

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

Vol. II. No. 8.]

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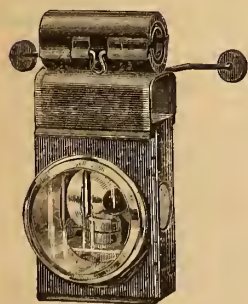
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PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

Rather late to wish you a Happy New Year.

Many thanks for your cards and good wishes.

The fastest mile in the fifty-mile race at the American Institute was the thirtieth, which was covered by both Gideon and Smith in 3m. 14s.

The editor amused himself on New Year's Day with an American Star. As the trial was short, we are hardly prepared to give an opinion yet, but we hope to, roads permitting, in our next.

President Bates can write something besides funny stories—incredible as such a statement may seem. He has "A Midnight Ride for a Fortune and a Bride," in the *Wheelman's Annual* for 1882, now nearly ready.

The ten-mile race between John Keen and John S. Prince in announced for January 14th. There will also be a ten-mile race between Frye and Stall, of the Bostons, and Vesey, of the Surrey Bi. Club (England). As the track is large, six laps to the mile, Mr. Vesey will probably make a better showing than he did at the American Institute. There will also be a five-mile race open to all club men.

CURRENTE BICYCLO.

Up-atop-of-the-wheel young man,
Sort of cavalry-club young man,
A spinner and spurter,
And fall-in-the-dirtier,
More a leggy than army young man —D.

Here is a man who has just Stopped his Paper. What a Miserable-looking Creature he is. He looks as if he had been stealing Sheep. How will he know what has been going on now that he has stopped his Paper? He will borrow his Neighbor's Paper. One of these Days he will break his leg, or be a Candidate for Office and then the Paper will say nothing about it. That will be Treating him just Right, will it not, little children?—*Denver Tribune Primer*.

The Vesper Boat Club, of Philadelphia, are rapidly filling the subscription list for their new club house, and the full amount, from \$10,000 to \$15,000, will ere long be in the hands of Treasurer McMillan. When the new house is finished, the club will have accommodations for two hundred members. There will be a fine gymnasium, track, janitor's quarters, and store-rooms on the third floor; ladies' parlors, gentlemen's parlors, assembly-room, locker-rooms, shower-baths, bath-rooms, etc., on second floor; and on the first floor there will be ample room to house 200 boats and stalls for 150 bicycles. It is the intention to make the Vesper the leading athletic organization of Philadelphia. The Park Commissioners have allotted 150 feet front. The house will be fifty by eighty feet, and fifty feet on each side will be a continual horticultural display.—*Courier*.

Is it not time that the wheelmen of New York who are interested in the opening of Central Park, should do something themselves towards the solution of the problem. The privileges of the Chicago parks were only obtained by persistent effort on the part of resident bicyclers. Let the clubs discuss the matter at their next meeting, and let us have united action at least on this one subject.

Again there is another matter that should receive immediate attention, and that is the question of a hall for winter riding, which is explained in another column. We often meet wheelmen who speak of the interest of the sport as dying out; who is helping to kill it? Why these very same men who are the greatest grumblers—the men who sit silently by and do not take an active interest in what is going on; men who, perhaps, come occasionally to a club meeting and then do not advance new ideas. Rouse, brother wheelmen! How can you expect outside assistance if you prove yourselves incompetent to manage your own affairs. How can you expect to have the Park opened, or a riding hall provided, unless you evince some desire for the same? Why, in this city we ought to have at least one hundred men who will put their names down to further any scheme that will tend to advance the sport. Let us have your names, brethren, and then we can do some work.



THE BICYCLE TOURING CLUB, as the International Organization of Wheelmen amateurs, occupies, in relation to kindred sports, a similar position to that of Freemasonry to other kindred societies. Wherever the "wheel" rolls, the B. T. C. is represented, and it desires to enlarge its membership and perfect its organization in all countries throughout the world where the fraternizing influences of the bicycle are being developed.

To this end it invites the co-operation of the Wheelmen of America, and extends to them a cordial invitation to add theirs to the list of over four thousand names at present on its roll of membership.

The annual fee is two shillings and sixpence (about 62 1-2 cents), and their is no initiation fee except the cost of the Club Badge of silver which is six shillings and sixpence (say \$1 62 1-2 cents).

Until arrangements for the appointment of State consuls are perfected, applications for membership should be sent to the Chief Consul direct, who will forward same to the executive in England.

