

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.—NO. 9.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1886.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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SPRINGFIELD • BICYCLE
 — THE KING —
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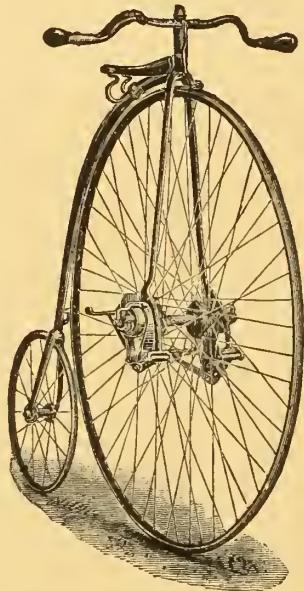
Because it is propelled by levers, giving a constant application of power so highly prized on sandy or muddy roads and in hill-climbing.

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by the Inventor, Rev. HOMER A. KING, Springfield, Mass.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., August 12, 1886.

I have ridden a crank wheel for five years, and the past few months have ridden THE KING SAFETY BICYCLE on the track and over rough roads, through mud and sand, up hill and down. In ascending a hill the weight can be utilized as well as muscle, and in coasting down hill THE KING SAFETY beats all others. It runs more easily than the crank wheel, and is safe against headers, as the weight is always on one pedal in the rear of the hub. There is no machine more easy to mount and dismount. I have let many ride it, and they are all delighted with it.

CHARLES QUIMBY.

Rev. Dr. Gifford, pastor of the Warren-Avenue Baptist Church of Boston, Mass., a noted cycle rider, occupied the pulpit of the State-Street Baptist Church in Springfield,

Mass., August 1, and called at the factory Monday and examined the cycles. We were not present, but wrote him soliciting an article, and received the following note:—

DEAR BROTHER KING—I enclose you a bit on re-creation. I think you have a good machine. I have always ridden the crank wheel, but think yours will have more power and safety.

Yours truly, O. P. GIFFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 28, 1886.
After riding a crank wheel for three years, I have given it up, for fear of going over the handle-bars, and purchased a Star. Have also tried THE KING SAFETY BICYCLE, which I think fully as safe and good.

HARRY R. HITCHCOCK.

PRICE LIST OF THE KING LIGHT ROADSTER BICYCLE.

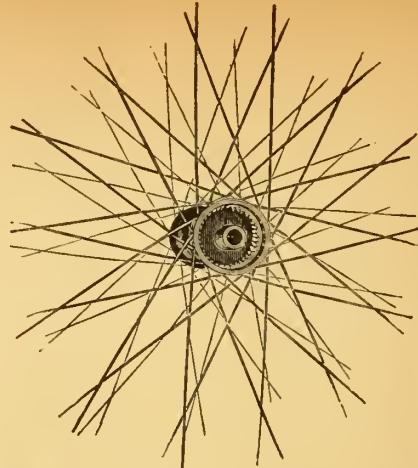
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Bicycles may be partly or wholly paid for by soliciting subscribers. For many years we carried on a purchasing agency in New York, purchasing at wholesale prices from all the leading houses. We also supplied almost any article desired by any agent as a premium for sending us a club of subscribers, but we found it necessary to require agents to send us as many subscribers as they could obtain, and a fair remittance, and trust to us to purchase the article at a low price and credit them with any balance their due, or return it to them with the premium if they desired. We can furnish any premium offered by any other paper on as liberal terms as any one, but time is too valuable to make a trip to inquire the price of special articles, and afterwards another trip for the article, if the agent raises the club and does not change his mind as to the premium desired.

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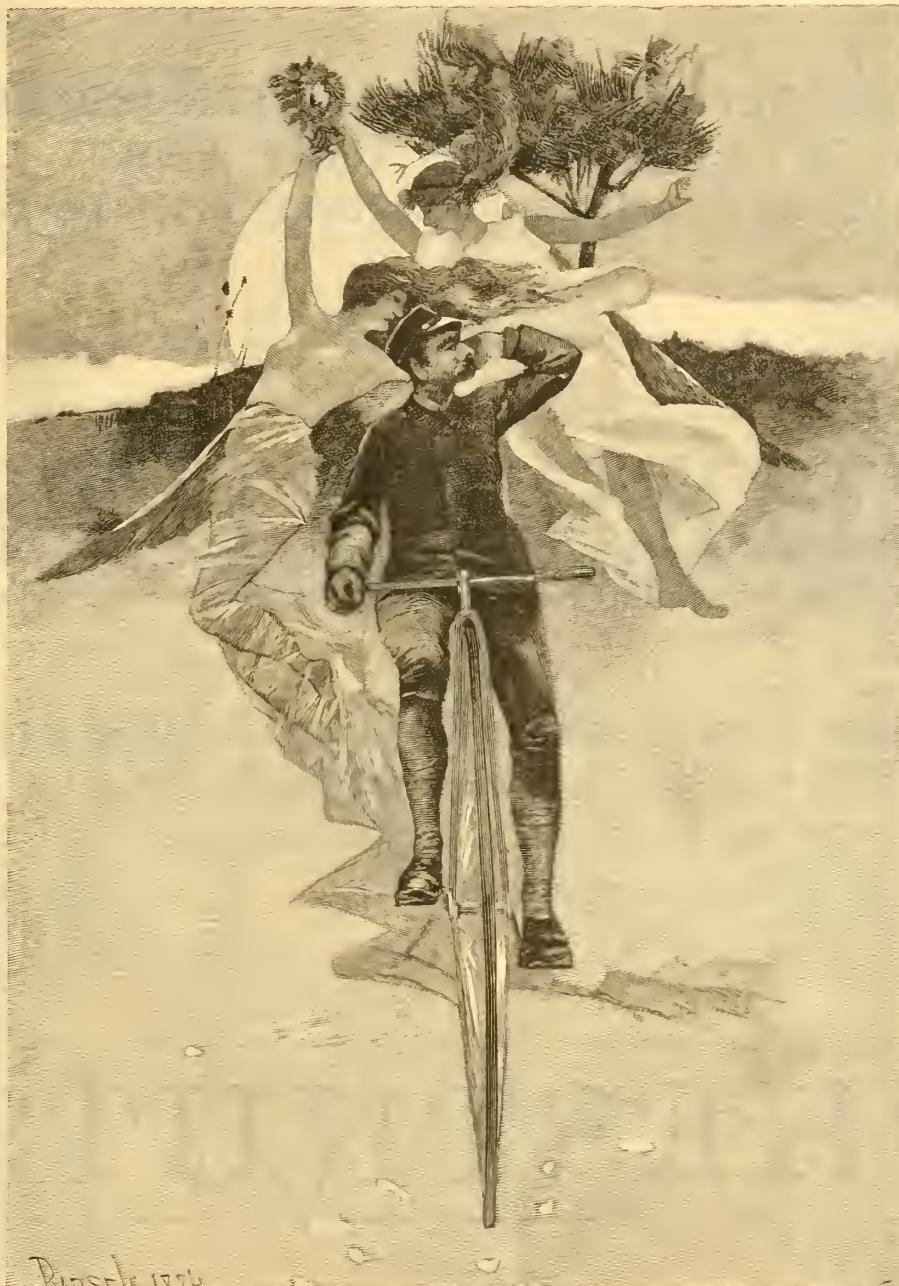
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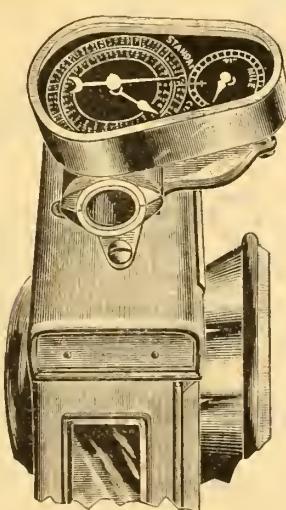
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We beg to inform the cycle trade of America that we are now in a position to supply our Celebrated Hollow Felloes in large or small quantities. Owing to the large demand of the English trade, it is only recently that, by increased plant and facilities for producing them, we have been able to meet the demand.

Price-lists free on application, and special quotations for quantities of any kind.



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Now that we feel competent to meet any call upon us, we are desirous of soliciting orders in America for our Patent Felloes, Patent "Perfection" Backbones and Fork Sides, besides ordinary articles used in the construction and repairs of Bicycles and Tricycles, of which we manufacture all kinds and patterns, and of best quality.

In a later issue of this journal we will give illustrations of our specialties.



Birmingham, Eng.

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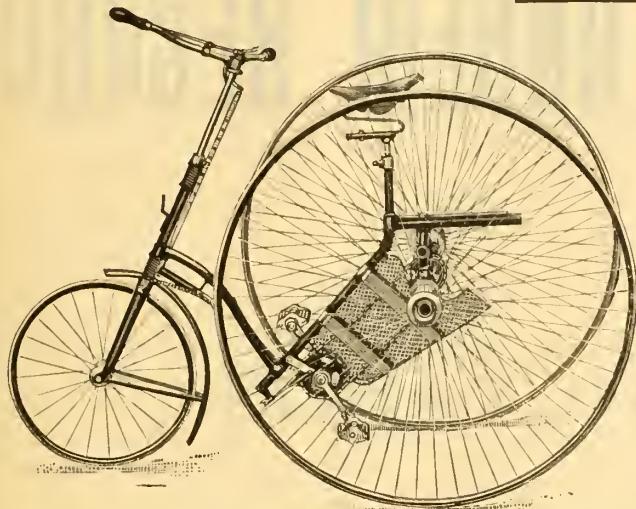
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THE CUNARD FULL ROAD-STER, weight 38 pounds.

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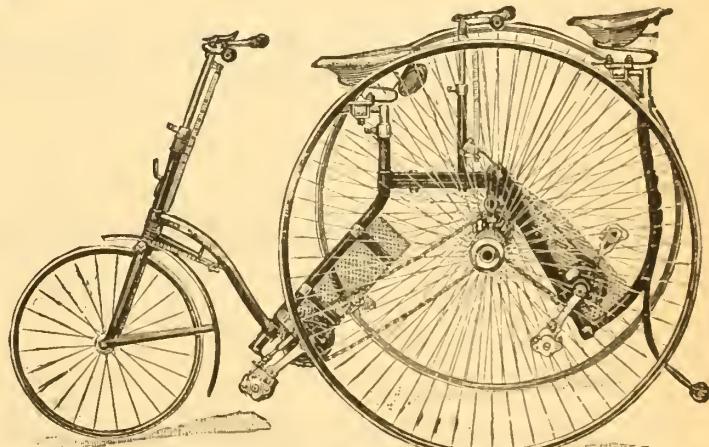
THE LADY'S CRIPPER, with Folding Handle-Bar to admit of easy access to front saddle.

THE CUNARD SAFETY, has Automatic Steering.

THE CUNARD LIGHT ROAD-STER, weight 32 pounds.

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THE CUNARD CONVERTIBLE TANDEM has Automatic Steering. May be ridden by two ladies. Reduces in width to 27 inches, for storage. Has Folding Handle-Bar for easy access to front seat.



The only Tandem whose wheel load is equally distributed in single and double forms. May be steered by either or both riders. Pronounced by press and public to be the most unique machine of its class.

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THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER, 1886.

NO. 9.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to same.

The trade supplied by the American News Co., New York.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

HOW THE BICYCLE ORIGINATED.

BY T. W. E.

When Fleetwing, fairy god of speed,
Was once called forth by man,
He quickly saw his greatest need
And carried out his plan.

"You want a steed that eats not gold
In corn in manger thrown,
That is as swift when it is old
As when at first you own."

Just then a cloud obscures the east,
The sun smiles on its train,
And Fleetwing's eyes a moment feast,
And looks he not in vain.

He took the rainbow from the cloud,
But slightly changed its shape,
Form made—a backbone—arched and proud
As courser's neck can take.

He then a circle round the sun
And belt on planet sought—
A large wheel and a smaller one—
And three parts he had wrought.
And many twinklings of a star
For spokes in wheels he set,
Observed approaching from afar
We see them twinkle yet.

A palm-tree's largest leaf he found
For saddle, choice inviting;
A whirlwind ever turning round
For pedals cleft with lightning.
Together all these parts he placed,
With lesser ones united;
The whole with man's proud form he graced
And left him most delighted.

THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE.

In our last issue we had occasion to refer briefly to Alfred A. McCurdy's wonderful road ride on November 5 and 6, and the accomplishment of the world's record of 305 miles in the twenty-four hours.

McCurdy started from Waltham to beat the 20, 25, 50, and 100 mile and twenty-four hour road records and accomplished everything he undertook. He finished shortly before 9 o'clock next morning, coming in on the last turn at 8:38 A. M., having been over the route six times, thereby completing 300 miles. This with two slow circuits of $2\frac{3}{8}$ miles each made afterward, brought the actual distance traveled to $304\frac{3}{8}$ miles, and with the runs to and from his hotel after each 50-mile round, the real record is unquestionably full 305

miles. A large crowd witnessed the performance and cheered loudly at the finish. Following is the official time, both for the long and short circuits:

Distance.	Start.	Finish.	Time.
Miles.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
50,	9 00 00 A. M.	12 04 00 P. M.	3 04 00
100,	2 06 25 P. M.	3 28 25 P. M.	6 28 25
150,	3 49 30 P. M.	7 24 30 P. M.	10 24 30
200,	7 51 10 P. M.	11 35 00 P. M.	14 35 00
250,	12 00 40 A. M.	3 58 00 A. M.	18 58 00
300,	4 24 45 A. M.	8 38 00 A. M.	23 38 00
302 $\frac{3}{8}$,	8 38 00 A. M.	8 48 50 A. M.	23 48 50
304 $\frac{3}{8}$,	8 48 50 A. M.	8 57 45 A. M.	23 57 45

McCurdy is twenty-one years old, five feet ten and one-half inches tall, of sandy complexion, and weighs about 160 pounds. He is a Lynn shoemaker and worked in a shop up to last week.

