IN THE WHEELING WORLD

These are hot and troublous days for the scorcher. The pace he has set isn't a marker to the speed which the guardians of public safety show in checking his mad career. In this vicinity the scorcher is no longer in evidence. A few doses of "$5 and costs" proved too rich for his blood. Similar drafts on his finances in other cities operate like a poultice of cracked ice on a swelled head. A few applications diminish the fever. But the American mode of punishment, which touches a tender spot, does not fit the crimes with the glove-like nicety displayed by an English court. Four months' imprisonment at hard labor was deemed by the judge the proper remedy for a chronic case of scorching. Old Sol took a hand in the general demand for suppression in Connecticut. A youngster ran up a record of seventy-five miles on the Fourth of July and reached home in an ambulance. On being operated on for appendicitis, the doctors discovered that the patient's intestines were so knotted together that it was impossible to remedy the trouble, and death claimed him.

These are but a few of a long list of cases showing that the charms of cutting a gash in the atmosphere has many drawbacks, chief of which are fines and funerals.

Pianos are now at a discount, and it is amusing to note in the papers devoting their columns largely to the interest of those who indulge in exchange and barter that a nice piano can be secured in return for a good lady's bicycle. One thing which will in time militate against the continued use of cycles by women is that they are bad things for love and courtship. Lawn tennis and dancing parties give much better opportunities for marriageable daughters to find husbands, but under the most jovial of conditions cycling claims such close and undeviating attention that young men can find very little time to spare for their female companions—at any rate, while upon their steel steeds. When this comes to be recognized, shares in bicycle companies will find the "ladies' cycle" a drug on the market and pianos will go up.

Instead of royal purple, which is the recognized color of the League of American Wheelmen, it has been suggested to make the national colors the emblem of this organization, to be worn in the form of a ribbon badge. The badge is to consist of three bars, one red, the center white, and the third bar blue, bearing stars. The ribbon is to be fastened to a bar of white enamel, bearing the words "Good Roads" in red, and in the center of the bar is the well known emblem of the wheel with the three wings. The badge is popular with Chicago wheelmen and meets with universal approval. One of the ideas advanced in connection with the change is the fact the "goods roads" movement is assuming a national scope in its workings, and the national colors are considered its most fitting emblem.

Although nearly all the leading manufacturers of bicycles endeavor to mantain a standard color in the wheels they manufacture, there seems to be a craze for colored wheels, which is a frequent cause of delay in the delivery of machines ordered. Black is the favorite, and is likely to remain so for a long time, but the shades of green, maroon, blue and bronzes are now popular and especially in the cheaper grades of wheels any color desired is furnished. The wheel is now often bought to match the costume of the rider, and causes the manufacturer endless trouble in making the two match.

Keep to the right, the American law of the road, which was harped upon a great deal when the bicycle season opened last March, is being as utterly disregarded as it was in the first of the season. This is true on the boulevards and in the parks and on the well-paved streets. Not only is it true of cyclists, but recently it has been noticed that the gentle sex who drive traps and vehicles these pleasant afternoons invariably disregard the law of the road. Several slight accidents occurred last week, during the afternoon hours, on the bridge near Union avenue. Young girls riding bicycles tried to cross the bridge on the left-hand side going north and were nearly thrown down the embankment by a rapidly approaching wheelman from the north. There were instances in which vehicles driven by young ladies were run into on the left-hand side of the bridge because in driving to the north they had insisted on keeping to the left. There is no excuse for this and the person who may be injured while on the lefthand side of the road has no redress in the courts of law and no sympathy of any right-minded owner of a vehicle or a bicycle. The law is plain and not to be misunderstood:

"Keep to the right."

We do not exaggerate in the least, exclaims the Tobacco Journal. The bike craze has infatuated, enslaved, at the least calculation 500,000 males who were formerly addicted to the smoking habit. If these 500,000 male slaves to the bike craze have weaned themselves to smoking only two cigars less a day—this must be considered a most moderate calculation, as the bikist hardly ever worships less than four to six hours at the shrine of his wheel—then the consumption of cigars is decreasing at the rate of 1,000,000 per day, and the decrease in our cigar production since the bike craze has set in has actually been 700,000,000 per year.

An Italian physician has had his attention called to some effects of over-fatigue from bicycling. A large number of riders who had ridden long distances at a rapid rate were carefully examined. Irregularity in the heart's action was apparent in almost every individual. The nervous system of all was more or less affected, and in several cases there was some nausea and rush of blood to the head, giddiness and uncertain vision. Every rider was found to have more or less defective hearing. This was accounted for by the throbbing of the veins in the throat and head, and a slightly congested condition. After several hours of rest the system became nearly normal, and the sense of hearing returned in all but a few cases. This physician thinks that the pressure of the blood on the sensitive membranes of the ear may, after a time, produce partial deafness. It is of much more importance than most riders are willing to admit that this exercise be not overdone. A serious strain at any period is likely to produce results from which it may be difficult, if not impossible, to recover.

