

WHEELING WORLD

General Roy Stone of Pennsylvania, who is in command of a division of the army in Porto Rico, is an enthusiast on the subject of good roads. Prior to the war he was employed by the government as an expert and was actively engaged in advancing the good roads movement. Part of his duty in the army was to find or build roads for the transportation of supplies, and his expert knowledge was put to good account. The general's report of the condition of the roads in Porto Rico will interest wheelers of globe trotting tendencies, inasmuch as the roads of the island are equal to the best in Europe. The great highway between Ponce and San Juan is a marvel of engineering skill. Part of it ascends a mountain to a height of 5,000 feet, and is hewn through solid rock. The surface is as smooth as newly laid asphalt and a bicycle glides over it without a jar, and of which is pleasant to read about. Distance lends enchantment to it. Still, just as good a road might be built in this country for less than the cost of acquiring the Porto Rican sample of Spanish industry.

Teddy Edwards' cherished plan of riding a century every day for 365 consecutive days can never be realized. The policy little Welshman brooked his 100-mile ride on Buffalo on the 7th, when he was compelled, upon the advice of his physician and his trainer, to abandon the ride for that day. Edwards had ridden 250 consecutive centuries. Although he cannot carry out his original intention to ride a century every day for a year, he says he will, as soon as he is allowed to start, catch up the lost centuries, and by riding 200 miles some days, still be able to record 36,500 miles next New Year's eve. A physician who made a thorough examination of Edwards reports that he is suffering from a mild form of typhoid fever. All talk of hypertrophy of the heart is nonsense, says the doctor, and, according to his idea, it is the splendid physical condition of Edwards that has prevented the toxin of the fever from affecting him more severely. Provided there is no relapse and no setting in of complications, Edwards will be able to resume riding in a few weeks, says his doctor, who also expresses the opinion that the fever being induced by his arduous work on the wheel, he has been improved by it.

Riding with the hands off the bars is becoming a remarkably common sight on the local roads most frequented. Those who indulge in it sit with arms folded across their breast or with their hands clasped behind their backs. The cyclists who indulge in this kind of "showing off" are as a rule content enough to avoid corners, but they are like men walking on railroad ties. They are confident themselves, but they tax the nerves of everyone else. When an everyday rider comes alongside of one of this species he or she wobbles slightly and wears an anxious expression. This is a warning strain until they have passed the vain one. A few days ago a woman on the cycle path, while trying to pass one of these "hands off" fends, became so nervous and unsteady that she fell, while the man "showing off" was himself riding very unsteadily and went on his way smilingly unconscious that he was the cause of the fall. The police seem to have nothing to say to these nuisances, although their performances are in violation of the law.

It is noticeable that in general women are sitting better on their wheels than they were. Under the guidance of precept and the influence of example there is a much larger percentage riding gracefully and unlaboriously than there was a year ago. Formerly there was not more than one woman in ten who sat over her work and had an advantageous poise on the wheel, while now there are five or six in ten. Those who do not wheel comfortably and who peddling on a level road laborious can learn much if they are reflective by spending an hour or two on the piazza of some place along a road frequented by cyclists. It will be discovered that there is something in common in the position of those who ride along seemingly without effort and by contrasting them with those whose wailing notes and tense expressions tell of hard work, the subtle something will be found. Riders should never cease experimenting with their position until they reach a point where they feel that the wheel needs holding back on a good, level road, and they cover middle distances without feeling tired in any particular set of muscles. The "tired-all-over-feeling" is the only one belonging to a long ride in proper position.

A great deal of enamel is scraped from the frames of wheels in the effort to remove mud that has dried and caked. The use of a wet cloth on the mud to soften it will obviate this, and riders who care for the appearance of their mounts should never attempt to scrape the mud off without wetting it. Some advocate keeping the frame slightly covered with mud, but this is not a very practical for the parts liable to get the greatest quantity of mud on them, namely, the bottom bracket, the rear forks and the under side of the lower tube, but to smear the entire frame, however lightly, would be rough on clothing and garments and would cause a coating of dust to cling to it.

