

BAD SIDE OF CYCLING

Dr. Hawthorne Paints It in Strong, Vigorous Colors.

URNS HIS HAND AGAINST BLOOMERS

And Utters a Powerful Excoriation of the New Woman.

HE TALKS OF ALL KINDS OF SPIDERS

Live Sermon at the First Baptist Church Yesterday Morning—The Substance of the Talk.

Dr. Hawthorne fired a broadside into the merry ranks of the wheelwomen yesterday. Bloomers and the "new women" were severely scored.

Hundreds who wanted to hear what the doctor had to say could not find seats inside the church. Early in the morning the crowds commenced to pour into the church and until after 11 o'clock the steady stream of humanity continued.

All expected the doctor to roast the wheel-riding women. They were curious to hear what he had to say. Hundreds were disappointed. Hardly ever in the history of Atlanta have so many people been turned away from a church. The interior of the church was packed with people, the aisles were packed, scores stood in the doorways and in the anterooms.

The doctor talked ably and earnestly, holding the close attention of his hearers. He spoke with strong feeling when he reached that part of his discourse referring to the bloomers and the new woman. He showed how deeply rooted were his opinions on these subjects by the earnestness of his speech.

Below is given the substance of the sermon, showing the connection between the first part of the sermon and that referring to bicycle riding. It was not until the latter part of the sermon was reached that the doctor took up the subject:

The substance of his remarks is about as follows:

The Dignity of Man.

"The mistakes which any creature of God is liable to make and the dangers to which he is exposed are proportionate to his capacity, the dignity of his being, and his importance to the world and the universe. The mosquito is an animal of very little capacity, except for biting. What contribution he makes to the world's welfare no one has been able to discover. If the Floridians could be persuaded that he is of any value to mankind, it would relieve them of a very serious embarrassment in commending their state to seekers of happy homes. But as the mosquito is a very insignificant and unimportant creature, his mistakes and perils are few. His wants are very simple—a little water and now and then a little blood. He is not apt to go astray and destroy himself either in seeking food or flesh. The cattle that browse through the fields and forests do not often find themselves going amiss. They instinctively know where to go, what to do, and how to reach the end of their existence. They are greater than the insects, and more valuable to the world, and, therefore, their perils are more numerous and serious.

"At the head of all earthly creatures stands man. He is more complex than any other animal; he lives in a higher sphere; his duties are transcendently greater and more numerous; his capacities are incomparably larger and the range of his being immeasurably vaster. He can write books and paint pictures; he can tunnel mountains and rivers; he can harness the lightning and send it on errands around the globe; he can discover new worlds, and search out the mysteries of suns invisible to the naked eye; he can speak and sing to realms afar and nations yet unborn. He is a moral being; he is under moral government; he is capable of acting from the loftiest and holiest motives; he is a being made and equipped for two worlds; he survives the grave; he will live when the burning blazonry of heaven has grown dim with age. Having this superiority over all other animals, he is more liable to go wrong; his enemies are more numerous, and his perils more serious.

The Importance of Taking Care.

"When we consider these things, we can understand and appreciate the wisdom and goodness of the divine exhortation, 'Watch, and be sober.' See where you are going. Consider your ways. Look before you and around you. Think before you act. Weigh your words. Be not deceived. Distinguish the true from the false, the substance from the shadow, and the good from the evil.

"There are ways which, in the beginning, seem to a man to be right and full of light and happiness, but which end in vice, darkness, wretchedness and everlasting destruction. You may take a young tiger into your household with impunity. He is beautiful, and makes a charming plaything for your children, but before he is a year and a half old you will be begging for help to get rid of him, and unless you do dispose of him he will dispose of you and your family.

"So it is with many of the ways in which men walk. At first they are smooth and bewitchingly beautiful. The unthinking and unsuspecting enter them, believing them to be right and safe, not knowing that they end in despair and death.

Men Destroy Their Fellows.

