



The East San Jose course on Sunday, May 26, in which only the Slavonian young men of Santa Clara will compete. The race is under the management of L. B. Slavich.

As will be noticed, by a careful perusal of the following departments of sport, the interest in cycling, rowing, yachting, angling, rifle-shooting, coursing, boxing and kindred sports has increased wonderfully, and as a sporting center California bids fair to outstrip many of the great Eastern States.

THE WHEELMEN.

J. E. Edwards Wants the World's Five-Mile Road Record.

CLUB EVENTS FOR TO-MORROW.—Acme Club Wheelmen run to Birds Valley with trampers' annex.

Bay City Wheelmen run to Centerville, 9 A. M. creek route boat.

California Cycling Club run to Petaluma, 8 A. M. ferry and run to San Rafael.

Garden City Cyclers shoot with Gilroy Sportsmen's Association at San Jose.

Olympic Club Wheelmen—Races at Central Park, 10:30 A. M.

Pacific Cycling Club run to San Jose, 5:30 A. M.

Royal Cycling Club run to Crystal Springs, San Jose Road Club—Five-mile road race.

Considerable interest is manifested in the performances of Walter Foster, the Olympic Club racer, and Allan Jones, the pride of the Garden City Cyclers of San Jose, who are now racing against the cracks of Southern California in the "California Cycle Racing Circuit Confederation."

Mr. Poole, who has had charge of the Olympic's wheelroom for a long time, will leave shortly to go into business. His successors will probably be Charles Krelling and W. W. Neelham, of San Jose, than whom better selections could not have been made.

Last Sunday James Rogers of this city and George Thorn, a 15-year-old Alameda lad, rode a century around the bay within eight hours, starting from Fourth and Mission streets, which strikes me as being a pretty good performance.

Herewith is a fac-simile of the emblem and centurion bar which will hereafter be given by the Olympic Club Wheelmen to such of its members who ride centuries, a bar being added for each performance.

The programme of the southern meets will be nearly the same, with prizes as follows: One-mile novice, gold and silver medals; two-mile novice, gold and silver medals; five-mile novice, gold and silver medals; mile class A, handicap, \$40 suit of clothes first prize, \$15 bicycle suit second prize.

A meeting of the Portuguese Bicycle Club was held at 925 Port street last Tuesday evening, May 16. The officers of this club are: President, Jose Baptista; vice-president, Manuel Hoes; secretary, Jose J. de Freitas; treasurer, Antonio A. Sarmiento.

At a meeting of the Outing Road Club last Monday evening new by-laws were adopted. J. Hilborn was elected vice-president. Five new riders were elected to membership. The roll is fast increasing.

and Telegraph avenue, Oakland. Thomas was president of the famous "Our Set," which was such a success in cycling circles here last winter. Of the other three members Wilbur Knapp is selling bicycles, J. Fagothey has opened a cyclery near the park, and now Thomas is trying his luck at it. Now to compare the thing, if the other member would go into the trade—"Billy" Stinson—but it is unlikely.

The San Jose Road Club will hold a race meet on Saturday, June 1, at the Garden City Cyclers' track. The following committee have charge of the affair: J. T. Bailey, R. D. McFarland, C. E. Warren, C. C. Clapman, C. J. Belloli, C. Tischer, A. Schweitzer and A. J. Lewis. The events and prizes will be as follows:

One mile novice, gold and silver medals; two-mile handicap, gold and silver medals; suit of clothes, silver water service, one-mile scratch, class A, \$500 unadorned diamond, \$250 clock, diamond lamp; two-mile handicap, class B, \$100 diamond stud, \$50 gold stopwatch, \$250 overcoat.

The entries will close at San Jose with the last mail delivery on Saturday, May 25.

G. Hardenbrook of the San Jose Road Club lowered the record from that to Gilroy by 19 minutes last Sunday, part of the race being on the bay. The time was 30 minutes for the thirty miles.

