

THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 7.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1889

50 cents per Annum.

TWO OF THE GREATEST RACES OF THE YEAR ARE THE

Pullman, of Chicago,

AND THE

Irvington - Milburn, of New York,

BOTH OCCURRING ON DECORATION DAY.

There were seventy starters in the PULLMAN RACE, this year. It was won by FRANK BODACH, on an ordinary

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Largest American Manufacturers.

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Why not ride a WHITE FLYER SAFETY bicycle this season? It is the safest, the fastest, the lightest, and the finest finished, for a business man or a scorcher, it has no equal, and has never been passed on the road by a cycle

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Very Truly, H. S. D.

The gentleman objects to give his name in full as he dislikes to see it in print. We shall however be pleased to refer you to him at any time.

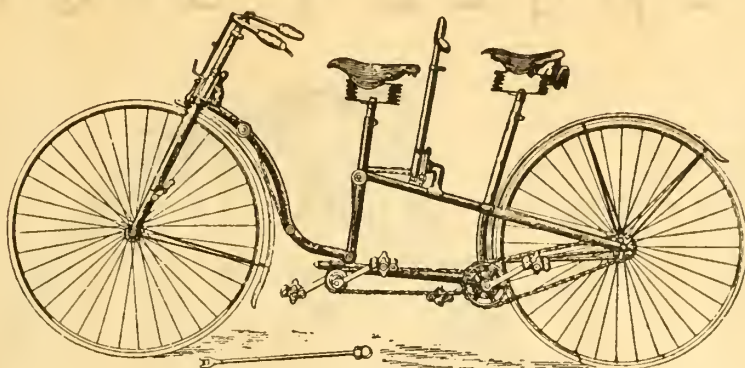
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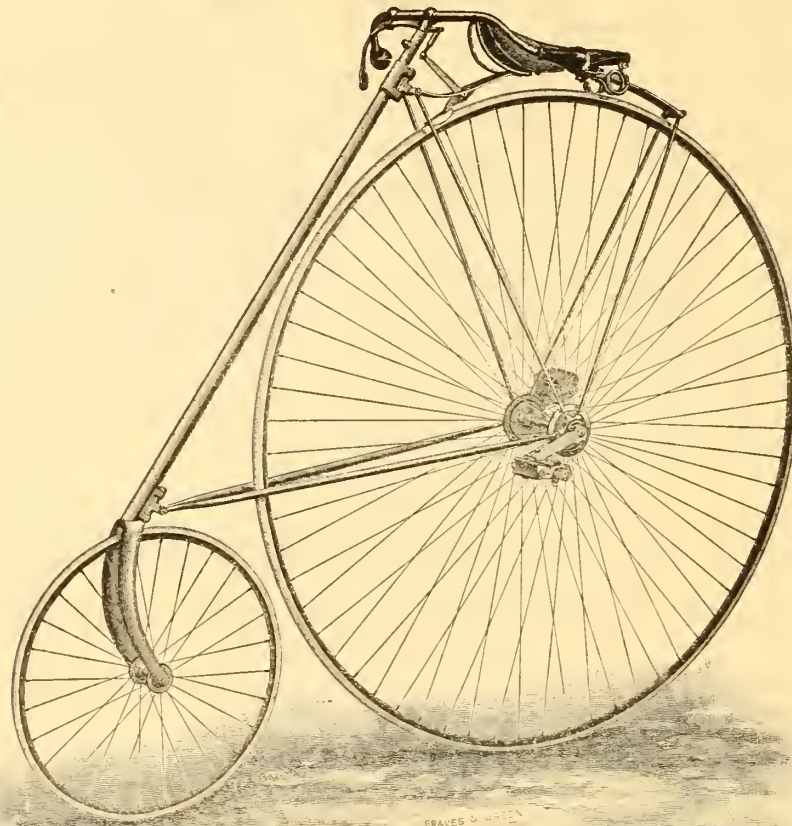
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Yesterday William T. Robertson on his EAGLE bicycle lowered the record of 43 minutes made on July 4' 1887, by Percy Sevfferbe, starting from Ninth and G Streets and ending at Cabin John, making the distance ten miles. Robertson started at 11:21 A. M., reaching Cabin John 38 minutes after, breaking the record by 5 minutes. Timers, Messrs. Smiley and Sickle. He now holds the record, both to and from Cabin John, making the latter trip in 42 minutes in 1784. He says he intends to lower this record also.

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No. 7.

HOW I CAME TO RIDE.

BEING A KALEIDOSCOPIC SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

"JACK," IN WHICH HE TREATS OF THE ABOVE
AND OTHER TOPICS.

YOU ask strange questions Brother Darrow! In your last letter you ask me how I came to ride, when, and why. Well, Benjamin, thou remnant of the obsolete second tribe of Manasseh, it was in the seventies that I first yearned to press the saddle of the drop-forged equine. This yearning was toned down and subdued a wee bit when I first lit ungracefully upon the coveted pig-skin-covered iron-plate saddle. This was before Ex-President Kirkpatrick told his first blue dog story, or had invented his suspension saddle. He has done both since, and it was mainly on account of his retentive memory for canine anecdote of all descriptions and qualities, that his admirers shoved him into the presidential chair. Some men are born great. Some have their greatness thrust upon them. With Ex-President Kirkpatrick it was both.

Hardly had the creases in the bosom of my knickerbockers become smoothed out on the adamantine saddle than a sudden thought occurred to me, and with a graceful motion which showed that I had a yearn far a higher world, I fanned the air like a hen with her head cut off, looking for corn to fill her aching void, or while she is in a hurry for a soft place to deposit a newborn egg. After some thirty seconds of preliminary contortion in a higher atmosphere, I lit on a portion of my frame where the lower limbs go into partnership to carry the upper body. This portion of the human body is soft and seems made to receive blows. On this occasion it certainly did seem like it. "Humph!" gasped I, after the dust had settled around me, and the heavens had regained their wonted motion. "Falling off a bicycle is not what it is cracked up to be. This is positively painful." The bicycle lay on its side in the bypath, after the manner of resting animals with one of its paws high in the air as if in a position to claw me if I came too near it. Its head was turned knowingly to one side, and one of its long horns was drooping. "Horns and hoofs," say I "*Granivorous herbivorous* — eats grass, don't eat flesh," and so I approached and lifted it bodily and repeated the sky-scraping experiment. After a few trials I was more successful, and soon could ride fairly well.

The trials of a week or so in the seventies have long been forgotten—lost in that sweet oblivion that through the blessedness of some wonderful supreme agency, seems to deaden our past sorrows, and intensify in the recollection the quality of our past joys. I have come to the conclusion that hope and forgetfulness are the two things which make the life of to-day bearable, and sometimes, absolutely pleasureable. Without hope we could not have the pluck to bear the thought of taking chances, or playing for high stakes in the

battle of life. Most of you boys have done this. Some of you have lost; a few of you have won. My heart goes out to the former; my congratulations to the latter. Without forgetfulness, the past would be as a treble strong acidulated lozenge of wormwood and bitterness under our tongue for all time; as a lump of ice bearing against the young impulsive blood of a heart that has rarely been struck in a sympathetic chord, because it has been understood to the full by two people only.

The majority of men amuse or disgust us. The majority of women attract us, or influence our nature in such a way that it loathes them, and makes us satarical and bitter to them. We never disguise our feelings—policy or no policy—and do not believe in scraping honeyed words in the way of a human being we detest. In fact we don't give a (word of four letters) for public opinion, when we feel that what we believe is right, and all the child-brained blind worshipers in Christendom could not move us unless they show us logic and science, and common sense. We know of the effect the mind has over the body, we do not need you to lisp any hackneyed utterances on that score but we do not believe in faith cures unless practical laws of health and body are resorted to at the same time. Then we believe in them. We do not believe in alming a beggar with wind, nor yet in a great many things which simple unthinking people accept without questioning. We do not believe in asking a son to name his profession at fifteen years of age; at an age when a youth has the most conflicting and vague ideas of the vital matters of daily existence, and has not had a chance to try himself and find his strong point. Too many good agricultural laborers are utterly spoiled by being brought up for the ministry. Too many smug grocery clerks are undiscovered, because the Jones' think their Jem ought to shine in the coronal of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Failure is stamped on the very features of these men. Too many of Nature's "hewers of wood and drawers of water," find their way through "infloence" into the foremost places in the land, until the name of "Senator" generally suggests some half-educated clodhopper who happens to have the putrid rabble vote. That's what is called popularity in this



"JACK,"

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.
TAKEN A FEW YEARS AGO.

country.

Good old Corilanus, who would have kept the mob out of government, and as far from his Roman nose as possible, who would have clubbed logic into them, if he could not hyperdemically inject it! We want to see brain succeed muscle and saloon-popularity in American politics, and long to see some of the galvanized corpses in the Senate ejected, along with their mummifications; and men who are bright and not graduating for the sarcoophagus, elected to their place.

Our whole social problem is becoming more intricate and solution is annually becoming more impossible, but man's mind is also growing at the same pace so as to cope with it. The questions of to-day could not have been answered a hundred years ago; the questions of

a hundred years hence cannot be answered to-day. Men and women in their essence and anatomical construction are practically what they were a few thousand years ago, except that the brain has become more, and the body less powerful. Men flatter women, and women flatter men, and sometimes, have been known to love them, children are born to them, sometimes in love and happiness, a blessed state of affairs; often in sadness or shame, oh, miserable condition! It is wonderful what an amount of flattery and attention men will receive from women as their simple right. If the other sex possesses the faculty of admiration, we, in compensation, are perfectly endowed with that of receiving it with careless ease, and when we fall in with some goddess who is foolish enough to worship us, and to whom we should be on our knees, we merely label her "sympathetic," and say that she "understands us." A man seldom reaches the age of twenty-four without some experience with the other sex, certainly never, if he is at all precocious. In youth when love does come, it comes as a strong man armed. Only once in a life time does a man succumb after this fashion. To many, indeed, no such fortune—call it good or ill—will ever come, since the majority of men flirt or marry, indulge in "platonic friendships," (the most intense, unselfish and changeless of all human love) or in a consistent course of admiration of other men's wives, as fate or fancy leads them, and thus wear their time away without ever having known such love as this. But there is no fixed rule to matters of this kind. A man may like a dozen different women, his liking for each and every one of them varying in a dozen different respects, yet when he is his own true self his mind will wander back to his first, and only real love, as surely as the needle of the compass will point to the pole. It is not every man who has one friend of either sex (sex is of such small importance with those we truly love) who will never forget him in all the changes of this cold world; who will never set up a rival to his memory when his face is distant a few leagues. But it is the sad uncertainty of it all. Does he remember our last words? Does she remember what she promised out of the depths of own true heart? Was she only making a conquest of a loyal heart, knowing nothing could come of it. Was she playing tiger-like with a heart that was trusted to her? Ah no, we cannot think so. Was she the woman we love, or the she-devil whom we shall choke when we find her out? Ha! you start, you think we are impulsive and violent. We have reason to be. Oh yes, boys, some of us have played for high stakes—and lost.

But I have allowed myself to wander dreadfully, and have been writing unconsciously for at least an hour. Strange how the mind takes possession of the pen, and makes it skip along.

The first dabs of learning to ride are now only a pleasant memory and it is only when we fall into a reverie that the veil is gently laid aside that we may look sadly at the still features of the dead past. We remember the times when we thought the old boneshaker was a perfect piece of mechanism. As well as we can remember, it was very similar in outline to the most modern and approved types of rear driving Rover type safety bicycles, only that it was a front driver and the saddle was forward of the center. When I got my first real bicycle, with steel wheels, (and considered to be a first class mount) it was just what I needed. Though my lessons at school suffered much in consequence (a state of matters for which I am truly thankful at date of writing, as English literature under Mr. Gilral and Mr. Jenkins, was the only subject, with the exceptions of the rudimentary studies, which have made any impress upon me, or in any noticeable way benefitted me,) a rather delicate boy, subject to colds on the chest, and in the nasal promontory, which grew at least a half inch in one year, was transformed into a wiry young devil, who could well hold his own among his fellows. The bicycle was life itself to me, and enabled me to develop lung and muscle at an age when a youth needs exercise, and is apt to relapse into habits of indolence, if given no pleasurable and healthful means of recreation. If it is a choice between Greek and cricket with your boy at college, let him play cricket, if he likes football better than Greek let him get mauled about in a football match. It will do him good. When he leaves college he will be a strong man, and he is not clever enough to live by his brain, he is strong enough to live by his muscle. Oh, the wondrous provisions of nature for the weak and the strong.

I have clipped bodily an article from *Forest and Stream*, which quote here. If you are a father and have a son, or if you know of

of such a man with growing boys, you can do good work by getting him to read this extract carefully. It is true in every line.

"It is not generally believed that the average boy studies hard enough at school to do himself very much harm. Perhaps he does not, but there are many boys, who, whether above or below the average, spend too much time over their books and far too little in active outdoor exercise. This is especially true of the boy brought up in the city, where there is little to interest or attract in the street unless it can be when, with a number of his fellows he can join in some active game. One characteristic of the small boy is his perennial energy. His mind is ever active. He insists on having something to do. If he cannot find an adequate vent for this energy in action, he will resort to books and reading of the adventures of others he will throw himself into their lives, and work off his mental energy without physical action. The habit of omnivorous and continuous reading is too common among American boys. It is often formed at just the age when the child's physical rather than mental development needs cultivation. It is likely to keep the boy in the house when he ought to be out of doors, tearing across fields, wading in the puddles, climbing trees, and generally letting off steam. It results too often in nearsightedness, in stooping shoulders, in hollow chests, in exaggerated nervousness, in consumptive tendencies. The perfect man must be physically complete, and in the race for life the man with superb physique will be likely to distance the physically weak even though the latter's mind may be more fully furnished. The healthy mind in the healthy body is what is needed, but we must first take steps to secure the healthy body which is to contain the mind.

