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A portrait of L. D. Copeland and his steam bicycle appears in the current "Clipper."

The Citizens' Club of New York will banquet at the Grand Union Hotel, February 19.

It is desired to raise \$2,500 for the testimonial fund to Jack Keen. Over \$500 has been raised.

Three of the Portland, Ore., wheelmen are now staying at the Rossmore, bent on having a good time.

Mrs. Fred. G. Bourne, the president, or rather presidentess, of the Ladies' Club, will shortly resign that position.

The active members of the Boston Bicycle Club will meet at the club-house on the last Wednesday of each month.

The present board of officers of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club is the strongest chosen since its organization.

Wm. M. Evarts has followed the lead of Henry Ward Beecher, and purchased a three-wheeler. It will come from England.

"Wheeling," that excellent English 'cycling weekly, gives splendid likenesses of wheel celebrities to its readers with each issue.

The San Francisco park commissioners have recinded their recent order against bicycling, and the wheelmen are now happy.

The new quarters of the Connecticut Club of Hartford, on Central row, opposite the post-office, are surpassed by none in the State.

The board of officers, L. A. W., will meet at the Grand Union Hotel, Forty-second street and Park avenue, at 9:30 A. M., February 23.

Prince has accepted Woodside's challenge for a series of races, 20, 25 and 50 miles, for \$200 a side, February 13, 14, 15, at New Orleans.

There will be a two-mile bicycle race at the Manhattan Athletic Club games to be held at Madison Square Garden February 28, at 8 P. M.

A series of races will be arranged in St. Louis in the spring, and, if successful, they will be followed by a grand tournament in the fall.

The second slow race in Chicago was contested by Brown and Gibson, and was won by the former. Gibson had won the previous contest.

The sentiment of the members of the Boston Bicycle Club is against any change of uniform, but a committee has been appointed to consider the matter.

Mr. Garvey, manager of the New York Toy Co., who recently sailed for England to place the Duryea saddle on the market, has returned to New York.

The lockers of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club are leased to members at \$10 for five years and \$3 yearly. Upon leaving the club, the locker reverts to the organization.

We understand that something new in the way of a team drill will be given by the K. C. W. team at their tournament on the evening of the 20th inst., and be worth going a long journey to see.

We will give a five-cent stamp for the best article sent in to this office. We expect a spirited competition, so don't delay in forwarding your manuscript. Remember, you may be the lucky one.

Among the members admitted at the last meeting of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club was a gentleman 68 years of age. On the same evening the youngest member, 18 years of age, was admitted.

Jno. Rolfe, professional champion of Australia, rode a 100-mile race against time at Sidney recently. Following were the times: 18 miles in 1h.; 40 miles in 2h. 16½m.; 50, 2h. 54½m.; 60, 3h. 32m.; 80, 4h. 5¼m., and the whole distance in 6h. 8¾m.

"Geo. D. Gideon, of Philadelphia," so the report says, "thinks of establish-

ing a New York branch for his gun business, and in case it yields better profits than the Quaker City, to abandon the latter place entirely and devote his attention to New York."

Mr. T. Hunt Sterry, manager the Brooklyn Bi. Co., of Brooklyn, recently thought of transferring his business to Orange, N. J., but has given the subject up, thinking, no doubt correctly, that there was no money to be made by selling machines in such a small place.

"Mamma, where's papa gone?" asked a little girl one Saturday last summer. "He's gone to the Crystal Palace to race and win you either a butter dish or a biscuit tin, darling." "Oh, mamma, I wish he would win the cake he is always talking about!" sighed the child.

And now an advertisement is issued by one of the patent medicine companies to the effect that "Mr. John Rolfe, the champion bicyclist of Australia, fell behind in the first part of a great race, and as a last resort tried—, and entirely recovered, winning the big contest."

The Thorndike Bicycle Club, of Beverly, Mass., will give an exhibition and skating carnival on February 16. Among the attractions there will be a contest in polo on Star bicycles between Thomas R. Finley and Charles A. Frazier, and an exhibition of fancy riding by Wm. M. Marshall.

We are told that Captain Pitman, of the Ixion Club, contemplates wheeling from New York to Boston on his tricycle at as early a date as the condition of the roads will allow. That the "Old Vet's" affianced bride resides in Boston may be the reason of his contemplating this long ride.

The bicycle club of Northampton, Mass., contemplates giving an entertainment on March 4, and are making extensive preparations to carry out the venture successfully. They have secured Mr. W. S. Maltby, of Boston, an amateur, who is said to be a phenomenal fancy rider.

What fascination an old spot seems to exercise over a body. We were walking last Sunday to the Park for a skate, and passed the very spot where but two months before we had taken a tremendous header. Really we stayed over that spot, like a guardian angel, for at least fifteen minutes.

A five-mile race for a purse of \$25 between Walter Faulkner, of Lynn, riding a bicycle, and E. L. Maddocks, of

Boston, mounted on rollers, took place in the Coliseum rink, Lynn, Mass., Jan. 28. Faulkner, who gave his antagonist two laps, finally won, with three laps to spare, in 19m. 10s.

Miss Violet Lorne, in "Wheel Life," takes exception to "Jonah's" article published in THE WHEEL relating to Tommy Finley mashing the ladies. We always like to hear from a female, and would say something naughty again if we were sure it would provoke the criticism of one of the fair sex.

Mr. H. D. Corey, of this city, has been presented by Mr. J. H. Addington, of Buffalo, N. Y., with a beautiful miniature silver bicycle, 6½ inches high and 6 inches long, perfect in the details of its construction. Both wheels and pedals revolve, and the brake and saddle spring are in working order.

The Buffalo Bicycle Club numbers nearly one hundred members and is an L. A. W. organization. Dr. J. C. Davidson, president; Dr. Charles L. Butler, secretary, and Charles F. Hotchkiss and W. S. Bull are a committee appointed to make provisions for the entertainment of wheelmen at the annual meet.

The Lynn (Mass.) 'Cycle Club will give an entertainment Feb. 13, at the rink. Tommy Finley and Charles Frazier will play a game of polo on their Stars, and Master Frank Fowler, a local rider, will give an exhibition of trick and fancy riding. After the above is carried out, dancing will be indulged in till the "wee sma' hours."

T. W. Eck, the Canadian fast professional says: "I use the 'Duryea' exclusively in all my races. It is the best saddle yet invented, and that is saying a great deal. Riding long distances used to be a great punishment to me, owing to chafing, but now I fear not, for the 'Duryea' is with me every time, and it is a blessing to all wheelmen."

H. W. Gaskell will shortly leave England's shores for the United States, whither he goes to represent the Coventry Machinists' Company. Boston will be his chief centre. All who know him either personally or only by his brilliant riding on the track, will combine with us in wishing him as successful a business career in the "land of stars and stripes" as was his recent racing visit there.

