IN THE GRIP EPIDEMIC

Special Use of Hot Grogs

BY

Dr. Cyrus Edson,
of New York Health Department, and

Dr. LIBERMANN,
Surgeon-General of the French Army.

H. Libermann, M. D., surgeon general of the French army, in an article on "La Grippe" (influenza), recommends the following hot grog: "One-third goblet of Vin Mariani, with two-thirds boiling water, cloves and cinnamon, and with or without sugar, makes a grog of exquisite flavor, which produces immediate beneficial effect in severe cases of cold, attended by convulsive coughing and depression. It is best taken at bed time. In the grip epidemics in France it was the tonic absolutely relied upon, and has received frequent deserved mention in the Medical Press. It has been shown that patients recover very slowly, there is much general weakness and lassitude, invariably calling for something in the nature of a mild tonic stimulant, and it has been found that Mariani Wine is unequaled for such cases."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the New York health department, has made a careful study of the subject in his book on "La Grippe," published by Appleton & Co. On page 39 he writes of Vin Mariani and calls special attention to it in the form of a hot grog. In speaking of the complete prostration accompanied by the depression caused by this disease, and also during entire convalescence, his preference for a tonic stimulant is a hot grog of Vin Mariani. He says it is excellent for the purpose intended, and recommends its use freely. The remedy is simple and within easy reach of all who suffer from this dreaded disease.

A book with further explicit details will be sent by Mariani & Co., 52 West Fifteenth street, New York, to any one who will write requesting same. It is certainly well worth writing for.

In addition to the able authorities quoted, the book offered contains many more similar and most convincing indorsements, thus proving it the most reliable of all known products of this character.

TERRAPIN SEASON

Now Open, but the Crop Light and the Prices High.

Baltimore Sun.

The season for the sale of Chesapeake bay terrapin will continue open until April next. Very few are in Baltimore markets. Prices range as follows: Five-inch, $15 to $18 a dozen; six-inch, $36 to $45; seven-inch, $60 to $75. These are expected to remain about the ruling prices during the season, and it is thought that very few will come to market.

Receipts of Chesapeake bay terrapin grow smaller each year. This season it is estimated that not one-fourth as many will be received as were a few years ago. The stock is practically depleted. One large dealer who formerly handled from $25,000 to $30,000 worth each season, last year handled but $1,000 worth. A Somerset county shipper who last year at the beginning of the season had $2,000 worth ready for the market this season has but $300 worth. Another shipper who last November had fifty-four seven-inch terrapins on hand has now only seven.

The law provides that no terrapin shall be marketed which measures less than five inches in length on the under shell. A fine of from $5 to $10 for each undersized terrapin is to be imposed. Worcester, St. Mary's, Charles and Calvert counties are exempt from the provisions of the law.

Dealers state that a singular fact about the Chesapeake bay terrapin is that those on the western shore grow much faster than those on the other side. Western shore terrapin, it is stated, will grow about two inches a year, while those found on the eastern shore will grow only three-quarters of an inch in the same time. Opinions differ as to why this should be, but the generally accepted theory among dealers is that the water on the western shore of the bay is less salt than on the other, and is more conducive to rapid growth.

ARMORED TRAINS.

Generally Improvised, With Steel Plates or Sandbags.

Detroit Free Press.

Many dispatches from the Transvaal refer to the armored trains which are used to transport troops and passengers through the district in which military operations are going on, and inquiry naturally arises as to what constitutes a train of that kind.

It is nothing more than a train of ordinary freight cars which have been strengthened on the inside with sheets of metal and pierced with holes, through which rifles and small field pieces may be used on an attacking party. A flat car or gondola, with a heavy piece or two of artillery, may be a part of such a train, and in some instances enough of the closed cars may be taken away to allow a Maxim gun to be placed in position.

An army officer, in speaking of these trains, said: "They are always improvised and fitted up with the material nearest at hand. This may be railroad iron, sheets of steel or sandbags, and sometimes nothing more than heavy lumber. We used armored trains in Porto Rico and in the Philippines, and the trains about which we read as being used in the Transvaal are probably in most respects like those improvised portable strongholds. There are some cars, like the new steel cars, which have advantages as means of transportation in a country made dangerous by an enemy, but almost any kind of cars may be turned into the class known now as 'armored' at short distance, and the armoring will depend on the mechanical skill of the officer in command."