In a recent examination held in this city by an Army examining board, out of fourteen candidates for positions, five—more than thirty-five and one-half per cent.—were rejected for physical disability. These were professional men and students. If it is true as indicated by this examination that one-third of the men belonging to the educated classes in America are physically deficient, there is small hope for the race of native Americans. Probably it is not true yet no one who looks over the men that he meets day after day can doubt that the proportion of men would fail to pass a physical examination is far larger than it ought to be. Too often the pride that parents take in their children and the ambition that they feel for them lead to a mental forcing process which not only destroys their physical health, but reacts on their brain, and a boy, who at ten was a marvel of precocity is found at eighteen to be hopelessly dull.

There must be a remedy for this tendency to an over-development of brain and nerves in the American people, and this remedy will be found in part in the physical education of the young and growing boys. The movement now being made toward the outdoor occupation and education of boys during the summer vacation is a long step in the right direction.

There are several summer camps for boys in New England, one in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire, and, we believe, one in Maine, and while their methods all differ, their purposes are the same, keeping the boys away from books. At some of these camps boys are taught rowing, swimming and other outdoor exercises, the use of arms, and certain mechanical trades, if they have a bent that way, and are carefully looked after all the time. In others the course is broader, and includes woodcraft, observations in natural history, and such other instruction as will best fit them to enjoy their temporary camp life.

This is as it should be. Physical culture has been too much neglected, and where not neglected has been unintelligently pursued by the bustling hurrying people of America. A boy, if he exercises at all, has felt that he must row in a four-mile race. As a broad proposition it is no doubt true that excess in anything is harmful. To exercise too much may not have such baneful effects as to drink or smoke too much, but it is harmful. So is excessive study. So is excessive reading. In summer, then, take the boys away from their books. Make them spend their time in the open air. Teach them to fish, to shoot, to ride, to row, to swim, and above all, to study nature. In teaching them all these things they will be taught also something that no one can ever learn from books; that is readiness, judgement, self-reliance, and independence. Their health will be benefitted; the weak and delicate ones will grow rugged, the stout ones will become young giants. By cultivating their powers of ob-

servation, they will be taught to see nature's beauties and so to love her. Thus will their views be broadened, their resources multiplied, and the possibilities for the happiness of their lives infinitely increased."

When I mounted my first big bicycle I had not yet grown a beard, though I had cut my eye teeth and a soft corn, and the crowns of my wisdom teeth were making their presence felt in that portion of the mouth which is represented by the stage boxes at a theatre. I always think of a theatre chart as being like a set of false teeth. I had not then smoked my first cigar, which was a cheroot of the Trichinopolis variety, which an indulgent uncle of mine had left on his dressing table, and which I had appropriated to experiment with.

Oh the fools of parents who tell a boy not to smoke; that smoking is bad and injurious, and yet smoke themselves. Better give a boy a strong pipe and sicken him for all time, than lead him by this antiquated piece of illogical idiocy to look upon the habit of smoking as forbidden fruit, and therefore (a child's and a man's logic) the more desirable. If I had been given a vile pipe to smoke, as a punishment for sinning in my youth I should not now smoke an ounce of tobacco per diem, or be able to get away with ten cigars a day. The wisdom of the older generation is astounding, and we in turn will be made fun of in a good natured way by the succeeding generation. It is only a few years ago that witches were burned at the stake in London, and yet this world is to-day full of such bigots who would 'regulate' a man's actions on the Sabbath in such a way as to conform to the beliefs of a lot of Mosaic "back numbers" of the human family, whose presence in the Christian world of 1890 militates as much against the progress of the human family as a grain of sand endangers the progress and jars the gentle mechanism of a watch. The liberal minded people of 1890 have still to carry round their necks the mill-stones which our fathers had to bear. Ignorance is the one, prejudice is the other, and they must grind one another to pieces before we get rid of them. Handicapped, the human family will ever be, as long as they are saddled with such parasitical cankers as ignorance, bigotry, narrow mindedness, and narrow heartedness.

But as I was talking about smoking. My first cigar. How I came to smoke. "That day with its pleasure and pain, I never shall forget," as I unburdened myself of a five course Scotch dinner in the West End Princess' Street Gardens, in Edinburgh. This was many years ago, and I vowed I'd never smoke again. This vow, which was registered in the pit of my stomach as I leaned up against the giant gneiss rock which supports Edinburgh Castle, has been broken many thousand times.

Having mastered the cycular Belzebug I began to be a deuce of a fellow, and blossomed out like the young sap-head that I was, with a braided coat and suggestions of epaulets. (I had goodly company as the military contingent was then in full blast, but has since been snowed under.) Badges and whistles gleamed on my manly bosom, and I looked like one of the very young club men whom we occasionally see in Central Park, New York. As we see them, pedaling along, we think of our nursery days, when we used the bicycle as a sort of toy to supercede the gum ring. We regard cycling nowadays as the finest exercise in existence, the most practical exercise, as a sport to be enjoyed when indulged in in moderation, as a means of letting us see the country we live in, as a means to an end of studying our fishes, birds and flowers; as a means of taking us, at a moments' notice where we can breathe God's pure air, and rest unfettered by the cares, and worries, and vexations of a busy life.

Some people say: "Jack does not seem to do much." Will they do my work in the same time? Will they leave as much leisure to rest in. When I am on vacation I am absorbing knowledge of some sort. Am I wasting my time, you old fashioned fool, you? I am young yet, and educating myself, so hold your peace for an entire blockhead. I was never made for a grocery clerk or a wood chopper and have my own ways, and neither the derision of the fool nor the entreaties of the human back number can keep a progressive man from thinking and acting.

With my cycle I have explored lanes and by-ways full of wondrous plant and insect life, of which I should otherwise have been in ignorance. It takes me out of the town on a Saturday afternoon to worship all day long on Sunday in the grand green upholstered Cathedral of Nature, where the choiristers are nature's lark and thrush, and the sermons are written, and can be read in every age stained

rock with its primeval crevices; in every graceful bend of the green willow; in every sigh of the alder bush. You may sit in a fashionable church, your back at a right angle with your upper limbs (a comfortable position, likewise a healthful one) you may admire, envy, and criticise every bonnet and cloak in the assembly; you may listen to the "old, old story" we hear so often, and so seldom practice; you may listen to the words of the poor ministerial marionette who moulds his religion to suit his hearers' tastes for some ten hundred dollars a year; you may put your much prized ten cent piece in the plate for cotton breech clouts for the Fiji Islander; or reluctantly surrender your copper offering to feed the home poor, whom you turned away on Saturday night from off your broad clean swept door step; you can step out of church a Christian, and pat your breast and hug yourself in the self consciousness which oozes out of every pore of your body; you can thank God in your own narrow minded Pharisaical way that "you are not as other men;" you can call me a Sabbath breaker, if you will, and I will not waste words in answering you back. The man who goes to church to praise his Maker in his honest belief is another man, and him I respect. On the lonely mountain top, where I have wandered in the hush of the Sabbath morn there has been with me the presence of the Deity in every fresh breath of air. In every flower that nodded Amen! to the peaceful wind. And yet you carp and say: "But you did not go to church." Bah! you narrow minded fool. You who would fain thrust your hideous collection of hoodoos and fetishes down the throat of every thinking man and woman. The only difference between us is this. You allow the minister to think for you—we do our own.

In the cool fresh atmosphere of the stream side, the stomach, that great ruler of the universe, has been improved in tone and condition and we go home better in mind and in body. Our natures are softened, our ideas broadened. Our eye sight, both physical and moral is clearer and more impartial.

Cycling takes us among different classes and races of people. We throw off our petty provincial manners, we loose our rural self conceit.

When we think in what a little time our name will be inscribed in a corner of the church yard, with an eulogism thereon which is a chiseled lie, we make up our mind to make the best of it while we are young, for when we are old, and the eyes dim, the joints stiffen, and the muscles grow flabby, we will be unfit for anything but to loll around at our ease. Athletic exercise will have lost its charm. We hope not, however.

And dear Brother Darrow. I have sent you a little photograph as you requested. Spring it on the defenseless reader, erroneously supposed to be gentle. The picture was taken several years ago in Edinburgh, in Bonnie Scotland. It is still a wonderful likeness, especially the expression of the eyes and mouth. I have made many changes in my dress since then. I do not at present wear the frill-below panties with which I am attired in my photograph, though I have known people who do wear similar clothing. I have, however been known to hold down the front seat of a Humber tandem with a Scotch kilt on, and to proceed calmly through Teddington, Bushy Park, Guildford and Godalming in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey at a fifteen-mile-an-hour gait, with the Rt. Hon. George Augustus Talbot St. Claire Granville, M. P. for Ripley, on the steering seat, scared to death, as I out weighed him some half hundred pounds, so that in crashing down a declivity I would cause the machine to be heavy in front, and little St. Clair Granville would loose control of the steering as the back wheel would fly around under him. Oh, glorious days! when the free air of Heaven circulated freely up each sun burned leg, and the English hand maidens of the Lord were tickled beyond expression at the sight of a Scotch-kilted laddie skirmishing over the Surrey hills. I do not think that I need tell you much about my initial cycling adventures, as such experience has been the personal experiences of every man who has mounted a cycle. If I have wandered off my subject in my characteristic and kaleidoscopic manner, forgive me. I am faint for dinner and the pen galls my fingers. Believe me to be,

Ever Faithfully, "JACK."

A professional cyclist recently fell off his wheel, striking on his cheek. The town sued him for damages.

A MEMORY.

Oh, for a breath of one hot July day!
 We went the road that leads through Sudbury town.
 Red blew the roses 'neath the gables brown,
 And sweet-mouthed wall flowers stocked the gardens gray.
 The houses slipped behind us, and the way
 stood thick with elder bushes, left and right.
 (I think in all the world were none so white;
 And none have blown so white since then, I say.)
 Black bees flew all about; where'er we went,
 The air was lit by saffron butterflies,
 Old Indian blossoms to the summer lent.
 It was the time of youth and Paradise.
 The years have robbed us love, of both; the scent
 of elder blooms brings tears into mine eyes.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.



UNCLE KERLUMBIAS PHILOSOPHY.



THE race meet in Atlanta was just a week off. The racing men of our club had been training for some time, and the general understanding between us was that if they did not fairly represent the Central City Wheelmen, they would be expelled from that body. For several evenings the members in the club rooms had been increasing, and to-night the members sitting around discussing the coming tournament were more numerous than they had been for some time.

Suddenly, above the hum of conversation, Uncle Kerlumbia was heard to remark, as he closed the side door behind him: "Gentlemen, I wants yer all ter 'stinctly understand, dat I aint er goin' ter tek no notice ub de one ub you whut called me er 'ol' bonesnaker' kaze sich er declaration iz only caract'istic ub de source frum whut hit sprung, an' am 'neth my dignity; but whut I *duz* wish ter say, is, dat ez you who is er goin' up ter Etanta, might get erlong better fer havin' er little advice frum one who used ter race back yonder in de Mexican wah. I used ter—"

"Race what, Uncle Kerlumbia, horses?"

"No sah. Bisickles. I used ter—"

"Now, Uncle Kerlumbia!"

"Please, dont you 'spute wid me. You don't know whut happened back yonder 'fo' you wuz born, an' you ortent ter try ter mek like yer *duz*. De fus time I eber raced wuz in forty-fo', an' I'll tell yer how I dun it. All de fellers in my gang wuz er trainin' an' er foolin' 'round mighty spry like, so I 'sided ter let 'em keep on er foolin' while I got sum skeem ter beat 'em. De race wuz ter be free miles, an' it want long 'fo' I had it all down fine. I figgered on dem fellers, an' knew jes how de hol' thing wuz er goen ter cum out. I could er tole yer jest whar each man wuz er goin' ter be when de fust one cum in, an' all dat: den I commenc' figgerin' on myse'f. I calkerlated jes how I wuz goin' to pass ebery one er em, an' how I 'ould let de best one keep up his lie' an' not pass 'im 'til we'ze comin' down de home stretch, an' den walk rite by 'im. I drew er plan ub de trac' on a piece er paper, an' had ebeey man on it, jes' whar I wuz ter pass 'im. I pasted dat on er little piece er board, an' fastened it onter de head ub my wheel, so dat I sho' wouldn't meek no mistakes. When de day come, we wuz all on han'. I felt sorter rattled 'bout not haben trained eny, but I had erbout fixed things so dat I knew how it erd come out. I tole some ub my fr'en's how Ize er workin' it, an' dey wuz sho' I hed it all rite.

"Fus thing I knowed, de pistol went ker bang, an' we started. 'Bout de second half, I begun ter notice dat dar wuz some figerin' 'rong som'ers, kaze dar wuz two men who I wuz ter passed, whut wuz still in front. At er mile an' er ha'f dey wuz further in front den befo', an' I didn't like de way things wuz er lookin'. Two miles things wuz erbout ez I had 'em on my map, but it wuz becaze dey

had nearly been roun' de trac' once more den me, an' wuz ketchin' up ergin. Befo' de las' lap wuz reached, dey wuz crowdin' me close, an' comin down de home stretch, dey pass by me in er straight line, goin' fer de tape. I finished a pretey good last, but dey wuz er lap erhead whan hit cum ter countin' up. How it all happened, I can't tell yer but I'ze done er good deal er thinkin', an' me an' my frien's has cum ter de c'lusion dat hit wuz de fac' dat I had too much—whut dey call theory, an' not de practieul worken ub it. De *principal* am all right in hits place, but hits no good on er bisickle trac' an' I hope you young mens whut am goen ter Etanta 'll 'member dat. An' now if dar aint anything yer all want done, I'll go home an' look ober my las' batch ub English wheel papers. Good ebenin' gentlemen, and he was gone."

