

## THE MONSTER "PRACTICING."

Wherever I may go,  
Whatever I may do,  
That dreadful monster, "Practicing,"  
Leoms up before my view,  
And in a voice I must obey  
He calls me from my pleasant play.  
Each day, at half-past three,  
When I come home from school,  
In sternest voice he summons me  
Straight to the piano stool;  
There while my chords and scales I try,  
I count the moments passing by.

If I am out of sorts  
And crossly strike a key,  
With discord most unbearable  
He then does punish me.  
He'll worry me with all his might  
Until my exercise goes right.  
They tell me that in time  
More beautiful he'll grow;  
There'll be a smile upon that face  
That now does scare me so;  
His rigliness will flee, and I  
Will grow to love him—by and by.

## UNTO HIM FOURFOLD.

There was a sharp tinge of frost in the air; early in the afternoon snow had fallen, clothing the city for a brief spell in a mantle of dazzling whiteness, but now it was trodden under foot into grime and slush, making the pavements and roads wet and slippery.

A feeble moon could be seen, but its pale, wan light was entirely lost and swallowed up by the glare and glitter of the London streets.

As he sailed on the morrow, John Forsythe was giving a parting dinner to a few old cronies; and now walked leisurely to his club, where they were to meet. His reflections were not unpleasant.

Adventure he craved for; the thought of rustling for his living stirred his blood pleasantly; he was rather pugnacious by nature, and whatever he took in hand, he stuck to it until he carried it out.

And it was just as well that he was going; the old place was not the same since the Governor departed, and Carrington was not all one cared for in an elder brother.

He reached the club steps, and was about to enter, when a tiny figure darted in front of him, and a small grimy fist held out a paper; a thin voice piped plainly:

"Buy a paper, sir? Oh, do, sir; I ain't 'ad no luck this dy, an' if yer would—"

A pair of great eyes gazed up at him from under a tangle of red hair, and the little face was pinched and blue from hunger and cold.

"No luck, eh?" said John, kindly, taking the paper from the rough bleeding hand, raw from chaps. "Poor little soul, you look hungry. Here, take this and get a good feed with it, and get something, too, to keep you warm."

"This," was a half-sovereign, and the child's eyes seemed to start out of her head with wonder at the unexpected gift. John laughed amusedly at her astonishment.

"There, go along," he said, giving her a good-natured push, and, as she began to slowly move away, she heard him greeted by name by a couple of men, and then they disappeared into the building.

With the gold firmly clutched in her paw, she made her way to the nearest coffee palace, picking up a "pal" on the road, and together they had a meal, such as they'd never eaten in their lives before. And in her after life nothing ever tasted exactly so good as this unlooked-for dinner did, to the lonely waif of the streets.

Forsythe's friends insisted on knowing upon what he was so busily engaged that he did not notice their approach; and their chaff was plentiful when he confessed his philanthropic act.

"Broad upon the waters, Forsythe," said one, "look out for its return after many days," he added, jestingly.

John laughed and shook his head. "No fear, old man; it's only in Sunday school books that the hero's good deeds are rewarded; in real life they are speedily forgotten."

The next day he sailed, and it was many years before London saw him again.

Once more he walked upon the asphalt of London, no longer plain John Forsythe, but, by a series of events, Earl of Carrington.

Having been singularly lucky in all his ventures, he was now a very rich man, and on the death of his brother in the hunting field, had returned home after a prolonged tour, to succeed to the title and what was left of the estates.

Most of the land once owned by the Carringtons had been sold or mortgaged by his dissipated elder, and his first act was to buy back as much as he could, and to restore the old Court to something of its former splendor, and to find a suitable mistress to grace his home.

In spite of the encouragement given to a wealthy man, and an earl to boot, John had, up to the present, remained placidly heart-whole, and saw every prospect of so remaining, as he had seen no woman yet who made his pulses beat any faster for her sake, and he had come to the conclusion that he had better take the first who presented herself, and trust to luck.

As he strolled down to his old club where he was to meet the same men with whom he had spent his last evening ten years ago, his mind went back to the little beggar, to whom he had proved such a Santa Claus, and he wondered absentmindedly what had become of her.

And curiously enough it was recorded to him again later in the evening, by

one of the men who had witnessed the affair.

