# OLLIE WAS JUST SPLENDID.

*EVERY ONE OF HIS THIRTY-SIX PRETTY TYPEWRITERS SAY SO.*

**They Have Reason to, for He Paid Them Double Wages and They Had Little to Do Besides Making Bright with Their Presence the Headquarters of the P. M. L.**

Oliver Sumner Teall's resignation of the office of Poo-Bah of the People's Municipal League is in one sense to be deplored, as it withdraws the most amusing and picturesque figure of the campaign from the position in which he was most interesting. The institution over which he presided remains, of course, as before, and it is of special interest now, before the other exciting incidents of the campaign crowd out what has been prominent, to take a look at both as they have been up to the present moment.

Many persons who have read the newspaper accounts of the League and Oliver will probably wonder why fun has been so persistently poked at both from all sources. Undoubtedly many will think it was all due to political persecution, and that it was cruel and unjust to speak of the former as a post-mortem league, and the latter as "Ollie." All such persons should have gone to the headquarters of the League and judged for themselves. It is not too late even now for these charitably disposed persons to visit the headquarters in the Victoria Hotel Annex. They are open to inspection until twilight, at least, every day of the week except Sunday. And now as to Mr. Teall. Anybody who remembers a certain handsome young fellow, with lofty manners, a rather haughty face, wavy, sandy hair, and a long, graceful mustache, who used to parade the upper Broadway promenade and Fifth avenue with a large English mastiff, gayly decorated, will readily understand the universally applied appellation of "Ollie." For those who do not remember him in this way it will be sufficient explanation to say that the attire of the dog referred to was always of an extremely startling and stagy nature. Sometimes he had bunches of roses in his collar and sometimes ribbons both there and on his

OLLIE.

tail. Not only does Ollie divide his hair in the middle, but evidently he spends much time in cultivating a certain wavy bang on each side of his forehead. No one has ever known the beauty of the studied carelessness of these bangs to be displaced by a single hair. The same I-am-posing business has characterized his every appearance. It was the beautiful mastiff, whose name was Leo, that first brought Ollie into prominence before the New York public. He became in the general mind a fitting side partner to George Francis Train in his later days. When Leo died everybody was prepared for a public demonstration of his master's grief, and nobody thought it strange to see him appear in the prominent places in deep mourning.

Ollie is bright in his way. He has various sides to his nature, as any one could readily see if he would follow him around for twenty-four hours. The languid Ollie that strolls down Fifth avenue as though he owned the earth, about the time the swells are breakfasting at Delmonico's, is not the same commanding figure that strides into the rooms of the League with an air of majesty, nor is this the same person as the adorable creature that returns the glances of homage from many pretty eyes with a look of condescending power. Again, this is not the brilliant fellow who, arrayed in a perfect fitting dress suit, lounges nightly into Koster & Bial's concert hall and presides over the queens who hasten to his fox to show their appreciation of his presence. Neither is the Ollie who finers the contributions to the League with lordly disdain the same Ollie as the one who schemes to save board bills by ingenious suggestions as to the best way to run summer hotels and by promises to secure patrons.

TYPEWRITERS AT WORK.

It will not do to speak of Ollie in California. There are dark whisperings of what Ollie did there; but bygones are bygones. Ollie illumined Tairytown Heights with his presence this summer in consideration of free board. Such of his friends as he occasionally condescends to confide in, Ollie told that he had secured his free board by providing the hotel keeper with a wonderful cook from the South, who had a power in the preparation of fried chicken and rice. He also induced some of his acquaintances to go to the same hotel, and so blinded the hotel keeper with his lordly talk about influential friends that the proprietor turned over to him some of the best rooms in the house.

Ollie does not deny that he is one of Thackeray's young men who want everything for nothing. He attributes his success in accomplishing his end in this respect to his winning ways. Ollie's chief boast is that he never says a word, except in evening dress, and he naturally looks with scorn upon everybody who does not do this same thing. If Ollie ever breaks down suddenly it will undoubtedly be due to the fact that untoward circumstances interfered with this habit. Even when he drops in at the League headquarters occasionally of an evening he wears his dress suit, and the effect on the beautiful but innocent girls he employs may be imagined.

This is the political genius to whom the work of reform inaugurated by the League has been intrusted. A Sun reporter called at the headquarters twice the other day to find Ollie and learn from his own lips what master strokes of genius will be used to reduce New York to the way of thinking. He learned to his surprise that Ollie was not so regular in attending at headquarters as he had supposed. While waiting for Ollie's appearance the visitor made mental note of the surroundings. To his surprise there was no indication of remarkable activity on the part of any of the many persons in the different rooms opening out of the entrance hall. It was a trying place for a modest young man to be in. From every direction a battery of glasses from twenty half-veiled eyes kept darting at him. He envied the

SOME OF THE CLERKS.

