STEERING THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL BICYCLE.

Just How a Man Feels Whirling Through Space on the Largest Wheel Ever Built, Described by Arthur F. Wisner.

I was selected to steer the largest and most wonderful bicycle in the world because I took part in the building of it, and because I have been steering multicycles from tandems up to sextets for a few years, pace making and so on. In fact, I have won ninety-eight prizes, all counted, but I am not rich yet, being still rated as an amateur by the ancient and honorable racing board of the L. A. W.

The sensation of being shot through space like a meteor is highly thrilling. An instant's indecision may mean a serious smash-up if not death to several. It is risky business, but then you don't think of the danger at the time. Going at a great speed it makes you feel as if you were riding on the engine of a train, but it runs very easy and smoothly. There is no sag in the middle at all. It does not do to be at all nervous and one has to give the machine his whole attention. Showing off to the grand stand don't go. In fact, the first few times I could not tell whether there was a grand stand or not, and I hardly knew whether the band was playing, but they told me it played all the time.

We have made a good many exhibitions at some pretty fast rates of speed, though usually we make a quarter in thirty seconds or twenty-nine. Now that the team is so thoroughly accustomed to this big machine my work is not so hard as it was. You cannot hold your tongue between your teeth, because then you would bite it off, for you have to pay attention all the time and you cannot take it easy, but one cannot do that with a sextuplet either. If there is any time when you have any sensation of danger, it is when passing another team or single rider, because if anything happens then and you are on the outside, the whole ten of us would fall on top of them and then there would be a bad accident. To begin at the beginning I will tell you of the first trial at the Waltham track.

We were followed to the track by a crowd of Walthamites who rather expected to witness a glorious failure. The first trial I had four men up besides myself, leaving the five empty saddles just to see how she worked and to get part of the men accustomed to the machine. That way we went around the track once slowly and I found the steering very difficult then, for, besides the novelty of the machine and my own nervousness the slow pace made it extra hard. The next attempt was made with seven up. That was a success and the faces of the doubtful ones grew about as long as the frame, and as black, too. From the first I believed that I could do the steering all right. Of course there was something unfinished about it with only seven mesh up. We circled the track at about a three-minute clip, though it went much better than with five riders, yet it did not work perfectly. The empty saddles were against us, so next time I put on the full force of ten. I had six men to start us, three on each side. They held the machine while we mounted and ran along with it for about 100 yards, by that time we had enough go to keep our balance, but the men were all nervous, so the pedaling was very uneven, and there was greater sway from side to side than was comfortable. Until the machine moved at about a gait of three minutes per mile it took every bit of my strength to turn the front wheel, and I had to keep wiggling it to prevent a spill.

The weight resting on the wheels was 1,100 pounds, but it did not seem to make much difference, it is the speed that does the trick. At a slow pace it requires great muscular force to turn the handle bar at all. At a fast gait it is not any harder than the steering of a sextuplet, allowing for the greater length of the ten-seater and for the weight of four extra men. The faster the gait the easier the steering became, but the stopping—the first time we tried to stop we rode around the track four times more than we wanted to, because we did not dare to stop. Every one of the ten men up yelled at his neighbor to stop pedaling, but nobody did. At last the six starters caught us on the fly and we stepped off without any great trouble. The first trials were the really dangerous ones. I felt the responsibility very much and that probably made me clinch my muscles unnecessary hard. You have to keep the front wheel about two or three yards from the pole on the turns, because the rear wheel is so much closer to the pole that if you don't watch yourself it will slip off the track about the middle of the turn. That happened once at the exhibition of the Oriten on the Charles river track.

The handle bar is about twenty-five inches wide and they told me it made me look as if I intended to embrace the starters. Still, the single wheels of five or six years ago had handle bars fully as wide, and some wider. On the biograph pictures which were taken last week the width of the bar does not look so very big.