Applications for membership should be accompanied by a P. O. O. for \$2 50, (which will cover the cost of International P. O. O., of silver badge, and of membership ticket), and should be endorsed by some member of the B. T. C.

FRANK W. WESTON,
Chief Consul, U. S. A.
Boston, Mass.

Savin Hill, Dorchester,

MY CHRISTMAS, 1880.

(Continued.)

Slumber sealed our eyes much longer than we had intended; probably the cloudy morning together with the scanty means provided for daylight to enter our room had something to do with this protracted drowsiness.

Jack was up first, and notwithstanding his vigorous shake and admonition to "tumble out," it was some moments before I could gather my scattered senses enough to realize where I was. Our "toilet" was quickly completed, and, unfastening the door, we emerged into the archway and there a sight greeted us that caused my heart to sink clear into my boots, and from the expression of Jack's face I judged his feelings had experienced a decided "bear" movement also. Such a prospect! The snow already more than a foot deep was coming down thick and fast, and apparently with not the least chance of ever stopping.

"Well, this is a jolly pickle," quoth Jack, and his countenance assumed such an utterly woful expression as to be too much for my gravity.

Crossing the court and pushing open the door of the living

room we entered and found the woman all alone. We were somewhat nonplussed at the entire alteration of her manner, the surly unhospitable aspect had entirely vanished, and she welcomed us with a pleasant smile and word. The smile revealed a superb set of "ivories," and the "bon jour messieurs" was given in soft womanly tones.

"Jack," queried I, "what the deuce hath wrought this change?"

"I don't know quite," mused Jack, as he returned the salutation and smile with interest, "but the alteration is for the better, in the 'demnition' disagreeable mood which was upon her last night I thought her handsome, but now she smileth, by Jove she is positively ———. Well, I will cultivate her. I will discourse to her in her native language, and who knows but that if time allow, and nothing better to do turns up but that I may make love to her, and," added he, "now I come to consider the matter, I am satisfied that in my own pleasant self you will find the *cause* of the very pleasant change," and Jack sighed and stroked his well kept blond beard complacently.

Was it imagination? but as Jack delivered himself of this serio-comic speech, this rustic Juno turned quickly away and I could see the rich blood course up into the very roots of her hair. For the moment I was surprised, but on addressing her directly in English, and not receiving any response by word or motion, I banished my suspicions.

"Oh, bother," cried Jack, "wait till I address her in pure French." And thereupon commenced a soul-harrowing attempt to make himself understood.

These overtures seemed to amuse the woman vastly, but I found out from the translation Jack gave me that he and "Juno" managed to be intelligible to one another, and while we discussed the remains of last night's haricot, he gave me the pith of this intelligence.

The men were out for all day. The building they and we occupied was the remains of a chateau, the ownership of which had come down through many generations and was now vested in one of the original family who had never seen the property. "Juno" and her two brothers ("par parenthese," said Jack, "you will observe these men are 'Juno's brothers'") hired from the owner these remains of splendor together with a few acres of land, and thus eked out a bare existence. "There is something 'off' in the occupation of our hosts," added Jack, "as I noticed a decided reluctance to enlarge or dwell on that part of the subject; however, I think," continued he, tranquilly, "we have nothing to fear, as I have faith that an American and an Englishman are equal at any time to a couple of provincials."

I must pass over the following two days and hasten on to detail events of more interest to the reader.

We had explored the building thoroughly and found much to amuse and delight us. The woman's manner continued pleasant when her brothers were absent, but reserved when one or both were present. "A woman's whim," was Jack's explanation and thus the matter was dismissed.

The storm had continued with more or less intensity up to the evening of the 17th when it gave unmistakable signs of clearing away, and Jack and I had determined to make the descent the next day. It was still early twilight on the morning of the 18th, when we were aroused from our sound sleep by the most vigorous thumping on the door, accompanied by a shrill falsetto voice shouting lustily in some unknown tongue. Translating these demonstrations into a request to open the door. We did so without delay, and thus disclosed the diminutive figure of a man gesticulating wildly and jabbering rapidly in what I conjectured to be Italian.

Evidently the fellow was in great distress, and while we hastily donned our clothes we gathered from his pantomime that some one needed our assistance down the road.

Telling Jack to follow the man, I cut across the court, roused the men, communicated to them what was up, and gave instructions to follow with brandy and wraps. I then dashed after Jack and his guide. The snow was deep, and progress was slow. The tracks of the Italian, where he had wandered from the correct path, were silent but eloquent evidences of the difficulties he had encountered in reaching us.