[illegible] of Ollie's own self who sat about with [illegible] in the business. The young man who seemed to be acting as Ollie's first lieutenant volunteered to show the visitor the admirable arrangements of the establishment.

"We employ thirty-six young ladies," said the young man, as he waved his hand at a bevy of silken beauties engaged in some myste-

MORE CLERKS.

rious whisperings, "and we also have ten young men. We are all kept very busy."

At this moment, as though to corroborate this statement, the reporter noticed one very pretty girl of about eighteen summers, moistening the mucilage on a postage stamp with her dainty tongue. The postage stamp remained in her mouth so long that the reporter began to fear that it had stuck there and was on the point of offering his services to assist her in detaching it. At the same time three other young ladies were watching the operation. Just to make certain of the length of time that it took in this institution to affix a postage stamp to an envelope, the reporter took out his timepiece and kept one eye on the second hand and another on the operating divinity. The postage stamp came out very slowly, and the young lady paused with it in her fingers to talk, while the second hand flew around twice. Then she put it down on the envelope and began slowly and carefully to smooth it out and fasten it in place. After the little fingers had fixed the stamp as nearly correct as possible the girl took a clean blotter and pressed this gently but firmly over the stamp and held it there while the second hand travelled half-way around again. Altogether the operation consumed three and a half minutes, but it was very well done.

There are six rooms in the suite which are given up to the pretty girls whom Ollie has taken so much delight in selecting. It is said that there were a good many applicants for the places, and that Ollie was not able to make his selections without examinations quite as strict as those usually conducted by theatrical managers when hiring the figures for the chorus. Ollie was not always successful, it is sad to relate, in securing those upon whom he decided favorably. One young lady, who called in answer to his advertisement as a competent stenographer, was decidedly displeased by Ollie's manner of receiving her. She supposed that having come on a business errand she was going to be treated in a business like manner. She was ushered into Ollie's presence, and, strange to say, did not immediately faint with delight. Ollie was sitting back in his chair with his feet on a coal scuttle and a fragrant cigar at an angle of thirty-three degrees in one corner of his mouth, and he did not deign to remove this as he beamed sweetly upon his caller. After a few commonplace inquiries he said to the young lady in an engaging manner:

"Well, to be frank with you, I really don't want to employ any but good-looking young ladies. I can't bear to have any others around me. I like to have sweetness and fragrance about me constantly. I must say, however, that I am very much impressed with you, and I think we should get along together very well. Of course you know the duties here are not very severe, but still they will necessitate your remaining here in the evenings. I will be very glad, however, to have you here, and we will try and make things pleasant for you."

The young lady was completely taken aback by the manner of her reception, and who felt indignant, replied, curtly, that she could not think of working in the evening, and that the money was not of sufficient moment to her to make her willing to abandon her evenings at home.

"Oh, but you won't mind that," said Ollie, sweetly, "you will find it so very pleasant here. There will be all sorts of nice gentlemen in here during the evening, and the surroundings are so pleasant."

Ollie was amazed when his offer was finally rejected. It will probably interest those persons who, under a mistaken understanding of the actual purposes of the League, have contributed money to its support, to know that Ollie has been using it to impress his employees with his own munificence. Salaries are paid to the lovely damsels installed in Ollie's presence that would startle almost any business man who pays the market price for services rendered. An acquaintance of the young lady referred to has been boasting for some time that Ollie was paying her more than double the rates she ever earned before. The room in which Ollie was himself to be found when at headquarters is between two other rooms, each of which contain a number of the employees who add grace to the establishment. When Ollie sat at this desk, twiddling his moustache, he could gaze into the depths of as lovely a pair of black eyes as one might wish to see. They belong to one of his enrollment clerks, who is a very perfect specimen of the Oriental type of beauty. Her oval face and olive complexion are well set off by her sparkling eyes and raven hair. Ollie has certainly been successful in surrounding himself with excellent types of feminine beauty.

While the reporter was thinking over these things there was a stir in the hallway and a murmur of tongues, and then Ollie himself strode into the room. Walking with rapid strides over to a table in one corner, Ollie whirled around and seated himself at one side of his desk, where he could drink in all the loveliness in his adjoining room. Thrusting his hand into his pocket he drew out a bunch of keys and threw them haughtily down upon the table beside him. Immediately four of the young men who had come in to wait upon his wants scrambled for the possession of the keys. The one who secured them triumphantly opened a tin box into which the day's mail had been put, and handed over the contents to Ollie. Ollie carelessly lighted a cigar and crossed his legs as he picked up a silver paper knife and gracefully cut open the letters as they were handed to him. His part of the work consisted in taking out the contents of the envelopes, rapidly glancing over them, and then throwing them over to a young man who sat at his right, and who was evidently supposed to know what to do with them. Ollie was very pleased to see the reporter. The Leagues were getting along famously. He pointed to a frame containing several hundred boxes in the other room.

