

# NOTES OF THE WHEEL.

## MATTERS OF INTEREST TO DEVOTEES OF THE BICYCLE.

The Folding Bicycle Seems to Be in Demand—Bicyclists Pocket Filter—Big Saving of Power Claimed for This New Invention.

**The Folding Cycle.**  
MECHANICAL experts abroad have been working for some time to construct a good durable folding bicycle. It is felt that the construction of such a machine will enable riders to carry their wheels with little trouble on the railroads. The London Field reviews the situation as follows:

Among objects aimed at by the inventors and designers of new bicycles, or of contrivances entering into their composition, is the means of making the machine portable. This is effected in one or two ways, either in putting joints or hinges in the frame, so that one wheel may be folded back against the other, or in making the structure detachable at various points, so that it may be taken to pieces, more or less, and packed for transit. So far as this object is concerned, we do not anticipate any success for such inventions, which are likely to be adopted in exceptional cases only. No ordinary rider would be well advised to purchase a bicycle which cost and weighed more, and was more likely to break down owing to a complication of its parts, merely for the doubtful advantage of being able to compress it into a smaller compass when traveling with it. It might be otherwise were a machine so packed to be carried free, but it would be liable to the same railway rates as the unpacked bicycle, and the only party benefited would be the railway company. It has always been characteristic of many inventors, however, to labor in the most unprofitable fields. A folding bicycle has attained some success in France, but only for its special application to military requirements, being designed to strap on the back of a soldier when he is traversing country unsuited to its use. There is some utility in the folding or collapsible principle when space is an object and bicycles have to be kept in the house. Attention has been given to the production of frames in which the tubes are detachable, being bolted together or joined in such a manner as to dispense with the usual process of brazing. In some of these designs a feature has been made of the facility with which the frame can be taken to pieces and the machine packed in a case for traveling. Even were there a distinct gain in disconnecting the tubes, a looseness would be inevitably set up in the joints when the operation had been many times repeated, and this would destroy the rigidity of the machine and affect its running.

**Buying American Wheels.**  
Racing men from abroad that visit this country seem to have the knack of accumulating American gold with comparative ease. Since Jean Gougoltz, the French crack, has been in this country, which is only about two months, he has won over \$600, and is well pleased with Americans and the reception accorded him. To further show his appreciation and offset the wild charges of Rivierre, who rode in the six-days' grind, he has discarded his French wheel for one of American make. He and Lamberjack, his tandem mate, have secured an American tandem, which they will ride hereafter in preference to the one brought from their native land. Both are loud in their praises of American-built machines, and say that they are far superior to the heavy machines and tires turned out in France.

**Bicyclist's Pocket Filter.**  
A pocket filter designed for hunters, cross-country pedestrians, bicyclists and persons who follow travel through the open country and who are sometimes compelled to drink from springs where no provision is made

for the thirsty, and from streams whose purity is questionable is shown here. The filtering material is contained in a flat disk-like float which is placed on the surface of the water, and by means of a hose the thirsty wayfarer is enabled to enjoy a drink of clean water.

**The Saddle Question.**  
More different saddles are on the market to confuse inexperienced riders than ever before. With all the diversity of pattern, however, they may be roughly divided into two classes—those which offer a broad, soft resting place on the wheel, and those which are simply a working base for the rider. The first class takes in all the "hygienic," "anatomical," pneu-

matic and heavily-upholstered saddles; while the latter class includes the hard, or slightly padded affairs with narrow backs and long, narrow pommels. Each class is found by many to be the only comfortable kind. The question with riders is, substantially, whether they should choose a seat or a saddle. The only answer to be found is in the style of their position. Riders who distribute their weight between the pedals, handle bars and saddle, and keep themselves so poised as to be always ready to shift their weight, want chiefly a soft, shapely base to brace against, with something of a pommel to keep them from sliding off. This class of riders often find the broad, soft saddles actually uncomfortable. The riders who sit on a wheel as they do on a chair want a broad and soft seat as will permit them to work their legs, and are apt to find the best shaped of the hard, narrow saddles wearisome.

**Bits of Racing News.**  
Indoor racing is dead off in St. Petersburg, as last year \$8,000 was dropped by the promoters of a winter racing campaign there. Fred Chinn, the Birmingham sprinter, and Willie Michael, a cousin of Jimmie, have been secured by the Morgan race syndicate, so a cablegram announced recently. W. H. Fearing, the fast Columbia college amateur, has announced his permanent retirement from the track. He will be replaced on the Columbia team by C. Swartz. Arthur Gardner has secured fifty pacemakers from the Chicago district, and his team will soon be placed in training for the season. Gardner is to drop sprinting and become a middle-distance man. C. W. Miller of Chicago, winner of the last six days' contest in Madison Square garden, is eager to race Cordang, "the Dutchman," in a 24-hour paced race. Cordang, it will be remembered, covered 616 miles in 24 hours on the Crystal Palace track, London, England, last year, a feat that was without parallel.

