

**ON THE WHEEL.**

**THE STATE MEET.**

(By Our Special Representative.)

The fifth annual State meet of the Nebraska Division of the League of American Wheelmen is a thing of the past, and with the exception of railroad and hotel accommodations was a success in every way.

Kearney has a fair track and enterprising citizens, but the league officials should see that the town is much too small to accommodate even the enthusiastic wheelmen, to say nothing of the visitors this meet would bring if the location was central and the railroad service good.

On the evening of July 3rd the hotels were filled with four in a room, and on the fourth, wheelmen were fortunate if they could find citizens who would take them in.

Owing to the local rains the Lincoln riders were compelled to go to the meet on July first or second to get a track to train on. Reaching Kearney they found a steady rain falling and could not put a wheel on the track until the races were called. This accounts largely for their not making a better showing.

About twenty members of the C. C. C. C. arrived on the evening of July 3rd in time for supper. Later in the evening the U. P. brought in about one hundred and fifty from Omaha. They had a special train with the privilege of returning July 6th. Lincoln people were refused a special train and those wishing to see the second day's racing were compelled to pay full fare each way.

About 11 p. m., Joe Sullivan, resembling a letter S, crawled into town closely followed by Ory Ward. Of the crowd who went through on their wheels, they were the only ones to reach Kearney the first day. They rode the tandem and their cyclometer registered 161 miles. They struck mud eighteen miles from Kearney and walked the last five owing to a broken chain.

Milmine, Howe, Miller, Allen and Bebee, who were going to "eat supper tonight in Kearney" stopped to talk to a hotel man about 20 miles out and neglected to start again until next morning.

The state was well represented, while from outside there were riders from Denver, Toledo and Chicago.

A mammoth parade on the morning of the fourth was followed by trial heats at 10 o'clock.

Lincoln's misfortune commenced with the novice race, in which there were eighteen starters. This was run in two heats with four to qualify in each heat. A. M. Dickey broke his handle bar on the start and lined up in the next heat. Denton Painter was in this heat also. Both boys were well up in front with Painter in the lead, when he became possessed of a wild desire to see how it would go to fall on a track away from home. He immediately put the plan into action and they spent the next half hour picking gravel out of their hides. Painter ought to abolish this trick. Besides being hard to ride over, he spoils some one's chance of winning and breaks the wheels.

The half mile open with twenty-six starters was run in three heats, with four to qualify. O. W. McBride and C. M. Carter won first place in both their heats. A. E. Yule was over confident and dropped into last place. The field strung out and in the finish he got fifth place, shutting him out.

Early in the afternoon the grandstands were filled. The attendance was estimated at 2,500, many of these arriving at noon to get good seats and waiting patiently for the start at 3 p. m.

The novice race is always pure cream from the spectators standpoint, and the final heat in the mile novice was excitement itself. Even the entries in this race are worthy of mention.

We were lounging around headquarters, when a couple entered who looked as though they were out for information. They introduced themselves—

"This is Steve Boles of McCook and I am his father, and I want to see the man who runs these bicycle races. Steve hit the striking machine harder than any man in Red Willow county on the fair grounds last year, and I want—"

"Right here, sir, I am in a hurry."

"Are you the man?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, I want to match Steve against anything you have for 5, 10, 15, 20 or 25 miles."

"Can't do it; but we can enter him in the novice."

"Who is he?"

"That's a mile race."

"Won't have it. I want 5, 10, 15, 20 or 25 miles."

"But we can't run match races. He can enter the five-mile handicap."

"How far is that?"

"Five miles."

"Most too short. Steve's bolt is 25 miles and he don't get started short of 15 miles, do you Steve?"

Steve corroborated the statement, and Secretary Harter looked worried. After some time Steve was finally entered in the novice and the 5 mile handicap, although his pa remarked that they were "agin Steve's distances."

This entry had been noised about, and when the men lined up all eyes were on Steve Boles, the fearful farmer from McCook, as they dubbed him. At the pistol the field was well bunched with Steve in the rear. Angell of Omaha, set a lively pace for three quarters, and it looked as though Steve couldn't get started, as the field was slowly losing him. We were mistaken, however. Steve had a wonderful sprint concealed in those blue socks with white tops, and waking up, he rounded into the stretch like a Comanche Indian, cut down man after man and won amid thundering applause.

King Denman of Omaha beat Lincoln out of first place in the quarter mile open Class A. At the pistol shot he threw Pixley a good fifteen feet in front of the bunch. Jimmy Bailey was right after him and although he cut down the lead, he was a wheel length to the bad on the finish with the field thirty feet behind.

The half mile open Class A brought out 12 starters. This was a hotly contested race, a victory, and a state record for Lincoln. On the last turn the field was well bunched. Rounding into the stretch Carter made a pretty sprint from fourth place and won by a narrow margin, lowering Hayman's state record 1-5 of a second. Haymen of Grand Island and Nelson of Chicago tied for second, beating McBride by inches.