"Each of those boxes," he said, "is capable of containing fifteen hundred certificates of enrollment."

As he spoke several of the boxes were being dusted by the girls, and the fact was revealed that each contained only about a dozen slips. Ollie explained that his work consisted in sending out requests to everybody to become members of the League and in arranging the replies so that each election district was looked after. Twenty-four young ladies, he said, were employed to look after the enrollments. Each had charge of an Assembly district, and she divided into election districts the names of enrolled members of the League.

"We keep," said Ollie, "a list not only of the enrolled members of the League of each election district, but also have the names of the leaders of the different parties in these districts, and the name of a canvasser on whom we can rely to furnish us with any special information that we may desire."

DISCUSSING POLITICS.

Ollie couldn't exactly explain the value of all these things, nor could he give any certificate of genuineness for the name he had enrolled. The fact, however, that in dozens of cases the majority of slips received from an election district were in the same handwriting did not appear to signify to him that somebody was boxing him. He felt quite certain, indeed, that the League was going to tip the town upside down, and that the League was coming out on top. With a beautiful vagueness that corresponded well with his south Brooklyn surroundings, he dilated upon the weaknesses of his opponents and the efficiency of his own campaign. He reddened somewhat when it was intimated that it would be very interesting to the public to see the stubs of his check book and learn just where the money was going to. He denied that his own name had ever been on a second ballot in any of his books, although some other gentlemen who were present had to be sent for information in regard to the matter before they were. It is interesting to note that Ollie's relations with the clergymen were of the most intimate nature in spite of his slightly Mormonite. But then Ollie is such a winning creature, and, as one of his beautiful paintings said, "He is just splendid." Perhaps it is owing to Ollie's influence that the clergymen found at headquarters have a somewhat worldly air about them and seem to differ with the same average degree enjoyed by less fully paid men. They seem to be very treating constant, at that, for as the simple, long-eared world folk that people are inclined to consider them, of course are knowing in the wicked ways of this world.

There had been a feeling for some time among the longer minded in the town that Ollie was too fast. He could use many words, however, when sight at his desk here may cause his opponents to offer him some cash by way of balm to his injured feelings. Whether he returns or not, however, his system and his typewriters will probably remain until the whole institution is swamped.

# GOSSIP ABOUT THE BOXERS.

*JACK DEMPSEY AND BOB FITZSIMMONS TO FIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.*

**Jim Corbett After Dave Campbell with a Sharp Stick—He Breaks Millionaire Spreckels's Nose in a Sparring Bout—Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myer to Meet.**

The publication in this paper of Jim Corbett's letter to Dave Campbell, the Portland pugilist, in which he offered to "arrange" a supposed fight with him, has kicked up quite a bobbery among Corbett's friends in California, and one of them, I feel sure after a consultation with Jim, writes me as follows: "The names of Campbell and Corbett on this coast are never mentioned in the same breath, and it seems that Dempsey & Co. have succeeded by despicable means in leading Eastern ring devotees to believe that the 'duffer' is or was the equal of Corbett. I regret that I could not have set you right regarding the matter with a little inside history of the case. At all events, you can say that Jim Corbett will be delighted to meet Campbell at any time, anywhere, for any amount, and under any conditions. You may rest assured that Jim will give that 'dub' a terrible calling down wherever they may meet." By the "inside history" of the affair my correspondent probably means to intimate that Corbett thought there was big gate money in a go with Campbell in his own town, and that he could not get Dave to box him unless he assured him that he would make a draw of it if he so desired. This is the usual explanation made and proffered under such circumstances, but it is no excuse. Corbett never should have written such a letter nor should he have made or permitted to be made on his behalf any such propositions. The most charitable view of the case is that he was induced to write the letter by Harry Bethune, who is a professional sprinter, and any one who has ever had anything to do with the average professional sprinter knows that he is, in nine cases out of ten, as crooked as a ram's horn. In offering to fight Campbell again Corbett is doing the best thing he can to make the *amende honorable* to his friends and to his own reputation. After making the cracks he did while here, and backing them up by exhibiting Corbett's letter, Campbell cannot refuse to face Corbett again. He has been for a week or more in his old home, Youngstown, Ohio, where last week his friends on his behalf sent a challenge to Elmer Grant of Beaver Falls, near Pittsburgh, offering to match him against Grant for $500 a side. If he doesn't get in immediately with Grant, he ought to hie him at once to the Pacific coast and tackle Corbett, who certainly is much bigger game than a country fighter.