Five minutes hot work and I had caught up; a few moments

more and the main road was reached, and there, scarcely five hundred yards from us, we descried a travelling carriage with a smashed wheel leaning against the cliff. The shout we gave was quickly and joyously answered, and bounding forward, Jack and I reached the wreck simultaneously, and there the sight that met my eyes was one that caused an exclamation of surprise to issue from my lips. Here was the veritable young lady and her chaperon who had been my travelling companions from Liverpool and London. Their oriental rug was there also, as proof that I was not mistaken, and was now doing duty as a cover to the postillion, who, poor fellow, had broken his arm in the general smash-up. The recognition was mutual, and the story of their mishap I will epitomize.

They had been staying in Chamounix, and being anxious to reach Paris before the 20th, they had, in spite of the advice of friends, determined to attempt the journey down. All had gone well to the point of accident, which had been reached at about 5 P. M. the previous day. There a slight snow slide made the horses unmanageable with fright, and they had dashed the vehicle with such force against the cliff as to break the wheel and pole. In the casualty the postillion was thrown and badly trampled on by the horses, who had broken loose and now were "*non est*." The carriage was large and comfortable, and so after a counsel of war, they decided to wait for daylight before trying to extricate themselves. The postilion was familiar with the neighborhood, and so as soon as twilight showed itself, he managed to direct the courier to the abode of our host.

In an hour's time we had the whole party transferred to the chateau. The day was clear and mild, and during breakfast it had been decided that I and the courier should stay with Miss Harland and Miss Joyce (for under these names shall I introduce Sophy and her aunt to my readers), while Jack was to descend to the nearest post station and procure a conveyance, and, if possible, to return the same night, and so start on our down trip early next morning.

Among the baggage which had been removed from the carriage was a small leathern travelling case, which Mrs. Joyce had carried herself. After breakfast, on taking it from the table to her room, the lock or catch gave way, and the contents were partially spilled. Her exclamation and the noise of the falling articles of course attracted the attention of all in the room, and I could see she was plainly annoyed that quite an amount of money and jewelry were thus accidentally exposed to view. Hastily replacing these, the box was closed and securely fastened, and the incident for the time passed from my mind.

The chamber assigned to the ladies was reached from the living room (I call it that for want of a better name) by passing through a long passage-way, thence into a large stone and oak panelled apartment, which Jack and I had dubbed the banquet-hall. A door on the north side of this room opened directly into the most decent chamber in the house. The furnishings were quite comfortable, and even in their ragged degeneracy plainly showed remnants of a splendor evidently once their own.

Dusk was rapidly changing to darkness, and Jack had not returned. The evening meal was ready, and as the ladies were in their room, I volunteered to call them. While going through the passage-way, now quite dark, I thought several times I heard footsteps behind me, but when I paused to listen, absolute silence ensued. Emerging into the hall, I felt a hand placed on my arm, and barely escaped the instantaneous impulse of a boxer to strike the supposed assailant. A low "*hist!*" convinced me in time that the party's intentions were pacific and not beligerent. Turning about I was astonished to see "Juno," and my astonishment was intensified when she addressed me excitedly in passible English: "As monsieur values his life and the lives of the ladies, listen. Monsieur, my brothers, assisted by an accomplice, intend to possess themselves of the lady's box of money and jewels this night. My brothers are not what they should be, and I fear violence, nay, *murder*, if need be to accomplish their purpose. If they knew I had warned you, *my* life would be as that," and she snapped her thumb and finger. "May the *bon Dieu* suggest an escape to you, monsieur; and now I must return," and she vanished as quickly as she had appeared.

(To be continued.)

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

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EUROPEAN SUBSCRIPTION - - - - - SIX SHILLINGS.

FRED JENKINS - - - - - *Editor and Publisher*
JULIUS WILCOX *Associate Editor.*

187 Broadway, Room 12, New York.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

NEW YORK, January 4, 1882.

IN WINTER.

