of the best outdoor games known to man in this year of grace 1896. Why, then, has it not a more universal popularity in this country?

Answer may be found in the fickleness of the American nature, ever impelling the people to rush into things new, heedless of sacrificing proficiency in one direction to mediocrity in several; or, it may be in the fact that it is essentially a game of skill, requiring some resolution and persistence on the part of the exponent before a mastery can be gained; or, again, it may be that the tardiness of the promoters of our annual tournaments (which have a most directly stimulating influence on the game) to recognize that handicap events are its crying need has impeded its progress. That this mistake will be remedied, at least in part, during the coming season is well assured by the purpose expressed by the officers of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association to hold handicap meetings, and there is a possibility of a handicap event in connection with the championship tournament at Newport. This innovation will be of incalculable benefit in encouraging the younger players and those who have not developed sufficient skill to win glory and prizes in years past, by enabling them to meet all comers with equal chances of success.

Passing over the influences and considerations which have militated against the progress of lawn tennis in the past, preventing it from becoming, par excellence, the national game, the writer ventures the opinion that at the present time it numbers more votaries and enthusiasts in its ranks

preferable to the gymnasium slippers often seen, as they protect the feet better in every way. When the soles are worn through it is better to have the shoes resoled, even if the upper part has to be patched, than to get new ones, which are always somewhat trying to the feet. Many a match has been lost through sore and blistered feet depriving a player of his accustomed activity, and this is a matter to which a tournament player especially cannot give too much attention.

Duck trousers are more worn than flannel, and are more comfortable and serviceable. I prefer cotton to linen duck, it being lighter and easier. Cheviot is the best material for the shirt, as it is cool and does not stick to a perspiring skin as does silk or Madras cloth. The tennis shirt is never of dannel now. I am glad to say.

Unless you are subject to sunstrokes it is best to do without a cap, as the wind or your movement is likely to cause it to fall over your eyes, just as you are making perhaps a most important stroke. Players who perspire freely run no risk from sunstroke, even under the hottest sun. If you do not perspire you can wear a straw hat (a wet forehead and a handkerchief in conjunction are foes to comfort), which is often of great advantage in shielding the eyes from the sun. Belts should be of leather, or run will discolor your trousers. By wearing a band made of a handkerchief tied around the head, just over the eyebrows, a player who wears eyeglasses will do something toward keeping them free from moisture.

**IN SELECTING A RACKET.**  
Your racket, which should be of your own and not some one else's choosing, should be,



CLARENCE HOBART, The Famous Tennis Champion.

than any other outdoor sport, with the exception of cycling (which is not a game), and possibly of baseball. Football, while a wonderfully interesting game for player and spectator, is only played during a short season by a limited number of trained athletes. If other classes engaged in it, as it is played to-day, its mortality would be frightful.

Lawn tennis has the advantage of offering a minimum risk to life and limb, and, further, the contestant can expend as much or as little energy as he desires. The difference between a hard-fought championship match between skilled experts and an ordinary garden party game would be paralleled by an Anglo-American war and the Cuban revolution. Slender maidens can engage in it with scarcely quickened breath, while young men, trained to the pink of condition, may be brought to the verge of exhaustion, but always by their own voluntary exertions.

Golf, upon which fashion has set its seal of approval, has been named as a rival to lawn tennis, but they are too widely different to oppose each other to any great extent. The former should prove a boon to middle-aged men and women, who desire a gentle and pleasant pastime, but there its sphere should cease. The younger members of the fair sex may be lured away for a time, but they are sure to return ere long to their first love.

It will be the aim of this article, and succeeding ones, to place before the readers all the information at the command of a veteran who has been playing in tournaments for nearly ten years. While the writer can hardly expect to say anything new to other experienced players, he hopes that those who have not yet entered tournaments, which are the great teachers, and particularly those who are comparative novices at the game, may be benefited by his words; and if any individuals who have not yet had the pleasure of matching themselves against others in friendly tennis strife may be induced by his persuasive eloquence to try their hand, he assures them that they will not regret it.