We went to the Providence state fair on the same day of the first trial and made exhibition runs twice a day for a whole week. I steered every time and got the team in pretty good shape. After a few days they were so well trained to the new machine that we made one quarter of a mile in twenty-nine seconds before Gov. Dyer and over 40,000 people. They say that the applause was something tremendous, but I had all I could do to mind my own business and I just heard a lot of noise without really being able to say whether they were clapping or whether I had the earache. The very first start in Providence we had a spill, owing to one of the starters pushing the machine sideways when he let go; nobody was hurt, nor the machine either and we were up and off again in a jiffy.

But the hardest of all was the time the biograph people came down from New York and took moving pictures of the ten-seater, pacing Lesna, McDuffie and Riviere on the Charles river track. They came all the way from New York because this track is probably one of the best in the country. It was a pretty chilly day and by the time the sun came out we were all shivering. Then we had to ride around the track about half an hour, while they got the proper focus, and as the biograph people insisted on my keeping the ten-seater running on the three square from the pole I felt I had done a day's work when I got through. Last Monday night when I saw the picture at a Boston theater, I heard a lady say: "Oh, look at the big centipede bicycle."

Next we took the machine to the Springfield meet, where it was exhibited by part of Lesna's pacing team, making good time. But the next week in Philadelphia, when I was to wiggling for some reason or other, and we had a spill which laid me up for several days. All I know about it was that while we were going at about thirty seconds per quarter mile, I suddenly felt a lurch, then I shot through the air, up the embankment of the track and then I was surrounded by a lot of reporters who said I was dead. In fact, all the papers said I was killed, but as they got my name wrong and as the worst I have had is a black eye, I don't care much.

It is necessary for all the men up to ride very steady and not swing the body, and to pass orders as to speed and direction quickly from man to man, as it is impossible for the steersman to hear even the middle man, let alone the man on the rear seat, who is nearly eight yards behind. The wind pressure is rather unpleasant, for the steersman catches all of it, but the force behind him is so great that it causes no fatigue, though compelling him to breathe very regularly, with the head well down, else you cannot catch your breath at all. Even though it may not be noticeable by outsiders, still, while riding a large multicycle the steersman must always keep the front wheel moving right and left to preserve the balance. The larger the machine the slower its motion and the less chance the steerer has to let the weight of the body rest on the handle bars. It is all muscular force. Any unevenness on the surface of the track is not noticeable to the riders of the decemtuple, owing to its great length.

I have steered the Oriten ever since it was finished, that is, September 6. That day, Labor Day, it was photographed with ten men up; the president on the front seat and the superintendent on the last. By the way, Mr. Metz, the president, is over six feet in his stocking feet and the superintendent is somewhere about five feet one. When the photographing was over we trundled the big machine to the Waltham track for a maker's trial, which I have already mentioned. Very truly yours, ARTHUR F. WISNER.

HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IS PUBLISHED A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE DECEMTUPLE. ARTHUR F. WISNER TELLS OF ITS DANGERS.

Drawn by a noted New York artist. Copyrighted, Leslie Syndicate, 1897.

Athletics and Overtraining.

The collapse of a young athlete from overtraining points to one of the gravest dangers that threaten the rising generation in these days of fierce athletic competition. There is everywhere a burning desire not only to defeat competitors in athletic sports, but also to establish new records, and this desire leads many boys, who might gain many victories in handicap competitions within their powers, to struggle for achievements which are beyond their resources. It is difficult to check this kind of ambition, and the dangers to which it gives rise call for a constant supervision of the training of boys.

It is undeniable that very few boys have sufficient knowledge or judgment to undertake their own training. They get too many of their ideas about the subject from reading the sporting columns of those newspapers which make a specialty of reporting in detail all the doings of professional athletes. A pugilist when out of training lives a vastly different kind of life from that led by any decent boy, and it, therefore, takes a course of very severe training to restore to him the physical powers which his life has vitiated.

A boy, on the other hand, if in good health, is in a pretty fair state of training to begin with. He can harden his muscles by gentle and progressive exercises, which need never damage his heart or his lungs. But it is not necessary, and certainly not safe, for him to indulge in long and hard runs and protracted periods of work on parallel bars or at club swinging. Short runs, practice at starts, and the acquisition of a good gait, are what the average boy needs in the way of training for running.

