

ON THE WHEEL.

THE WHEELMAN'S SOLOILOQUY.

[With apologies to Hamlet.]
 To ring or not to ring, that is the question:—
 Whether 'tis better to restrain the thumb,
 Or sound the warning note upon the bell,
 And, by the sounding, startle—to frighten,
 scare—
 And by that fright to bring upon the mind
 A portion of the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be feared. To ring or stop—
 To stop! perchance to fall,—aye, there's the
 rub;
 For in that stop what accidents may come,
 When we attempt to dismount from the wheel,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of cyclist's life;
 For who would bear the jeers and scorns of
 men,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
 tumely,
 For any chance mishap that might occur,
 When he himself by turning to one side
 Might men avoid? Who would these grumbl-
 ings bear,
 The growlings that men make when they are
 passed,
 But the knowledge that the path belongs
 To us as well as to another one—
 Whoever he may be—strengthens the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than yield our rights to those who would them
 take?
 For weak nerves do make cowards of some
 men,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
 And those who ought to keep upon their way,
 And hinder none, their motions turn awry,
 And hinder others' action.—Soft you now!
 The angry walker:—Sir by thy good temper
 Be all my sins forgiven.
 —The Cycling World.

A REVERIE.

With apologies. It was written with the
 memories of the Ashland dinner rankling in
 my stomach.
 Say fellows, what do you think
 Of that ranch down at Ashland town?
 Ice cream? Well, no, I don't think!
 And pie with a crust like the crown
 Of Walton's new fangled bike hat
 Only tougher somewhat I'll allow.
 And fowl that was "smothered" 'twas said,
 And beef that sure came from the cow
 That legend says hopped o'er the moon.
 Well, "Selma's" a hoodoo for me
 And when Ashland again I attempt
 The Commercial my harbor will be.

The Ashland run is a memory of the
 past. On Sunday morning while the
 dew yet glistened on the greensward
 and before the rising sun had really
 settled down to his day's work the wheel-
 men and wheelwomen began to arrive at
 the rendezvous and at 8 o'clock, the hour
 of starting, a column of nearly sixty
 members of the Capital City Cycling
 club and their friends rolled out for
 Ashland; wheeling out to Thirty-third
 and Vine streets, where they were photo-
 graphed, and thence out by University
 Place and Havelock. As the cyclists
 were being arranged in position for the
 photographer a boy in a diminutive
 milk cart, drawn by a shaggy dog, was
 espied coming along the road. Of course
 the boy and the cart and the dog were
 made a part of the group. Afterwards
 when speeding along in the scorching
 sun we thought of that milk in the cart
 with poignant regret. Captain Hoag-
 land, as is customary, headed the pro-
 cession, and it was an imposing caval-
 cade. The riders were fresh and in trim
 array, the ladies in strikingly tasty
 costumes; wheels polished, and everybody
 riding well and enthusiastically. There
 is a fine stretch of country beyond
 Havelock running clear to Waverly.
 And the winged riders caught all the
 inspiration of the scene. How green

and fresh the fields of grass and growing
 grain! How nature seemed to glow
 with life and glorious promise on the
 slightly undulating prairie! Never has
 Nebraska looked fairer than on that
 bright day of the Ashland run. And as
 we sped along in the early part of the
 day, instinct with joyous freedom, keen
 to all the beauty of the panorama before
 and about us, something of a realization
 of a cyclist's inestimable privileges came
 to all. Waverly was reached with the
 riders in good form, and the town pump
 immediately became the center of at-
 traction. A few minutes and off we
 were once more. At Greenwood hill we
 overtook Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dickey and
 Mrs. Snyder walking. Only 22 of the
 party succeeded in pedaling over the
 hill. The Greenwood stores were in-
 vaded somewhat to the detriment of the
 stock of soda water, pop, cookies, etc.
 From Greenwood to Ashland it began
 to seem just a little like work. There
 are two roads. Some took one and some
 the other. One was rough and the other
 hilly. The junction was reached at
 about the same time, and forty-three
 dusty, perspiring cyclists finally regis-
 tered at the Hotel Selma in Ashland. This
 was an almost fatal mistake, putting up
 at the Selma. Country hotels are com-
 monly divided into two classes, bad and
 very bad. The Selma is entitled to a
 class all by itself. Its wretchedness is
 superlative—unprecedented. It was bad
 enough when forty persons were com-
 pelled to perform their ablutions in
 three bowls, but when dinner was served
 the unanimous sentiment of the party