**REQUIREMENTS OF THE GAME.**  
First, as to clothing, be careful to get shoes which fit, neither too large nor too small, and never pointed. They should be fitted over heavy woolen stockings, which protect the feet remarkably well. A few players advocate wearing two pairs of thinner stockings, one over the other, but one heavy pair is my preference. For turf courts, spiked shoes are essential. These have no heels, and the soles are studded with small spikes, about a quarter of an inch in length, which give a better foothold than can be obtained with rubber soled shoes on dirt. Do not try the dangerous experiment of playing on turf with rubber soles, as you will be sure, especially if the grass be wet, to slip in trying to start and stop suddenly, and are likely to strain yourself; and even when the turf is perfectly dry it usually contains more or less clover, the juice crushed out by treading on which is wonderfully slippery.

For clay or dirt courts a rather heavy tan shoe with thick red rubber soles is far

If you can afford it, one of the first grade of any popular make. A woman's racket should weigh not less than 12½ ounces, as they cannot be made sufficiently strong to be reliable when lighter. A woman can play better with a racket weighing 13 ounces, or even 13½ ounces, if she is strong enough, as a very light racket does not give enough force to a stroke. A man's racket should weigh about 14 ounces, half an ounce more or less. No law can be fixed for the balance, some players liking best an evenly balanced racket, while some want weight in the head and others in the handle. The best plan seems to be to experiment for yourself, find out what balance suits you, and then do not change.

Never use any except the official balls adopted by the U. S. L. N. T. A., especially if you expect to play in tournaments, where they are universally used.

If it always advisable, if you wish to improve, not to confine yourself to practice with one particular opponent, as each will soon learn everything the other knows and will be able to divine beforehand just what he is going to do. Then, if you are opposed to another adversary, whose style and methods are new to you, you will be all set and will probably be surprised to find that you are entirely unable to cope with him, although very likely he has appeared to play an inferior game to yours.

Join a club, if possible, which you know to contain some strong players, and meet all who are worthy of your skill and have an ambition to become its champion. Enter the club tournament, even if you have no chance at first, and then if you have time play in open tournaments, and you will be surprised at your progress.

I have belonged to the New York Times Club since its inception, and after a year or two was considered the second best player, but MacMullen was champion. After three or four years, in 1889, I think, I found I could beat MacMullen, and wasn't I a proud and happy youth!

It is a good plan to watch an expert who is said, or (if you prefer to judge for yourself) whom you consider to have an excellent style, and try to play strokes as he does. Even is a most important factor toward success, and in the beginning it is not hard to mold your game on any desired lines. Later it will be found a much more difficult matter.

*Clarence Hobart*

**AFLOAT AND ASHORE.**  
The steam yacht Sylvia, flagship of the New York Yacht Club, will carry two naphtha launches at Hobart's berth, at Erie Basin. They will be 18 feet over all, the motor being two horse-power.



EDWARD C. BALD, The Champion of All Champion Bicyclists.

status with the Racing Board that was little better than that of the professional under the old regime. Everybody eyed him with suspicion. In many cases unwarmed, and there he was between Devil and the deep sea. He sold his prizes for a loan on them his case was just as bad as that of the amateur. It was an unenviable position, and I think the majority of B riders are heartily glad to be relieved from it.

**PROFESSIONALISM TO BE CLEARER.**  
I anticipate that professional racing this year will be conducted in a way that will take better care of the interests of the riders than they found under Class B rules. The public and the manufacturers, in fact everybody concerned, will be better off. It is recognized that the Racing Board is obliged to give its proper surveillance and see that it is run on the square. There will be fewer races fixed and less hypochondriac than when "pro" racing was entirely in the hands of unprincipled and moneymaking schemers, whose only idea was to please the public by exhibition riding and give the members of their teams a sort of "divvy" on the windings by allowing the men to gobble the purses in turn.

