

SOME OF THE LOCAL WOMEN CYCLERS

The Craze Has Really Come to Stay COMMON INTEREST FOR ALL

Not Only Is the New Woman a Devotee, but the Old Woman as Well—Some Advantages of the Health-Giving Exercise—What Instructors Say

In spite of all the diversity of opinion regarding the new woman and the old; in spite of all the varying degrees of limitation that are advanced as to where the one begins and the other leaves off, and the multifarious conjectures as to how much of the former shall be tolerated, and how to best encourage the latter to be true to her principles or convictions, there seems to be one interest in common, one central point, to which all of both kinds are steadily and surely converging, and that is—the bicycle.

The most extreme of both varieties of the genus feminine are gradually becoming hopeless and confirmed, and in most cases, willing victims of the bicycle habit. Paradoxical as it may appear, the most flagrant examples of new woman have not been the first to succumb to the cycling craze; neither have the most irritable specimens of the old-bound conventionalism in the old woman as yet openly taken it up. But gradually are they both being drawn into the maelstrom of revolving wheels, and the end is not yet.

Those extremes of both classes, the clinging and supine bundles of femininity who bow in to every new craze, and the clank of public opinion, are as surely coming to it, as are those other advanced and unsexed amazons who not only have convictions on certain questions, but also have the courage of those convictions. In illustration of the former variety is a case that is not only apropos, but a fact. A Los Angeles lady was questioned a few months ago by a friend, an enthusiastic cyclist, why she did not learn to ride a wheel. She replied that her husband objected, because he did not wish her to make herself conspicuous.

A few days since the same friend met her riding one of the silent steeds. In amazement he said: "I thought your husband objected to your making yourself conspicuous. How did you change his views?" "I didn't," replied the lady. "He insists that I ride now for the same reason, that I may not be conspicuous."

And that is the existing state of things generally. From Maine to Florida—California included—women of all grades, ages and conditions are now availing themselves of the health and pleasure-giving exercise. From languid society swells and beauties, to the more energetic and less conservative business woman or shop girl, from the masses and the exclusive ranks of the Four Hundred, from the semi-invalid who obeys her physician's mandate, to the buxom girl with athletic proclivities, all are turning for one reason or another to the merry wheel.

Clubs are forming all over the land, singly and in groups, with husbands, brothers or other people's brothers; the women go spinning to the country lanes and city pavements, breathing in long breaths of health-laden ozone, and taking exercise at the same time, which is so necessary to the women, whether they be butterflies whose chief industry in life is a round of society functions in town in the winter, and more country mountain resort in summer, or those whose head-making depends on a more or less sedentary existence in the school or counting-room, behind the shop counter, or busy in the home, or that unless keyboard—the typewriter.

There is a zest about riding a wheel that is not known or experienced on any other most fiery and untamed horse, since one has not only to "stick on," but to keep the legless beast upright and going by ones own energy. The motion is a exhilaration in the motion that even the front end of an electric or cable dummy does not give. There is an invigoration in the bird-like feeling of freedom on the wheel that lolling on the softest cushions of the most perfectly appointed victoria or brougham cannot equal.

It is a delicious, interesting, fascinating exercise that tells upon the most jaded spirits and reveals joys of existence never before dreamed of in this humdrum, work-a-day world.

A little judicious questioning of some of the local dealers in wheels this last week extracted as many opinions regarding the facility with which the women who are now riding wheels here have become experts.

Mr. Obenbauer of the Pavilion riding school said he could "no more tell the certainty who would pick up the knack readily, than he could figure on which way a frog would jump. One lady who weighs 200 pounds became a more expert and graceful rider with fewer lessons than many a younger and slighter woman who has studied the matter for years."

The gentlemanly agent of the Rambler wheels said he thought working girls and others who have to count their 50 cent pieces, learned more rapidly and more society ladies, who usually don't care how many lessons they take, on the principle of "where there's a will there's a way."

Miss Berry, the instructor of the Fowler bicycle, said she had taught many different kinds of women, and they rarely needed more than four lessons to be able to manage a bicycle, and maintain motion; that the principle thing to learn and the hardest, was not to get one's balance, but to remember that in keeping it on the front wheel, is the remedying factor, as in the rudder of a boat, and not a leaning of the body in any direction.

Mr. Carl Mestay, in the Victor bicycle quarters, said his experience had taught him to give a couple of lessons on the road to teach the balance and motion; then he left the pupil to herself for two days. She would become impatient nine times out of ten, and take her wheel out into the woodshed or back yard or anywhere that she could try by herself, and fall off if she had to, without anybody's seeing her and after a few efforts—presto there she was, mistress of the situation. Then a few more lessons on the road, to point out defects and make suggestions about rounding corners, avoiding teams or holes, and the scholar was ready for graduation.

