

# Omaha Women Who Bowl with Skill and Grace

**M**AN is not alone in the realm of sports and games. The pleasure of bowling "dead wood" against the catch curtain bordered by the feet of small boys who dance attention to enthusiastic bowlers is not limited to the male world in which man would hoage himself.

Husbands who used the lodge excuse until it was threadbare and brought in the bowling tournament as a substitute were confronted with the argument: "All right, Joan, I'll go with you. I hear that they have alleys set aside especially for women. Bowling's all the rage in the east and I don't know of anything that would suit me as well as engaging in such sport. How nice it will be. We can spend our evenings together."

And many Omaha women have made their bluff good. Any evening parties of well-dressed men and women may be found in the downtown bowling alleys. Bowling has become a rival of the theater and the dancing party. A host or hostess who would be up to date must entertain guests at tenpins.

## Have Clubs of Their Own.

So interested have women become in bowling that they not only insist on sharing the pastime with their husbands and sweethearts, but they have organized clubs which bear no masculine name on their membership lists. Mysterious groups of women meet and practice fancy shots. It is even hinted that on these occasions the necks of the tenpins are adorned with pink ribbons and the balls are fringed with the club colors.

Greek history and Egyptology have been neglected by young women to whom the thunder of the balls in the hollow alleys and the click of the tumbling pins is sweeter music than the song of the sphinx. The wisest of ragtime music holds no fascination for the soul that has been stirred by the rumbling ball that lands squarely against the pecten pin and calls forth "strike" from the small boy who holds the sponge and charcoals the score sheet.

The A. O. T. club is the most active organization among the women bowlers of the city. It meets every week at the Metropolitan club and numbers among its members many of the most skillful players in the city. Mystery surrounds the club. The meaning of the magic letters which make the club name is known only to the initiated.

Several other less formal woman's bowling organizations also use the alleys at the Metropolitan club. The Omaha club is frequently gay with the bright costumes of women bowlers. Many of the jolliest bowling parties in Omaha are given in the private alley at the S. A. McWhorter residence on South Twenty-ninth street.

Women have not the strength necessary for the shots that play havoc with the wooden men to the tune of 279 out of a possible 300. The 27-inch balls used by the sharks whose names are chalked each week on the blackboards at the downtown alleys are too heavy for women players. The largest balls weigh eighteen pounds, and most women find that the eight-pound and



MISS FOLACK BOWLING.

ten-pound balls are as heavy as they care to use.

At tenpins Mrs. Fred Krug is one of the most successful woman players in the city. She has frequently scored 150. Mrs. Herman Beselin is an adept at seven-up, and has a score of 64 to her credit. Miss Laura Goetz is one of the most skillful players among the members of the A. O. T. club. Mrs. Hugo H. Brandeis is also one of the successful bowlers who belong to this organization.

Tempins, ninepins, seven-up, seven-up, cocked hat and four-back are the games that are most popular with Omaha women. Half a hundred other games are played occasionally. A glance at the list of games shows that their names are varied enough to fit all occasions.

The opinion prevails among people who are not up in bowling lore that tempins and ninepins are the only games that are played in alleys. Frequently the Boston game and Philadelphia game are being played in adjoining alleys. Cocked hat white elephant and pin pool often compete for the attention of the spectators. Glen Island and Newport are the names of two new games.

## Games Requiring Skill.

A popular game with the younger set is called the "college" game. Three pins are used. They are set in a line parallel to the alley. The pin nearest the player is called the picket, the center pin is the head and the third is the king. To score a bowler must knock down the king and the head without upsetting the picket.

Another popular game is called "hamburger." This



MRS. HUGO BRANDEIS



MISS GOETZ AT METROPOLITAN HALL.

has been the inspiration for several Dutch lunch parties, at which hamburger steak was served, to bring the refreshments into harmony with the sport.

The St. Louis game was recently introduced in Omaha, and is racing with Boston, Philadelphia and other cities. But the novelty of the newly-invented games soon wears off and the bowlers fall back on the old reliable tempins of their fathers.

## New York's Police Chief

Colonel Michael C. Murphy, the new commissioner of police for New York, is one of the most remarkable men in the world, reports a correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald. For twelve years he has never tasted food or drink, and there is no prospect of his doing so for the rest of his natural life. All the nourishment he takes is administered through a silver tube inserted just above the stomach into the esophagus, or natural canal, by which nutritive substances are carried into the stomach. For Commissioner Murphy the delights of gustatory sensation and the achievements of gastronomic art are mere shadowy memories of an irrevocable past.

Twelve years ago Mr. Murphy was a prosperous politician, who liked his meals to come regularly in quantity and in quality. He was a hearty eater, and his weight oscillated close to the 240-pound mark. He was suddenly attacked with an acute stomach trouble and ulcers broke out on the lining of the esophagus.

When the ulcers healed it was found that the cicatrix of one of them caused a stricture of the canal by which the act of deglutition was made impossible.