Because of this it is fortunate that most of the large boarding schools are engaging physical trainers. In this they are following the lead of the colleges, which almost all have physicians or men highly instructed in the care of the body as supervisors of the athletic work of the students. It is to be hoped that schools generally will follow this practice. Athletics form so large, attractive, and beneficial a part of student life in these days that they should not be permitted to become a source of alarm to parents.

A Lurid Description of Golf.

Portland (Or.) At Random.

Rev. E. H.—You are mistaken about golf. Some worldly-minded person has described it as "chasing a quinine pill around a cow-pasture," but that is inaccurate. Equally wrong is your assumption that, because somebody is reported to have "finished the first eight holes seven up," it is, therefore, a game of cards, somewhat akin to "old sledge." On the contrary, it is not played with cards at all, but with clubs, balls and holes in the ground, and is a most healthful, interesting and swearesque occupation, affording opportunity for the exhibition of lurid profanity and delirium-breeding stockings. In speaking of the game you should always say "goaf," else you will be in "bad form"—and that means badness inexpressible in "goaf." But you should go out to "the links" some day, and see

"Portland's golfers, thro' the affrighted land,
With crooked knee and glaring eyeball stand."

Uncle Eseck and the Play.

National Magazine.

"Did I enjy the play?" said Uncle Eseck, who was spending a week away from the cares of life on the farm. "Did I enjy the play? Well, I should say so. By gum, I never see sich a race ez I see there. But the wimmen won out, jist th' same!"

"The women, Uncle Eseck?"

"Yas. You see soon ez I cum inter the opry house the band cum crawlin' out under ther stage, an' begun tew play. Wall, soon ez they begun tew play, up comes a lot o' wimmen inter the little stalls tew each side o' ther stage an' they begun talkin' tryin' ter down ther band."

"I see."

"Wall, fust ther band thought et had an easy job, an' et tooted along like et hed a walk-away, but just when I thought et was safe bettin' on ther band in come half a dozen more wimmen an' they jined the others. Gosh! Then band weren't nowhere agin 'em, an' et see et, an' kinder give up like, an' jist sort o' moseyed along so's not ter be distanced."

"Yes?"

"Yaas, an' I sort o' spected all ther time thet some mow fiddlers 'ud cum out, but they didn't. An' then I knew ther wimmin hed et all ther own way. 'Course, once in a while, when the wimmin 'ud stop ter git wind, ther band 'ud chirk up a bit an' trot along lively, but in a minnit ther wimmen 'ud go at et, an' pass 'em agin. No use er talkin', thet band were beat from the start."

"Think so?"

"Sartin' sure! Yer see, ther band jist kinder see-sawed along. Fust one fiddle 'ud go it, an' then another 'ud jine in, an' then mebby a horn or two, an' then the drum feller 'd bang a crack er tew, but they'd git tired an' one er two 'ud stop ter rest, an' then 'nother, an' 'er 'nother, 'till one time they was only one little fiddle a squeakin' erlong tryin' ter do its best. Et weren't no fair race. The wimmin ought tew been handercapped."

"No doubt."

"Yaas, but et ther last I most thought ther band were a' goin' ter win out. Yer see, et cum 'long ter ther home stretch, an' I see ther band were about tuckered out, an' so were ther wimmin, fer some o' them stopped ter look at ther play bills, when all to oncet ther band picks up an' goes it hard. Jist reglar rips up ther air an' fills ther house with noise, an' all bangs away ter oncet. Say! thet were fine!"

"It was the finale."

"So? Well, jist when I thought ther wimmin were beat, ther band up an' stops plumb still, an' arter thet they lays down ther fiddles an' horns an' gives up! An' I see the leader lean over an' say somethun ter one of ther band an' sort' er laugh. Guess he were ownin' up he were beat."

"Undoubtedly."

"Yaas, but we all give ther band a good hand clap, 'cause they'd done their best. An' arter thet ther wimmin' hed et all their own way."

"Then you didn't hear much of the play?"