SOME THROWN FIGHTS

CHARLEY GALLAGHER CARRIED FROM THE RING, BUT GIVEN A DRAW BY REFEREE

EPH HOLLAND'S BAD GANG

Early Day Prize Fights Went as They Wagered Their Money—How Heenan Was "Jobbed" by the Partisans of Tom Sayers—Jere Hunt's Interpretation of Marquis of Queensberry Rules.

Tom Sharkey's assertion that he was "jobbed" in his battle with Jim Jeffries is probably not true, and based largely upon "hot air." There is no question that George Siler thought Jeffries was entitled to the decision or he would not have given it to him. Siler may have erred, but if he did the error was not premeditated. In fact, there have been few foul judgments rendered by referees in modern ring battles—that is, fights that have occurred since the limited round contest came into vogue. Sharkey probably knows how jobs are worked, for he was certainly in one when Wyatt Earp declared him winner over Bob Fitzsimmons, on a foul, in that famous meeting in San Francisco. Jem Carney, of England, was deliberately kept out of a decision over Jack McAuliffe, when the Englishman came to this country to wrest the light-weight championship from the famous American boxer. There are many other cases of recent date where the decisions were at least "queer," but in none of them were there the elements of the direct, bare-faced robbery that prevailed in the days when men met and fought to a finish with the "raw 'uns" on the turf.

GALLAGHER-ALLEN "DRAW."

Perhaps the most glaring and boldest robbery ever perpetrated in a prize fight decision was when the second battle between Tom Allen and Charley Gallagher was declared a draw. As a matter of fact Gallagher was so badly whipped that it was found necessary by his friends to carry him from the ring, he being in a helpless condition from the drubbing administered by Allen. Allen was not even marked in the eleven rounds of milling. The men had met before, and Gallagher had knocked out Allen in the second round. The result was a surprise, but Gallagher showed so strongly that he was at once made favorite in the second meeting. The "wise" money was all on Gallagher, and it is claimed that the "draw" was the result of a neat tip to the referee. At any rate, so the decision stood, and the purse was divided between the men, while the bets were declared off. Gallagher soon dropped out of sight. He had enough after that go with Allen.

HOGAN-ALLEN AFFAIR.

When Tom Allen met Ben Hogan, the "preacher-fighter," near Omaha, the Omaha gang was with Hogan, and a determined effort was made to throw the fight to him. Allen was game, however, and he whipped Hogan so thoroughly, despite the breaking into the ring by dozens of Hogan partisans, that there was no chance for a decision in favor of the Omaha "toughs'" man. Allen was compelled to face pistols, and was also frequently struck by men on the outside of the ring. He paid no attention to anyone, save Hogan, however, and to his grit was due the failure of the well-laid scheme to rob him of a victory. Allen was so angry at the treatment that he threatened to thrash Hogan on the streets of any city or town in which they might meet. While as a rule prize fighters cherish no animosity, Allen and Hogan were ever after enemies.

EPH HOLLAND'S GANG.

Tom Allen was the victim of more jobs than any fighter of the age. In his encounters with Joe Goss he was maltreated by the outsiders, who did all in their power to encompass his defeat by throwing rocks and clubs at him while fighting, but the sturdy fighter took it all philosophically, and hit his man in the ring all the harder as the crowd increased its attacks upon him. At Covington, Ky., Eph Holland's gang was in control, and the Allen men had no show to win. It was there that Col. Fred Watkirs, the lifelong friend and backer of Allen, was beaten out of $1,000 by a clever trick. Some one of the Holland gang ran over to where Watkins was standing and, waving a "flash" roll at him, defied him to wager $1,000 on Allen. Watkins was a betting man, and he quickly produced the $1,000 in good money, which was posted against the "flash" roll, consisting of a $1 bill wrapped around a corncob. It made no difference, however, for Watkins would have lost anyway.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

When John C. Heenan went to England to meet Tom Sayers in a battle with bare knuckles, on the turf, for the championship of the world, Americans were certain the giant would wrest the title from the game champion of Great Britain. They were right in so far as ability to do so was concerned, but they did not take into consideration the gang that frequented the ring-side in those days. The result of the fight is a well known chapter in ring history. Sayers was overmatched, and though he fought as gamely as he had in all his battles, the Britons soon saw that he could not win. The referee, rather than give the decision to the "Yankee," left the ring-side, and the crowd cut the ropes. A free fight followed, and Heenan lost a hard-earned decision, though he was ever regarded as having fairly won the fight. Sayers retired.

