

have any evidence, devoted to the promotion of bicycling in this country. The name of Mary Sargent Hopkins is sufficient evidence of the ability of its conduct. It ought to be at once subscribed for by every woman in the land who rides a wheel.

The wheelwomen of Grand Rapids, Mich., to the number of 125, held a meeting the other day and adopted the following resolutions: "Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, with divine love and infinite wisdom in our creation, has made us bipeds and endowed us with wisdom; and, whereas, we believe the most convenient and the most truly modest dress is the one which clothes each leg in a separate covering, and true modesty requires a reform in clothing our legs; therefore, be it resolved, that in all cases where, in our best judgment, the regulation skirt is unhealthy, impracticable, uncleanly and inconvenient, we will have the moral courage to renounce our prejudices and adopt such other costume as will eliminate these objections as nearly as may be."

The regular monthly meeting of the Capital City Cycling Club was held on Tuesday evening last and was one of the most enthusiastic meetings the organization has held for a year. Thirty-four new names were added to the roll of membership, two of them being ladies. The subject of evening runs was taken up and the touring committee was instructed to appoint regular weekly runs the first taking place on Thursday evening of this week, the start being made at 7:30. The time for the reception of new members at the reduced fee for admission was extended until Tuesday, June 25th, at which time the fee will be permanently placed at the regulation figure and no more opportunities will be given for at least a year for admissions at any reduced figure. The club decided to accept the date for the national circuit meet in October and later committees will be appointed to prepare program, secure prizes and make necessary arrangements for a successful meet. The question of a monster parade on Merchants Day was thoroughly discussed with the unanimous decision of the members for the parade.

I have to thank Messrs. Howe & Gordon of this city for a set of Columbia hat holders for which they have the state agency. They are equally serviceable for riding, driving, fishing, boating, &c., and to lady cyclists especially will be a boon as they positively hold the hat firmly on the head in the stiffest winds.

Our cycle cut this week presents to our readers F. G. Yule, Secretary of the Capital City Cycling Club and one of the most enthusiastic members of that organization. Mr. Yule at the end of last year was the possessor of nine prizes, five firsts, two seconds and two thirds as the results of his participation in the racing events of that year. In the ten mile road race of 1894 he won first place and third time prize. All his races were won on a Victor road wheel. This year Fred is not paying so much attention to racing, being the local agent for the Victor machine. He took part in the Decoration Day meet, but not being in good form of course was not among the leaders. He will probably be heard from in some of the races later in the year.

I have again to announce that the

Ashland Run—weather permitting—will take place tomorrow, the start being made at 8 a. m. The Club at Tuesday night's meeting went overwhelmingly in favor of making this run this month, to the exclusion of all others if necessary. The run has been widely advertised among the wheelmen of the city, and they together with a number of ladies, have signified their desire and intention of accompanying the club, and were greatly disappointed at the enforced postponement of the run on last Sunday and the Sunday previous. These are considered sufficient reasons for the postponement, indefinitely, of the Roca picnic. Remember this is an open run to which every wheelman and wheelwoman in the city who can ride seven miles an hour is cordially invited. On the arrival of the column at 33rd street, Clements, the photographer, will photograph the group for a large picture to be placed in the club rooms.

C. M. Carter, riding a Syracuse, succeeded in capturing the mile open at Grand Island on Tuesday. Carter seems to be getting to the front as a racer and will probably make a good record before the close of this season.

Several of the boys have asked me what I thought of a six days race by electric light on the track at Lincoln Park. "I say its a good thing, push it along," and THE COURIER will hang up a prize.

I learn that Ed Howe is a candidate for Chief Consul of the Nebraska Division L. A. W. for 1896. Ed is popular with the boys all over the state and if he wants it, will, in all probability, get it.

One of the prettiest combinations I have noticed in cycle circles lately is that of Mrs. W. N. Rehlander's brown cycle suit and the pure white enamel of that lady's new Sterling.