O'GRADY'S AMMUNITION.

Advantages of the Balls in the Bearings with a Bear in Sight.

The Old Reporter sat at his desk at midnight, clipping his work out of a file of the Sunday edition with a big pair of shears. The Young Reporter, who had just turned in his account of "The Day at the Beaches—Bath Beach," stopped and gazed with envious eyes at the pile of clippings as it grew under the Old Reporter's skilful scissoring.

"So that was your story, was it?" exclaimed the Young Reporter, as a half-column slip came fluttering down. "Well, that accounts for it. Nobody but a man with a pull like yours could have got that yarn past old Crofton."

"Which yarn?" queried the Old Reporter.

"Oh, that fake about the bicyclist who always carried a lot of spare ball-bearings around with him, and was going somewhere with a shotgun, and was attacked by a bear, and loaded the ball-bearings into his shotgun and killed the bear. I don't wonder that people distrust the newspapers if men of your standing in the profession are willing to write stuff like that for the sake of the few paltry dollars it will bring in. Can't you see that it is just such things as this that are making journalism a by-word and a reproach?"

The Young Reporter was very much in earnest, as from afar his eye followed the relentless course of the copy reader's blue pencil through his carefully prepared copy—"manuscript," he called it.

"My young friend," said the Old Reporter, "I admire your enthusiasm, and I approve your sentiments. It is just such a spirit as yours among the best of the younger men that will always tend to raise higher and higher the already lofty standard of what you are pleased to call journalism. There are, however, certain of your statements to which I take exception. In the first place, journalism is not a profession; it is a trade, or a business. In the second place, I am not a journalist; I'm a reporter. In the third place, as to the paltry dollars, I'm not in the business for my health, nor for any other consideration than that which actuates men in other kinds of business.

"As to the story of which you complain, it is a fake, as you say; I confess it. But perhaps when you hear the true version of it you will think I was justified in making the changes that I did, and you will learn that it is not so much the things which a man puts in as the things which he leaves out that makes the successful reporter.

"This is what really happened:

"The man's name was O'Grady, and he lived in Troy. He had borrowed a bicycle to go on a hunting trip through New England. He had a shotgun. This he carried slung to the frame in the manner adopted by military cyclists. But he had no luck. He traveled as far as Claremont, N. H., without bagging so much as a robin. This filled him with disappointment, which he did not like, so he proceeded to substitute for it whisky, which he did like.

"While he was in this frame of mind darkness overtook him, a few miles out of the little village of Newport. The road was rough, and lay through thick woods.

"Suddenly O'Grady was horrified to see a large animal come out from the bushes by the roadside. A moment's glance was sufficient to convince him that he was confronted by a bear of unusual dimensions. He was startled, but not surprised, as he had been informed by a number of the leading citizens of Newport, whom he had met at the tavern, that at least several bears had been committing depredations recently in the nighborhood.

"O'Grady was a quick thinker, and, like a flash, he thought he would stop. With O'Grady to think was to act, and he applied the brake with such force that he was enabled to dismount without assistance over the handlebars. While he was still in the air he remembered that he had left his shotgun strapped to his machine. So the instant he landed he ran back to get it.

"He rapidly undid the fastenings, though he realized too well that the bird shot with which his fowling piece was loaded would offer but an inadequate obstacle to the onslaught of bruin, which continued to approach him, uttering weird cries.

"He wished that he had brought some rifle balls for just such an emergency. Then, like lightning, the association of the two ideas of 'balls' and 'bears' made him think of the ball bearings of the bicycle. In a second he had his wrench out and the fork off, and was ramming sixteen finest tool steel balls down on the charge, with a bit of tire tape for a wad.

"Not an instant too soon. The bear was now close upon him, and, throwing his piece to his shoulder, O'Grady took hasty aim and fired. To his unspeakable relief, the shots took effect, and with a plaintive 'Moo' the bear fell to the ground. At the same moment a light flashed out from a window to his right, and O'Grady saw that his adventure had taken place directly in front of a large farm house, sheltered by some noble elms. A second glance revealed the fact that what he had in the excitement of the moment mistaken for a bear was a fine Holstein heifer, which was tethered to the hitching post with a long rope.

"The sounds of men's voices, and the barking of a number of dogs, which followed closely upon the sound of the shot and the appearance of the light, caused O'Grady to think that he had better be getting along to some place from which he could send his explanations by mail.