The Road Club will hold another five-mile road race for the silver cup to-morrow, over the East San Jose course. The starters will be: T. E. Belloli and E. A. McFarland, scratch; Navlet, 10 seconds; Hardenbrook, 25 seconds; Tremoureaux, 45 seconds; Benson, 50 seconds; Herrington, 50 seconds; Grant Bell, 50 seconds; O'Brien, Hammond and Carroll, 1 minute; D. E. O'Brien and C. E. Warren, 1 minute 15 seconds. An additional trophy will be given if the record for the course of 13 minutes 48 seconds is lowered.

Thomas S. Hall, whose picture is presented herewith, is one of the Bay City Wheelmen's fast class B men. He is hardly 20 years of age, but developed into a good rider about eighteen months ago, and having the advantage of being a native of the Ramble team soon showed himself to be possessed of considerable speed. He is heavily built and an all-round athlete, and with another year upon the track should be up in front with the class B men.

He rode the seventh relay for his club in 29:07.45. Hall has had a happy faculty of winning handicap races, but of late the official handicapper has shortened his limit, which shows that he is being brought nearer the scratch men.

The Garden City Cyclers will be active from now on in the way of Sunday runs, Captain Delmas being in charge of some trip for every week. On the 26th inst. the club will ride to Gilroy to witness the finish of the San Jose-Gilroy road race between teams of five men each from four of the principal cities in the state. These establishments have in their employ some fine riders, the race should be a scorch from start to finish.

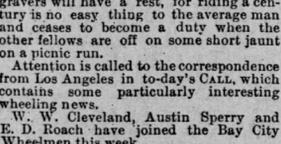
On Sunday, May 26, J. E. Edwards will endeavor to lower the world's five-mile road record paced by tandems over the San Mateo-San Carlos course. Query: Which club will claim the record if he gets it, as he belongs to the Olympics, Imperials and Young Men's Christian Association, and also to some Southern California club? Racing men should confine themselves to one club's colors; you cannot serve two masters.

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Thomas S. Hall, a Prominent Bay City Wheelman.



Olympic Club Wheelmen's Century Emblem and Bar.

hours, silver; thirteen hours, bronze. Of course, many will make the trip and there will be a great demand for bars at first, but after the novelty wears off the engravers will have a rest, for riding a century is no easy thing to the average man and ceases to become a duty when the other fellows are off on some short jaunt on a picnic in the evening.

Attention is called to the correspondence from Los Angeles in to-day's CALL, which contains some particularly interesting wheeling news.

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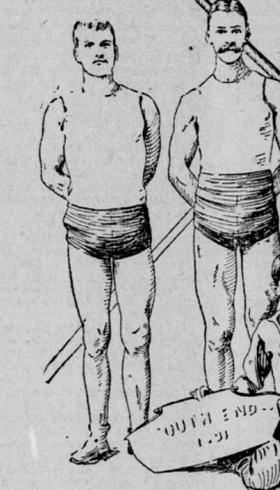
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THE OARSMEN.

Crews in Training for the Regatta—Old Shellbacks.

Owing to the many years of indolence that have been enjoyed by men who had professed a love for aquatic sports it is no wonder that the sporting public looked rather dubious when the announcement was made through the CALL that a rowing regatta would be had at El Campo May 30.

Certainly, if the lovers of aquatic sport thought for a moment that the old shellbacks of the Pioneer and other silurian rowing clubs of sluggish fame had washed their kinks from their eyelids and ceased to hibernate there would be some excuse offered for their surprise. No, the



SENIOR CREW OF THE SOUTH END ROWING CLUB.

antiquated oarsman is still resting on the "honors" he achieved in his good old days of the past when Dan Leahy, Tom Flynn, Johnny Sullivan, Oar-smasher Growney and other men of great fame were known for their prowess as far as old Sausalito.

A new generation has sprung up within the past year, and, judging from the rapid strides the boys have been making toward success, the future of aquatic sport in this bay looks very promising.

The El Campo regatta will have a great "field" of starters, as crews which will represent the Olympic, Ariel, Pioneers, Tritons, South Ends, St. Mary's College, Acme, Vallejo and Stockton rowing clubs will contest for handsome prizes that have been offered by Johnny Mitchell and other prominent young men who have an interest in the success of one of the best sports of the outdoor life.