In the advance sheets of the latest consulting reports Consul General Pollard, writing

Catarrh.

Mr. B. P. McAllister, Harrodsburg, Ky., says: "I employed numerous methods of local treatment for a severe case of Catarrh, but the disease grew worse steadily, getting a firmer grip on me all the time. I finally realized that this treatment did not reach the disease, and decided to try Swift's Specific,

S.S.S. For the Blood

which promptly got at the seat of the trouble, and cured me permanently. Catarrh is a blood disease and can not be reached by sprays, inhaled mixtures, etc. S. S. S. is the only cure. Send for valuable books mailing free. Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

WEEK MEN

Best Relief. Cures in 15 days. New method. I will gladly give to any sufferer a plain and simple recipe for a cure. Write for a copy of the book. Address: S. S. S. Co., P. O. Box 100, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail. Name, address, and name of the doctor who recommended S. S. S. to you, please give. S. S. S. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

With influences west and south working against its league as a racing artery, the end of its control would be not far away. "If the racing board should stultify itself by sanctioning a six-day race, the blow to the league would be harder. It would then become apparent that the league control is nominal, while the actual control is in the hands of the promoters. The officers of the New York state division, it is rumored, will make a formal protest against a six-day race being sanctioned. The promoters are determined to hold it in spite of every opposition, and so the racing issue is likely to hinge upon the six-day race."

London's wheelmen and whelmen are perturbed on account of a proposed increase in the premiums on the insurance policies of cyclists. There have been an alarming number of fatal cycling accidents of late, and the men say that they have all been riding on the reckless riding of women. On the other hand, the women declare that the trouble all grows out of the habit of scorching indulged in by men; and so it goes. Authorities agree that the men do scorch more than the women, but that they do not do so under the noses of horses and fly around corners like the women do.

FIGHT FOR CONTROL.

Rebellion Against the Race Management. The difficulties in the control of cycle racing by the L. A. W. have increased, and there is now an apparently organized rebellion to the parent body in the Greater New York district. For some weeks past unsanctioned meetings have been given at Massport, L. I., which is now included in the boundaries of New York City. At these meetings races for amateurs and professionals have been given and have been participated in by some of the most prominent of the metropolitan clubs. This is in violation of the rules of the L. A. W., and these riders are now defiantly stating that the inaction of Chairman Mott and his associates is due to the fact that they do not desire to interfere, because by so doing they would give an impetus to the extent of the rebellion.

A similar condition of affairs prevails in the District of Columbia. A decision of the racing board adverse to the interests of some of the riders has been seized as a great opportunity for the opening of the struggle, which seems pretty apt to end in the overthrow of the league control of that particular class of the sport. Several local races were fined \$25 and suspended until the fine was paid. The fine was imposed about three weeks ago, the charge being ungentlemanly conduct, or something of the kind. The men declared that they would not pay the fine. This was the beginning of the fight, and it is reported that they did the riders were evidently encouraged by others who promised to see them through.

The movement in behalf of the professionals, while most active on the eastern coast, is extending toward the west. In the east, the home of the movement, preparations have already been made whereby the tracks at four or five of the leading cities, and possibly more, have agreed to come in. These tracks are the most important in the country, and when they throw down the gauntlet other tracks are expected to come and join in the issue with them. As it is, if no other tracks join in the movement, those which have already been secured are sufficient to establish a good circuit for regular weekly racing.

