

**CAPITAL CITY CYCLING CLUB**

Rooms 12, 13 and 14, at No. 141 south Twelfth street, in the Zehring block.

The rooms are always open to visiting wheelmen, who are invited to make themselves at home there when in the city.

**MEETINGS.**

Regular business meeting second Tuesday of each month.

Meeting of board of directors second Wednesday of each month.

Election of officers the first Tuesday in March of each year.

**OFFICERS.**

President—Ed M. Allen.  
Vice President—S. M. Mills.  
Secretary—F. G. Yule.  
Seargant-at-arms—E. K. Milmine.

**Board of directors—**

Ed M. Allen S. M. Mills  
F. G. Yule E. E. Walton  
A. R. Edmiston C. L. Shader  
A. J. Hamilton C. A. Wirick  
C. E. Seifert.

**ROAD OFFICERS.**

Captain—F. V. Hoagland.  
First Lieutenant—E. K. Milmine.  
Second Lieutenant—H. W. Peters.

**CLUB RUNS:**

May 19—Seward, 26 miles, via Germantown. Start, 7 a. m. Dinner. Return, 3 p. m.

May 26—Crete, 20 miles. Start, 6:30 a. m. This is a fishing expedition.

**ON THE WHEEL.**

**LENZ.**

Dead! In a foreign land his young life ended,

Silent he lies 'neath the Armenian hills. His requiem the hill-dove's mourning blended

With the sad rythm of the sorrowing rills

And breezes plaint and echo's lamentation.

His tomb a niche in some sequestered glen

Headstained with mountains—safe from desecration,

And, like the prophet's, "all unknown of men,"

His epitaph the story told in wonder

'Round Kurdish campfires, in the star-light grey,

Of how, within the gloomy pass up yonder

The entrapp'd Frankish eagle stood at bay.

Brave heart that failed not! From thy quenchless fire

Lend us a spark to kindle other flames

That we may see the way to our desire

And, with thine, on fame's scroll inscribe our names.

F. H. M. in *Cycling West.*

The following article on mounting is from the *Cycling West*, and is reproduced by THE COURIER as opportune, considering that so many ladies in Lincoln are on the eve of becoming riders: "How the wheelwomen mount the bicycle is a question that will not trouble future writers, because physical education in young ladies' schools of the next generation will make atheletes of them all, and getting astride a safety will only be child's play for the little acrobats who can perform upon the horizontal bar and trapeze. If they do

not spoil the gymnastic exercise, by overdoing it, it will be beneficial, and give them more confidence when entering a carriage, passing over a bridge and descending a hill with the ridiculous spectacle which places their companions in an unenviable position. At the present time the inexperienced wheelwoman getting into the saddle is a difficult operation. It is somewhat different from sitting upon soft carriage cushions with her skirt spread like a fan, to be obliged to balance herself upon such a little piece of leather called a cycle saddle. Place the pedal in the proper position, jump over the frame, sit down and start without falling upon the other side; and what is still more important, do it gracefully, with a smile upon the lips, like the premiere which shows that it is done without effort. The little woman stands upon the left side of the machine, passes her limb to the right and starts; it is the correct and simplest way for the beginner, the timid, the reasonable, and what shall we call them? the fat. Be sure that the pedal is not at the dead point, madame, and that there is no wagon near by, for if the pedal resists, or the coming horse is heard suddenly, you will lose your head and oscillate from side to side, and end, alas, by giving to the bystanders an occasion to laugh as you spread yourself, more or less softly, on the ground. We will not speak of those who are sure of themselves, the toe touching the ground to keep the balance, while straightening the hat, putting the frizzes in order, or using the powder bag to conceal the perspiration that may be produced by the hygienic pedaling. Others use any kind of steps to boost themselves, a stone on the roadside, or a little rise in the ground; they will sometime regret this way of getting into the saddle, as a handy footstool is not always to be found under the foot in life, and stones are not placed along the roadside for cyclists. Happy are those who use the step near the driving wheel; they are the *dilettantes* of cycling; they get on and off gracefully; it is a pleasure for it shows to her companions that she understands it, and to the masculine spectators that awkwardness is not a natural defect, but a long hereditary want of habit. We must not pass in silence those who have to be assisted by an accomodating cyclist to place and start them. These will never learn, for they get into the habit and habit is second nature. Once upon the road cycling is agreeable to all, and a rest after a little spin is also pleasant, and all the wheelwomen are equal before the green grass, the dusty road and a certain god that follows them."