The uninformed often talk freely of the wonderful pugilists in private life, who could easily defeat all the champions from Sullivan down if they would only demean themselves to box with them. I remember being introduced to an English gentleman once who, I was gravely informed, could "go around Jim Mace like a cooper around a barrel." There is at present in this goodly city of New York a well-known gentleman connected with the steamship interests of the port, whose friends often assert can easily whip Sullivan, only he don't want the reputation of having boxed with a slugger. Sometimes these gentlemen, becoming convinced of their prowess, pocket their scruples and put them on with a professional. When they do they usually come to grief. John D. Spreckels, the son of the millionaire sugar king of California and the Hawaiian Islands, is the last example of the kind. Mr. Spreckels is one of the pillars of the California Athletic Club and is an amateur athlete of much more than common ability. When Jimmy Fleming Carroll made his debut in San Francisco he attracted the attention of Mr. Spreckels, who soon became his stanch, fast friend and pupil. He is a man about 5 feet 10 inches high, slender, though sinewy in build, and will weigh, I should judge, about 165 pounds. Carroll and he sparred regularly, and he soon became an adept in all of Jimmy's shifty tricks. So enamored did he become of pugilistic sport that he had a regular ring built in an upper room in his country residence, a short distance from 'Frisco. Here he and Carroll often put them on, and in this ring it was said he once put Jimmy to sleep in an encounter in which both agreed to "cut loose and do their level best." I never could bring myself to believe that Jimmy really was "out." Mr. Spreckels was such a whole-souled patron that I thought that perhaps Jimmy had been guilty of the quintessence of flattery, and had sammied insensibility in order to make his backer feel real good. But be that as it may, it is certain that Mr. Spreckels thought very well of himself, for lately he put them on with Jim Corbett in the sparring room of the Olympic Club in San Francisco. Though President Fulda, Mr. Spreckels, and many other of the leading lights of the California Club are also members of the Olympic, there is no love lost between the clubs, and most of the members of the California look upon Corbett's pretensions with great disfavor. Said President Fulda to me one night last spring, "Whenever Jim Corbett thinks that he is the champion pugilist form all he has to do is to let me know, and the California Club will give him a chance to make his pretensions good. We'll hang up a purse and pit a good man against him who will test his heart." When I spoke of this to one of Corbett's most intimate friends, he replied: "Oh, Fulda don't like Jim, because Jim bested him with the gloves some time ago." I mention this merely that my readers may see the animus that exists between the California and Olympic clubs, the latter claiming to be purely an amateur organization. Spreckels evidently felt that he could make a good showing with Corbett, or he never would have tackled him. The result proves that he made a sad mistake. He couldn't reach Jim's face with any effect, while Corbett broke his nose in the second round. Jim did not see the full effect of his punch until they were boxing the third round, and then he humanely got Mr. Spreckels to stop the contest. Now, what has the young millionaire to show for his supposed pugilistic prowess? Corbett's handiwork in the shape of a nasal disfigurement, which he will carry to the grave. Of course Mr. Spreckels is too game a man to care anything about the physical annoyance resulting from the blow, but, like the boy who was kicked by the mule, he will never be as handsome as he was, but he will know more than he did before he put up his props for keeps before a professional fighter.

The regular racing season is about over, and Jack McAuliffe finds that he has had his usual luck and the usual luck of nearly every one else who tries to "beat the races" for a living. He is away "in the box," and the other day he said: "Well, I'll have to go to work and lick some one." The thought of a fresh march was evidently in his mind, for now we are informed that he has agreed to meet his old opponent, Billy Myer, in January, in New Orleans. Despite the fact that Andy Bowers took the wind out of the Streator City lone in short order, this match will create a great deal of interest in sporting circles, for Myer is a lithe, lissome lad, who has given himself quite a handicap in agreeing to box with five-ounce gloves, but I presume no lighter ones can be used before the contest. Myer can be depended on to do his best to down Jack this time. He knows full well that if he is tripped again he will have to go back to his jackplane and saw at his carpenter shop in Streator, while if he wins he will be right at the head of the heap. McAuliffe is pretty likely, however, to get in the best of condition. He has had two or three parts escapes from defeat through lack of being in thorough condition. He was better fitted for the invalid ward of a hospital than for a ring when he met Jem Carney, and the marches of nausea affected him with malaria while he was training for his go with Jimmy Carroll. He was in better condition when in the North, and only go to New Orleans at the last moment. Myer will fight in the Crescent City not before a roomful of people, nine out of ten of whom will be his personal friends, with their life savings bet on him, but before a lot of impartial sporting men who will see that the best man wins without fear or favor. He will have to do his share of the fighting, and the fact, no doubt, McAuliffe had in view when he agreed to do battle with padded bags. It is going to be a glove contest worth seeing, however, and whatever it is over I think both men will remember the scrap.