Eminent New York physicians were called in. At first they directed their efforts to preventing their patient from dying by immediate starvation. They nourished him by injections of meat extracts into his intestines, and at the same time tried how inactivity would act on the stomach. For two months Mr. Murphy gave his beloved digester a rest. The organ was washed out every day by means of a stomach pump. While this process was going on the colonel was safely guarded from the sight of food, so as not to add mental torment to his physical sufferings.

When the satiny coats of the stomach were restored to their normally healthy state the doctors decided that they would try to furnish their patient with an artificial mouth. To that end they made a small incision into the breast above the stomach line, penetrating the esophagus. Through this they inserted a silver tube and fed Mr. Murphy by pouring food in liquid form into the esophagus by means of a funnel applied to the free end of the tube. When he began to take his meals in this way Mr. Murphy had run down from his 240 pounds of well-fed body to sixty pounds of "uninteresting skin and bone as you'd find in a dime museum," to use his own words.

By the new process of nourishment the patient added thirty pounds to his weight, but he has never risen above that amount of avoirdupois. Students of psychology who have examined him point to this fact to prove that the mind has a great influence on the fat-producing functions and that the pleasures of gustation facilitate the process of alimentation. Others say it is because artificial methods of preparing the food can never take the place of salivation and mastication peculiar to the mouth. Whichever of these opinions is the true one, Mr. Murphy has not regained his former roundness. He can enjoy his cigars, but that is about all the use he has for his powers of the palate.

His abnormal system of life has not prevented the commissioner from taking an active part in the affairs of the town. He has served in several offices, among them that of president of the Board of Health, which he was occupying when called to the headship of the police force. He came to this country from Ireland in 1850 and learned the printer's trade. In 1861 he was just 21 years old and joined the army of the north, in which he won a colonelcy in what was known as the "Irish Legion." For thirty-five years he has been more or less prominent in New York politics, and has been a Tammany man of note and influence.

## "Wake it Up"

Bessie, aged 4, had been sitting in a cramped position for some time playing with her doll. By and by, when she attempted to get up, she dropped back on the floor and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, my foot's asleep! Won't you ring the breakfast bell, please, and wake it up?"

## Travelers Telegraph Results Briefly

When Speke reached a telegraph wire after discovering the Victoria Nyanza he sent the laconic message: "The Nile is settled." Dr. Sven Hedin was almost equally terse, a few months ago, when he announced the solution of a vexed geographical problem. "The Lob-nor question is solved," he telegraphed.

The details of his interesting discovery have recently reached Sweden, relates the New York Sun. His evidence shows that he has cleared up a mystery that had puzzled geographers.

Old Chinese maps of Turkestan show a large salt lake among the sand wastes north of the giant Altyn-tag range which forms the northern boundary of Tibet. It receives the waters of the Tarim river and other streams, or all that is left after they have flowed hundreds of miles through desert sands. It is Lake Lob, or Lob-nor, as the natives call it, the word "nor," meaning lake.

In 1876 the Russian explorer, Prjevalsky, was the first white traveler to reach Lob-nor. He found it considerably south of the position assigned to it by the Chinese and attributed the fact to the inaccuracy of the Chinese maps.

This view was accepted until after Dr. Hedin visited the lake in 1895 and returned home with another theory which he supported with a series of nine maps of the lake, including those of Prjevalsky and his own Chinese charts, one dating as far back as 1720. These maps showed that the Chinese had assigned different positions to the lake at various times, these positions lying approximately in a north and south direction.

Prjevalsky showed it south of all the locations marked on the Chinese charts, but when Hedin visited the lake he found Prjevalsky's Lob-nor represented only by narrow basins in which the water was only eight inches deep, with a good deal of marsh, while the main body of water was further north. The attainments of the Chinese as cartographers entitle them to respect, and Hedin reached the conclusion that all these nine maps showed the posi-

tion of the lake, at various epochs, with approximate accuracy; that, in fact, the lake is not stationary, but within the past two centuries it has moved about forty miles to the south and is now moving north again.

This theory was received by Russian geographers with much hilarity. They pinned their faith to the accuracy of Prjevalsky and accepted his view that the Chinese charts were untrustworthy. The question was particularly interesting because it involved a difference of opinion among experts who had been on the ground, both the Russian and the Swedish explorers being known as men of high scientific attainments.

One of the purposes of the present visit of Hedin to Chinese Turkestan was to seek for a solution of the Lob-nor problem. According to his report, which seems conclusive, he has found it a considerable distance to the north of the original position of the lake. He has discovered the original bed of the lake as it is marked on the Chinese maps of the eighteenth century. It took him twelve hours to cross the old lake bed, which consists of horizontal layers of mud banks in which there are millions of shells of salt water mussels, showing that this sterile ground once teemed with life.

Around the edges of the lake bed are salt formations and dead forests and on parts of the ancient border of the lake he found the ruins of wooden houses and temples that had probably been devoted to the worship of Buddha. He concludes that the basin discovered by Prjevalsky is a quite modern formation and that, in fact, the lake can be assigned to no fixed position for any great length of time.

