IN THE WHEELING WORLD

The annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Indianapolis did not come up to the expectations of the managers. Like all other sports this year it felt the force of public indifference. The attendance was notably small, particularly so when the large membership is considered. The Indianapolis Journal says the main reason for the small number present was the absorbing public interest in the war. Coupled with that is the apparent falling off in the membership of the league. "It is a matter for regret," says the Journal, "that so few visitors were present. This disappointment is great to the local managers, the young men who worked so earnestly and with such enthusiasm for its success. They deserve congratulations, however, on what they did achieve. Their part was well done, whatever else may have been lacking. Nothing was omitted within the resources of the city that could have added to the entertainment of the visitors. Circumstances over which they had no control combined against them, but so far as they and their city are concernend they have reason for satisfaction. In everything except attendance the meet of 1898 was a success."

Commenting on the partial failure of the meet, the New York Sun says: "This circumstance has provoked the question of the advisability of the league holding an eastern and western national meet in future years. The question was discussed by leading members of the organization at the meeting just concluded in the west and the idea met with general approbation. It is likely that at the next annual business meeting of the League of American Wheelmen, which will be held in February, such a proposition will be submitted to the association legislators. Arguments are advanced that eastern members of the League of American Wheelmen are unwilling and oftentimes unable to travel long distances to the annual mid-summer gathering and similar conditions exist among westerners when this fixture is held in the east. The annual meet of the league is calculated to bring together the general membership for one big reunion, but at the present time the object of the meeting fails. It is the general belief that in the future two meetings should be held. This suggested change will receive careful consideration between now and the time of the annual convention."

Much has been said and written within the last few months in relation to the future price of bicycles. In speaking of this a few days ago a prominent manufacturer said to a New York Tribune reporter:

"The public can rest assured that bicycles will be cheap in the future, but it must not confound the meaning of the word cheapness with that of some other word. Because bicycles will be cheap it does not necessarily follow by any means that they will be sold below the cost of production and the expense of placing them on the market. When I say that bicycles will be cheap I mean that the keen competition between the large manufacturers will necessarily compel the latter to be content with small profits. As a consequence of this the great facilities which these manufacturers have for turning out bicycles in large numbers will cause them to be sold cheaply. But the public should remember that bicycles will not be sold for any great length of time below the cost of production, any more than any other article of trade, and $100 wheels will not be sold for $50 or $50 wheels for $25."

Grapevine reports of the political features of the Indianapolis meet indicate that I. B. Potter has chosen his successor for the presidency of the league. This is based on the assumption that Potter is the league, and there is some good basis for the assumption. The "elect" is said to be Thomas J. Keenan of Pittsburg, editor of the Press of that city, and at present first vice president of the league. Mr. Potter and his constituents are a controlling power in League of American Wheelmen politics, and their records are good. They have nothing to fear by placing Mr. Keenan's candidacy before the league as that of their own choice, and Mr. Keenan himself is well pleased to be thus honored by the men who have been responsible for the league's greatest successes. Two years ago Mr. Keenan ran for the first vice presidency, and was defeated by C. Frank Kireker of New Jersey. At that time Mr. Keenan was opposed to the Potter party. During the summer of '96 he and Mr. Potter joined forces, and the result was Mr. Keenan's unanimous election to the office he now holds.

Mr. Keenan is a man of high standing in his home city, and is honored and respected by all who know him. He is able, energetic, always awake to the wheelmen's rights and interests, and a gentleman thoroughly qualified to administer the affairs of the league's highest office. The rest of the Potter slate for '99 has not been filled out. Inasmuch as Buffalo wants the '99 national meet, New York probably will not have representation on it. The offices are almost certain to go to New Jersey and the west.

Much talk is indulged in concerning the evil of scorching, and is directed chiefly at the limber youths who are filled with the notion that roadways were built for bicycle speedways. But there are other grades of scorching calculated to make a wheeler weary and sore of body and spirit, as one Omaha fan reluctantly admits. Last Sunday he swung his 185 pounds of solid flesh onto the saddle and cheerily pedaled over hill and valley and gumbo road into Sarpy county, some twenty miles. It was during the bleaching midday hours and Old Sol got in his work in elegant shape, converting the rider's toga into the consistency of a soaked sponge, while his hands and face assumed the hue of a raw lobster. As a specimen of scorching the job could not be surpassed.