"I suppose she's dead," said Carrington, indifferently, in answer to the question, "or lived to swell the ranks of the unfortunate sisterhood," he added, with a sigh.

After dinner they adjourned to the theater. The play was a modern "problem" one, a new fashion since John went away, and but for the acting had no special attraction.

The leading lady, Mathie Ross, was one of the most beautiful women of the day, famed alike for her Titian-colored hair, and the absolute blamelessness and purity of her life.

No breath of scandal had tainted her fair name, and she was known to be a brilliant and hard-working woman.

At the finish, Carrington, who had been strangely moved at the sight of the lovely creature on the stage, made his way behind, and asked for an introduction.

He fancied she grew a trifle pale, and that her dark eyes sought his in a somewhat startled manner, but as there was no trace of embarrassment in her graciousness towards him, he concluded he was mistaken.

Nathalie asked him to call, and soon it came about, that few days passed when he did not visit the tiny flat. London wondered, then laughed and said that after all she was no better than the rest of them, and that it had known all along her virtue was assumed.

For some time neither heard the rumors about them, but continued their friendship tranquilly enough, although to Carrington the wish for more than friendship was becoming stronger every day; but it was not until a sneer and a low expression coupled with Nathalie's name was uttered in his presence, that he determined to speak.

His action was simplicity itself. After knocking the man down, he turned to the assemblage, saying in grave, even tones:

"I have done this, because that cur insulted the fair fame of an innocent woman, whom I intend to ask to do me the honor of becoming my wife."

News of all kinds flies apace, and when he called the next morning Nathalie knew about his defense of her.

"Oh, why did you do it?" she cried, her eyes full of unshed tears. "What does it matter what they say of me? I am only an actress, you know, and not worth fighting over."

She seized his hands with her warm impulsive ones, and would have raised them to her lips, had he not prevented her.

"No, no," he said, hastily, "don't do that, Nathalie, I love you; give me the right to defend you always—be my dear wife."

The color flamed high in her cheeks, and her lips quivered.

"You love me, you wish me to be your wife? You? Ah, this is wonderful."

"What is?" he queried, laughing, drawing her to him; "that I should love you?"

"Yes," she said, gravely, "listen to what I have to tell you, and then—Ten years ago on a cold winter's night, do you remember giving a gold piece to a little ragged, half-starved girl?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I do, but how does that concern you?" he asked.

"In this way; I was that little girl; I and no other. I was a friendless little waif, and your money was the first kind action I had ever received in my short life. Small wonder that I remembered, and hearing your name, treasured it up in my heart. With that gold I laid the foundation of my present position."

"A small pantomime engagement led to others, and slowly and surely I worked myself up. Oh, it has been hard, and I have been sorely tempted many a time, for I am beautiful, I know, but you were before me like a guiding star, and I kept myself what I knew you would have me be; I have waited for you; I am yours, do with me what you will."

His arms closed round her, and as their lips met, she heard him whisper, "My wife."—Saturday Evening Post.

**Wanted the Letter Back.**  
The other day a Chicago man paid five cents postage to mail a letter to Germany. To days later he spent \$15 in an attempt to overtake and recover it. He is a west side merchant, who has had some business dealings with a relative in Germany. Failing to get a satisfactory settlement through his attorney in Germany, he uncorked his bent-up wrath in a letter and mailed it to his relative. Next day he got a cablegram from his attorney saying the matter had been settled. The west side man thought of his letter and the family estrangement that would follow its reception—for he had raked up a lot of old family quarrels, and had said many things he does not now want to be read. He paid fifty cents for a telegram to the New York postoffice to recall the letter. During the afternoon answer came that the letter was already on the ocean, bound for Germany.

"I will give \$100 if it does not get there," he said, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his flushed face. Superintendent McArthur of the inquiry department said it could be overtaken by a cablegram, and the merchant willingly made a deposit of \$15, and the recall was cabled to Germany through the postal authorities at Washington. "If I don't get that letter back I cannot go back to Germany to see my people," was the wall of the letter writer as he left the office.

**His Hopes.**  
"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl."

"I do, sir," with emotion, "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Harlem Life.

