

CAPITAL CITY CYCLING CLUB

Rooms 12, 13 and 14, at No. 141 south Twelfth street, in the Zebrung 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-Treasurer—F. G. Yule.
Sergeant-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:

June 9th. To Ashland—26 miles. Dinner at Hotel Selma. Start at 8 a. m.
June 16th. To Roca—12 miles. This is to be a picnic run and the day will be spent in the woods. Start at 8 a. m.
June 23. A Century run to York and return 120 miles. Start 5 a. m. Dinner at York.
June 30th. To Bennett—18 miles. Dinner and return. Start at 8 a. m.

ON THE WHEEL.

Since the last issue of THE COURIER several of the boys have taken me to task for not having had something to say in reference to the races on Decoration day, beyond merely printing the results of the various contests during the meet.

The fact was that I was unable to see any of the racers while they were at the park after the race, since the rain caused them all to rush off for home.

In addition to that I have had some doubt as to the merit on my part of abusing the confidence the riders saw fit to place in me when they finally did talk.

But as "man about town" for a paper out for reform I may perhaps be pardoned for a small grain of advice and for making public a few remarks made to me by some of the boys.

First, the advice I seriously feel it my duty to advise the sprouting scorcher to take the \$2.50 he is laying by each week for the first payment on the 12 pound wheel (on which the oily tongued dealer tells him he will romp away from them all) and buy bread and meat or help pay the rent with it.

Second: to illustrate my advice you have in the following my interviews with several riders, who, a few days ago were respected. Boys who would have deemed it an honor to us to permit us to clean their wheel or lead it along the street for them, and for whose cigarette "butt" the street arab would do battle, when he would scorn the proffered box.

Does it pay? Will, if they can sell their wheels and not lose too much on them, and promise to be good in the future, they may worm themselves back into the good graces of the public; but such a thing is doubtful.

The first one I encountered after the races, was McBride, leaning up against a brand new wheel. When asked why he didn't enter the races, he winked his other eye and pointed to the wheel. A soda water and a convenient dry goods box, and Mac was started.

"You see, I killed myself a week after I commenced to ride, (and touching me on the shirt front) but the gang never knew it. During that time I posed as the only man who was following Mockett, but to-day I couldn't follow a funeral.

You see, I worked it this way, the

dealer I went the more particular I was about my wheel fitting me; and before a week went by, I had three dealers adjusting wheels trying to suit me.

I was besieged on the track with appeals to ride; but I looked important, and walking round the track, occasionally kicking up the dust, I explained that a man couldn't ruin a season's chances on such a track. That talk, right there, raised my stock 100 per cent." (and here Mac chuckled.)

"To-day, the other dubs have their "one cyclometer, donated by— etc., and their identity disclosed, while I, I am McBride, the coming rider with a wheel to use."

Slapping me on the back, Mac murmured something about mortals, and departed.

"Friend Bill" Benson was found over at Baker's Clothing House busily engaged in deducting the value of prizes from the amount of entry fees, and while his face wore a troubled, careworn look, the way he shifted his quid of spearhead and brightened up, it was evident that no soda water was needed here.

Beckoning me over, he launched forth,—"Just the fellow I want to see. Did you see me ride yesterday?"

"Yes."
"Did'n't expect it. Did you?"
"Believe you are right, Bill."

"Did I look as though I was in form?"
"Pretty delicate subject, Bill, but the majority of the grandstand seemed to think you were drunk. I have always been your friend, Bill, but after seeing you in that five mile handicap, I'll admit that I sat with the people that ruled."

"Now you've said it. Just the point I was coming to. You needn't mention it but—I was drugged!!! and if Fred Yule would talk I believe he could tell something about it."

"Rather a seeious charge, Bill, I don't think anyone would do that."

"Think not?" "Don't tell me; for I know. Look at that leg. Fee! it. I know when that leg is in shape, and I know when it's been tampered with. But wait; Bill will fool them yet. Now come here, and I'll put you onto something"

At this stage a customer entered, and I left poor Bill insisting on selling him two crescent sweaters when he only wanted one.

Going out the door, I stopped a familiar figure with that "on the way to deposit \$10,000" walk, and offered him a match to light his cigarette before he could ask me.

"Well, Banks, did you win anything?"
"Did I win? Well say, what did I go in there for? Of course I won. Some of those dubs thought they could keep me from it, and if there are any more thinking that way, they know where to find me. So long, old man, there is a girl I must see before she goes around the corner," and Walter was gone.

I found Wick at "Victor" headquarters, stretched out on a settee, seemingly at peace with the world. Asked why he hadn't made a better showing in the races, he regarded me with the deepest scorn and replied: "Why didn't I make a better showing? Why, I had scarcely entered the Park when I saw two black cats run across the road, and a moment later I met Erstine King and then you ask me why I didn't make a better showing. Another question like that, fellow, and I'll loosen your rear sprocket."

Fred Yule was found inside, and while not overly communicative, he explained that he had been a victim of circumstances. (he describes it best in his own language.)
"I saw at a glance the boys were too fast for me, and decided that strategy alone would win in that crowd."
"Deacon," he said, "was to bring out the wagon seat from the tent, and to avoid suspicion, was to use it as a little

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be on hand to take a photo of the group and you should all be present.

Following that will come on the 16th the long discussed pic-nic run to Roca.

This is to be a basket picnic. Baskets can be sent to the club rooms from whence they will be conveyed by wagon to the grounds. The riders going will assemble at the rooms at 8 o'clock, and the day will be spent in the woods. It is but 12 miles to Roca and if the day is a pleasant one I look for a big crowd and a jolly time. I was told the other day by a prominent cyclist that it would be 43 miles back, but I am not willing to believe that it will be one rod farther for any member of the C. C. C. on the return than the initial half will prove. The 4 C's are not that kind of cattle.

Next Sunday following will come a century run to York, which will test the endurance of the boys and the last Sunday in the month Bennett will be visited.

I have not yet heard the verdict of

amphitheatre of his own while the race was going on. On next to the last lap I was to take the lead and swing wide. Deacon was to mistake this for a finish, and in his joy was to grab the wagon seat, throw it in front of Tessier and wreck the crowd; leaving me an easy winner.

But I was doomed to disappointment. At the critical moment, Deacon was found in the tent trying to sell Charlie Allen's Rambler to one of the Beatrice boys for \$9.00."

I tried to get Fred to talk further, but besides telling me that the man who stole his number at the tent could keep it, as he had quit riding, he would say nothing.

I have had some trouble in locating the rest of the boys, but will no doubt see them all before the next issue goes to press. I have made several attempts to catch all the darker horses for this issue, and while it is denied that there is such a man as Halley in town, as we go to press I learn that there was a man by that name on the track, but he utterly refuses to be seen by me.

I take this means of letting Mr. Halley know that I don't intend to run after him, but the readers of THE COURIER will expect a full column interview with him for the next issue and furthermore, all matter of this kind should be in my hands by Wednesday next. If you are one day late—well, I have Chairman Gideon's address and lots of postage.

The club runs this month are of a varied character and such as to appeal to all classes of riders. That to Ashland next Sunday ought to be the banner run of the year, and there should be at least 100 wheels in the start which will be made from the club rooms on South 12th street at 8 o'clock a. m. It is hoped and desired by the club members that a number of ladies will join this run. Clements the photographer, will