The Albany Bicycle Club had an unusually lively time Thursday evening, when the annual election of officers oc-

curred. There are 170 members and 118 votes were cast. David W. Shanks was elected president; William Safford, financial secretary, and George F. Brooks, surgeon. One year ago the club numbered 47; to-day it has 170 members. The club has a balance of \$2,000 in the treasury. The third annual races, September 10, 11, resulted in a deficit of \$65, due to inclement weather.

W. J. Morgan, the long-distance professional, pays the "Duryea" the following tribute: "Having had experience with nearly all English and American saddles, I can safely say the 'Duryea' knocks 'em' out in the first round. For ease and comfort the 'Duryea' should recommend itself to all wheelmen, amateur and professional alike. I ride the 'Duryea' in all my races, and cheerfully recommend it to all my professional as well as amateur friends. It is the best saddle in the market."

A prominent journal informs us that Wing Hing is one of the late additions to the wheeling ranks of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. We shall not be surprised to hear of Left Lung, of Grand Rapids; High Strung, of Louisville, Ky.; High Sung, of New Orleans; Swing Low, of Boston, or perhaps Ching Ling, of Cleveland, all engaged in breaking the records when the summer comes again. We shall be pleased to hear from some Indian reservation next. Can't some of our Western brothers inform us what the wily untamed Sioux is doing in the promotion of wheeling.—[Ex.]

The wheelmen of Nashville have had very little opportunity to indulge in their sport on account of the prevailing bad weather and the roads, but they have one of the finest club rooms in the South to pass away the time. It is situated on one of the most prominent streets in the city. On entering the club-house you first see the large hall 80x60 feet, used for practicing. Upstairs they have a magnificent suite of rooms expensively upholstered, including a fine billiard room. The club house was fitted up at great expense, but it has all been paid for and is on a good financial footing now, and the club intend to do some good work the ensuing season.

That live little body, the Essex County Wheelmen, have really done more good for themselves than any similar organization. Though the membership is only a little above 200, (still that is a good deal for the limited space they occupy) they have a political power over local affairs which the L. A. W. has never possessed.

The above from the "Cyclist and Athlete" gives our views precisely. But the fact that the members are contained in one county, and a small one at that (about fifty square miles), with a thin population, should of course make a good showing at county elections, and must be taken into consideration.

A correspondent, writing of the Big Four route between Buffalo and Rochester, says: "No doubt the wheeling, on the average, is better by way of Batavia; way of Lockport there are some patches of roading hard to beat. The best route is to Tonawanda, thence to Martinsville, thence along north bank of Erie canal until road is struck leading to Bear Ridge. Roads are of clay and very good during favorable weather. Bear Ridge road is part clay and part gravel, usually

good. The State or Canal road will be reached at White Sulphur Springs, two and a half miles from Lockport. The road is stony and will necessitate frequent dismounts. Lockport roads are fair to middling. To Gasport the roads are good, and the same is true of the road leading to Middleport, being of clay and gravel, hard packed. From Middleport to Medina the roads are only fair, and they are nothing extra until Brockport is reached, whence by way of Spencerport they are very fine. Near Albion, ten miles from Medina, there is a tough hill to climb and a stone road, which will make the party groan."

The route is evidently a combination of good and bad, making a fair average. How sublime the Canadian roads will appear, from Cobourg to the Thousand Islands, after this experience!

The Kings County Wheelmen's Tournament, to be held at the Brooklyn Roller Skating Rink, corner of Bedford and Atlantic avenues, evening 25th inst., 8 P. M., promises to be the success it deserves. Entries for the events are sufficient to assure interesting contests. Reserved seats are in demand, a number will be held by the committee until the 20th inst. for their 'cycling friends. The events are one-mile scratch open, and seventy-five yards slow race open. Gold medals to first and second in each event. Other events two-mile handicap for club members, gold medal to first and second; one mile for club members who have never won in a fast race, gold medal to first, and pair all-clamp roller skates to second man; match tricycle race between Secretary Loucks and Captain Pettus, distance one mile, for a pair of roller skates, and Captain Pettus is to ride a "Kangaroo" against Hegeman, their dashing skater, one mile for a pair of skates. There will be fancy riding on the Star by Mr. T. B. Finley, and on the Ordinary by Mr. W. D. Bloodgood. Also a game of polo by Messrs. Frazier and Finley, and we believe a match tandem tricycle race between a quartet of their flyers, the tournament to wind up with a one-mile roller skating race by the members for the club championship. The parade, the first event of the evening, promises a sight worth seeing.

Dr. Richardson recently organized in England a body called the "Society of Cyclists." The following is from their constitution: 1. That the officers shall consist of a president, vice-presidents, treasurer, an hon. secretary, and a council of eighteen. 2. That members be elected by ballot. That the entrance fee for members be £1 rs. for the first five hundred, and afterwards £2 2s., and the annual subscription for members resident within twenty miles of Charing Cross be £2 2s., and for members residing beyond that distance £1 rs. per annum. That the subscription be payable in advance on January 1 in each year. 3. That four sections be formed, called respectively A, antiquarian and artistic; B, geographical; C, mechanical; D, natural science. 4. That meetings for the reading between the months of October and March, over which any officer of the society shall be eligible to preside, and that the council may, if they see fit, invite eminent persons, whether members of the society or not, to act as presidents at such meetings. 5. That a journal, to be called the "Transactions of the Society of Cyclists," be published for the members

once a quarter, containing the papers or selections therefrom, read at meetings of the society. 6. That a conference or congress be held from time to time in any part of the United Kingdom, at which papers be read, public meetings held, machines exhibited, and excursions arranged. All papers read to be the property of the society.

Speaking in a matter of fact way, the League does not seem to have added any benefits for its members from six months or a year ago beyond what they enjoyed at that time. This the reader would regard either as a fabrication or a mistaken idea, but it is nevertheless true. The membership has increased, the treasury has grown fat, the "Official Gazette" has proven in many respects satisfactory, yet the organization lacks—that hard to define—goaheadness, which characterized it in the latter part of 1883. The blame or cause can not be rested with the officers, for most of them have proved themselves trusty and true to the interests of the L. A. W., and eager to push the rights of its members. It must be the latter, then, that have caused this seeming sleepiness so unbecoming to those who are pointed at as the representative wheelmen of America. When the L. A. W. was organized and the first couple of years following, the 'cyclists who really had the interest of the organization at heart, joined the body and went in red-hot for everything calculated to advance the interests of wheelmen in the United States. This same state of affairs continued till the foremost part of 1883, when those who had watched the progress of the L. A. W., seeing its increased influences, and the privileges being granted to its members, the ones who had worked to put it on its feet firmly, continued to do so, and are still joining. All that now enter the ranks are of this latter class, who pay \$1 and receive all the privileges that are granted to its older members, who worked so laboriously to have it firmly established. The men of this class now form a large majority over the real workers, and of course tend to bring down the standard of our national body. To these men, no doubt, the unenviable position in which the L. A. W. is placed can be credited. In any organization, to whatever be it devoted, a minority of members cannot bring their body to a high standing, while the majority, constituting the selfish element, calmly look on, and hope that the good work will prosper. The League stands in this position, thus briefly defined, and only by the unflinching labor, and devotedness to the cause, by those who have its interests at heart, can it be brought from the rut into which it has fallen.