Two weeks ago I said that there was little probability of Jack Dempsey meeting Bob Fitzsimmons in this vicinity. Then the Puritan Club had a suitable habitation and a name. Today it has little more substantial than the "air-castle" of a few days ago. Then the man who was expected to give it "protection" has had his political wings clipped so ruthlessly that he will be fortunate indeed if he is able to fly from the slough of defeat to a perch of safety. This being the case, the Puritan is not in it, and Dempsey has telegraphed the Olympic Club of New Orleans that he will fight Fitzsimmons before it in December for a purse of $2,000. The Australian has already signed the articles of agreement, and they have been entrusted to Dempsey for his signature. The instant he affixes his sign-manual to them the match will be completed and public interest in it will begin. I predict that it will be the greatest middle-weight fight in point of interest for ring fans ever known. Dempsey's name is world-wide. His name as a pugilist has rung through circuits in Ireland, Australia and America. The ingleged antipodean has rapidly come to the front in the last six months, and to-day his claim or with the Kangaroo are considered an even money one among those who bet on pugilistic contests. He will have a tremendous advantage over Dempsey in height, reach, and hard hitting. To overcome these Dempsey has phenomenal skill and an undaunted heart. I hope that the best man will win, and that he will prove to be Jack Dempsey.

I received a large number of letters last week from admirers of pugilism, commenting on my analysis of the Slavin-McAuliffe fight. I have no hard talk on the subject with others. Most of my correspondents endorsed my view of the case. Billy Edwards agreed with me as to the probability that Mac was overtrained, but he thought that Joe had fought to the best advantage under the circumstances, as it was his duty to go in while he was fresh, and take the chances of getting in a knock-out blow while he was good and strong. "The trouble is, Macon," said he, "he met a better man than himself, and one who was a good deal quicker and knows a lot more." Billy is pretty good authority, but fortunately for me there is a better, John L. Sullivan, who once in an interview when asked, "What are the essentials of a thoroughly good fighter?" replied:

"Pluck, skill, endurance, and a thoroughly good head on his shoulders. I tell you, sir, a man fights with his head as much as he does with his fists. He must know where to send his blows so they may do the most good. He must economize his strength and not score a hit just for the sake of scoring it."

"What portions of your antagonist's body do you aim at in fighting?" was the next query.

"I endeavor," said Sullivan, "to hit my man about the heart, or under the chin, or behind the ear. A man wears out pretty soon if one can keep hammering away at the heart; a blow under the chin or behind the ear will knock out a man quicker than a hundred blows on the cheek or any other part of the face."

"Can you remember any especial case where you brought these tactics into play?"

"Yes," responded John L., "I remember one very clearly. A young and pretty clever boxer—I won't give him away now—insisted on to stand up before me for four rounds. Now I wanted to give the spectators a good show for their money, so I allowed the young fellow to beat away to his heart's content. When, after the second round, I was being sponged off by my second, I said to him: 'About half a minute before this next round is over call out "John" so that I will hear you.' Time was called, and after a few passes I closed in and I laid my head on my opponent's breast, and I let him hammer away at it as often and as hard as he could. The spectators cheered and yelled themselves hoarse, for they thought I was being done up at last, but at that close range the blows hurt me about as much as you could now by smashing me on the head with a soft glove. Presently the second, who had his eyes on the watch, called out 'John.' Then I stepped back and I landed my young man under the left ear, and that was the last of him. When he came to I was washed and dressed." Read this carefully and then compare it with the talk we get here of the last fight, and you will agree with me, I think, rather than with Mr. Edwards.

Martin Flaherty's friends think so well of him now that they feel almost dead sure that he can do Tommy Kelly. Maybe he can, and he is likely to have the chance soon, but if he does he will be a wonder. The Harlem Spider is the most deceivingest cuss to be found in a month of Sundays, and he has the ability to make real good performers, with others, look like novices when they face him. Flaherty may be the exception to this rule, but if he is, as I said before, he is a marvel.

A slip of the pencil last week made me make Jimmy Larkins a victim of John Barleycorn and of a clever amateur. Jimmy Lynch it should have been. Mr. Larkins, I make the amend.

Pat Cahill is again the virtual amateur champion of the 158-pound class, but he had a narrow escape from defeat on Thursday night at the preliminary trials of the National Athletic Club over in Brooklyn. His antagonist was his old opponent, J. J. Van Houghton of the West Side Club. Pat fought so fast in the first two rounds of the bout that he was a trifle winded in the third and Van Houghton managed to get in two or three wicked "middles," that compelled Cahill to clinch for safety. He justly got the decision because he had done most of the fighting, but he was in great danger all the same and had time been another round there might have been another story to tell. By the way, I met Don Dawson in Philadelphia the other day and he was hot in the collar about Cahill's sneers. "I never authorized any one to challenge him for me," said he, "and the use of my name was unauthorized, but you can say this for me: that if Mr. Cahill thinks that I am a soft thing for him I will box him in private four or six rounds on the following terms: I will pay his expenses to Philadelphia and his hotel bill while here; I will give him whatever sum he says is right and proper for the time he may lose from his regular employment making the trip, and I will defray his expenses back to New York after the bout is over. I am not a ring hunter, and I don't want any prize, but if Mr. Cahill fancies that I am a walkover I will try and undeceive him on those terms." A bout should come of this.