One of the racing men who had been interrupted by his appearance, had been telling of how he had watched the Atlanta Champions form for some time, and had all his points down fine, and knew just how to proceed to "pull his leg" in great shape. The Club Lieutenant had not forgotten this, and remarked in a devil-may-care tone: "Say, Beatty, I believe you were talking when the old man came in wa'nt you? Go ahead. I was getting interested."

"Oh, you go west, wont you! I think I'll go home."

Not many weeks after that, there were about fifteen fellows in the reading room, looking over new papers, and discussing the wheels made beyond the herring pond. Uncle Kerlumbia was pres-



UNCLE KERLUMBIA AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

ent, putting chairs in place, and cleaning up things, but it was quite apparent that his mind was more on what was being said than what he was doing. Presently he could keep his silence no longer, and as there was a momentary lull in the conversation, he remarked: "Scusen me fer speakin', but de way dem Englishmens is er puttin' up dar wheels ober dier am er sho' disgrace ter de 'hol' lot, fer er fac'. You teck dier big un, fer instance. Who eber hyeard tell uv er fifty-four, wid er twenty-four back wheel, an' er four inch rake, an' de backbone free incher off de wheel? Why it am simply r'diculas. Deys gettin' mighty close back to de ol' boneshakers ergin, an' whut dey is now buildin' 'minds me, ub whut you call twix de fust an' de ordinary, de missin' link diskivered.

"But de wust t'ing dey do ter sho' dier igno'ence, is er makin' dier safeties wid er thirty-six inch steerin' wheel, when dar aint no sence in it. I t'ought, an' t'ought, fer er long time, ter see whut hit 'mind me uv, an' P'ze jes' struck it. How'd you like ter see er rabbit er hustlin' 'imself up er road, wid 'is long legs in front, an' 'is little uns behin'. Wouldn git erlong much, I bet. An' dem English papers is go er way er advertizen dat Mr. So an' so, Esquire, is dun won de Nof Road handicap, an' brock all previous records, an' all dat kind er trash. Dey mek me tired: I'm goin' home ter bed, an' I bet yer I gits dar 'fo' one er yer English safety riders could. Go' night."

C. A. P.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year, by mail, - - - - -	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, - - - - -	25 cents.
Single Copy, - - - - -	10 cents.
Foreign Subscription, - - - - -	50 cents, postage extra.

Newsdealers supplied through the American News Co., and its branches.

DARROW BROS., Publishers,
25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Circulation, 10,000 copies per. issue. Advertising rates on application.

Change of Address. Always give both old and new address when ordering a change.

Subscriptions may begin with any number; back numbers can always be supplied at regular rates.

Receipts. The fact that you receive your paper is proof that we have received your remittance. Your subscription expires at the date on the wrapper.

Errors. We make them; so does everybody, but we will cheerfully correct any we may make if you will write us. Try to write good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write us anyway; do not complain to your friends and let it pass; we want an early opportunity to make right any injustice we may do.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

FEMALE BICYCLE RACING.

FEMALE bicycle racing is a comparatively new thing in this line of sport, being only a year or so old, but owing to its remarkable popularity races run by females are almost as abundant as those run on indoor tracks by the masculine professionals.

In the Coleiseum at Omaha, the professionals paradise, female bicycle racing is an almost permanent feature. It surely is popular in Omaha.

We must say, however, that we think the notoriety and undue prominence it has drawn to female bicycling has kept a great many ladies from discarding their tricycles for safeties. On the other hand we cannot see that it will tend to draw new recruits into the fields of cycling. In this much it is detrimental to cycling, in its legitimate form.

In our opinion these female bicycle racers could much more modestly earn their living at their chosen vocation by wearing womens clothes and riding a safety bicycle, rather than wearing tights and riding an ordinary. The bad effect, too, would be decreased, and the races would loose some of their vulgarity.

In a recent issue of the *Omaha Bee*, SAM SMALL, who is at present trying to convert Omaha, is reported as denouncing female bicycle racing and, in fact every one connected with the Collesium in the most violent and unchristian like language. SENATOR MORGAN in his characteristic manner makes a reply in the same paper to the REV. MR SMALL, challenging him to a discussion on Female Cyele Racing and goes on to jump on the Reverened gentleman in the most improved fashion.

In our opinion both of these gentlemen are wrong in some particulars and both right in others. Female cycling, as now carried on under the auspices of MORGAN, PRINCE, and ECK, is a vulgar, brutal sport, but it is evident that the public demand something of this kind, or it would not have become so popular. The public would no doubt be as well pleased if the contestants were modestly attired in female apperal. On the other hand the REV. MR. SMALL looks at it in a wrong light when he intimates that every one who attends such an exhibition will be eternally damned, and also when he denounces the women in the most abuseive language. They should be pitied rather than abused. Pittied for the manner in which they have to make their living, pitied for the exceedingly hard life they have to live, a life which is considered one of almost continuous hardship and self-denial for a man. What then, must it be for a woman?

If female bicycle racing continues to prove as popular in the future as it has in the past, we hope to see the affair robbed of a large part of its vulgarity by the contestants being properly attired.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Now that warm weather is upon us, many wheelmen, remember their sufferings of former seasons will hunt in vain, for something to quench their thirst while riding, and to such we would whisper a word of advice.

Drink absolutely nothing.

You are slightly surprised at this, are you not, and no doubt are grumbling about what a crank we are, by this time, but allow us to explain the situation.

Beer and other spiritous liquors actually create thirst, and even water has no lasting effects, any new fangled concoction you may have originated yourself is, most likely, but little better than these, so the next time you go on a run take our advice and keep your mouth closed as much as possible, and breathe through your nose, any little dryness you may feel on your palate, or the roof of your mouth will pass away in a few minutes if you have enough self control to keep your mouth closed, as it always should be when riding. If you have the good fortune to come across a cool spring, or villiage pump do not drink your fill, but instead gargle your throat with the cool water and then drink a few snps, this will do you far more good than drinking all you can hold and is the best, or in fact the only way of conquering the enemy, still, in spite of all that can be said, most people when assailed by thirst, go in for the good, old-fashioned remedy of "liquoring up" with, as they well know, a very disastrous result.

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

OUR cycling cotemporaries are at last waking up to the importance of illustrating their papers and making their articles more attractive and readable, but as they are rather new in this line of the business some of them make rather sad failures.

Outing and *Recreation* have about the best illustrations among our cycling exchanges, they publish, as a rule, first-claes original illustrations.

The Wheel, whenever it wants an illustration has a reproduction made from the English papers, and very poor ones they are at that. As long as this paper has been established it has never published an original illustration in its reading columns.

The Bicycling World's illustrations are original, for the most part but miserably executed.

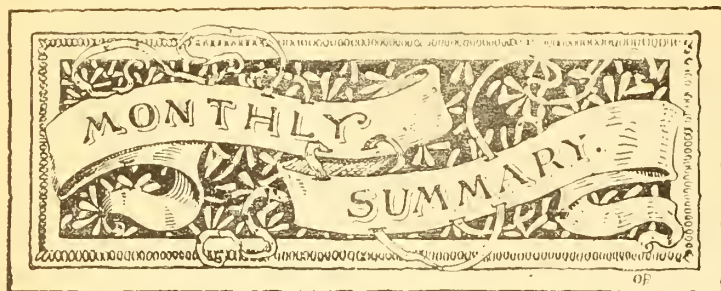
But what caps the climax are the miserable botches thrust on the defenceless public by *The Referee*. We have before us their issue of June 22, and are gazing at their first page illustration. Criticism is simply impossible, and one cannot look at it without wondering if it was scratched with a nail or a coal chisel.

One of the most glaring inaccuracies is that in their representation of hill clmbing, and also the victor in the Pullman road race crossing the tape, the spokes in the wheels are ruled out as distinct as though the illustration was to adorn some makers catalog.

We must give them the credit of saying that with their issue of July 5, they changed their dress, discarding the *Police News* appearance that has heretofore distinguished them, and we hope that if they illustrate in the future it will be better than in the past.

In July a young man's fancy heavily turns to thoughts of whether it is really worth while to go to a summer resort, or whether he could find some better way of spending his vocation. The bicycle, the yacht, the canoe, and even the use of ones' legs in pedestrianism have so gained in popularity among young men that expensive days of dalliance at fashionable resorts have largely lost their attractiveness. Perhaps this accounts for the oft heard wail of there being no young men at the watering places.

Advertisers are notified that we are not responsible for any quotations made by Lindsay & Taylor, of Chicago, as they hav no further connection with this paper.



FROM JUNE 15 TO JULY 15.

Connecticut. State Division meet at Bridgeport, July 8.
District of Columbia. Outdoor meet of the Columbia Athletic Club, of Washington, June 30.

Georgia. Race meet at Macon, July 4.

Illinois. Illinois Division meet at Ottawa, July 4. F. H. Tuttle wins the 8½ mile road race, given by the Illinois Bicycle Club of Chicago. Bert Meyers, scratch, wins the 10 mile handicap road race at Peoria, in 37:10.

Indiana. Hill climbing contests at Brookville, July 4.

Louisiana. New Orleans Bicycle Club race for the Hill Cup, June 12.

Massachusetts. Massachusetts Division spring meeting, at Squantum, June 17. Massachusetts Union run to Massapog House, Sharon, June 30. Race meet at Franklin Park, Boston, July 4. Race meet at Chelsea, July 4. Road race at Waltham, July 4. Race meet at Lynn, July 4. 25 mile road race at Highlandville, July 4.

Maryland. League Meet at Hagerstown, July 2-4.

Missouri. Missouri Division meet at Sedalia, July 3-4.

New York. Second annual tournament of Fort Dayton Wheelmen, of Herkimer, July 4. Race meet at the Brooklyn Athletic Club's grounds, June 15. Two mile bicycle handicap at the New York Athletic Club's grounds, Travers Island, June 15. Tournament of the Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, June 28, 29. Fort Schyler Wheelmen, Utica N. Y., 50 mile road race, July 4. Two mile bicycle handicap, at Washington Park, Brooklyn, July 4.

Ohio. Robt. Ruck, scratch, wins the 25 mile road race at Cleveland, July 4, in 1hr 53 min. Race meet of Oberlin Bicycle Club, June 25.

Pennsylvania. Meet of the Brownsville Cycle Club, July 4.

Rhode Island. Match race between Van Wagoner and Scott came off at Providence, July 4, Van Wagoner winning in 3:24:40.

Tennessee. Third annual meeting of the Tennessee Division June 18.

Wisconsin. Road race at Milwaukee, June 29, Terre Andre, scratch, winning in 33:45.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Race meet of the C. W. A., at St Catherines, Ont., June 30 and July 1.

Ireland. R. J Mac Creedy lowered the one mile tricycle record for Ireland to 2:44½.

COMING EVENTS.

July 17. Two mile bicycle race at Minneapolis, Minn.

July 18, 19. Tournament of the Lancaster (Pa.) Bicycle Club.

July 19. Race meet at Macon, Ga.

July 22. 25 mile road race for the Championship of Minnesota, at Minneapolis.

July 20.—One mile and 25 mile bicycle and 5 mile tricycle N. C. U championships at Paddington, Eng.

July 27.—One mile and 25 mile tricycle and 5 mile bicycle N. C. U. championships at Paddington, Eng.

July 20. Race meet of the East Hartford (Conn.) Wheel Club.

August 8-10. Massachusetts Division meet at Cottage City.

August 19-25. Summer Carnival at Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

September 4, 5. Tournament of the Hartford (Conn.) Wheel Club.

October 23, 24, 28, 29. Tournament at Macon, Ga.

Early in the morning of July 10 a fire was discovered in the upper stories of the building occupied by the Pope Mfg. Co., Boston. The damage was slight and fully covered by insurance.



NEW AMERICAN PATENTS.

A selected list of patents reported especially for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

404,832. June 11. Wm. Goulden, Clapton, London, Eng. Velocipede.

405,388. June 18. L. J. Atwood, Waterbury, Conn. Lamp holder.

405,363. June 18. W. H. Kitton, Plymouth, Eng. Velocipede.

405,259. June 18. H. S. Henry, Stonington, Conn. Wrench.

405,878. June 25. J. Davidson, Guelph, Canada. Safety lamp.

405,780. June 25. J. Knous, Hartford, Conn. Velocipede saddle and supporting device.

405,761. June 25. W. H. Bevinger, Middletown, Conn. Hip belt.

406,148. July 5. J. R. Rullman, San Antonio Texas. Velocipede.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

7849. A. Jelly, London. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

7934. May 13. Robert Scott. Improvements in propelling tricycles and other vehicles.

7935. May 13. Isaac Duncombe. An improvement on the safety bicycle.

8203. May 17. Thomas Lucius Morgan. Improved apparatus for employment in giving lateral support to a bicycle.

8211. May 17. Henry Lucas and Ernest Marshall. An improvement in velocipedes and other lamps.

8234. May 17. John A Burrows and Frank Cuthbert Sarjeant. Improvements in toe clips for pedals of bicycles or tricycles.

8244. May 17. William Crampin, Henry Martin Hutchins, and John Randolph Hamilton. Improvements in two speed gears for velocipedes,

8295. S. Neal, London. An improved monocycle.

8311. May 18. Walter J. Lloyd and William Priest, trading as the Quadrant Tricycle Co. Improvements in connecting the seats or saddles of bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes to the bodies of the same.