"It is one of the saddest facts connected with this world that men, like unto the lower animals, are enemies to each other. Insects eat one another; big fish live on smaller fish; hawks devour birds; the wolf destroys the lamb; the panther the deer, and man his fellow man. Look into any community of human beings, and you will find the same combativeness and destructiveness that are so observable among fowls and brutes. I have seen the hawk perch upon a tree and watch for two hours to see a partridge stir. I have seen the cat lie for a half day on a barn floor waiting for an opportunity to dine upon mouse-flesh. But never did hawk watch and wait for bird, or cat for rat, as I see men wait and watch for men. Go where you will, and you will find men whose trade is to beguile and destroy their fellows. They make themselves acquainted with the idiosyncrasies and weaknesses of men and learn how to act upon them and to produce just the results which they covet. They learn how to take away fear and inspire confidence, and to get their victims completely in their power.

Spiders in Atlanta.

"How many satanic spiders in Atlanta have spun beautiful webs in which to catch and destroy unsuspecting human flies. There is that old barroom spider. Look at his web—the gilded entrance, the electric lights, the pictures, the statuary, the beautiful singing birds, the comfortably heated room, the rich furniture, the sweet music and the free lunch. All these are parts of his scheme for catching human flies. The outside is so attractive that the poor, silly fly is tempted to see what is on the inside, and when he gets within and has enjoyed the pictures, the music and the lunch, he feels that he ought not to leave without some compensation to Mr. Spider for his kindness; and so he discharges the obligation by marching up to the bar and buying a drink. By such traps hundreds, thousands, millions of men have been caught. They begin by indulging what they call an innocent feel-

ing, and they end with debauchery, disgrace, and it may be with suicide.

"Young man, watch! watch! For you—for your disgrace, for your degradation, for your damnation these traps have been set. Despise them, abhor them, execrate them, anathematize them until your indignation rises into righteous fury, and is transmuted into a solemn purpose to destroy them. He who hates hell hates the barroom, because every barroom is a vestibule to hell. He who goes into a gambling house goes where infernal spirits rule and Gehenna fires are fed.

Rapped the Clubs.

"A young man is sometimes heard to say: 'It does seem that the clubhouse is an innocent as well as a very agreeable place; the men who assemble there are gentlemen; they are not dissipated; they engage in pleasant conversation; they indulge in innocent games; they drink moderately of good wine. Then the ladies are sometimes invited, and an evening is spent in chasing the glowing hours with flying feet.' Yes, there is nothing in the things of which he speaks that looks very bad, and yet in that very fact the danger of them lies. I know something of the secret history of clubhouses. I have learned it from men who have belonged to some of the most respectable and noted among them. I do solemnly believe that if the whole history of the clubhouses of this country was published, the virtuous sentiment of the American people everywhere, from ocean to ocean, would demand their suppression.

Afraid of the New Woman.

"I know that to speak against a great fashionable amusement is like speaking against the king. In venturing to express my disapprobation of the present feminine craze for bloomer costumes and bicycle riding, I have stirred the wrath of the 'new woman,' and am threatened with more woes than were ever visited upon a convicted criminal. A thoughtful and loyal friend met me on the streets a few days ago and said: 'There is a woman in pants looking for you.' I am free to confess that if I am confronted with such a creature, my valor would break down in cowardice. But it is about the only terror on this earth, or under the earth, that would make my knees fall me. I could truthfully say to such an embodied spirit of evil what Macbeth said to the ghost: 'Take any shape but that and my firm nerves shall never tremble.'

Use of the Bicycle.

"The bicycle has legitimate uses. It is a man's machine, and the moderate use of it will afford him innocent and profitable recreation. But when bicycle riding becomes a dissipation, or is done for gambling purposes, it deserves all the public reprobation that is visited upon any other iniquity. The characteristic weakness of the new woman is to covet the prerogatives, honors and pleasures of men, and just so far as she is to this temptation she degrades herself, and becomes despicable in the eyes of all people of virtuous sensibilities. If there is any object on earth which makes jubilee in the realm of unclean spirits it is a 'society woman' in masculine habiliments straddling a bicycle, and preparing to make an exhibition of her immodesty on the thoroughfares of a great city.