MISTREATMENT OF CARNEY.

If ever the Americans repaid the trick played upon Heenan by the Britons it was when Jem Carney came to this country and met Jack McAuliffe, the then thought-to-be invincible lightweight champion. McAuliffe was not in prime condition at the time, and would have lost but for the unfairness of his adherents, who deliberately set about to save him from defeat, and succeeded. Carney had McAuliffe beaten to a standstill, and would certainly have won had he been given a fair show. The crowd was not there to see McAuliffe whipped, and they prevented it. That is all there can be said about the McAuliffe-Carney affair, which was branded a blot on American fairness. McAuliffe's gameness aided materially in bringing about the result, for he took an awful beating while in the ring, and did not recover from the effects of the punishment administered by Carney for weeks after the battle.

ATTEMPT TO JOB SULLIVAN.

It is a matter of ring record that in John L. Sullivan's first big fight there was an agreement among the crowd that he should lose. It was intended that John Flood, Sullivan's opponent, should be given the decision, but Sullivan whipped Flood so thoroughly that the referee did not dare to carry out any such programme as the gang proposed. Flood was so badly beaten that he was unable to walk, and there was no need for a ruling by the referee. In all of Sullivan's career in the ring he was not once accused of being a party to anything not strictly, as John put it, "On the level." Sullivan could have made a fortune by engaging in a losing battle, but no one ever dared to even suggest such a money making method to the champion of champions.

LA BLANCHE-HERGET JOB.

Johnny Herget, better known in ring circles as "Young Mitchell," was the victim of a job that made him the victor. He was not a party to the scheme to swindle bettors the country over. It was fixed that La Blanche was to "lay down" in his fight with Herget. He was naturally the favorite, and there were good odds to be had. La Blanche was in the plot. He was to receive his "bit." It was a paltry sum for a fighter like the "Marine" to risk his reputation upon—something like $2,500—but he took the money and permitted Herget to win. No one lost much, as the scheme leaked out before there had been much money staked on the result, while many of the bettors who had money up got wind of the lay of the land and protected their money. The exposure ruined La Blanche. Herget was heartbroken over the affair and never did much after it.

JERE HUNT'S DECISION.

Perhaps the most remarkable interpretation of Marquis of Queensberry rules on record is that of Jere Hunt, the well known St. Louis railroad man. There was a battle between two negroes in a barn in St. Louis. No one was willing to accept the responsibility of acting as referee. Hunt finally agreed to officiate in that capacity. The fight was being witnessed by a party of local politicians and their friends—a junketing party from an Eastern city. The principals were not fighters of note. They went at it in rough-and-tumble style, and there was a lively scrimmage for a few rounds. Suddenly one of the contestants rushed over to Referee Hunt and shouted: "Say, Mr. Referee, that nigger just gouged me. Look at my eye."

"Is that so?" replied the referee, unperturbed. "Well, Bill, you've one gouge coming. Go and get it."

—Willie Green.

CORBETT CONFIDENT.

Expects to Win Back the Championship Title.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—James J. Corbett's admirers are elated over the fact that the ex-champion will be Jeffries' next opponent. The proposed match between Corbett and the champion is the main topic of discussion among sporting men. The general opinion among the local sports is that the former pugilist king will surprise many of the wise ones when he enters the ring.

"I will fool a whole lot of these fellows who are under the impression that I am a 'has been,'" Corbett said tonight. "I feel that I have at least one more great fight in me, and that will be with Jeffries. I believe I can defeat Jeffries, no matter how big and strong he may appear to be.

"I have been training for a few weeks and have no fear about my condition. By the time of the fight I will be better prepared than ever before. All I want is one more chance at the championship, and I will once more be the world's heavyweight champion."

Tom O'Rourke, when informed of Brady's intention to match Jeffries against Sharkey only after the latter had met Fitzsimmons, said that the sailor would willingly take on Fitzsimmons or anybody else.