"Winter is the most beautiful of all the seasons." That is about the way the "composition" of our school days began, except when the subject was spring or one of the other two, in which case the opening remark was always the same—*mutatis mutandis*. But in the wheel world, winter is a term of lying in grave, tolerable only by thoughts of the joyful resurrection. Where wheelmen are many and concentrated, as in England, the club "social" comes in to while away the time and keep up the spirit of bicycling. In Boston, probably, there is a little bit of warmth, somewhat as the bear under the snow thaws out a little cavern to stir in; but as to the most of wheelmen in this country, the winter is a term of hibernation, except that we do not find it pass as quietly and comfortably as the hibernating animal does. December has been clever this time, but 1882 has come in savagely, and wheels are laid up. When the three-wheeler—as, in time, it will be—is learned here, its capacities appreciated and its undeserved reproach lived down, it will make a fight with winter and snow; meanwhile we must live by contemplation and hope, wheel-wise.

Responses to the call for information made in our last issue will be many and complete—that is, we judge so from the fact that there is ample room for them to be so, inasmuch as they have not yet begun to come in; a hundred or two wheelmen are of course busy delving to get the facts. Mr. Fairfield writes from Chicago that "Our South Park drives and boulevards were opened to us last Thursday, and we have every reason to hope the fine pleasure drives in and about the city will very soon be free to us; then Chicago will be in many respects the most desirable city for bicyclers in this country. We can now offer you over twenty miles of perfect macadam; I wish you would come out and enjoy it." The writer has lately made a careful measurement of the rideable surface in this city south of the Harlem River, and including several boulevards in the contiguous Westchester towns south of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and finds it foots up *forty* miles. This is of course exclusive of the Central Horse-garden up-town (obstructed at present by two quarrelsome asses that keep their noses in the public crib and their heels towards the public), and does not take in the 59th Street sidewalk from Fifth to Eighth Avenues. In Washington, generally claimed to be the wheelman's paradise, fifty miles of fine asphalt are said to be in use.

It is a saying at once trite and true, that roads are the best index of civilization in any country. The more compact the country is settled, the more good roads are appreciated and demanded. The older it is, the more time the people have to look up and learn the subject; and the better the roads the surer they are to be kept up. The first definition of a road, in a new country, is anything that is not shut off by non-fordable streams, insurmountable hills, and impenetrable woods. Later, a few of the simple facts are learned; for example, that the bail of a pot is no longer when it lies down than when it stands up, and that a hill may often better be passed by skirting its base than by climbing over it; that distance is not practically ascertained by linear measurement, and that a mile of a horse's trot is shorter than three-quarters of a mile of his walk; that good roads have to be paid for, and that if bad ones exist the tax is only laid in another way—in cost of horse-flesh and repairs, loss of time, and in the unnecessarily low value of farm land in consequence of its distance from railroad. Railroads cannot go within a few miles of everybody's land; one mile, two, five, ten miles distant from railroad lowers the use and value of land by successive steps, *which steps are made shorter just in the degree that the highway roads are made better*. It takes long effort to get this solid fact hammered through the farmer's head. Year after year one and another of his class—good enough in his way, but utterly incompetent either to build or repair a road, but quite capable of marring one, because ignorant of the simplest rules of road-making—is chosen "road master" in his town, and he goes at it in the old way of botch, with spade and plow, the ancient method being to plow a ditch at either side and heap the soil up in the middle, leaving a "single track" strip, bounded on either side by "the ditch" we read of in Scripture. To say that there is no intelligence in this treatment is a feeble statement. If there were no other fault, the rotation in this plan would ruin it, for no road master is kept at it long enough to learn anything about the business, or to take any pride in it, or to have any responsibility for it.

A road is a thing to be *made*. The plow is not a suitable tool, except to begin it with. Nobody can make a good road—except where nature has fixed the thing all easy, as around Long Branch, for example—without first learning how. The mixture of blue clay, yellow loam, or white sand, with manure, does not make a good road. The cutting and slashing of narrow-tired wheels under heavy loads does not favor a good road. Our highways are now the most freely and incessantly manured land in the country, for the horse has a habit of constantly yearning bowels, and he is never quiet at either end of his royal frame. His admirers may praise this as an admirable attribute, but possibly a more enlightened posterity will take counsel with ingenuity and compel him to carry—well, to carry a portable "chamber" attached to his magnificent cropper. Meanwhile, he must apparently be allowed to deposit valuable material in the place of all places where it is most not wanted.

It would be idle and unreasonable to suppose that in the pioneer times we shall stop to make better roads than anything over which a rude wagon can be hauled slowly by a stout team. But, young as this country is yet, it is past that pioneer time, and it is now old enough and advanced enough to study this subject and begin earnestly to *make* roads as other things are made. Houses are not expected without building them; gardens and orchards are not without cultivating them. It is equally vain to expect to get good roads by a gift of nature; we must turn to and construct them.

