

IN  
REFLECTED GLO

BY MYRTLE REED.

**W**HHEELS! Wheels! Wheels! The boulevards were full of them, from the glistening, up-to-date mount, back to the antiquated '91 model with its hard tires and widely curved handle-bars. The sun struck the sheen of nickel and new enamel and sent a thousand little needles of light in all directions. Even the '91 model was beautiful in the light of that spring day, overtaken though it might be by the swiftly moving procession.

Wheels! Every man, woman and child in the city of Chicago who could beg, borrow or rent a bicycle, was speeding westward to the flagstaff at the entrance to the Garfield Park Loop. Every spoke and bar had been polished to its limit, and the long asphalt boulevard was a glittering, sparkling avenue of wheels.

Wheels! It was the day of the great Road Race, under the auspices of the Associated Cycling Clubs. The twenty-five-mile course had been smoothed and measured, the sky was blue and cloudless, and far away in Wheeling four hundred eager cyclers awaited the bugle call.

John Gardner stood at the door of his news-room and watched, with a wistful eye, the few hundred wheelmen who had chosen to ride on a rough business street. The orange and black of the South Shore Club fluttered from many a shining bar, and at the sight of the colors the old man's face grew tender. For it was Jack's club which boasted the orange and black—Jack Gardner, of the Varsity; '98, and his only son.

A touch on his arm made him turn his face within.

"Father," said a gentle voice, "why don't we go to the doin's?"

"Land sakes, mother, who'd take care of the store?"

"Guess the store ain't goin' to run away and we ain't been out in years. Let's go, father, and see Jack ride!"

It was John Gardner's way to oppose everything at first and then to generously give in. He liked to feel himself



"THEY MADE A QUEER PICTURE."

master in his own house, so he hesitated.

But the stronger will was fully settled upon going. "I'm a-goin', father, even if I have to go alone."

She vanished into the back part of the store and began to carefully brush her state gown, the brown silk, made after the quaint fashion of a bygone day. After a few minutes the old man appeared in the door.

"I reckon we'll go, Hannah," he said, with the air of one granting a favor, "but it do seem wrong to leave the store."

For many a year the little shop had been open on all holidays, as well as week-days and evenings, for Jack in school and college had needed money, and a startling amount of it. Old John Gardner never complained. Hampered and made ashamed all his life by his lack of "book larnin'," he had vowed that his son should have "a bang-up eddication, the best they is goin'," if he could get it for him.

To-day Jack was to ride in the Road Race, and imbued with solemn importance, Gardner senior robed himself for the occasion. They made a queer picture

as they stood on the corner waiting for a car. Hannah's brown silk was wrinkled and shabby, but her thin gray hair, arranged in tiny puffs around her forehead, looked, as her fond mate said, "right smart." Twenty years ago, when Jack was a little boy in dresses, his father had bought a silk hat to wear to a funeral, and it was this relic of past splendor which now adorned his head.

Once on the car a new fear presented itself. "Mother," he said, "sposin' Jack should see us!"

For an instant her heart stood still. "He won't," she said bravely; "he won't see anythin' but that bicycle of his'n, and we'll come home as soon as it's over."

"I don't know's we'd ought," said the old man doubtfully. "He might not like it."

"Like what?" demanded Hannah sharply.

"Our goin'!"

"Hush, father," she answered; "you know we don't see Jack very often, 'cause he has to live down where his school is. Lemme see—it's three months now since he's been home, ain't it?"

"Three months yistiddy."

"So what's goin' to hurt if we see him ride to-day? He'll never notice us among all them folks."

Two girls who sat opposite were watching the old couple with very evident amusement. "There's rural simplicity for you," said one.

"So I see," responded the other. "They appear to be attached to some Jack. Wouldn't it be funny if it was Jack Gardner!"

They laughed in unison and Hannah looked up into their faces. John's eyes followed hers and neither spoke for a moment. They saw nothing but the joy and happiness of girlhood and something blinded them both. Jack was forgotten for the moment in the memory of the little girl who lay in the Silent City beyond the smoke and dust of the town.

They left the car when the others did and followed the crowd. "I don't b'leeve Jack'll see us, mother," said the old man. "I ain't a-goin' to worry about it no more."

Twenty-five miles away Jack Gardner surveyed his wheel complacently. Every screw and bolt was tightened, his chain was just right, his tires were exactly mellow enough and his handle-bars were at the proper pitch.