"Hear? Not a sound. But I cud a seen some, only when I'd stan' up ter look over ther hats what were in front o' me, some feller behind 'ud pull me down by my coat, so I went home pretty soon. Say, they ain't no way thet a feller kin git ter sit on ther stage is they? 'Cause, blamed ef I don't b'lieve I'd like a show ef I cud only see er hear et."

A Book About a Battle.

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The clearance sale at Finck's jewelry store is still going on. See him and get his clearance prices.

CLERKS AND ARTISANS OF CAPE COLONY DEFEAT NATIVES.

Although on a Small Scale It Was One of the Most Notable Battles of the Century--The Citizen Soldier's Worth.

CAPETOWN Africa, Oct. 22.—Cape Colony has fought its fight and won. It has emerged from one of the most sanguinary conflicts in which its residents have been called upon to take part. It has proved the superiority of the European over the black savage. It has placed the citizen soldier upon a throne before which the world must do homage.

The world in general has known but little of the rebellion just closed, but the army officials of every European nation at least have been watching its progress and noting its incidents, because it is really the first time in thirty years or more that the citizen soldier has had full opportunity to show what he could do. The militia of Cape Colony is but little different from similar bodies of men in European countries. It is made up of clerks and artisans of the colony, who have had no military experience whatever beyond that which falls to the lot of the militia in all climes. Yet they fought not only bravely and well, but in heroic fashion. The record of the British army cannot possibly show more gallantry.

A little more than eight months ago—it was about Christmas time—news came here and to other points where Europeans congregate that a dangerous insurrection had broken out at Phokwape, near the line of railway from Kimberley to Bryburg. The tidings were to the effect that it was no ordinary rebellion, but one which if not instantly crushed meant war and bitter war at that. Galishwe, Toto and other Bechuanaland chiefs were leading the marauders and this in itself meant savage conflict.

The Cape Colony forces in time of serious trouble consist of volunteers, or militiamen. So great was the emergency considered to be that the volunteers were promptly called upon, the result being that the rebels retired into the fastnesses of the Langeberg, a mountain range some sixty miles long, which overhangs the dread Kalahari desert, than which there is no greater evil in all Africa. Every foot of this country and the adjacent mountain range was as familiar to the rebels as the claim of the Kimberley diamond grubber is to him. They were well aware that no water could be found within fifteen miles of the foot of this range of mountains, and they took possession of the mountain springs, erecting modern fortifications to guard them.

This was the situation that confronted the 2,000 volunteers when, following up the rebels by long and wearisome marches, they reached the edge of this desert borderland of the range of plenty. These troops consisted of what is called Cape Mounted Rifles, a cavalry regiment, together with a detachment of mounted police and native auxiliaries, and portions of nine regiments, one of artillery and the remainder of infantry. To appreciate this force, it must be understood that not a man had ever made war his profession. In fact, they were precisely of that sort of men which go to make up the military reserves of England and America.

They knew their country. They knew starvation and very likely death stared out from the gleaming desert, and not one of them faltered. There was no water, rations were very scarce, the long march from within the colony had worn clothes to rags and shoes to the uppers. Still they pushed on. As they neared the Langeburg range and came within rifle shot, bullets rained upon them. Their foe was in front of them, to be sure, but he was a deadly, merciless enemy, who loved to kill and was bent on satisfying that love to the utmost.

In the face of this heavy fire which grew in strength as the mountains grew closer and closer, these raw militiamen marched with the steadiness of veterans, gave bullet for bullet and charged their foe in superb fashion. There was many a mountain pass to traverse, but the volunteers worked their way up. Hand to hand they fought the enemy, first giving shot for shot, then with clubbed rifles and lastly with knives, locked in a deadly embrace. European or savage giving death in any form it was possible to bring it about. In these engagements of the passes, no quarter was shown.