We banked on Bailey winning in the mile championship but just before the final spurt Jimmy was crowded out and couldn't get through the bunch. The race was won by Hayman of Grand Island, a member of the Capital City Cycling Club.

The half mile open Class B was won by Rigby of Toledo, Ohio, with Mocket a close second in 1:18 1-5. Those who saw Mocket's unpaced half in 1:07 on a muddy track Decoration day will readily see that he was out of form to get no better than second place in the above time.

The two mile handicap Class A with 38 starters was a pretty race, marred only by another of those justly celebrated falls by Painter. This was a race from start to finish and was won by Sabin of Beatrice from the 100 yard mark. Pixley of Omaha, scratch, second and Edwood of Omaha, with 50 yards third. Time 4:55. The only thing that got Pixley to the front was Holloway's pacing.

The five mile open Class B was an easy grind, devoid of interest until the fourteenth lap. Coming off the turn Park of Denver went down, throwing Renshaw, of Denver, who was following, and leaving three on the track. Renshaw remounted and got third place. The last half was anybody's race, between Mills of Kearney and Rigby of Toledo. On the last quarter Mills took a long lead, but swung wide on the last turn, Rigby cutting in and winning by 30 feet in 14:41.

Roberts of Gothenburg, a one legged rider went an exhibition half in 1:32 and the exhibition half, standing start, unpaced, by Edghill, the "Western Union Kid" of Omaha, in 1:17 1-5 concluded the first days racing.

The morning of July 5th was perfect for racing, and it was nearly 11 o'clock when the six starters lined up in the first trial heat of the 1/2 mile championship.

This finish was a fight from the back stretch clear to the tape, the riders finishing in a bunch in the following order: Frederickson, Pixley, Edwood and Carter in 1:10 2-5.

There was a lively discussion between Lincoln and Omaha as to whether Carter or Gadhe had fourth place. It was compromised by both starting in the final.

The second heat was won easily by Collins; Tessier, Bailey and Hayman following in the order named, time 1:11 flat.

Lincoln's hoodoo was on the ground early, for McBride made a fatal blunder in the first heat of the mile open Class A. It was a mile heat with six starters; four to qualify. They started with the pistol at a merry clip, and Mc. taking the lead on the second quarter, spurred to the tape and sat up. He had mistaken the distance and had to spurt to catch the field which by this time had a long lead. He caught them but his race had been run. Frederickson took first, with Pixley, Nelson and Gadke right after him, time 2:27 2-5.

The second heat was called and eight starters lined up. Carter was next to

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the pole in this heat, and although we rubbed him with a rabbit's foot, our confidence was shaken. We had been so unfortunate we were looking for the worst of it and were not surprised when we saw the field bunch on the turn, handle bars rub together, and our only hope take a tumble that rivaled the best of Painter's ground and lofts.

The Lincoln contingent tarried to see Edwood, Collins, Nichol, Mack and Hayman finish in 2:47, then journeyed to the city and partook of the stalled ox in silence.

The afternoon opened with quarter mile open Class B, Rigby again had things his own way winning in 32 4-5 seconds.

There was talent represented in the line of ten starters in the final of the half mile championship. Pierce and Early were up on a tandem for pace-making, and we expected to see something hot. We saw it. At the pistol Pixley got the tandem and we heard him say "all right; pull out." They understood him for they pulled out at a clip that made the boys awful sick. At the quarter the field was strung out, with the tandem pulling away from them. Pix was never headed and finished in the same place he started in 1:06 4-5, twenty-five feet in front of the second man.

The start of the one mile open Class B with a \$600 piano for first prize, caused a flutter of excitement, but the event was tame compared with the

championships.

A. E. Yule and McCullay of Omaha up on the tandem had instructions to take them a half. Rigby, of Toledo, Park and Renshaw of Denver, Mills of Kearney and Mockett lined up and were cautioned to get under the time limit of 2:20. At the pistol Mills got the tandem, the rest following in one-two-three-four order. The first quarter was made in 35 4-5, the half in 1:07. The tandem pulled out and the three-quarters was made in 1:47 2-5. Everybody rode in the last quarter, and the mile was made in 2:19 1-5, 4-5 of a second under limit. Rigby first, Renshaw second, Mills third and Mockett fourth.

The two mile state championship was the best race of the meet. The grandstands wanted more tandem and it was brought out again. They were turned loose and it was the toss of a coin between Pixley, Hayman and Frederickson, who had the tandem. Pixley got it, Frederickson next with Hayman behind, while the less fortunate ones were thirty feet to the back. The tandem set a frightful pace and the field with Collins in the lead were riding like demons but slowly losing ground. At the end of a mile Frederickson was baked and dropped out. The tandem at a mile and a half had dropped back leaving Pixley and Hayman to go it alone with Pix setting the pace.

The tandem team started to pull Collins to the leaders but was ordered off the track. Pixley set all the pace