If there is any crooked work, such as hypochondriac or jockeying, it will be as likely to meet due punishment as the same sort of thing among horsemen, and a few examples will be sufficient to make the racing men understand that it is dangerous to go monkeying with the buzz saw.

It is my honest opinion that professional racing this year will be the cleanest sport that was ever pulled off under L. A. W. auspices. And when a "pro" rider gets a prize, he knows that it will go at any bank or grocery store for its full value. More than that, it's his own, to do with as he likes. He don't have to keep it where it can be produced once in twenty-four hours if the chairman of the Racing Board sees fit to persecute him.

**SOMETHING TO RIDE FOR, NOW.**  
As far as I am personally concerned, I am much better pleased with the prospect than I would have been to continue in Class B. Since I have signed a contract and begun to make my plans for the season's riding I long for the racing season to open. There is no doubt that the excitement of competition in a bicycle race, when there is a good prize at the end of it, is the next thing to competition in the tournaments of the old days, when the victors might be rewarded with all the possessions of the vanquished.

away with, but that may not be until the present multi-centers have worn out and served their purpose.

*E. C. Bald*

## HONORS FOR TURNER.

Won Bout in Two Separate Classes at the New York Athletic Club's Wrestling Tourney.

The final bouts of the New York Athletic Club's wrestling championships attracted a large assemblage of club members last night, and the gymnasium was crowded. Five classes were entered for decision and the bouts were interesting and closely contested in each instance. The best, perhaps, was the final in the 165-pound class. Weinacht used his utmost skill and strength in useless endeavors to throw his antagonist, Dr. Leonard W. Ely, and after they had wrestled ten minutes without either man making a fall, the referee ordered an extra round of ten minutes. In this bout the men were again unsuccessful in their efforts to gain a fall, and the referee awarded the bout to Weinacht, he doing the most work.

**Summary.**  
115-Pound Class--Semi-final bout--H. S. Thompson defeated T. Avery Collett, Time, 3:44. Final bout between H. S. Thompson and W. F. S. Hart was not decided, owing to an injury sustained by Hart in a previous bout.  
125-Pound Class--Final bout--T. Avery Collett defeated W. F. S. Hart, Time, 3:21.  
155-Pound Class--Semi-final bout--Dr. H. B. Stanford defeated E. Turner, Time, 3:00.  
165-Pound Class--Final bout--J. C. Turner defeated J. E. Leach, Time, 9:10.  
185-Pound Class--Final bout--Edward Weinacht defeated Dr. Leonard W. Ely. Neither man gained a fall, referee deciding on Weinacht on superior work.

The officials were Referee, George H. B. Mitchell; timers, Robert Stoll and J. H. Abeel.

## HART CAPTURED THE TROPHY.

The Short Stop Tournament at Daly's Billiard Parlors Closed Last Night.  
The short stop billiard tournament at Maurice Daly's Brooklyn parlors ended last night, and Hart was announced the winner, Houston second and Vandenberg third. Gardner, who was the favorite up to Friday evening's game, when he was defeated by one point did not finish in the first bunch.



EDGAR G. MURPHY, Champion Gentleman Wing Shot of America.

killed ninety and Mr. Work eighty-nine. In a subsequent event Mr. Brewer, shooting at thirty-three yards, killed sixty-six birds, and Mr. Class, at thirty yards, dropped seventy-four within boundary. The physical make-up of the Westminster grounds in some measure accounts for the poor scores made there. From the location of the traps the ground slopes gently away in every direction, and a man will under-shoot his birds and be puzzled that he did not kill. The wind plays a conspicuous part in the shoots held at this ground, and one must take all these things into consideration when he passes judgment upon a score made at the traps. I may say, by the way of parenthesis, that these conditions obtained at the grounds of more than one club about New York.

Many times I have been asked the question why no American has won the Grand

call one, whom trap shooters would designate a crack.

EDGAR GIBBS MURPHY.