scattered, many going out in search of
 something to eat. Some slept, some
 fished, some wandered off in twain, one
 of either sex, and listened to the swash
 of muddy Salt Creek. But the muddy
 water didn't effect the sentiment. Some,
 I am informed, were fortunate enough
 to find a cold bottle. What luck some
 people do have! Ashland was explored
 from center to circumference. At 3:30
 the assembly sounded and twenty-three
 started on the home run, the remainder
 returning by train. Coming back
 wasn't at all like going. The south
 wind blew and it was a hard pull all
 the way. Just before reaching Havelock
 a stop was made at a farm house.
 The farm house contained vast quanti-
 ties of milk; also a fair little country
 girl. I was only permitted to take a
 passing glance at her, but I saw she
 had black, sparkling eyes, raven hair
 and a lily-white complexion. Some of
 the boys looked at her and then thought
 thoughts as the judge did when he
 gazed at Maud Muller:

A form more fair, a face more sweet
 No'er hath it been my lot to meet.
 And her modest answer and graceful air
 Showed her wise and good as she is fair.
 Would she were mine * * *

Then like the judge, they
 Thought of their sisters, proud and cold
 And their mothers vain of their rank and gold
 At least I presume they did, for after a
 lingering look at the rural beauty they
 moved on.
 Closing their hearts they all rode on
 And she was left with the milk pans alone.

be a multi-millionaire—if he feeds all
 his patrons as he fed us.

Mrs. Frank Van Horn, Mrs. A. M.
 Dickey, Misses Brockelmeyer, Snyder
 and Morrill were the ladies in the party.

I wonder how much the proprietor of
 the hotel "put up" to Fred Yule to keep
 him from informing us of the attenuated
 state of the dinner.

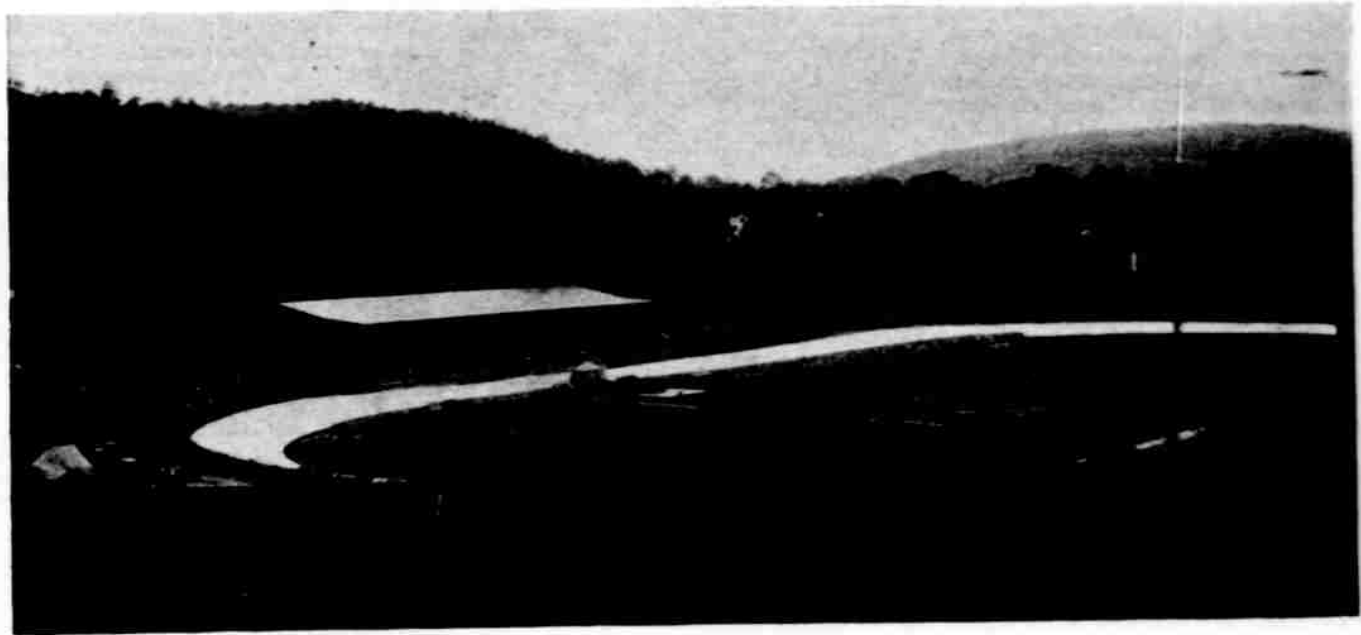
How many of you saw Ed Walton's
 "spurt" up to the hotel? His make up
 and pose would prove a fortune to
 Thomas Q. Seabrooke, could he repro-
 duce it.