Concerning the present phase of the fight the New York Sun says: "The National Track Team association, which also promoted races and, in the large majority of cases, had the winning end of it this year, reports that it has not made any money. The National Cyclomobile failed completely early in the season. This is in accordance with the forecast made in the spring. On the other hand, the race-going public has suspicion this season the best paced contest ever seen in the country, and the need has been met on some of the events, but, in spite of that, nothing has been proved, while in the face of the suspicion remains the fact that all records have been lowered again and again, more often in truth than when the case is at hand, and the stop watches were in the hands of men notably competent and honest. Under the new method of starting men from opposite sides of the track and allowing each to use as much pace as he chooses, the need to get and can afford to give, the need races are now killing affairs, each man trying to play the other out in the first dozen miles. Whether it is deplorable or not, this is the kind of sport that the public clamors for. They like to see a quality thoroughly done for, a horse ridden out and a cyclist entirely "baked." Now, at the end of the season, they are beginning to get it. The money seekers have learned that the sure way to line their purses is to please the public, and they are doing it. The possible all possibilities of farcical contests. Thus cycle racing, so far as an sport itself is concerned and so far as its popularity goes, is in a better condition than ever. It is, however, in a more chaotic state than ever, so far as its future management and regulation is concerned. The promoters and the men who have pleased the public are dissatisfied with the methods of the controlling body, and the rumblings of rebellion are heard more and more as time than during the din of the conflict.

"The executive committee of the League of American Wheelmen, which was to report to the next assembly on the possibility of any other organization being able to control the sport, has done so, and has named President Keenan as now in Europe it can do nothing until he returns. A crisis is near at hand that will force the league to take a stand. Recently the last outdoor race of the chief promoting association was held, and has under management some preparing for their indoor season at Madison Square garden and other places. This association employs under contract at a weekly salary a number of racing men as pacemakers. It also has under management some sprint riders on a percentage arrangement. It proposes to hold short races, paced races and a six-day race at Madison Square garden next winter. The six-day race will force the hand of the league. The racing board has declared that it will not sanction another such affair. The promoters say that the six-day race will be run, sanction or no sanction. If it is run without a sanction the management and the track will be suspended. Any racing man thereafter appearing on that track or riding under that management will also be under ban. The men get so much a week from the association. From the league they get nothing. It is plain that they will ride. If this comes to pass the league will be forced to take a stand, and the members of the board of the league, and the nucleus of an opposition control will have been formed.

FROM REVELLE TO PIPE DOWN
Daily Routine of Jack Tar's Life Aboard a Man-of-War.
CARING FOR SHIP AND FOR HIMSELF
Daily Drills and Other Duties Occupy His Time—The Saturday Half Holiday and the Joys of Shore Liberties.

The "Hobson" suspender and the "Dewey" brand of cigars are proof of fame characteristic American. The other proof is the broad grin of interest found nowadays on every citizen when he spies the blue jacket and jaunty flat cap of a passing sailor. It is sad to confess but it is true that a few months ago the majority of us didn't care two snaps whether our sailors lived on hardtack or waxed gouty on paves and truffles. We had no especial curiosity concerning them one way or the other. Now, behold! the gleam of a strip of tape or the swing of a pair of blue-lined legs will send proprietors and clerks to shop doors with more quickness than would a riot or a circus procession. It is as if should be. The American tar is a hero and he deserves all the attention and lionizing it is possible for us to give him.

The story told of the Honorable "Dick" Captain Tom Mickel of the Omaha Wheel club has called what he chooses to call a ten-hour century run for next Sunday, September 25. A ten-hour century is one that requires ten hours to complete according to Captain Mickel's definition of the word. The club will again resume their weekly runs, which will of course have the effect of living things up a bit.

Floyd McCall, who was perhaps Nebraska's leading professional rider last year and who has called Omaha his home since the spring of '96, left last week for Kansas City, Mo., where he goes to take up the study of osteopathy and will make Kansas City his home. He has decided to retire from the path permanently and devote his entire time to business. This move on McCall's part the west loses one of its most popular and best racing men and all bicycle enthusiasts will regret to see McCall retire from the game.

The last two weeks' work on the national circuit has not been conducive of any great change in the standing of the riders, but a review of them will undoubtedly be of interest. In the work of the four days of last week, when the same men competed every day with no break and with steady traveling, Orlando Stevens, the Iowa sprinter, won the greatest number of points of the nine men who scored one or more times in the championships. Stevens qualified in all four of the events of the week and took two of them handily, running fifth in the other two. His work was of the highest character.