## THE PLACE FOR SPORTSMEN.

**Quail and Partridge Never so Plenty and Tame in Connecticut as Now.**

ANSONIA, Oct. 12.—Quail and partridge hav not been so plenty or so tame in this region in years as they are now, though the leaves are so thick in the woods that sportsmen bag but few birds. Mrs. William B. Brotherton of Milford was at work baking in her kitchen last Saturday. The door had been left open, and while mixing dough for pie crust a plump partridge flew in and landed in the dough. It grazed Mrs. Brotherton's table the next day.

Stephen Tracy, who lives on Caroline street, Birmingham, heard a partridge calling to its mate in his yard on Thursday. He ran out and cornered the bird under his currant bushes. There were half a dozen more in the vard, but they flew away. This one seemed to prefer hiding to flying. John Condon of Alvia street, in the same town, heard quail whistling in his yard the same day. He took down his gun and brought down four of the covey.

C. E. Hanson of Waldron Island keeps a large flock of chickens. Last Sunday he noticed a partridge feeding with the fowls and he tried to catch it. It was shy and finally flew away. On Monday morning it returned and has remained with the chickens ever since, coming up for its food with the hens but flying away at night.

J. G. Luelling of Torrington went out to hunt for a stray hen which had stolen its nest in the lots near his house on Wednesday afternoon. He found sixteen eggs in the nest, three of which were partridge eggs. He watched for the bird the next day, and was astonished to see two of them come and alight near the nest. One kept guard while the other went on the nest and laid another egg. Mr. Luelling was too tender-hearted to kill them.

In New Preston last week a farmer found three partridges sitting on the seat of his farm wagon under a shed when he went to get it to drive to the village. He killed all three with a club. They were either too tired to fly or were very tame.

Johnny Meade of Newtown sat reading by the window a week ago Thursday afternoon when he heard shots near the house. He looked up and saw a hunter who had just fired at a covey of quail. One of them was wounded and had fluttered along into Johnny's yard. He went out and brought it in. Examination showed two shot in its thigh. Johnny picked them out, put vaseline on the wounds, tied up the leg, and now the quail cannot be driven away from the house. It has been set at liberty several times, but it flies up a little ways and ways and returns to Johnny's hand or alights on his shoulder.

## OFF FOR THE PLAINS VIA NEWARK.

**The Police Asked to Look for a Band of Budding Indian Sitters.**

Charles Engelhardt, aged 16½ years, who lives in 113th street near Fourth avenue; Charles Johnston, aged 16 years, of Fifty-fourth street and Second avenue, and Frank Clemendt, 17 years old, who lives in Brooklyn, all worked for A. T. Delamare, printer, at 170 Fulton street. Their combined salaries amounted to $18. On Saturday Clemendt pawned a suit of clothes and added $4 to the combined capital. The lads bought a dagger and a revolver, and told their companions that they were going West.

Engelhardt had not returned home yesterday, and his mother reported to Sergeant Sullivan at the East 126th street station. She is a widow, with ten children, three of whom are in a public institution, while Mrs. Engelhardt tries to support the others by day's work. Her son Charles carried $6 a week.

Since the lads' companions reported that the runaways intended to stop in Newark or Bangor, and Mrs. Engelhardt was advised to telegraph to the Chief of Police of Newark to look them up on a gig.

**Fever Among the Troops at Bermuda.**

OTTAWA, Oct. 12.—Intelligence from Bermuda reports that one of the results of transplanting the Grenadier Guards from England to a tropical climate in mid-summer is an alarming prevalence of enteric fever among the men. The cause of the disease is attributable to the terrible and steady heat to which the men have not been accustomed and the drinking of rain water and the miserable huts in which the men are housed at Warwick. Many deaths have occurred. The hospital at the quarries is overcrowded with victims, and the officials propose the erection of additional temporary buildings for hospital accommodation. The fatal disease is confined to the Grenadier Guards and when a man dies the usual military honors are not paid at the grave because of the ill effect upon the patients in the hospital.

**Hanged Himself in the Woods.**

The body of an unknown man was found hanging to a tree in Meeker's Woods, in Guttenberg, yesterday. It was that of an elderly man. He had gray hair, mustache and whiskers. He wore black suit and had on two white linen shirts. The body was sent to Speer's Morgue, Hoboken. The body was discovered by some men who were gunning.