It is amusing to watch the old past masters of the oar on Sunday mornings, when the junior members of the rowing clubs are exercising in the vicinity of Long Bridge. The comments of the shellbacks are both amusing and ridiculous. One would imagine that the ex-champions of the mud flats were rivals of Hanlon, Teemer and other great scullers. The yarns these old catchers spin when watching the progress of the boys who practice for the coming races would actually cause the spiders of the old Pioneer headquarters to vacate the premises, if those noise

who cannot resist the temptation of throwing a gun on their shoulder occasionally by way of exercise, as it were.

Live-bird shooting is favored by many men over the clay bird, because the latter is too cheap a pastime and does not afford the same kind of excitement.

Be this as it may, the time is not far distant when live-bird shooting will play second fiddle to the artificial, which, as a means of enjoyment, should be good enough and difficult enough to satisfy the most exacting.

There can be no gainsaying the fact that there is an element of brutality in live-pigeon shooting, as any man, it matters not in what class of society he may travel, who will stand before a trap with a gun pointed at a bird that has been sprung from its iron prison and is picking its feathers before taking its departure, must have a heart of the temperature of ice.

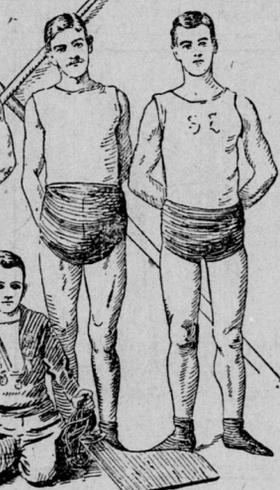
Live-pigeon shooting may be a grand sport for the professional, but for the amateur artificial-bird shooting is certainly a better and more appropriate form of sport. The professional pigeon shooter will argue that so far as brutality is concerned there can be no line of distinction drawn between pigeon-shooting before the traps and quail or duck shooting in the field.

THE ANGLER.

Kind of Trap-Shooting That Will Be Patronized.

Trap-shooting is, unquestionably, a very popular pastime this year with sportsmen, and it is almost an assured fact.

Len D. Owens, who has helped to start nearly all the Olympic annexes, is in this one, too, and he says as soon as the gun club is fairly started he will go in for boating.



SENIOR CREW OF THE ACME CLUB OF OAKLAND.

canaries could but understand the language of the know-it-alls.

The scene on Long Bridge on Sunday mornings especially is quite lively nowadays, and if you speak for anything among crews of the lovers of good rowing will witness some excellent sport at El Campo, when the different crews now entering will race for honor and glory.

While the crew which is to carry the Olympic colors in the great boathouse on May 30 is actively training, its friends in the club are as actively agitating the idea of forming a boating annex to the club, and of gathering to it all of the club members aquatically inclined.

Inquiry is being made in a quiet way as to some suitable site for the clubhouse and where are the best bargains in boats. So far the intention is to erect a clubhouse in some convenient spot on the water front and to purchase three or four boats, at least one of which will be a racing barge. But nothing is being done until after the race, except to agitate the matter on every occasion.

L. D. Owens of the board of directors has signified his intention of going in with the annex, and of looking out for its interests in the board. The Lincoln Club will also work in its interests, and under the various influences brought to bear the new annex is going to become a prominent feature of the club.

The crew is now composed of four as enthusiastic men as can be found in the club. Bob MacArthur is stroke, Julius Morton after waist, H. B. Graham forward waist, H. L. Grimm bow and Tommy Gilfeather coxswain. Every day sees them upon the lower bay with the racing barge which the South End Boat Club has loaned to them. Should they win the race a boom in boating and rowing is sure to follow in the club, and in any event the annex is almost an assured fact.

How many times have sportsmen wished they were somewhere else after having missed five or six shots at quails that when flushed "ducked" around trees just as the sportsman was about to draw a bead on the feathered "bird" in open country. Quails lie close, but when flushed they will go fast enough to test the skill of the very best marksmen.

No genuine sportsman will say that pigeon-shooting from the traps is humane sport. It is to elevate the standing of trap-shooting that the clay bird was introduced, and as previously stated it will not be long before the slaughter of live birds will be an alleged "sport" of the past.