Stoddard, Lovering & Co. have on exhibition at their rooms a 57-inch Rudge racer, imported especially for Geo. Hendee. It is a marvel of lightness, strength, and beauty.

CHICAGO.

The recent slow race at the Le Grand Rink was a very interesting affair to the wheelmen present, although it is evident this style of race is of no interest to outsiders. The distance was fifty yards over the skating surface, courses being chalked out three feet wide. Time 2:35, which is more than equal to 5:10 for 100 yards, as the last 50 yards of the 100 is always made slower than the first.

There was but one error—Gibson made the slightest shadow of a standstill. "Lewee" exclaims against the rules governing this race, in that the contestants are permitted to stand still, with penalty of but one point in the lead. Not so, a foot being deducted for every second the stand still is maintained. Again the stand still is not permitted, the penalty being provided in case it should accidentally occur. Let any bicyclist attempt to make fifty yards in 2:35, within the limits of a three-foot track, on a smooth surface, without dismount or stand still, and he will appreciate the rare difficulty.

Our Mr. Hammill has been reinstated by the chairman of the Racing Board and all is now serene. On the whole, the chairman is highly respected in Chicago. He has shown that he is wide-awake to the interest of amateurs, and although he erred a little it was on the right side. He comes out of the difficulty with a good record, and if the League knows its interests it will approve and congratulate this worthy official. With chairmen in the various committees as energetic and enterprising as Mr. Bassett, the L. A. W. will become truly great.

Since the races between St. Louis and Chicago on Christmas day, nothing of interest in wheeling shows up. A story like this is on the rounds: Louisville writes proposing to come up and race Chicago. Van Sicklen, our chief racer, answered that it was a go, guaranteeing a medal. Louisville replied that they would expect the Chicago boys to pay railroad fare, hotel bills, hall hire, and incidental expenses. Van inquired in return if they had not forgotten something. There was a day when Louisville championed the West. Somehow or other they do not appear as speedy as they used to be.

C. C. Philbrick, of the Chicago Club, appears to have got himself in trouble in a professional way, he being the crack player in a polo club. The Illinois division chairman of racing board threatens to protest him. Philbrick denies the charge, but evidence seems to pile up. The fact that Philbrick denies it is good enough authority that he is all right, but some things have got to be explained away. Philbrick is the secretary of the finest roller rink in Chicago, the Le Grand, and a noble polo player and an adept on the rollers. His enthusiasm may have lead him into indiscretions.

The new uniform of the Chicago Club is just making its appearance, and it is really elegant. Plain black, cheviot, cut and made by the most artistic tailor in Chicago, the coat made the same as an ordinary every-day sack with no furber-lows whatever, and is very serviceable and appropriate for city riding. When it comes to country touring the case will be different. However, very little country touring is done here. The grand boulevards, parks, and magnificent asphalt and wood-paved streets covering the city's area of twelve miles long and five miles wide, is quite good enough for reasonable desires. When the country is ventured into, let the tourist put on the L. A. W. uniform of gray.

Being neighbor to the Chicago end of the Big Four Tour, can recite some things about it. The secretary is getting out printed blanks for making bul-

letins, and also a blank for individual reports. He is going to make the statistics very complete.

While in the engraver's establishment saw an extensive letter-head under way for the Big Four Association, giving the exact route and time-table to be followed. Also a large map of the route. You will hardly meet a wheelman in Chicago but says with the greatest assurance that he is going to "take in the tour." This being the case, the 100 limit will be filled right here. The popular Captain Pierce will evidently head a big delegation.

Chicago wants the L. A. W. meet held in Buffalo. We have never had the privilege of showing up at a meet in full force since the time we had the meet here, and Buffalo about July 4th will just suit. Talking with a railroad friend of mine the other day, he said fares would be half-rates for the round trip.

Chicago has finally brought out what will certainly be the leading bicycle on the market this summer, the "Spalding." It is a light roadster, Warwick rims, fork and head something like the Yale, but better and more graceful. Hollow handle-bar of graceful and original cow-horn, seventeen-inch rear wheel between a new design half-hollow rear fork. The triumph of the machine is the bearings and tangent spoke principle, the invention of our Conkling, and an entirely original and novel scheme. The spokes are direct, but screw into a graceful shaped steel hub at a tangent with the axle, thus combining the neatness of the direct spoke with the rigidity of the tangent. The bearing is identical with the Rudge, except the case is split at the back as well as front, thus making it look something like the old Harvard bearing. Single balls are used. The bearing is fastened to the fork by a hinge joint, solidly bolted and fitted. Axle is hollow. The whole contour is as handsome as a bicycle can be, and its parts well nigh perfect. The Spalding is made at the Hillman, Herbert & Cooper factory in Coventry, exclusively for A. G. Spalding & Bro., of Chicago, (which firm has recently opened up a branch in New York) the firm paying for the extra plant necessary. Wheelmen of the country will hear of this ideal machine this summer, as its proprietors are great pushers and thousands are being manufactured. The new Victor bicycle will find it hard scratching to cope with it, and without doubt the Expert will sink out of sight, at least out West.

JOSH.

CHICAGO, January 31, 1885.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

AN ATONEMENT BY THE BOARD OF OFFICERS A NECESSITY—THE BOSTON'S HAVE A GOOD DINNER AND LOTS OF FUN—THE MASSACHUSETTS CLUB ELECT OFFICERS IN A NEW HOUSE—SUCCESS OF THE CAMBRIDGE CLUB IN BURNT CORK DISGUISE.

Now that the date of the annual Officers' meeting of the League has been decided upon, the 'cycling press is teeming with good, bad, and indifferent suggestions and recommendations to the Board. As Secretary Aaron says, this has an encouraging significance, arguing well for the interest taken in the League

by its members. There is one thing I hope and believe the Board will not fail to do, and that is reinstate Mr. Fred. Jenkins, and thus, in some measure, atone for the wrong done that gentleman by the Board of last year. The mistake made by the Board in expelling Mr. Jenkins, is too generally understood at the present time to need much comment. It is not necessary to consider who was in the wrong or who was in the right in the trouble between Mr. Jenkins and Messrs. Ducker and Fennessy, for it was a matter in no way under the jurisdiction of the League. It was purely a personal matter between the parties most interested, and should have been settled privately, or, if they wanted to, they could have had it decided in a legal way, for it certainly had more reason for being carried into the courts than into the League. As has been said many times before, if the League undertakes to settle personal quarrels among its members it will very soon have more business of a police court nature to transact than anything else. Mr. Jenkins has the further claim for reinstatement in consideration of the services he rendered the League while corresponding secretary. He did an immense amount of work during that year, and a large portion of the present members of the League were secured through his personal efforts, for which he has received no credit whatever. He certainly deserves something for all this work, and it is very little to ask that he be reinstated to membership in the organization for which he worked so hard. That Mr. Jenkins may not be personally popular with some of the members is no reason at all why he should be refused admittance, for the League is not in any way a social organization. It is not intended that it should be, and it is absurd to attempt to regulate its membership according to any rules necessary for the success of a social club. By becoming a member of the League a person in no way necessarily puts himself in a more intimate relation with any of the other members than he was before joining the organization. Any respectable wheelman, no matter what may be his condition or occupation, providing, of course, that he is not a professional athlete, has as much right to membership in the League as has the highest personage in the land. That Mr. Jenkins is eminently respectable is, I think, satisfactorily proven by the unanimous support which he has received from those who know him best—the Citizens Club, of New York. All I have thus far said in favor of the reinstatement of Mr. Jenkins has been as a matter of justice, but there is still another reason why he should be reinstated as a matter of policy on the part of the League. The Citizens Club withdrew from the League on account of the expulsion. While I was down South a few months since I found the feeling there to be strongly in Mr. Jenkins' favor, and not a few riders loudly expressed their disgust at the action of the Board of Officers, and spoke very strongly about not renewing their membership. This was not out of any personal regard for Mr. Jenkins, but simply an appreciation on their part of what is right and what is wrong.