So, in season and out of season (though there never is any out of season in this matter), everywhere, at all times and to all men, hammer at this subject, wheelmen! The facts and the reason are on your side, and your interest in it is not merely that of the wheel. Give the land no peace until road reform is earnestly taken up.

J. W.

CHALLENGES

FEMALE BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

I hereby challenge Elsa Von Blumen, or any lady bicycle rider in the world, to ride the bicycle twenty-five to one hundred miles, for \$100 to \$250 a side, or for a medal showing an emblem of championship; the sporting editor of the *Daily News* or any of the Chicago daily papers to be stakeholder; the race to take place in Chicago, or wherever mutually agreed upon by the contestants.

LOUISE ARMAINDO,
Bicycle School, Michigan Avenue.

CHICAGO, ILL., 19th December, 1881.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE.

Editor of THE WHEEL.—Kindly insert that I am willing to make a match or matches on the following conditions: To take one hundred yards of John Prince (the American champion), in five miles, or ride F. Rollinson, of Chicago, level that distance. Either or both matches can be made for \$50 a side or upwards; the race to take place on any fair track.

ROBERT PATRICK,
Of Wolverhampton, England.

WINTER RIDING.

The need of a suitable hall for riding is now more generally felt, since the fall of snow has practically put an end to outdoor riding. In a recent issue we called our readers' attention to the fact that a large hall could be obtained, provided a number of wheelmen would club together and defray the slight expenses, which were estimated at \$15 per week.

The hall we speak of is known as the "Bellvue Garden," and is situated at 80th street and East River. The surface is smooth and hard. Its dimensions are 96 x 100 feet, which would give a track of almost fifteen laps to the mile. One can easily mount at 791 Fifth avenue and ride via 72d street and Avenue A to the very door. The hall can be engaged for any length of time, and every arrangement possible will be made for the care and security of machines. About ten names have been sent in to the editor, and as soon as the required number is obtained a committee of arrangements will be appointed and the hall engaged.

We hope the wheelmen of New York will evince some interest in the matter and act promptly. We would also state that the hall is accessible by the east side elevated and surface roads.

CORRESPONDENCE

The action of the Champion City Bicycle Club in voting to discountenance bicycle racing as a club and as individuals is, to say the least, in poor taste for a league club, and, to my mind, it would seem that a club which refuses not only to support one of the canons of the league but votes to act in direct contravention to it had, by that act, forfeited its own and its members' rights to retain a membership in the league. A person who joins and pays dues in an organization becomes thereby amenable to its rules, and implicitly contracts to support them, and this though he never signed the constitution and by-laws. No one can question the propriety of any member of the league discussing the various rules and offering suggestions for their improvement, but it is highly improper and a breach of trust for any member to refuse to support them, and the sooner the league is rid of these the better. A small organization of good and true wheelmen would be much better than an im-

mense club of obstructionists. My experience has always been that the most successful clubs have been those of the most liberal policy, and whose members never did anything to hamper or impede its progress. I had rather have in a club a dozen men who do nothing than one who is a grumbler and is always finding fault without offering any suggestions for improvement.

This has been the fault of some of the writers on the "league question." Instead of finding fault with, and leaving the matter there, why don't they devise some means to correct the mistakes which have been made? They will find that it is much more easy to pick flaws and criticise the action of others than to explain a better method of doing business or to tell exactly how they could have acted differently under the circumstances. I have found that the officers of the League are always ready to listen to suggestions as to the conduct of the League, and will do all in their power to obtain the adoption of any thing which seems to benefit it and its members, if it is presented to them in the proper way. I had intended to say a word in defence of racing, as the action of the club above referred to called the subject to my mind, but the length of this article compels me to close without discussing the question pro and con. I am strongly of the opinion that if it had not been for the racing man we would not be riding such a good class of machines, and consequently touring would be less enjoyable and the number of road riders fewer.

LONDON W.

FARMDALE, KY., December 31, 1881.