The total time consumed in rests was one hour, forty-one minutes, fifteen seconds, making total time of actual wheeling twenty-two hours, sixteen minutes, thirty seconds, and the average rate of speed was almost fourteen miles an hour. Besides breaking the 20, 25, 50, and 100 mile records, he beat Whittaker's 150-mile record by four minutes, twenty-two seconds, and Hollinsworth's 200-mile record by thirty-eight minutes, thirty seconds, thus smashing records all along the line. It is also claimed that the course traveled is about one-half mile over fifty miles, and if measured and proven so, some two or three miles more must be added to his score.

The following are copies of the official papers as submitted to the A. C. U. for its acceptance, the record being accomplished under the strictest of rules relative to road riding.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., November 10, 1886.
J. S. DEAN, Chairman District Racing Board:

I hereby make application for the following bicycle records made on the Boston Bicycle Club course on November 5 and 6, 1886:

Distance :	20 miles.	Time :	1h. 10m. 17s.
"	25 "	"	1h. 27m. 28s.
"	150 "	"	10h. 24m. 30s.

And all intermediate records from 150 miles to 305 miles and record for twenty-four hours, 305 miles. The actual time being 23 hours, 57 minutes, 45 seconds.

The above records were made under the American Cyclists' Union rules.

ALFRED A. MCCURDY.

The following named persons acted as officials:

Referee, J. A. Downs.

Starter, A. E. Wiswell.

Timers and Scorers, A. E. Wiswell, J. Critcherson, J. A. Downs, M. H. Blaisdell, J. M. Burns.

Pace Makers, A. E. Wiswell, C. H. Annis, R. J. Henderson, J. H. Cole, H. A. Browning.

Judges, W. W. Stall, Dr. Jordan, Dr. Robertson.

Umpires and Checkers, Thos. Carlton, Chas. Dowling, John M. Burns.

WALTHAM, November 5, 1886.

We, the undersigned, as timers for Mr. Alfred A. McCurdy in his attempt to break the twenty-four hour record, November 5 and 6, do hereby certify that we timed him at the 20 and 25 mile points, and the times, as given below, are correct. We also timed the start.

Distance :	20 miles.	Time :	1h. 10m. 17s.
"	25 "	"	1h. 27m. 28s.

JOHN M. BURNS,
A. E. WISWELL.

WALTHAM, November 6, 1886.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have measured the course over which Alfred A. McCurdy traveled in his recent attempt to break the twenty-four hour record, November 5 and 6, which is exactly the same course laid out by the Boston Bicycle Club for their last one hundred mile race, and find it to be a trifle over fifty miles in length. We have also located the twenty and twenty-five mile points, and to the best of our knowledge and belief these distances are correct.

C. H. ANNIS,
ROB'T J. HENDERSON,
ALBERT E. WISWELL.

WALTHAM, November 6, 1886.

I, the undersigned, as referee for Alfred A. McCurdy in his attempt to break the twenty-four hour record, November 5 and 6, do hereby certify that upon each and every lap he was accompanied by one or more of the following named gentlemen as pace makers:

First lap.	6 miles.	J. H. Cole.
"	19 "	Rob't J. Henderson.
"	25 "	A. E. Wiswell.
Second lap.	33 "	C. H. Annis.
"	17 "	J. H. Cole.
Third lap.	33 "	A. E. Wiswell.
"	17 "	J. H. Cole.
Fourth lap.	33 "	Rob't J. Henderson.
"	17 "	{ J. H. Cole, H. A. Browning.
Fifth lap.	33 "	A. E. Wiswell.
"	17 "	C. H. Annis.
Sixth lap.	33 "	Rob't J. Henderson.
"	17 "	A. E. Wiswell.

GEO. A. DOWNS.

WALTHAM, November 6, 1886.

We, the undersigned, as timers and scorers for Alfred A. McCurdy in his attempt to break the twenty-four hour record, November 5 and 6, do hereby certify that we started him at exactly 9 A. M., November 5. We were also present at the finish of each and every lap and the times given below are correct. We also measured the distance covered by him outside of his six laps and found it to be exactly five miles.

First lap.	Start, 9h. 00m. 00s. A. M.	Finish, 12h. 0pm. 00s. P. M.
Second lap.	Start, 12h. 0pm. 00s. P. M.	Finish, 3h. 28m. 25s. P. M.
Third lap.	Start, 3h. 49m. 30s. P. M.	Finish, 7h. 2pm. 30s. P. M.
Fourth lap.	Start, 7h. 51m. 10s. P. M.	Finish, 11h. 35m. 00s. P. M.
Fifth lap.	Start, 12h. 00m. 40s. A. M.	Finish, 3h. 55m. 00s. A. M.
Sixth lap.	Start, 4h. 28m. 45s. A. M.	Finish, 8h. 35m. 00s. A. M.

Finish of 305 miles, Sh. 57m. 45s. A. M.

JOSEPH CRITCHERSON,
GEO. A. DOWNS,
WM. H. BLAISDELL.

WALTHAM, November 5 and 6, 1886.

I, the undersigned, as checker at Newton Centre for Alfred A. McCurdy in his attempt, November 5 and 6, to break the twenty-four hour record, checked him as follows:

1.	Trips.	9:26 A. M.	10:31 A. M.
2.	"	12:35 P. M.	1:45 P. M.
3.	"	4:21 P. M.	5:31 P. M.
4.	"	8:26 P. M.	9:30 P. M.
5.	"	12:37 A. M.	1:57 A. M.
6.	"	5:05 A. M.	6:32 A. M.

JOHN M. BURNS.

WALTHAM, November 5 and 6, 1886.

I, the undersigned, as checker at Needham for Alfred A. McCurdy in his attempt, November 5 and 6, to break the twenty-four hour record, checked him as follows:

1.	Trips.	9.59 A. M.
2.	"	1.12 P. M.
3.	"	4.58 P. M.
4.	"	8.52 P. M.
5.	"	1.13 A. M.
6.	"	5.45 A. M.
		CHAS. DOWLING.

WALTHAM, November 5 and 6, 1886.

I, the undersigned, as checker at Brighton for Alfred A. McCurdy in his attempt to break the twenty-four hour record, November 5 and 6, checked him as follows:—

1.	Trips.	11.39 A. M.
2.	"	2.53 P. M.
3.	"	6.43 P. M.
4.	"	10.52 P. M.
5.	"	1.10 A. M.
6.	"	7.48 A. M.

THOMAS CARLTON.

Know all men by these presents, That I, Alfred A. McCurdy, of Lynn, in the county of Essex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, between the hours of nine o'clock A. M., November fifth, A. D. 1886, and nine o'clock A. M., November sixth, A. D. 1886, rode on my bicycle six times over the course of the Boston Bicycle Club, as laid out on the route card of its last one hundred mile road race, and that between said hours, I also rode on my bicycle on a five-mile circuit formed by Moody, Derby, Cherry, and High streets, in Waltham, in said Massachusetts, in addition to the said six times over said Boston Bicycle Club course and that during the entire time I was riding and over the whole distance I was accompanied by one or more pace makers.

ALFRED A. McCURDY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[SUFFOLK, SS.]

BOSTON, November 10, A. D. 1886.

Then personally appeared the above named Alfred A. McCurdy and made oath that the above statement subscribed by him is true. Before me,

J. S. DEAN, Justice of the Peace.

BOSTON, November 10, 1886.

We, the undersigned, all the members of the Eastern District Racing Board of the American Cyclists' Union, have examined the proofs, submitted by Alfred A. McCurdy, of Lynn, Mass., in support of his claim for a record, for twenty-four hours for the road on a bicycle and also the 20 and 25 mile bicycle road record made on November 5 and 6. The distance ridden within the twenty-four hours we find to be 305 miles, and the time for the 20-mile, one hour, ten minutes, seventeen seconds, and for the 25-mile, one hour, twenty-seven minutes, twenty-eight seconds. We find that the above distance and times are substantiated by proper certificates and hereby accept them as records for these respective distances and time. We also find that the following records were made by Mr. McCurdy: 150 miles, ten hours, twenty-four minutes, thirty seconds; 200 miles, fourteen hours, thirty-five minutes; 250 miles, eighteen hours, fifty-eight minutes; and 300 miles, twenty-three hours, thirty-eight minutes.

We, therefore, declare Mr. Alfred A. McCurdy the holder of the twenty-four hour road record for bicycles and of the 20, 25, and all the intermediate bicycle road records from 150 and 300 miles, inclusive, as above set forth.

J. S. DEAN,
W. H. SELVEY,
ARTHUR A. GLINES.

CYCLES IN WAR.

The *Belgian News* gives a full and interesting account of a trial of cycles which took place on Sunday, October 24, before a number of government officials, with a view of adopting cycles for the transmission of dispatches in times of peace and war. That the trial was satisfactory the following account will show:—

Last Sunday morning the quiet village of Chatelet, the starting point of the cycle race organized by Messrs. Turner & Co., was all animation in anticipation of the event of the day. Everybody was out to witness the arrival of the cyclists, and when they made their appearance the greatest excitement prevailed. The crowd was so great that it was with difficulty that the road could be cleared for the start. It was an important

occasion in the annals of Belgian cycling. The race was to be of a hundred kilometers, and Capt. Regibo and Lieut. Pardoen had been deputed from the war office, and M. Wiguelen, vérificateur des postes, from the post office, to witness the competition, as it was to be a trial in view of the employment of cycles in time of war for the transmission of dispatches, and in time of peace by the country postmen to lighten their labors and hasten the delivery of letters. The weather was everything that could be wished. Twenty-nine entries had been received, but unfortunately the change of date had proved inconvenient to many, for sixteen riders only answered to the roll-call, with perhaps a dozen outsiders who wished to test their powers, but who were not regularly inscribed. Sixteen cyclists were at their posts. At 9 o'clock, with the assistance of the local police, the crowd, numbering upwards of 3,000, was kept back and the tricycles started, at 9:30 the safety bicycles, and between 9:40 and 10 three groups of four bicyclists, greeted by loud cheers. The first part of the course, from Chatelet to Dinant, via Sart, Saint Laurent, and Burnot, was performed under difficulties, a strong wind blew in the faces of the cyclists, and prevented their advancing with the rapidity that they had calculated on. The return was easier in that respect, but this was more than compensated for by the numerous and sometimes steep inclines which retarded their progress.

The interest excited by the race was the same all along the course. The inhabitants of all the communes assembled on the road on foot, on horseback, and in carriages of every description, waving their caps and cheering heartily. More than a hundred thousand persons must thus have witnessed the race. At 4:50 P. M. the conqueror, M. De Gand, arrived at Chatelet, and the Belgian champion met with an enthusiastic reception, the others following about an hour after, and in the evening the cafés were overflowing with people discussing the events of the day.

The sociable riders, it seems, got no further than Dinant, 45 kilometers. Their spirits flagged; to be more sociable each had his own bottle and it leaked out that before Dinant was reached our socialists described more zig-zags than straight lines. M. Claus of the *Illustration Européenne*, a bicyclist of only three weeks' standing, kept bravely on, and would probably have taken second prize, but near Florennes a young calf disputed the right of way with him, the result being a trio of headers for rider, bicycle, and calf; all bit the dust and rolled over in a heap.

The ten points of control were mostly kept under the immediate surveillance of the local burgomasters. In one place the gendarme was appointed, an old *militaire*, who knew only *le mot d'ordre*, and when the first party of cyclists arrived, with drawn saber he defied them to pass, until they had delivered their coupons of control. Fortunately he was placed at one of the early stations, when the controlling tickets were plentiful, for if he had not been served to order, no one would have taken the first, second, or third prizes! Much credit is due to M. G. Biot, a young "safety" rider of six weeks, who kept up with the first riders for a distance of 80 kilometers.

The delegates of the war office and post office spent the morning in obtaining information and taking notes, and after being entertained at dinner at Charleroi by Mr. Turner, they were back at Chatelet by 2 o'clock to await the return

of the cyclists. Altogether the race proved a complete success; it was a fête that will long be remembered at Chatelet.

It was the most important race yet run in Belgium, from the interest taken in it by the government, the distance, and the value of the prizes, which amounted to 1,000 francs. The generous offer of the Waterbury Company of a watch to each rider completing the distance in five, six, or seven hours respectively, for bicycles, tricycles, and sociables, was not taken advantage of by any of the runners.

Austria, Germany, and France already employ the cycle for their armies, and England for the parcel delivery, and there seems every probability that Belgium will now be added to the countries in which the value of the cycle receives official recognition."

LEAF BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.