"It makes no difference to us who comes first," said O'Rourke, "but we would prefer a return match with the champion. If he refuses, we will take on others. Meantime Sharkey will meet all comers after he has closed his theatrical dates."

FIGHTER FIGHTS FIGHTING.

Gov. Roosevelt Will Seek Repeal of Horton Boxing Law.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Gov. Roosevelt has started a crusade against prize fights in New York and will force through the legislature a repeal of the Horton law and the enactment of a new statute prohibiting pugilistic contests. He will, if necessary, make the matter a party issue. He declares that no more prize fights will disgrace New York after Jan. 1, 1900. Billy Brady, Tom O'Rourke and other fight managers are excited over the news, and declare that they will fight the movement.

Goulette Won a Battle.

MUNCIE, Ind., Nov. 11.—"Kid" Goulette, of New York, and Squirrel Finnerty, of Youngstown, O., fought fifteen vicious rounds before the Muncie Athletic club tonight, in the presence of a big crowd. The match in many respects resembled the Sharkey-Jeffries match, made so by the constant and vicious rushes of Finnerty, from start to finish. Goulette fought Tommy Moran as a preliminary in the big fight in New York and was in perfect condition tonight. His superior condition made him a strong finisher, and he saved the match by good work in the closing round.

"Watch for the Great Western Indians.'

GOOD ADVICE

Sapleigh—What-aw-do you consider the best way-aw for me to make love to a girl, Miss Sprite?
Miss Sprite—By telephone.

CHRIS' HOT-AIR HUNT

MANAGER COMISKEY'S NEW STORY ON CHRIS VON DER AHE

LATHAM AND HIS SWELLS

They Left the St. Louis Magnate on a Rock to Watch the Deer, While They Drank His Whisky—Comiskey Orders the Hot Air Club's Refrigerator Enlarged——

Manager Charles Comiskey, of the St. Paul Base Ball club, has been in the Minnesota woods the last week hunting deer, and judging from the Chicago Inter Ocean his trip was made the basis of great preparations in Chicago at a delectable resort known as the "Hot Air club." The Inter Ocean says:

When the always amiable Dan Walsh passed the black bottle containing a fresh assortment of iridescent dreams to the biggest mogul in the bunch yesterday he wore a solemn look and sighed a genuine sigh.

For an isolated instant the learned builder of glorious dreams stood in his place in the council chamber and meditated. Then with a graceful effort he shattered the sun-stained silence and with a dignity all his own told his troubles to the assembled company.

"Honored members of the club," he began, "I am in trouble, and a man who stands high in your councils is responsible."

"Name this man," commanded the mogul.

"The man is Comiskey, of St. Paul," answered Dan. "Two weeks ago he induced me to construct a coid storage parlor in the cellar for the sole purpose of keeping the moose and deer and bear he has agreed to kill up in Minnesota during the present game season. Now, good sirs, he told me that he had promised game to a half a dozen or more friends in this city, and that any man presenting a card with his indorsement would be entitled to a portion of the meat which I agreed to keep in cold storage for him and his friends. He told me that I needed only figure on building a place big enough to hold 1,500 or 2,000 pounds of game, and I went to work on that basis. But every day people have been coming in and flashing these cards signed by Commy. Naturally I kept on enlarging the ice parlor in order to meet the new demand, and as a result the masons and plumbers and laborers who took the contract to do the work have gone on a strike, and the landlord has openly accused me of undermining the foundation of his building. In a word, gentlemen, I have appropriated the whole cellar and dug a big extension under the street, but Comiskey still continues to deal out these written promises to his friends, and if he makes good my storage plant will not be big enough to accommodate half the game he has promised to kill. I don't want to make any trouble, gentlemen, but under the circumstances I am compelled to ask you to adopt the resolution restraining the said Comiskey from issuing any more of his pesky cards. Now, if you will pass such a resolution and partake of another iridescent dream I will thank you kindly and retire."

As a matter, of course, the resolution was quickly passed and the new dream promptly absorbed. Then Dan retired and Comiskey was called upon for an explanation.

"I am sorry for Dan," he said, "and I will certainly obey the obnoxious order you have just adopted, but that doesn't alter the fact that I could make good if he'd only give me the chance. I don't want to throw bouquets at myself for being the best hunter of big game in the business, although I admit that it's nothing for me to jump out and kill half a dozen moose and seven or eight deer before breakfast, but I do know this much, I can give my old friend Von der Ahe cards and spades in a hunting game and then beat him out. By the way, did you gentlemen ever hear the story of Von der Ahe's first and only deer hunt?