8344. E. Behnke, London. Improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

8417. Hill Merry and C. R. Hindes, Plumstead. Adjustable velocipede spokes.

8419. S. Irving and W. T. Irving, Belfast. Corkwood handles for cycles.

8436. T. Young, London. A novel method and appliances for employment in actuating brakes of velocipedes and other vehicles.

8522. J. M. Hall, London. Improvements in and relating to water cycles or water velocipedes.

8577. G. G. Rhodes and S. H. Rhodes, Yorks. Improvements in velocipedes and other analogous machines.

8629. W. White, jun; and R. Dennis, Dublin. An improved spring fork for bicycles and tricycles.

8658. G. E. Osmond, London. An improved pedal stop for velocipedes.

8755. W. Delf, Hornsey. Constructing bicycles, tricycles, and similar machines in an improved manner.

8830. E. A. Ollive, Leeds. The duplex gearing of cycles.

8859. J. D. Bouran, London. A new and distinct kind of velocipede.

8893. S. J. Collier, Blackpool. Obtaining two speeds and free pedals on cycles and other vehicles.

JULY.

DAY.

A flutter of cycles; a flashing
Of steel in the sunlight; a joyous
Sound of gay laughter; a glitter
Of wheels as they flash o'er the roadway; a twitter
Of birds in a motionless sky—
And that is July!

A rustle of corn leaves; a tinkle
Of bells on the hills; a twinkle
Of sheep in the lowlands; a bevy
Of bees where the clover is heavy;
A butterfly blundering by—
And that is July!

NIGHT.

A moon-flooded prairie; a straying
Of true-hearted lovers; a baying
Of far-away watch dogs; a dreaming
Of brown-fisted farmers; a gleaming
Of cycles as they flash in the moon-light—
And that is July!

A babble of brooks that deliver
Their flower-purpled waves to the river;
A moan in the marshes; in thickets,
A dolorous droning of crickets,
Attuned to a whippoorwill's cry—
And that is July!



A MODEL CYCLE AGENCY.

OWING to the fact that the interior decorations of the Milwaukee Bicycle Agency, of Milwaukee, Wis., are as fine as those of any similar establishment of the kind in this country, a brief description will undoubtedly be of interest to our readers.

P. H. Sercombe, the proprietor of this establishment is a young man, 28 years of age. His business career, although short has been extremely varied and it has only been since last March that he has occupied his present quarters at 94 Wisconsin Street.

The front part of the store is occupied by the office on the left side and by the typewriters and stenographers on the right side. The entire rear portion of the store is utilized for the bicycle business, and passing through the door in the rear is one of the most complete repair shop in the west.

The shelving and office fixtures, counters, railings, etc., are entirely antique oak in the finest furniture finish, and the establishment is ornamented by four statues; one small statue of the flying Mercury in alabaster, one life sized statue of the flying Mercury on the right hand side, besides one silver bronze statue of Victory, and one real bronze statue of Tannhauser with harp in the rear corner of the office.

The front and inner office is separated from the rest of the store by handsome terre cotta portiers which match in color with the ground work of the wall and ceiling decorations and the Mouquette carpeting. The sides of the office are of the finest French plate glass, and the walls are decorated with pictures.



INTERIOR OF MILWAUKEE BICYCLE AGENCY.

WHAT SHALL I RIDE?

IS THERE a cycle editor living who has not been approached in a confidential way by some callow youth or foxy veteran, and perchance also by those with the most honest and guileless intentions, with the question: "What shall I ride?"

On such momentous occasions the editor has a chance to put in his best licks and establish a reputation of dealing in a vast quantity of glittering generalities. What shall he ride, forsooth! When a physician visits a patient and comes to some conclusion as to what the sick man needs, he prescribes, and doses accordingly, and in case the diagnosis is not correct and the medicine administered not the proper remedy, the patient is none the wiser as to the real cause of the medicine proving efficacious, but rather he lays it to the stubbornness of the disease, and he has another "go" at it.

Now how different the case of a man who is sick for a cycle and whom nothing will cure but a dose of "the best mount." He looks to the editor as an expert who can diagnose his case and prescribe the proper cycle. The editor in a moment of forgetfulness, prescribes and the individual in search of health takes the scribe's advice, buys and takes the prescription. So far the doctor and editor are even — on a par, so to speak — but alas, while the patient cannot prove that the physician has made a bull, the cyclist will pretty soon discover if the cycle does not suit his case, and then—ye Gods! How ungrateful some men can be.

You cannot choose for another man what a satisfactory mount would be. We have an idea what *we* want, but the machine we choose may not cover the requirements of our friends.

P. H. SERCOMBE.

For general guidance we can lay down a few rules which may aid the groping ones. If your roads are sandy, or have very deep ruts, then stick to the ordinary, Star, or Eagle, as there is no doubt but what these machines still lead in utility over roads heavy with sand or scarred with ruts.

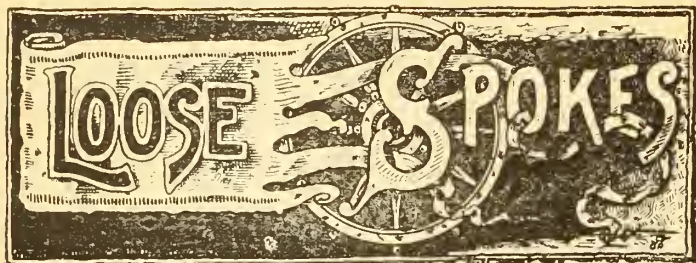
If the roads are hard surfaced, no matter how rough, then the safety can be used. But what kind? Ah, that's another point. Are you a scorcher and road racer? Then get a machine with stiff forks; or if you like an eight or ten mile gait, and further, enjoy comfort, then take a spring fork machine.

Unless you weigh less than 130 pounds don't think of getting a machine that weighs less than 40 pounds.

If neither the ordinary nor safety suits you, then try the Eagle or the Star. Both of these machines, in the hands of skillful riders, are practically unicycles, as the little wheel need touch ground just enough to give steering.

Now just make up your *own* mind as to what you want to ride, take into consideration the roads, your weight, the ease or roughness with which you handle a machine, and you will be able to make a much more satisfactory selection than we could make for you.





Will Windle has been expelled from the League and has lost his amateur standing because he accepted money to pay his expenses from a cycle manufacturer and got found out.

Teacher (trying to illustrate the difference between the words ride and drive.)—Now, Johnnie if your brother got on his bicycle, what would he do?

Little Johnnie.—Fall off.

Ralph Temple, until lately employed by the Western Arms Co., of Chicago, has left for England, and will arrive there about the 20th of July. He will probably indulge in a limited amount of racing during his stay in that country.

In an interview in the *Omaha Republican* of recent date Senator Morgan tells how he got his title. It is the old, old story, we have so often heard, and yet every time we see it we find the versatile Senator has worked a few new anecdotes into his account so that it is always readable.

In order to supply the demand for a crank safety the Springfield Bicycle Mfg. Co., have arranged so that their safeties in the future can be supplied with either levers or cranks at the buyers option, those operated by the lever will still be known as the Volant, and those operated by the crank as the Speedwell.

The Spaniards have a proverb: "The man who stumbles twice on the same stone is a fool." There may be something very profound in that, but we fail to see it. We can very distinctly remember a certain stone we have stumbled over, on our bicycle, several times, and it seems whenever we are not looking that stone multiplies its self with astonishing rapidity.

Pastor.—How is your boy coming on? I've not seen him lately.

Parent.—Pretty well. Thank you.

"I hope he is not showing any signs of becoming fast, as is often the case with boys in large cities."

"Fast? No, parson. I only wish he would though. You see he's riding a bicycle for a business."

Hot weather lassitude is a very prevalent disease just now, but the ordinary rider who was recently met walking with his machine to save himself the exertion of hopping on, just about appropriated the saucepan when, a friend having offered to mount him, he declined on the ground that he would have to undergo the exertion of jumping off at the other end.

Wanted to know, whether the everyday bicyclist knows when his wheels are running in truth or not? One sees so many men with the front wheel going straight ahead, what time the back one is roaming round corners, and occasionally losing its companion in some far-off gutter locality, that one cannot but think that they have very little knowledge of truth—in wheels.

"What became of your friend Winslow, who, I thought, accompanied you on your tour?", was asked an across-the-continent tourist as he was being welcomed back to his home in the East.

"He had better luck than I, and I left him at Denver," was the sad reply.

"Why, how was that?"

"He died."

Visiting Wheelman.—I understand you have some very fast riders in your club.

Member of Club.—Well now you're talkin'. Why, we've lots of two-minute men.

"You don't mean to say they can make a mile in two minutes?"

"Who's talkin' 'bout a mile. All the records in this part of the country are for quarter-mile. Oh, we've lots of two minute men."

The bicycle is a novelty in northern Denmark. A bicyclist on a tour in that region not long since became benighted, and lighting his lamp rode at topmost speed for many miles along a lonely highway in the dark. A countryman whom he met was stricken with terror and fell upon his knees, in which position he was found by a belated letter carrier. "What is the matter the postman asked. "What indeed?" stammered the peasant; "for the devil has just gone by on a windmill, and God have mercy on me!"

Before Judge Blodgett, U. S. Circuit Court, Northern District of Illinois, on Monday, July first a motion to enjoin the Gormully and Jeffery Mfg. Co., from using the Copeland patent was argued by the attorneys of the Pope Mfg. Co., Coburn and Thatcher; Offield and Towle appearing for the defense. The Court took the case under advisement, and on Monday, July 8, delivered his decision, denying the injunction. This case is the outcome or continuation of an interference case that was pending for some time in the patent office at Washington.

Ruskin says that pleasure comes through toil. Now out in the country the other day we saw a bicycle rider trying to walk up a sand hill, and having more trouble than most men in riding up a hill. As he stepped forward he slipped right back, and we think he must have walked a mile and a half without getting ahead two feet. That man had about all the toil he wanted, but we would like Mr Ruskin to tell us where the pleasure comes in; unless it was the pleasure we experienced while laughing at his wild and futile efforts to reach the top of that hill.

An eye opener for visitors to Paris is the popularity of cycling. Up and down the boulevards, and in and out of the *cafes*, a continuous stream of cyclists flows all day long. The French method of enjoying the pastime is somewhat different from our own. Their machines are light, almost fragile pieces of mechanism, bang up to date, without brakes or springs, and with saddles placed well back. They ride for five minutes over the asphalt at a fierce pace, and then stop a quarter of an hour for drinks, repeating the process *ad libitum*. Their favourite haunts are the Bois de Boulogne and the Avenue de la Grande Armee. To the right of the (Chateau de l'Etoile) in this avenue, there is a *cafe*, the Mecca of all good Parisian velocipedistes, and outside the *cafe* there is often an array of fifty or more cycles. If you take up a position here, you may in a short time learn a good deal of the ways and manners of the Parisian cyclists. Yonder comes a dark, lithe, little man on a tricycle with 24in wheels. He is running at a fast pace, but in the twinkling of an eye he has dismounted, and his machine runs on with nicely gauged precision into a little nook he has spotted for it among the maze of others. Nicely done. Here comes an ordinary—a racing rational—its owner sitting ten inches behind his work. He does a backward spring, and you begin to wonder how many English cyclists could land as light and easily from a tall machine. But the next feat is really clever. A safety rider comes along, he is riding hands off, he springs from his machine, it circles round in front of him, and he catches it just as it is about to fall. A well-known figure in the Avenue de la Grande Armee is a young girl who rides a tricycle. She looks the perfection of feminine grace, and manages her machine with the skill and confidence of an expert. The French cyclists are a wee bit behind the English in their style of dress, and in the provincial towns the jockey caps and tight knickerbockers of a past era are considered to be "the thing." It is wrong to say that the French do not tour; in the provinces there are some noted long distance tourists. The dextrous way the Frenchmen and Frenchwomen manage their machines is instructive. The forty-hops-thump-into-the-saddle young man, with an ordinary five inches too tall, is conspicuous by his almost entire absence. Nor will the average Frenchman ride a crock. His cycle must be a tip top one, or he will have none of it.—*Bicycling News*.

THE TENTH ANNUAL LEAGUE MEET.

Y THE first day of the meet, July 2, over 300 wheelmen are registered at the hotels, and many prominent men in wheeling circles are present. President Luscomb had arrived the night before, and, though it was raining in torrents, was met at the depot and escorted to his hotel.

In lieu of the annual business meeting an informal at-large meeting was held on the first day in which any of the League members present were allowed part in the discussion. Mr. Hodgson Chief Consul of Louisiana was the first to speak, his subject being; Handicaps. He deplored the fact that handicap cycle races were no more accurate now than they were four years ago, and gave as his opinion that at the best handicaps always had been, and always would be a matter of guesswork on the part of the handicapper.

Mr. Frank Prial took exceptions to some of Mr. Hodgson's remarks claiming that the inaccuracies in the past were largely due to the fact that one handicapper had to do all of this work for the whole country and consequently could not give it the attention it demanded. He thought that as each section of the country had a separate handicapper the work would be more thoroughly done, and consequently more satisfactory in the future.

After a few more speakers had given the meeting the benefit of their ideas on different subjects of interest to wheelmen, the meeting adjourned.

At noon the Chief Consuls, five in number, met in private session. Among other things they decided that the contract the League had with the Official tailors should be respected and that each state could not appoint an official tailor of its own.