Little by little the Coventry Ring begin to see through the dark cloud which has obscured their vision the past summer or rather fall, and if Mr. Ducker will only keep quiet on the letter question, and give the Coventry editors rope enough, they will hang themselves. The latest admission is from the *Cyclist*, which says:—

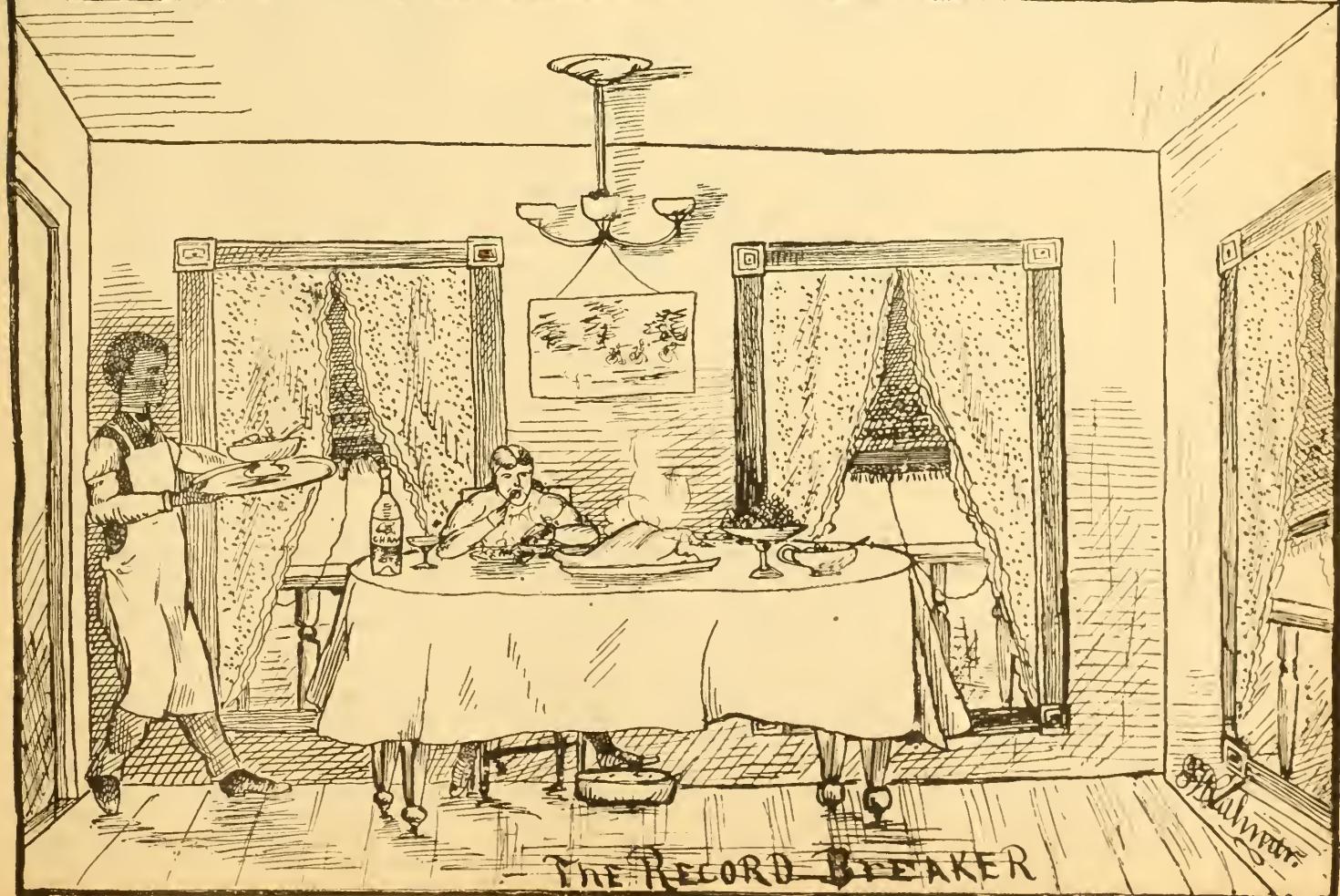
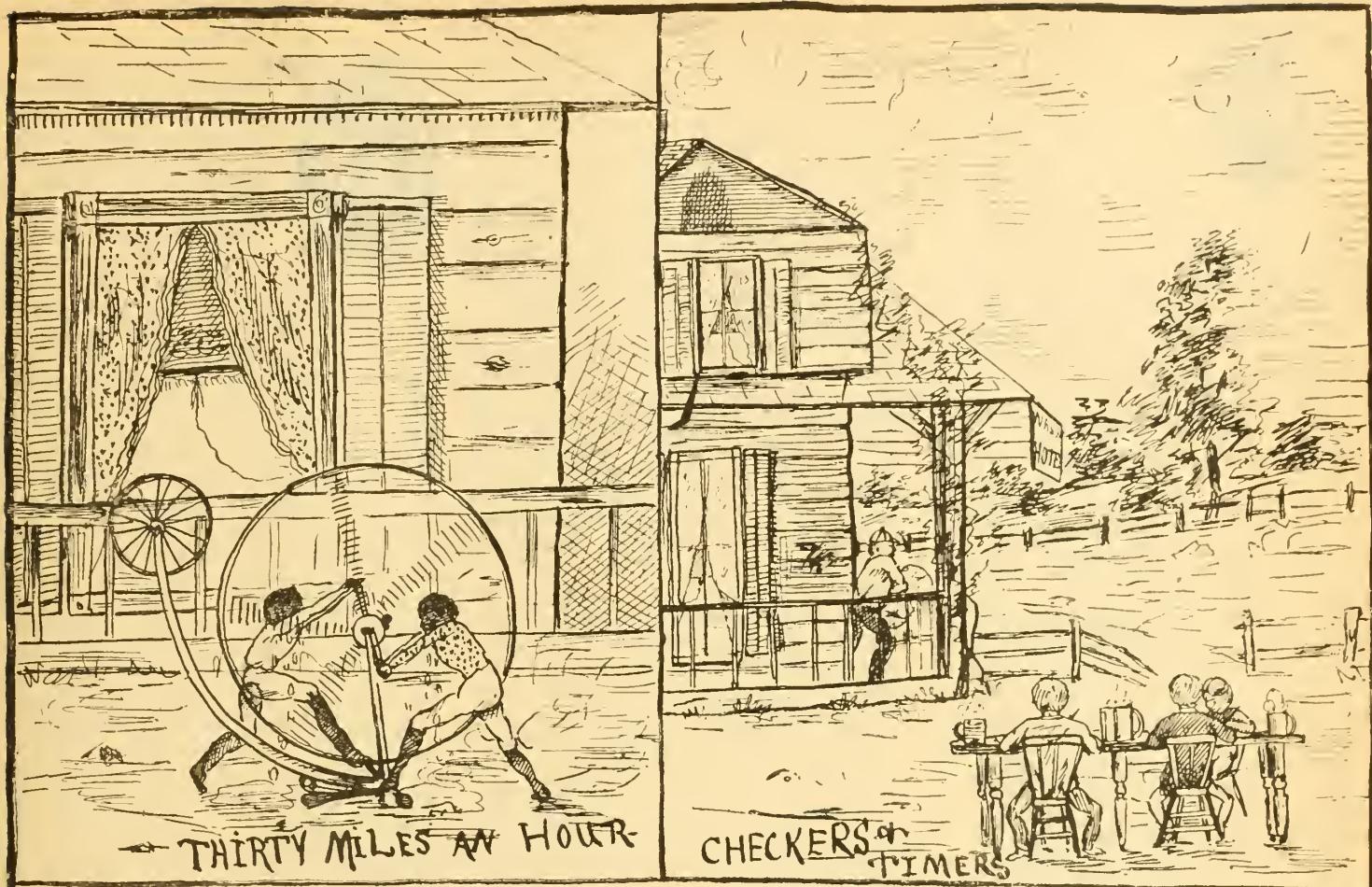
Ducker says he has letters from Iliffe and Sturmey in which they promised to send a representative to the Springfield meet, and that further private advices stated the man was to be Hillier.—*Bicycling World*. What we did say was just after the last year's tournament, when the promateur business had not transpired, and there was a likelihood of the meet this year being an important one. We told Mr. Ducker we contemplated sending over a representative, and that if Mr. Sturmey were unable to go we would be represented by a cyclist, who might be Mr. Hillier or some one else, but who would be one whose word as to the accuracy of any times made would be generally accepted by English riders. The "Springfield boom," however, "burst" after this, and it was not worth our while to send or any one else's while to go.

It is amusing to watch the course of the papers controlled by the Coventry Ring, on the question of those letters which Mr. Ducker claims to hold. For nearly a month, the *Cyclist* and *Bicycling News* have been dodging the question. The *News* will take one paragraph one week and offer a certain explanation, and the *Cyclist* follows the same course on another paragraph. Then the next week the order is reversed and we get another version, all of which is very amusing to those wheelmen who are interested.

A BANQUET TO THOMAS STEVENS.

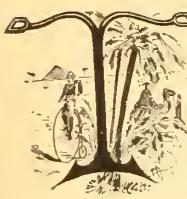
Mr. Knight L. Clapp, the secretary of the Citizens' Bicycle Club, has written a letter to Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the editor of *Outing*, tendering, on the part of his club, a complimentary banquet to the great wheelman, in the following words: "Recognizing the enterprise, ability, and courage of Mr. Thomas Stevens, whose trip 'Round the World on a Bicycle,' is worthy to rank among the most remarkable feats of modern or even more ancient times, the Citizens' Bicycle Club desires to express its appreciation of those manly qualities and to congratulate this daring traveler, who has in so unique a manner shown the possibilities of the wheel, on the safe and successful completion of his arduous labors."

"We therefore tender to Mr. Stevens, through you, his metropolitan representative, a complimentary banquet to be given upon his shortly anticipated arrival in this city."



How it is suspected some of the Long Island road records were made.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.



THE season has run very nearly to its close and, except in the South of France where cycling is pleasant throughout the winter, riders are beginning to store their machines. Altogether this summer has been one of the most successful for the sport in all parts of France, although, it must be said that its progress has not been at the rate that we have seen in the neighboring countries. This is owing in great measure to French temperament and the tremendous amount of prejudice yet to be ridden down. Still clubs have gone on increasing, manufactories have been founded or enlarged, and the large English firms are constantly adding to the number of their agencies in Paris and the great centers of population.

With the leaves of autumn have disappeared two journals devoted to cycling. They will not be entirely lost to memory for in each case the titles have been attached to those previously borne by the papers into which they were merged. The *Vélo-Sport* and *Véloceman réunis* will look after the interests of wheelmen in the South of France, while the *Revue Vélocipédique*, into which the *Sport Vélocipédique* has been merged will cater for the wants of Northern France. All the red-hot personalities exchanged by the papers during the past few years are to be forgotten and both the newly organized journals are preparing to trace their new careers on a blank page, from which their records of the past are banished.

Several French riders have been going for records lately, and they now stand as under. One kilomètre equals 1,609 yards, English measure.

Bicycles.

F. De Civry, Paris, 4 kilos.	7m. 28 2-5s.
" " 5 "	9m. 12s.
" " 10 "	18m. 40s.
I. Dubois, Paris, 50 kilos.	1h. 41m. 28s.
" " 100 "	3h. 34m. 9s.

Safety.

F. De Civry, Paris, 5 kilos.	9m. 24 2-5s.
" " 10 "	19m. 2s.

Tricycle.

F. De Civry, Paris, 3 kilos.	5m. 54s.
" " 5 "	9m. 54 2-5s.
" " 7 "	13m. 58s.
" " 10 "	19m. 57s.
" " 20 "	42m. 25s.

J. Wick, Bordeaux, 50 kilos.	1h. 57m. 40s.
" " 100 "	4h. 50m. 24 1-4s.

Osmen De Lafitol, Vic-Begorré, 100 kilos. 4h. 46m. os.
(Not yet allowed by the U. V. F. S.)

O. De Lafitol, Vic-Begorré, 207 kilos., on road, 12h.

J. Rousset, Bordeaux, 343 kilos., on road, 24h.

" " 387 " " 28h. 1m.

Baby, Pau, 1,044 kilos., 600 mètres, 5d. 10h. 17m.

Tandem.

Grass and Castillon, Paris, 8 kilos. 15m. 48 2-5s.

Dubouch and Astugueville, Auch, 50 kilos. 2h. 9m. 30s.

" " 100 " 4h. 46m.

Canary, the American trick rider, is now in Paris, fulfilling an engagement at the Folie Bergères, and is proving quite an attraction at the chief of the music halls of the city.

An article entitled "Armistice," appearing in the *Revue Vélocipédique*, gives very seasonable advice to club-men. The writer points out that there was a time when the approach of winter was injurious to the interests of cycling, but now the sport was so firmly established that they could welcome the winter as the season for per-

fecting their organization throughout the country. The mistakes of the past should serve as warnings for the future and a change of tactics was imminent. Had they not unions and alliances and federations to consolidate? It was to an object like this that all their efforts ought to be concentrated. Let the racing men repose themselves, it was indispensable, but such rest should not be taken by the leaders of the unions and clubs, for the winter season was the period at which the work of organization should be most actively pressed forward, so that when the season of meetings and promenades arrived defective arrangements should never mar the success of these fixtures. Each club should place on its agenda the difficult questions with which it was bound to deal, as well as doing all in its power to back up the chief organization of cycling by advice and support on matters of general interest to cyclists which might from time to time arise. Other points of particular importance to French club-men are touched upon in the article, which deserves the careful attention of hard-worked presidents and secretaries.

Mr. H. O. Duncan is now, it is stated, on the point of leaving France for Australia with several English professionals, where he will start an agency in the interests of an English firm.

Mr. A. De Baroncelli has been appointed the Chief Consul for France of the C. T. C., and as if to signalize his appointment the new edition of his Road Guide was issued from the press. It is a very complete work and, with a very slight acquaintance with the French language, a rider will have no difficulty in finding his way within a hundred miles radius of the capital with the aid of the guide.

PARIS, November 15, 1886.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



OLDNESS in the great world outside, and coolness within the little world of cycling Philadelphia, have been features of the region this side of the three rivers. I say have been, for the first cool breaths of winter have given place for a season to a comparatively mild temperature, and the lately frigid relations existing between a number of our prominent city wheelmen have happily also given place to more genial and sociable feelings. I was rather sorry, when I found that the issue of the *GAZETTE* for November was rather dilatory in its appearing, that I had forwarded you the postscripts which touched upon the little fuss of late date among some of our cyclers here. But after all, as the twin examples of versifying diabolism only showed, it is a fact that two sides generally appear to belong to a story, and that either one may be the right side up one, according to individual fancy. The whole story, incident, catastrophe, if you will—of the historic five-lap track, has gone the way of all such things, and everything about it will be forgotten so soon, that if a chance memory of it struggles up anywhere in the future, it will only cause the principals and their supporters to wonder that anything so trivial as the first pop-gun shot fired, should have stirred up the acrimonious fight which has happily been brought to a close now. As usual it required the intervention of some disinterested party to square the circle, the widening circle, of supremely injured feelings on both sides, the right side up side, and the wrong side up side; anyhow, just at the right time when the flame of the fight between individuals seemed about to invade the territory of the respective clubs to which the individuals belonged—Pennsylvania and Germantown—in stepped the pacifier, in the person of Mr. Frank Read of the Germantown, than whom there is no more good-humored, or fuss-hating cycler in the Quaker City. Mr. Read must be a born reader of men, for the following reason, and now this is a secret that I am going to confide to the readers of the *GAZETTE*—he discovered that the chief parties interested in the five-lap track fracas could be interested even to a greater extent in a one board business, and so on a set evening certain big chiefs who had been out seeking each other's scalps consented to come into the cosy interior of a certain wigwam, and burying the dread tomahawk under the "one board," where it is said some of them followed it, and sheathing their bright nickel-plated knives in the breast of the turkey buzzard provided by the good pacifier, they, with full mouths and overflowing hearts, declared that they were brothers once more, and as brothers they would remain for all time, more or less.