"It happened this way. The last year the old St. Louis Browns won the championship things were coming easy, and the boys were all feeling pretty good. As for Chris, he was simply losing sleep every night in figuring out new schemes to spend his money. On the last day of the season Arlie Latham wandered into the office and made a noble effort to touch Chris for $200.

"'Arlie,' said Chris, 'do you now tells me vy I should gif you dis $200 when I myself paid you vages only yesterday? Arlie, I der boss president of der Browns, must know vhy it ish you try to vork me for a good thing so often.'

"'I'll tell you, and tell you gladly,' said Latham; 'you see, Chris, a lot of society men are going up to Minnesota to hunt deer. They have given me an invite, and you must know, Chris, that I've got to have $200 to be able to buy my outfit and make the proper sort of a front. Now, be a good fellow, fill out a check, and maybe I'll be able to get you an invitation too. I tell you, here's a great chance for you to break into society, and break in right.'

"'Ladams,' replied Chris, 'I myself never knew dat you vas anyding but der best third baseman in der business, and I never node dat you vas in der society swims. How aboud it'

"'In society?' said Latham. 'Why, old man, young Jacob Astor played ball with me at Harvard, and Willie Vanderbilt was my side partner in running the swell cotillions at Newport four years ago. Society? Why, Chris, when I'm not playing ball for you I'm mixing up with the 400. I'm a social leader, I am, and that's why I have to touch you for money so often.'

"'Vell, Arley,' answered Von der Ahe, 'I myself have conzulted mit myself and decided to join dis society business. If you vill yourself get me a written invitation to go shootin' mit your vrients I vill buy a gun and stake you mit de $200 vorth of dings you say you need. De dings I shoot I vill myself present to der mayor of St. Louis and den der vill be pieces in de papers printed about it.'

"'You're on,' said Arlie, with a chuckle. 'You'll get your invitation tomorrow, and I'll get my $200. You needn't worry, Chris, about an outfit or a gun; just give me the boodle, and I'll coach you right. In a month you'll come back with a carload of big game and the reputation of being a mighty hunter.'

"Next day Chris found an invitation in his morning mail. It was signed by 'The committee of arrangements,' and politely requested him to be one of a party of twelve, and to meet said party at the depot on the following Monday. Der Boss President, under the guidance of Latham, then started on a tour of the shops, and purchased all the noveities in the line of rifles, hunting knives, and camp toggery. When he arrived at the station Latham greeted him with a smile and introduced him to half a dozen or more carefully groomed and mild-mannered men. Then they boarded a train and started for Minnesota. During the journey to the woods Arlie gave Chris a number of quiet tips on the best way to hunt big game. He told him, among other things, that he was to obey orders without a murmur, and that, as he was traveling with a party of swells, it behooved him to play a thinking part, and do little talking. Von der Ahe promised to be good, and when the party left the train and started into the wilderness Chris was as silent and solemn as the president of a national bank. When they reached the camp Latham said:

"'Now Chris, old pal, just give me a couple of hundred and I'll fix our guide. Tomorrow we'll start out after our first moose.'

"Chris handed out the money without a murmur and spent the remainder of the evening in playing hearts with the men who had been introduced to him as first cousins of the Vanderbilts and the Astors.

The next morning at daybreak he was routed out of the cabin by Latham, who told him to get ready for his first deer hunt. Chris blinked his eyes, carefully examined a hundred-dollar shooting iron, and took a long pull at the silver flask which he had had filled before leaving St. Louis. Then he followed Latham, who led him a long way from the camp, and finally stationed him at the edge of a brook. It was a bitter cold morning, and Von der Ahe was shivering and shaking when they halted. Being a man of action, he drew out his flask and took another drink. Latham promptly grabbed the flask out of his hand and said:

"'Now, Chris, you must let me take care of this until you get back to the camp. You know, old man, that all big game, and particularly moose, can scent whisky a mile off and make it a point to keep as far away from whisky as they can. If you keep this flask in your pocket you won't get a glimpse of a pair of antlers if you wait a week. Take my advice and sit down on this stone with your gun ready. Don't smoke and don't move. Don't do anything but wait. Pretty soon you'll see a big buck moose jump out of that bunch of undergrowth and come down to the water to drink. Then just raise your gun, take aim and fire. Keep on shooting them as fast as they come down to drink, and the guide will be around in two or three hours. He'll have a bottle of whisky with him. Then take a drink. Show him what you've killed and tell him to go away for another hour or two, while you wait and kill some more. Keep this up until twilight and you'll make yourself famous.'