The Boston Bicycle Club celebrated its eighth birthday last Saturday by a dinner at Parker's. The dinner was a good one, and from all accounts every-

body enjoyed themselves thoroughly. To those who were fortunate enough to attend the first dinner of the club, held seven years ago in the little back room of a restaurant on Hawley street, the affair last evening must indeed have proved a great contrast. On that occasion the principle toast was "Success to the Boston Bicycle Club, the first bicycle club in the biggest country, with the longest roads and the stiffest hills in the universe." How the wishes of that little party of 'cycling pioneers have been granted could not be better shown than by a glance last evening into the main dining hall of Parker's Hotel, where some 125 members were enjoying themselves at three bountifully spread tables. The post-pandean exercises were entirely informal, and were presided over most acceptably by President E. C. Hodges. There were no invited guests present, so all the toasts were responded to by members of the club. As has been invariably the case in former years, Frank W. Weston was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Boston Bicycle Club," which he did as well as ever. Captain L. R. Harrison, in responding to "Active Membership," told in a happy vein what the 'cycle riding members did for their amusement, while E. J. Smith and Charles Pfaff did the same for the non-wheeling members, in response to the toast "Associate Members." The other toasts responded to were: "The old club committee," by C. P. Donohue; "The new club committee," by F. A. Nelson; "The secretary," by E. W. Hodgkins; "The treasurer," by W. B. Everett; "The press," by J. S. Dean; "The Chop Club," by R. J. Tombs. The last toast was "Club life," which was responded to ad libitum by those present.

The second annual minstrel entertainment of the Cambridge Bicycle Club was held last Thursday, and was even a greater success than that of last year. The Cambridge Club have earned a lasting reputation by these two successes in the burnt cork line, and whatever they give in the future is sure to be well patronized. All seats for the entertainment last Thursday were sold a week previous, so the house was filled to its utmost, and the enthusiasm among the audience unbounded. There were twenty-five in the circle, and almost without exception they were accomplished performers. Probably the favorite of the evening was J. J. Todd, but the honors were well shared by T. E. Stutson. They were the two end men, and the position of interlocutor was acceptably filled by John Amee. The music was furnished by Merser orchestra, and following the overture a well rendered opening chorus was sung by the entire company. "Nellie Gray" was a ballad well sung by C. F. Hunting, and secured him an encore. Indeed, nearly all the pieces received a lively encore. T. E. Stutson sang a remarkably good end song, "We're gwine to raise the roof," and was followed by a bass solo, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," by T. R. Parris. Several good songs were rendered by the quartette, Messrs. C. F. Hunting, W. A. Hunnewell, B. O. Danforth, and T. R. Parris. Solos by B. O. Danforth, J. J. Todd, W. A. Hunnewell, and a chorus by the company concluded the first part. Part second opened with several good selections by the Jamaica Banjo Quartette, S. L.

Hills, C. H. Willesey, Robert Seaver, and W. G. Hills. One of the best features of the evening was a lecture on "Zoology" by "P. T. B." Stutson, and his celebrated "kollection of karniverous kuadrupeds." A solo "Not much," was particularly well sung by J. J. Todd, and he was followed by John Colman in song and dance. A farce, entitled "The trials of a traveler," concluded the entertainment.

The Newton Bicycle Club held their second annual dramatic entertainment last Wednesday evening, and although it proved a very pleasant affair, it cannot be considered much of an artistic success as compared with the minstrels of the Cambridge Club. Two one-act farces were selected for the evening's entertainment, "Cool as a Cucumber," and "Wide Enough for Two." In the first piece the characters were taken as follows: Old Barkins, by G. H. Hastings; Frederick Barkins, by Lewis E. Morgan; Plumper, Hanly L. Wilson; Miss Jessie Hornton, by Charles E. French; Wiggins, Eben H. Ellison. The best work was done by Mr. Wilson, most of the others appearing to have some trouble with their lines. The cast of characters in "Wide Enough for Two" were: Mr. Wichemark, a male crank, by James E. Elms, Jr.; Hiram Brush, a level-headed partner, by Freelon Morris; Ferdinand Cowley, by C. L. Bartlett; Fritz Keller, by H. M. Sabin; Pump, by F. H. Butts; Miss Prune, by C. E. French; Satira Brush, by J. H. Aubin. Sabin was decidedly the star of this cast, and she was fairly well supported by the others. The house was well filled, and the applause was generous. A large proportion of the applause came from the delegation from Boston, the members of which every few minutes raised several large umbrellas for some mysterious purpose. Both of the above entertainments were successes financially, and the club treasuries have no doubt each secured a snug addition thereby.

The new house of the Massachusetts Club was opened for the first time last Tuesday evening, at which time the annual meeting was held, and the officers for the ensuing year elected. There was about seventy-five members present, and all were enthusiastic in their praises of the new house, and confident of continued success. The meeting was held in the gymnasium, which is in a more advanced stage of completion than any other portion of the building. The house will probably not be fully completed until March 1, but from what has been done it can clearly be seen that the house will far exceed in elegance and convenience any building ever occupied by a 'cycling club. The election of officers was quite unanimous, and resulted in the choice of the following: President, Henry W. Williams, 258 Washington street; vice-president, W. S. Slocum, 257 Washington street; secretary, Geo. Pope, 597 Washington street; treasurer, E. R. Benson, 597 Washington street; captain, C. P. Shillaber, Hotel Berwick; first lieutenant, Alondo D. Peck, 9 Otis street; second lieutenant, Fred. W. Hill, 143 Federal street; buglers, E. R. Benson, H. H. Frost; club committee, Henry W. Williams, Geo. Pope, C. P. Shillaber, Ed. W. Pope, A. D. Claffin, Stuart C. Miller, J. E. Savill; house committee, Ed. W. Pope, chairman; W. C. Lewis, A. E. Pattison, Twenty-three gentlemen,

whose ages varied from eighteen to sixty-eight years were elected to membership. A vote was passed fixing the prices for rental of the lockers, and a number of the lockers most desirably located were auctioned off and brought high premiums; \$25 being paid by Col. A. A. Pope, and \$21 by A. D. Claflin, for the choice for five years.