Now, I suppose you want to know if we spelled Thanksgiving day here with a big T. No, we did not; lots of cyclers had intended to wend their way from the region of cobble-stones, turkeys, street cars, church-goers, and mince pies, and seek on the free open country highway a release from city associations. But the fates decreed that such wheels as had gone into winter quarters should not come out from thence, but rather that other wheels should go to them and settle themselves for a winter rest. Even if Wiggins did not predict

Addressing a body of business men at Bridgeport the other day, P. T. Barnum said, " You do not, any of you, advertise enough. You ought to use printer's ink every day. You are asleep and want your business to run itself. Standing advertisements in a paper command confidence. The man who for a year lives in one community and leads a reputable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in the confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principle, a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar in the eyes of the reader. It may seldom be read, still it makes the name and business of the man familiar, and its presence in the columns of a paper inspires confidence in the stability of its enterprise." And Barnum ought to know. We commend the above to all who think winter advertising does not pay.—*Bicycling World*.

The revulsion in favor of the wheel has been slow in making itself felt, so much so that one scarcely realizes what a change has occurred in St. Louis in the past two years. On any day of the week, mostly, a realization will be forced home by a look into the *Post-Dispatch* hallway. There is a tradition among cyclists that about two and a half years ago Cola Stone scared the tally-ho horses driven by the then managing editor, Mr. Cockerill, and that the damage resulting embittered the gentleman and turned the paper against cycling. The tradition quickly fades from the mind, though, when one looks into the *P.-D.*'s hallway these days and sees three bicycles awaiting their reportorial riders from upstairs.—*Speculator*.

bad weather, it came, and while Thanksgiving dinners were not spoiled Thanksgiving rides were, and by evening much mud and much grumbling were distinctive of the city and its cyclers. The Pennsylvania Club were to have had one of their old-time runs through Fairmount Park. Captain Roberts had determined to show the riding strength of the club, and he had issued a summons to each member to turn out, if only for the one occasion, and his effort for a good gathering had met with prospectively a good response when the clerk of the weather shut down on the effort at resuscitation and no parade of "Pennsy" lent an extra charm to old Fairmount on Thanksgiving day for '86. Perhaps there is no road officer of any Philadelphia club who is better liked than Captain C. A. Roberts of the Pennsylvania. He has been "Pennsy's" captain almost from the foundation of the club, and his energy and attention to work has done much towards making his men what they are on the road.

The races which were to be a feature of Thanksgiving day in Philadelphia were not run, and now are, of course, off the carpet until next year. There is some talk of utilizing the ground on which our five-lap track is located, for tobogganing purposes during the winter. The project has taken rise among the cyclers, and I do not know whether it will come to anything or not. The craze, not a very great one as yet, has come here *via* New York, and it would not at all surprise me to see some of the active members of the Germantown and the Pennsylvania take upon them some extra work in the matter of associating with dormant cycling joys, the pleasures of exceedingly live and wakeful attempts at tobogganing, for, after all, we cannot do more than make attempts to enjoy this sport, which is rather a foolish recreation in latitudes where it bears the semblance of an import that can never be naturalized. Much more good can be done by Philadelphia cyclers,—more lasting good certainly,—and, after all, much more true pleasure gained, and benefit secured for the recreation which they lose, by joining the Association for the Advancement of Cycling, which is rapidly attaining to a position of mark in the city. If this association will from now on only receive from local cyclers a moiety of the attention and the work which they have wasted in the past on things which were not calculated to do anything for the permanent advantage of cycling, then its success, and its chances for an enlarged sphere of usefulness, will be greatly increased.

The little breezes which have been stirring in certain sections of the cycling world in this city have had one good effect anyhow,—that of keeping up interest in things cycling among a certain class of riders who require something rather out of the common to keep them from slumbering and sleeping. Two incidents in connection with the sport in Philadelphia I suppose I may as well chronicle here; one of them is of a sad and regrettable nature, and the other one is one of those occurrences which devotees of cycling have cause to congratulate themselves upon. While riding round the new City Hall, surrounding which building there is a splendid stretch of asphalt, Mr. Connor, one of our city cyclers, had the misfortune to come in collision with a wagon. He was turning out from behind another vehicle, and not aware of the one coming towards him, when he suddenly found himself flung violently to the pavement, and when the bystanders picked him up it was found that he had sustained such

injuries that his life was despaired of at first. He has partially recovered from his severe injuries, but it is sad still to know that he will in all probability carry the effects of the occurrence to the grave with him. A little caution on his part would have avoided the mishap, for no blame could be attached to the driver of the conveyance with which he collided. The other occurrence which I mentioned as being one which cyclers could afford to feel well satisfied over, was the winning of a legal battle for a cycler by Mr. Samuel Boyle, who is a member of the legal profession and as a genial and enthusiastic cycler is well liked among our local wheelmen. The action, which was for damages sustained through a collision, was watched with interest by cyclers here, and when Mr. Boyle won the case for his client against the driver of the four-legged steed, every cycler felt kindlier towards the legal fraternity than he did before. By and by we will have all the lawyers riding bicycles and winning suits for cyclers. The clerical fraternity are at present ahead of the legal brotherhood in identifying themselves with the cause of the "wheel."

I have to chronicle the success of another Philadelphia cycling organization. The "Century Wheelmen" were organized some little time since in the northwestern portion of the city, where there was a great need felt among cyclers of that section of Philadelphia for something of the sort. The club after its foundation went right ahead, members kept coming in, and, in fact, its success was phenomenal. The "Centurions," as they have come to be called, now number over seventy-five members, and the club is becoming solid and strong. There was some talk of their uniting with another large city club, but up to the present there does not seem to be any ground for the report. The Century Wheelmen, having achieved the success which has already been characteristic of their career, might do something worse than merge their identity and individuality in that of an older organization, but they might also, judging from what they have done, do better. Philadelphia is growing at a tremendous rate and as the city grows cycling is bound to grow with it. I remarked in one of my letters to the GAZETTE some time ago that the Quaker City was bound to be a great cycling center, and my words are even now coming true. It did not need any extra astuteness to see this, and it is evident now to any cycler who chooses to stop and think for a moment on what has been, and on what is; he can then form a pretty correct guess at what will be.

Lancaster Pike is becoming quite a favorite stretch of road for our scorcher to test their powers on; it always was, but now more so than ever. From Paoli into the city, a distance of some sixteen miles, was a record held for some time by Abe Powell, then Frank Kohler cut him out. Two weeks ago George D. Gideon cut under the record of "Frank," when of course the latter had to lower the record of George, which he did by one minute, his time being 50m. 10s.

Ground was broken for the new club-house of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club a few days since. The members of this club have truly got a magnificent location for their new home. In West Fairmount Park there is at present under course of construction one of the finest driving courses in the world; at least when finished it will be one of the finest, if not the finest. The drive round it will be over two miles in length, and will

extend over the site of the great Centennial Exhibition. Many of your readers can no doubt locate its exact position from remembering where the great buildings of the exhibition stood. Well, right opposite to where one of the main entrances to this great driving ground will be located, is the site of the Pennsylvania Club's new house. It is a splendid situation and, if a building in accordance with the present plans for the same goes up, the "Pennsy" boys will be well fixed.

It was my intention not to forward you this communication until I could embody in it some reference to the house warming of "Philadelphia" but as you are waiting for copy I must delay sending you a description till later. CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 30, 1886.

A PERSEVERING RIDE.

Inscribed to Thomas Stevens, upon the finish of his grand wheeling tour around the world.

BY T. W. E.

Brave cyclist of many lands,
We welcome with extended hands;
The world your course, the home-stretch run,
A famous record you have won!

Who else but you would dare aspire
To measure earth with cycle tire?
Or, starting, would full soon repent,
And leave to *you* its measurement!

Through grandest cities you have wheeled,
Past jungles where death lay concealed,—
Honored by many, scorned at times,
But onward still through foreign climes.

Beheld by civilized surprise
And superstitious native's eyes,
Where scenes as novel met your sight
As e'er you furnished in your flight.

Ah! had your wheel the power of speech,
To aid you as you kindly teach
The eager public trav'ler's lore,
To sum this year would take a score!

Some sing the "Ride of Paul Revere,"
And one in Sheridan's career;
Well-chosen subjects of our pride—
I sing "*A Persevering Ride*!"

Hail to the chief, whose purpose wide
Spans the "great course" no other's tried!
We welcome you while thousands greet,
And lay our laurels at your feet!

Fred Stearns, clerk for Stearns Brothers, delivers groceries to a large number of his customers every day on a Columbia bicycle. It is a familiar sight to see him gliding past our office, with his basket of groceries in one hand and guiding his machine with the other hand. We can also recall to mind Henry and Frank Fales and Frank Lincoln carrying strips of lumber and tools about on their bicycles. A. Fales & Sons, builders, have seven men in their employ who ride to their work on bicycles, and are thus able to enjoy a hot dinner every day, though working a mile or more away from home. Three riders of Columbias in town, Messrs. Andrews, McPherson, and Valentine, all members of the L. A. W., have traveled over two thousand miles this summer on their machines, which is not an unusual occurrence among wheelmen. These few facts, however, prove how useful bicycles are becoming. At first they were found to be health-giving machines, and now, besides this, are coming into use among business men, and found to be very useful, and readily pay for themselves in a short time.—*Framingham Tribune*.

GARDEN CITY NOTES.

LEAVES ME much to be able to unconditionally agree with the published sentiments of Mr. Abbot Bassett in his *Cycle* of the 26th ultimo, regarding the proper solution of this amateur professional bugbear of the sport. My idea from the start of the controversy has been to do anything that would tend to make our large tournaments successful, financially, not because I have any particular, personal interest, in the pecuniary gainers thereby, but because I have long been convinced that they are unquestionably the most potent recruiting element we have, and the rapid growth of the League is more or less owing to their influence. I want to see the fraternity increase, clear beyond the most sanguine conception of my pretty well developed imagination, and it worries me to have any influence exerted directly or indirectly that will, in a small degree, even retard this most wished-for result. The gist of Mr. Bassett's remarks are, first, to remove the stigma attached to the professional, by admitting him to the League and the club if the applicant be worthy of the honor, and then make every person who, directly or indirectly, earns a dollar cyclingly a professional wheelman, and Mr. Bassett is right. It is unconstitutional, in this land of liberty, to refuse a man his honor because he follows any particular calling if it be only honorable, and, as I once before remarked, the gentleman should be known by his conduct and not by the absurd confines of the amateur law. Carry out Mr. Bassett's idea and its contemplation is fair, — all the manufacturers, dealers, editors, and scribes professionally engaged in the sport,—and I reckon we would size up rather favorably with our amateur brothers whose livelihood lay in other directions. Do you not think so? Be honest and frank, gentlemen, just for once.

The transfer of the Pope Branch to 291 Wabash avenue has been accomplished, and Mr. Garden is ready to receive all comers whether it be to buy or be sold. I hastened to present my respects, yesterday, beaming with magnanimity and ready to tender my congratulations and good wishes, etc., but I met with a hot reception. Bob had a loaded piece of Expert backbone tubing pointed straight at my really good-natured heart as soon as I was well within the door. He spoke not, but tragically and silently indicated the proper chair with his massive index finger, which I at once dropped into while my blood began to congeal to correspond with the rapidly thickening plot. He took a copy of the *Bicycling World* from the top of his desk, and pinned to it was a wrapper addressed in a feminine hand. With look most awful and deliberation most threatening, he turned to my regular article and jammed the paragraph descriptive of our hop at Oak Park before my faltering eyes. Behold, it was dreadfully marked with black ink dire and my quotation of his "Ye gods!" about the girls was almost obliterated with the ominous words: "How is this?" "Verax," he says, and I began to wilt, "Verax, this was sent me by wife, from Springfield." I prepared to face my horrible doom without flinching. In fearful suspense I watched him, as Aeneas used to say in language Latinian, "my tongue began to grow clovy so far as the roof of my mouth was concerned."

Pardon the translation. With one hand he grasped the aforesaid tubing and with the other he fumbled in one of the bottom drawers until he had found a cracked whisky glass. Had I the courage, I thought, one blow, well directed, would end this terrible nightmare and make him the proper subject for a coroner's inquest at once. But, no, my heart failed me as I knew Bob was a good athlete. He removed the cork from the tubing, I hadn't noticed it before, and into the glass trickled a dark, slimy, and molassesey looking liquid and I managed to articulate, "Ye gods!" a base plagiarism perhaps, but expressive. His face had disappeared. I saw nothing save two gigantic eyes and a scowl that set my knees to shaking as I heard him sentence me to the resting place of my ancestors. "Drink, Verax, and be — d, and may your successor take heed lest he, himself, allow his pen to wander beyond the pale of human endurance." I drank, and the future never looked so bright as at that time, when I discovered it was only that very popular (?) Chicago beverage generally known as "Hot Beef Tea, ten cents a cup." But I say, fellows, I don't often try to be funny.

It's cold in Chicago. Thermometer is struggling to keep a few degrees above zero with indifferent success. Wheels are housed and the boys are seeking good times in club nights, consisting of pipes, whist, chess, checkers, and occasional sparring. The trade is looking towards next year with, once in a while, the sale of a wheel for a Xmas present. Gormully & Jeffery have started their new engine on its ceaseless journey and the new factory is fast assuming the busy appearance of the old, machinery coming in every day and new workmen manning it, etc., so that one would think they would be able to supply all comers, next year, without delay. Mr. Jeffery is devoting all his leisure to improvements and novelties and promises something worthy of the name "American Cycles." They expect to occupy their new offices the latter part of the month. These will be roomy, commodious, and finished in oak. The Spalding Bros. are devoting themselves to making a demand for toboggans, while The Wilkinson Company's specialty, scroll saws, etc., is keeping them busy.