A recent number of the London Lancet has a note interesting to the vast army of cyclists. After a "spin" along a more or less dusty road the cyclist sometimes experiences a dry and subsequently sore and inflamed throat. Headache and depression often follow, and the symptoms generally simulate poisoning of some kind. When the bacteriology of road dust is considered, these effects are hardly to be wondered at. Hundreds of millions of bacteria, according to the nature of the locality, are found in a gram weight of dust, and the species isolated have included well known pathogenic organisms. Indeed, there can be no reason for doubting the infective power of dust when it is known that among the microbes encountered in it are the microbes of pus, malignant oedema, tetanus, tubercule and septicaemia. The mischief to riders, as well as pedestrians, would probably be largely averted if, as nature intended, the respirations were rigidly confined to the nasal passages, and the mouth kept comfortably though firmly shut. As investigators have shown, the microbes in the air seldom pass beyond the extreme end of the nasal passage, and consequently never to the larynx or bronchial surfaces. A useful precaution, therefore, in addition to exclusively breathing through the nostrils, would be to douche the nasal cavity after a dusty run or walk with a weak and slightly warm solution of some harmless antiseptic.

In France a married woman must not ride a bicycle in the public streets or parks without a permit, and she cannot get the permit from the authorities without the written consent of her husband. The women bicycle riders of Russia have even greater difficulties to contend with. In that country women are not even permitted to possess a bicycle without first obtaining the consent of the government. A year ago few women rode bicycles in Russia, and those who did were mostly members of the royal family and the nobility.

Some points on the part that the resistance of the atmosphere makes in cycle riding that are of peculiar interest in considering the importance of pacing are given in a recent publication written by Prof. Boys. He says that a man able to ride twenty miles an hour could travel 100 miles in the same time if there was only the resistance of the machine and the road to be overcome. It is the air that causes nearly all the trouble. The professor has also made some barometrical calculations, and, according to his theory, a difference of one inch in the height of the barometer might make a difference of a second in a minute, if the corresponding diminution of oxygen in the rider's lungs did not compensate for the reduced resistance.

A mean case of bicycle theft is reported from Detroit, which teaches the lesson that a wheelman cannot consider himself safe from the cycle snatcher at any time, not even when he should be an object of pity and assistance. A Detroit rider lost control of his wheel on a hill, struck a boulder at the bottom and lay for a minute partially stunned. A tramp who witnessed the performance grinned unsympathetically and asked the other if he was much hurt. The unfortunate man answered: "My ankle, I guess, is sprained, but I don't think I need an ambulance quite yet." The footpad picked up the wheel, saying: "Well, I guess you don't need this thing, either," and, mounting it, he rode away, leaving its owner in the road staring and shouting wildly, but helpless to give chase.

Sigmund Bachmann, a Vienna cyclist, has returned to Vienna after two years' absence, having won a bet of 10,000 florins that he would wheel around the globe in two years. On September 17, 1896, he left Vienna on his wheel and went through Germany and France on his way to Bordeaux, where he took passage to England. He then cycled from the coast to London and Liverpool, took steamer to New York, cycled to Chicago, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, crossed the Pacific, rode from Sydney to Melbourne, then passed by way of Ceylon to India, where he visited Madras, Calcutta and Allahabad. A native wounded him in the arm with a lance, but this was the only danger he encountered. He returned home by Africa and Italy and arrived in Budapest on his wheel. He cycled 24,000 kilometers in all, but declared that the hardest piece of work was crossing the American continent.

A device adopted by the Great Western railway of England to facilitate the transportation of bicycles is said to have proved very successful and may be tried in this country. It consists of a pad placed between the machines to prevent one damaging another. Sheets of double canvas about two yards long and one-half as wide cover a thickness of wool and are provided with a rope edge and straps at the top. The first wheel in the van or baggage car is leaned against the side of the van and a pad strapped to it. A second machine is laid against the first and a pad attached. When separated by these pads the lurchings of the train cause no damage to the wheels, which are also packed in small compass and may nonetheless be easily extracted by the baggage men.

A unique bicycle support is attached to the side plate of one of the pedals, where it is inconspicuous, but may be put in operation by a touch of the foot. It weighs only three and a half pounds and folds up under the foot so as to be out of the way and out of sight when the wheel is in use. It consists of a lever atached to and folding along the edge of the pedal. Kicking a small button with the foot releases the lever, which falls down and is straightened by a jointed truss. It supports the wheel at an angle of about 5 degrees. When kicked with the foot again the lever flies back.