## DOCTORING A NATIVE.

**An Experience of a Missionary in Far-Off Africa.**

Miss Mary Kingsley, in a recent entertaining article upon some of her African experiences, relates her first attempt at doctoring a sick native. She had observed, during a rather trying march which her party had been making, that one of the carriers had begun to stagger and look dazed. His comrades had relieved him of his load, and he managed with much difficulty to keep on with the others until a village was reached, and a halt called for the night.

She then bade his friends call in the best doctor there was in the place to attend to the sufferer, and she would pay him; but shortly after one of them came to her and reported, in language which she found more comprehensible than its construction warranted, "Massa, them man he live for die."

Hastening to the hut where the invalid lay, she found the native doctor sitting outside, covering and uncovering a small basket, and muttering incantations—engaged, so the awestruck observers informed her, in trying to find out "who had stolen one of the patient's souls."

Without criticising this theory of the disease, the lady tactfully explained that perhaps, if they allowed her to try, she might effect some good while the other doctor was completing his diagnosis—and she got out her medical book.

It informed her that the patient was suffering, not from a missing soul, but from some kind of inflammation of the brain, and that he should be bled on the back of the head and neck. He lay upon his chest, picking at the floor with his hands, and evidently delirious, as he was talking to his father, who had died many years before.

She prepared a blister of mustard-leaves, but upon trying to apply it, discovered that the wool was several inches deep on the back of the man's head, and that a place must be clipped clear to receive the blister, or it would have no effect. Taking a pair of scissors, she set about clearing a patch of scalp.

"While I was engaged in this operation," she says, "the patient went off into a convulsion that frightened me out of my wits; so I dropped the scissors and reared, driving my head up through the low roof and tearing that structure from its supports. I wore it as a collar or neck-ruff, while the patient broke the rest of that simple home completely up, and mixed himself and the scissors and the mustard-leaves and the lantern so well with the debris that it took some time to sort him out."

"I regret to say, however, that he was neglected for some ten minutes, because the assembled spectators roared so with laughter that they were incapable of action, and I was busy clearing off my superstructure and trying to extract an interesting and exciting collection of centipedes, lizards, scorpions and spiders from my hair, wherein they had sought refuge on the occurrence of the cataclysm."

Nevertheless, she persevered, and the invalid was finally extricated, clipped and bled, and in due time got well; but it is probable that Miss Kingsley thereafter preferred open-air practice, at least when she had to blister a man in delirium.

**Municipal Ownership.**  
Gas plants are operated by 168 cities of England and Scotland, including almost every city of consequence, except London; by 338 cities of Germany, including thirty of the largest, such as Berlin, Hamburg and Dresden; by Brussels, by Amsterdam, by many cities in the British colonies, and by twelve American cities, including Wheeling, Louisville, Richmond and Philadelphia. Electric lighting plants are operated by over 200 American municipalities, including Dunkirk, in this State, and Jacksonville, Springfield, Little Rock, Topeka, Bay City, Detroit and Chicago; by many British cities; by some in the Australian colonies, and by thirteen German cities, including Hamburg and Dresden. Street railroads are owned and operated in thirty-three cities of England and Scotland, by some cities of Germany, Switzerland, Holland and of the Australian colonies, by Toronto, and in a measure by New Orleans. To put the matter into condensed form, municipal ownership of one or more of these street franchises prevails in over 700 cities, and is authorized by the laws of a score of States and countries. Time was when private ownership of all street franchises was the rule. Now the chief cities of the world are forsaking it. Progress in the art of municipal affairs is all in the direction of municipal ownership.

Municipal ownership is, therefore, no new or over radical thing. It is neither socialistic, communistic, nor populist. It is feasible and practicable. It must be at least reasonably successful, and it cannot be attended with any greater political evils than the no more universal municipal ownership of docks, ferries, bridges, markets and the water supply. So much the experience of these other cities indicates to us.—Municipal Affairs.

**A Wonderful Clock.**  
Two years ago a South Chicago jeweler did some figuring. He calculated that he would, in all probability, live forty years. He knew that it takes at least two minutes to wind the ordinary house clock. At that rate he figured that he would, during the rest of his life, spend about sixty days of his valuable time winding the clock, to say nothing of the time and temper lost through forgetting it. Then he decided to make a clock that would have to be wound but once in forty years.