W. J. Morgan writes me that he and Woodside will certainly go to Europe in the near future, and his decorated announcement in the letter head is confirmatory. Prince will shortly essay a six-day, eight-hour race, at Omaha, and there is some considerable talk about a long distance race in this city some time during the winter. "VERAX."

THE TIME TO ADVERTISE.—It is a common expression of merchants that "business is so dull it will not pay to advertise." What would we think of the working man who, when work is scarce, would not try all the harder to find it? The duty of the merchant or manufacturer at such times is to create business by offering new and effective styles, by seeking new customers, and pushing beyond usual neighborhood limits. He should not sit down and wait for trade to come to him, but seek it on every side, and through the use of every lawful instrumentality. When trade is dull a more active exertion must be made to secure it than when business is brisk. When times are flush and money plentiful it requires but little effort to sell goods. There is not so much need of advertising at such times.—*Paper and Printing Trades Journal.*

NOTES FROM BROOKLYN.



THE riding season is over, and club men are commencing to devote their attention to indoor amusements.

The social season was inaugurated in this city on November 6, by an entertainment and spread given by the Ildernan Bicycle Club. It was the first of a series of social events to take place during the winter, and despite the heavy showers which prevailed during the evening, the attendance was very good, about 125 being present. The first event on the programme was a selection on the piano by Mr. W. F. Miller. This met with the hearty applause of the audience, and as an encore he played the "Spanish Dance," which was also received with great enthusiasm. Owing to the inclement weather, the gentleman who was to give several humorous recitations did not put in an appearance, and these events had to be dropped from the programme. Messrs. Steutzel and Nedwidek then played a zither duet, which was so appreciated that they were called out again and played a selection from De Post. Mr. G. Brower next favored the company with a banjo solo and was also encored. Notwithstanding the fact that the damp weather seriously interfered with the fine tone of his banjo, he managed to play so ably that he received the hearty approval of those present. Mr. W. F. Miller then played the "Hungarian Dance" on the piano, which received the same applause as his previous selections. Another zither duet was next on the programme, but this style of music was too tame and quiet for the audience, and was not appreciated as much as the former efforts of the two gentlemen. Mr. W. F. Brower then enlivened the gathering by another banjo solo, after which refreshments were served. After the cravings of the inner man had been satisfied, the floor was cleared and dancing kept up the merriment until the early hours. The members of the club were well satisfied with their first entertainment and look forward to just as good time at all their coming events.

The Long Island Wheelmen held a club run on election day. They took the train from New York to Roseville and rode to Irvington, N. J., where they witnessed the road race of the N. Y. & N. J. T. R. R. A. They engaged a special freight car for themselves and came up to the depot a little late. Upon proceeding to their car they were surprised on seeing the wheels of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club and the Bedford Cycling Club occupying about half the space. They had to accept the state of affairs good-naturedly and stand quite a little amount of joking besides.

It is remarkable how the New Jersey clubs gain fame as road riders, still at the great inter-club contest on their own roads, three Brooklyn clubs finished ahead of their best road-riding team. It also seems very strange that New York cannot send a better team than one to capture last place.

Harry Hall showed wonderful form in the twenty-five mile inter-club road race, and his time, 1 hour 37½ minutes, proved him a much faster rider than everybody thought him to be. Valentine was regarded as a sure winner, still he finished a minute behind Hall. H. Greenman also proved himself a flier, finishing third on a heavy Star roadster. If he comes out in spring on a light

Star, the Ilderan Bicycle Club will stand a decidedly good chance for first place, and will not allow the K. C. W. the walkover they had this fall. The Ilderans have nothing to fear from the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, as they have already shown their great superiority over them.

The Nassau Athletic Club's track is improving every day, and it will, no doubt, be the best track in the State next spring. Among the Thanksgiving day games to be given by this club is a one-mile bicycle race, the conditions of which are: Ride first quarter, dismount and run second quarter, walk third quarter, and ride to finish.

Last winter the Ilderan Bicycle Club held the "first annual mid-winter race-meeting," and it has decided that it shall be the last also. It will therefore not hold a race-meeting this winter but thinks of getting up quite an extensive one next spring.

A. B. Barkman, upon whom the Brooklyn Bicycle Club depended greatly in the road race, showed very poor form, and it is wondered how he managed to make 205 miles on our roads. On the contrary, F. B. Hawkins rode splendidly and astonished many of his friends.

J. W. S.

THE WIGGLEBYS GO CYCLING.

"Samuel, we must have a tricycle," authoritatively said Mrs. Ophelia Wiggleby not long ago.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mr. Wiggleby, throwing aside his newspaper and assenting in a manner suggestive of entire subjection, "but when do you wish it, and how did such an excellent idea happen to strike you?" and proudly conscious of having done his whole duty in submitting to his wife's dictates, Mr. Wiggleby caressed his mustache lovingly, and awaited further details. Mr. Wiggleby was accustomed to these sudden calls on his pocket book, and this request was mild compared with some of Mrs. Wiggleby's other demands.

After a short interval of lofty silence, commensurate with her dignity, Mrs. Wiggleby finally condescended to descend to common details, and interestingly articulated as follows: "Well, you see, Samuel, those Peterbys next door got one through their son, Charles Henry, who is at college, and an uncommon fresh young man he is too, and they go riding every day. It has two seats, and they do look just too lovely for anything, although I passed them without speaking the other day, and you know we can't let those common Peterbys go ahead of us, Samuel, for it would be the talk of our set, and then, it's becoming all the rage, too; so now, Samuel, to-morrow you will have to get all the circulars from the agents that sell them, and we'll pick one out, and you can buy it, so we may ride next Sunday," and Mrs. Wiggleby, who had been thinking the matter over all day, and had, with woman's aptitude, decided upon this course for Mr. Wiggleby, concluded her essay with a prolonged *ah*, expressive of entire satisfaction with herself, and, quite exhausted and breathless, she calmly awaited the opinions of her liege lord and master, poetically, but really Mrs. Wiggleby's convenient treasury department.

Of course no opinions of a different point of view were expressed, and it all having been arranged during the day, gentle and discreet Mr. Wiggleby ordered a fine and expensive tandem.

After a short delay, during which Mrs. Wiggleby expressed her opinion several hundred times that the machine had been mashed by the train running off the track, had been stolen by an express

robber, or had disappeared through some other source, equally as improbable, she, one day, while watching at the window, discovered a wagon entering their street, in which, to her indescribable delight, she distinguished the form of her partner holding on to a cart rung frantically with one hand, and endeavoring, with the other, to persuade a tandem tricycle from finding a muddy grave on the cobbles, an occupation attended with considerable exertion on his part, and which caused him to be in a rather fluttering condition as the wagon drove up to his domicile.

Mrs. Wiggleby greeted with a coo of delight the safe arrival of Mr. Wiggleby and the machine, and o'erflowed with love and happiness all the evening, and spent several hours propelling the machine around the rather limited quarters, and indulging in bewitching dreams for the coming Sunday, as three days, that seemed as long as twenty days before, would have to slip by in their slow, dull fashion before the happy Wigglebys would enjoy the pleasures of cycling on the road as beginning know-all.

Now Mrs. Wiggleby was a woman—we beg pardon—lady of very high ideas of the boasted superiority of her sex, and of very determined mind, which latter fact Mr. Wiggleby was fully aware of and which he fondly fostered.

"The idea," Mrs. Wiggleby would say, "a machine made of only steel, rubber and wood, and nuts, a difficult thing to ride. Preposterous! Any one can ride one of those things unless lame or paralyzed," while Mr. Wiggleby in a becomingly scornful manner made it generally known that "the danged affair was only fun for a sparrow."

Mr. Wiggleby was an unsteady athlete, that is, an athlete as the turn seized him. He would religiously absent himself from the club's apartments for several months at a stretch, and then, as the mood developed, would take a run around and industriously lift dumb-bells and weights and swing Indian clubs till he was hardly able to stand, and spend the following day baring his arm for the examination of every acquaintance. From reason of possessing a calf the shape of a hog's head, of which he was duly proud, he contemplated doing some scorching on the road.

At last Sunday arrived. Mr. Wiggleby was impatient to get out early in the morning for an "exerciser," but Mrs. Wiggleby decided that riding on a full stomach in the afternoon was best, and so they waited until twilight's shades were gathering. Then the question of dress was broached. Now Mr. Wiggleby hadn't the least idea as to what constituted the proper cycling attire, but he had a dim idea that his long spring trousers and a felt hat would be about the proper caper. But Mrs. Wiggleby scoffed at his exhibition of ignorance on such a question, and led the way out of the difficulty by suggesting a pair of her hose, lawn tennis cap, and trousers, and his ornamented slippers. These were donned according to instructions, and then Mr. Wiggleby proceeded to the glass, where he industriously labored to curl a mustache that was plainly designed to keep a perfectly straight line clear around to the ears. Meanwhile Mrs. Wiggleby attired herself in a loose gown, or Mother Hubbard, a holiday bonnet, and a huge bustle. Not much time was lost in mutually admiring each other's appearance, and then they set off for the riding district each on either side of the machine. This was reached in due time, and then it was pertinently suggested that they mount. They mounted. Mrs. Wiggleby made a rather martistic picture in attempting to climb to the front seat by the rear, but finally succeeded in planting herself or rather her bustle on the saddle. Then Samuel mounted by means of ascending the spokes. Though neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wiggleby would confess it, they both began to feel a little nervous, partly caused by the gaping crowd that had assembled to witness their attempt. At this juncture when they had been seated some minutes and were beginning to feel a trifle foolish, Mrs. Wiggleby asked in a biting tone, "Well, why don't you stir those limbs of yours, Samuel?" "You start her now, won't you, Ophelia?" and his face gradually assumed an ashen hue, for Mr. Wiggleby very much dislikes to attract attention in the street. With a look of half contempt, half pity, Mrs. Wiggleby remarked that Samuel ever was that way, incapable of taking care of himself, and, with the resolve of going right or dying in the attempt, she put her feet firmly on the rubbers, and with anything but a gentle shove sent the tandem spinning on.

Both the Wigglebys were delighted with the exercise, that is, for the first twenty yards, when they were entirely blown, and Mrs. Wiggleby decided that they should rest. After a few minutes' idling, the start was again successfully effected and this time the process was not so tiresome. Their progress created the usual amount of self-laudation. The road becoming a trifle rutty, Mrs. Wiggleby thought it would be an excellent idea to run one wheel on the car track, and accordingly put the idea into execution by steering for the track. It was "awfully nice," as she expressed it, this running on the rail, without a bit of exertion, until Mr. Wiggleby spied a car in the distance coming towards them at full tilt. "Ophelia," he said, "don't you think we had better get off before that car arrives?" Mr. Wiggleby knew better than to do anything beyond suggesting, but Mrs. Wiggleby approved of the course he promulgated, and they resolved to get off and accommodate the car that once. But the getting off was not so easy a matter as anticipated. Their steering was not of the most expert order, and the machine took all sorts of directions except that which they wished it to. They pulled and twisted the brake, tore the bell out of place, and did all sorts of peculiar things in order to find the open sesame to the steering of the machine, but it was no go, and the car was rapidly approaching; however, a brilliant idea for their preservation occurred to Mrs. Wiggleby, and she ordered Samuel to jump off and notify the driver that they were stuck on the track, a state of affairs almost as bad as being without a fall bonnet to Mrs. Wiggleby's mind. Samuel did as he was told, and his cheeks blanched with terror at the string of blasphemy the poor but respectable driver let forth, at the idea of dem pogions a tryen ter ride, for you see Mr. Wiggleby wasn't a native American; if he was this story of his exceeding freshness would never have appeared in print. After he had thoroughly digested the Jehu's biblical torrent, and declined with thanks the offer to settle the matter right there with fists, Mr. Wiggleby hurriedly returned to his tandem and wife, and she getting off by means of jumping over the wheel, the machine was lifted from the track. Both were wonderfully out of breath and reckoned that it was a deal harder work than they had quite expected, but to the honor and courage of the Wigglebys be it said, that they again climbed into the saddles, a little subdued but full of hope.

All was going well, and they had ridden about a mile since starting, and had thoroughly regained their spirits when Mrs. Wiggleby suddenly remarked: "Samuel, let us go as fast as we can now, and try to beat that wagon; and goodness gracious! there go those Peterbys; see them?" Samuel looked, and beheld about three blocks ahead the chief members of the rival family on their tandem, and his mind was instantly made up to pass them and show their superiority as tandemists, or perish in the endeavor. The honor of the Wiggleby family, descendants of the three original brothers who came over on the Mayflower, was at stake. Hard on the pedals they pushed, in a rather awkward manner to be sure, missing the pedal at about every third revolution, and rocking the machine from one side of the road to the other, but they spun along at a rollicking pace from the sheer power used, and the future seemed crimson. The Peterbys entered a side avenue. "Samuel," said Mrs. Wiggleby, prompted by the existing spirit of rivalry that stood between the two leading families of "our street," "let's go for 'em now, and beat 'em all hollow." Of course Mr. Wiggleby assented, he always did, and they set out after the other tandem at a killing pace. "Be careful, Ophelia, be careful in turning this corner," audaciously cautioned Mr. Wiggleby, who was beginning to think that they were traveling too fast for comfort, but his gentle partner only laughed as loudly and scornfully as her limited stock of wind permitted, and sarcastically advised Mr. Wiggleby to get off and go home if he was afraid. Mr. Wiggleby certainly was a little afraid, and if there was any chance of reaching *terra* in fair condition would have risked a leap over the wheel, but that was hardly practicable, and so he kept his seat, with his teeth all on the chatter. The pair went for the corner in earnest, but, strange to relate, the corner didn't accommodate them by removing from its position, but actually stayed immovable in its place, and, as a consequence, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggleby were shortly mixed up in a promiscuous heap on the ground, covered with dirt and bruises.