"X. M. M." AT KHARTOUM.

KRON'S CANADIANS IN EGYPT—AN EXPLANATION FOR "PEDIBUS"—THE FRYING-PAN AND THE FIRE—HE STILL WANTS 567.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: Though you may not profess to compete with the "great morning journals" as a purveyor of general news, you certainly "get ahead" of them last Friday in a remarkable manner, for while they simply announced the fact that the Arabs had captured Khartoum, THE WHEEL gave an inkling of the causes of that capture by printing the message of my advance advertising agent in the relief expedition up the Nile. I suppose it is useless for me any longer to keep back the truth that the Canadian contingent were enlisted at my instigation, in hopes that by the happy stroke of covering Khartoum with prospectus of "X. M. Miles" on the very day when they drove off the Madhi from the siege of it, they would cause the two things to be identified in the minds of grateful Britons, who would forthwith shower their one-dollar I. O. U.'s in upon the University Building, and bring my canvass to a close with a hurrah boys! General Gordon was really sacrificed by a typographical error—an accursed "printer's blunder," which delayed my "Bermuda pamphlet" for more than a month, and so prevented my relief party from getting in on time. Had I known that his case was so urgent, I wouldn't have held my my men back solely on this account, though I naturally wished to have them do the thing up in style by a liberal use of my latest and most effective documents. I knew, furthermore, that they were putting in good work for me by pasting up my "234" placards on the Pyramids; and hence the temptation to trust Wolseley to keep the False Prophet in check until my thousand pamphlets were ready for distribution overcame all my scruples. Thus my o'erweening ambition as an advertiser defeated itself. Thus Gordon fell; and with him perished the last hope of reaching my publication day in April. I must now buckle down to the task of trying to corral the British wheelmen individually, instead of capturing them in mass by a single brilliant stroke. The next mail steamer will carry toward them 200 packages of circulars, therefore, as my first broadside.

As I recall the fact that when I was young "people used to get tired of hearing Aristides called 'the Just,'" I have no doubt that your last week's correspondent, "Pedibus," won the approval of a good many of your readers by taking me to task for the long-windedness of some of my disquisitions on the subject of "the great American road-book." I always take pleasure in seeing a man "free his mind," with sincerity and truth, and there was enough of both in this correspondent's indignant outburst to make me laugh heartily. The use of the superlative degree is always rather

dangerous, however, and when he says that "all" of your readers are tired of hearing me tell about the progress of "X. M. Miles," and that "none" of them care to read what I print about it, he rather over states the case. Hardly a week passes, in fact, without bringing a letter from some subscriber or correspondent expressing approval of my proclamations in THE WHEEL. "Pedibus" certainly compliments that paper very highly, when he assumes by the implication contained in his argument that the editor's ordinary standard of excellence is so exacting as to expose him to criticism when he admits a single article which is not of universal interest. Most readers, however, do not hold a journal to quite so high an ideal as that. They realize that it makes an appeal to "many men of many minds." They do not expect to read everything in it, and are satisfied to exercise the privilege of skipping the parts which do not interest them.

Let me remind "Pedibus," furthermore, that a 'cycling journal's standard of what is suitable for copy has to be relaxed somewhat in the winter season, unless it wishes to have very hard 'sledding. It cannot slide along smoothly then without the aid of much "padding," which would not be thought worth resorting to in the season of active racing and touring. At that season I should not think of asking the editor to make room for such sort of stuff as I am now turning off for possible use in this week's paper; for I am not a victim to the delusion that all these letters of mine are of intense and universal interest. My theory simply is that, in the absence of them, "Pedibus" might find himself getting just as tired of the material which would be substituted; as, for example, the abstruse mechanical discussion of "crypto-dynamic gearing," "time keeping and time pieces," "trade and manufacture," and similar exhilarating themes which the Boston editors prefer for "filling" during the dull season.

Accidents will happen, too, even in the best regulated newspaper offices, and it is only fair to explain that the absurdly long article in November, which my critic so justly cried out against, was the result of an accident which temporarily disabled the editor of THE WHEEL. He wrote to me then for all the copy which I could spare time to grind out, in the shape of "a free advertisement," and I prepared the piece, at considerable personal sacrifice, in order to "help fill up." Between the time of writing and the time of printing, too, there was a change made in THE WHEEL's type, from small to large, so that, though I knew the piece would cover an undue amount of space even in small type, I was fairly paralyzed when I saw the amount of space which it did in fact cover. Let "Pedibus" forgive this atrocity, then, in remembrance of the editor's broken leg, and let him believe that, under normal conditions, so long a screed would not have been written by me nor printed by him.

In still further justification, let me say that most of my letters, though designed to proclaim the progress of the book, contain enough information about other matters to "take off the curse." I insist, for instance, that my last week's summary of reports from four correspondents, on a variety of subjects, was as interesting as any two columns which the paper contained; and

my personal statement at the end could easily be skipped by a person whose mind revolts from the perusal of such statistics. Perhaps "Pedibus" is right in thinking that the number of such persons is so large, relatively, among those who read THE WHEEL as to make my letter an injury rather than a help in the attraction of subscriptions; though I believe he is wrong. But, as to his notion about their injuring the subsequent sales of the book, I am confident that such sales will depend not at all on what is said concerning it in advance by myself or any one else, but entirely on the character of the book itself. Of that, it is well to remember that I have said nothing and shall say nothing. But in showing my advance supporters, with such tiresome iterations, that my possible profit in the enterprise must come not from their 3,000 pledges of a dollar, but from my ability to sell the final 2,000 copies of the edition at \$1.50, I give the strongest possible proof of my intention to produce a volume whose merits shall compel general support. If I fail in that intention, I shall have thrown away two solid years of my life, so far as earning a livelihood is concerned.

The second week of the second year of my chase for 3,000 names, brought forty new ones to my list; and the arrival of nine by this morning's mail swells the present total to 2,433. Mr. Frank A. Deans, President of the Wellsboro Wheelmen, who was one of my earlier supporters, sends in a dozen new pledges, including that of the chief local hotel, and Mr. F. E. Davenport sends eight from the Auburn, Ind., Bicycle Club, which was previously not represented at all. The most welcome addition, however, was the nine from the New York Bicycle Club, raising it from twelfth to fifth place on my list; and it was the result of a little work which one of the members put in for me at last Monday night's annual meeting, under the inspiration produced by a perusal of my WHEEL letter, "which no reader cares to read." KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING, Washington Square, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1885.

THE BUFFALO HOME TRAINER,



Affords the best possible means of exercising the lungs and heart. By its use riders may keep in good practice and condition during the winter or bad weather. A very valuable feature in this connection is the practice it gives in quick pedalling. By means of a scale attached to the brake, the amount of resistance may be determined. This is the only home trainer possessing this advantage.