"Only two methods of escape occurred to him—one way was on foot and the other by bicycle. But on foot he would be too nearly on even terms with possible pursuers, and it was obviously not possible to ride his bicycle without its ball-bearings. With rare presence of mind O'Grady whipped out his knife, and rushing to the dead heifer, found that all sixteen shots had taken effect in the animal's heart. With a few dexterous cuts he removed that organ entire, and hurried back to his wheel, extracting the balls as he ran. Quickly replacing them, he readjusted the forks, reslung his gun, mounted his machine, and was off, just as an excited group of farmers appeared upon the scene. Fortunately an angry dispute between two of the men, as to whether the one who had just sold the heifer or the one who had just bought it should bear the loss and follow the bovicide, enabled O'Grady to get a start that soon placed him out of harm's reach."

The Old Reporter stopped talking.

The Young Reporter looked at him with respect. "I did you an injustice," he said. "I think you were perfectly right to tone the story down."

PAY TRAIN ON BICYCLES.

The Army Wagon Supplanted by Swift Young Wheelmen.

The Thirteenth United States infantry, stationed at Fort Niagara, N. Y., has made an innovation in its method of transporting the monthly remittance to pay the command from Lewiston to the post.

It has been customary for years past, relates the Army and Navy Journal, for the officials in Washington to forward the necessary amount to pay the troops to Lewiston, a small village on the New York Central railroad, about seven miles from Niagara Falls and a similar distance from Fort Niagara. At this point it was met by a detail from the post and transported to headquarters in a large covered wagon, having six seats, in which the escort rode. But the advent of the bicycle and its growing popularity have wrought a change which, in army circles, is most notable.

A few days ago, when the remittance arrived at Lewiston, it was met at the station by Lieutenant M. McFarland and an escort of six men, consisting of Sergeant George Cool of company H, Privates Ranch, Moon, Rose, Gooser of company C, and Suiter of company H.

They traveled by bicycle and were armed with 38-caliber revolvers. Securing the money package, which was placed on Lieutenant McFarlands' wheel, they started on the return to the fort. The trip was made in about thirty-five minutes, and all were delighted with the new service.

The road from Lewiston to Fort Niagara runs along one of the most beautiful portions of the Niagara river. It is wooded at points, and the possibility of escaping to Canada by crossing the stream might tempt some bold highwaymen to attempt a holdup of the bicycle party, but they would find that the revolvers of the regulars are carried for business, and that they know how to use them effectively.

The rigid frame of the Dayton makes it an ideal wheel for road or race track. Did you notice the sprints made by Becker in the six day race?

AS A POLITICAL POWER.

Evidence of the Influence Wielded by Wheelmen.

Nowadays the world may easily be divided into people who wheel and people who do not, says a writer in the Review of Reviews. The former class seem to hold the balance of power, possessing as they do the solidarity due to this single enthusiasm. The bicycle has become a power in economics and politics. Its association, the League of American Wheelmen, successfully fights the great railroads and is hearkened to by municipal and state legislatures. When the wheelmen of Chicago wanted to visit a far western meet they insisted that their fares should be at one-half price, and the railroads were terrorized into submission by the threat of having 150,000 wheelmen solidly arrayed against them. The transportation lines in many states have been forced to do away with express charges on bicycles and treat them as checkable baggage. In several localities the local bicycle associations have decided that owners of wheels ought to be generally taxed $1 a head for the sake of obtaining better cycling roads, and forthwith the legislative powers bowed before them. In the New York City streets sprinkling carts made uncomfortable riding, and an ordinance was at once obtained obliging the water cart drivers to leave a strip of unsprinkled asphalt three feet wide next to each curbing. Legislators are busy with expert testimony on the question of the danger of carrying small children on bicycle handle bars. The League of American Wheelmen is an institution which any presidential candidate would be loath to offend.

A stiff team. W. E. Becker and the Dayton bicycle. Becker was stiff from being run over, the Dayton is constitutionally stiff. That's the reason Becker can make such a great sprint on it.

INFLUENCE OF WHEELING.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Opinion of This Kind of Exercise.

It would almost seem superfluous, in this athletic period, to call attention to the great use and importance of outdoor exercise, writes Julia Ward Howe in the Ladies' World. Yet there are many of our sex into whose thoughts this health-keeping agency does not enter. Nor do I, in saying so, speak of one class alone. Women of fashion, with carriages at command, languid with the fatigues of the ball and reception, too often content themselves with the routine of visits, varied by a drive in the park or some other precinct favored with the presence of their peers. On the other hand, women upon whom household labors rest heavily, women who, as the phrase is, do their own work, often think that the many steps taken about the house, in cleaning, sweeping, bed-making and so on, exonerate them from the necessity of other exercise. In the one case, the muscles weaken for want of use and are often threatened with atrophy. In the other, the overstrained nerves are weary with the endless sameness of detail, while the blood is not invigorated by the currents of the outer air.

