

# Transcontinental Bicycle Relay and Automobile Races Contrasted



MONTY ROBERTS PUSHING THE AMERICAN CAR THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS ON WEDNESDAY.



M. B. Hatch, H. E. Fredrickson, Thomas Flyer in the New York to Paris race as it looked on its arrival in Omaha. Frank Miller, George Scheuster, Montague Roberts, Captain Hansen.



STUDEBAKER "ARMY" MACHINE RECEIVED BY THOMAS ON SUNDAY. Jack Hugg, W. L. Walls.

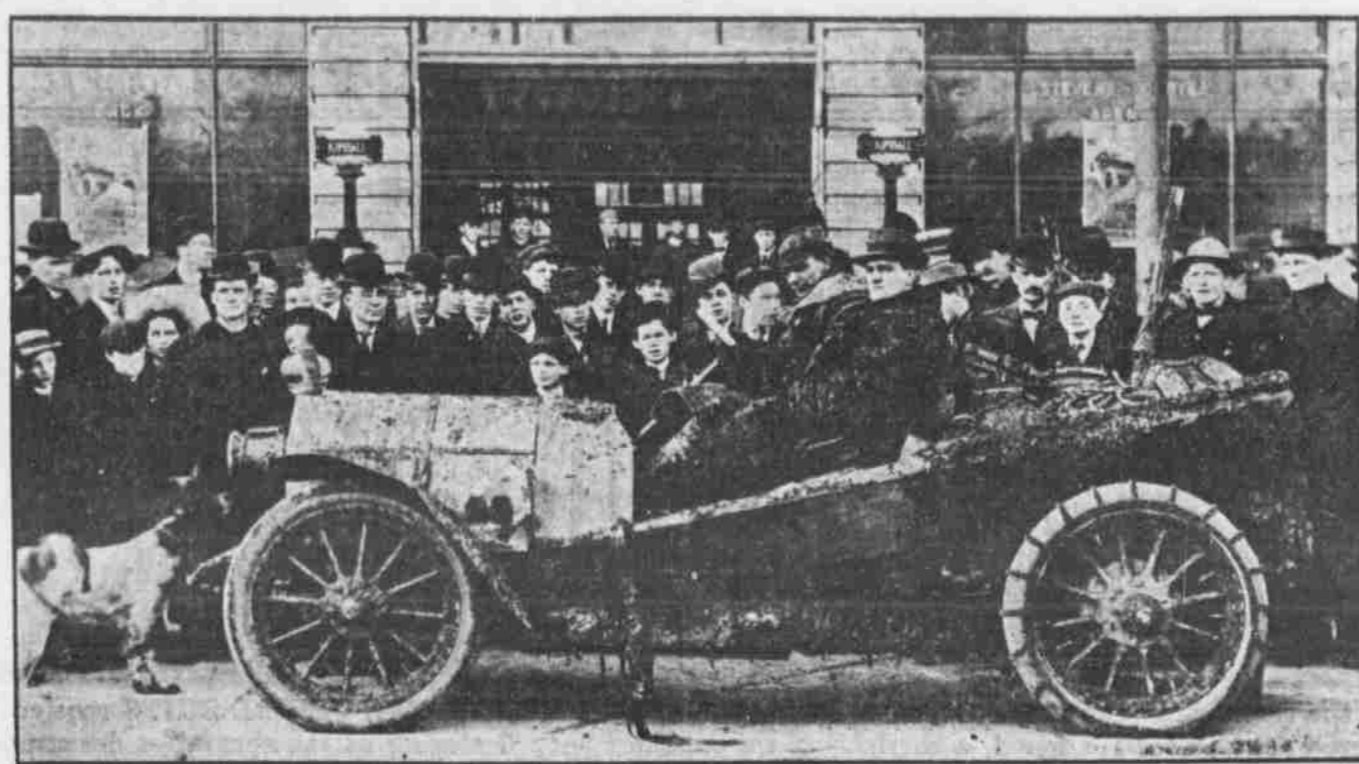
WHEN the crowds on Farnam street raised their voices to cheer the American car in the New York-Paris automobile race as it chugged its way to the garage they were unconsciously paying a tribute to a band of enthusiasts that fourteen years ago inaugurated the cross-country relay race as a pastime and as a test of endurance and speed.

The original band of cranks did not, however, depend on the subtle force of exploding gasoline vapor to move their machines more than half way across the continent. They themselves furnished the motive power and they literally "kicked" their machines along the flowing road from Washington to Denver. The occasion of this first test of wheeled vehicles was a message from Henry T. Thurber, private secretary to President Cleveland, to Governor Waite of Colorado, sent when the League of American Wheelmen was holding its annual convention in Denver. The enthusiasts who took the message at the state, war and navy building in Washington and swirled it across the country more than 3,000 miles to Denver were members of the league. The bicycle "crank" was at its height then and the popular wave in favor of the two-wheeled craft.

