

## BYKERS WILL GO ABROAD.

The European tourist party, under the leadership of Prof. Lees, the coming summer will go on wheels—as always before, indeed—but this time they will not depend wholly on car wheels and steam boat propellers, but after reaching the other side they will each manipulate a wheel of his own. As now planned, the trip will be confined mainly to the British Isles, and will be for the benefit of seven or nine gentlemen, university students preferably, who ride bicycles and have \$250. Should the party prefer, Professor Lees will change the route to a trip through parts of England and then through France, Switzerland, Germany and Holland. The route now laid out will touch hundreds of places every one would like to see, for their fame in song and history.

They will land at Queenstown, Ireland. Their route through the green isle will take them to Cork, to Blarney Castle, the real thing, with the real kissable geological specimen in the front yard, the beautiful lakes of Killarney, with the unequalled scenery of the whole lake region; then northeast to Dublin. From Dublin they will go north to Londonderry and the Giant's Causeway. They will leave Ireland at Belfast, landing at Androssan in Scotland. Then they will go south to Ayr and Burn's country, where they will chase Tam O'Shanter to a finish under the advantages of their modern mode of locomotion. They will then turn northward, visiting Glasgow, Dumbarton, with its old castle, Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond, Loch Katrine, where, of course, they will find the Lady of the Lake. Sterling, the Fourth Bridge, Leith, Edinburgh will all be in the line of travel. The party will enjoy a visit to Melrose Abbey, the oldest ruin in Scotland and to Abbotsford, Scott's home. They will go south through Scott's country to the Cheviot hills, thence leaving bonny Scotland for merry England.

They will then probably, in order to be

original, "carry coal to Newcastle." At least this famous coal region is on their program. At Durham they will visit the old cathedral, founded in 1093, where the bones of St. Cuthbert rest, and at York another very old cathedral commands attention. The manufacturing towns of Leeds and Manchester will next be passed on the way to Liverpool, our tourists thus reaching by the back door the famous five mile line of docks which many Americans remember as the first definite sight of England. They will next see Chester and the river Dee, and those old walls of Cæsar's which surround the town. Here they will be within a ten mile ride of Hawarden and the "Grand Old Man." Shrewsbury, Birmingham, Leamington, one of the most beautiful towns in England; Kenilworth, with its famous ivy clad ruins, and its associations will be visited. Thence the party will voluntarily send themselves spinning over the road to Coventry, not to stay long however.

Rugby, Stratford-on-Avon—let it be unadjectived!—and Cambridge will be visited on the way to "London town," with its tower, and its old bridge, its visions of delight, its reminders of old glory and of old barbarism, its splendid tokens of new civilization. But London, too, should be left unadjectived; the tourists will see it all. They will doubtless go to Windsor to gratify the American awe of royalty by a visit to Windsor castle and a glimpse at the queen and a full round gaze at the duplicate world's fair guards who pace around the castle. They will then go to Greenwich, "where longitude is made," and to Woolwich, the location of the largest arsenal in Britain. Then

"To Canterbury they wende

The holy blissful martir for to seke,"  
as true knights after long pilgrimages must do. This may not be the end of their sight-seeing, and, as stated in the beginning, the trip will possibly be greatly changed, but as it is it presents an enticing prospect.