

THE NATIONAL VEHICLE.

THE CYCLE GIRL.

The hammock girl is out of date,  
The carriage girl passe,  
The girl who rides the bicycle  
Rules all the world to-day,  
She flashes by with graceful speed,  
As if she rode on air,  
And, as she glides along, she finds  
Admirers everywhere.

Let Bishop Deane and Bishop Coxe  
Abuse her as they may,  
The cycle girl is here, brand-new,  
And she is here to stay,  
She doesn't care how much they fuss,  
For she knows she's all right,  
And, even as they grumble, they  
Must own she's out of sight.

So here's to the sweet cycle girl,  
In bloomers or in skirts,  
She's worth a dozen of the girl  
That lounges 'round and flirts;  
And here's a wish for Bishop Coxe,  
A-railling on the fence;  
That he may live and grow in grace,  
And some day have more sense.  
—Exchange.

THE CYCLE GIRL CRITICIZED.

Cycling gives our wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts a charm that even they themselves wot not of. A woman, properly costumed, on the wheel, is the picture of grace and lissomeness and is engaged in one of the greatest health giving exercises that has ever been placed before her sex since the creation of Mother Eve. She is, in cycling, making greater strides away from the thralldom of tight lacing and the deadly corset than all the lecturers that have discoursed on the platform of a decade. She is making this progress because she is compelled to. She cannot rise with ease with her ribs compressed within the confines of even a moderately laced corset and the result will be, among wheelwomen at least, the utter banishment of that instrument for producing spider waists in the shortest possible period, and the evolving in its stead of women with all the lines of beauty, perfect form and harmonious contours of the feminine body.

But there are those who object to this costume. Those who even go so far as to smirch the reputations of those who see in them the pursuit of health and strength and who in the innocence of their quest do not dream of the sly innuendoes and disparaging remarks that are their portion or the motives and intentions with which they are credited.

This is not in any degree creditable to those who indulge in the pastime. Women who without definite cause revile and besmirch a fellow creature have much to answer for. And those who in the narrow environment of their own self, constituted conventionality, attribute unsound motives and reprehensible ambitions to those who are not abject in their devotion to this conventional code, will not, in my mind, discover the gates ajar to be swung wide on their hinges when they seek admission.

But what would you? It is all a matter of education and the higher education is peculiarly acquired by good women: and good women will remain good upon the wheel just as surely and just as long as they would in the confines of their home.

"Honi sui qui mal y pense" is the thought that always comes to my inmost heart when I hear the strictures of these self elected feminine Parkhursts who sit in judgment on their sisters. "If damnation be the sole portion of the lady riders who dare to set their narrow code at defiance what a world of company they will have on their little coast down into the infernal regions."

If it be a crime to seek health and strength, to love exhilaration and emancipation, to aspire to the perfect enjoyment of all that God has bestowed upon us, then is the bloomer wearing, cycle

loving sister a criminal of the deepest dye; but if the great father intended her to reach the perfection of health and strength, to be free and beautiful and strong, then is she on the high road to full womanhood and the acme of a life of perfect peace and enjoyment.

The woman who can with calmness disparage her fellow woman simply because of innocent indulgence in harmless and healthful recreation is not overburdened with cares of her own and should carefully pause and count the cost lest the sacred injunction prove a boomerang: "Judge not; lest ye be judged."

I am not a crank—unless enthusiasm is crankism. But I do believe in cycling for women. I do believe in the "rational" costume as some call it, in the practical costume as I look at it. I do not believe that the wearing of a bloomer suit by a lady tends in any way to lower that lady's position as a member of the community. I do not believe that she is one whit less entitled to her own respect or the respect of her neighbors and friends than she was before she rode a wheel or donned a costume peculiarly adapted to its uses and which accords to the wearer such a freedom, pleasure and practical benefit as does the bloomer costume.

TO GOZAD, NEB., AWHEEL

8:15 a. m. Friday, July 18, 1895.  
"Well, here we are, shut up at a little farm house eight miles east of Grand Island, on account of rain, but looking as though it would soon blow over.

We waited at the club rooms until 5:15 Thursday morning but as no one came we started out. Presume they all thought it looked too stormy to start. We ate breakfast at Milford at 7:45. A few miles beyond Milford a plug in Will's wheel "sprung a leak" and delayed us 25 minutes. Half an hour later the same cause delayed us 20 minutes more. The strong wind bothered some but made it deliciously cool. Turning north we struck a 4 mile strip smooth as a floor and hard as a rock and with the wind "pushing" us, pedalled merrily along, making it in 15 minutes and rode to Tamora. Here we only stopped long enough to get a lemonade and rode on until rain stopped us at 12:30 where we put up at the farm of Mr. Bouchard, who, with his daughter, received us with the kindest hospitality, offering us lodging for the night and as long as we cared to stay, and urged us to stop with them on the return trip. Have found all farmer folk very sociable and liberal.