"Plucker Bill" Martin was the sensation of the week. The "old man of cycling" has ridden twelve years, not only in the front ranks, Martin qualified for three of the four championships of the week, won one of them and was third in each of the other two. Martin uses 107 gear, straps his feet to the pedals and rides to the gun shot to the finish. His finishes are most desperate and his wringing body gains wonderfully upon his competitors as he mounts off the saddle to get down upon his pedals the harder. When in action Martin is very similar in a way to a "sway back" horse, his great chest sticking out, his back hollowing and his large hips protruding. Martin is the most muscular of all weekly racers.

In the four days of racing last week Stevens gained four points, Martin twelve, Gardner six, Eaton six, and a "green" man, Kimble, Kiser and McFarland each four, Bald two and Cabanne one. There are twenty-seven names in the championship tables now. Of the thirty-one championships Gardner won his eighth, Stevens his seventh, taking the race at Philadelphia in a "green" man, Kimble, Kiser and McFarland each four, Bald two and Cabanne one. There are twenty-seven names in the championship tables now. Of the thirty-one championships Gardner won his eighth, Stevens his seventh, taking the race at Philadelphia in a "green" man, Kimble, Kiser and McFarland each four, Bald two and Cabanne one. There are twenty-seven names in the championship tables now. Of the thirty-one championships Gardner won his eighth, Stevens his seventh, taking the race at Philadelphia in a "green" man, Kimble, Kiser and McFarland each four, Bald two and Cabanne one.

CALLING FOR MOTHER.

Atlanta Constitution. Always calling for his mother—never stops from morning till night. Last words on his lips at bedtime; first words in the morning. Nothing ever seems to please him; nothing she'll ever say. "But—I want—I want my mother!"... And his mother far away! Always calling for his mother—give him this and give him that—Big him out in little breeches, and a ribbon round his hat. Give him pointed sticks of candy—still the same thing, night and day. Always calling for his mother, and his mother far away! Always calling for his mother!... Well, sweetest of our sweetest mem'ries, and surely, when the darkness gathers—when the light has left the skies. We charge none with leaving the welcome of the mother's low and eyes! A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minute Cough Cure. Harmless in effect, touches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once.

ship in the service. It is to the executive officer that all praise or blame in reference to the condition of a ship belongs, and directly after the crew has had its early coffee he is on deck personally superintending the holy-stoning and scrubbing and perhaps painting. He relieves the officer of the deck, who goes below for a light lunch, and then sees that the boatswain's mates and the captain's of the different parts of the ship distribute their men to the best advantage. If it be washday, the crew is allowed to attend to their laundry work before the scrubbing begins, for, be it understood there are no "Hop Lees" or colored wash clothes in the naval service. As the sailor's outfit consists solely of cloth or white duck trousers, flannel inside and outside shirts and the ordinary cotton hose, the operation of washing does not call for much skill or preparation. For instance, if the article to be renovated is the flannel shirt, Jack selects a clear part of the deck, sprinkles a little water upon the spot, then spreads his shirt, previously soaked, upon the deck. Then with salt-water soap and a scrubbing brush he sets to work. A subsequent rinsing completes the task, and the garment is fastened with bits of twine to the clothesline stretched from mast to mast. It must not be understood that every Jackie is his own washerwoman in the navy. There are degrees of competence there as well as among the aristocracy in the service as completely defined as in New York's society. It is seldom that the ship's cook, who has the exclusive privilege to make and sell dried apple pie, and the ship's barber, who pursues his tonsorial art at the

guard or the officer of the deck that he has been shipping a contraband cargo. He gains the deck and essays a military salute, which generally ends in a stagger and a reckless wobble of the hand. As the corporal supports him the officer of the deck and the executive officer "size" him up, the latter finally ordering him forward. As Jack rolls down the gangway, greeting his mates with a lousy cheer and a leering grin, the executive officer turns to his companion and says grimly: "Enter him on the log as clean and sober. He's a big overboard, but we can forgive a good deal in a man who can shoot a thirteen inch gun straighter than a Yankee ball player can throw to second. Jack is all right!"

TOLD OUT OF COURT. "What was the heaviest fee you ever got?" asked the port young lawyer of the Nestor of the bar. "A yearling calf and a load of pumpkins; aggregate weight a ton and a quarter."