In the afternoon a short run of about six miles was made by some 200 wheelmen, the intended run to Williamsport, and also the lantern parade in the evening being prevented by the rain.

Wednesday, in spite of the bad weather a run to Antietam was made in the morning, the road, however, was miserable, one of the riders falling off his wheel, breaking his arm and cutting his face and hands badly. Such are the magnificent sand-papered roads of Maryland. On this run a very painful lack of system was apparent, no guides accompanying the party or joining it on the road, thus many points of historic interest were passed by unnoticed.

The rain continues, and falls in torrents the balance of the day, and also on the morning of the Fourth. At noon however it stops

and the parade, which was to have taken place in the morning, commences, with 438 machines in line carrying 450 riders.

The races commenced at 4 P. M., and by this time the sky was bright and clear, and a light breeze was blowing. The track was in bad shape however, and good time could not be expected.

The one mile novice was the first event contested. Emerson leading by a long distance, and winning in 3:24.

The one mile L. A. W. Championship was next on the program. Benton lead in the first quarter; Hudson in the second; and Rich in the third. A. C. Banker spurted on the home stretch however, winning in 3:8.

Only three entered the 100 yard slow race, and of these two fell



A. C. BANKER,
WINNER OF ONE MILE L. A. W. CHAMPIONSHIP.

off, Dayhoff being the only one to finish. His time was 3:36.

As there were but six starters in the half mile dash it was run in in one heat. Brown set the pace, Banker led at the quarter, but Wilhelm made a magnificent spurt on the home stretch and won in 1:28½. Hines claimed that Brown fouled him but the protest was not allowed.

In the two mile handicap a great deal of carelessness was noticed on the part of the officials. In the first place too many outsiders were allowed on the track, and then at the start, as there were no scratch men, Barber, who had the shortest handicap, should have



ON THE HOME STRETCH.

HALF MILE DASH.

been placed at scratch and the others proportionately. This was not done, however and the race started amid much confusion. Ash set the pace. At the mile and a half Hines in trying to pass him on the inside ran into a picket fence and hurt himself badly. Clark was

fouled by Killinger, but pluckily mounted a new wheel, his old one being wrecked, and rode to the finish where he claimed a foul, and was given second place, Ash taking first in 6:43.

There were but two starters in the one mile tricycle L. A. W. Championship. Emerson led from the start, winning in 3:30.

In the one mile safety L. A. W. Championship were five starters. Larom set the pace, and Crist won in 3:51, his chief opponent being Wilhelm, who several times pushed him hard.

Three tandems started in the one mile tandem safety race. The Banker Brothers took the lead and kept it, winning in 3:12.

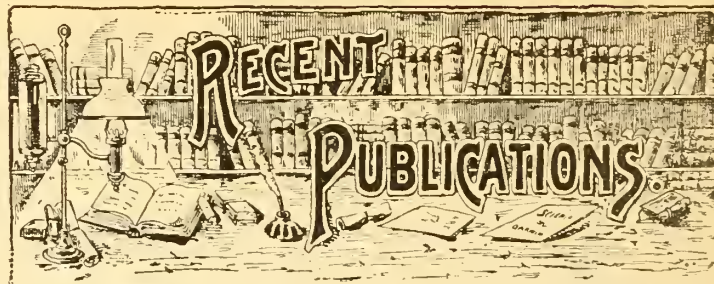
In the one mile team race two teams started, the Berkeley Athletic Club team winning with 27 points to their favor.

The races all through were slow, and lacked the snap necessary to make them a success. Fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed between each event and the dressing tents were at least an eighth of a mile distant.

It is a good thing the meet was held on the glorious Fourth, otherwise many more

W. I. WILHELM,
WINNER OF THE 1/2 MILE
DASH.

wheelmen would have been present, and as it was the accommodations were severely tested.



A Girl Graduate, by Celia Parker Woolley. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A Hopeless Case, by Luther H. Bickford. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Brawn and Brain, compiled by Arthur F. Aldridge. John B. Alden, New York.

The August *Century* will contain a chapter on "Lincoln and the Churches," by Messrs. Hay and Nicolay.

Nelly Bly has a very interesting account of her experiences in learning to ride a bicycle in the *New York World* of June 23.

The reporters of the *London Standard*, who do Parliamentary work, use cycles a great deal for making quick time between the Houses and the office.

The Great Divide, an illustrated monthly published at Denver, Col., although as yet young gives every evidence of becoming a first class paper. Its reading matter is bright, original and readable, and its illustrations up to the general average.

Brawn and Brain is the title of a neat little volume compiled by Arthur F. Aldridge, of the *Mail & Express*. It contains short and tersely written articles by noted athletes and thinkers on all of the



START OF THE ONE MILE L. A. W. CHAMPIONSHIP.

"A recent writer in a cycling paper remarks that no doubt every lady that rides a bicycle feels at home and graceful on the machine, but she does not always look so. This is, alas! painfully true. It is, unfortunately, not invariable to see a lady tricycler who is all that the heart desires in the way of elegance and beauty of appearance in the saddle, but it is still more rare to catch sight of a lady bicycler who fulfils these desirable conditions, and a lady who does not look well upon two wheels, very generally looks desperately the reverse. To quote once more the words of the article in the *WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE*:—No lady can afford to be indifferent to her appearance at any time if she wishes to have any influence. Every rider should feel the responsibility of elevating the sport for the health of her sex, if for no other reason."—*Violet Lorne in Bicycling News*.

The man who rides a hobby quite often takes a fall.

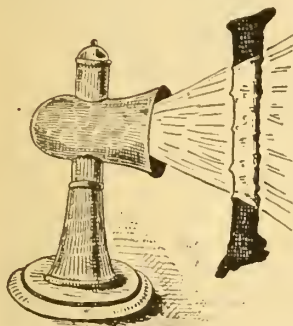
athletic sports.

Under the head of Cycling, George D. Gideon tells "How to Ride a Bicycle," and "How to do so with Ease and Moderation," is treated by Henry C. Ducker. Edward J. Shriver and Chas E. Pratt give a duet on "Good Health and Plenty of Fun," E. I. Halstead contributes his experiences as "A Man Who Has Ridden 10,000 Miles," and Chas. Richard Dodge tells about "Two Forms of Exercise."

The Author in his Preface gives as a reason for its existence, the fact that so few Americans appreciate the advantage of recreation and it seemed if men who were famous in different branches of sport should tell how they commenced and what routine they followed it would be of advantage to others. There is a right and a wrong way of exercising as well as every thing else, and this little book, while laying down no strict rules that must be followed, gives hints and instructions which will be of value to all.

JACK'S JOTTINGS.

"HAPPY ANN," OF THE SALVATION ARMY CALLS ON OUR CORRESPONDENT, "JACK," IN HIS DEN, AND GIVES HIM HER VIEWS ON MILITARY CYCLING, ON THE AMATEUR QUESTION, ON DECOLLETE BICYCLERS ON THE HIGHROAD, ON DECOLLETE GIRLS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS. DIFFICULT SUBJECTS DELICATELY DISCUSSED.



I HAD been writing, writing, far into the night. "Aunt Polly," as I call my little, silver plated candle writing lamp, had burned out; the wick had sputtered its last gleam of light, and I was in darkness. I reached over and lit the china student-lamp which stood on the other side of the table. I had called it "Aunt Polly" from the peculiar resemblance its profile bore to a sun-bonneted old woman. "Aunt Polly" originally came from

a shop in Piccadilly, near Old Bond Street and had thrown a good deal of light upon difficult passages in literature in her day. Under her sunbonnet she had peered into the forbidden pages of Boccaccio and Burns' "Suppressed Songs," which are admittedly rather rich in phosphates for the perusal of the majority of latter day readers. But I read them, and what is more, enjoyed them, and laughed in genuine merriment over the warm passages, or at such ridiculous occurrences, which do not as a rule find their way into the pages of the book we buy on the train, but which, nevertheless have a real place in daily life behind the scenes, as you and I can testify. The nightingale hunt in Boccaccio, the Dudu bee story in Don Juan, and the last page of Sterne's Sentimental Journey where he plays an April fool prank upon the interested reader, have all been scrutinized by "Aunt Polly." She has thrown light upon all of these passages. We have always had in us a spice of *le diable*, and it has helped us to enjoy many things in this life in an epicurean way, which to many would be positively sinful. Marriage and celibacy are not what they are often cracked up to be, and we have preferred the middle road, thus far. We had all the fun of the one with none of the cheerlessness of the other, though we ran great risks. Nevertheless, our star has in this respect been on the ascendant and we have had our 'fling' with a minimum of danger. Do we not remember a certain lady in "Dorothy" whose glove bill at the Burlington Arcade made us whistle to the tune of "Bella, do not tell me so," when it was presented. Divers and sundry boot bills on Regent and Oxford Street fairly paralyzed our naturally liberal nature so that we parted. We had had the worst of it. Many recollections of time spent in helping the jovial fellow Briton to drive dull care away, bring back lively recollections of a strong thirst at 4 A. M. and of the water jug being put down on the marble wash stand with a disgusted clatter that it did not hold two quarts instead of one. And no bell in the room. A general survey showed that our boots must have annoyed us as they have been chucked against the wall, and a knot has been tied on each trowser leg to keep the things in the pockets from falling out.

"Aunt Polly", our lamp, is dimly silhouetted against the dark shadow where the mellow light of the china shaded student lamp does not penetrate, and as our weary eyes gaze at her, she slowly changes, until instead of a resemblance, we see a veritable sun-bonneted old woman with spectacles, who begins singing: "I'll be there, I'll be there," all the while swinging her arms like a woman 'shooing' chicks out of a plot of pansies.

"The — you say!" we murmur irreverently, as we wonder what is the matter with our lamp.

"I'm Happy Ann, of the Salvation Army," said the hooded one, as she planked her narrow beam ends down on our rocking chair arm, her big flat feet swinging time to the hymn, and her blue glasses glinting the color of "This-is-poison-be-careful" medicine bottles in the soft light.

N. B. We have sent each girl in Vassar College a copy of this month's paper as they all know "Jack" by reputation. His "Perils of a Budding Graduate" put Vassar in tears of laughter some months ago. EDITOR.

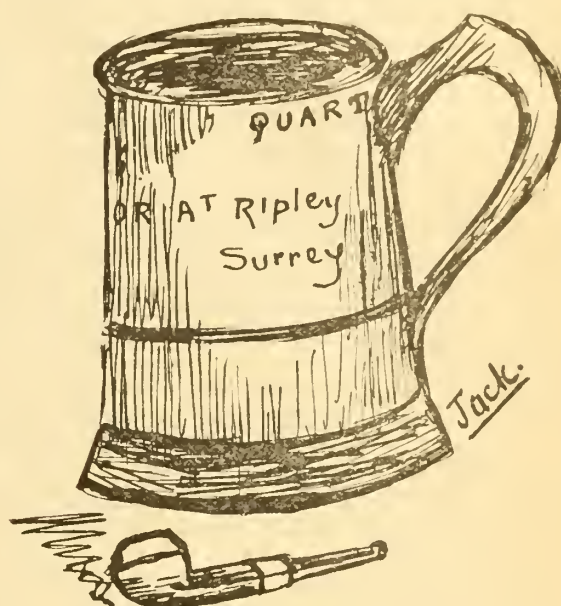
"You must have made a mistake," we venture. "There is a hypochondriac down stairs, who never uses water on his face, but uses plenty of it internally instead. His name is Methusela Phat Caput."

"No, no," said the maiden, (according to her own statement she had never been married) "I am Happy Ann, and I've come to see Happy Jack."

"That is our name," we say, as we pass over a Ripley Road pewter, donated by the "Anchor," and a small leather case of cigars. "Make yourself at home."

"I don't drink, smoke, lie, steal nor swear," said our guest.

"How do you make a living then—an unmarried woman too?" we asked.



"I sell the War Cry," said a voice which seemed to have hair on its upper lip, from the heart of the sun bonnet.

"We'll take one, if it gives us a tip on the Louisville 'two year old' handicap."

"No, it does not deal with that. It tells us how many rotten eggs Corporal Mac Glashen received on his left breast in Syracuse when he was going it on the wicked ways of base ball players; also the number of members of the Army ready to graduate for the Asylum; the number of annual natal accidents in the ranks of the army, though latterly our editor has tried to suppress these figures somewhat, they rather detract from the standing of our army, you know. It tells where to get three bars of soap for a nickel. It tells—" but here we waved silence with our paper cutter.

"We have," said we, "been thinking that a bicycle brigade would be a good addition to the Salvation Army. It would never do to let Col. Saville, of England monopolize this sort of thing. Let us have military cycling in the Salvation Army."

"If you will create interest in this matter," said Happy Ann, "and get up some Easter Manœuvres, General Booth will give you \$25,000 and make you a Colonel. Let us carry hot shot and shell into the ranks of the enemy by means of cycles."