To women of the class first mentioned the bicycle has already brought much relief. One hopes that its price may in time come within the purchasing power even of those who are burdened with much household drudgery. What can be more exhilarating than a spin on a fresh, breezy day in spring or autumn? How it should smooth the tired wrinkles and make the careworn face to smile! Human life has certainly heightened its speed during the last fifty years. Steam and electricity bring the most distant regions near to each other, so that the once great world in which we live and move is now exclaimed upon as "so small!" The wonderful wheel enables the stoutest individual to keep pace with this accelerated movement. By overcoming the great difficulties of space, it greatly heightens man's power of efficiency and usefulness.

There is a third class of women to whom, perhaps, the uses of outdoor exercise are still more to be commended. These are the women devoted to the book and the pen. These tyrants often usurp the time and strength of those who delight in them. By the time that the whole day has been invested in the pages studied or produced there is little energy left for walk or ride. I remember going once to dine with the great Agassiz and his charming wife. As my carriage drove up to the door, the illustrious scientist opened it and drew in a long breath. As he welcomed me, he said: "I have been at work ever since I rose this morning, and this is the first breath of outdoor air that I have enjoyed." "Yes," I thought, "and you a naturalist, to whom the laws of health must be familiar." While we must admire such devotion to high pursuits, we must also deplore the consequences of such overexertion, tending to shorten life, already too short for the great problems of science.

Among the poets we find a great difference between those who live near to nature and those who become "slaves to the lamp." Wordsworth is eminent in this respect. One feels the outdoor influence in many of his poems, the delight of rustic sights and sounds, the mental sunshine gathered in the garden, which he loved, and on the mountain heights, with which he was well acquainted. I remember, in this connection, a summons which he gives to the sister with whom so much of his early life was passed. He finds her at her studies and tells her how fair the world is without, ending with:

Come, come, my sister, quit your books,
Or surely, you'll grow double.

Following his lead, I would, if I could, exhort the whole sisterhood of womankind to add, every day, to their fresh air fund, and to make happy homes still happier by leaving them at intervals to return with freshened checks and restored spirits, having great inheritance of the human race.

The Gate City Cycle Co., 424 South Fifteenth street, sell the much-talked-of Dayton and Thistle wheels.

Tourist Wheel Notes.

At the last regular meeting of the club M. O. Daxon was re-elected as a delegate to the Associated Cycling clubs of Omaha and the membership having increased to that extent that the Tourists were entitled to a fifth representative, Mr. W. G. Clark was accordingly nominated and elected, and will hereafter labor with the other delegates in the interests of good roads, wheelmen's rights and other things which come within the radius of things covered by the combined efforts of wheelmen represented in the Associated Cycling clubs.

Last Sunday, shortly after daylight, a few of the faithful club members wended their way to the club rooms and registered for Hooper, the run having been called for Fremont, but the boys of late have a great desire to make centuries, and if the run cards read Blair the majority will go on to Tekamah, and if Fremont has been named as the stopping point or the day's outing, you may look for them at Hooper or North Bend. The day proved to be very warm and the roads dusty; as the result only three out of all those who started completed the trip. F. W. Fitch, H. H. Jones and H. H. Neale were the hardy riders whom the condition of the roads and the state of the weather had little or no effect on, inasmuch as they finished well within the limit (sixteen hours) with another hard earned century. Fitch says they covered the distance from Hooper to Fremont on the return trip in less time than it was ever ridden before and gives a very graphic account of their ride. Ask Neale what he thinks of centuries, anyhow, especially on a hot day like last Sunday was. Charles Wille made the second attempt for a hundred mile spin, but after pushing a pedal off concluded that he had lost no long trips and came back like many others have done, with one foot doing all the work. This is not a very pleasant way of riding—we can speak from experience.

Tom Spencer and Collie Hample reached Fremont safely, but deferred their century ride until some future date. L. D. Erion, Fred Guldner and W. A. Messick and Frank Newcomb started out with the rest of 'em, the last two being mounted on a tandem. After a weary ride of seventy-six miles—Omaha to Fremont and return—the boys were content to call it quits. By the way, they make a nice tandem team. R. A. Hays and Fred Clute rode up to Elk City and back, while J. Millhouse and Cyclone Pete registered out for Hanscom park as "sidewalk riders" where the majority of the members might have been seen lounging around in some shady nook.