The shoots booked for the near future are: To-day, the Gun Club, Oakland track; to-morrow, the Recreation Club, Oakland track; and Lincoln Club will shoot at the May 25 the Country Club at Alameda mole.

THE ANGLER.

Indications That Point to a Late but Good Season's Fishing.

Occasionally some member of the happily angling fraternity of this city returns from some of the near coast streams or their tributaries with a nice display of trout. The exception is, however, the rule, as, ordinarily speaking, the fish so far taken have been under the size which anglers take pleasure in consigning to their creels.

There can be no gainsaying the fact that the creeks which are within easy distance of this city—excepting a few streams of Marin County that have been fished out—are literally alive with small trout of from three to five inches in length. This in itself is good evidence that stream fishing will be first class in the latter months of the year, when a great number of the lovers of the sport will be either whipping the placid waters of San Andreas Lake or enjoying the excellent trout-fishing of Northern California.

Two gentlemen who had taken a cue from an article which appeared in last Saturday's CALL, had a most enjoyable outing last Tuesday and Wednesday on Pinta Creek, which stream is on the line of the San Francisco and North Pacific Coast Railroad. They drove from Pinta station about six miles up stream and then fished down. The combined catch amounted to 180 trout, several of which weighed from a quarter to half a pound. The average length of the trout taken was eight inches.

Although the effect of the warm snap of a week ago can be easily noticed in all of the coast streams, there is yet too much volume in some of the creeks which in past years passed out very well in May and June. Experience has demonstrated that good stream fishing can be expected only when the water in any river or creek has reduced to its lowest state in the summer season. It is at this time of the year that the large fishes, which have remained over, so to speak, will condescend to recognize with favor an artificial fly that glides over the water after the fashion of the natural insect.

It requires, however, much experience on the part of the angler to so place his fly that it will pass over the nose of a silver-sided aristocrat who is watching in the deepest and darkest spot of the pool for something in the line of insect life to pass overhead.

Some people contend that fly-casting is not much of an art, but those who have made it a study think very differently.

An angler may be so far advanced as to cast a tolerably nice fly, but unless he has had considerable experience—which can be attained only through years of practice—he will find that after whipping three or four miles of a stream his catch will not compare with that of an expert who has followed in his footsteps over the same stretch of water.

He should ask the question of his more fortunate brother angler who was handicapped by following up how such a difference in their baskets could possibly have been caused, and he will find that they had used the same flies, etc., the "follower-up" will say, "if he will," "My dear boy, you cast a very pretty fly, I will admit; but you neglected to study the way and the place where the fishes hide. Your flies floated over waste ground, while mine dropped under overhanging banks and limbs, where Mr. Trout can always be seen during feeding hours, watching and waiting for his quarry."

Yes, there is much more required of an angler than perfection in fly-casting to invade the fishing waters of the great outdoors of the brook from his summer residence. The condition of the water must first be taken into consideration, then again the colorings of the natural fly which can be among the trees must be imitated as closely as possible. If the day is bright and warm trout that are feeding will be found in the ripples near the head of a deep pool, and as evening approaches the larger fish generally drop down to the end of the pool, where the water is shallow and placid.

It is quite amusing to hear some men, who are supposed to know something about fishing, brag of the great success they had on the "gray hackle," "red hackle," "black hackle," etc. Why, if an order came to a fly-dresser for a dozen gray hackle or red hackle flies, so called, many years would be spent in making them. A red hackle, for instance, may appear over a red, black, yellow or white body. Then, again, the wing may be of different colors, and to imitate the various kinds of insects, and there may be no wing needed for that matter.

If the desired fly or flies cannot be named according to their given title, anglers, when among the "killers," should mention as near as possible the color of the wing, body and legs of the flies, inhabitants of the river or stream they intend to whip.

As Jimmy Watt was plowing through the rippling waters of Papermill Creek a few days ago in the vain endeavor to catch a trout of a size larger than five inches, he was accosted by an Eastern gentleman who had grown tired and weary of returning home to his wife and children.

"What's your luck, sir?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, pretty good, pretty good" was the quick rejoinder of Mr. Watt. "Just take a peep into this basket, my friend, and see for yourself."