He spent his odd minutes at the task and has succeeded in producing a wonderful piece of mechanism—the only one of its kind, he claims, in the world. This forty-year timepiece is fifteen

inches in diameter, and weighs seventy-five pounds. The movement is geared so that the barrel-wheel containing the mainspring revolves in two and a half years.

When this wheel has made fifty-six revolutions somebody will have to give the key seventeen turns. The clock will then be wound up for another forty years. The first wheel from the barrel-wheel crowds around at the rate of one turn a year. The dial-plate is six inches in diameter.

The making of the work took most of the jeweler's leisure for twenty-four months. The movement is full-jeweled. The clock will be put in a hermetically sealed glass case, and it will work in a vacuum, thus lessening friction and preventing the oil from drying.—Philadelphia Times.

**Herbert Spencer is anxious to bring the biological part of his work up to date, and has five secretaries at work helping him. His health is so feeble that he is only able to manage at intervals an hour's work in a day.**

An advertisement in the London Daily News offers for a history of California fifty dollars. It must be compiled from materials in the British Museum. The length of the history is also laid down at four hundred thousand words. It could be produced, at the rate of two thousand words a day, in two hundred days, or in nearly seven months.

On the same morning, in Chicago, the Tribune and the Times-Herald reviewed Robert Hichens' novel, "Flames," and the phrasing was somewhat amusing. Said the Times-Herald: "The Green Carnation" was a green lily pad floating on the surface of stagnant slime and ooze, compared with this, which is ooze itself down to the very bottom of the pool. The Tribune said: "For the healthy adult mind, 'Flames' is as pure and elevating as the lily that cleaves itself out of ooze and slime."

W. T. Stead fears that the growth of dialects and of slang will split the mother tongue up into so many portions that before we know it people who have always been understood of one another will have to converse with the aid of an interpreter. The London Spectator says that no academy for the preservation of the English language is needed, and continues: "We do not believe that any need exists, because we entirely deny the proposition that the English race, in its various habitations, is taking to unintelligible dialects. We have never met with a newspaper article in modern English, much less a printed book, whether hailing from America or Australia—if not intended to be a skit on current local slang—which was not perfectly intelligible to any educated man who uses the English language as his mother tongue. The marvelous thing about the free trade in words which has been employed in the English language is the manner in which it has kept the English language steady. Books written in the Elizabethan age are still perfectly intelligible. There is going to be no English tower of Babel. Instead, the language will broaden and deepen, and yet remain as clear as ever it was."

**Feeds His Mule Fence Rails.**  
An old southwest Georgia negro called to one of the laborers in his vineyard.

"You, John! Hit's time ter feed dat mule. Give him a couple of fence rails, quick!"

"He doesn't eat fence rails, does he?" inquired a bystander.

"Lawd bless you, yes, suh!" replied the old man. "Dat des whets his appetite. He use ter blong ter one et dese offise-seekers, en he got so hongry stardin' hitched in de sun dat he started on fence rails fer a livin; en now he won't tackle grass tell he's done eat up a string er fence, den he eats oats or grass for dessert. W'y suh," continued the old man, "he got loose de yuther day en took en eat up one whole gable end ob Ebenezer chapel, an' w'en we run up on him he wuz makin' a break fer de pevs en de pulpit! Dey wouldn't been much er dat meetin'-house left ef ever he'd got ter de inside er it. Give him fence rails, John; he got ter do some hard plowin' dis mawmin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Benefit of Self Help.**  
Booker T. Washington, the colored orator, constantly impresses upon the minds of the members of his race to whom he talks the advantages to be gained from self-help. In a recent speech he told a good yarn to illustrate his point. "There isn't much that we get in this country without working for it," he said. "I remember a story of an old negro who wanted a Christmas dinner and prayed night after night: 'Lord, please send a turkey to this darkey.' But none came to him. Finally he prayed: 'O Lord, please send this darkey to a turkey.' And he got one that same night."