"Agreed," say I, "We have, it is true no Rucker in this country, but we can approach Colonel Pope and Gormully, and if they do not club us to Death's door, we may escape to tell the tale"

"I have been sitting in Central Park," said Happy Ann, "and have noticed the eads flit by in full tights on bicycles, their malformations and over-developments exposed to the view of the passer by. I thought we might get those fellows on the stage and throw a little red lime light on them to show the sisters of the army what Hecate looked like when the 'men male things' arrived there. I have gazed upon the ballet unblushingly, and would have been a ballet dancer myself if my feet had not been so expansive, and my *tout ensemble* so devoid of grace. You see I was not marriageable, and had to see everything through blue glass, so what was there for a love-sick maiden like myself, but to join the Salvation Army? I have seen the ballet at the Casino and the Empire, and rather enjoyed it. There was nothing indecent about it. In fact the ladies in the boxes made a much less modest show of themselves than the ladies of more

or less easy virtue on the stage, the difference between the rivals for *decollete* honors, whom the flaring foot-lights divided, being that they differed in opinion as to which extremity they should expose in a state of nudity to the cads in the "pit," or the more importunate ones with the strong theatre glasses in the "five shilling seats," or boves

These unfortunates on the stage underwent the nightly unmasking of the lower limbs to the coarse gaze of the *blase* theatre goer for pay—they had to live; those who looked on and shivered sometimes, with the skin of their upper body so "goosey" in the pores that the opera swan-down mantle had to be swung over them. A slight enough difference between the two classes, divided by the stern line of the footlights, which is supposed to divide vice and virtue.

"Egad! Some of those who looked on at the sinuous members of the *ballet Parisienne* had heavier hearts, and more need of repentance than those who pirouetted on their satin sandals to some frothy French *valse* or stately Arcadian *minuet*. Yes, there is scandal enough on both sides of the footlights in all surety, and Madame Rouette is only more respectable in her orgies, by reason of the delightful privacy with which they are conducted, and because she is very constant in her affections and scarcely ever changes a lover more than once in every twelve months, while Clotilde on the stage drinks beer when *Vive Cliquot* is unattainable, and has lovers on the interchangeable plan, a disreputable system which rightly enough makes Madame Rouette sneer at Clotilde through her lorgnette. Poor Clotilde!

"I think that the ballet girl shows less hide in its reality than Madame in the stage box. But when you get down to those bicyclers on the road, who are indecent in dress because then say it is cool and comfortable, we cannot stomach them."

"What do you think of Willie Windle of Worcester?" we asked, as we lit a strong pipe to abbreviate, if possible, the possibility of a much longer interview.

"We, that is the Salvation Army, think that if there is an Amateur Rule, it ought to be enforced, but we think that if it is in any way ridiculous we should like to see it fired out of existence. We do not see why Willie Windle is not as decent a fellow after his disqualification, as before it. He was considered to be all right, until it was found out that he received the coin of the realm for doing work which was not dishonest. Now you say: 'He's a bloomin' professional.' Is that fair? Are there not lots of other amateurs shaking in their shoes lest their connection with Boston or Chicago makers should be found out? Why can a man race horses for money (as does His Grace The Duke of Portland,) or shoot at clay pigeons for cash, but when he races on a bicycle for cash, and is found out, he is no longer

fit for the society of men who are not fast enough to ride a mile in five minutes? Why is it that slow racing men as so fastidious about their company on the cycle track? It is not necessary that you should take the man you race against into the bosom of your family and introduce him to your sister. Not by any means. If a man is not a cad why is he not a fit contestant in amateur cycling events. That's what I'd like to know." said Happy Ann vigorously, "And why should a man have no protection from the L. A. W. because he happens to accept a paltry pittance to enable him to indulge his love for cycling? Does he not earn his money honestly? You see," continued Happy Ann, as her eyes shone in the light, "the professional has made his path a hard one. He has been guilty of too many disreputable tricks, and the people (especially those who lost their money on him in bets of tens and twenties) have it in for him. It is very hard to say who is crooked, and that is why the hard line has been drawn, which has for its aim the maintaining of fair and square racing, and we—" but here we changed the subject, and spoke of the advanced hour, saying: "You see we have to sleep as we are made of very ordinary clay, and are not cold-blooded, and therefore need sleep. We never knew a man who was a very early riser who was remarkable for anything else. He was generally lacking in head power, and as he thought little, needed very little sleep. Four o'clock A. M. may be a seasonable hour for the man whose mind is concentrated on hoeing turnips, but if he has higher idealisms his brain needs rest. 'Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool,' is an old woman's rule, and not up to much in 1889. Our fathers did not do the amount of worrying we do. Time was not so valuable. Besides, they were in bed at an hour when we are just seeing the second curtain go up at the theatre, and just think of the things that have to be done, after that before we can locate the key-hole in the door at home."

"I guess I must go," spoke the fair virgin in her rich New England twang, an accentuation which has ever charmed our British ear.

"Call again," we say drowsily, as we nod off to sleep.

* * * * *

The day light streams in through the open window. We have not been in bed. "Aunt Polly" has resumed her normal proportions. She is as she was when we gave three sovereigns for her and a copper toddy kettle, in a shop in Piccadilly, the day of the Highland Gathering in London, two years ago.

We need rest, so we throw off our coat and small clothes and don our pyjamas, and soon are sleeping on our soft bed, like a man who has been working hard in a coal mine. "Call me at nine" is a card on our door, but no maid-of-all-work in this world can waken us from the dead sleep of a man who scribbles.

JACK.



"JACK" IN HIS DEN.

A HUNT FOR A WAR.



I HAVE always wanted to be something that I am not. My wants of this kind have been many and various, but the last was to become a war correspondent. When I was cabled to go at once in that capacity to the Franco-German frontier, I went. The one trouble was, the war did not turn up. Why I should have been selected for this purpose, I do not know, my only qualifications being less than an elementary knowledge of French, and an absolute ignorance both of the science of war and of German.

We should have started when the war excitement was at its height, before the German elections quieted matters. But my colleague—which is, I believe, the correct term among war correspondents—had other fish to fry. He had just discovered that the ballet is a fine art; he was settling the Ambleside Railway Bill; he was sitting on John Bright—in fact he was discovered, settling and arranging the affairs of nearly all Europe to his own satisfaction, and Boulanger and Bismark and the war had to wait his convenience. Besides I had to call at the American Legation and get a passport. I felt this to be necessary, because I had already been arrested three times for not having one, and I had every expectation of being run in a fourth. It would have been very fine to have my name in big letters in all the gutters of London, coupled with the startling announcement: "Arrest of our Special Correspondent. This seemed likely, as the principal advice given us most freely by every one, including the Legation, was that we were 'big fools' to go. I might as well say here that the other 'big fool,' otherwise my colleague, was on the editorial staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and who, for obvious reasons I shall call Mr. Henry Norman. But fine as it would have been, we thought it just as well to have some means of getting out of French prisons into which we had already been consigned. In addition to the passports, we were both of us furnished with letters to people in authority in France and Germany.

As there were no railroads in a large part of the country through which we meant to travel, we had to have some means of conveyance of our own. My colleague suggested horses. This would have been commonplace, to say nothing of the fact that I had never been on a horse in my life. As he admitted he had ridden a bicycle, we very secretly, as we knew all our friends would laugh at such a proceeding, obtained a couple of safety bicycles.

At a quarter past nine on Tuesday, the first of March, I turned up at Charing Cross Station, London. At twenty minutes past, the two bicycles arrived, and were kept at a respectful distance in hopes that nobody would connect them with me. At half past, my colleague's secretary rushed up and we mutually asked each other where he was. At twenty-five minutes of ten, a gentleman, who for all I know may be *Pemelli* himself, as he bears that inscription on his cap, came in, and asked in his turn where my colleague was, and looking sadly, first at the bicycles, and then at me, said: "Are these the instruments?" At twenty minutes to ten, just the time the train should have started, appeared my colleague, burdened with tickets and bags. *Pemelli* fell upon a dignified official in a high seat; several lesser officials fell upon us. My bags went one way, the machines another. The train, that had just started, stopped. I embraced somebody; I hope it was my wife. *Pemelli* and the secretary vanished. I was thrust into a railway carriage, my colleague tumbled in after me, and off went the train. Five tickets appeared at the window; *Pemelli*, and the secretary, and the man who brought the bicycles appeared on the foot-board, falling off, one by one. The last thing I heard was: "I say, gov'nor, I brought them boysickles." I now began to understand the real significance of being a war correspondent.

We were only beginning to get over the impression of this impression when we came to Boulogne, where we were informed that the train would start at once for Paris, and that our machines must be weighed and measured and valued—an operation that I knew from experience took an hour or two. But by exercising a little of that dignity which becomes a war correspondent, the bicycles were shoved into

a baggage car, and the train started.

At the Paris station we were not allowed to touch the machines, they being in bond. Two porters who endeavored to take charge of them, promptly fell over them, and were forced to carry them in their arms. We tried to get them out of the customs, but, though we were shown in by an inferior, we were ordered out by a superior officer, who wanted to know how we dared to enter. Finally everything was ready, and we were informed we should have to pay a fabulous price. But we explained that we did not intend to take the bicycles, as we were going out of France the next day. The gentleman in charge was very much disgusted. We must pay no matter what any one else said. When he found we would not pay, he insisted that we must come down in the morning, two or three hours before the train started, because, "*monsieur, il y aura des formalities, des formalities!*" It is at such times that one wishes he had never seen a bicycle.

We at last escaped to a little hotel near the Rue de Rivoli, which for steepness of price and excellence of service I have never seen equalled.

The next day we saw many people in authority, from General Boulanger down, who all told us there were some places on the frontier which they could not prevent us from going to, but if they only could catch us!—and if they didn't why then the Germans would; and as for permission to visit fortified places, *ma foi!*

The following morning we got off without any trouble the *formalities* being disposed of in a few minutes instead of hours, the custom-house himself not appearing. We took an express train to Verdun, the largest and most important fortified post on our route to the frontier, our object being to see as much as we could of what was being done by the French in preparation for this expected war. We caught sight of squads of conscripts, groups of cloaked officers inspecting them, and a squadron of cavalry practicing its evolutions before the train found its way through a series of earthworks and into the town, which is the center of a group of fortified points. Afraid to ride the machines, as we had never been on them, we walked from the station through the guarded gates of the town, expecting every minute to be challenged by the sentries; but they calmly ignored us to concentrate all their attention on our machines the like of which they had never seen before.

Later when we went out to practice on our bicycles, even before we began to ride, I had seen the most picturesque old gateway and a Venetian or Dutch looking washing place down by the river that I longed to sketch, I was sure however, that if I attempted it I should most certainly find myself at once in prison. But I knew what to do. I simply went to the nearest stationers and found excellent photographs, not only of these places, but of the barracks as well, and for three francs I got all the information I wanted. Such are the laws of France!

As we both had had a good deal of experience on ordinary bicycles—though we at first frightened several estimable old ladies and horses and amused a large audience—we, at the end of half an hour felt ourselves to a certain extent at home on the safeties, and ready to start in the morning. It is true my colleague's favorite method of dismounting still was to drop the handles, tumble one way, let the machine go the other, and stand on top of it. But he was improving, and the machine was standing it well. We put up at one of the French commercial hotels, of the existence of which even my colleague knew nothing. At the *table d'hôte* we heard a good deal of the actual French feeling in regard to the war. *Les Prussiens* and *les Allemands*, so the drummers told us were buying wood, and *ma foi*, we must buy wood too! Few barracks were being built in the town, but they were not yet finished. Troops, as we could see for ourselves, were being drilled day and night.

In the morning we wanted to have some of our traps sent by train to Metz. Then we understood the difficulty of sending anything over the frontier. It took two good hours of *formalities* to get a few old clothes and a couple of bags expressed into Germany, so that we lost the greater part of a beautiful spring morning. It would have been better for us to take the direct road to Conflans, Mars-la-Tour, and Gravotte, but instead, we went by way of Manheulles. No sooner were we out of town than the hills, and mud, and wind commenced. There was hill after hill, on the tops of which we sat in the sunshine, looking away over rolling and wooded country, almost

every hill top crowned with a fort, large or small, for defence. Here and there we saw a cannon peeping out, a bayonet glittering, a signal-flag flying. There were new earthworks, too, great trenches dug across the fields for the discomfort of infantry, and nasty barbed fences in front of little woods to break up cavalry regiments charging in that direction. Now and then we heard the sound of bugle calls, and once a whole company of soldiers came out and drilled on a broad plateau far below us and miles away from any house. And yet under the forts, and up to the very mouths of the cannon, and the barbed fences, peasants were plowing and preparing for the summer just as if Boulanger and Bismark were not doing their best to glorify themselves by getting two great nations at each other's throats. A peasant, who stopped to look at the machines said: "The war? Oh nobody thinks of that just now. We have a great calm. We think of summer and the harvest."

Although we sat smoking on the grass and the birds were singing in the trees, not far off snow was lying on the ground and ponds were frozen over. It may seem impossible, but I can only ask people to believe that the road up here was simply perfect. As we rested we thought what an excellent thing it was that General Boulanger had ordered cycles to be introduced in the French army for orderlies and courtiers. We felt very proud, too, of being the first people to have demonstrated the possibility of using them for this purpose. It seemed to us that this was one of the first occasions when cycles had been put to practical use. But we congratulated ourselves entirely too soon, for at the bottom of the great hills on which we had been, we came into a sea of mud, through which we had to wade, dragging our machines after us, and now and then stopping to scrape off the mud, when the wheels wouldn't turn. In one place my colleague asked a stone breaker if they were making the road so bad in order that the Persians shouldn't pass. The man did not seem to know whether we ought not to be arrested as suspicious characters immediately. When, after much pulling and complicated swearing, we got to the town of Manheulles, we went into a dirty old *auberge*, where there was a wonderfully quaint staircase, and, over a bottle of wine with a most indifferent landlord we had a consultation. Once he found that we wanted to get away by some means other than the cycles, he became interested and when we had treated him to some of his own beer—one glass of which seemed to have a most demoralizing effect—he told us that he had a small chariot in which he would be happy to take us back to Etain, only a few miles from Verdun, as the road from Manheulles to Gravelotte was all mud, and quite as bad as that we had just come over.