Seldom in the history of Africa, not excepting the Zulu war nor the conflicts in Matabeleland, has such bravery been shown. Nothing stopped these militiamen and the savages themselves were compelled to admit that the clerks and artisans of the colony were as much to be feared as any soldiers of the line that ever wore the red badge of British courage. Two successful actions had been fought with the enemy and the passes gained, when nature finally asserted herself and the troops were forced to retreat, not because of lack of ability to defeat, but lack of water. Panting, not starving, with dry throats and nothing to moisten them, these men who were used to comfortable homes and regular hours set to and dug wells in order that they might slake their thirst.

The supply of water secured was meagre to be sure, but it was water, and gave the volunteers the necessary strength, so that when the commanding officer, Col. Dalgety, ordered the final assault upon the enemy's fortified position, the volunteer infantry stormed it at the point of the bayonet and carried it with a seasoned gallantry that did them all honor. After this, an assault was made on the position of the rebels at Gamasiep and Ganaluce. A half day's sharp fighting, and the rebellion was only a memory.

This time there were prisoners, many of them women and children, for the rifles of the volunteers had lessened, greatly lessened, the tribal numbers of the Bechuanas who had thought to throw off all European restraint. By and by the men who were taken will be sent where their treasonable thoughts can breed no bloodshed unless it be among themselves.

It must not be imagined that the volunteers were scathless. The muster rolls of some of the companies are sadly shorn of names. But the citizen soldier has proved his right to recognition. It is more than likely that Cape Colony will erect a monument to him.

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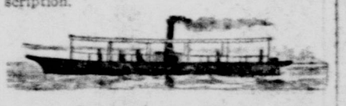

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For rates, tickets, etc., inquire of
G. F. THORNDYKE,
Agent, Yesler Wharf, Seattle.
I. A. NADEAU,
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Steamer George E. Starr leaves Tacoma at 2 p. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Seattle, Anacortes, Fairhaven and New Whatcom, leaving Seattle at 9 p. m. Returning leaves New Whatcom Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 p. m. for Anacortes, Seattle and Tacoma.

Steamer goes through to Blaine on Wednesday trip.

WHATCOM, SEATTLE AND TACOMA ROUTE.

Take steamer BAY CITY for Anacortes, Fairhaven or Whatcom. Leaves Commercial dock, Tacoma, 2 p. m.; City dock (foot Main street), Seattle, 8 p. m., Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Returning leaves Whatcom 8 p. m.; Fairhaven, 8:45 p. m., and Anacortes 10 p. m. Sun., Wednes. and Fri. Fares—Seattle $1, or $1.50 round trip; Tacoma $1.25, or $2 round trip.
W. H. ELLIS.

PORT ORCHARD AND PORT WASHINGTON ROUTE.
STEAMER A. R. ROBINSON,
Carrying U. S. Mail.

On Port Orchard and Port Washington route, leaves City dock, foot of Main street, 8:30 a. m., calling at South Beach, Burchell, Brick Yard, Bremerton, U. S. Navy Yard, Sidney, Charleston, Tracyton, Chico, Silverdale. Leaves Port Orchard Navy Station at 3 p. m.; arrives Seattle at 4 p. m. E. N. Robinson, master. Lilly, Bogardus & Co., agents. Telephone, Main 87.

SAN JUAN ISLANDS.
STEAMER LYDIA THOMPSON,

Carrying United States mail, leaves City dock, foot of Main street, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 a. m. for Port Townsend San Juan Islands and New Whatcom. Returning leaves New Whatcom Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 4 a. m. J. R. Thompson, manager-owner. Lilly, Bogardus & Co., agents. City dock. Telephone, Main 87.

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State of Washington leaves Seattle daily, except Saturday, at 10 p. m.
Seattle, Everett and La Conner Route.
Steamer Fairhaven leaves Seattle daily except Sunday, at 8 a. m., calling at Everett going north Monday, Wednesday and Friday; going south Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Telephone, Main 278. Yesler dock.

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Telephone Main 84.
A. P. MAXWELL, Agent,
Colman Block.

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STEAMER DELTA

Leaves Galbraith dock, foot of Washington street, Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturdays at 7 o'clock a. m. for Kingston, Port Gamble, Seabeck, Brinnon, Holly, Dewatto, Lilliwaup Falls, Hoodsport and Union City. Returns alternate days.
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