

THE BIGYCLE AS A REFORMER.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" This question, addressed to the up-to-date, bicycle-riding young lady seems to be one of importance just now.

To be sure it really doesn't matter much where this one individual young lady is going, on her wheel. It may be that she's going to the park on pleasure bent, or to the store for a dozen hair-pins, or to call on a sick friend at the other end of town, or to get a daily pattern of somebody, or a recipe for removing tan and freckles. Let that be as it may. What the interested public wishes to know is, where are all the women on wheels going?

Is there a grand rendezvous somewhere toward which they are all headed and where they will sometime hold a meet that will cause this wobbly old world to wake up and readjust itself?

What's the terminal station of the route they are following; where's the final home base?

As was to have been expected, various persons are endeavoring to indicate the destination of the woman on the wheel. Some people of supposedly good standing say she is riding to her earthly disgrace and eternal destruction. Others say her chances of final salvation depend on the sort of a costume she wears, and whether or not she rides on Sunday.

The dress reformers are positive she is slipping into an era of freedom from the bondage of garments that have so long shackled and tortured her.

The doctors all agree she is gliding along toward health of mind and body, and hence to greater happiness. And now comes Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who declares that "women are riding to the suffrage on the bicycle."

This is important, indeed, if true; and why shouldn't it be true?

Who is so well informed on this subject as Mrs. Stanton? She says she sees in the bicycle the promise of the emancipation for which she has labored half a century.

So, after all, the inventor is the real reformer. No one can deny that the locomotive is the great center rush of civilization. The invention of the typewriter gave woman a new place in the world of commerce. The bicycle promises to put her at the very front of the political profession and to give her an advanced standing in all the other fields of thought and endeavor.

St. Paul was all right in his time, no doubt, but if he were on earth today, with his old-fashioned, slow-going notions of the gentle sex, some new woman, mounted on her steed of steel, would run over him the first time he dared to wander outside of his own gate.

The bicycle is a pretty big thing. And the end is not yet.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

The almost total absence of any distinctive sort of club uniform, which has been observed at all the large gatherings of wheelmen recently, marks a distinct step in the passage of the bicycle from the toy of the past into the perfect and prosaic vehicle of the present.

With the braided, epauletted and bespangled uniform departed a certain amount of romance and picturesqueness from the sport, a departure, however, which took with it considerable of that ridicule which the more sober citizen in the past had been wont to visit upon the man who rode.

In place of the attempted military makeup of the early cyclist, to-day sees a more sensible, serviceable and unobtrusive form of dress, which will continue to attract to the bicycle the substantial support and favor of a class of citizens who never would have adopted

the wheel under the fire of ridicule machine and rider both experienced when the gaudy dress of former years was worn.

It will come to pass that the rider of not so many years ago will in the future be able to lift from his chest or trunk an old military-looking costume, and show it to his children as an evidence of what a great rider their father was in the days of the boneshaker. As the old man, with cracked and wheezy voice, attempts to hum "When I first put this uniform on," he will turn to find that his sons have vanished, mounted their safeties, and, without further attempt at uniform than perhaps the tying of a bit of string about their trousers' legs, have ridden away at a speed that their parent in his palmiest day and most gorgeous uniform could not have accomplished.

However right and proper the uniform of the past was at that time, it is now out of place, and, worse still, out of fashion. Comfort now is the first essential in cycling; looking pretty and aping the militaire have had their day, we are pleased to say.

On the watch for records—the hands.

Money makes the mare go and the record come.

A good thing to have around your wheel—a first class tire.

The cheap wheel must go—so it does, like hot cakes, too.

A crank is a person whose cycling enthusiasm we do not share.

A rider can hardly be expected to foot a big repair bill without kicking.

The man who builded better than he knew never built a bicycle; that is certain.

Too many riders never know what they want and will never be satisfied until they get it.

There are two sides to all questions, but the bloomer question is more this way than some others.

A half-mile dash—the crack's remarks when he finds himself unable to get through at the finish.

To loaf and invite one's soul to rest should be the spirit animating every tour undertaken on the wheel.

Racing men should be provided with an enclosure from which to witness such events as they are not personally riding in.

If we could live our cycling lives over again we would, no doubt, avoid a great many of our mistakes and replace them by an entirely different assortment.

The true significance of "sound money" dawns upon a wheelman when the law forces him to give up his hard-earned dollars in exchange for a bell.

A cycling writer on a daily paper declares he is convinced the mile-a-minute bicycle has a future. Why certainly. It has had one for the last fifteen years.

Many inventions seem to call into existence a parasite for their own destruction, as the ocean cable has its infinitesimal enemy to gnaw it. This peculiar fact accounts for the creature who scatters tacks before the pneumatic tire.

Herbert Spencer says that among the Foolahs in Africa, "there is a set of people called singing men who travel about the country singing the praises of those who choose to purchase renown." Class B is cycling's imitation of the Foolahs. The manufacturer pays the B man to sing the praises of his wares.

This is the season of boat racing, both on the open and on river and lake. We read that in one event more than one hundred sailing craft started. Of another—an inter collegiate race—we are told by the public prints that all

"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"

Just received

—a full line of—

CRESCENT CO'S.

SWEATERS

—in—

WHITES, TANS, BLUES and BLACKS

Also a fine lot . . .

Cycle Pants

—and—

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ALL GO TO

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They get something

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Edited by ALBERT SHAW

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traffic on a great river was stopped pending and during the contest. A Governor, several Mayors and numerous lesser dignitaries were present. Yet not even a lone howl has been heard. To the many gentlemen in the cycling ranks who affect an hysterical regard and more or less holy-horror concerning the illegality of road racing—of racing on the public highways, as they prefer to put it—the truest, gamest, cleanest form of the sport of cycling, these remarks are respectfully dedicated. If the gentlemen's skulls are not adamant, their brains will be furnished for reflection and digestion.