"'But, Ladam, vhy should I, Chris Von der Ahe, giv to you my flask of vhisky dot I myself vill need it?'

"'Chris, didn't I tell you that the smell of whisky would frighten away the game. If you want to kill moose you must let me keep the flask. Anyhow, the guide will give you a drink when he comes around. Remember, here is your only chance to kill moose and break into good society at one and the same time.'

"For four mortal hours Von der Ahe sat there waiting for the moose that never came. Finally he threw up the job in disgust and started back to camp. He lost his way, and for three hours wandered aimlessly through the woods. At last he stumbled into a little clearing and saw Latham and two other members of the party seated on a rock, smoking cigarettes and drinking whisky out of his own silver flask. He made his way into the group and demanded an explanation.

"'Ladams,' he said, 'for vhy you keep me shivering in de cold waiting for der moose vat aint dere. I, myself, do you expect to tell me an explanation of vhy you and your frents drink my vhisky out of my flask, ven I, Chris Von der Ahe, be burning up mit dirst and freezing mit colt.'

"'Ah, Chris,' retorted Latham, 'try to remember to forget it. You have not obeyed orders and as a result you haven't killed your moose. Vhy didn't you stay where I put you and wait?'

"'Vait! Ladams I vaited and I vaited and I vaited. Vhy didn't dat moose show up?'

"'To tell you the truth, Chris,' replied Lathem, 'these moose are dead wise, and I guess the old boy must have got a whiff of the whisky you didn't have and kept away.'

"'Arlie,' cried Chris, 'dis moose bunting is all one damn foolishness. I myself vill return to St. Louis and fine you $100 for your freshness. Dis is awful.'

"But Chris thought better of it, and compromised by buying a big buck that one of the guides had shot that afternoon. It was not until after the party returned to St. Louis that Von der Ahe discovered that Latham's society friends were a party of railroad men who hailed from Chicago and indulged in annual pilgrimages to the Minnesota woods every tutumn."

MILES OF OLD CARS.

Wyoming Convicts Breaking Up Worn Out Railroad Material.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Seven miles of condemnation is a long-drawn out affair even for the West. But it stands as a Western growth near the state penitentiary at Laramie, Wyo., where convicts are daily engaged in making it an everlessening fact. For many months the inspectors of the Union Pacific railroad have scrutinized the thousands of freight cars that handle the overland traffic. When a debilitated car of low capacity or unequipped with air brakes rattled past it was branded as condemned, and, if empty, was shunted off on the sidetrack built to be a last refuge for the doomed cars. This process continued for months till the cars, averaging thirty feet in length, reached a total length of seven miles. This distance was ascertained by local statisticians, who, in the interests of railroad history, pedaled their bicycles along the line and measured it with their cyclometers.

These cars are humpbacked, swaybacked, and contorted in every conceivable way, but they still hold themselves erect with a kind of melancholy dignity. They have had careers varying from eight to twelve years, and since their building a score of changes have taken place in car construction. Their capacity is often as low as 18,000 pounds, whereas the modern car is from 40,000 to 60,000 pounds capacity. The brake mechanism for the freight car has come to be as complicated as was that of the passenger car thirty years ago, and inventions applying to doors, ventilation and running gear made the old-time cars most pronounced "back numbers." A contract between railroad and state calls for the demolition of these cars by the convicts, the wood going to the penitentiary, where it will keep the state's charges warm this winter, and the scrap iron to the railroad shops, whence it will issue in due time in the form of new railway material.

Cause Nearsightedness.

It is the opinion of a German oculist that the use of the ordinary slates by school children tends to produce short-sightedness. As a substitute he recommends pen and ink or an artificial white slate with black pencil. The latter have been introduced in some of the German schools.