It was more than this, however; it served as a test for the first time of the real value of the bicycle under conditions where relays could be established and speed was essential. After that race had been run, with popular demonstrations all along the course, the public was ready to crown the bicycle king of wheeled vehicles.

The present race of the auto cars across the continent differs in many respects from the bicycle race in the summer of 1894. In the latter race the machines which left New York to try to make the entire course. In the bicycle contest against time the course was divided into relays of five miles each wherever possible, and the black bag containing the presidential message was the only object which traveled the entire distance. The present race also comes at a later period in the automobile "crank" than the Washington-Denver contest did in the bicycle race. Both are alike, however, in that they were the longest tests made at the time they were run. In the bicycle race the black bag reached its destination thirty-seven hours ahead of schedule time, while in the present contest of auto cars the first car is several days late already. This can be satisfactorily explained by the exceedingly bad weather encountered by the autoists, who can also point to the very good weather with which the wheelmen were favored.

It is also interesting to note that the military car which left New York February 18, bound for Fort Leavenworth,



HOW THE ARMY MACHINE LOOKED JUST BEFORE LEAVING OMAHA FOR LINCOLN SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

triumphal conclusion. How the weather god came to grief in his contest with plucky young American wheelmen is well known to bicyclists of the old school, and it makes a short but thrilling story of adventure in which Harry Mulhall and Ed Cox, two Omaha printers, are the heroes. The great relay bicycle race had been heralded for days in advance by the newspapers all over the country and the attention not only of wheelmen, but of all other class of men, women and children who delight in feats of strength, agility or speed was concentrated on the plucky riders. For days in advance relay riders each to cover a distance of about five miles had been selected all along the course from Washington to Denver. Bicycle organizations in each of the principal cities along the way made everything else secondary to the big event and elaborate and detailed plans were made to cover every inch of the way without a hitch.

Some of those who had watched the plans of the cyclists predicted failure as the result of the attempt. Up to that time the relay race on an elaborate scale as this had never been attempted. There were a thousand ways in which it might have come to a sudden and abrupt finish. At least the maintaining of a schedule over all kinds of roads, under all conditions through night and day for an estimated period of eight days seemed like an undertaking full of possibilities of failure. A hitch at one of the thirty-three division



CAPTAIN HANSEN, Polar Explorer, with the American Car.

that would defeat the entire purpose of the race. The failure of one of the several hundred relay riders to do his part as it had been mapped out for him might mean a serious stoppage of the whole affair. But no such hitch occurred. From the minute the black bag was delivered to the first rider in Washington until it was safe in the hands of Governor Waite of Colorado, its progress was not stayed for more than a few minutes at any point and usually it was caught up from the hands of the tired rider at the end of his division by the new rider and whisked away without a delay of a second. Throughout the entire 2,000 miles of the course everything worked like a clock. Every man was at his post, every man did his duty. The secret of it all was the marvelous organization of the wheelmen and the enthusiasm of the young men who did the actual work.

## Unique Collection of Whims and Fancies of People in Various Moods

ORONATIONS and conventions, treaties and court-martials, battle, murder and sudden death, may divide the first pages of a year's papers between themselves—but that is not the whole story of the news. All this may be the important gist of the daily harvest, may influence history or affect the greatest number of people, but there is another side to the subject. This is the "human interest" sort of thing, the trifling happening, which yet tells as does nothing else of man's greediness, joys and sorrows of his daily life itself.

Nineteen seven's 365 days have been rich in such news. The supreme court of Mississippi, for instance, has declared (it was on November 11) that "Go to hell" is not profanity. An Ohio tribunal has adjudicated Mr. Beatty's whiskers (Wellston growth) to be worth \$18, a gas company having to pay that sum for their destruction in an explosion. The newdealer in the Albany (N. Y.) depot has offered a New York Central Railroad timetable as the funniest book on his stand.

The French capital has done even better than these things. The Paris chief of police, having sent out to the neighboring communes photographs of an escaped criminal, in each case submitting six in as many poses of the man, received the following dispatch from a southern district: "Five of the criminals whose photographs you sent already arrested; we are on the track of the sixth."

**Divorce Court Whims.**  
In the divorce courts the twelvemonth has shown us that, in Lawrence, Mass., at least, a wife may not with impunity go through the pockets of her worse one third; David Walker's marriage tie was legally cut on just this ground. Wilmington, Del., has offered the sight of mother and married daughter defendants in two divorce suits brought in the same court; but Perugia, Italy, beats all of these. Signora Balliori asked to be set free from her husband, claiming he had another wife. Balliori calmly admitted this but added that he had two hearts—why not two wives? Physicians bore out this statement, and the court (with unanswerable logic) decided that two households were perfectly right, under the circumstances. Mrs. John Wade of Sioux City, Ia., asked

for release from Mr. W., and filed her petition in verse. "A Matrimonial 1891" ran the heading, and a couple of the eighty-three stanzas read:  
A substitute for man is the latest hit—  
Just keep a dog to growl and a cat to spit.  
A parrot, too, (for he can jaw and swear)  
A monkey to dispute and pull your hair.  
Don't think you need a man to strike even a match.  
There are better places a light to scratch.  
Talmage said matches in heaven are made.  
But the brimstone attachments show where  
The case still hangs—like the meter.