And now for the continuation of my interviews with the celebrities of the Decoration Day meet. I have not yet interviewed Mr. Hawley, as I have not been able to meet him. I understand he has expressed himself as being about to retire from racing circles from want of form. If the boys want to hear from him they can so express themselves to me and I will see that he is interviewed. What say you?

I wish to correct the prevailing opinion that Al Blake was afraid to appear on the track, because the other boys were too fast for him. (I promised Al I would make this correction, and my promise being fulfilled, I will air the situation as seen through my own eyes.) Al's story that he refused to appear, owing to his great respect for the old soldier, is very thin. In the past I have credited him with more intelligence than to try to palm such a story off on an intelligent community.

As to the boys riding fast, the suffering spectators will bear out my statement—that with a pair of Buck Ebrigh's spiked shoes and a corn cob for each hand, I could have distanced the field in any race.

I have taken the matter under careful consideration and find that Al should have thought of the "old soldier" the day before the races when he replenished the club treasury with his entry fees, and not when he thought of defeat with his best girl as a spectator.

As a racing critic showing no partial-

"Money Saved is Money Earned."

"The Best is always the Cheapest."



TRUTH  
PROCLAIMED.

These two Proverbs do not conflict but are synonymous. They are condensed statements; meaning that the world's experience is that money is not saved by buying low priced goods.

Bicycling is in its infancy but has given us two phrases equally true and equally synonymous with the above. They are:

"Get the Best."  
"Get the Rambler"

E. R. GUTHRIE, AGT., 1540 O ST.

ity, I will have to brand Al as a "quitter" unworthy of further consideration.

With Mr. Grubb it was entirely different. Grubb is an entire stranger to me, but the fact that he competed against Hunter and Allen, two old riders schooled in trickery on the track, shows that he has nerve. There will always be a warm corner in my heart for Col. Grubb. As a gentlemanly salesman in the "Hub," 'round which the dizzy city spins, he is all right; but as for him spinning round the track, I must confess that Grubb has missed his calling.

Walt Hunter I believe was a starter in the same race, and while I have nothing personally against Walt, I like to see an athlete assume all honors won modestly.

The fact that he gave it out cold that he had a "dead cinch" on the race takes all the glory out of his victory, and bespeaks rank egotism and pure conceit.

The boys thought that Hunter's chances for first place were flattering, and accordingly got "Smith the hatter" to hang up a sky-piece, the size and color to conform identically with his ideas of what was to decorate his dome of thought.

It was wrong for Walt to make this talk, but there is now some consolation in knowing that his amateur standing will never be questioned on the common charge of disposing of prizes.

While the hat fit him before the races, it has since been learned that it is now seven sizes too small.

Ed Allen, entered in the same race, I also find, had a "lead pipe cinch" on first place had he been disposed to have taken it. But, if I take his own word for it, I find that Allen, instead of helping to build up and keep bicycle racing pure and untainted, not only went so far as to turn down any admiring friend who might have backed him, but, utterly lost to all sense of shame and manhood, deliberately threw the race FOR TWO SACKS OF "SHOGO" FLOUR.

When you stop to realize that many a foot racer has been shot for just such a performance, the enormity of his offense will dawn upon the readers of THE COURIER.

During a slight financial depression I distinctly remember of holding a man up and relieving him of his small change and a gold watch that had been in the family for 40 years, but to my recollection I never remember of stooping to so low and degrading a trick as throwing a bicycle race, and furthermore, I take no pains to disguise this fact from Mr. Allen.

When shown his position, he tried to hedge; giving as his excuse that Mrs. Allen was in the east visiting relatives, and having eaten nothing but a raisin since morning on that day, he reasoned that Shogo flour would be much more palatable than a brown derby hat.

If Ed thought that this pun would be the cause of my slapping him on the back with an—"Allen, old boy, I wont say anything about it," he was mistaken; I am not to be won that way.

For my part, he can spend his noon

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name is on the wagon. 1040 O street.  
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hour eating strawberry shortcake and  
angel food until his flour is gone. Give  
me the man with a clean record, who is  
satisfied with hoe-cake and black mol-  
lasses.

—DEAN.

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but "Shogo" flour is good all of the  
time.

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