Now that winter is upon us in earnest, apparently, a description of an exercise I have devised and constructed may not be unacceptable to some of your readers. Of course, some of the dimensions given may vary some in different machines, but they will do for any machine under 56 inches; mine is a 54. Procure a plank about 54 inches long, 8 inches wide and 1½ inches thick. About twelve inches from one end, on the under side, secure another board about 32 inches long, thus forming a cross. It would be well to notch the boards into one another, and fasten with screws. Directly over the second board erect two uprights 29 inches long, 4 inches wide, and thick enough for the bearings to rest upon. Fasten them by letting into the first named board about one inch, and secure with screws; then brace the uprights by screwing inclined braces to them in front, behind and on the cross-pieces; the latter should not be within 7 inches of the top, so the cranks will not strike them. Saw a triangular notch in the top of the uprights, and place the bearings of the front wheel in them, the back wheel resting on the rear end of the plank. Then mount your hobby-horse and ride. I "did" a little over a quarter of a mile at the second mount at the rate of 3.07. During our enforced confinement we can train our muscles up to quick work, at the same time get the exercise that some of us so much need.

A great many riders really prefer a one-inch tire for their front wheel, but on account of the extra weight take a seven-eighths instead. Now by making the one-inch tire with nearly a half-inch hole through it—a hollow tire—you would have no more weight and more elasticity than with the smaller tire. So it seems theoretically; will some one point out a practical objection? If it is thought the tire would "give" too much, it could be strengthened by inserting a light spiral spring, and then save weight.

If any stray bicyclist should ever happen to be in Louisville, Ky., I will guarantee his visit will be rendered more enjoyable if he calls around at number 140 Fourth Avenue, Horace Beddo, jeweler, an enthusiastic bicyclist, where he will almost invariably find some jolly wheelers, who will insure any brother of the wheel a hearty good time. I was there during Christmas holidays, and had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Anderson and Schimpler, both local celebrities on the track. The latter showed me a beautiful bicycle he had won at a race in Nashville. The former has recently received a splendid 56-inch D. H. F. Premier. There is some talk of getting up a good track in the city, and if they do, some of our eastern friends had better "oil up," for the aforesaid gentlemen, with perhaps some others, may surprise them like the Philadelphians surprised the English.

CAPT. C. W. F.

TAMPA, FLA., December 29, 1881.

Dear WHEEL.—Although I have temporarily abandoned the bicycle, and am at present devoting myself to my canoe, my interest in cycling has suffered no diminution, and your cheery greeting which awaits me in each part where there is a post-office—for you are regularly forwarded to me from Jacksonville—is awaited with very pleasant anticipations.

As there are no roads in Florida over which a bicycle could be driven. I found it impossible to undertake a winter's journey through the state on my wheel, and so had recourse to my canoe (*Psyche*), which I launched in the northern part of the state, near the headquarters of the Suwanee River. I followed it for 200 miles to the gulf, failing, however, to meet with the Old Folks at Home, for the Suwanee, though a very beautiful is such a malarious river, that very few persons dare try to live on its banks, and what houses there are can only be found by going back two or three miles in the piney woods. It was "right lonesome," as they say down here, and I was very glad to reach Cedar Keys, 25 miles south of the mouth of the Suwanee, on the Gulf coast. From there I have skirted the coast for 150 miles, running in to all the rivers and bays, and visiting all the little settlements, and this place where I dropped anchor last Saturday, the day before Christmas. To-morrow I leave for Key West and Havana. From the latter place, I intend to return to Punta Rassa on the Caloosahatchie river, 100 miles south of here, ascend that river to lake Okeechobee, across the lake to the Kissimmee, a river emptying into it on the north, ascend it until I can strike the St. Johns, and descend the latter river to Jacksonville, which place I hope to reach sometime in April. I hope to return to New York in time to accompany the New York Club to the League Meet, wherever it may be held.

If any of the boys are fond of hunting and have the time and inclination, let them come and join me. I can promise them all the deer, wild turkey, ducks and alligators they care to kill, and as for fishing! well, fish are *too* plentyfull, and the catching of them becomes tiresome. My tent is large enough for two and a companion is all I need to make this trip a perfect one. Seriously if any wheelman should care to get a canoe and come and join me, and will send me a telegram to that effect, directed to F. A. Meyers, on the Caloosahatchie river, I will await him there until the 25th of January. He can come via. Mallory Steamers to Key West.

I was very sorry to see in your columns, that both the election and thanksgiving day runs were failures on account of bad weather, and wish I could mail you with this a little Tampa weather. It is certainly very delightful; there has been no suspicion of a frost here this winter, the thermometer during the day ranges from 60° to 80°, while the nights are so cool as to render blankets necessary.

Hoping that some New York wheelmen may see fit to come and join me, and that I may next May have the opportunity of inspecting your pleasant new office, I remain, my dear WHEEL,

Fraternally yours,

C. K. MUNROE,

Commander L. A. W.