**Big Saving of Power Claimed.**  
Among the more striking novelties this year in the line of bicycle trappings is the swinging pedal. A great many advantages are claimed for this and it has been ascertained by accurate measurements that the power capable of being exerted by the rider is greatly increased over the old style of pedal. This is done, too, with an inch and three-quarters less lift of knee, and renders possible a higher development of foot than has heretofore been obtained. The dead center is obliterated entirely, as well as the hammer blow and back lash of chain, and, furthermore, being an inch and three-quarters lower, permits the dropping of the saddle the same distance. It is also said to take up all jar and vibration, making the passage over rough roads as comfortable as that of a smooth floor. Its use also cultivates the ankle motion, which is of great value to riders. The power saved by this device is said by the designer to be 40 per cent.

**Science in Racing.**  
"Le Velo," one of the two leading papers published daily in Paris, France, commenting on the meteoric career of Jimmy Michael in America, and on the easy defeat of many of his rivals, deprecates the fact that cycle racing has not yet arrived at the scientific period. Michael it declares to be a natural rider, who has been fortunate in finding the distance and style of racing for which he is best fitted, but a large proportion of racing men, it believes, not only fail to show to their best advantage, but do permanent injury to themselves by pursuing a plan of training and following a style of racing for which they are wholly unsuited. Every rider is not a natural sprinter, nor is every rider a natural stayer, and "Le Velo" thinks that the sport has advanced to that stage where the medical profession should be called upon to assist in deciding whether or not a man should race, how he should practice and at what distance he should ride. It believes that expert medical men ought to be employed by race-governing boards to examine all racing men periodically, to give explanation to riders and trainers of the functions of certain muscles and to maintain a general supervision of the sport, from a physical standpoint.

**Appeals to Women.**  
The chainless is expected to find ready sale with women buyers. Its cleanliness, the absence of any need of a chain guard and the fact that there is no danger of clothing catching in its machinery make it popular with wheelwomen. Its manufacturers also claim that its easy movement at any motion of the pedals, no matter how slight, makes it appeal particularly to the gentler sex.

"I began life," said Sir Henry Irving, "as a poor boy. I was denied even the advantages of a common school education. I entered upon my theatrical career when not more than 17 years of age, and the struggle to gain even the means of the poorest living was not the easiest imaginable."

# FOR WOMEN AND HOME

## ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

**Highland Mary, an Old Favorite—Some Current Notes of the Modes and Hints for the Household—New Shirtwaists—Fashion Notes.**

**An Old Favorite.**  
E BANKS and braes and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumble!  
There simmer first unfault her robes,  
And there the longest tarry;  
For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.  
How sweetly bloomed the gay green birch,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.  
Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;  
But, O! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early!  
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary!  
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I aft have kissed sae fondly!  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
And moldering now in silent dust  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.  
—Robert Burns.

**New Shirtwaists.**  
An entirely new shirtwaist is being brought out by one of the importing houses for next summer. It is very much like the ordinary waist in effect, but instead of a yoke it has a removable guimpe. This guimpe is made of white pique, and is worn with a high standing collar of white linen, and a white mull string tie. Shirtwaists for the summer are in the usual variety of colors with plaids largely in the majority. Aside from those with the separate guimpes they have the same yokes, pointed in the back and rather square in front. Below, however, the material is not gathered, but is laid

blossoms were caught upon the shoulders, and apple blossoms were worn in the dark hair of the debutante.—Ex.

**Keeping House.**  
Millicent has been married but a few weeks, and her husband has made up his mind that he wants to keep house, although before they were married he often said that they would board for a year at least. Millicent would like housekeeping well enough, but she has been overworked for some years past, and wants a rest. She was the eldest of a large family of children, and had a great deal of care and responsibility. Does the editor think she is unreasonable in insisting that the promise to board be kept? Answer: Promises of all sorts should be kept whenever it is possible to do so. Especially is it incumbent upon young married people to begin life by observing the utmost punctiliousness in regard to truth. Married life on any basis other than the most perfect truthfulness is likely to be full of snares and pitfalls. When there is no dependence to be placed on the word of the members of our households chaos is surely come. As to the item of housekeeping or not, the husband should keep his word, and the wife should take pleasure in making preparations for fitting up the home as soon as the time of the promise has expired.—New York Ledger.