Many of the cycle makers profess to believe the gear case will be offered as an option on many makes of wheels next year. It is urged that the chainless wheel has a running gear always clean and not influenced by rain or dust, so that to indulge any reasonable hope of competing with it chain-driven wheels must have their gear enclosed.

To overcome the objection of the high cost of a good gear case it is claimed that when all makers use them the cost of their manufacture will be reduced to a minimum. In women's models, by replacing the chain guard, a large part of the cost will be saved.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

Chicago Record.

When Chloe mounts her wheel and glides
Unaided down the boulevard
Our eyes pursue her as she rides—
My eyes and all my thoughts besides—
Half wishing to her speed retard,
Half vexed that she should disregard
The admiration that I feel
For this seductive maiden's—wheel.

Her suit of brown and boots of tan—
The boots recalls Priscilla spinning
When Alden's love affair began—
Are fitted to bewitch a man
And make him set his heart on winning
A race he yearns to be beginning,
Till he recalls that Chloe's steed
Outpaces his slow-footed speed.

Away she goes, her cheeks aglow
As if the rosy dawn had kissed her;
But oh, if she could only know,
Would she feel quite as free to go,
Or would she ask me to assist her?
Heigho! 'tis easy to resist her,
For down the road in rapid flight
She darts and dwindles out of sight.

AROUND THE WORLD ON WHEELS.

Impressions and Experiences of Three Globe Girdlers.

Interest in the experiences of John F. Fraser and his two companions, who have just completed a trip around the world on bicycles, should not be confined entirely to wheelmen. Many details of the trip, as described by Mr. Fraser in the New York Sun, are important as revealing the character of the countries traveled through, as showing the disposition of different races toward foreigners and also as confirming previous reports to the effect that almost everywhere bicycling has become popular.

The trip was made in a little over two years, starting from London, and its object was purely for pleasure. Each of the trio rode a wheel of English make which weighed thirty-five pounds. Baggage weighing thirty pounds, in the form of clothing and photographic and emergency supplies, was carried by each, and provisions were obtained wherever possible. The party was spared much time and embarrassment by the fact that, in linguistics, they were exceedingly capable. Among them English, French, German, Italian and Russian could be spoken and understood without much trouble. It was only with the countrymen of Li Hung Chang that the wheelmen found great difficulty in making their wants known.

The king of Belgium impressed the travelers as being a right jolly old fellow. He invited them to his palace, and, being an enthusiastic tricyclist himself, took a lively interest in their steel-frame roadsters. All through Germany the roads were good and the people agreeable.

The party's reception in Vienna was exceptionally cordial. On arriving there they found their rooms tastily decorated with flags and prominent citizens of the place adorned the wheels of their visitors with ribbons and bouquets.

In the domain of the czar traveling was not always pleasant. Food was usually poor and often very scarce and the strangers' presence was regarded by the common people with a good deal of suspicion. In their encounters with the Cossacks the riders were obliged to display firearms.

The shah of Persia, upon witnessing some feats of the tourists, ordered several bicycles for his ministers. Wheels are by no means uncommon in that country. Across India cycling was excellent.

One hundred and fifty-one days were spent in crossing the Middle Kingdom and during that time 3,000 miles were covered. Mr. Fraser's account of his experiences in that country, particularly as regards the condition of the roads, agrees perfectly with the reports of other travelers in the far east. He says: "We never had a ride of five clear miles without dismounting while in China."

Speaking of the manner of paying their bills in western China, he reports that the only money they found was cash coin strung on a cord, which was run through a hole in the center. "Our money," he adds, "was in silver bullion and we exchanged it by weight in payment of hotel bills or for a string of coins."

In Japan the riders found beautiful roads and hospitable people and nobody mistook them for outlaws.

The journey from San Francisco to New York was not made without some hardships. For 1,700 miles before reaching Omaha the party was obliged to ride on railroad tracks and in some parts of the west they were treated by the citizens with apparent indifference. East of the Missouri everything went well.

WHISPERINGS OF THE WHEEL

Perhaps the less said about Wheelmen's day at the exposition, which was last Monday, the better. Every one knows what a farce it was from every point of view, with the exception of the attendance, which was even more than was expected, there being an exceptionally large number of the boys of "short pants" upon the grounds. Looked at in one light it was too bad that the Denver boys were not present, but when one thinks of what a farce the exposition officials made of the day, it is perhaps better that they were not here, as they would in all probability not have passed many complimentary remarks upon the exposition management when they returned to Denver. Sioux City and Council Bluffs were well represented with good-sized delegations, while the other towns in this vicinity did not forget to send a crowd. The local riders turned out in good shape, and had it not been for the many-headed management the day would have been a big success.