Mr. Obenbauer asserted that the supporting posts of the lower gallery in the pavilion were worth thousands of dollars to him in the education of his scholars, because when they could ride around the place without running into the posts they were competent to go on the most crowded streets, and anybody that has studied there will bear Mr. Obenbauer out. The mad efforts of guileless novices on the wheel to keep out of the way of those same posts is only equalled by the persistent regularity with which they run into every one of them in turn during the first lesson or two there.

All the teachers concur that a couple of lessons are all that are needed with the average woman to enable her to manage her wheel, and the balance and motion, after that it is only a question of practice and a systematic course of riding to make any woman at home on her wheel and mistress of the situation.

An idea of the widespread interest women are taking in cycling in Los Angeles may be gained from the following

well-known names, which have been gathered from the pavilion riding school and those instructors employed by the various wheel agencies here. Mmes. Frank Rader, Colonel Chandler, Phelps, Glassel, J. D. Hooker, Houghton, S. P. Hunt, E. F. Earl, Victoria Harris, H. Higgins, W. Okum, Brader, Lee, E. L. Doheny, Clark, Miller, Brown, Whelpley, Ozro W. Childs, J. F. Sartori, John Bradbury, Mrs. Stimson, Ed. Silent, Wm. H. Holliday, Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., J. H. Spear, Hugh Vail, Stevens, John Newell, Wm. Newell, Misses Josephine Rowan, Marion Hooker, Rhoades, MacOwen, Gellman, Lillian Shorb, Nellie Frankfield, Cecilia Riche, Nora Cooper, Jennie Gould, Vivian, Amelia Foster, Minnie Robinson, Whelpley.

A bicycle club is in process of formation that promises to be a lasting institution. It is the intention of the members to enjoy road riding and may be the nucleus of a country club. The charter members are: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vail, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Silent, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ozro W. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. William Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Coote, Mrs. Victoria Harrell, Misses Mae Owens and Florence Silent, Messrs. William H. Doheny, McAllister, Callender and Morris Cook.

While the superiority and irresistible fascination of cycling is a point yielded by all, there is still considerable agitation and discussion in the matter of propriety in costume. That, of course, is, and will probably remain a matter of taste. Most of the older, more orthodox, and more fashion-able women are of the opinion that a woman's wheel is as advantageous for women as for men, and if that be proven by test and experience, some modification or extension of the same, and a decision-haunted bloomers will probably be discovered or invented, as every other demand in nature and art has heretofore been supplied sooner or later.

At present a natty skirt, rather shorter than walking length, with corduroy or leather leggings to the knee, and a trim short jacket or blouse, seems to answer every purpose for the present make of lady's wheel. Such a costume is practical, in no way conspicuous, and appears to be the generally accepted model for a cycling costume. Perhaps after a little the women who don't wear bloomers now because they "don't wish to be conspicuous," will not be found without them for the same reason. Quen sate? Stranger things have happened.

MARIAN DE CREQUY.

A FEW THINGS FROM THE SUNDAY EDITOR ABOUT BLOOMERS

Bloomers are the overgrown members of the knickerbocker family. Some men cannot tell bloomers from knickerbockers, but a woman can and that's the advantage of being a woman. Some people think that bloomers were made to wear to church, but they wasn't; they are too loud and disturb the service. The society girl wears bloomers so that she can play leap-frog just like her brother, the milk maid wears them so that she may milk with both hands and hold the pail at the same time.

Bloomers are a species of trousers badly swollen at the knees, very baggy at the pistol pocket and considerably out of shape when you strike a match. When I was a kid I had to wear father's old pants; nowadays children wear out their bloomers before they get to school.

Bloomers have many advantages. You don't have to hold them up at street crossings and they are tied around the ankles or knees to keep the mice out. They are out decolleté at the south end and have buttons up the west side. You can't put them on over your head like a skirt or blouse and you like a corset, you have to wiggle into them one leg at a time.

The only way to tell which side is to be worn in front is by the buttons on the neck band. You want to be careful and get them on right. The first time my wife—all Sunday editors are married or ought to be—put on bloomers, she made a mistake for she don't know to this day whether she was on her way to Sunday school or coming from prayer meeting.

The one disadvantage of wearing bloomers is that when you fall off a bicycle nobody knows whether you have tried to ride or not. This is discouraging to some girls.

There is no bi-chemical of gold cure for the bloomer habit. When a woman once gets a taste for bloomers, you might as well satisfy her craving first as last.

Bloomers are all right and let them come, whether of the full-blown variety or of the kind that are nipped in the bud—just above the knee.

Cycling Healthful The bicycle is a promoter of health cannot be gainsaid. It has been exemplified in the case of Mrs. Ella E. Young of Brooklyn, who for ten years had been a sufferer from almost every complaint that women are heir to, says a New York paper. Headache, backache, woman's weakness, one day well, the next ill, so nervous that it was almost impossible to trust getting into any distance for fear of over-exerting herself.