An English legal journal, publishing the expressions of gratitude of a bereaved widow and children, says: "If anything, 'console' her and her family for their overwhelming and irreparable loss, it would be the honor paid to his memory."

In an address to a jury a few days since a Mr. Carson, Q. C., is said by the London Law Journal to have used this expressive language: "Gentlemen, the charges against my clients are only man's nests which have been traced to their birth and are found to have had neither origin nor existence."

"You don't seem to thoroughly realize how low you've got," said the court. The prisoner, a faded, battered specimen of manhood, on which the disgrace of a half dozen men was considered a windfall, after the washing of the sailor's toilet consisted of a vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel—his own private property—and a hair brushing with the aid of an anoxic brush and a small wooden-framed glass generally carried in the little chest, or dirty box, which is the officially approved trunk of each Jackie.

Meals and Meal Time. At the stroke of eight bells (8 o'clock) the call to breakfast is given. Salty air and an open, free life produce excellent appetites and there is no dawdling in the race for the mess tables on the berth-deck. The scene is something similar to that described by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit" when Martin had his first experience with an alleged American boarding house and concluded from the terrific hubbub made by the boarders in their break for the dining room at the sound of the breakfast bell that the house was on fire. The din of clattering pans and the chattering and laughing of the eaters on board ship during the same hour is something remarkable. Table manners are at a discount in men who fight as Yankee sailors fight or shoot as they shoot.

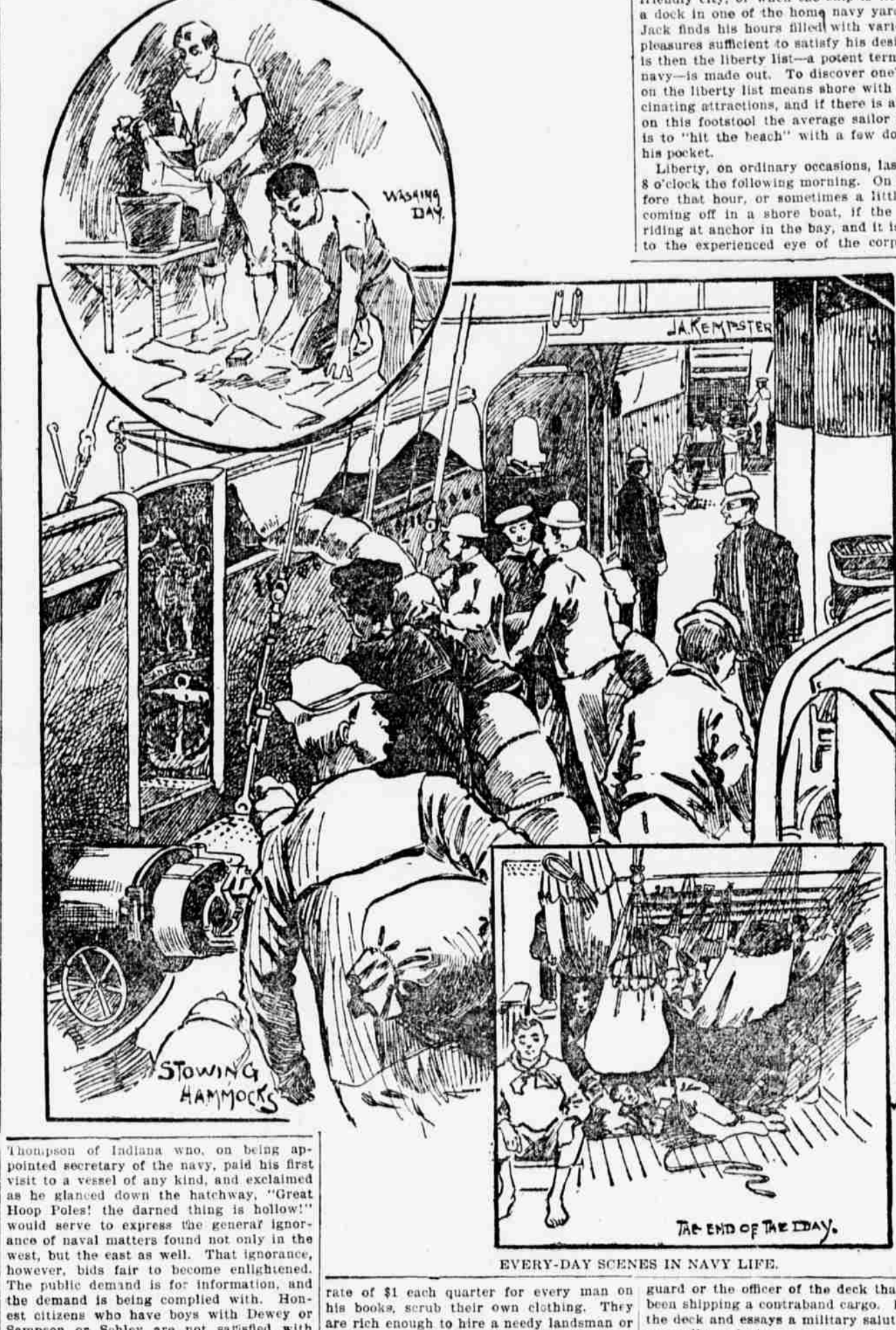
Cleanliness of the Ship. This cleanliness, which seemed novel even to royal eyes, is the result of hours of hard