**Nerve of a Sitting Hen.**  
Fire broke out shortly before noon yesterday in a shed in the rear of 545 East Washington street, owned by George Hoffman. The firemen saved a life and prevented the fire from spreading. A sitting hen occupied a nest in one corner of the shed, and notwithstanding the fact that she was drenched with chemical matter, she refused to move. The fire was all about her, and finally one of the men picked her up and carried her, nest and all, into the alley. The hen showed her disapproval of the familiarity on the part of the fireman by cackling loudly.—Indianapolis Journal.

## THE ONLY WHITE BUFFALO.

**Seen and Chased by Hunters, but Never Caught.**

During the summer of 1875 bands of Indians returning from a hunt far out in the plains brought in stories of having seen at different times and in different places, and always in the center of a large herd, a white buffalo. They had used their best horses in the effort to overtake it, to no purpose, never being able to get anywhere near the animal. At first we did not pay much attention to these stories, but still it kept cropping up from different camps, and at last, in the fall of 1875, I myself had a chance to verify the truth of the report. I had been sent on duty north along the Red Deer River, and was camped near a large band of Blackfeet, who were hunting south of that river. The buffalo had moved north in vast numbers, and the prairie was black with them.

I had gone one morning with a party of Blackfeet to see one of their hunters, and also to try and kill it for myself. My horse was a good one, and much faster than any belonging to the Indian hunters. I had got detached from the party, becoming tired of the slaughter, and must have been at least twenty miles from the camp, when I made for a small clump of timber not far off, intending to roast a portion of some buffalo meat I had on the saddle with me. As I approached the wood a band of about one hundred animals burst out from the brush and made off to the south, and, yes, most certainly in the middle of them was a white buffalo. Although they were a quarter of a mile away, there could be no mistake about it; he was there as large as life, and quite white, and running like a deer. There was no time to much more than take in the scene, but I gathered up the reins and was after him, determined to bag that buffalo or kill my horse.

Oh, what a race it was, mile after mile; and although all the band, with the exception of about a dozen, had split off and gone in different directions, the white animal, with his body-guard of about a dozen, kept at about the same distance ahead. I could catch a glimpse of him now and then, and there was no doubt he was snow-white. Get within a shot I could not, for many miles. At last they began to tire, and although my horse was tired also, I had good hopes of coming up, and getting a shot. Alas! for such a chance. Of a sudden my horse lurched forward on his nose, sending me over his head onto the prairie, and turning a somersault himself, missing me only a few feet. He had put his foot into a badger hole, and brought hopes of a white robe to a sudden end.—Forest and Stream.

**The Sultan's Heir.**  
The Sultan's heir is not his eldest son, but his eldest brother. The eldest male succeeds. Such is the law of Islam, and the fruitful source of dynastic murders in almost every reign since the Turks became a power. The Sultan has four brothers; not one only, as was lately alleged. The eldest brother is Rechad Effendi; that is to say, he is eldest after the ex-Sultan Murad V., who, being insane, is not counted. Rechad Effendi is rarely seen. Every time he drives out he is escorted by a troop, less by way of an escort than as a guard. The few who do know him like him, for he is said to be a courteous, humane, well-informed man, acquainted with current politics, and keenly interested in them. He is a good farmer. The pretty palace known as the Teheragan is his residence. During the time of the trouble in Armenia, Constantinople and Crete, Rechad has been more narrowly watched than ever, for the Sultan and his clique know that Rechad is popular. Unlike the Sultan, Rechad is one of the most handsome men in Constantinople.—London Echo.

**New Color Names.**  
If the latest additions to the nomenclature of fashionable colors be generally adopted by milliners and dress-makers, ladies will be much puzzled when they come to choose their hats and gowns for early autumn wear. Thus it appears that manufacturers are offering to the wholesale buyers reds distinguished as "sport," "Cretan," and "Athenian," "Gold" and "spiritism" are new shades of blue; some exceedingly brilliant greens have been denominated the "asparagus" and the "Erin," and silvery grays are to be known as "aluminium" and "nickel." "Grandmere" is a lavender tint, and recent events in the States have made a distinction in yellows, as "dollar-gold" and "McKinley." "Josephat" is hardly suggestive, but it means a grass green; "apothecis" is a pink, and "reacmier" is an orange.—London Telegraph.