In his chariot, with the machines tied up behind, we set out in a perfect deluge of mud, half way up to the hubs. The landlord whipping his horse to a gallop, and calling it a pig and a camel, away we drove, up, and especially down hill, shaving horses and people, he all the time wanting to take us somewhere else to see his *beaufre*.

In about two or three kilometres after turning off the main road, the road became excellent, and we came full tilt into Etain, to discover, after our driver had left us, that he had retained my only trousers and my colleague's gloves as keepsakes. In the hotel at dinner, we turned up with the same commercials we had seen at Verdun with whom we amicably ate frogs and other articles on the menu, while they told stories of which my knowledge of French only helped me to loose stories. No one talked about the war, no one seemed to care about it, so there was nothing new for us to learn on the subject, excepting that there was just now *peu a faire* in the commercial or military world. In the *café* afterward we made the animals go round in the small menagerie which the landlord apparently was able to maintain out of the proceeds of his coffee-selling.

In the morning it was bright and beautiful, but we found that one of the machines had broken down. However, a clever blacksmith who had been in a cycle factory in Paris soon repaired it, and we rode over most perfect roads to Conflans, only stopping by the way to eat a lunch of an omelet of ten eggs and a bottle of Burgundy, for which, the brother-in-law of the man who had appropriated my trousers, charged us a franc and a half. We asked him what he thought of the prospect of a war. He said bah! he didn't expect one but if it came, he had a *café*—and, he flattered himself, a good *café*—and war would make commerce for him. However, for all that, he hoped there would be none.

About here a new road was being built, and was, consequently, unrideable. A horse could hardly have gone over it, for it was spread with loose stones several inches deep. We, therefore, did just what makes cycle touring so pleasant, put our machines in the train and went to Mars-la-Tour, where a very officious gendarme, and then the mayor tried to make me talk German without any success whatever. This made us realize that we were well on the frontier. From Mars-la-Tour is a long, rough climb up to a table-land; and here, while my colleague interviewed a peasant in Germany, I, still in France, made a sketch with the sign "Frontier" on one side of the road and *Frankreich* directly opposite on the other. This same peasant, who had been making long winding furrows in the field when we hailed him, answered in broken German; but instantly turning to French, he said: "Yes, this is Germany; it was France;" but, as we could see, the sun shone as bright on one side as on the other. The frontier divided his land, and he didn't know what he was, save a farmer. And as for Bismark and the others, "what do I care for their frontier as long as they leave us in peace?"

Very much the same sentiments I heard again from a Frenchman elected to a German office by his fellow-townsmen, also Frenchmen, though they live on German ground, and who took the office because—well a man has to live; but how could he, he asked, love the people who, seventeen years ago had put a bullet in him?

A few minutes riding brought us to Vionville, the German frontier station. No one attempted to stop us in the town. It is true we went through as quickly and noiselessly as possible. We had no intention of leaving more money with the Germans, if we could help it. We asked a peasant where the German custom-house was.

"It is behind you," said he.

"*Tant mieux*," said my friend, and we went faster than ever. only for a few rods, however, for just in front of us a great brown-bearded figure, with a long pipe in his mouth, and a gun over his shoulder came out and stared at us.

"Shall we stop?" asked my colleague.

"How should I know," answered the German, and we rode on, faster than ever, through Rezonville, where, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, we drew all the children after us, by the great mass of German and French monuments and crosses, into Gravelotte, where we talked all night with the landlord, who had fought in the battle. As we sat in his *café* we noticed German gendarmes with French soldiers on leave, silent Germans with lively Frenchmen, all playing cards amicably together, while a fat bar-maid snored loudly at her post. Bædeker thinks this inn extravagant, but we do not find sixteen francs an exorbitant charge for all we got of him.

The next morning we coasted delightfully, with the wind behind us, down the long hill into the ravine of Gravelotte. All that one sees here to-day are the obelisks that crown every hill and the crosses that stand out in the shadowy valley. The obelisks and tall monuments mark the place where officers fell for France or the fatherland; but far more pathetic are the plain wooden crosses raised by regiments to their comrades who "remained." Under some great mounds French and Germans lie together, and the Frenchman, who is now called a German, guides his plowshare among these islands of the dead. From the crops sown by Bismark and Napoleon there has sprung up a harvest not only of never dying hatred, but—where they were bloodiest—one of great plenty. From St. Hubert and Point-du-Jour we saw what a wonderful battle field this was; we could look Mars-la-Tour on one side to Metz on the other, and from away off toward Sedan far up the Moselle. If one compares this field of action, where the whole country was under the eyes of the French forces, to that, for example, where the Battle of the Wilderness was fought, it is impossible to understand how they ever lost such an impregnable position.

After Point-du-Jour I must admit that our interests in battle-fields grew less, as the descent grew steeper, and we coasted down past German lines of defence, into Moulin, and on, into the city of Metz, being looked at suspiciously by the guards, who did not know whether to challenge us though they stopped every one with bag or bundle at the gates; and then, walking, we crossed the *Platz* of the Cathedral, where every French name has become German, and where to the music of a military band, officers were coming and going, looking for all the world as if they had just stepped out of the pages of the *Fliegende Blätter*. Later the same afternoon, we went to the

esplande, where Germans and their wives walked on one side, and Frenchmen on the other, the only point on which they seemed to agree being to regard my knee-breeches with a, to me, painful amount of interest.

Next day we started for a run around the northern part of the frontier. Though Metz has about 28,000 soldiers, and I don't know how many other inhabitants, Thionville, which the guide-book says is a strongly fortified little place, did not seem to have room for anybody but the soldiers. As we sat at the hotel window waiting for our lunch, that wonderful machine, the German guard, was perpetually turning out to salute officers, while regiments of infantry, squadrons of cavalry, and batteries of artillery were continually passing, until we might have thought a great battle was in progress just outside the gates. But it seemed as if there must be, not only a battle but a fete, for at the station we saw lots of young men with gay ribbons in their hats. Coming nearer, however, we noticed that gay as were the ribbons, there were many sad faces, and we found that these were the young Alsacians who had just gone to draw their lot to them, lucky or unlucky numbers, which were to decide their fate for the next four years. You can hardly imagine anything harder than the position of these men, forced to defend the country they hate. No one realizes this better than the Germans themselves, and the conscript from Alsace or Lorraine is sent as far from his home as possible. Of course this iron military law may bend, but it will not break the French people.

We eventually pedaled to Pont-a-Mousson, a most picturesque town where we heard that the war scare had resolved itself into the fact that two regiments of hussars stationed here had received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march to the mysterious front at any moment. At present, however, the attention of the officers seemed to be concentrated upon the enjoyment of an excellent dinner which the landlady of the quaint old Hotel de France had prepared for us, and upon their game of cards afterwards. All attempt to pump them were useless; they evidently looked upon us as suspicious characters. So indeed, did every body else, for I was getting desperate, and was beginning to sketch. I was drawing away before dinner, at a bridge where there was a picturesque old tower in the background, when a man came up and pretended to want to sell me something. Instead he looked at my sketch book and asked if *Monsieur tire des plans du pont*. *Monsieur* at once burst into fluent lies, having told the truth on similar occasions and suffered for it, and affirmed that he was an architect drawing the plan of a church some distance away. But the next instant the sketch-book was put up, and *Monsieur* and the man had disappeared in opposite directions. I soon got lost, and was compelled to ask my way of a priest, and, thoughtlessly forgot to raise my hat; at the same time a little boy also spoke to him more respectfully. I immediately took the hint, but it struck me I had learned one reason why the priest is not regarded as the *bon Dieu* of this country.

We went to bed in a room like the third act of *Ruddigore* surrounded by the ancestors of the family, all of whom seem to have been kings or generals, popes, or great ladies in short waists. My colleague, in his striped pajamas, tried, *a la Ruddigore*, to induce one of the ladies to come down and dance a minuet with him, but she was obdurate. We were told too, that no one less than kings and generals ever was allowed to sleep in this room. The Kaiser had used it during the war. We wondered if he got off as cheaply as we did, for we paid only two francs for it. We knew that he could not have had a better dinner.

Next morning we made the best of our way to Nancy, the sole incidents on the road being the desire of every dog we met to take a piece out of my black stockings, and a meeting with two French gendarmes—the only two, I think we saw—patrolling the roads near the frontier. Certainly, after seeing both sides of the frontier, I must say that the French succeed in carrying out to perfection their idea of their real force. When they come to display it the result will be interesting. At Nancy—a most charming provincial French city, where there is a very good picture-gallery, wonderful old gates, and a hotel, in which I had one of the best dinners I have ever eaten in France—absolutely nothing happened. We tried to talk to French officers, but they wouldn't talk. We asked at the *table d'hôte* if any one knew of a good commercial hotel in Strasburg. "No," said one man; "we never go there any more. It is German

now." More and more reckless, I sketched after dinner in the Café Stanislas, where there was a truly socialistic gathering. At one table were rough teamsters and carters drinking beer; at the next several decorated men sipping liquor and playing cards. I was the only disturbing element, for when I began to sketch I broke up the party. One by one they got up and left, until I was reduced to the *garçon*.

We did see a good deal of drilling in the town, but it was nothing compared to that which we had seen in German cities. However, Nancy is some little distance from the frontier, to which we returned the next day. Although thoroughly French, the people of St. Die, have apparently never gotten over the invasion of the Germans, for at the *table de hôte* we were given sauerkraut and snails, on both of which, my colleague, who was supposed to be an invalid, thrived. We climbed up to the frontier station at Saales, where there was no visible preparations or officials except the old French customs-officer who, when we showed him our French custom receipt, and asked to have the fifty francs duty returned, as we were leaving French territory, calmly read the paper from beginning to end, and said: "*Messieurs, vous pouvez voyager librement!*"

When we told him that we had some slight desire to have our money back, he informed us that the office would not be open until two o'clock, that we could come then and he would see about it. There followed such a war as I am quite sure the inhabitants of that place had never seen before! Suffice it to say that I think in ten minutes that gentleman found there was a difference between attempting to detain two war correspondents, full of their newly acquired importance, for two hours on the edge of a pine forest in Vosges, with a snow-storm coming up, and stopping a peasant and compelling him to spend two little hours in the not unpleasant *auberge* across the street where we had had our lunch. To cut a rather disagreeable affair short, I shall give only the last words of the *douanier* as we mutually asked each others pardon.

"Are all people in your country so impertinent to custom-house officers?"

He had his revenge. He compelled a poor guard to accompany us on foot six miles to the frontier. On the level I tried to take him up behind, and though perhaps on his return he may have gloried in the fact that he rode on the velocipede, I doubt if he added that we all three fell into the gutter. However, as it was uphill almost the whole distance, the guard, by making short-cuts, got to the frontier station as soon as we did. As he left us we came in sight of the two inevitable long-bearded, long-piped Germans sitting by the road-side and waiting for our coming into the father-land. As they said nothing to us, we went quickly by them, and numbers of others whom we met for miles beyond. Such is the difference between the protection of the two frontiers. We tore as fast as possible, with a snow-storm behind us, sixty kilometres downhill, first over melted snow and mud, and over splendid roads, into Strasburg, where I arrived in a rather battered condition.

We expected fully to go on the next morning to Bale, but on awakening we found a snow-storm raging, and inside a lieutenant who belonged to the Strasburg Bicycle Club, and who was the instructor of a corps of bicycle-riding orderlies at Strasburg, willing and anxious to show us every *Bierkeller* in the place, but silent as a sphinx on the subject of German fortifications and preparations. Though we spent the greater part of three days and nights in the company of this estimable young gentleman and his friends, both military and velocipedic, not one word could we learn from them of the coming war so much desired by a few leaders, so much dreaded by the mass of the people. We waited, hoping to go on to Bale, but the snow was over a foot deep there was no use for us to go by train, riding was impossible, and so we went back to London.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

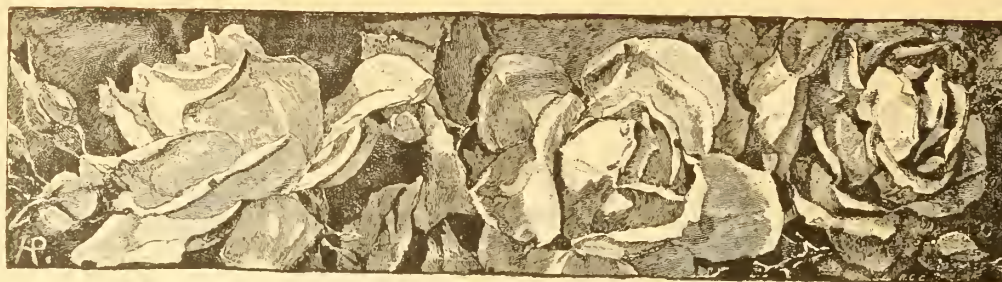
First Wheelman.—Say Jimmie, see this statuette I won at the races last week. It's solid gold.

Second Wheelman. (examining it.)—Why part of it is of base metal.

"What part?"

"The pedestal."

A clean score—20.



A SUMMER MEMORY.

Sand underneath us, and sky overhead,
A track behind us, marks where we have sped;
Before us a limitless wealth of free air,
That is food for the muscular, health for the fair,
Fast and far: fast and far,
Ah! how happy and gay we are.
I dream in the day time of seeing a star.

"Tell me something I much wish to know,"
And I bend where her sweet head is also bent low;
And I whisper some words as our pedals fly fast,
And, I have it, I have it! Her answer at last,
Yes, there's joy in the air,
And old Ocean smiles fair,
And flings a foam blossom to bloom in her hair.