He was none the less pleased with his own appearance, for he had written to his father that he needed a new suit, in the colors of the South Shore Club, in order to make a proper appearance in the race, and the money had been promptly forthcoming. He had searched the town for the orange and black and finally found it. The S. S. C. on his black chest could be seen as far as his wheel could, and he had topped the glaring outfit with a flaming orange cap, with a black tassel to stream in the wind behind.

"Get on to the oriole!" The champion of a rival club was inclined to be sportive at Jack's expense. He retorted with a fling at the green costume of the other, and then the bugle sounded for the flying start.

Anxious friends and trainers shouted final directions from behind the "dead line," as Jack called it. Another blare from the bugle, a sudden whir, a flash of shining spokes and they were off.

As the last group flew over the tape the train started back to the city. A South Shore clubman climbed up on the locomotive to "josh" the engineer. "You'll have to get a move on you if you catch Gardner," he said.

The engineer laughed, and looked fondly at his giant of steel. Perhaps an engineer enamored of his engine can understand the love of a cyclist for a new wheel.

The people around the Garfield Park Loop were beginning to get impatient. Most of them had stood for two hours holding their bicycles, and even a well-behaved bicycle is an awkward possession in a crowd. Pedals scraped the shins of utterly strange riders, handle-bars got tangled in watch guards, and front wheels got into mischief with unpleasant regularity.

Close to the course, and on the grassy bank, sat Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. Kindly souls had made way for them until they had at last reached the very front. The day and the multitude were almost spectacle enough, but a cry from the far north brought them to their feet,

Yes, there they were—a cloud of dust across the field. How small the riders seemed! Nearer and nearer they came—how the shining wheels flew through the sunlight! Tense, strained faces almost on the handle-bars; every man of them was doing his best, and the

crowd was cheering like mad. The band played merrily, and on they flew—past the judges' stand, over the tape and down, to the mingled praise and solicitude of their friends.

The old people were very much disappointed, Jack had not ridden in the race after all! Perhaps—but there was another cloud of dust and another cry from the north. On came another group of riders. They went by like a whirlwind, but no Jack was there.

"I sh'd have thought he'd got back somewheres near the front," said the old man. He was hurt to think his son was so far behind.

Group after group passed by, the old people watching anxiously; then Hannah gripped his arm suddenly.

See! Down the course, only a faint speck now, shone the orange and black of the South Shore Club. Perhaps—

Yes! Riding at the head of the thirty tired wheelmen, to the stirring strains of a Sousa march, their Jack, strong, superb, excited, nerving himself for the final effort.

Their hearts stopped beating during the instant he was flying by, "There," she whispered reassuringly, "I told you he wouldn't see us. My! Wasn't he fine!"

But John Gardner could not speak, for his eyes were dim with happy pride in remembrance of that superb specimen of manhood, six feet high—his Jack, to whom he had given the "edification."

They watched the rest of the race with little interest, for the best of it all had gone by.

When the last rider crossed the tape the multitude stirred to go. "We better stand right here, Hannah, till some of these folks gets away," he said. So they stood perfectly still and let the crowd surge around them.

Then a great huzza went up, the track cleared again, as if by magic, and down the course came a dozen men, shouting in unrestrained joy. Aloft on their shoulders they held—the old people craned their necks to see—yes, Jack—their Jack—looking sheepish and very much ashamed.

"Why, mother!" the old man cried, "he's won! Our Jack's won the race! Do you hear?"

Mother's eyes were fixed on the black and orange sweater, for Jack was once

again in regulation bicycle attire, and her heart was too full to trust itself to speech.

"Three cheers for Gardner! 'Rah for the South Shore Club! What's the matter with Gardner?" and the great field swelled and swelled again with bursts of applause.

And then—the crowd parted some way, and Jack saw those pathetic faces upturned to his.

It is said that when a man is drowning, in the flash of a second his whole previous life passes in review. Something like this came to him at the crowning moment of his twenty-three years. At that minute he knew, as never before, how those hands had toiled for him, how those lips had prayed for him, and how those honest hearts had loved him since the day he was born. A sudden lump came into his throat, for he had seemingly withheld the only reward they wanted for it all.

"Let me down, fellows," he cried, "there's my folks!"