"Oh, Samuel, why did you persist in getting that thing against my wish, anyway?" she wailed, and then relieved her wounds and feelings by indulging in a good old-fashioned cry. Samuel, who felt rather sore also, and who, during the intervals between caressing his shin and brushing his garments, had lost some of his super-mekness, inquired why the deuce she hadn't slowed up when turning that corner, as he suggested, which was met by his spouse with a fresh overflow, and a repetition of the oft-told tale of his being a mean old thing. And then, to make matters worse, the Peterbys not hearing the sound of their neighbors' wheel in the rear, looked back, beheld their plight and with an appearance of extreme sorrow, that but ill concealed their intense joy, advanced to tender hypocritical regrets, which were taken in anything but a friendly mood. A wagon conveyed the happy couple and the disabled tandem home. That night Mrs. Wiggleby sadly inquired of her moody Samuel: "Don't you think, Samuel, we had better sell that tandem and tempt Providence no longer?" Mr. Wiggleby was of the same mind and in less than a week the luckless machine was disposed of at half value and with it disappeared all their fond expectations of rivaling the Peterbys.

To sum up in Mr. Wiggleby's language: "I lost ninety dollars, two pounds of skin, and four

finger nails, and my wife her front and back hair, a lot of apparel, and the pleasures of 'our set' for a month; rather expensive sport, ain't it, that cussed tricycling?"

"JUNO."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

SOME STARTLING SECRETS REVEALED BY A BI-CYCLE MANAGER.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says: A. L. Atkins, manager the past season of the Pope racing team, was in the city Monday on his way to California where he goes for the benefit of his health. He visited the cycling headquarters and talked freely of the events of the past season. In his opinion the promateur will disappear and next year the different companies will have full-fledged professional teams in the tournaments. The number of teams will be increased by several, as Gormully & Jeffery and the Spalding people will each have a representative "stable." Mr. Atkins handled the delicate question of the comparative merits of Rowe and Hendee, who were both on his team, without gloves. He frankly declared his belief in the superiority of Hendee over the Lynn champion. Speaking about Rowe's 2.29 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 22 miles in the hour records, he said: "Why, Hendee could have done that just as easily." But the trouble with Hendee, in Mr. Atkins's opinion, was that he was kept back at the close of the season to pace Rowe and the latter was sent for the records to get the advantage of the pace-making of Hendee, who in that respect, Atkins believes, is the superior of any rider in the world.

ROWE'S BACK-DOWN.

To show why he believed in Hendee's superiority, he cited the case of the one-mile race at Lynn, which caused so much talk at the time. Rowe and Hendee were to meet in that race, but Rowe, when the time came, refused to ride, alleging sickness. Mr. Atkins explains that incident thus: Hendee's nervousness at Hartford and Springfield had lost him the championships, and so he had nothing left to do but beat the best man. In the five-mile race preceding the one-mile, Hendee crawled up on Rowe, who beat him by only a couple of inches. "On the day of the one-mile race," continued Mr. Atkins, "Hendee came to me just before leaving the house for the track and said: 'I am going to the track to-day to beat Rowe, and I will do it.' He brought his fist down, and I saw he meant business. Well, Rowe knew Hendee would go for blood and, becoming afraid, came to me, saying he was sick. I couldn't put a sick man on a wheel, and so had to honor his excuse. Then Rowe went on the track and told the totally different story, which soon got widely circulated, that it had been arranged for Hendee to win and he (Rowe) couldn't afford to compromise his reputation by being beaten on his standing with the company by defeating Hendee. But Hendee regained his confidence with this back-down of his opponent, and at the Roseville tournament beat Rowe in every event in which they came together. Altogether," Mr. Atkins said, "Rowe was a very glad man when the record season closed and the team disbanded."

The possible cause of the bicycle's slow introduction into Germany is said to be due to the indecision as to which of the following names to call it: Tretwagen, reunhold, schnellwagen, sellstraber, reitgaul, reitfahrzeng, rittling, elsengaul, rittlingsfuhre or strampelwagen.—*Boston Globe*.

News Notes.

The *Wheel* is growing witty and endeavoring to be wise.

The Columbia calendar like the Waterbury watch needs attention daily.

Mr. C. P. Guernsey, formerly of Macon, Ga., is now located at Buffalo, N. Y.

A new pony Star will be put in the market next season, with enlarged small wheel.

The first bicycle to appear in Russia was a Columbia, and Thomas Stevens the rider.

The Pope Manufacturing Company had a combination on the records that could not be beat.

A word to the wise, etc. The Columbia calendar contains just 365 wise sayings relative to cycling.

Germany, it is said, possesses a cycle factory nearly, if not quite, as large as any in England.

The amateur definition must go. The price of League uniforms must go down and the quality of the cloth be improved.

The English wheelmen have a chance to procure a new mount cheap through the numerous cycle draws now taking place.

Hillier was champion at all distances in 1881. Rowe is champion of all distances, amateur, promateur, and professional, 1886.

Know thyself, is an old maxim, but to know the day of the week, month, and an interesting item daily, send for the Columbia calendar.

The Pope Manufacturing Company expects to be settled in its new building, corner of Franklin and Arch streets, by the first of January.

The *Cycle* asks the question: "Can it be that Columbias do not need repairing? Else why do the makers give up their repair shop?"

"Knowledge is power," therefore add to your power by sending for a Columbia calendar and obtaining knowledge (relative to cycling). Pass on.

G. Lacy Hillier must be getting out of some of his bad habits, for we notice he only has a case of jum jams about once in three months instead of weekly as of old.

C. M. Fairchild, one of the New Orleans tourists, hopes by next May to complete 10,000 miles on his 53-inch Rudge light roadster, having ridden over 7,250 miles without a break.

Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery are sending out to their many friends a handy card case, and will from time to time send cards containing valuable information to wheelmen, just fitting the case.

In the event of the League electing a new executive at the annual meeting next spring, the question arises: Who will receive the commission on League uniforms? Echo answers — (?)

The *Cycle* remarks: "John S. Prince says he isn't afraid of any man living. We don't believe that he is. We were at Springfield and Hartford, and we noticed that they all ran away from him."

One of Stoddard, Lovering & Co.'s energetic agents wrote a few days ago that his wife had presented him with a little daughter, and had named her Marion Rudge, in honor of his favorite wheel.

The *Star Advocate* says: "We are informed that there are over sixty Star riders in Springfield, Mass. The Star has boomed there this season."

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

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THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

PREMIUM LIST.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

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We present herewith our annual revised list of Premium Offers to the readers of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. It contains many new and desirable articles in addition to most of those offered the past year. All previous offers are now withdrawn.

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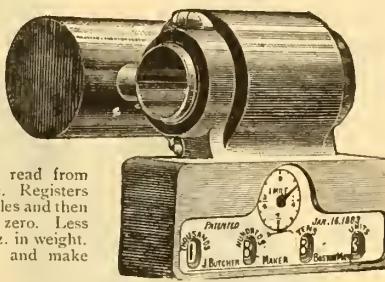
THE KIRKPATRICK SADDLE.



This saddle aims at the health and comfort of the rider. It has springs at both ends, and is self-adjusting in width, the long cut allowing it to yield to the shape of the rider and removing pressure from the perineum. Give make of machine.

Price \$6. Given for 24 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.

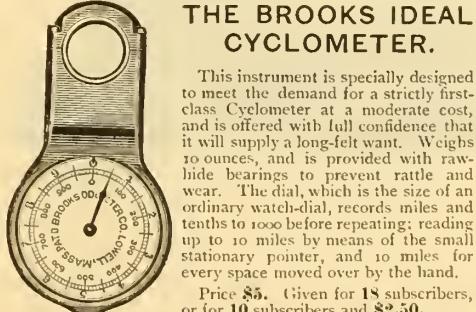
BUTCHER CYCLOMETER.



Can be read from the saddle. Registers to 1000 miles and then returns to zero. Less than 20 oz. in weight. Give size and make of wheel.

Price \$10. Given for 40 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$5.

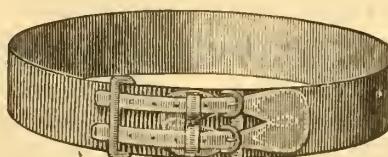
THE BROOKS IDEAL CYCLOMETER.



This instrument is specially designed to meet the demand for a strictly first-class Cycloometer at a moderate cost, and is offered with full confidence that it will supply a long-felt want. Weighs 8 ounces, and is provided with raw-hide bearings to prevent rattle and wear. The dial, which is the size of an ordinary watch-dial, records miles and tenths to 1000 before repeating; reading up to 10 miles by means of the small stationary pointer, and 10 miles for every space moved over by the hand.

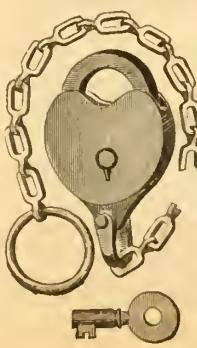
Price \$5. Given for 18 subscribers, or for 10 subscribers and \$2.50.

BICYCLIST'S BELT.



Made from fine worsted or cotton webbing, with extra fine trimming. Sizes from 27 to 32 inches.

Price 50c. Given for 2 subscribers.



BICYCLE LOCK.

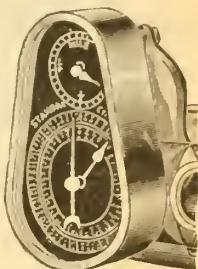
Spring shackle, self-locking, strong, and very durable; with 12 inches of chain. Nickel-plated and finished.

Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.

STANDARD CYCLOMETER.

One of the best cycloometers in the market. With each instrument the manufacturers furnish a certificate of accuracy. The action is positive and continuous; the dial can be read from the saddle; it can be used with or without a hub lamp. A lamp attachment is sent with each cycloometer. In ordering, give size and make of wheel, size of axle, and length of axle between the hub shoulders inside.

Price \$10. Given for 35 subscribers, or 20 subscribers and \$3.50.



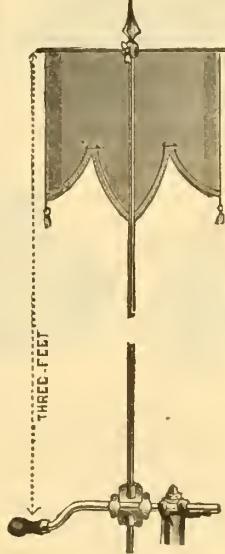
COW-HORN HANDLE-BARS.



The handsomest, strongest, and best bars in the market. Complete, with brake-lever and bracket, all nicely nickel-plated.

Price \$4.50. Given for 18 subscribers, or 10 subscribers and \$2.

FLAG-STAFF.



Arranged so that the flag can be put at any angle to the staff. Used by the principal bicycle clubs of the United States. For a meet, parade, or drill, it makes a very pleasing effect in the line.

Price—Flag-staff with clamp to fit any handle-bar, nickel-plated, \$1. Given for 16 subscribers.

Silk flag, with appropriate lettering on both sides, in any color of silk, with gold or silk fringe, \$8. Given for 32 subscribers, or 16 subscribers and \$4.



CHALLENGE WALL-BRACKET.

This device will hold one bicycle only, and must be fastened to a wall or post. It holds a bicycle of any size very securely at any angle to the support, and drops out of the way when not in use, as shown in the side cut.

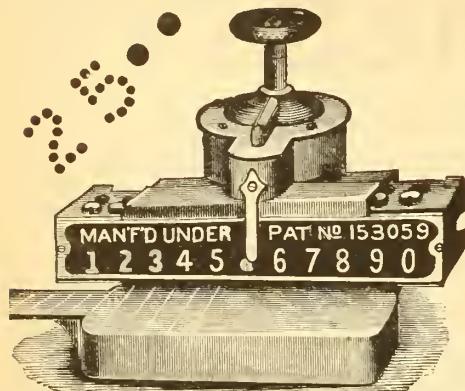
Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers, or 4 subscribers and \$1.



The greatest convenience for traveling wheelmen. Can be applied in an instant, is convenient to carry, always ready, and does not need heat to make it hold.

Price 25c. per roll. Given for 2 subscribers.

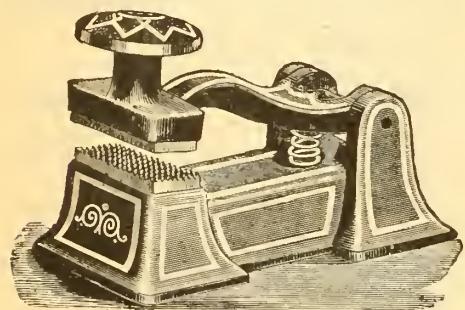
MONITOR CHECK PROTECTOR.



This machine punches the figures out of the paper, rendering fraudulent alteration impossible.

Price \$15. Given for 60 subscribers, or 30 subscribers and \$7.50.

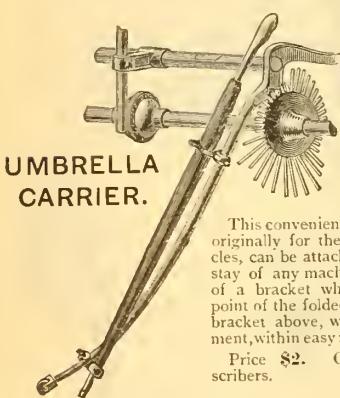
PEARL CHECK PROTECTOR.



This little stamp embosses diamond-shaped prints covering a surface $\frac{9}{16} \times \frac{13}{16}$ inches.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers.

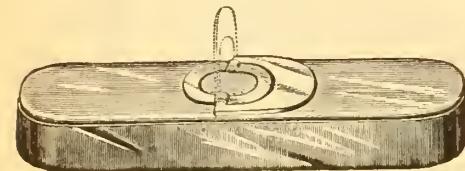
UMBRELLA CARRIER.



This convenient device, designed originally for the Columbia tricycles, can be attached to the safety-stay of any machine. It consists of a bracket which receives the point of the folded umbrella, and a bracket above, with strap attachment, within easy reach of the rider.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers.

DUST-PROOF POCKET STAMP.



Simple, practical, and convenient for the pocket; full size of the cut; die $\frac{5}{8} \times \frac{2}{3}$ inches; price includes any color of ink.

Price \$1.75. Given for 6 subscribers.