Mr. Will Barnum and Jack Cully started out from Chicago early in the week awheel for Omaha. Mr. Barnum was obliged to take the train in from Cedar Rapids, Ia., owing to a little breakdown. Mr. Cully continuing on alone. Both of the boys have many friends in this city, who were very glad to see them back and renew old acquaintances.

The run today, weather permitting, is Plattsmouth. This is a nice little run of forty-four miles and there should be a good attendance. Are you wid us?

Among the many incidents which have been brought to our notice as commanding more than passing notice was that of Sam Vandervoort, who was accidentally run into by one E. Purdy, who acted the part of a gentleman by returning after he had driven a couple of blocks and explaining that his horse was somewhat unsteady and that he was perfectly willing to pay for any damages which his wheel had sustained. Had this been the majority of the people who drive around the city they would have whipped up their horses and left the unfortunate rider to make the best of it. Nor is this true of the people who ride in carriages alone, but on the other hand we regret very much to say that there are many bicycle riders who are possessed of just such ill-breeding, and we cannot allow such action to pass by without comment. It is but just that people in general, when they cause any accidents, should stop and ascertain the extent of the injuries, and if possible make good any damages which may have been sustained. This gentleman deserves a word of praise for his action and won many admirers who chanced to witness the accident.

The following list of names shows the members who have been doing the road riding thus far this season, and a few others who are helping to swell the mileage list as shown by the club register.

Names.	Runs.	Miles.
Fred Guldner	8	504
C. Wille	6	482
Tom Spencer	10	464
F. W. Fitch	9	416
H. H. Neale	10	366
L. D. Erion	5	314
W. A. Messick	6	296
Collie Hample	12	284
F. Newcomb	7	246
H. Gunther	6	234
W. C. Bouk	9	222
Prof. Napoleon Duberry Malone	7	210
Ben Hosford	6	198
W. H. Heyman	3	178
D. J. O'Brien	3	160
H. H. Jones	4	160
Ed Shrader	6	158
Leonard Hartson	7	158
J. W. Parish	6	154
R. A. Hays	6	154
H. Potts	6	146
F. H. McCormick	6	130
H. C. Hartry	6	124
E. D. Hammond	6	110
Charley Martin (Cyclone Pete)	5	110
F. M. Hall	3	102
L. A. Marsh	5	100
Fern Bacon	1	100
F. W. Boyer	1	100
George C. Lawrence	1	100
— Karling	1	92
R. G. Rose	3	88
Al Wolf	3	82
Fred H. Hansen	2	80
F. Lucas	5	72
Fred Clute	1	70
C. D. Mohannah	3	68
Ed Monhannah	1	60
— Fenner	1	64
A. D. Fetterman	2	60
J. Millhouse	4	58
Jack Cully	2	58
E. F. Delight	2	56
John Hynes	2	54
Fred Mann	1	52
E. McDonald	1	52
M. O. Daxon	1	52
H. C. McCarthy	1	52
H. Fenner	1	52
A. J. Mills	2	50
W. W. Connoran	2	50
Charles Barnum	3	48
L. A. Adams	4	48
M. Lowe	2	48
James W. Houck	2	38
G. Lantry	1	36
S. Lantry	1	34
T. Peterson	2	32
Ovando Cowles	1	32
H. H. Barnum	1	32
H. Klassken	1	32
R. Ross	1	32
J. D. Howe	1	32
H. E. McCarthy	1	28
W. J. Roopman	1	28
C. A. Pratt	1	28
John L. Gideon	1	28
Fred Barnum	1	28
L. R. Hummel	1	28
J. C. Armour	1	28
A. C. Tinker	1	28
C. D. Mahan	1	28
J. F. Karling	1	28
C. Thomas	1	28
R. Graham	1	28
L. Fletcher	1	28
J. E. Howe	1	28
H. Kellogg	1	28
— McMillan	1	28
H. King	1	28
C. E. McMillan	1	28
D. Harding	2	18
"Beddy" Maxwell	1	14
W. G. Clark	1	14
C. Highsmith	1	14
R. Coverdale	1	8
J. Bay	1	8

During the past few weeks the majority of the members have sought some shady nook in preference to a spin across the country through the hot sun, hence the pages of the club register are not as well filled as it is expected they will be a little later in the season. However, a few ambitious century riders make their weekly tours and thus keep up a fair average list of mileage. "What did I tell you?, Didn't I say that when you got your club house the Tourists would no longer be a riding club?" Eh! There are dozens of people daily that greet you with the same "I told you so." Well, it may be that the club house is the cause of it, but it would take considerable to make me believe it. Firstly, because none of the members are to be found lounging around when there is good cycling weather, and secondly, simply because the boys choose having some place to hold their meetings instead of being termed a "curb-stone club" that this would have any effect on them as riders. Such argument is absurd, to say the least. It is true that there is not as large an attendance now as there has been at times during the past few years, but the club house has little or nothing to do with it. A few years ago a bicycle was a sort of luxury; today it has become as much of a necessity as almost any other mode of trauportation, and while now riders of the "silent steed" have a certain amount of fraternal feeling, yet the fact remains that the majority of them prefer going in small parties to that of riding over dusty roads with a large club. It is also noted that road riding is gradually decreasing, but the days of the good old ordinary will be recalled to mind by many who now ride the present safeties with more or less satisfaction, and they will delight to tell their children and grandchildren of the many pleasant rides which they took when country spins were all the rage.