Hedin's explanation of the migration of this large lake is interesting. He says that vast quantities of dust and sand are driven west by the prevailing east winds and spread over the surface in this lake region. The Tarim and other rivers also bring down matter in suspension and deposit the mud in the reservoir district. The result is that the region where the waters accumulate

is now practically on a dead level and it requires only the formation of mud flats or sand dunes a little above the general level to change the position of the main water receptacle, which seems to oscillate to the south and then back to the north.

Considering the fun that the Russians enjoyed at Hedin's expense, it is perhaps natural that he should indulge in a little jubilation. "This discovery," he writes, "filled me with joy." Those Russian geographers who still maintain that Prjevalsky was right may say what they please. Their arguments to the contrary cannot do away with the plain facts as I have seen them."

## Century Beatitudes

American Investments vouches for the following modern version:

Blessed is the merciful banker, for he increaseth his shares in the bank of heaven.

Blessed is the one that is not "in the swim," for he shall run no risk of being drowned.

Blessed is the man that raiseth angora goats, for he shall have mohair than he can chew.

Blessed is the man that keepeth his temper, for he shall have the laugh on the other fellow.

Blessed is the man that knoweth that where it is folly to be blissful it is ignorance to be wise.

Blessed is the man that singeth flat, for he shall never be embarrassed singing to a large crowd.

Blessed is the man that liveth in a thatched cottage, for he shall not be required to pay any plumber bills.

Blessed is the man that owneth but one shirt, for he shall not be required to hire a policeman to watch the clothesline.

Blessed is the man that is not "brutally honest," for he runneth no danger of making a slip and defrauding his neighbor.

Blessed is the man that leaveth not his religious duty to his wife, for he shall escape being roughly tumbled in the day of judgment.

Blessed is the man that resisteth the temptations of evading usury, for his mull garments will be pure white and his wings long in the kingdom that is to come.

## How Francis Joseph Entertains at Dinner

A guest at the imperial table of Francis Joseph, at Buda-Pest, at his ancient Ofen castle, has given the Vienna correspondent of the London Chronicle an interesting account of his impressions there. The guests, says he, are cordially received in the magnificently decorated saloon by the grand marshal, Count Apponyi, and the grand steward of the household, Prince Leichtenstein. A few minutes before the dinner hour of 6 the emperor's adjutant general, Count Paar, appears and the guests at once form a double line, as the emperor almost immediately follows his adjutant. As the folding doors are widely thrown open and the monarch is seen on the threshold the guests salute him with a deep obeisance. He addresses a few pleasant words to the most distinguished persons present and passes into the great dining room, followed by his visitors, each of whom has received previous notice of his place at the table. Three gigantic lustres, with hundreds of electric lights, shine upon the long dining table below and are reflected a thousand times in the silver plates and the batteries of glasses assigned to each cover. There are three enormous bouquets, each flower being a masterpiece of ornamental gardening. The guests introduce themselves to their nearest neighbors and the dinner commences.

At the back of each chair stands a footman in gorgeous livery. The dishes and the wines are princely, but the boiled beef, the standard Austrian household dish, is also present, cut in tempting slices, and its appearance at once imparts a homely feeling to the assembled guests. The Rhine wines are exquisite for the emperor's visitors and conversation never falls under their influence, but becomes so animated that it reaches the third or fourth neighbor. The emperor converses with those near him; he often smiles and sometimes laughs aloud at some observation. Though the guests do not forget for a moment that their monarch is present, they have always

the pleasant feeling that he is their cordial host. A packet of the famous court bonbons is given to each guest; he leaves his card at his place and he finds a packet in his overcoat when he takes his departure. At the conclusion of dinner the emperor leads the way to the ante-room, now converted into a smoking room. The kaiser is the first who lights a cigar, not as before, a Virginia, but this time a light Havana. After smoking and general conversation the guests form in a half circle and the emperor has a kind or encouraging word for every one there. At 8:30 the guests disperse.

## Quickly Disposed Of

Richmond Dispatch: Agent—I am an expert machinist, madam, and called to see if you had any sewing machines in the house that you wished to have repaired.

Sharp-featured Female—Indeed! So you're looking for a branch of promise suit, are you?

Agent—I don't quite understand you. Sharp-featured Female—Don't, eh? Well, I happen to be the only sewing machine in this house, and as I'm a widow as well, I've got the right to look upon your remark as a proposal.

A gleam of comprehension flashed across the agent's face, and with one glance at the "machine" he skipped.

## Would Not Stop

Detroit Journal: June, the ox-eyed queen of Olympus, insisted that it would certainly make talk.

"Why," exclaimed she, impatiently, "since those outre wet weather skirts come in you've hardly stopped raining. Isn't enough to take your meals, actually?"

Jupiter Pluvius, thus addressed, offered to laugh, but inwardly he was afflicted with much disquietude by reason of the jealous watchfulness of his beautiful wife.