# MUCH JOY BUT MORE SORROW

*STIRRING SCENES THE NIGHT AFTER THE BIG ATHLETIC MEETING.*

**Washington Flooded with "Cherry Diamonds"—The N. Y. A. C. Men in a Despondent Mood—Prizes Presented to the Winners—Queckberner Knocked Down.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—The capital is reputed to be a pretty lively town when Congress is in session, but no delegation of political wire-pullers, office seekers, or back-town Hoosier constituents ever woke it up so thoroughly as did the visiting athletes last night and in this Sabbath's early morning hours. It was athletes here and athletes everywhere. They were irrepressible, predominating, but withal interesting. Every person met in the street after midnight wore some club emblem; if not, one was attached in lively time. Thousands of pranks were played, and a description of the rough horse play would fill a column. It was great times for sporting men, but the staid citizens of this city never want another championship meeting here. Groups paraded the streets all night long, their club cries giving many a rudely awakened citizen the impression that a band of Sioux reservation Indians here had gone on the warpath.

Tony Pastor's company was at Kernan's, and two-thirds of the boys attended and ran a show of their own. When Tony appeared the house went wild. He had an Acorn badge pinned to his coat, and that body inquisitively inquired, "Who is Tony Pastor?" They were informed he was "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," accompanied by a song-and-dance step that shook the foundations of the theatre. Queckberner strode down the aisle with a "Cherry Diamond" badge and the demand, "Put that on." Antonio looked at "Queck's" herculean form, and on his second turn had the emblem pinned above the Acorn's. The noise the Manhattans made rolled across the Potomac and awoke echoes in Virginia's forests. Miss Maggie Cline scored the hit of the night. She made her appearance with one of the "Cherry Diamond" umbrellas, and was straight away elected a life member of the M. A. C. Several hundred strong-lunged athletes assisted her in the chorus of "Throw him down, McCloskey," and it was a treat never to be forgotten.

The Manhattans naturally were the most jubilant. Wine was flowing at Willard's Hotel in large quantities, Alderman Storm feeling so elated that he went down in his pocket for a "couple of hundred." Every champion seemed to think it his prerogative to become dr—that is, exhilarated, and the unique sight of naked athletes racing through corridors and throwing beer bottles through room windows was presented to such guests as dared to peer out.

The championship medals were presented to the winners in the evening in the gymnasium of the Columbia Club house. Chairman Perry called up the champions one by one and with appropriate words presented the trophies. Much amusement was caused by Sam Cornell, captain of the Manhattans, stepping up as proxy for nearly all the "cherry diamond" athletes, who were doing the town. Cornell made almost as many trips as the great Patchen. Each presentation was accompanied by hearty applause, with one exception. This was the case of Morris, the colored runner of Philadelphia, who was third in the half-mile run. There was an ominous silence, which the New York and Philadelphia men broke by generously coming to the rescue.

The 100-yard-run medals were the last to be awarded. As Owen came forward he received an ovation of which he may be proud, the M. A. C. delegation leading the cheering crowd. Mr. Perry said:

"There are now but three medals left to be presented. Representing what they do, the Columbia Club cannot but be proud to think that they were so nobly won on its track. The club is proud that the three men in the 100-yard run made the distance in less than even time. It gives me great pleasure to present this medal to Mr. Owen of the Detroit Athletic Club, who ran 100 yards in 9¾ seconds, the second to Mr. Carey of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and the third to Mr. Westing of the Manhattan Athletic Club, all three of them having made 100 yards in less than ten seconds."

An episode occurred in the street early this morning worthy of mention. A party of New Yorks and Manhattans met, and Queckberner of the Manhattans is said to have cried: "Hurrah for the Manhattans! To h—with the New Yorks!"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth when one of the N. Y. A. C. party, it is said, Laidlaw, the oarsman, shot out his arm, and biff! the weight thrower was rolling over in the gutter.

The topic of the athletes is Owen's 9¾ seconds. There is no doubt of the genuineness of the performance, and all talk of down hill, short course, and stealing on Turner is rank nonsense. The only word is sure to be accepted. There is some talk that the new world's record will be invalidated on account of being down hill, but John T. Crossley, the trainer of the Columbias, is ready with an affidavit that he made a test with a spirit level and found it correct.

All the athletes have returned to their homes, and to-night the Columbia A. C. club house has resumed its normal condition. Too much cannot be said of the courtesy of the members and officials, and their kindness at times became embarrassing. All praise to Jim Howard Perry for his unbounded kindness. The ownership, his labors almost precipitating a breakdown of health. It was all around the most successful meeting ever held.

The pole vault was declared this morning, and was won by A. L. Rodenbough, A. C. S. N., with 10 feet 6 inches; second, G. Crane, Jr., B. A. A., with 10 feet 3¾ inches, second, and A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., third with 10 feet 1 inch. Jordan had a very narrow escape yesterday from serious injury, his pole breaking while in the air. In falling, the broken end of the pole passed between his legs, leaving that a large splinter was embedded in the flesh.

The last of the visitors, the Board of Managers, left Washington on the 11:20 o'clock train to-night.

JOY AND SORROW IN THIS CITY.