In a recent issue of The Bee we made a few remarks in these columns in reference to century riding, the inclination of many to attempt to beat some friend's time or establish a new record, and briefly alluded to the diet required when going on a long trip. Our attention has been called to another thing in this connection and that is the fact that many start out to ride centuries who are not physically able to endure the long ride and as a consequence greatly injure themselves by so doing. A striking illustration of this was shown last Sunday, when one of the Tourists became almost completely exhausted, and had it not been for some of his fellow companions who stayed and assisted him along he might have been compelled to remain at some farm house until the next day before completing the journey. This is not the first instance of this kind, but it quite frequently occurs that different parties will attempt to take much longer rides than they are capable of making without undue exertion. Great care should be exercised in this respect. Do not attempt to make these long runs unless you are fully equal to the task. Like any other kind of exercise, cycling should be used only moderately and by so doing you will be enabled to obtain health and pleasure thereby, whereas if a continued practice is indulged in by wheelmen who may be affected with heart trouble or by those who possess weak constitutions they will not only injure themselves, but will greatly retard the use of the wheel, when in fact the fault lies indirectly in the manner of riding and the proper use of the wheel.

The Tourist Wheelmen Century club will hold a special meeting Thursday evening, July 23. Owing to the benefit races held at the Charles street park last Thursday evening the meeting which was to have been held on that day was postponed for a week.

The "'96 Meet club" held another meeting last Wednesday evening in the Tourist Wheelmen club rooms, at which time considerable enthusiasm was manifested and the Omaha delegation which will visit Louisville, Ky., in August will be brimful of arguments in behalf of Omaha as being the proper place for the national meet in 1898. As the time approaches to make the start for Louisville the list increases and it is confidently expected that the party will be nearly double that which the promoters of the trip anticipated a few weeks ago when the ball was set in motion. The wheelmen who compose the "'96 Meet club" are a jolly lot of fellows and it is safe to say that in return for the courtesies which will be extended while among other league members in August that Omaha will receive a unanimous vote for the '98 meet and the railroad company that secures the party going there this summer will receive the majority of the thousands of cyclists who will visit this city at that time. It is believed that fully 50,000 wheelmen will come to Omaha to attend the meet in connection with the Transmississippi Exposition which will be held here at that time. If you have not made arrangements for your vacation yet a trip to Louisville will be well worthy of your consideration. A glorious good time is assured those who go. For full particulars call on D. J. O'Brien, chairman of the '96 Meet club, or any of the members.

C. L. Schrader, chairman of the Nebraska division racing board, has resigned and Mr. J. A. Benson has been appointed to fill his place. Mr. Benson is now a resident of Omaha, having come here about a month ago from Lincoln. He is popular among the boys and Chief Consul Edmiston could not have appointed a better man for the place. In conversation with the writer recently he stated that the state racing board had not kept track of state records heretofore and that it was impossible to tell what state records had been allowed and by whom they are held. Mr. Benson will immediately open up a record book and wishes all racing men who have made records and had them allowed to send their claim blanks to him for inspection and as soon as possible a complete list of Nebraska records will be published.

Dave O'Brien is the busiest wheelman in the city just at present, as he is devoting almost his entire time to the 1898 League Meet club, which, he says, will be fifty strong before the time arrives for going to Louisville. The boys will all wear white duck bicycle suits, with cap and shoes to match the suits, will be trimmed in Ak-Sar-Ben colors and altogether will be as pretty and striking as can be had. Mr. O'Brien has engaged quarters for a party of fifty at one of the Louisville leading hotels and is rapidly perfecting every detail for a strong campaign to get the national league meet in 1898 and if push and energy counts for anything "Dave" and his band will surely be successful in securing the meet.

The management of the "L" street bicycle park at Lincoln is contemplating putting in an eight-lap board track, like the one in this city. This would undoubtedly be a good move and Lincoln people would then be given an opportunity to witness some good six-day races.

The amateur six-day race which opens at Charles street park tomorrow evening is the principal topic of conversation in local wheel circles just at present, and, as the list of entries embraces some of the fastest amateurs in this section, some good racing may be expected.