Almost before they knew what had happened, he had rushed up to them with hands outstretched. "Why, father! mother!" he exclaimed; "why didn't you let me know you wanted to come?"

Just for a minute the old people doubted the wisdom of their course, then the gladness in Jack's face set all at rest. The men from the South Shore Club gathered around and were presented one by one. They shook hands with the old gentleman and told him how proud they all were of Jack, and doffed their caps to Mrs. Gardner, "just z' if I was a fine lady," she said afterward.

Then Jack said everybody was going down to the club for lunch and his father and mother must come, too.

"No, no!" gasped Mrs. Gardner in affright; "no! no!"

"Well, indeed, you are coming," said Jack, with a charming air of proprietorship. "I guess when a fellow's just won the race of the year that his father and mother will go to lunch with him," Then he squeezed her thin, wrinkled hand and whispered tenderly: "Dear little mother! To think you wanted to come and I didn't know!"

The hero of the day turned to those who were with him. "Will one of you fellows get a carriage? I don't think I

care for any more bicycle riding to-day, and I'll go down with my father and mother if one of you will lead my wheel."

It was an enchanted journey for the old people to roll down the broad smooth boulevard in a real carriage, with Jack sitting in front of them and telling them all about the race. The President of the South Shore Club, the son of a man known and honored throughout Chicago, had asked to be presented, and said he hoped Jack's father would be willing to be his guest for the day.

"I told him father would be pleased," concluded Jack, "and he wanted mother too, but I said I guessed not, that I was going to have my little mother for my own guest."

At last, when the carriage stopped before an imposing brown-stone house, Jack helped them out and entered the

club with the shabby little brown figure on his arm. "Just wait here a few minutes," he said, "until I make myself presentable." He stationed them on a luxurious sofa and ran off to the dressing-rooms.

The old man looked after him fondly. "I didn't think Jack would be ashamed of us, mother," he said.

"No, father, and he ain't."

"My, ain't this a grand place!"

Half awed, they gazed at the rich furnishings in silence. "Seems like heaven, don't it?" he murmured.

"Makes me think more of the chapter in Solomon," she replied.

"How's that, mother?"

The little old lady looked up at him, her face shining with ineffable happiness, and repeated softly:

"He led me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love."

## SKIING TO DESOLATION LAKE.

BY W. H. ELMER.

THE date was January 6th, and five weeks, of walking and snow-shoeing was to be topped up with a ski run to Desolation Lake.

Heavy woolen underwear, a sweater, and Mackinaw pants and coat, with full-tufted German socks and three-button arctics over heavy wool socks, completed our make-up, to which was added leather top-coat and canvas overcoat for staging, of which we were to have forty-two miles *en route*.

We were two thoroughly roasted beings when we lit from the train at McEwenville, the terminus, and were bundled into the bob-sled stage, which was waiting, bound for Granite.

The exhilarating motion of the sleds on the splendid road, the fresh, keen air and scent from the pines soon dissipated the fog from my brain, and I began to feel the pleasure of living and moving in the glorious atmosphere.

A drive of four miles took us to Sumpster, on Powder River. "One and a half hours to the summit," said the driver. When that was reached a signboard designated that we were at the head of Buck Gulch and still nine miles from Granite. Over we went, and coats were again buttoned as the cold air from the Greenhorn reached us, and away we traveled down

the mountain, seldom slacking pace until we hauled up in front of the hotel with appetites keen for a good dinner.

The snow-shoes of this country are the regulation Norwegian ski, a four-inch strip of wood eight and one-half feet to ten feet in length, fir wood preferably, with one end shaved thin and turned up, a strap a little in front of center of shoe into which the rider or shoer pushes his toe, the hollow of the foot resting on a cleat, against which the heel of the shoe pushes, though, in some cases, the rider prefers the cleat so low that when the step is taken the heel rises above the cleat, letting the toe-strap take all the weight. The motion is almost entirely a sliding one, when snow is good and the country not too steep, and a man may have as narrow a tread as possible.

Supper over, we saved an eight-mile walk by riding horseback up to the Humpback mill, where we found mutual acquaintances who advised as to our trail or course for the following day.

We spent the evening listening to tales of wonderful snow-shoeing trips, feats of packing on shoes, and long walks, and then rolled into blankets on the hard floor and slept soundly in spite of the lack of springs.

Daylight found us walking up the ore