Perhaps the maddest people on the grounds on Wheelmen's day were those who spent time and money decorating their wheels for the bicycle parade, and also those who had prepared floats for the occasion, and they were not few by any means. When it was announced that there would not be a parade some of these people got their heads together and secured permission to ride up and down the Midway, so as to show their floats, which they did about 10 o'clock. Many who saw them thought that they were the parade, and did not hesitate to remark that it was rather short.

The Denver boys have written Chief Consul O'Brien that they will in all probability visit the exposition on Colorado day if a good railroad rate can be obtained. It seems that one of the roads leading out of Denver had promised them a special rate for last Monday, but when the time for starting came turned them down—so they stayed at home.

The Nebraska state circuit opened at York Friday afternoon with some very good races, in which George Meierstein was the only Omaha rider who figured prominently, despite the fact that "Old Gad" was there and the races were held upon his kind of a track, but for some reason he failed to get into the money. Meierstein is a persistent little rider, game to the core, and most always gets a piece of money wherever he goes.

Speaking of the state circuit, it must be said that Vice Consul Benson deserves an unlimited amount of credit and praise for getting up a circuit at all this year, in the face of the opposition and lack of support he has had, and it can truthfully be said that he has gotten up the circuit alone and unaided. It comprises seven good towns, and in view of the fact that bicycle enthusiasm is at ebb tide in the country this season, it is one of the best state circuits of the year.

Iver Lawson, who is a brother of the famous "Terrible Swede," John Lawson, seems to be the fast man upon the Nebraska state circuit so far, as he won both of the open races at York Friday, and was in the money again yesterday at Seward. He will be remembered as the little fellow who made such a game ride in this city at the Nebraska circuit date in 1896. At that time he went by the name of Iver Gustaverson, his first and middle name only.

Gadke and Meierstein are the only Omaha riders following the Nebraska state circuit this year. This is the smallest number of Omaha representatives that has ever followed any of the state circuits before.

A new class of records has recently been making its appearance in the bulletins of the National Racing Board, and though there was a multitude of records before it is universally conceded that the new list is a good one for the sport and is a desirable addition to the racing records. These records appear in the bulletins about as follows: "One mile, handicap, professional, John Jones, New York; time, 2:01 3-5. Handicapper, John Smith." This means that the rider has ridden a mile in the time started from scratch in a handicap race. The handicapper is given credit for making his allotments so that a fast race from scratch results. This makes the best possible kind of a competitive record as it shows that the rider has made the stated distance without any other pacing than what he may be able to pick up as he goes along in endeavoring to catch the long mark men. It also proves his track generalship in being able to ride from scratch around a big field of men having an advantage, and in doing it in fast time. If the handicapper has not done his work well and has not allowed the limit men enough start the scratch men will catch them within a comparatively short time and a loaf results. But if he places them so far out that the scratch men have to break records to catch them it shows good handicapping and the racing board gives the handicapper credit for it by attaching his name to the record.

The national meet resulted in a wholesale change in the points table for the championship and furnishes many surprises for the talent. Eddie Bald, four years the champion of the United States, is now at the head of the table, and from appearances will hold the position until the end of the season. For the first time in the history of national meets he rode in his great form and his friends were consequently agreeably surprised at the showing he made. As a matter of fact, however, Floyd McFarland carried off the honors of the meet in point of actual results, he gained 100 points to 90 for Bald. This was accomplished by McFarland getting a first and a second in the championship, while Bald got a first and a third.

Gardiner not only lost his lead at the meet, but was relegated to seventh place. He was beaten before the meet started, as he was dissatisfied with the methods of scoring and made strenuous complaint. As Gardiner has a very strong "yellow streak" in his make up it was thought at the time he complained he would be out of the running at the meet. The best he could do was a fifth place. He did not qualify in any of the other championship events.