It is adjustable to any length of leg, a feature that makes it particularly desirable for gymnasiums, bicycle club

rooms and dealers. By means of a scale on the side of the adjusting rod, dealers can at once demonstrate to intending purchasers the exact size bicycle suitable. The trainer is fitted with the American adjustable saddle, parallel pedals adjustable to different lengths of throw, and a positive cyclometer that rings a bell every quarter-mile. Retail at \$40, and is manufactured exclusively by Bull & Haynes, Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

ADVICE TO PHYSICIANS.

The jagged ends of a desultory controversy regarding the healthfulness of wheeling exercise still bobs serenely up in the columns of the 'cycling press occasionally. While physicians appear to be almost unanimous in approving of wheeling as a healthful exercise on general principles, one occasionally knits his brow professionally, fixes a pensive, far-away, esculapian stare on some theoretical idea, and proclaims to the world that the universal spread of bicycle riding will gradually transfer the brains of the coming generation from their heads to their heels, and eventually work the enigma of their spinal columns up through the crowns of their heads. These exceptional theorists, however, know not that their chimerical effusions are veritable boomerangs, that harm nobody by their going out, whilst they come back howling meteors of injurious possibilities that hit the physicians' future prospects a resounding whack for the astounding short sightedness in saying anything whatever derogatory to 'cycling. No other human being besides the undersigned has a head long enough or an intellect sufficiently profound to penetrate the gloomy depths of obscurity in which the point of the above argument is hidden, however; therefore physicians, wheelmen, and others whose powers of mental penetration are more or less circumscribed, can scarce be expected to avail themselves of a fact located beyond the boundary line of their comprehensions.

Thirteen people out of a dozen upon reading over the above three times thoughtfully, would relight their cigars and conclude that the physicians who discourage 'cycling are, on the contrary, very thoughtful of their own pecuniary interest, since the fewer wheelists the more patients, and a bank account correspondingly satisfactory. It is, of course, contrary to human nature for a physician to advise his patients to a course that would leave him biting his nails in hollow-eyed expectancy, instead of employing two type-writers to assist in preparing \$5 prescriptions; consequently it appears at first thought that the physicians arraying themselves along the chalk line of the opposition are some degrees wiser in their generation than their brethren. Leaving them to adjust their differences among themselves, however, it is my intention here in a brief peroration to point out a simple child-like scheme by which all the pill and prescription operators in America can gather unto themselves the surplus wealth of the country in a few months, and buy each for himself a steam yacht. Ahem! ahem!! In China the physicians instead of receiving fees from their patients for prescribing for them during sickness, are entitled to payment only when they keep them in perfect health. Ahem! ahem!! If the physicians of this country would first prescribe a

steady course of wheeling for their patients, and then condescend to borrow a lesson from the "heathen Chinese," and thus draw a small but perpetual revenue from each person reclining beneath the shadow of their professional care, plainly their road to millionaire-dom would be short and easy.

In this connection it is as well, perhaps, to point out the moral certainty of a brilliant and overshadowing future for 'cycling in the Flowery Kingdom; and in five years after the Mongolian doctors read and ruminate over this article there is no question but that China will be a howling wilderness of whirling wheels, Pekin pedallers, and Formosa flyers.

THOS. STEVENS.

A RACE FOR A DEANERY.

"Take it all in all, there is no finer exercise than wheeling, and unlike some doctors I can speak from practical experience, for I have followed my own prescription for more than ten years."

Such was the dictum of my old friend and college chum, Walter Marsh, M.D., to whom I had pleaded guilty to sundry misgivings that I was getting into a bad way through insufficient exercise, and yet could not make my mind as to what kind of exercise would be best for me.

"Yes, my boy, wheeling is the exercise for you; buy a tri, and use it, and your doctor's bill will be considerably shorter than you have been accustomed to see it, and if this isn't disinterested advice, I don't know what is." Here the doctor paused to light a cigar, and I followed his good example. The silence, however, was of short duration, for Marsh had mounted his hobby, and was off again.

"By the way, did you see the announcement of uncle's appointment to the Deanery of Aylcester last week?"

"Yes, and I was uncommonly glad to see it; worth about £2,000 a year, I fancy."

"Well, what would you say if I told you the old boy won his preferment by a bi. ride, eh?"

"Oh! I should say you were having a joke at my expense. Dr. Osborn on a bi., indeed, and racing for a deanery! No, no! I cant swallow that, old fellow."

"Don't you put a wrong construction on a man's words. I didn't say he rode the machine; in point of fact, I did the riding and he gained the prize. Would you like to hear the story?"

"Very much, indeed," was my response.

"Well, fill your glass; this is 'Glencoe,' and the prime old Irish; mix for yourself."

Preliminaries having been arranged to our mutual satisfaction, the doctor commenced.

"Two years ago I had a very pressing invitation from my ucle Osborn to stay a month at his place in Devonshire; you know he was vicar of Elmwood—a scattered rural parish, five miles from the nearest railway station. I didn't feel over well at the time, and really required a holiday, so away I went, forwarding my luggage by rail, and following on my bi. I'm not going to describe my ride, more than by saying I enjoyed it uncommonly well, and met with very civil treatment en route.

"My welcome, both from my ucle and aunt, was all that could be desired, and within a week I had found out all the picturesque spots within a radius of 20 miles. I was rather struck, though,

with my ucle's preoccupation whenever we were together, and his scarcely disguised eagerness to seek refuge in his study, and I half suspected he was preparing to embark on the troubled seas of authorship. My aunt, however, quickly undeceived me, on my broaching my suspicion to her.

"Is it possible, my dear Walter, that you have not heard that your ucle is to preach before the Ethical Congress at Ambluston, on the 21st? I thought he had told you, if, indeed, you required telling. I am sure it has been announced in all the papers I have seen."

"Oh! that is the secret of Uncle Frank's learned meditation. Well I must confess I had not heard of it, and I suppose the London newspapers omitted to publish the interesting fact, or I must have overlooked it. So the dear old gentleman is going to edify the learned pundits. I suppose, by the way, you will be in attendance?"

"Of course, I shall be there, and you also, I trust," was my aunt's reply.

"Well, at length, the eventful day arrived, and the sermon (enfolded in a new case specially worked for the purpose by my aunt) had received the last finishing touch. A fly from the nearest inn was at the door, and shortly after 8 o'clock we were off. The nearest station, as I mentioned, was five miles away, and the train that was to convey us to Ambluston started at nine, covering the distance to our destination in the wonderful time of forty-three minutes, the said distance being not less than fourteen miles. In due course we arrived at the station, being about twenty minutes before the train. Those minutes seemed about the longest I ever knew, the vicar fidgetted, Aunt Helen fidgetted, and both feared the train would be late.

"At last the wretched apology for a train rumbled in sight, and we took our seats, and presently were off.

"If you will excuse me," began my ucle, "I think I will just glance at my sermon," and in another moment the MSS. was in his hand. A hasty exclamation burst from his lips, and the sermon fell to the floor of the carriage. In a moment my aunt and I had seized his hands, and were about to loosen his cravat, fearing he had fainted, but he waved us off, and gasped out, "The sermon, the wrong sermon!"