DUST-PROOF PENCIL STAMP.



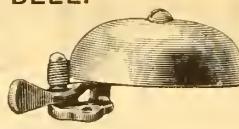
Convenient for the pocket, simple and practical. Die $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price includes any color of ink.

Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.

THE FAVORITE BELL.

Full nickel gong and fastenings. $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter.

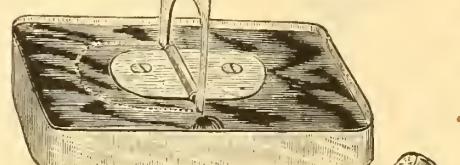
Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.



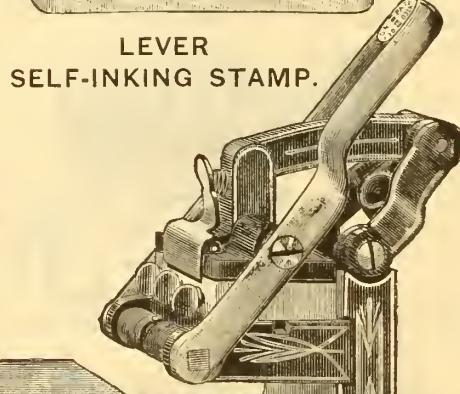
POCKET STAMPS.

Made on the same principle as the dust-proof pencil and pocket stamps above, having a thickness of felt saturated with ink in the bottom of the case, on which the die rests when the case is closed. Cuts full size: round die $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, oblong die $1 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Price, either style, with die and vial of ink, any color, \$1.75. Given for 6 subscribers.



LEVER SELF-INKING STAMP.



This printing stamp is constructed upon an entirely new plan, involving the least possible amount of wear and friction. It uses interchangeable metal-bodied rubber type, or dating and other dies, prints with the greatest ease, and insures the most perfect results yet attained. It is always ready to bring down the lever with thumb and finger and make a perfect print of whatever die you have in position. The self-inking arrangement is perfect, having a reservoir which carries a nearly inexhaustible supply of ink, and its printing is unequalled.

Price \$7.50, fitted with one die, any style. Given for 25 subscribers, or 12 subscribers and \$3.50.

CARTER'S STAR FOOT-REST.

Worth more than any other accessory to the Star. Especially adapted to riding down rough hills; without it the rider must bear a good deal of weight on the handle-bar, making it tiresome, but with this foot-rest he is kept securely in the saddle without any inconvenience, and controls the wheel far more easily and of course with much greater pleasure.

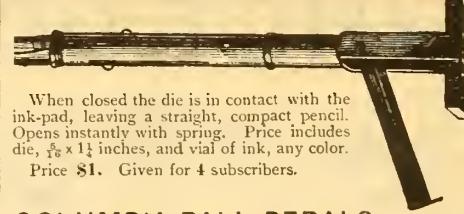
Price \$1. Given for 3 subscribers.

COLUMBIA SWING SPRING.

This spring combines the best contributions of three different inventors towards the solution of the difficult problem in bicycle seat springs. The jar incident to all riding must be either vertical, lateral, or fore-and-aft, or a combination of two of these. The wheel itself and its freedom of motion relieve sufficiently the lateral jar, it has been found; and lateral yield in the spring, to any considerable extent, gives an unsteadiness of the seat which has demanded for most riders several otherwise good springs. This spring is only applicable to the Columbia Expert and Light Roadster. Nickel-plated.

Price \$5. Given for 20 subscribers, or 10 subscribers and \$2.50.

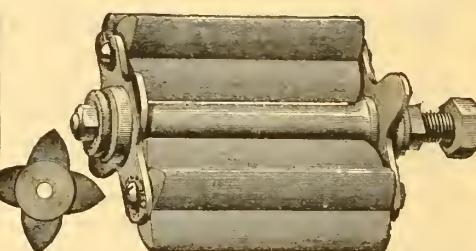
PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.



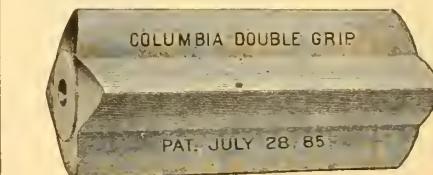
When closed the die is in contact with the ink-pad, leaving a straight, compact pencil. Opens instantly with spring. Price includes die, $\frac{5}{16} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and vial of ink, any color.

Price 81. Given for 4 subscribers.

COLUMBIA BALL PEDALS.



These pedals, in their improved form, possess various advantages over other ball pedals, in point of patterns employed in their construction as well as the carefulness with which they are made.



The elastic bars are of the new "double-grip" pattern, which by their peculiar form afford a firmer hold than any other for the foot, increasing with additional pressure. They turn with sufficient freedom upon their rods to conform readily to the sole of the shoe; while the leaves of the pattern (which appear clearly in the sectional view above) yield enough to give a thorough grip. This new pedal is made under the Peters, Wallace, and Latta patents, and is the nearest to perfection yet attained. Nickelized.

Price \$10 per pair. Given for 40 subscribers, or 30 subscribers and \$2.50, or 20 subscribers and \$5.

LITTLE GEM SELF-INKING STAMP.

The latest and best miniature self-inking stamp. Fitted with straight-line die $\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and with movable dates when desired. Price also includes a vial of ink, any color.

Price \$2. Given for 8 subscribers.



RUBBER BAND DATING STAMP.

The dates in this stamp are arranged on three endless bands, which rotate over anti-friction rolls in the case, and are quickly moved from place to place by means of spur wheels.

Price, with die, \$3.50. Given for 12 subscribers.



For adjusting direct spokes. One of the best in the market.

Price 75c. Given for 3 subscribers.

SPOKE WRENCH.

Good for Springfield, and the *Advocate* is informed correctly.

The latest venture in cycling journalism is the *Minnesota Division*, L. A. W. official organ, ten pages size and style of the *GAZETTE*. It is bright and newsy and a creditable addition to the cycling monthlies.

Champion Dick Howell is out with a challenge to race Champion Rowe for from \$500 to \$2,500 a side, any distance from one to twenty miles. It's no use Dick, for in Rowe you will meet your equal if not superior.

A tandem tricycle is to be brought out by the Pope Manufacturing Company next season. It will combine all the recognized valuable points of the regular tandem tricycle, together with a number of novel features.

At a recent performance of the "Black Crook" in a Western city, a feature was a bicycle drill by half a dozen handsomely shaped and appropriately costumed young ladies. We always knew that the bicycle drill was bound to become popular some day.

Considerable is being said relative to the League owning the League pins and having the profits on same revert to the League treasury. On the same line of reasoning, why is it that the League cannot receive the commission on League uniforms?

It is hinted, so says the Boston *Globe*, that the Pope Manufacturing Company is at work on a tandem tricycle for the use of the President and Mrs. Cleveland. Nothing definite can be learned regarding the machine, however, for it is desired to keep the whole thing a secret.

The *Cycle* has come down to hard pan, reducing its subscription price from \$1.50 to 75 cents a year, and we make a further reduction by offering to send the *Cycle* for one year, The Wheelmen's Reference Book, price 50 cents, and the *WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE*, price 50 cents, all for a one dollar bill.

Our last broadside against G. Lacy Hillier has silenced that erratic individual, and he announces in the *Bicycling News*, "that should any of his friends wish an explanation in any point he will gladly satisfy them." Well, that is an easy way out of a bad scrape, but, as the boys would say, that won't wash.

Harry Corey, of Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., has arrived home from England, where he has thoroughly examined all the leading types of machines, and his firm proposes to place a line of Rudge bicycles and tricycles on the market for 1887 which they expect to be in advance of anything yet presented.

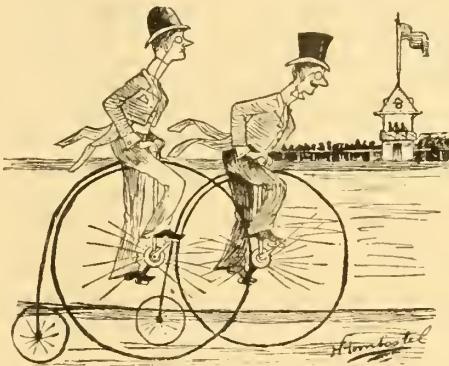
The League meet in St. Louis next spring, will give us two things: one is the admission of professionals into the League, and the other the abolition of the amateur rule. One thing certain, "It must go." At a recent meeting of the N. C. U. in England, the votes this year in favor of abolition were six to one of last year.

W. A. Rowe holds 64 bicycle records under twenty miles, a feat which probably no wheelman will ever excel; holding as he does, 23 amateur records, 20 promateur records, and 21 professional records. It is a singular coincidence that one man should hold all of the world's bicycle records for amateur, promateur, and professional.

The Victorian Cyclists' Union has drawn up a list of over 2,000 distinctive colors and designs for use at race meetings, and each competitor must register one of these as the color he always intends to run in. The racing costume consists of plain white knickerbockers, black socks, and a colored silk jockey cap, sash, hoops or spots, and a sleeved vest or jacket. The fines for not appearing in proper costume are very heavy.

The secretary of the San Francisco Bicycle Club writes to the editor of *Outing*, that his club has appointed a committee to receive Thomas Stevens on his arrival from Yokohama, which committee is instructed to see that his visit is made generally pleasant. *Outing* is offering a whole set of bound volumes as a prize, to any one guessing the date of Stevens's arrival in Yokohama. Here is a chance to pick up some books without much trouble.

"Did you ever," says a writer in the *American Wheelman*, "notice how many prominent League offices the Citizens' Club has, and yet it is a non-League one at that? It has the president, a state consul, a member of the executive board, one of the racing board, one of three on rules and regulations, and the same proportion on rights and privileges; adding to these, two on transportation, and two or three representatives, we have a total of almost a dozen, which, it would seem, is all a non-League club was entitled to." So say we all of us.



PURE AMATEURS.

Should the promateurs eventually drift into the professional ranks, says the *American Wheelman*, there will be one sad feature in connection therewith that has heretofore escaped observation. Tournament managers will then have to give money prizes, and only tournament managers can fully realize how much harder it will be to give a given sum in cash than in silver-plated cups, filled medals, and bric-a-brac.—*Boston Herald*. Not so with meetings of any size. At the last meeting of the Springfield Club, the promateur prizes cost the same in cash as was paid the professionals for a like race; in fact, we rather welcome the cash basis, as saving lots of trouble in selecting prizes.

Harry Corey brought home with him from England a new tennis racket, different from any thing yet seen in this country. The frame is like the ordinary racket, but on the inside edge of the rim is fitted a neat piece of steel like the rim of a bicycle, it being perforated, allowing the cat-gut to pass through both the steel and the wood, and protected by washers similar to the tangent spoke. The racket is manufactured by the Centaur Cycle Co., Coventry, England, and is patented in this country. By this steel, the racket is always kept in shape and prevented from warping and bending,

and the strings, rarely, if ever, work loose. The Centaur Co. intend to make arrangements to place it on the American market.

A Christiana lawyer, says an exchange, by the name of Nicholson, who recently died, willed all his money for the purchase of bicycles for the school children of that city. The interest on a portion of the capital is to pay the salary of an instructor in bicycling. The will of the testator closes as follows: "The bicycle has protected me in my promenades against the excessively troublesome annoyance of people who make a habit of stopping one in the street, in the burning sun or a driving wind, and beginning a conversation. My wheel has not shied a single time like a horse, nor was I ever compelled to intrust in riding my limbs to a drunken driver." In spite of this glowing eulogy of bicycling, the children of Mr. Nicholson will contest the will.

The last letter received at the office of *Outing*, from their special correspondent, Thomas Stevens, is dated on board the steamer "Wing Sang," October 4, in which the famous wheelman says in regard to the last stretch of his journey: "I will not be able to find out anything definite as to my journey through China, until I meet the consul at Canton, so cannot tell you anything now. I will, however, send full particulars to *Outing* from Canton, as to the result of my interview with the consul. I am led to expect considerable difficulties about getting through China. Japan will, no doubt, be very delightful and interesting, providing I reach there before the winter makes it disagreeable traveling. This will, of course, depend upon my experiences in China. My next articles to you will be written whilst crossing the Pacific."

An extraordinary bicycling race was recently decided in connection with the South Australian Cyclists' Union at Adelaide. The obstacles were:—First lap: To ride round, lift machines over five hurdles, mounting machines after getting over hurdles, except the last one, when you run to the center of the oval, lie on your back and eat a roll. Second lap: Crawl through the bags under tarpaulin and through casks, run 100 yards with bicycle, mount and finish lap in the saddle, dismounting opposite pavilion. Third lap: Run to center of oval, put on coat and bell-topper and ride to scoring-board at the south end, then across the oval and over the water-jump, round the flag, on to the track, and finish. Enormous crowds witnessed this event, and the obstacle amateur champion for 1886.

The *Referee*, *Wheeling, Sport and Play, Cycling Times*, and many other representative English papers, agree with us on the abolition question, while most of the American cycling papers are of one accord, and the amateur rule must go. The *American Wheelman* asks: "Did you ever notice that amateur ideas are invariably associated with youth? When a man has been voting a few years we rarely find him connected with anything that is amateur. If he likes horse-racing, he runs his horse for money; if he is fond of yachting, he sails his yacht for money, and so on through billiards and all the other sports that help to amuse our riper years. And why is this? Simply because men of worldly experience know too much to lumber their houses up with what they don't want, merely to satisfy the phantasies of a foolish idea."

George B. Thayer, of Vernon, Ct., left his home on a bicycle, April 18, going up the Hudson to

Albany, Buffalo, and Cleveland, down to Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago, across the Mississippi to Rock Island, Omaha, Denver, along the Union Pacific tracks to Salt Lake City; train to Sacramento and by wheel into the Yosemite valley. After spending five weeks in California, steamer to Portland and then to Yellowstone Park, remaining eight days, and back again to Salt Lake City, over the Denver & Rio Grande road, thence to Denver and south to Kansas City and St. Louis, where he took the train for Louisville and Frankfort. Wheeled from Frankfort to Cincinnati and Marietta, through West Virginia to Cumberland and Harper's Ferry, where a train was taken for Baltimore. He has covered over 9,700 miles, of which 4,224 were on the wheel. The greatest distance made in a day was 76 miles, and the average about 60. The entire trip cost only \$275.