**Poorly Paid Female Labor.**  
An inquiry instituted by the Women's Industrial Council into the condition of "Women's Home Industries" in England show that women employed as furriers, who "live and work in the utmost poverty and filth, work, eat and sleep in an atmosphere tainted with the sickly smell of skins, they themselves scarcely more human than the animals whose skins they pluck, owing to the thick deposit of fur which covers them from head to foot and forces its way into their eyes, nose and lungs," earn about 27 cents a day, and suffer from chronic asthma. Match-box makers are paid from 1 1/4 to 3 cents per gross for making the boxes, and one woman earned but 12 cents a day. Out of 384 cases in which earnings were ascertained, 126 earn 25 cents a day, 127 from 25 to 37 cents a day, 66 from 37 to 50 cents and only 67 over 50 cents.

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

**The Inquisitive Boy.**  
I have a little boy of six  
Who sets me quite a task  
And often puts me in a fix.  
By the questions that he'll ask.  
"What holds the moon up in the sky?  
Where does the sunshine go?  
Why does my baby brother cry?  
Are the things he wants to know."  
"Where does the gas go when put out?"  
He asked me yesterday.  
The question filed my mind with doubt,  
I wondered what to say.  
"If all the good people that die,"  
Says he, "in heaven are crowned  
Why don't they go up in the sky  
Instead of in the ground?"  
"Who lights the stars up every night  
And turns them out at dawn?  
What makes the snow so very white?  
Where is the new year born?  
Why have all Negroes curly hair?  
What makes their skin so black?  
What makes a wheel go round, and where  
Do old ducks get their quack?"  
"Why can't we see the wind at all?  
What makes the water wet?"  
These and such questions daily fall  
From the wee lips of my pet.  
He's most embarrassing at times  
Interrogating me.  
Yet when upon my knee he climbs  
I'm happy as can be!  
—Twinkles.

**League of Children.**  
The League of the Children of France has just terminated the second year of its existence. Mile. Lucie Faure, daughter of the president of France, is the organizer and promoter of the movement. The object of the society is to arouse the interest of children in other children of less fortunate circumstances. President Faure spends two mornings each week visiting the hospitals and other charitable institutions. Mile. Faure is in the habit of accompanying her father on such missions. Inasmuch as she had turned her attention more particularly to the hospitals and homes of children it has naturally been the ill of these wards that have appealed most strongly to her sympathies. In driving back to her home from the asylum she passed through the rich quarters of the city and caught sight of the dainty maidens and women arrayed in costly laces and furs, their arms often full of toys; the contrast between the suffering she had just left and the luxury paraded before her eyes filled her mind with a longing desire to arrive at some means which would repair this injustice of fate. The New York Tribune states that Mile. Faure, after some deliberation, finally hit upon the idea of invoking the assistance, not of the grown-up rich, but of their children, for the purpose of brightening the existence of the children of the poor, and with that object in view founded the League of the Children of France. Each member pays a subscription of \$1 a year. Starting out with an initial fund of \$700 the league in Paris alone has now an annual revenue through subscriptions of \$200,000, derived entirely from young people. The object of the league is to relieve individual suffering and assist children in obtaining admission to establishments where they will be cared for and their future assured. Within the last twelve months branches have been organized in most of the principal towns and cities of France. The league serves to bring together the children of the various classes of society and promotes that species of fraternity which is the source of true democracy, establishing a bond of union between them.

**Abraham Lincoln as a Boy.**  
We referred in this column a few days ago to the fact that the report that there was only one surviving schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln was a mistake, and mentioned Mrs. Susie Yeager of Rineyville, Ky., as another schoolmate of Lincoln's, when she attended his first session. In support of this statement Rev. Dr. James M. Yeager, president of Drew Seminary for Young Women, Carmel, N. Y., who has compiled a brief history of the Yeager - Buffington-Creighton-Jacobs families, received a letter from Mrs. Yeager, written in her 91st year, in which she says:  
"I went to school with Abraham Lincoln. I remember 'Abe' Lincoln well as a little bit of a fellow. He was then 7 years old, and I was 10. 'Abe' and his sister Nancy walked a distance of several miles to the school house, which was situated on Knob creek, where it joins Rolling Fork, in La Rue county, then a part of Hardin. My father, Zachariah Riney, was the teacher. This was in 1816. I can see the old schoolhouse now. It was built of rough logs, as all schoolhouses were in those days. They were so arranged that the ends stuck out and formed little recesses, in which the children played hide-and-seek. These were the favorite hiding places for little 'Abe.' The schoolhouse had no windows, but one log removed the whole length of the building served to give light. The floor was of dirt. The benches consisted of logs split in the middle and placed along the walls."  
"There was just one bench made of plank which it was considered a great privilege to sit upon."  
"While little 'Abe' was fond of play, he was most diligent in his studies, and learned to read well at the first session. I remember seeing him bending down saplings for horses; this was his favorite amusement at play time. He was an extra good boy, and never got a whipping. I remember particularly his unflinching good humor and his

gentle manners. I do not feel as I did when I used to play with little 'Abe' Lincoln at the old Knob creek school in 1816."  
This quaint and interesting letter discloses the humanness of the boy Lincoln, as well as the vivid memory of his oldtime schoolmate.—New York Tribune.