About a year ago she was induced to try bicycle riding. In a short time she began eating and sleeping better, her nervousness gradually left her, and from a weak, sickly woman she became one of health and happiness, and for the first time in ten years was free from a physician's care, or taking medicine, so much so that her physician, meeting her husband on the street one day, wanted to know if he had in any way offended him and if she had changed doctors, why? Her husband laughingly replied, "No, my wife has not got a new doctor; she rides a bicycle now, and has had no occasion to call on you, but if she does need you we will let you know. Why do doctors you wouldn't know her!" I am very proud of her. Our friends marvel at the change, and none more than I. Mrs. Young rides a Victoria.

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A FEW OF THE RECENT DESIGNS FOR BICYCLE SUITS

THIS MAY BE TRUE IN NEW YORK BUT IT DON'T GO HERE

The modern woman is knock-kneed! She will probably loudly deny the charge. Nay, more, she may be utterly ignorant of her defect. She may believe that her legs are like unto Diana's when the goddess leads her nymphs. But the truth remains, the average modern woman is knock-kneed. Her physicians will tell her so, if other authorities are not sufficient to convince her, says the New York World.

Had she been wise, the fact might never have been known. Attired in voluminous draperies, with skirts distended many yards about her, no one could dream that her legs were other than the straightest, slimmest ones possible. But she donned knickerbockers. She took to divided skirts and clothed herself in



In New York

Turkish trousers. She mounted a bicycle and the truth was known. The average woman's legs show a tendency to converge to a point at the knees, and her bicycle suit has shown it. The reason for this sad affliction is not plain. Perhaps it arises from the fact that the average woman has been, until recently, more occupied in anointing her face with complexion lotions than in developing her body. She has preferred riding in the elevated train to walking, and has chosen staying in the house rather than tramping. Her knees have in the meantime been preparing a quiet little revenge for their enforced inactivity.

Another explanation of the knock-kneed tendency of women is advanced by some unregenerate and irreligious being who



Los Angeles Poems

says that women have knelt too often and too long. They have gone to church often and have knelt for long periods; they have knelt by cradles, adoring little, unintelligent, red-faced morsels of humanity; and the man who advances this explanation of the knock-kneed woman maintains that it is her devotion to one or another object which has caused this grave defect.

Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains. Look at the next group of trouseless feminine bicyclists who happen to see, and observe if there is not that curve above the leather gaiters and below the flannel trousers which reveals the imperfection.

The cure is, of course, in exercising the knee until it assumes its proper proportions and its proper relation to the leg. Walking, bicycle riding, swimming or any other exercise which develops the legs, will help to correct the defect. Unless such time as it is corrected the woman who loves grace will wear garments distorting less freely her imperfections.

LEGGINGS FOR CYCLING A Necessary Part of Every Fair Wheelwoman's Costume

OVER SIXTY STYLES NOW SHOWN

The Very Latest Thing is a Laced Affair Made to Fit Like a Glove

Bicycle leggings, gaiters, boots and shoes of special design are shown in the shoe stores and department stores in great variety, says a writer in the New York World. The fashionable makers of custom shoes find an incidental boom in their business directly connected with the bicycle craze and some of their finest and costliest work is in the line of laced or buttoned leggings and boots of extra length in the legs.

A Sixth avenue dealer in boots and shoes has issued an illustrated catalogue devoted entirely to ladies' and gentlemen's bicycle footwear. Designers in shoe factories are racking their brains for new ideas in leggings and boots. The latter come in all shades of russet and tan, and are made of the same material as the riding boot, or boot for mounting a horse, and are made to use the sole must be single, thin and flexible.

Comfortable as such a boot is, it is in no such favor among the fair cyclists as leggings worn with approved bicycle shoes. The latter come in two styles, Oxford ties and plain front lace reaching just above the ankle. The soles are thin and the heel is low and flat. The Oxford ties are made up in dongola, patent leather, tans, russet calf and canvas. The regulation bicycle shoe, laced to support the ankle, is made in dongola, calf and canvas. Rubber or leather soles are optional, but rubber is no longer considered the proper thing. The rat-trap pedals make the rubber soles unnecessary.

The leggings are made with either rich or poor, should insist upon, and that is that the skirt shall be opened on the sides and not in the back. Nothing looks worse on a wheel than a placket gaping and awry.

Something entirely new in the way of a cap has a soft crown, turned up with wings, and a stiff visor in front. This comes only in black and is particularly adapted to older women.

For those whose faces are dainty and piquant the white duck Tams are very becoming, and added to this, they laundry easily.