WHEEL STILL POPULAR

REPRESENTATIVE CYCLISTS LOOK ON THE LAST SEASON WITH SATISFACTION

BIKES HOLD THEIR FRIENDS

Said More Wheels Were Sold in St. Paul in 1899 Than Any Previous Summer—Absence of Friction Between Bicyclists and the Authorities—Need for a Large Central Club House Down Town.

The bicycle season is practically over and a retrospective view of the events that have taken place in the wheeling world since last spring is of special satisfaction to the enthusiastic wheelman. The cycle path system has been improved, extended and made more valuable in more ways than one to the riders; several of the best state road records have been replaced with new ones, the state professional mile record being reduced over three seconds. More wheels have been sold during 1899 than any year since the wheel became popular, and the little prejudice against the wheel is fast disappearing. Short talks with a dozen or more well known local wheelmen give evidence of the general satisfaction that the devotees of the wheel feel over the season of 1899.

Fenwick E. Low, president of the Laurel Cycle club, said:

"There is more deep seated enthusiasm among wheelmen this year than ever. The bicycle is no longer a fad, and as a vehicle of facility it is just as popular as with those who first espoused the wheel as a means of recreation. In a general sense the season of 1899 has been unusually successful. More people are riding this year than heretofore and we have had some excellent weather."

F. L. Hoxie, acting chief consul of the L. A. W. in Minnesota, has expressed himself as being decidedly opposed to L. A. W. control of professional racing. He feels, like many others, that the quicker the L. A. W. begins with a clear sheet the more effectual the organization will be in advocating those principles upon which the organization has received its greatest impetus.

It is believed by some who keep in touch with L. A. W. affairs that professional racing will be handed over to the N. C. A. at the annual gathering in February. There is no disputing the fact that the racing question has alienated many from the ranks of the L. A. W., as shown by the membership figures for 1899.

One prominent L. A. W. man expressed himself to the Globe as follows:

"Professional racing has been an eye sore to the League of American Wheelmen, and the quicker the league hands active control over to some other organization the better for good roads, good laws and the other principles which the organization stands for."

J. E. Meyers, chairman of the Associated Wheelmen, said when seen by the Globe: "I don't think there has been a year in the history of wheeling in St. Paul that there has been so little friction between the wheelmen and the local authorities. The public at large appreciates the utility of the wheel; the opposition of the past has not been apparent this year to any marked degree. We have more cycle paths and better regulations, and those who ride wheels have never enjoyed themselves better than during the past year."

C. B. Gedney, president of the Commercial Cyclers, calls attention to the need of a club house in the central part of the city. Such a building should, he believes, be put up or rented by the various clubs, and each club have a stated evening and some sort of entertainment provided. "The great trouble," said Mr. Gedney, "has been to get the people to come down town in the evening. They go home and stay at home. If all the wheeling forces of the city could get together and secure a good down-town club house, where some entertainment besides wheeling could be provided on rainy evenings it would fill a long felt want, besides being a powerful organization. We have had a building at Como for two years, but it is too far out. We need something more central."

President A. L. Mace, of the Century Road club, is not least enthusiastic of the St. Paul wheelmen, and there is a good reason for this. As president of the National C. R. C. organization he has witnessed the breaking of the state century record, the national 100-mile record and several other records, which places Minnesota road riders at the front rank. He says:

"For the first time since road riding became popular with Minnesota cyclists, the Northfield course century is held by a St. Paul rider. On Sunday, Nov. 5, John Korlath, of this city, made the trip in 6 hours, 18 minutes and 11 seconds, clipping 13 minutes and 49 seconds from the record established in October, 1898, by Louis Neiderhoffer, of Minneapolis, whose time of 6 hours and 32 minutes captured the record held less than a month by C. H. Vanderhoof, of that city, who was the first cyclist to reduce the old Hansen record of 7 hours 3 minutes, which had stood for nearly four years, a bugbear to road-riding cyclists.