News from Washington was anxiously awaited on Saturday by those that were prevented from taking the trip, and tickers were eagerly scanned by enthusiastic club men as soon as there was any possibility of results coming in. The Manhattan men were jubilant when it first looked like their carrying the day, and the final triumph enthused the members beyond bounds. The club house on Fifth avenue was comfortably filled with gentlemen, whose smiling faces indicated the pleasure the welcome news gave them. It was late in the morning when they left bottom yesterday, and the "cherry diamond" emblem never found more mouths. The members of the N. Y. A. C. were hopeful until the result was announced, and the enthusiasm that has prevailed at the club house when defeat threatened the clubs banner many times before was sadly lacking. The favorite pursuit for Manhattan men whenever they met a N. Y. A. C. member was, "The New Yorks weren't in it." While the two largest clubs were discussing the day's events, one in joyful tones and the other in sorrowful, an all-pervading air of disappointment hung over the home of the Lambs Club. Of course, their delegation to the capital was not to be compared with the others. In fact, it only consisted of one solitary champion to uphold the name of a club that has brought out champions at nearly every branch of sport, but the attention of every member was centred upon Burckhardt, and he had the fond hopes and hard-earned dollars of the band depending on him. The news of his defeat was one of the first items of interest in town, and the betting insiders had much time for meditation. All sorts of theories were advanced for his defeat. Trainer Pfisterer's "antler" lump went skulking around the club house, while the legend on a gravestone outside looked more dismal than ever. A sparrow per hed upon the pedestal of the ancient club house and blithely chirped, but it was only for a second, and it flew away as quickly as it had come. To crown all, the champion lightweight boxer of the club was tremendously defeated in Brooklyn by what some of the members called a nonentity, and the added score to their chagrin. Two traves were laboriously ascending the well-known trail to the club house yesterday morning when they met a friend coming out.

"Enough, lads," said Jimmy; "I was the greeting.

"Rather the case the answer, said the brave passed on, starving as spitty as they thought of how their midday lunches would be curtailed for many months to pay up for what they had lost.

The Acorn Athletic Association club house in South Brooklyn, which members of the Manhattans so honorably, was the scene of a jollification that had never ever been.

Secretary C. C. Hughes, Eugene Van Cortlandt, George Avery and half a dozen other Manhattan men arrived by the 6 o'clock train last night, and were met at the eighth hour with the "white and blue and cherry diamond" badges under the pretty garlet on of the Columbia Athletic Club, was the signal for a burst of enthusiasm. They brought with them young H. L. Dadmun, who was the half-mile runner who finished next to Jordan. Dadmun, it was the sense of the evening and he is to be honored right royally. He is quite a light weight, stands 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 140 pounds. When asked if he was satisfied with his record, he said: "Why, I don't know, I guess I ought to be satisfied, I guess." Dadmun's gold medal is a handsome one, which, on a hot, burning, red word Champion, on the reverse side the distance of the race and the date and his name are engraved. The feeling seems to be general among those who saw the contests that the 100-yard dash should have been won by Carr, with Westing second, and Owen third.

## THE PRIZES AT WASHINGTON.

**Why Our Athletes Went So Far from Home to Compete.**

The accompanying illustrations represent the medals given to first, second, and third men in all the separate events at the championship games at Washington, and also the much-discussed Bailey, Banks, and Biddle plaque, which will be awarded to the club scoring the greatest number of points in the various events. These points are made up on a basis of 5 for each first place in an event, 3 for second, and 1 for third. This is the third year that the plaque has been contested for and the first that the Manhattan Athletic Club has tried for it. The New York Athletic Club has won it twice successively.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.

The plaque consists of a large silver medallion, framed with carved oak. The silver is beaten into figures representing athletes in the act of performing at various athletic games. The figures are in bold relief and show plainly at quite a distance. The frame is covered with elaborate carving, and on it can be seen the names of the dozen or more clubs which started the Amateur Athletic Union in opposition to the National Association of Amateur Athletes. The plaque is in the neighborhood of 30 inches long and 24 inches wide. It is arranged to be hung on the wall like a picture. The reason that the M. A. C. has not tried to win the plaque before this year is that by the rules governing the awarding of it, no club unless it belongs to the A. A. U. can compete for it. The M. A. C. joined the A. A. U. as late as last fall, when the N. A. A. A. A. disbanded.

THE INDIVIDUAL MEDAL.

The picture of the championship medal shows the front side of the much-coveted trophies. Those given to the first men are made of virgin gold, for only gold as soft as this will permit a successful operation of the die process. The lines are clear and fine, and show minutely the designer's ideas. The pendant is a little larger in diameter, and of about the weight of a $20 gold piece. It is attached to a gold bar by a red, white, and blue ribbon. On the back of the bar is a pin for attaching the prize to the winner's person.

The second and third medals are made of silver and bronze respectively, and the only difference in design between them and the first prize is that the word champion is left off the bar. On the back of the pendant is engraved the name of the event for which the