SPOKES FROM GOTHAM.

Mud, Mud, Mud— six inches deep Mr. Editor and yet you ask for a "half column of news." Surely you cannot expect much wheel news, but I will try and give you a stickful or two of gossip.

The fifty mile amateur race has been thoroughly discussed, and the general opinion seems to be that if Jack Keen intends to make a success of racing in New York, or in fact anywhere, he had better at the start state the value of the prizes, and not have it understood that they were to be valued at \$40, \$20 and \$10 and when the time came, to give the winner an order for goods to the amount of a paltry \$25. Then again, why were not some arrangements made for posting the scores of each man at every mile. This would have added much to the interest of the contest. The general impression that exists is, that Howard rode the last ten miles at a very fast pace. On looking over the table printed in the last WHEEL, I find that he covered the distance in 37 minutes, 46 seconds whereas Gideon made the first

ten miles in 36 minutes, 13 seconds which is considerably faster. However Howard is a man who wants to be looked after in future, as he is a dangerous competitor and will with proper training make a "flyer." The project of securing the hall spoken of in THE WHEEL has not yet been formally discussed, but will I hope receive proper attention at the next meeting of the clubs, January 9th. Would it not be as well to appoint a committee from the clubs to confer with the proprietor, and make the necessary arrangements?

The new League badge has been much admired, although they are rare in this city. Speaking of the League, what has become of the "racing committee" and why don't they do some work. I think they ought to have had something to do with a "championship race"—not necessarily in the management of the same, (the Polo Ground fizzle was bad enough,) but they ought to have been represented. What is the League for, if not to look after our races among other things, and especially any "championship" affair. It is very creditable for a professional to come here and risk money in a race meeting, but has Mr. Keen any right to give a "championship" event. If the League does not intend to look after such affairs, who will. The N 4A's have virtually washed their hands of bicycle championships, and it surprises me to see that no effort was made to have the race, at least approved.

The morning papers of the 30th contained this announcement, which will probably be of interest to your readers.

MAY—WRIGHT.

Miss Caroline Kane May, who was at one time reported to be engaged to James Gordon Bennett, was married yesterday to William Merritt Wright at the residence of her father, Dr. J. Frederick May, 21 West Nineteenth street. The ceremony was private, only the relations and intimate friends being present. The two sisters of the bride were bridesmaids, and Rutgers LeRoy was best man. The Rev. Dr. Mottet, rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, read the Episcopal services. A reception followed, and afterward Mr. and Mrs. Wright went to Mr. Wright's residence at Pelham.

As Pelham is within easy riding distance *via* Southern Boulevard, I have no doubt we shall hear of many trips by the gallant Mercurians in the direction of their captain's residence.

The clubs are not very active, and it strikes me that some of them should start a smoker concert or hop of some kind. At present the headquarters are comparatively deserted.

A number of New York men have signified their intention of going to Boston to witness the race between Prince and Keen. Keen will not ride for money in a small hall, as he does not regard it as safe. The numerous challenges that have appeared in the various papers should be productive of some good results. We learn that Mr. Vesey, in the New York *Herald*, offers to give any amateur in America a start of five minutes in a fifty-mile race, provided an out-door track can be obtained, such as the Polo Grounds, Beacon Park, Boston, or elsewhere. Surely we have amateurs who should not hesitate to accept such an offer. By the way, John Ennis, who has leased the Institute for a period of six weeks, is canvassing the idea of holding a series of bicycle races. Now that the ball has been started, it ought to be kept rolling. I for one am ready to contribute my half dollar towards such an enterprise, and I hope to be able to give you more facts in my next.

A. G. ROWLER.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

The opening of Wallack's new theatre has been postponed until to-night, when the "School for Scandal" will be rendered by the well-known company. At the auction sale of seats last Thursday evening, the highest price obtained for a box was \$300, while the best seats in the parquet sold for \$17.

Haverly's Patience Company terminated their engagement at the Casino, and Sam Hayne's British Minstrels now occupy the attention of good audiences. We notice that our wheelmen liberally patronize places of amusement, and the Casino is at present very popular.

The hundreth performance of "Patience" at the Standard was celebrated last Thursday with beautiful souvenir programmes.

The Kate Claxton Company played to full houses at Booth's, and this week Mary Anderson appears in "Romeo and Juliet," Pygmalion and Galatia," and "The Hunchback." The prices of this well-known theatre have been lately reduced.