"The Northfield course record has for years been eagerly sought after by local riders. It is generally conceded that the holder of this record is the champion rider of the state, for the Northfield course is a typical country road throughout, the hills are frequent and steep and the surface just ordinary dirt road, with a generous supply of ruts, dust and sand. A ride over this course at high speed is the severest test possible of a rider's ability and endurance. The C. R. C. has for several years recognized the importance of the record and has awarded each year a heavy gold medal to the member of the club who first succeeded in reducing the established record of the year previous. The result is that the record has been repeatedly shaved, until now it stands at a figure which will necessitate the hardest kind of record-breaking work to further reduce. Mr. Korlath is a young man, but nineteen years of age, who has not figured prominently among our cracks heretofore. That he is possessed of remarkable endurance is clearly demonstrated by his performance of last Sunday.

"On Tuesday afternoon, just forty-eight hours after the ride was finished, Mr. Archie Matheis, of the road record committee of the C. R. C., announced that the record claim had been made up with all the necessary affidavits of timers and checkers, and had been started on the rounds of his committee for approval. This is quite a record in itself, and speaks well for the promptness and efficiency of the St. Paul member of this national committee.

"The official jeweler of the club, B. M. Johnson, of Chicago, has been ordered to forward the medal, which will reach St. Paul in a few days and be placed on exhibition. The medal will not be given to young Korlath, however, until his record certificate is received duly sealed and approved by Chairman Porter, of New York, and the balance of the national road record committee of the Century Road club."

Six-Day Bicycle Race.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 11.—The management of the six-day bicycle race, booked for convention hall in this city for the week of Nov. 20, today signed Charles W. Miller, the six-day champion; John T. Fisher, the fleet Chicagoan, and three others. These are in addition to Frank Waller, John and Gus Lawson, Oscar Julius, John Chapman, Bert Repine and Oscar Plimmer, most of whom are now training here.

Forbes Stopped Dougherty.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Clarence Forbes, of Chicago, knocked out Dan Dougherty, of Philadelphia, in the sixth round, before the Chicago Athletic club, tonight. The fight was hard and fast from the first, and in the second round Forbes put Dougherty down and nearly out. In the third Dougherty came back strong, and had the best of the fourth round. Dougherty was knocked down several times in the fifth and was easily put out in the sixth.

HUMBOLDT AND HIS VALET.

Great Scientist Completely Dominated by a Rascally Servant.

"Some Famous Men of Our Times," is the title of a chapter of reminiscences in the Century, in which the Hon. John Bigelow presents Von Bunsen's recollection of his friends. The paper teems with anecdotes of famous people, among others that universal genius Humboldt:

"Von Bunsen told me that Humboldt in his latter days was completely under the influence of a rascally valet named Seiffert, and, to the disgust of his friends, bequeathed to him all his effects of little value, it is true, for the old man left no property of any account. Even his private letters and papers went to the wretch.

"The king and queen," said Von Bunsen, "were for years in the habit of sending Humboldt a present on his birthday. At length it became difficult to know what would be very acceptable to the old man, whose wants were so few and tastes so simple. It was their habit to send an aid-de-camp to him a few weeks before his birthday to ascertain, if he could, the sort of gift likely to be most acceptable to him, and whatever that might be, of course, it was sent. Shortly previous to one of these anniversaries, and in reply to a similar inquiry, the royal couple got word that the philosopher would be pleased to receive a double bed. They wondered what in the world could have put it into Humboldt's head to ask for a double bed, having probably never slept in one in all his life, and having been habituated from childhood to the least luxurious sleeping arrangements imaginable. The old man died, however, before the expected birthday anniversary arrived. It then transpired that the provident valet had concluded it would be a nice thing for him and his wife to have a spick-and-span new bed with the royal arms upon it, and had taken advantage of the king's regard for Humboldt to try getting one at their majesties' expense."

NEGRO WORSTED.

Resisted Arrest and Was Thrice Shot by Officers.

FORT VALLEY, Ga., Nov. 11.—Marshal Troutman and Albert Seifert, his deputy, were wounded by Jeff Jones, a negro charged with murder, while the latter was resisting arrest here today. Jeff was wounded twice with a pistol and once with a shotgun. He was captured. His wounds are considered dangerous.

A Big Lobster.

A fisherman the other day landed a lobster weighing no less than eight pounds two ounces. The body of the fish is 17½ inches long, while the right claw measures 17½ inches in length, 5 inches in breadth and 13½ inches in circumference. The lobster is said to be the biggest ever caught.

Hawaiis Telephones.

Hawaii is said to have more telephones in use in proportion to the population than any other locality in the world.