Rain ceased at 2:15 and we started again, reaching Utica without further delay. Did not stop. About a mile from York we overtook Miss Maud Bayard of that town (on a diamond frame and wearing bloomers) who escorted us in, taking us to a restaurant owned by her uncle, Mr. Reader, and in other ways made our stay a very pleasant one. We left York at 6:30, escorted for several miles by Miss Bayard, who extracted a promise from us to visit her on the return trip also. Her company and courtesy was much appreciated by us, and we commend both her and Miss Bouchard to wheelmen everywhere.

Reached Bradshaw at 8 P. M. and were again delayed by Will's wheel. The repair man was called into service and we hope for no more trouble. We were delayed so long that we had "to feel our way" into Hampton putting up at a small though comfortable hotel with a register of 84 miles for the first day.

We were called this morning at 4 o'clock but did not get off until 5:15 reaching Aurora at 5:50 with a mileage of 90 miles. Found rough and hilly roads a few miles from Aurora and were stopped here, 8 miles east of Grand Island, by rain, 103 miles.

T. J Thorpe & Co.,

GENERAL BICYCLE REPAIRERS

in a branches.

Repairing done as Neat and Complete as from the Factories at hard time prices.

All kinds of Bicycle Sundries. 320 S. 11TH ST.  
Machinist and General Repair Work. LINCOLN.

Ride a . . . .

SMALLEY.

It is the  
Swiftest,  
Lightest,  
Easiest running,  
Most Beautiful,  
Aluminum finish,  
Strongest in the world,  
Built of the best of steel.

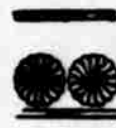
H. E. SIDLES SELLS THEM.  
112 N Thirteenth St. LINCOLN

GEO. A. CRANCER.

B. G. DAWES

Lincoln Cycle Company

208 South Eleventh St., LINCOLN.



STERLING  
SYRACUSE  
YLPH

and  
OVERLAND

BICYCLES....

Our line of Sterling, Syracuse and Sylph are the very highest grade —don't buy before seeing them.

BICYCLE SUNDRIES of all kinds  
BICYCLE REPAIRING  
BICYCLES RENTED

BICYCLE CHAIN LIGHTNING.

No Graphite in it.

Makes up hill easy.

Preserves your chain.

Saves your strength

TRY IT. AND YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.

C. A. WIRICK, Agent. 1217 O St.

If you want a Bicycle see the



Easiest Running.  
Seven Different Sizes.  
Simplest in Construction.  
Weight from 18 to 30 pounds.

Do this and  
You Will Ride One.

F. G. Yule, 113 N Thirteenth.

Grand Island,  
10:45 Saturday Morning.

Reached here at 10:20 with register of 113 miles. From Platte river bridge to this city the roads were sandy and wet and in bad state from rain. We slid one way and another having to dismount a few times unexpectedly and quite "sudden like." Will rest here a few hours and then Westward ho!

"Cozad, Neb., Sunday, July 21.

We left Grand Island at 11:45 Friday morning. Had good roads for about 3 miles but after that it was so muddy it was just impossible to ride at all. At first we did not know what to do, but we discovered a narrow strip of dry and comparatively smooth ground along the railroad, with an embankment on one side and the ends of the ties on the other. Only the smallest amount of deviation from this "straight and narrow path" meant a fall into the mud and water on the one hand or the loss of a number of spokes and possibly a demolished wheel on the other; but it was very much better than walking or staying over another another day, so we kept right on although making any time was out of the question. We reached Alda at 1 o'clock, mileage 121 1/4 miles. Left Alda for Kearney at 1:25 stopping a few moments at Shelton from which place two gentlemen accompanied us a few miles out. Here Will's tire became "ugly" again and delayed us some time,

in consequence of which we did not reach Kearney until 8:30 p. m. Had bad roads all through this part of the trip, especially from Platte river bridge to Kearney, heavy rains having very recently fallen. Had Will's wheel "fixed" again in Kearney and put up at Hotel for the night. It rained during the night, and we did not start yesterday until after 7 o'clock and then had to go to "railroading" again as the roads were still too muddy to ride. Elm Creek at 9:10—172 1/2 miles, Overton at 10:04—181 1/2 miles. A few miles east of Lexington Will's tire gave out completely and he caught a ride in or he would have had to walk. There were no repairs to be had in Lexington and brother had to take the train to Cozad. I stuck to it however and rode into Cozad, reaching my aunt's house at 5:07, my cyclometer showing 216 7-8 miles in all.

Talk about "Green 'uns" why, you never saw any if you have never been to Lexington. They think it is hardly proper for a lady to even ride a wheel and bloomers!—that is awful! They stared us out of countenance and collected around so thick that we began to fear they intended to cage us as curiosities for some circus manager. It has been cloudy all the way so we did not sunburn any at all. We are all O. K., in good spirits and prepared in every way to have the best of a good time from now on. Will start back about Aug. 1st. Regards to all the 4 C's and friends.  
RUBY A. PRINDLE.