A very interesting feature of the races and one which is of the greatest importance, though overlooked by all of the critics present at the meet, was a part of the first day's racing. In the semi-finals of the two-mile championship the third man in the fastest heat was to qualify. In the second heat Mertens made a "sneak" two laps from the tape, and by riding his best to keep away from the bunch finished the heat in two-fifths of a second faster than the previous heat. Bald finished third to Mertens in this heat, and it being the fastest of the two was qualified for the final. In the final he finished third and added thirty points to his score. Had Mertens not made the "sneak" and thereby made faster time than the previous heat, Bald would have been shut out of the final and his score would have been thirty points less. Therefore, had it not been for the action of Mertens in this semi-final, Bald would not only not be in the lead for the championship today, but would be a tie with Kimble for fourth position, and McFarland would have been on top of the heap.

Kimble's win of the two-mile was the surprise of the meet, as he was not even counted upon to show in the trial heats. But he rode like a fiend and captured one of the sixty point races. He has a history which shows that he furnishes these surprises about once a year, and it came very opportunely for him this year, as he is now among the leaders for the championship.

There are three more championship distances to be ridden for the big scores, the rule providing that any of the standard distances not ridden at the national meet shall be assigned to the national circuit and the scoring shall be the same. These races will be held in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore late in the season, so that the name of the champion will be in doubt until almost the last meet.

Triangle Cycle Club Notes.

"Jack" Hall is fifty miles in the lead for that gold medal. Hustle him, fellows.

The Bennington run last Saturday was a "hummer," excepting the attendance.

Captain Barnes is again in his old place. The boys are glad to see him; more enthusiasm and a larger attendance on the runs is looked for from now on.

Saturday the club will take in the packing houses, leaving the building at 3:30 p. m.

The run Tuesday evening will be to Riverview park, start 7:30 p. m.

It would be hard to say who ate the most watermelon Thursday evening, but judging from the attendance and the number of melons cut, it shows an average of a melon to every man.

The spin around the city Tuesday evening was enjoyed by a fair crowd, though considerable disappointment was manifested on account of the Denver wheelmen being unable to come.

CHESS.

The state correspondence tournament now in progress, besides proving a good school for improvement in the game of chess seems to have also a social side and has promoted acquaintance among the players to a considerable extent. On the postal cards used in notifying the adversaries of the moves made many little items of a personal nature are noted, which adds to the pleasure of the intercourse. One player feeling in a particularly exuberant mood inscribed the following on the bottom of his card:

"Check!" the happy Edwards wrote,
And Hartzell scratched his pate:
"If you go there, I'll check you here;
Say: In six moves I'll mate."

"Great Scott! That's so," the old man said,
And from his pipe he took a whiff.
"You're right. But say, I could have won—
That is, if you—if I—well—IF."

Another, feeling that verse was out of his line, and that he was stronger on puns, took revenge in the following manner:

Last night I had a number of moves to answer and sat up quite late. Wife, feeling tired, went to bed. About midnight I came into her room, and, waking her, said, "I'm going to Winchester's game." Of course I admit it was a vile way to treat a sleepy person, and one's own wife at that; but she got even by saying, "Well, it will be Owen to some error he's made if you do." "And," continued I, "Rasmussen get gay or I'll get his scalp, too." "Perhaps," she replied, "but for my part I'd like to Seeley Edwards beaten." "Oh! I'm a regular Griffin to these Nebraska chess players, little wife," said I, not feeling quite at ease, for she was gaining on me all the time and I was hard pressed for something to say.

"Hald on there," was the rejoinder, "you know that Griffin pun is N. G." "No doubt," I retorted, with some feeling, "but I was afraid too many good puns might Paul youl taste for them." "Don't flare up so," she said quietly, "for I might Crossby myself." "I wasn't angry, little one," I answered, "there avas a Roche running down the back of my neck at the time and that made me seem excited; and what De France would it make if I did flare up?"

"Did you notice the score Hald is making," asked wife, after a moment's breathing spell, "he Tyson nearly every game he doesn't win outright?" "Now, come to bed, my boy," she continued, "if I ever find anybody feeling so depraved as to enjoy a vile pun, I'll have them C. Q. and hear what you have to offer. Just stick to chess, my boy, and let word-juggling alone. Pawn my word, however, I hope you may make the highest score in the tourney."

"That's a wifely sentiment," said I, "and if I do, 'Our souls will have but one single thought, our Hartzall beat as one.'"

But she was fast asleep.

Problem No. 37, White to play and mate in three moves:

BLACK.

WHITE.

Castling is barred when the king is in check or would cross a line of attack in order to castle, but not when rook is attacked, as erroneously stated two weeks ago.

WHIST.