Gliding along with a light in her eye,
That shines from from its blue, like a star from the sky;
Thus swiftly Anleta sweeps on by my side,
Where Atlantic's broad billows roll up their great tide.
And my whisper so low,
With her cheeks ruddy glow,
Bespeaks some sweet secret, we two only know.

CHRIS WHEELER.



There was a crooked man,
Who rode a crooked mile,
And he made a crooked record,
In a very crooked style.

* * *

There was a little man
And he had a little bike,
And the bearings all were steel, steel, steel;
But in coasting down a hill
He got an awful spill,
And gave vent to an agonising squeal, squeal, squeal.

* * *

Hey, diddle diddle,
A man in the middle,
A wheel on either side;
This cycular grotto
Is known as the "Otto,"
A make I never have tried.

* * *

Sing a song of cyclers
With collars all awry,
Four and twenty cyclers baked pretty dry;
When they'd finished scorching
They all were done up brown,
Don't they look a dainty lot, straggling thro' the town,

* * *

Jack and Jill
Went up a hill
Upon a social tandem,
But coming down
He caught Jill's gown,
They landed quite at random.

* * *

Jingle, jingle little bike,
How I wonder what you're like;
All about the world you fly
How I'd like to have a try.

WHAR THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN.

Do I like the city? Stranger, 't isn't likely that I would—
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud, onearthly noise—
Everybody in a hurry; men and wimen, gals an' boys,
All er rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the mountain land out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' yar but bricks an' mortar, towering overhead so high
That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky.
Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in sight,
Nothin' but the buildin's' shadder makin' gloom o' heaven's light.
E'en the birds ar' all imported from away acrost the sea—
Faces meet me all distorted with the hand o' misery.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' valleys green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen all defaced,
Everybody tryin ter shove yer in the gutter in their haste.
Cars an' carts, an' wagons rumblin' through the streets with deafnin' roar
Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', just like imps from Shoel's shore
Factories' j'inin' in the chorus, helpin' o' the din to swell;
Auctioneers in tones sonorous lyin' bout the goods they sell.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder; birds a-singing everywhere;
Deer a-playin' in their gladness, elk a-feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in the mountains dells an' bowers.

Fairer pictur', the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen,
Than this lovely home o' natur'
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.



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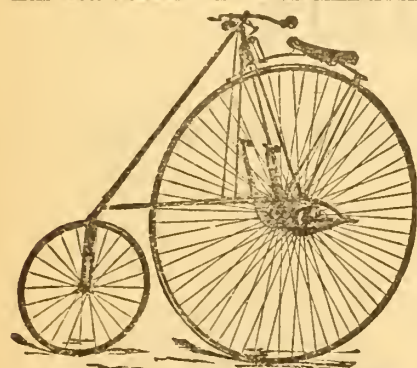
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3

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Will Sell Cheap.

For Particulars, Address—

BEN. L. DARROW.

Indianapolis, Ind.

When answering advertisements please mention the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, and thus confer a favor on both advertiser and publisher.

Purchase Tickets via the



To CHICAGO, and the NORTHWEST.

Leave Indianapolis:

7 10 a m	-	-	arrive Chicago	1 55 p m
11 55 a m	-	-	arrive Chicago	6 35 p m
11 15 p m	-	-	"	7 25 a m

Leave Chicago:

8 30 a m	-	-	arrive Indianapolis	3 35 p m
8 20 p m	-	-	"	3 35 a m
11 40 p m	-	-	"	8 10 a m

The shortest and quickest route to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., and all northwestern points. Twelve hours saved by this route. Pullman buffet sleepers, magnificent chair cars and through coaches, on all trains.

Only one running 22 trains each way between

Indianapolis and Chicago.

I. D. Baldwin, Dist. Pass. Agt.
E. O. McCormick, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
26 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED.

Wheelmen in all parts of the country to solicit subscriptions for the GAZETTE. The work will take but a very small portion of your and a liberal cash commission is paid.

A POCKET WRENCH



AND SCREW DRIVER COMBINED.
Turns Nuts, Gas Burners or Pipe without adjustment. Made of Best Polished Steel. Sent by mail for 25cts. **POCKET WRENCH CO., P. O. Box 672, New York City.**

N.B. Think not, gentle reader, for one instant that we believe in "singing matches" between a splendidly built animal, who calls himself a Bostonian, and an ambitious and over estimated animal of lesser magnitude, who hails from Baltimore. We do not think that the "manly art" should be conducted as a means of livelihood. We only call your attention to a circumstance in the history of 1889, that has absorbed the people's attention to a ludicrous extent that you might, at the same time read our advertisement of the WHITE FLYER published on this and on the inside front cover page. We don't worry about little quarrels between American blackguards. All we think about is to get you to read our advertisements and ride our machine. It is called the WHITE FLYER. Commit our advertisements to memory, then learn them backwards, and above all things, *remember them*, and tell your friends about them.

THE WHITE CYCLE CO., WESTBORO, MASS.

TO J. PURVIS-BRUCE, CARE

SEND FOR CATALOG

Agents wanted in every city and town in America

The WHITE FLYER SAFETY BICYCLE must eventually do this very thing with the other bicycles, as it is the——, but we leave you to say that. We are so modest and retiring you know, and we don't believe in all this "talk" anyhow. A good thing must commend itself to the practical buyer.



BECAUSE HE WAS THE BEST MAN.

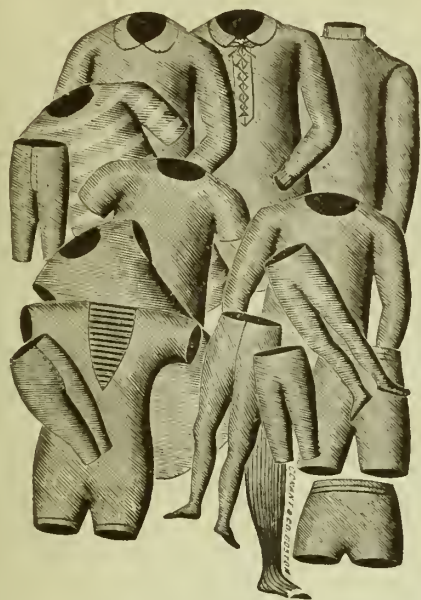
WHY?

KNOCKED OUT KILRAIN!

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



HOLMES & CO.



We call special attention to our new circular for the coming season. We have added several new things to our list, which we trust the trade will appreciate.

JERSEY FITTING GARMENTS.

FOR
Bicycle Riders, Lawn Tennis Players, Yachting, Rowing, Base-Ball, Foot-Ball, and Gymnasium.



League color, Gray mixed, Black, Navy, or any color, Plain or Stripe.

This supporter is in use by bicycle riders, base ball players, athletes, bathers and gymnasts, and we are told that it is the best and most comfortable supporter made.

PRICE \$1

Let every sportsman try it
Send size of Waist and Hip
Will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Send Stamp For Catalog.

Holmes & Co.,
109 Kingston Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

M. A. Woodbury, Bradford Pa.



Manufacturer of Eureka Home Trainer and Bicycle Stand, also has largest and best line of cycles, between New York and Chicago.

Buggies, Road Carts, Writing Desks for home and office, Rubber Goods, and everything in Rubber stamp line

Wholesale and Retail.

If any dealer says he has the

STRICKLAND & PIERCE FLEXIBLE BICYCLE SHOE

without the Patent Mark, Aug. 1, '82, stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

Men's Bicycle, No. 1, hand sewed and hand stitched \$5.00

No. 1 shoe bears our label, "Strickland & Pierce."

Men's Bicycle, No. 2, hand sewed and hand stitched \$3.50

Sent from factory post paid.

Liberal discounts to the trade and clubs.

Send for measure blank.

STRICKLAND & PIERCE,
Randolph Mass.

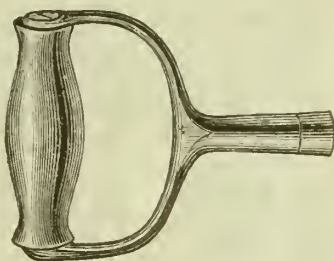
Orders for 12 pairs or more filled at a days notice by our wholesale agents, J. P. Lovell Arms Co, 147 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex, all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

ELASTIC TIP CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bicycle Tires,
Pedal Rubbers,
Bicycle Handles of every description,
& c, & c.



Spade Handles, \$2.50 per. pair.
Complete, full nickle.

Forged Steel Spades, \$2.00 per. pair.
In the rough with bolts and grips.

Spade Grips, \$.50 per. pair.
Vulcanite, any style.

Soft Rubber Handles, \$1.50 per. pair.
Pear shape.

Tire Cement. \$.25 per box.

Electric Tape. \$.25 per. roll.

MOULD WORK OF ANY KIND SOLICITED.

Send for wholesale price list of Bicycle Tires,
& c, & c.

Elastic Tip Co.,

Rubber Specialties,
Cor. Cornhill & Washington Sts.

BOSTON, MASS.

Bicycle and Athletic Goods.

The Kingston Knitting Co., of Boston, Mass., manufacture for the trade and clubs the most beautiful line of athletic goods made, and in all the leading colors in Plain, Stripes, and Mixed Fabrics, also in Worsted, Wool and Jersey Spun Cotton, for

Bicycle Riders,

Gymnasium, Base Ball, Foot Ball and Lawn Tennis suits, Rowing and Yachting outfits, Bathing suits, Hats, Caps, etc., all of our special weaving and for style, elasticity and durability cannot be excelled.

Our Jersey Knee Tights, Knickerbockers, Full Body Tights, Trunks, and Supporters are unsurpassed for good taste, comfort, and easy fitting.

Our prices are very reasonable.

Many novelties in plain and ribbed suits and sweaters.

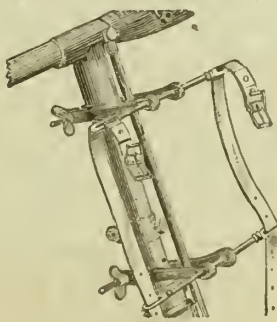
Correspondence Solicited.

Kingston Knitting Co.,

27 KINGSTON ST.,

BOSTON MASS.

SMITHS SAFETY CARRIER



It is made with two clamps that are adjustable to fit any steering rod from 3-4 in. to 1-1-2 in. It is free from the brake, and entirely out of the way. Neat, light and small; can be carried in the pocket. It is nickled, with fine glazed strap. Look at the cut and see if you don't think it is a common sense idea, then order one.

By Mail, \$1.50.

Smith's detachable carrier for ordinary,

For Sale Everywhere.

C. H. Smith, 249 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Indian Bicycle Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Manufacturers of rear driving Safeties. Dandy safety for boys, 24 in. wheels \$40. Pathfinder safety 38 in. wheels \$60. Diamond safety, full ball bearing, made of steel tube and forgings throughout. Send stamp for circular



RIVAL

The Celebrated
COVENTRY
RIVAL.

All Balls.

All Steel.

All Hollow.

PRICE

\$75

Write at once, mention the
GAZETTE,

and send for ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, and opinions of Philadelphia riders.

SPECIFICATIONS OF COVENTRY RIVAL.

Weldless steel tube frame work; ball bearings to all wheels, pedals and crank bearings L seat pillar, and finest quality suspension saddle; Arab cradle spring; finest quality steel spokes, and very best rim steel for fellows, B. B. quality red-moulded rubber tires; Abingdon pitch chain; steel guards to both wheel and chain. 30 inch wheels—speeded to 54 inch (higher if required.) Enamelled black, hollow handle bar and solid (not pressed) horn handles. Plated parts—handle bar, and all brake parts, seat pillar, cranks, pedals hrbs and all nuts and bolts in prominent positions. Hollow forks made of best quality steel tubes.

THE CENTRAL CYCLE STORES,

639 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AMERICAN STOREKEEPER.

VOL. VII., No. 5.

CHICAGO, MAY, 1889.

{ \$1.00 Per Year in Advance.
Single Copies, Ten Cents.

If You Are Interested in Wheels.

The growth of popularity attained by cycling is simply wonderful. A visit to any of the parks in Chicago will disclose more cycling wheels than other vehicles. When asked for the reason of this one might thoughtlessly answer that it is due to the fascination of the sport. But that does not tell all the story. The sport is fascinating because of the efforts which the makers of wheels have made to bring out a machine to ride which would be a pleasure. The Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, New York and Chicago, is the oldest firm of American manufacturers of bicycles and have the largest plant in the world, with the finest of machinery, and the most skilled workmen.

Does this count for anything?

There are more Columbia bicycles in use in the United States than all other high grade machines combined.

Does this count for anything?

There never was a Columbia which was discarded because it was worn out. The Columbia is the only machine which has been ridden across the continent, and it has been so ridden several times. It is the only machine which has been ridden around the world.

Do these facts count for anything?

The world's best records were made on Columbias. They have the reputation of being as thoroughly made as possible for modern skill to produce, and there are no second grade Columbias.

Wheelmen are invited to inspect the manufacture of Columbias at the factory at Hartford, Conn., and there see for themselves that which goes to substantiate the claim that the Columbias lead all other makes in the world. Then will the wheelmen be convinced that the Columbias give the most for the money.

Do these facts count for anything?

We rather think they do.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.
CHICAGO, May 30, 1889.

The Pulman Handicap Road Race was run to-day amid wind and rain. 70 started, 58 finished. A. E. Lumsden, on a Columbia Light Roadster, won the time medal for the best time, covering the distance in 56.45, a remarkable record taking into consideration the weather and condition of the roads.

Men on Columbias won 12 out of 20 prizes.