Columbus, O., and Sayville, N. Y., raced each other in feather wenders. In March the Buckeye capital turned out a white crowd, which, quite naturally, led a flock

of the usual hue. "He'll bring good luck to Alum Creek," was the Marion county judgment—but the speakers were none of them corn planters. Sayville made reply in November. F. S. Jones the month previous bought a jet black bantam rooster; in four weeks it had turned snowy white! And Sayville wants to know if Luther Burbank has been tampering with the New York egg crop.

Neighboring Birmingham reported a hen that had adopted two tiny pigs, after the loss of her own brood of chicks, and was keeping them warm under her maternal feathers. Secretary Loughman of New York's Central park, received last March the following letter, written, of course, in a childish hand:  
"Dear Mr. Stark: Please bring Frances Stevens a baby boy. A white one, please. Do you bring clothes, too? Yours truly, FRANCIS STEVENS"

Mr. Loughman advised that the department was temporarily out of white boy babies, but had filed the application for attention when the next lot should come in.

**Romantic Frenks.**  
The year's quaint happenings at the other end of life's ladder include an English romance. Mrs. Ellen Briggs of Sevenage, Herts, after more than a half century's separation, sailed for Australia to marry there a lover of her youth, and this is

her 76th year. That she has three times been widowed will not matter, as the sweet-heart in question has himself survived four wives.

A parallel story came from St. Louis in April. J. B. Hudson, at 101, and Miss Rose McGuire, admitting an even 100, were wedded at last. The final two words seem proper under the circumstances. The two had been parted in youth by stern parents, but love and faith disappointed even four-score years.

New England contributed its share to such events when H. C. Wilder, aged 98, and Miss Esther Crawford, aged 99, were married in Lowell after a two weeks' acquaintance; and when Bridgeport an-

nounced the elopement of Edward Skinnor, who is 82, with a maid of only 60, Mary Curtis.

Francis Leche of Angouleme, France, has this year, and for the second time, been pronounced dead, only to revive and interrupt the funeral. Mrs. Fred Hatzell of Huntington, W. Va., did the same thing, though it was her initial appearance in the unweary role. When she rose in her coffin there was more than a panic among the gathered and mournful friends. Dunton, Md., thought James H. had just such another case for when the boarders were lowering the coffin into the trench a voice from it directed: "Let me down easy." Upon which it was dropped—and later a

ventriquist was arrested for a sadly misplaced practical joke.

Surly speaking of funerals, one may record the playfulness of a Sag Harbor shark, who in August mistook a torpedo for a fish. And also the finding in a Mexican postoffice of a packet of letters written back in the mid-seventies. This has been accepted as full explanation of why at least some of the letters she longed for never came.

**Text Fitted to the Events.**  
Sayville was enlivened one April Sunday by the odd speech of Rev. J. B. Hamer text. "Let me down easy." This has been accepted as full explanation of why at least some of the letters she longed for never came.

Quite as fitting was the decoration conferred upon Prince Henry of the Netherlands by England's Edward. Queen Wilhelmina's consort had died in the wreck of the Berlin, nearly drowning himself in the attempts. Now he has been made a companion of the Order of the Bath.

New York has produced a non-sinkable German—too fat to commit suicide in Atlantic basin, though he tried his Teutonist; but Indiana university has surpassed all the other attempts of 1907 to illustrate the irony of fate. Colonel Bryan offered an essay prize there, and now it has been won by a genius who wrote opposing the government ownership of railroads. Guatemala made its bid for first place when (in April) President Cabrera issued warrants for the arrest of Francisco Rufas, an editor. He was a criminal in that he had dared to print the presidential message on the back page of his sheet. Paris added to her escaped prisoner episode a characteristic item when, last April, it began to perfume its subway lines with the accents of Araby the best. And dear old Lunnon sent in no less than three good "1198" for head of the list. In the year's second month it reported a gentleman, Thompson by name, who had been in had since 1877; he is perfectly healthy, just lazy! This was followed up, in May, with a cubic aquid of the arrest of half a dozen little girls who had been caught throwing dice for a Bible. August saw Lord Walsingham out shooting wasps on the wing with a rifle. Henri Nassant, a member of the French Legion of Honor, and Stefan Magaley, of New York City, bequeathed specified sums for the cost of jollifications at their funerals.—New Orleans Times.

## Nebraska Delegates-at-Large to the Democratic National Convention



F. J. HALE, Holt County.



D. V. STEPHENS, Dodge County.



F. W. BROWN, Lancaster County.



I. J. DUNN, Douglas County.