The scores so far published of the recent congress of the American Whist league show as good a quality of whist as was ever played at any previous gathering of the sort. The New Englanders were easily leaders, and, barring the Brooklyn Shield, no prize of any importance got away from them. There were numerous ties and close finishes in their work, especially of the American Whist club, showing that their victories were won on their merits. In almost every respect the congress was conducted under good conditions, and even the weather was ideal, owing, it is said, to a "secret convention" made by W. H. Barney with the weather man. The prizes are said to have been unusually numerous and beautiful, several large wall cases being filled with them. The most prominent were the trophies—the Hamilton cup, the team-of-four championship emblem, the Minneapolis cup, the pair championship emblem and the American Whist league challenge cup. Besides these there was a silver-mounted array of every sort of stimulus to good work.

In describing the first round of the contest of Mitchell pairs the current number of Whist mentions the results accomplished by two well known whist players. "When P. J. Tormey and the Whist Queen entered as partners," it remarks, "it was the first time they had ever played together, and consequently there was a little understanding before going in as to the method of play. 'Now, said Tormey, 'no frills or fancy flourishes, but plain, straightforward Cavendish, twenty-second edition; is that understood?' Her whistic majesty smiled assent and they went in and made top score—sixteen plus. There are times after all when the plain straightforward game, with no frills or fancy flourishes, seems to pay."

The same publication also mentions a curious question which agitated several of the visitors who were fond of problems. It cropped up during one of the open events where "Uncle Dick" and the "Queen" were present. Rufus Allen being "Uncle Dick" to every American Whist league player, and Miss Kate Wheelock being the "Daughter of the League," the question was asked: "What relation is Miss Wheelock to 'Uncle Dick?'"

The following scores were made at the Wednesday night session of the Omaha Whist club:

Burrill and Lawrence	211
Shea and Allee	209
Redick and Morsman	207
Heth and McDowell	205
Total	832
Average	208
Baxter and McNutt	198
Jordan and Strauss	196
Coe and Scammell	195
Comstock and Meikle	192
Total	781
Average	195

The Texas Wonder.

Dr. E. W. Hall of Waco, Texas, is in the city advertising his wonderful remedy, "Hall's Great Discovery," for kidney and bladder troubles. He was for years a great sufferer from these ills, and after trying many highly recommended remedies without relief he determined to experiment on himself and through this means made a discovery which entirely cured him and has since cured thousands of others. Kuhn & Co. have secured the agency for Omaha for this remedy and will be pleased to furnish Texas and Alabama testimonials from well known people to all sufferers who will call on them. Dr. Hall, the discoverer of this great medicine, can be found for a few days at Kuhn & Co.'s or Brunswick hotel and will be pleased to meet any one wishing to consult him—no charges for same.

The Tourists' Church Guide gives some remarkable statements pertaining to the advance of ritualism in England. It says: "Ten years ago 200 churches had a daily eucharist; now there are 613. Vestments have gone up from 599 to 2,026. In 4,000 churches the mixed chalice is used. There is enormous growth in the belief in transubstantiation, or the priest turning bread into the body of Christ."

Free Rheumatism Cure

Trial Package Free to All—Send for it—Tell Your Suffering Friends That They Can First Test Before They Part With Their Money.

A Genuine Rheumatism Specific That Cures Rheumatism No Matter if 20 Doctors Have Tried and Failed. It is a Marvelous Remedy.

Not a great doctor; not an eminent specialist; not a patent medicine man but just a plain, every-day citizen of Milwaukee says that anyone who will send him their name and address can have absolutely free a trial package of a remedy that cured him of rheumatism and has cured hundreds of others whose years of pain and suffering, helplessness and despair had well nigh sent to an untimely grave. It is a subject of great interest. Rheumatism is a most merciless demon. It spares neither the God-fearing nor the infidel. Born of the devil it seems to tantalize men's souls to see how much they can suffer and yet breathe the air that Providence filled with life.

N. H. Spafford, of Milton, Mass., sent for a free trial of Gloria Tonic. He had suffered for many years. At times the pain would ease up a little and fill his heart with thankfulness that perhaps life would not be such a burden after all. But no sooner would he rejoice than a sudden change of the weather would strike him another heartless twinge of pain and so it went year after year. The free trial reached him during one of these periodic spells and gave him such relief that he continued the remedy and was completely cured. Mr. Smith, the discoverer of the remedy, was an invalid as a result of rheumatism, the disease affecting his feet. At times he could barely hobble about. He experimented with all sorts of drugs and by great good luck hit upon a combination that acted as a specific for the disease. At first he confined his efforts among those whom he personally knew, but in time the demand for his discovery became so great that he put the medicine up in regular form and has since sold it through the drug stores at $1.00 a box. But most people who suffer are convinced that there is no cure for rheumatism, and to offset this doubt Mr. Smith sends a trial package free that all may test it first and thus learn of its wonderful merit. Send your name and address to John A. Smith, 497 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail he will send prepaid a package of Gloria Tonic, a remedy that will cure any form of rheumatism, no matter how many doctors have tried and failed.