J. K. Emmet plays a short engagement at Niblo's this-week as "Fritz in Ireland."

Sardou's great comedy, "Odette," with full rights for America, passed into Augustin Daly's possession yesterday. The sale was consummated at Daly's Theatre, the transaction being between the manager of that house and Samuel French, representative of the author. The purchasing figure has not transpired, but rumor has it that the amount paid was \$3,500. The scene, plots, and a cleverly illustrated description of the varied situations of the play accompany the MS. The piece is not likely to have early presentment in view of the continued success of the "Passing Regiment."

The Comley-Barton Opera Company produce "Olivette" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday next with a cast which includes Miss Lewis and Mr. Howson in their old characters, Mr. Frederick Leslie as the Duc des Iles, and Miss Marie Jansen as the Countess for the first time in New York City. The chorus will be larger than ever and the orchestra under the direction of Alfred Cellier.

The Charity Ball for 1882 is announced for Tuesday evening, January 31st, at the Academy of Music. As it is to be under the usual good management, we do not doubt that it will score another success, and surpass its predecessors in point of beautiful decorations, excellent music, and brilliant assemblage of the youth and beauty of New York. Those who are interested in seeking enjoyment, should not fail to attend for sweet charity's sake alone.

The ball season will be at its height this month, and the Academy will be the scene of large entertainments following in rapid succession. On the 16th the Cercle Francais de L'Harmonie will celebrate, and on the 10th the Old Guard will give their annual reception and ball. This latter event is the continuation of a series given by the Old Light Guard and the City Guard in former years at the Astor House, and latterly at Niblo's Garden. The decorations promise to surpass anything heretofore seen at a public entertainment.

AMUSEMENTS

ABBNEY'S PARK THEATRE—Mother-in-Law.
AQUARIUM—35th Street and Broadway.
BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—The Strategists.
BOOTH'S THEATRE—Romeo and Juliet.
DALY'S THEATRE—The Passing Regiment.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—The Danicheffs.
HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN—Fritz in Ireland.
HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH ST. THEATRE—Kit.
HAVERLY'S FIFTH AV. THEATRE—Leah.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—Esmeralda.
NEW THEATRE COMIQUE—The Major.
STANDARD THEATRE—Patience.
THALIA THEATRE—Einer von Unare Lent.
THE CASINO—Hague's British Operatic Minstrels.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE—The Lights o' London.
WALLACK'S THEATRE—School for Scandal.

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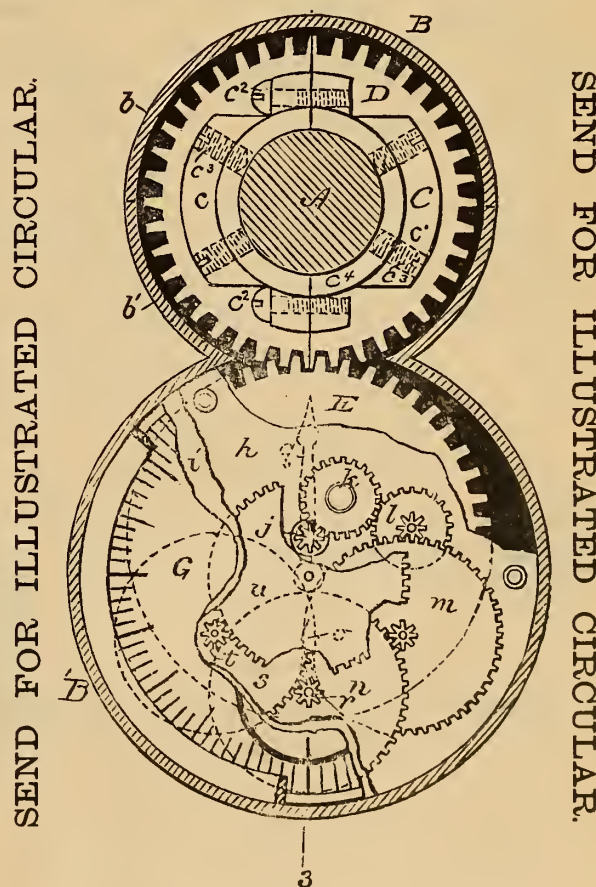
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The first event of the evening is intended to be an inter-club race between such clubs as may choose to send each one representative. Distance, five miles. Entries for this race will close at noon on the 13th inst., with the Editor of the *Bicycling World*, 8 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass. All entries free.

Doors open at 7. Admission, 50 Cents.