**Dreyfus to His Children.**  
London Daily News: If only one can suppose Capt. Dreyfus to have been innocent of the odious offense imputed to him, a letter of his to his little boy, which is published in the Paris papers, is full of pathos. It runs thus: "Dear little Pierre: Papa sends you plenty of kisses, and to little Jeanne also. Papa often thinks of you both. You will teach little Jeanne to make pretty towers with wooden bricks, very high, like those I used to make for you, and which tumbled over so delightfully. Be very good. Give plenty of nice caresses to your mother when she is sad. Be very nice, too, with grandfather and grandmother; have some good 'larks' with your aunts. (In the original the word is 'niches,' which means harmless little practical jokes). When papa comes back from his journey you will come and meet him at the station with little Jeanne, with mamma, with everybody. Once more, with many kisses, for you and little Jeanne, your papa."

**Another Worm.**  
An inspector was recently examining a class of girls in natural history, says Scottish Nights.  
"Tell me the names of any animals you know," he began; but the faces of the children expressed bewilderment at the request. At length, however, a little girl at the back of the class shot up her hand as though a bright idea had suddenly struck her.  
"Ah," said the inspector, "the smallest girl in the class knows. Well, my dear, what is it?"  
"A worm," came the triumphant answer.  
"Well—er—yes, a worm is really an animal, but can no one think of any other?"  
Again profound silence reigned.  
"If I were one of you big girls," the inspector remarked, after a pause, "on seeing the same hand held up, 'I should be ashamed of myself.'"  
Then turning to the little scholar, as a last resort, he said:  
"Well, what is it this time, my girl?"  
"Another worm, sir," was the quick response.

**Exercises for the Fingers.**  
When the phlegmatic Hollander has nothing else to do he whittles away the time by twirling his thumbs. There are better methods of dispelling ennui, however.  
For example, place both hands together in such a manner as to have the backs of the two middle fingers joined. Now try to spread out the thumbs and the other fingers from the tips. This will be found easy enough with the thumbs, the index and the little fingers, but try it with the ring fingers, and this kind of gymnastics becomes decidedly interesting.  
Exercise No. 2 is not so difficult, and some can do it after the first trial, but there are others who can never perform the apparently easy feat.  
This may also be said of the third exercise. Here the condition is not

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**Gown for a Charity Ball.**  
At a recent charity ball in New York a Philadelphia belle wore a delicate gown of cream mousseline de soie embroidered in apple blossoms which were so delicately traced upon the fabric that they looked as if thrown there. This was made over a skirt of Nile green taffeta. The waist matched the skirt and was trimmed with shirtings and ruffles of the mousseline de soie. A broad sash of Nile green ribbon was tied around the waist. The ends were fringed and hung nearly to the floor. A bunch of apple

blooms were caught upon the shoulders, and apple blossoms were worn in the dark hair of the debutante.—Ex.

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CURRENT FASHION PLATES.



in very thin plaits several inches down. It then hangs loosely as in other seasons. Yet, in spite of this loose hang, special attention is given to the fit of shirtwaists. Most of them are either made at home or to order, for it is found that those bought ready made are apt to bag in undesirable places. For instance, it is very important that the length of the back should be just right. Again, the under-arm seams should be well fitted, for on them really depend the appearance of the garment. In other words, the shirt waist of '98 will permit comfort and ease of fit whenever it does



to permit the least bend in the two lower parts of the index finger.  
In exercise No. 4 it is imperative that the fingers remain stretched out straight. Try some of these experiments when you have an idle ten minutes, and you will be surprised to find them not half so easy as they appear in the picture.  
**Professional Etiquette.**  
An eminent physician had a valuable cow, which became sick, and seemed likely to die. He asked an Irish servant, who lived with him, if he knew anybody who followed the cow doctoring. The doctor's groom said: "There's Jemmy Lafferty, who can cure any cow in the world." "Well, then," replied the doctor, "go for Lafferty." The cow doctor accordingly came and treated the brute for four or five days, and on the lapse of due time he waited on Dr. Lewis and pronounced her cured. The doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand to his pocket-book. "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me!" replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with dignity, "nothing, sir; we doctors never take money of one another." "My first impulse," said the doctor, while telling the story, "was to throw his fee after him, but on second thought, the whole affair seemed so ridiculous, that I bowed him my acknowledgments with as much gravity as I could assume."