**Buy Fruit Instead of Candy.**  
"I wish," said a doctor the other day as he watched a group of school children troop out of a candy store, where they had been spending their pennies, "that I could form a society among little folks in which each member would take a pledge to spend all his pocket money for fruit instead of candy. It seemed a funny way of putting it, didn't it? But the physician was very much in earnest, and at the moment it probably occurred to him that, as children like lubs, an anti-candy club would be a very good one for them. He wanted to do two things—to stop their eating the unhealthy sweet and to coax them to eat more fruit. An apple or a banana or an orange can usually, one or the other of them, be bought for the price of a little candy, and the fruit is much better in every way than the sweet.—New York Times.

Some men have no other genius except that they are always able to find the warmest places in summer, and the coldest places in winter.



## Wheeling and Its Effects.

Even at this late day there may be occasionally found an individual who doubts the value of bicycle exercise. Of course, such people are scarce and growing fewer every day. One of them was airing his views in a New York clubhouse, claiming that the world would yet be sorry for allowing the wheel to take possession of it to such an extent. Included in his tirade was a general statement regarding the expense incident to keeping a bicycle. A wheelman listened to the bill of particulars and then declared that the \$100 he paid for his wheel was more than saved in one season's riding. This statement was so sweeping as to call forth contemptuous snorts from the previous speaker and even caused doubtful headshakings among other wheelmen present. The young man who made the statement stuck to it, however, and it was finally agreed to leave the matter to a committee selected from members who would be sure to thoroughly examine the subject. The committee devoted one or two afternoons to the work and then brought in the following surprising report:

Expense for six months—

Cost of wheel.....	\$100 00
Best lamp.....	5 00
Most approved bell.....	1 50
Good cyclometer.....	1 50
Pair toe clips.....	10 00
Bicycle seat.....	2 00
Bicycle headwear.....	4 50
Bicycle shoes.....	3 00
Bicycle stockings.....	7 00
Two sweaters.....	3 00
Two pairs gloves.....	1 00
Three punctures repaired.....	4 00
One new tire.....	80
Pumping of tires.....	60
Foot pump.....	3 00
Checking bicycle.....	3 00
Bicycle overhauled.....	3 00
Oils and fittings.....	2 75

Total.....\$153 15

Saved in six months—

Railroad fares.....	\$95 60
Difference in clothing.....	35 00
Car fare saved.....	9 10
Theater tickets saved.....	32 00
Flowers saved.....	15 00
Candy saved.....	17 50
Less outlay for cigars.....	35 40
Less strong drink.....	25 00
Difference in laundry.....	4 50
Carriage hire saved.....	10 00

Total.....\$282 10

In favor of bicycle.....128 95

This finding surprised even the man who claimed that the wheel was a money saver. As for the party who had been declaiming against the popular pastime, he is believed to have been forever silenced so far as that subject is concerned.

**Bike for Picnic Use.**  
If you enjoy summer picnics you can make a very nice "carrier" for the family lunch basket by fastening two wheels together with diagonals. These

need be no more substantial than willow strips, or they can be metal bars. It is best to have a mechanic fasten these together the first time and fit with adjustable fastenings so the carrier can be taken off. The basket is suspended from a cross-piece of its own.

**Don'ts for Wheelmen.**  
Don't scorch.  
Don't ride until depressed.  
Don't think you own the streets.  
Don't drink immediately after meals.  
Don't drink alcoholic beverages during long rides.  
Don't forget to give a new cyclist plenty of room.  
Don't ring your bell except to give notice of your approach.  
Don't coast down hills having cross streets along the way.  
Don't ride at the expense of nerves, muscles and internal organs.  
Don't attempt to accomplish feats for which the body is not prepared.  
Don't attempt to ride rapidly by an electric car standing to unload passengers.  
Don't forget in turning corners to the left always keep to the outside of the street.  
Don't let your pride force you to keep up with the balance when you feel tired.  
Don't expect pedestrians to get out of your way. Make it your business to find a way around them.  
Don't forget the wheel is master and not the slave when the hand of the rider is unsteady and the sight dimmed.  
Don't fail to remember in turning corners to the right to keep as far as possible without trespassing on the left side of the road.  
Don't overlook the important courtesy when meeting other cyclists, pedestrians and vehicles—keep to the right. In overtaking and passing them keep to the left.

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