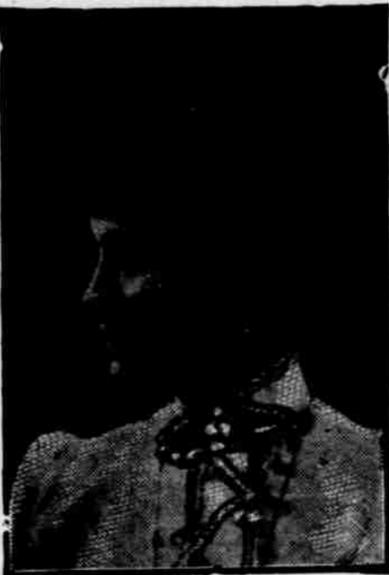


STAGES HER OWN PLAY



Grit and determination are plainly evidenced in the face of Miss Genevieve G. Haines, whose photograph appears above. That her acts do not belie her appearance is evidenced by the fact that Miss Haines, unable to find a manager ready to stage her play "Hearts Aflame," in the manner she desires, has leased a big New York theatre, hired her own company and will run her own production. The play is said to be an exceedingly clever piece of work.

"A Wheelman's Wail"

Meanness is inborn in some people. Especially is it in drivers. Pedestrians might not notice it so much. Wheelmen do. Especially do those who take occasion to ride on the asphalt streets on hot days.

It is because the drivers insist on taking that dry strip in the center of the street. There is always such a strip. When the street sprinklers on a breezy day, or most any day for that matter, travel up and down the streets, they purposely leave in the center a narrow stretch of dry pavement. This is done for the benefit of the wheelmen. To go on either side of it means to ride through water. It would not be so bad on brick pavement but on the asphalt it drains slowly and is whipped up in the rear of a rapidly moving wheel in a continuous stream that besmears both the rider's clothes and his machine.

All he asks is to have this strip in peace. It is generally wide enough for two of his kind to pass. When a buggy or wagon or dray or van gets astride it, there is nothing left for the wheel rider to do but get out of the way or be mixed and mangled and jumbled with the remains of his bicycle.

Every bit of this the drivers seem to realize. No law compels them to keep off the dry course. Therefore they don't do it. The bicycle man is not at all likely to jam off one of his wheels in retaliation, so he sticks to his course. He sticks to it if he is on it and gets on it if he not already there.

Here is a wheelman a little late who wants to make up a few minutes. He is not violating anybody's code in throwing on a little steam. Down the strip he goes. Malice, however, approaches not very far ahead of him. Embodied in the flesh, bones and the old clothes of a driver it looms up only too suddenly right ahead. Doubtless the vision is jogging along in an old truck wagon of some pattern. At any rate, the man gets no good in keeping to the center. What good can he accomplish in appropriating a couple of feet of dry track when his wagon wheels, one at least, must glide through the water on one side? None at all. Water doesn't hurt the wagon anyway.

Sometimes he will pretend not to see

you. Again he will met your mutely appealing eyes with a glitter of amusement. At any rate you hardly have the time to slow up when out into the wet you slide, the wheel whipping a vile dirty stream up your coat tails.

Maybe somebody will attempt to defend the drivers on the ground that they really possess a sense of humor and that this is simply their style of safety. You can't make a bicycle rider believe it. In fact it is hardly safe to mention such a defense to this creature. Helpless as he is to defend himself awheel, he is generally capable of doing some damage when not mounted. And if anything will provoke him to it it is the malicious selfishness of some of these drivers.

Female charioteers are sometimes just as blameworthy as their brother autocrats of the road. It is difficult to guess what inspires them. What would it be gallant to guess? Or is a female driver of that class entitled to a gallant guess? Perhaps she doesn't know the first principles of road politeness. Perhaps she thinks that if the man is at all chivalrous he will concede her all the room she wants without question or suspicion of bad words under breath. At lease she is not afraid that

the man will express himself audibly to her in the emphatic way he sometimes does. Both on the watered pavements and on the roads she is much inclined to brace her head high and ride recklessly on, regardless of the little room the wheelman needs or would care to occupy. Certain it is that she would be shocked extremely should she hear the words that are sometimes emitted by the man on the bike after she has passed outside the bounds of hearing.

No reason on earth exists why wheelmen should not be permitted to have the dry strip without molestation. And there is no excuse on the earth, above the earth or in the regions under it why people should not know that a man with a bicycle has as much right on the roads in passing as any man with his larger vehicle, be it buggy or wagon. If there were any question about it at all it should be settled with the answer that if anybody is to be driven off the pike it should be the man with the wagon or buggy who should be ashamed of himself for taking up so much room. But the wheelman breathes no absurd request. All he wants is the dry strip on the pavement and enough room elsewhere to spare him the need of running out onto the ruts and ridges.

"It is queer," says a New York clergyman, "what a liking young students have for long words and Latin quotations, and what a dread possesses them of appearing conventional. I once knew a promising candidate who was given charge of a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase and he said instead: "The congregation will flow pass around the bier."—Kansas City Star.

"Colonel," she asked, addressing the eminent Kentuckian, "have you read about the water cure in the Philippines?"

"I have, my dear young lady," he replied with almost overpowering emotion, "and I am able to realize at last that wab is what one of your Nohthern genehals said it was."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Actress—Harold: "Dear Miss Angeline, let me whisper to you the 'old old story!'" Angeline: "Aw, come off! If you want me to listen to that, you'll have to dramatize it and spend about fifty thousand on a stage setting."—Judge.

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