$35.00, $25.00, $45.00, $17.00

National, Columbus, Victor

Cleveland, Model, "D" and "F."

Do not fail to call and see the wheels while at the Exposition, or write for prices, etc.

Midland Cycle Company,

H. H. HAYFORD, Manager.

410 North 16th Street. - - Omaha, Nebraska.

FEEDING THE MIDWAY PEOPLE

Foreigners on the Street Require Their Native Dishes.

SLOW IN ACCEPTING AMERICAN COOKERY

Special Articles of Food Are Imported to Meet the Demands of the Chinese and Other Orientals at the Exposition.

To the visitor who strolls through the exposition grounds in the early morning the big enclosure seems like a vast white city just awakening from sleep. The fresh beauty of the dawn still lingers on the domes of the buildings and emphasizes the rich green coloring of the foliage and stretches of glossy turf. The daily crowd is forecasted only by a few scattered pedestrians whose footsteps fall audibly on the gravel walks like the measured tread of the picket when the camp is silently slumbering.

But the employes whose duty takes them to the grounds when the sun first begins to crystalize the white pillars, and lift the night mist from the lagoon, could tell a different story. The exposition is not only the pleasure ground of the thousands who throng its avenues during the day, but it is the abiding place of hundreds of people who assist in one way or another to entertain its visitors. These constitute an army that must be fed, and since no vehicles are allowed on the grounds during business hours, all supplies of whatever character must be delivered before the gates are opened to the public. The same rule applies to all the restaurants and lunch stands, and from 5 o'clock in the morning until nearly 8 the north tract is a veritable hive of industry.

Huge ice wagons lumber through the streets distributing tons of ice for the day's consumption. There are milk wagons and bakers' carts and grocers' wagons almost without number, in addition to the army of vehicles that are employed by individual concessionaries to bring in their various supplies. Every concessionaire is given wagon passes to admit as many vehicles as are actually necessary to haul his supplies. Outsiders who have no recognized claim to transportation are compelled to buy photograph passes, and several downtown firms find the exposition commerce so profitable that a number of their drivers are provided with these documents.

Must Get Out on Time.

All are admitted at a gate provided especially for the purpose, and every vehicle must be out of the grounds before 8 o'clock under penalty of having its pass revoked. At 5 o'clock the wagons begin to pour through the gate in a line that is seldom broken. Once inside there is a general bustle to transact their business within the prescribed limit, and the Midway becomes a babel of shouting teamsters and clattering vehicles. By 7 o'clock the bulk of the day's supplies has been distributed, and the exit begins. An hour later every vehicle has departed, and the enclosure is as quiet as a deserted cemetery.

The vast amount of commissary material that goes to the restaurants is of little interest except to the hungry people who dispose of it later in the day. But that which is consumed by the variegated army of foreigners that inhabits the Midway furnishes not the least curious feature of the great show.

Nearly half a hundred different nationalities assist to make up the population of the amusement section, and each has its peculiar customs which it is reluctant to abandon. Most of the people who are here congregated have been brought to Omaha direct from their native soil. They come from Turkey, Assyria, Egypt, China and a score of other places scattered from the Japanese archipeligo to the North sea, and they bring with them the habits and tastes of their nativity. To cater to these involves a large additional expense on the part of their employers, and they endeavor as far as possible to accustom them to American dishes and cooking. But in this they are only partially successful, and many car loads of edibles are received on the grounds the contents of which have been imported from the most remote corners of the earth.

The largest colony of a single race is at the Chinese village, which is the home of over 150 people of that nationality. There are 112 men and forty-seven women, and with a few exceptions they are almost absolute strangers to American ways. The Chinaman has some pronounced ideas in regard to what he eats, and he clings desperately to the customs of his race. Even those who have been in this country for years use the knife and fork under protest, and return with satisfaction to their chop sticks in the seclusion of their homes.