Mr. Watt, who is probably better known as the "Doc," was all smiles as he gently raised the lid of his imported creel. He expected to see the usual "sport" of the day, but what a beautiful basket of fish!

"Gracious, what a stranger remark," exclaimed the Eastern gentleman, "but such was not the case, however."

The Eastern angler drew back in abject disgust and astonishment when he had looked the Doc in the face and seen the surprised, sir, that a gentleman of your appearance would pollute his basket with so many little fingerlings. I have returned to the creek, my dear sir, many fry of larger size than the largest of these. By the way what do you call them?"

The Doc's smile had departed and his eagle eyes flashed fire.

"Call them what you like, eh? Steelheads, sir, steelheads; and if you knew anything

THE ANGLER.

about fishing you would not ask such a foolish question.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," quickly retorted the stranger. "In the Eastern States we call those trout, or rather the fry of trout."

The Doc gave his newly made acquaintance a parting glance through his all-fours and then shot down stream, puffing a cigarette in a manner that plainly indicated that the Doc had had his say in the matter he would have consigned that stranger to a spot on the other side of Jordan ordinarily known as the warm bed.

It is hoped that the honorable Board of Fish and Game Commissioners will not neglect to teach the Chinese fishermen that the time has arrived when the depletion of the bay of its small fishes must be stopped.

Unless the Commissioners will take active measures to prevent those Mongolian shrimp catchers from catching tons of small rock fish and many other kinds of miniature sea fishes, it will not be many years hence when the waters of the bay will be in as much need of stocking as the coast streams of to-day.

Boulder Creek is putting on its summer appearance, and good sport may be expected in that locality about June 1. Some of the tributaries of the creek are panning out well now.

The snows of the Sierras are melting fast, and as a consequence the Sacramento River is rising rapidly. This means that angling near the head waters will not be in season until about the middle of June.

Judge Hunt and some friends fished some of the streams within easy reach of Pleasanton last Sunday, but the sport was not good. The Judge states that there is too much drifting float in the streams yet.

Mr. Walker fished the Sonoma Creek near Glen Ellen with tolerably good success last Sunday.

Charles Precht caught a nice basket of fish in some stream in Marin County.

Deputy Fish Commissioners have been catching small black bass in the Russian River for stocking purposes.

Robert Hewson has had some good fishing in a small stream that runs near Wrights station.

Thomas E. Flynn has purchased an angler's outfit in anticipation of enjoying some great fishing in the mountains this summer.

Jeweler Smith says that the smallest trout he has ever seen are now in Olema Creek.

Some nice fish were caught in San Pablo Creek last week.

Al Cummings will leave for the East in a few days and on his return he will spend two months on the Truckee River.

According to the excellent condition in which the trout of San Andreas Lake are at present, it is very probable that the



BAGGED BY A CAMERA ARTIST AT LAKE PILARCITOS.

IN THE RING.

Peppers and King Are Ready for a Hot Argument.

The managers of the Imperial Athletic Club at Colma have completed all the arrangements necessary for the comfort of those who propose to witness the twenty-round contest between King and Peppers next Friday evening.

The club can be reached in twenty-five minutes' ride from this city on the electric railroad, and a sufficient number of cars will be placed on the line that evening to accommodate several hundred people with seats.

Some good preliminary bouts between boxers of prominence will be witnessed before the event of the evening is called. King and Peppers are now at the weight they have agreed to fight, and although King is a strong favorite with the betting men, there are a number of Peppers' friends who are taking up all wagers with odds given on King.

The supporters of the last named lad contend that as he has not yet met with a defeat King has no chance to whip him, either in a limited contest or a finish fight. Peppers is certainly a good marksmen with the mittens, and when he is out for spoils no man of his weight, and especially a slow boxer, has, in the language of the slogger, a dead sure thing "in sight." It will be remembered that when Peppers fought Zeller some years ago the friends of the latter believed that they had a rope on the betting end of the game, but Peppers gave the despoilers of boxing the boot—the double cross and poor Zeller discovered, greatly to his surprise, that although a first-class gymnast, he was a mighty poor specimen of the boxer. If many others of the fighting fraternity had emulated Peppers' style of handling "sure-thing" men, boxing would be still in the swim, but those who had earned gold by the powers of their

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