Frank Van Horn had a falling out
 with his digesting apparatus and escaped
 the fate of trying to impress himself
 that he was getting a dinner out of a
 very meager lunch.

Shader rode in from Ashland in two
 and one half hours. But it would have
 looked better for him to have stayed
 with the club.

Scorchers are not desirable adjuncts
 on a run.

And that's no dream.
 Dust, heat and wind.
 And some sweat.
 But a good run.
 Now for Roca.
 Who's going.
 Everbody
 Of course.



THE TRACK AT WALTHAM, (MASS.)

was that
 Of all sad words
 Of tongue and pen
 The saddest are these:
 "I dead hungry and there's nothing to eat."
 Ye gods, it was fearful; enough to
 make strong men weep. Instead of a
 blessing some of the boys joined hands
 and sang languidly, "Listen to My Tale
 of Woe." But it was a song that never
 reached the landlord's heart. Some of
 the things the weary riders expected to
 get were: chicken, pork and beans, roast
 beef, boiled ham, vegetables, ice cream,
 etc. Just what the articles were that
 were brought on nobody present was
 able to discover. I pocketed several of
 the specimens and will have them ana-
 lyzed at the university.
 The menu promised right well
 But proved a delusion and snare.
 Only those who ordered the whole
 Succeeded in getting a share.
 and they were to be pitied. But that
 Selma dinner is a painful subject, and I
 gladly pass on. After dinner the party

Only Julius Roediger declared he
 could not pedal another step. But this
 was only a subterfuge. Captain Hoag-
 land frustrated it by attaching a stout
 cord to his wheel and hauling him the
 rest of the way home. We arrived in
 Lincoln at 6:45, safe and sound, but as
 E. D. Howe said, "some tired." It was
 my first long run for many a day and
 on the home trip I grew weary at Green-
 wood, fatigued at Waverly, nearly
 "dead" at Havelock and quite so at 27th
 and R. But I managed to roll up in
 front of the club rooms not more than
 30 seconds behind the others, and I
 didn't need a rope.
 The people who rode home in the
 train did not have any the best of Julius
 Roediger. The way he abused Frank
 Hoagland's generosity nearly caused the
 "death" of the other riders from fatigue
 by laughter.
 And Frank ought to have known
 better.
 The landlord of the Selma ought to

Since the last issue of THE COURIER,
 I have looked very seriously into the
 proposed six day, or rather six nights
 race under electric light at the track at
 Lincoln Park. I cannot see wherein
 it would not prove a big winner, and I
 believe it would prove the medium of
 placing a large surplus in the club
 treasury. A committee should at once
 be appointed by the club at next
 Tuesday's meeting "with power to act"
 to at once obtain the requisite sanction,
 make all necessary arrangements and
 announce the date; as I said last week,
 it is a good scheme, and THE COURIER
 can be depended upon to hang up one
 of the prizes.

Pleasure-Cycling is the title of a neat
 little 16mo volume in illuminated cloth
 cover which has reached my desk. The
 book is an interesting one and is full of
 useful information and instruction for
 those in their first season on the wheel
 and is peculiarly adapted to promote a
 sport which the writer, Henry Clyde,
 proves by every line he writes, to be,

"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.

DERBY BICYCLES. Best Clincher Tire Made. Strongest Frame.

C. A. WIRICK, Agent. 1217 O STREET.

Ride a

It is the
 Swiftest,
 Lightest,
 Easiest running,
 Most Beautiful,
 Aluminum finish,
 Strongest in the world,
 Built of the best of steel.

SMALLEY.

H. E. SIDLES SELLS THEM.

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