The tendency of women riders to wear dark suits entirely, may be somewhat doubted when one learns that the latest in a cycling costume seen on a young rider, was quite a gaudy affair. The skirt was green tweed with white shirt and leather belt, cuffs and collars. Her red serge blazer coat shone out daintily with its twinkling gold buttons. To this she had added red serge knickerbockers and a soft red felt hat. She had red ribbons tied to her wheel, and she looked as if life was good and May the best of all months of the year.

Less showy, but quite as novel, may be, was a green cloth cycling suit, with white silk blouse, all frills and fluffiness. Over this came a green Figaro jacket, faced with white and a belt and necktie of tartan red and green. No skirt at all was visible, but the knickerbockers were so full you wouldn't have known the difference until you got to the knees. At the knees they stopped and tartan stockings took their place helped out by soft cycling shoes.

The new style of the jersey for cycling is the prettiest thing imaginable. It fits the form closely, buttoning from each shoulder to the neck and having immense lee-o-mutton sleeves which give it a truly feminine look. It is purchasable in plain colors or in stripes. During the long warm rides the collar may be turned in, leaving the neck free and comfortable.

The girl who seeks comfort even at the expense of her figure will don the new corset waist. Any dressmaker may fashion this garment from strong, elastic, washable material. The only stiffening used is the whalebones along the center of the back. The buttons fasten with loops of rubber.

Many women wonder what to do with their skirts to keep them in place. If of cloth, a strip put into the inside of the hem will keep them nicely from flying. If of washable material, five little openings in the hem, wherein may be tacked five small, lead dress weights, should be left when the skirt is being made.

It Was a Success Antwerp's exhibition was a financial success after all; the shareholders have been repaid the amount they invested, with 10 per cent additional.

WHAT ONE MAY WEAR Comfort One Thing to Be Considered Then Comes Style

SOME VERY UNIQUE COSTUMES

Somber Blacks and Modest Blues Are Overshadowed by the Gay Costumes Seen

Interest in conventional dress is rapidly disappearing and forms a less interesting topic of conversation among the fair sex than ever before. Now we hear on all sides, "what kind of a bicycle costume have you; is your skirt narrow or wide, and your leggings a good fit about the ankles?"

The latest thing in the way of skirts has just been introduced. It has a divided skirt effect in the back, while from the front it seems to be an ordinary tailor-made cycling suit. The woman who wears one of these will have to take lessons in dressing from her father, husband or brother, and alas! for her who has none of these! For the new skirt is got into just as a man gets into his trousers. The underskirt, made of the same material as the suit, is buttoned up in front, and the outer skirt is fastened over this by means of a row of buttons on each side. The back has side plaits, meeting in the middle at the waist, and the middle seam is fastened all the way down to the bottom of the skirt, which is thus held in place.

What a Woman Did Miss Julia Spillane of Denver demonstrates daily what a woman with pluck and a wheel can do. She is traveling through Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa in the interest of Cycling West, soliciting subscriptions. She has been on the road for several months, and has met with unparalleled success. The wheelmen all along the line have extended to her every courtesy. Miss Spillane is a rationalist, and one of the first women in the west to appear in knickerbockers. She says: "Weather permit-

ing, I rode my wheel in nearly every city and town visited."

Her latest long ride was from Kearney, Nebraska, to Grand Island, a distance of forty-five miles, and from there to Fremont, where she met with snow and ice, tramping it from there to Omaha.

Among the many noted women who ride bicycles in England, few, if any, possess a prettier wheel than Lady Dudley. Her machine is enamelled white and lined with blue and gold, fitted with real ivory handles. Lady Dudley is in the habit of taking long rides unaccompanied.

"Why that worried, troubled face, Pretty maid, may I inquire? Has affliction left its trace? Some sad news by mail or wire? Slowly shook the golden hair; 'No, sir,' tearfully she said, 'Punctured my pneumatic tire.'"

Maud—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate? Ethel—Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her knickerbockers. Maud—Yes. Ethel—Kate told her.—Bicycling World.

To Test Face Powder Some face powders are harmless, others are very injurious. To test a face powder drop a pinch into a wine glass of clear water. If it dissolves it can be used with impunity; if it shows an insoluble residue avoid it, as it will clog the pores and in time ruin the complexion.

TO KEEP THE SKIRTS AND TROUSERS IN TRIM

Bicycling is becoming so general that a new device for adding to the comfort of riders is of more than passing interest. Here are two, for example, that we illustrate for the benefit of the cyclists among our readers, says the Daily Report.

First is a trouser guard, which, in some form, is almost indispensable when the rider is in ordinary street dress. The guard here shown has the advantage of not binding the trousers around the ankle and thus creasing them out of shape; on the contrary, it keeps them in shape. It is made of steel wire, flattened at the mouth of the guard, and slips on and off very easily.

The other illustration shows a skirt holder for women. By its use the skirt is prevented from flying up, thus securing safety and neatness at the same time.

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SOME OF THE NEW BICYCLE LEGGINGS THE GIRLS ARE WEARING