"Before I could utter a word, my aunt had the sermon in her hand, and had grasped the whole situation. The grand discourse, in its new case, had been placed on the library table, near his old familiar one, containing his last Sunday's exhortation, and by force of habit he had taken up the one to which he was accustomed!

"Here was a pretty muddle! The savants would meet expecting an intellectual treat, and would be sent away empty, unless by some means the sermon could be placed in the preacher's hands by half-past eleven. I made a hurried calculation; the train would stop at a station about three miles away, thence to Elmswold would be seven miles. Elmswold to Ambluston, by the nearest road, sixteen miles, total, twenty-three miles, time about two hours and a quarter. Could it be done? I would try.

"Uncle," I said cheerily, "don't be too sure that you will disappoint the pundits. Tell me exactly where the sermon is (and the text to prevent mistake), and I think I can undertake to

put it into your hands by half-past eleven, if that will be early enough."

"No! no! You can't do impossibilities; there are no more trains till the evening."

"No trains, but you forget my bi. at Elmswold. See, uncle, the train is going to stop, tell me quickly where I shall find the sermon."

"Oh! my boy, if you could do it—but no—"

"Again my aunt's good sense came to the rescue.

"There is a chance, Frank, let us try it. Give Walter your keys, and tell him where you left the sermon."

"On the library table, and the text is 'Parallelisms of Thought in the Writings of Ancient Greece and the Sacred Scriptures.'"

"Seizing the keys, I leaped from the train before it had come to a standstill, and hurried out of the station. My object was to borrow a horse at the nearest hostelry, ride as speedily as the animal would go to the vicarage, and thence by bi. to Ambluston.

"As good luck would have it, I managed to get a tolerable horse at the Langley Arms, and within a few minutes was galloping towards Elmswold. Fortunately I was tolerably well acquainted with the road, and knowing the importance of my errand I had no hesitation in urging my steed to the utmost of his powers.

"The clock in the old church tower struck ten as I rode up to the vicarage door. I fancy I can see now the astonishment depicted on the homely countenance of old dame Perkins, my ucle's servant, as I burst upon her view, my horse covered with foam, and showing by his heaving flanks how severe his task had been.

"Don't say a word, Perkins," I cried, "but send this moment for Teddy Giles, and let him rub down the horse, and then trot him back to the Langley Arms, at Langley Abbas."

"In two minutes more I had the precious sermon in my pocket, and was busily engaged in scanning my trusty bi. Yes, it seemed thoroughly sound; little oil might not be amiss, and then for the race—sixteen miles in eighty minutes.

"At first the roads seemed very fair, and I made good progress, causing, however, no little scandal to the stolid countryfolk wending their way to church or chapel.

"After the first three miles my difficulties began; an ugly cross road, deep in ruts, and heavy with stones and mud, intervened between me and the high road to Ambluston.

"To ride my machine would be, I plainly saw, out of the question. There was no alternative but to walk and push my machine. The wretched lane seemed interminable, but, like most things, it came to an end.

"With a sigh of relief, I gained the high road, and within five minutes had the satisfaction of passing a milestone, indicating eleven miles to Ambluston.

"On I sped, as if a kingdom's safety depended upon my success, and now the old daring feeling of recklessness and exhilarating sensation that I had so often experienced when riding to hounds, possessed me.

"The next five miles was covered in little more than twenty minutes, and I calculated that the anthem was just begun. If I could but keep up the pace I should have a few minutes to spare. A steep hill now presented itself, and I

elected to dismount and walk my machine up the incline rather than expend my muscular energy in riding. From the brow of the hill I had a fine view of my road for nearly a mile. In a moment I was in the saddle, and dashing along at racing speed. Three miles to Ambluston, and, barring accidents, plenty of time to accomplish my task. I could reckon on seventeen minutes, at least.

"Presently the stately spire of the old church appeared in sight, and I imagined the Litany would now be well in hand.

"In turning a corner I almost ran into a gypsy encampment, and earned, or at least gained, a sandwich of oaths and curses, accompanied by a few stones, which fortunately did no damage, as I was out of range by the time the missiles were sent after me.

"As I rode up to the church door, I saw a decent looking countryman strolling about the church-yard, who readily took charge of my machine, while just within the sacred building my aunt was seated, with one eye on my ucle and the other on the door.

"The Gospel was just concluded, and I took advantage of the people rising to place the important sermon in my aunt's hands. Such beaming gratitude as she looked I never witnessed before or since. A discreet verger was close by, and by his agency the MSS. was speedily in my ucle's possession.

"I was rather disappointed at first with the discourse, but when I saw the close and intelligent attention the savants bestowed upon it I began to think that possibly I was not so competent to appreciate a learned sermon, as to convey it over a distance of sixteen miles (walking and riding), in an hour and twelve minutes."

"Well, the sermon was fully reported in the 'Guardian,' and led to a learned correspondence between my ucle and the Premier. A great deal of ink was used, and much Greek quoted, and the deanery followed.

"Take another glass, and don't forget my advice, buy a machine and use it." —[Wheeling Annual.

TENNESSEE ROADS.

[REPORTED TO KARL KRON BY J. D. TALBOT, SECRETARY OF THE ROCK CITY BICYCLE CLUB.]

FROM NASHVILLE TO ELDORADO SPRINGS.

On July 4, 1884, the Nashville Bicycle Club and the Rock City Bicycle Club met at Waggoner's Hotel for a run to Eldorado Springs, a beautiful watering-place about thirty miles from Nashville. The weather was tolerably warm, but owing to it being cloudy and a slight wind stirring, it was all a wheelman could wish for a happy day's sport.

The merry party consisted of about twenty-three young men, and at the command of Capt. Burdett and the blast of Mr. Henry French's bugle, they mounted, single file, and were soon wheeling across the suspension bridge over the Cumberland river, and out through the suburbs to the Dickinson pike.

After proceeding for about six miles the company was called to order in front of the beautiful country home of Mr. Tom Hart, where stood waiting two immense stands of iced buttermilk under the shade of a tree, and likewise two of

Mr. Hart's servants with tumblers and pitchers to issue out the thirsty beverage to the thirsty 'cyclists, which had been previously arranged by Capt. Burdett, who never forgets anything for a wheelman's convenience and pleasure. While thus engaged the party was joined by two more wheels from the city whose riders had probably slept a little late, and who had made some awful spurts to overtake the party.

Once more in the saddle, the road being perfectly smooth now, we were soon spinning through the beautiful little village of Goodlettsville, with a little church and school-house, and groups of people by the roadside to see so many "of them knee-breeches fellers on them flying machines."

After passing Goodlettsville the road is as level and smooth as a cinder track, and the few hills to be encountered are hardly coastable. This good road continues for ten or twelve miles, where the road is a little rough for a few miles. At this point one of our men took a fearful header from running into some soft sand on the edge of the road. He and his companion dropped out of line, and instructions were given his companion to have him conveyed back a few miles to a railroad station, and the party proceeded.