"God knows that I utter these words in no spirit of unkindness to the women who have been beguiled into such unwomanly conduct. I utter these warnings under an inspiration that I believe to be divine. I am making this fight with a sincere desire to rescue those who have made this serious misstep, and to deter, if possible, others from following their example.

The Old Boston Spider.

"On the question of the effect of bicycle riding upon the physical health of females doctors differ, as they are wont to do on every subject related to their profession. Physicians of national and international fame declare that it is by far more injurious than the use of the sewing machine. A few physicians in this city have expressed the opinion that a woman may indulge in this laborious and violent exercise with impunity. Perhaps a large majority of Atlanta physicians entertain the contrary opinion. The good women who conduct the society columns of our city newspapers have not sought an expression from the latter. As to the morality and modesty of the practice they have published the opinions of two bicycle agents and of a few highly respectable women. They know very well that 90 per cent of the men and women of Atlanta, and of Georgia, regard the practice as incompatible with true feminine modesty. But they will not allow this fact to appear in the 'society column.' They will not let it be known to the 'common people' that even the immortal 'four hundred,' who claim to be the very 'bull's-eye' of the circle of fashion, are divided upon the question. There are husbands among them who are tired of seeing their children to bed, and of waiting all the night for their bicycle-riding wives to come home. The domestic strife and wretchedness born of this unholy craze is left out of the 'society column.'

"The old Boston spider, who is more responsible for this mischief than any other creature, still lingers on the shores of time. She is going out of life rejoicing over the social anarchy which she has brought upon us and with curses upon her lips for the Bible, the men who wrote it, and the people who believe it."

Dr. Hawthorne's Sermon Criticized.

Editor Constitution—A large crowd filled the basement of the First Baptist church this morning, many drawn there by the expected attack on the devil, as he is found in society. The audience was not disappointed in that respect. Dr. Hawthorne vigorously rapped the clubhouses and the saloons and gambling. These he handled with gloves off. But as he warmed up to the subject, he also paid his respects to the woman bicyclist. His first allusion to this interesting subject was in the reading of the text where Paul exhorts his church to soberness—"structural soberness in bloomers on bicycles," said he in a lofty and hesitating way, and then read on. He spoke of "satanic spiders" in Atlanta who, in many ways lure the poor fly into the meshes. "He who hates a barroom hates hell, for the barroom is the vestibule of hell," he continued. "The four hundred who constitute Atlanta's very bull's-eye of society and the newspapers will condemn me, but I'll continue to lift up my voice against these evils." The new woman's wrath, he said, was getting to be a serious matter. A friend of his had the other day taken him aside and told him in anxious tones that a woman in pants was looking for him, and he told the friend that was the only terror he ever feared. With Shakespeare he would say: "Take any other shape but that."

Dr. Stanton, he declared, had repudiated the Bible, and those women who persisted in riding the bicycle were compared to her to make the offense more heinous. The bicycle, he affirmed, was a male affair, anyhow, and was never intended for a woman. "There are anatomical, physiological and other reasons why women should not ride the bicycle," and so on he went in his trade upon the female rider, again declaring that "eminent physicians" had anathematized that assertion by saying that physicians disagreed anyhow. Dear doctor, a suffering public would like to know, if that is the case, what value should be attached to a physician's statement? And if so, ain't you leaning on a frail stick? "Husbands are getting tired of putting the children to bed"—from which we infer the wives are out bicycling. Now, sir, is that any of your business, or is it the family affair entirely? And are you the moral censor of the whole country? Of course that last quoted remark of the learned doctor tickled the audience. Why, the writer laughed, too—that's what we went for. The crowd seemed amused at the preacher's antics. Doctor, in all seriousness, be advised in time. You can't put a stop to it, but you can, perhaps, do some good if your theory is correct, by influencing some of your many friends to put up money to have a few courses of lectures given by some of your "eminent physicians," as well as others who think differently on the subject, and if it strikes the hearer that it is deleterious to health to ride a bicycle and "disgraceful to wear bloomers," you will have convinced many who now doubt your sincerity. "Walk soberly," doctor, but not too soberly.