work and the officers in charge of each division or account for and report the same to the executive officer. The latter then reports to the commander of the ship and the men are dismissed. During week days the morning hours are generally devoted to drill. A settled schedule is made out when the ship goes into commission and this is strictly adhered to. Each ship has its quarters, two quarters, collision drill, abandon ship, arm and away boats, broadsword exercise, or something of similar character, and from 9:30 until noon the decks are alive with men under instruction.

Other Incidents of the Day. There are many other incidents which go to make up the naval day—incidents requiring a volume to describe, but the above offers a fair idea of the ordinary routine on board ship. At sea, when the ship's company is divided into watches, the monotony is greater than in port. It is during the latter time, with the fleet at anchor off some friendly city, or when the ship is tied up to a dock in one of the home navy yards, that Jack finds his hours filled with variety and pleasures sufficient to satisfy his desires. It is then the liberty list—a potent term in the navy—is made out. To discover one's name on the liberty list means shore with its fascinating attractions, and if there is anything on this footstool the average sailor loves it is to "hit the beach" with a few dollars in his pocket.

Liberty, on ordinary occasions, lasts until 8 o'clock the following morning. On and before that hour, or sometimes a little later, coming off in a shore boat, if the ship is riding at anchor in the bay, and it is patent to the experienced eye of the corporal on

EVERY-DAY SCENES IN NAVY LIFE.



CONVULSIONS. The women of Ohio are uniting in a movement to have the word "obey" stricken from the marriage service. General Cassius M. Clay visited his child-wife to "take her maiden name and go." She availed herself of this invitation gladly, without delay. Statistics of Ohio show among other things an unsatisfactory condition of marital affairs. During the past year more than 7,000 applications for divorce were filed in the state. Justice McAleer of Hoboken, N. J., officiated at a marriage ceremony at Hoboken police headquarters at 2:30 o'clock Monday morning. He united a couple for better or for worse while attired in his night shirt, trousers, and a pair of slippers. On his head was an old straw hat. Henry Sanford of New York, vice president and director of the Adams Express company and reputed to be many times a millionaire, was married last week to Mrs. Olive Wilmot Burchard, who is many years his junior. Mr. Sanford is 78 years old and his bride is said to be about 35 years old. Quite a sensation was created at Mayfield, Ky., last week, over the marriage of Mrs. Minnie Crabtree, aged 38 years, to a young man named Shephard, aged 19, both of Owensboro, Ky. It seems that Shephard was an adopted son of the bride's parents and ran away from home about five years ago. Mrs. Crabtree chased him to Mayfield, found him at work on a farm, and the wedding followed. The bride is the daughter of a prominent and wealthy farmer living near Owensboro and is said to possess \$50,000 in her own name.

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