When we reached the foot of the ridge (Paradise Ridge is the name, I think), there was waiting a large hay wagon to convey the wheels up the steep mountain, and likewise the hotel band, rendering sweet strains of music to the approaching wheelmen, both of which had been sent out by the managers of watering-places to make the wheelmen feel they were welcome to the beautiful and picturesque Eldorado. The machines were carefully handed into the large hay frame of the farm wagon (its capacity for space being nearly that of a freight car), the ascent of the mountain was made on foot, the distance being nearly four miles to the summit, over a steep zigzag but shady route. About half way up the mountain is a point called "Devil's Elbow," which is formed by the road going in an easterly course, and then turning a sharp curve, taking nearly a direct westerly course, and when you have traveled about a mile on the second angle you are within a stone's throw of the first angle of the "elbow," with a yawning chasm several hundred feet deep between. After getting to the top of the ridge we were informed that it was only about two miles to our destination, over a beautiful road through the shady woodland, and over rustic bridges across the brooks from the clear springs, for which this section is noted.

After a short rest from our tramp up the mountain the driver handed down each his wheel, and the line was soon formed and the glorious resting-place was reached a few minutes later. No doubt our coming had been thoroughly announced, for the windows of the hotel, the verandas, the pavilions, the drives, and even the hillsides were thronged with people to see the wheelmen arrive. After giving a short bicycle drill and display a dismount was made and the wheels stacked. The forenoon was spent in visiting the various springs of medicinal water, browsing on the hillsides, and singing merry wheel songs, until the welcome gong announced dinner. But about about this time we could see two wheelmen coming in the distance. It was our unfortunate friend

who had received the severe header in the morning, and his companion. He had sufficiently recovered from his fall to be able to ride, but gracious knows how he got his machine up the steep ridge.

In the afternoon Mr. J. L. Ross gave an exhibition of his trick riding on the Star in the spacious ball-room. A grand ball was given the 'cyclists at night, and many were the compliments passed by the fair ladies of Eldorado that "those knickerbockers worn by the wheelmen were just the thing for such occasions as balls," etc. At daybreak next morning the boys were startled from their slumbers by the bugle call, and after a quick breakfast were once more in line wheeling over the smooth drives toward the fearful steep ridge. Strange to say that not many dismounts were made to make the descent, some standing on the step, some sitting on the saddle with feet on pedals, while others were actually coasting. Everybody seemed to be flying toward the centre of gravitation. Once at the foot of the mountain we were soon on the broad smooth turn-pike, and before the sun had risen very high on his daily journey we were all at our homes in Nashville, with the pleasure of the two days' wheeling deeply impressed upon our memories. DE T.

FROM THE CLUBS.

NEW YORK.—The annual meeting of the New York Bi. Club was held on the evening of February 2d. The attendance was large and the excellent present condition and future prospects of the organization were sufficient reasons for the enthusiasm that prevailed. The renewal of the lease for the club quarters now occupied was referred to the Executive Committee with power to act. A committee of three was appointed to consider the matter of a change of uniform and to report at next meeting.

The following were elected as officers for the year: Captain, Howard Conkling; first lieutenant, J. B. Roy; second lieutenant, J. O. Jimenis; secretary, Edwin W. Adams; treasurer, R. R. Haydock; house committee, F. W. Kitching, E. J. Shriver.

As the sentiment of the meeting was against an appointment of bugler, no name was presented for this position.

EDWIN W. ADAMS, Secretary.

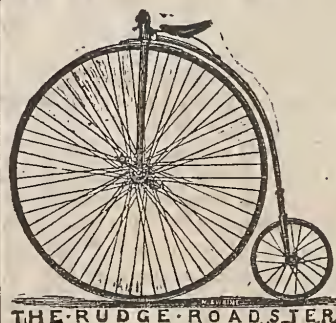
The Barney & Berry Roller Skates.



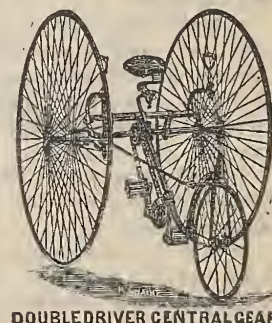
UNEXCELLED IN DESIGN, UNSURPASSED IN CONSTRUCTION, UNEQUALLED IN MERIT, UNRIVALED IN EASE OF OPERATION. Among the leading advantages of Nos. "M," "J," "O," and "P" of the Barney & Berry Roller Skates may be mentioned:
1st. The oil well, an opening in journal extending to axle, which supplies the axle, wheels and journal bearing with oil.
2d. The use of steel springs in place of rubber, as the latter, both from use and effects of oil, varies in its elasticity, and when one worn-out rubber is removed to secure perfect action it necessitates the renewal of all rubbers on both skates, while springs do not require this and retain the same amount of elasticity.
3rd. Owing to simplicity of construction these skates are the lightest, the lowest, and run the easiest of any roller skate in the market.
4th. The Barney and Berry roller skate is noiseless as compared with other skates.
5th. The centre of action coming on the axis and angle of trucks being slight, skating on the Barney and Berry Roller Skate is similar to ice skating and position or inclination of body the same, without the bending of ankle as attended with skates whose trucks have considerable angle and whose centre of action is on one side of the axis.

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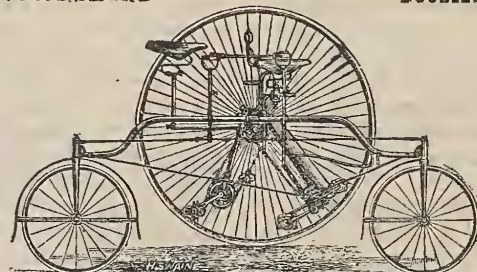


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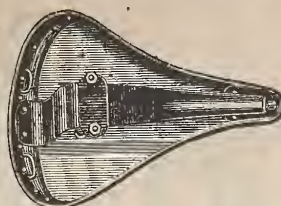
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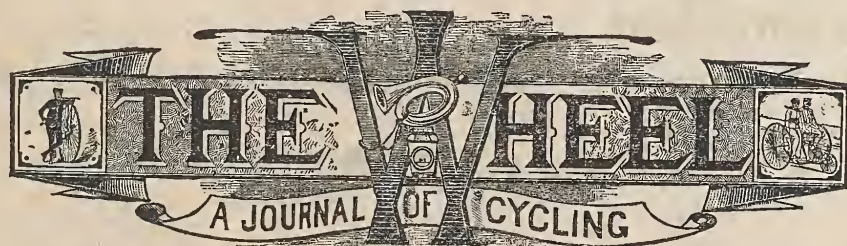
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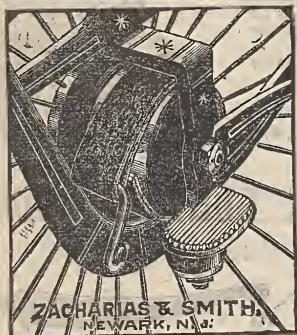
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