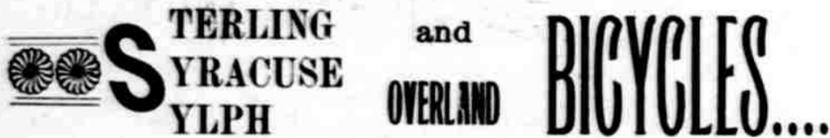
There is a very small part of the United States which, just now, is forbidden ground to any citizen of Maryland who happens to be astride a bicycle. Eagle-eyed watchmen are guarding the bridge at Chestertown. Bicyclers from all the other states in the union may pedal over the bridge, singly or in battalions, and go their way rejoicing; but if anybody who is recognized as a citizen of Maryland attempts to enjoy the same privilege he is landed in jail. The reason of this strange state of things is not that the Chestertown folks love foreign bicyclers more than they do their own, but because, having won a legal victory, they don't propose to tarnish their laurels if they can help it. The state courts have decided that the Chestertown people have a perfect right to keep bicyclers off their bridge. The League of American Wheelmen, eager to get the case into the United States courts, is doing its level best to have some citizen of another state and his wheel taken into custody for patronizing this attractive structure. The City Fathers of Chestertown, however, refuse to rise to the bait. The edict has gone forth that no person who is not un-

GEO. A. CRANCER.

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mistakably a Marylander shall be molested. Bicycle tourists from New York may therefore look forward to special privileges this summer in that inviting and hospitable burgh.

Lincoln cycle enthusiasts will, sometime this summer, have the opportunity of entertaining a globe circler, Miss Annie Londonderry, who has the merit of having completed the greater part of the journey. Miss Londonderry started from Boston last June and traveled east. She is now in San Francisco from where she will soon start on the trip across America to Boston, lecturing on the way, her subject being the Chinese Japanese war; having while in the east ridden all over the battle fields in Corea and China in the company of two war correspondents, they on their ponies she on her bicycle. She is the first woman who has made so long a tour on a wheel. Miss Londonderry rides a Sterling.

The regular club run to Hickman last Sunday was abandoned and Frank Cowdery, Fred White, Ed. M. Allen, Will Miller, Ed Van Horn, under the leadership of Second Lieutenant Hank Peters, made the start from the club rooms at 7 a. m., Beatrice being the objective point. That city was reached at noon and the start on the return trip made at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. When about half way to Lincoln at a point known as Pickerell hill Frank Cowdery met wit an accident which might have proved a serious one and which has laid him up for the past week. Mr. Cowdery took a speedy start at the top of the hill and throwing his feet on the coasters, remarked to his companions, "Let her go. The hill is steep." At the bottom it is crossed by two railroad tracks. Mr. Cowdery struck the first track with terrific force; his wheel rebounded high in the air and coming down struck the second track. The second crop buckled the front wheel in the shape of the letter S, smashed seven spokes out of the hind wheel, exploded the tire, wheel and rider finally landing in a heap, the wheel on top and Mr. Cowdery, very considerably bruised up, about thirty feet from the point of the first collision with the track. A buggy was procured in which Mr. Cowdery and his wheel were conveyed to Cortland from which point the entire party returned by train to the city. As THE COURIER goes to press Mr. Cowdry is getting along very nicely and will probably be out early next week.

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Physicians.

Will the track at Lincoln Park be ready for the Decoration day races? is the all absorbing question among the race men.

Captain Hoagland informs THE COURIER that Beatrice will be represented in