A feature just added to the entertainment program of the national meet at Louisville will be a gigantic trolley party. One hundred cars will be engaged and they will be elaborately decorated with electric lights. The cars will start in sections at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday evening, August 12, from Fountain Ferry, the Louisville hotel, Galt house, Hampton college building and other places. They will be concentrated in one long train on Fourth avenue from Broadway to Kentucky. A trip will be made to Eastern park, back to Fourth and Main, then out to Iroquois club, where a reception and lawn fete will be given. This will continue to midnight, when the cars will be boarded and a return made to the hotels.

This trolley party will be a complimentary affair to League of American Wheelmen members only, and women who may come. In fact all of the entertainment is to be free to league members only. The smokers, the trolley party, the steamboat excursions, the watermelon feast, the Iroquois club reception, "open house" at headquarters, the dance on the track, all these affairs are gotten up for league members and those who are unfortunate enough not to have League of American Wheelmen membership tickets with them will have to pay their way.

W. E. Becker, who won the greatest six-day race ever held in Omaha, rode a Dayton bicycle from start to finish without a mishap.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

Another Nebraska state meet has passed into history and Omaha has again demonstrated that she has the fastest men in the state, if not in the entire mid-west. Her riders won nearly one-half of the prizes which were offered, and had it not been for several bad accidents they would have undoubtedly had at least a half dozen more good prizes. As for the meet itself, it was not what it might have been. However, the management had labored hard and had made every effort to make it the best meet ever held in the state, and therefore deserve a great deal of credit. The Capital City Cycling club did everything in its power to give the visiting wheelmen a good time, and right well did they succeed, the trip to Burlington Beach being especially enjoyable. The races were only fair, and while the time was fairly fast, it would have been better had it not been for the poor track. The surface could not have been better, and the turns were banked high, but the banking was not in the right place, and it was almost an utter impossibility for a rider to take them at top speed without running the risk of dumping himself. The judges and timers did their work well, as did also the starter, clerk of the course and umpires. The only thing that can be said of the referee is that he was incompetent, and was no more fit to referee a bicycle race than some small boy. The famous Omaha Wheel club Googlers were not at the meet, and their absence was very noticeable to those who have attended any of the Nebraska state meets during the last three years. Taken altogether, the meet did not compare in any way with the one held at Kearney last year, and it is sincerely hoped that the state board of officers will never again be guilty of awarding the meet to an investment company.

Among the racing men who showed up well at the state meet were, in the amateur class: Gadke, Barnum, Thomas, Flescher, Gus Holton and Dan Brewer of Omaha, Sabine of Beatrice and McGreer of Lincoln. The professionals who did good work were: Hayman of Grand Island, Holton and Pixley of Omaha, and Mockett and Bailey of Lincoln. Gadke was invincible, and won the amateur state championships easily, while Fred Barnum took most of the amateur open events. Hugh Thomas, who has not been considered a fast man heretofore, showed up well, winning the novice race and also the five mile handicap. Mockett and Pixley divided honors in the open professional events the first day, and the official handicapper made Hayman a present of the two-mile handicap by giving him fifty yards start when he should have been on the scratch. There were bad falls in both open professional events the second day, and therefore the results were very unsatisfactory. Floyd McCall, the promising young professional, who was expected to make a good showing, received a bad fall in the first event in which he started, and he was shaken up so badly that he was unable to make any showing in the other events. Lou Flescher, who was one of Nebraska's best riders in 1890 and 1891, made a splendid showing considering that he had but ten days' training, and before the season closes will doubtless be at the top in the amateur class.

Will Barnum and Jack Cully, two prominent members of the Tourist wheelmen who went to Chicago early in May to compete in the big Decoration day road race, came home on Tuesday last, having made the return trip on their wheels.

The benefit meet which was held at Charles Street park on Thursday evening last drew a splendid crowd, and therefore the officers of the '98 meet club will have a couple of hundred dollars extra to spend on advertising Omaha and to help get the National League of American Wheelmen meet for 1898. The races were all good and people who attended felt that they had more than received their money's worth. There is talk of holding another meet of this kind the latter part of this month.

Mr. W. W. Watts, president of the Louisville, Ky., '96 meet club, will arrive in the city at 11 o'clock this morning and will be met at the union depot by the officers of Omaha '98 meet club. They will dine with him at the Millard hotel and at 2 p. m. will take a bicycle run to Florence and return, and thence to Ruser's park. All local wheelmen are requested to meet at the Millard at 2 p. m. and participate in the run.