Observe Fashionable Hours.

The Chinese epicure observes very nearly the fashionable meal hours of this country. He breakfasts about 9 o'clock, eats a light lunch at midday and indulges in his dinner between 4 and 5. Here the resemblance practically ceases. If an American housewife should find herself in the kitchen at the Chinese village she would be decidedly puzzled to figure out how the cooking is accomplished. The Chinese cook never bakes, nor roasts, nor broils. Everything is boiled or stewed, and an oven is something of which he would not understand the use. His stove is merely a brick contraption with a hole in the top to hold a kettle, and another hole near the base in which the combustibles are stuffed. The balance of his culinary utensils could be carried off in a good-sized coat pocket.

In one respect the Chinaman exhibits a common sense of which the English race has never been accused. He admits the fact that it is not in human nature to chew one's food sufficiently, and consequently he insists that a large proportion of the mastication shall be attended to in the kitchen. Nothing is ever set on a Chinese table that requires cutting. The meat is chopped into fine pieces before it is served, and vegetables are stewed until they can be readily eaten with chop sticks. The result is that indigestion is something entirely foreign to his experience, and a Chinaman without a perfect set of teeth is a curiosity.

Must Import His Supplies.

The rice that forms a part of every meal that is served in the Chinese Village is imported in bamboo sacks holding about fifty pounds each. It not only forms a staple article of food, but it is the base of the native wines of which a half dozen varieties are also in stock. Little or no beef is used in this colony. In China the cow is utilized as a beast of burden and not as a means of subsistence and it is only killed when it has become too old and feeble to be of further service. Consequently the Chinese have come to regard beef as poor fodder and with a few exceptions they cannot be induced to touch it.

The bulk of the meat that is served in the colony consists of pork and chickens. These are chopped into small pieces and stewed with vegetables to be eaten with chop sticks. They also eat large quantities of a dried fish that is imported from China. It is similar to the white fish except that it has large eyes and is several times more expensive. Duck eggs, also imported, are a staple edible with the Chinese. Each egg is packed in a sort of black mud, mixed with salt, in which they will keep for years and acquire a peculiar flavor that is highly esteemed. There are several huge cases of these in the store room and since they cost exactly 7½ cents a dozen in Omaha, they have acquired a right to be considered a delicacy.

A large proportion of the vegetables that are used are also imported and some of them are entirely unfamiliar in this country. The Chinese mushroom is much superior to that which is found in this country and any one who has tasted its rich flavor would be satisfied with no other. Bean sprouts are a favorite ingredient in the Chinese dishes. These are taken from a variety of bean that has been reported by United States consuls to contain double the nutriment that is found in any American bean, and during the last year or two steps have been taken by the government to raise it in this country. Cabbage, cucumbers, lettuce, garlic and various other varieties are eaten to some extent, but never until after they have been thoroughly stewed. Numerous sauces of unknown composition give variety to the meals, and all the dishes are eaten with a great deal of seasoning.

Manager Akoun of the Streets of All Nations is also compelled to go to foreign countries for a considerable amount of his supplies. His establishment includes 150 people, representing sixteen distinct nationalities, and each of these has its separate cook to cater to its peculiar tastes. As they are all Orientals there is a certain similarity in the materials, but the various peoples have ideas of their own in regard to the way in which their food should be served. Like the Chinese the Orientals are vegetarians and perfect teeth and good digestion are among their characteristics. Aside from their stickling for the vegetables and condiments of their own countries they eat much as we do and they are gradually being induced to abandon their native dishes for a partially American bill of fare.

The Oriental eats little meat except mutton, of which he never seems to tire. He likes his eggs and coffee for breakfast, and also eats a great amount of rice and crushed wheat, but he is chary of American vegetables. In this line his favorite dishes consist of a sort of stuffed squash and grape leaves, rolled into balls and stuffed with meat and rice. These grape leaves are imported from the vineyards on the Mount Lebanon of scriptural interest. He will eat no butter or cheese except that which is imported from his native country, and olive oil is a conspicuous feature of most of his favorite dishes. He is especially fond of fish fried in oil and eaten with a dash of lemon and tentils and Oriental beans complete his staple articles of diet.

The culinary ideas of the Streets of Cairo people are similar to those that prevail in the Streets of All Nations and here also the larder depends to a considerable extent on material imported from the Orient.

The employes of a number of other concessions live on the grounds, but as they follow American customs their culinary resources do not inspire the same interest.

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