The Nebraska racing circuit will open at Fremont, Neb., on July 22 with a one-day meet and will be followed by a number of Omaha's fastest racing men, among whom are Gadke, Mack, Flescher, Stevenson, McCall, Frederickson and several others. Below will be found a list of the towns on the circuit and their dates: Fremont, July 22; Columbus, July 23; York, July 25; Kearney, July 27; Minden, July 29; Red Cloud, July 30; Fairfield, August 1; Geneva, August 3; Beatrice, August 5; Lincoln, August 6; Omaha, August 7 and 8.

Louis Flescher is building a new racing tandem, which will be manned by the Jackson brothers and will be used in pacing Flescher in his training. The frame is twenty-two inches high and the machine will weigh thirty-four pounds. He hopes to have it completed by the middle of this week.

George Meerstein of Sioux City, Ia., and W. E. Becker of Minneapolis, the two flyers who competed in the recent six-day race at Charles Street park, will follow the Nebraska circuit.

E. E. Mockett, Fred Mockett, W. L. Hunter and E. K. Milmine, prominent wheelmen of Lincoln, came up to witness the finish of the six-day professional race on the 11th.

Questions and Answers.

ARAPAHOE, Neb., July 14.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: To decide a bet: In a fancy, stylish driving team for city, should the mane be trained to hang in or out (as for style or fashion)? Please answer in sporting column of Bee.—R. H. Bellamy, C. O. Smith.

Ans.—To the right; one in and one out.

OMAHA, Neb., July 6.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Will you please answer the following in your next Sunday's issue: In a game of cocked hat, A makes:

—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	—
	2	4	7	9	15	23	—	2	

Two in first frame, two in second, three in the third frame, two in the fourth and a spare in the fifth, a strike in the sixth and seventh and two pins on first ball in the eighth. Please tell what score would be in the sixth frame and oblige? John Sullivan.

Ans.—Eight.

OMAHA, July 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I enclose herewith clipping from Sunday Bee of the 12th ult., in which you state that Thanksgiving was observed on November 26, 1893. Beg to advise, November 26, 1893, fell on Sunday, as per calendar enclosed herewith. Please publish in next Sunday's Bee if Thanksgiving fell on the 23d or 30th of November, 1893.—A subscriber.

Ans.—Typographical error.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, July 15.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In The Bee I noticed some time ago an inquiry for an article on "How to Wash a Sweater," and I note by your answer that you are unable to find the recipe requested. Would say that the recipe was published in The Sunday Bee of May 31 on page 18. I cut out the recipe and used it, or would forward it to you. I trust the above will enable you to locate it.—Charles Burn Towle.

OMAHA, July 16.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: In a game of pitch, five points, A is four, bids three, makes high, low, game; B is four, makes Jack. Who wins?—C. B. J.

Ans.—A.

O'NEILL, Neb., July 15.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Would like to have you answer a question: A and B are playing a game of pitch, eleven points being game. A is ten points and bids two; B is nine points and bids three, and makes low, Jack and game; A holds High. Who wins the game?—M. J. Potter.

Ans.—As they play it here B wins, but that is not according to fundamental rules.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed in the spring, when the languid, exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, indigestion, constipation, dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. Only fifty cents per bottle at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store.

AT JUST THAT AGE.

A. T. Warden in the Globe-Democrat.

She was not young, but she was fair,
Just at that age, you know
If buds are sweet, then roses are,
And buds have yet to grow.
At just that age when no one asks
Or thinks of numbered years,
No more than he who lies and basks
In sunlight, evening fears.

At just that age, O dreaming time,
When morning dews are gone,
Through odorous silence floats the chime
Of noon o'er grove and lawn,
O happy age, thy painted boast
Caught in an eddy lies,
And velvet lilies 'round thee float
Beneath deep purple skies.

At just that age, O sons of men,
Beware that melting eye,
If thou art interested, then
Make choice to yield or die.
As glows the torrid sun above
Earth's intermittent fires,
So callow maids may make you love,
'Tis passion she inspires.

At just that age, then tell us, pray,
When comes that charming time?
Come rend the envious veil away,
And tell us in youru rhyme.
Ah, friends, 'tis far beyond my art,
My powers are overtasked,
I only know she stole my heart—
Her age I never asked.

If it had not been for a girl of Zanesville, O., the state of Washington might have struggled throughout history with a less honorable name. When the territory was organized Tacoma and Seattle were each determined that it should give the name. Tacoma seemed likely to win. A Miss Buckingham of Zanesville, however, presented this. She was visiting her uncle, "Sunset" Cox, who was then in congress, when the question of naming the territory came up. Anti-Tacomaites begged her to use her influence with her uncle against "Tacoma." She did so, with the result that the famous statesman made a speech which disposed of "Tacoma's" claims forever and named the territory "Washington."

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