English opinion of the champion of all distances, 1881, etc., is on about a par with those on this side of the pond, if we may judge by the following taken from the *Cycling Times*: "Fred. Albert, in one of his glorious war-whoops, says, 'If you can't succeed suck eggs!' Otherwise, if you can't play the game one way play it another. This is evidently the platform upon which George Lacy Hillier thrusts himself to the front, for do we not find him fooling around all sorts of occupations, of which he is master of none? One of his amusing freaks is to style himself a member of the London Stock Exchange. In this capacity he rushes wildly around in the neighborhood of Threadneedle street with his hat off, and an expression in his face as if he had recently lost sixpence. The fun of the thing is, that a paper called *Society* is running a competition, which it calls the 'Adonis Prize' and asks its readers to say who they think is the handsomest Stock Exchange man. The result runs thus:—Charles H. Snell, 1,013; Sir M. D. Gordon, 1,005; Eustratius Ralli, 942; H. K. Paxton, 937; George Lacy Hillier, 1. If this is not fame, please tell us some."

The *C. T. C. Gazette* is outspoken on the League uniform, and like many others stands ready to show up its poor qualities. The *Gazette* says: "We commented briefly a few months ago upon the new uniform of the L. A. W., and, more out of curiosity than aught else, submitted it to some well known experts for their opinion. This we append, seeing that our American readers may be glad of the unbiased views of critics who even now have no conception of the identity of the article upon which they were asked to pass judgment. Their final remark, if we are rightly informed, has already been verified to the letter—'We have carefully examined the pattern sent, and are of opinion that it is an ordinary Yorkshire or low Scotch tweed, its value being 4s. per yard (it fetches \$2 per yard in the States.—Ed.) if 56 inches wide. As a tourist or traveling suiting we think it would wear well and be strong, but we do not think it well adapted for cycling, as it will, we think, stand the friction of the saddle but poorly, and it will not retain its color well.' Even the secretary-editor of the L. A. W. has discarded his League uniform for one that is more durable and costing no more.

John M. Stout, the fancy deaf-mute bicycle rider, was born in Alton, Ill., and educated at the Illinois school for the deaf and dumb at Jacksonville, from which he graduated in June, 1880. Mr.

Stout studied crayon drawing, and is a first-class artist. He received two silver medals as the best crayon artist in the State of Illinois, at the state fair at Peoria in 1883. Mr. Stout started east, and stopped a year at Chautauqua and studied sculpturing. From there he went to New Orleans, and learned to skate and perform on the Star bicycle. He improved so fast that he was advised to continue and then start on the road as a professional. He gave many exhibitions as an amateur, for which he received a number of prizes. He became a professional on the first of January last. He has been exhibiting in New York and vicinity, lately, and is a most accomplished rider, many of his tricks being original; his act of taking the small wheel completely off the floor and careening around the rink on a single wheel being remarkably good, as is also his riding through a large square of bottles, first circling in and out and then bringing the machine to a complete standstill and again starting it without displacing a single bottle. He also plays polo on the bicycle exceedingly well. As a unicycle rider he ranks among the best.

The Columbia Bicycle calendar for '87, issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, is a truly artistic and elegant work in chromolithography and letterpress. In the present calendar, each day of the year appears upon a separate slip, with a quotation pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers on both sides of the ocean. The notable cycling events are mentioned, and concise opinions of the highest medical authorities; words from practical wheelmen, including those of clergymen and other professional gentlemen; the rights of cyclers upon the roads; general cycling statistics; records; the benefits of tricycling for ladies; extracts from cycling poems; information about costumes; and much other matter interesting to the public in general and to the cycler in particular, appear from day to day; and the matter is new and fresh over that upon the Columbia calendar of the present year. In fact, into a little measure is crowded, in a highly attractive way, the past, present, and future of cycling, a virtual encyclopædia upon this universally utilized modern steed. The calendar proper is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which is exquisitely executed in oil color effect, by G. H. Buck, of New York, an allegorical scene, representing the earth resting among the clouds, and Thomas Stevens, the famous bicycler, is seen in heroic size, astride his Columbia bicycle, circumbicycling the globe. The bright sunshine illumines one side, while the pale moonlight gives a contrasting aspect to the other, and, together, make a remarkable atmospheric effect, charmingly vivid, yet artistically toned and softened. A smaller portion of the board is devoted to a picture of a mounted lady tricyclist, speeding along over a pleasant country road. The new calendar, as a work of convenient art, is worthy of a place in office, library or parlor, and is sent to all applicants upon receipt of twelve two-cent stamps.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

Our cyclers would have given many more thanks on November 25th if clear weather could have been vouchsafed them; as it was they polished billiard balls, saw their best girls, and joined the great army in the conflict with turkey.

Our regular eight miles was doubtless the most wheeling done during the day here.

Our farewell-for-this-season run to Tarrytown, early in November, was in many respects pleasant, but would have been more so if our companion had not been waited for so much, delaying the homing till a rainy night came on. In future, we shall profit by lessons learned this season, regarding "staying partners in a long run."

It was not necessarily a farewell, either, for with "Our Club's" wheels we ride about all winter, and have many delightful outings that riders of big wheels miss.

Say, whatever may befall a solitary tourist, he does not have to be bothered with the dozen and one vexatious delays incident to a party of wheelmen, some of whom have wheels that are always out of order, or are discovering the earth (America) half the time. We admit that under favorable conditions, and on short runs, there is much pleasure in numbers, but when a club cannot get under way without an hour's delay from the advertised time of starting, and the scorches to make up, the enjoyment is gone for us.

GLEANINGS FROM AN OLD NOTE BOOK.

Yes, we remember that route to Andover, Ohio, one Sunday morning, July 5, 1885, and those flirting girls. To be sure they were in a carriage away down a cross road, but they vigorously fluttered parasols and handkerchiefs at a poor lone cycler wheeling quietly along toward Jefferson; he waived the answer back *via* helmet and calliope, but we parted thus.

Twenty years ago we were familiar with that smooth clay road we wheeled over so easily that sunny morning, for our boyhood's home was in that vicinity. We recollect the proud possession of a shilling as payment for a half day's tramp, driving a flock of sheep for a neighbor who lived in yonder old red-gabled house, but who has long since gone home. Here lived the Holcombs, usually pronounced "Hocums." We have eaten new maple sugar from their big iron kettles, many a spring-time, and overtaken them on the way to the old red school house, for "they always went slow." Here are the veriest traces of the plank road that when new was such a delight in muddy seasons; we ride through a covered bridge that has sprung up during the years of our wanderings, and the wheel has brought us to the mill where we used to come for grists in summers long ago. Rounding the curve into the main street of Jefferson, the county seat of Ashtabula county, we dismounted at the hotel to leave on the register a greeting to all wheelmen, and looked in vain for a cycler to take a spin toward our destination, but the festivities of the glorious Fourth made them sleep late that morning of the fifth, and the only glimpse of a wheel we had was of a Star in a back room where it had been hurriedly pushed at a late hour the previous night.

A rich and well cultivated section of country is this part of the Western Reserve; many of the front fences have been removed, and the crops grow almost to the wheel tracks. Broad acres of grain and great orchards of various fruit trees stretch away on either hand, and peace and plenty evidently prevail.

At Ashtabula, historic in railroad disasters, and the home of some courteous cyclers we met, they gave the local long-distance championship as a road rider to Frank Osborn, of Andover, but from accounts that came pretty straight, we placed Mr. Bert Beals, of Ashtabula, "mighty well to the front."

"STAMSON."

Correspondence.

CLOSING UP THE GAP.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

On this third anniversary of the fated day when I wrote the prospectus of "X. M. Miles on a Bi." (and thus unwittingly bound myself to an indefinite term of "solitary confinement at hard labor"), I am still unable to name the time of its publication. I can only say that the gap in the text is now very small, and that, if I survive the final struggle with the indexes, I ought to begin business as a full-fledged book-agent before the close of winter. The 25th of January will be the third anniversary of the *Wheel's* letting loose my prospectus upon the League and the general cycling public; and perhaps I may be really sending off boxes of books to my 108 depositaries at that time. I have faint hope of any earlier date.

Chapters 34 to 41, comprising the pages that will be numbered 591 to 800, absorbed my energies during the nine months ending at the middle of November; and these final pages have all been electrotyped. The plates of the first 32 chapters (pages 1 to 554) were finished last February. As for the gap of 36 pp. (555 to 590), I hope to see it closed within three weeks, for half the material is already prepared. I am afraid that the indexes to these "800 pages of 500,000 words" may require from 32 to 40 pages of fine type, and that the preparation of them may cost me a month's hard work. However much it may cost, the task cannot be shirked, because I rely upon the perfection of the indexing to compel a large sale of the book. As the actual cash outlay on the first 3,500 copies will exceed the \$3,500 subscribed, the sale of the other 2,500 copies of the edition, at \$1.50 each, to non-subscribers, is what I rely upon for getting my money back; while the chance of my reaping any recompense for my three years' toil and risk is contingent upon the demand for large later editions.

My 48-page pamphlet, containing a full history of the scheme, is now ready for mailing to any one whose curiosity prompts him to send me twenty-one-cent stamps for the same. Non-subscribers who now remit \$1.50 to me will have their names put on the early mailing-lists for "X. M. M.," and will immediately receive the aforesaid pamphlet as a premium.

KARL KRON.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Dec. 3, 1886.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

Thanksgiving came and went and as usual California climate stood in with us, and a more glorious day could not have been wished.

Every arrangement for the 25-mile road race was perfect, and the road (thanks to the road master's favoring us by not putting down gravel as he really should in accordance with the duties of his office) was in first-class trim, fit for record breaking, but as it was only a 8½-mile stretch we did not go in for that kind of work.

The officers were the same as mentioned in the last issue of the *Pacific Wheelman*, copy of which I mailed you, with the exception that I went in the race and F. E. Johnston was made referee.

It was a very pretty race from start to finish, the road being free from teams or obstructions of any kind.

The race was held under the auspices of the

Oakland Ramblers, a new and live organization of Oakland, Cal.

The start was made shortly after 11 A. M., and nine wheelmen came to scratch as follows:—

Oak. R.: Haralson, Ireland, and Rosborough.

B. C. W.: Elwell, Booth, and Adcock.

S. F. Bi.: Larzelere, Letcher, and Giffin.

The first lap the men all rode well together, passing through San Lorenzo and San Leandro (the finishing point) well bunched. In and around the latter point the crowd was so thick that barely room enough for the races could be obtained.

On the end of the second lap, Ireland went to the front at a terrific pace, but was passed by Booth at San Leandro, amidst deafening yells from the Bay Citys. The third and last lap was the hot one, all the men were strung out with the Bay Citys at the front, closely hugged by Larzelere (S. F.) and Ireland (O. R.).

The pace soon proved too much for Booth and Giffin, who dropped about a 100 yards to the rear, the van being composed of Ireland (O. R.), Elwell (B. C. W.), Larzelere (S. F.), and Adcock (B. C. W.), the other three men having taken headers and dropped out.

Coming in the last 100 yards or so a terrible struggle ensued for first place, which Elwell secured by about a foot over Larzelere. Time: 1h. 37m. 25s; Adcock, 3d; Ireland, 4th; Booth, 5th; Giffin, 6th; balance, straggling.

Booth and Giffin had a very exciting spurt, but the Bay City succeeded in downing the S. F. man by about three inches. The Bay Citys thus won the race again, having scored twenty-one points, S. F. Club twelve points, O. R. nine points.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the race, and as everything was so nicely arranged it was very enjoyable to all. Fully 150 wheels were out and many more dismounted wheelmen were present.

The B. C. W. as usual proved their invincibility, though all three of their men were in comparatively poor racing trim.

The B. C. W. have won both the 25 and 50 mile road races this year, and hold all the track records of the Coast.

S. F. BOOTH, JR.,
Chairman Pac. C. Div.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 26, 1886.

Among the Clubs.

BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB.

24-HOUR RECORD.

Mr. F. B. Hawkins, of the above club, has again been successful in competing for the above record in beating the former one held by Mr. A. B. Barkman. Leaving the club room at 6.17 p. m., November 15, the course was taken over Cumberland street, Flatbush avenue, Sixth avenue, Seventh avenue, Berkeley place, Sackett street boulevard, Bedford avenue, the walks and drives in Prospect Park, until 5.45 A. M.

Mr. W. S. Mead accompanied him until 8.30 as pace maker, with fifteen minutes delay in the mean time; Mr. E. B. Williams, from 8.30 to 10.30, with five minutes delay; Mr. G. E. Todd, from 10.30 until 12, when a stop was made at the club rooms, having ridden sixty miles. Leaving again at 12.25 A. M., Mr. F. B. Jones accompanied him until 3.10, having ridden eighty-eight miles, when another stop was made at club rooms,

five minutes delay having occurred in the mean time. Leaving at 3.20 Mr. W. S. Vail accompanied him, arriving again at club rooms at 5.45, having ridden 111 miles. A stop was made for refreshments, etc., and another departure was taken at 6.42. Mr. Hawkins proceeded down the Island alone, the arrangements made with pace maker, during the day, failing to succeed. Jamaica was reached at 8.10 with 124 miles; three minutes' stop made at Queens, five minutes at cross roads, ten minutes at Jericho. Hicksville was reached at 10.30 with 142 miles, arriving at Amityville at 11.30 with 162 miles; the departure was taken at 11.35. Babylon was reached at 12.15 p. m., 158 miles, where cyclometer was checked by hotel keeper. Five minutes' stop was made at Bay Shore, three minutes at Oakdale. The return trip was commenced at a point ten miles beyond Babylon; fifteen minutes' stop at Bay Shore, arriving at Babylon at 2.30 with 178 miles. Another check was made by hotel keeper and a departure taken at 2.36. A stop of two minutes made at Farmingdale, and Hicksville was reached at 4.30 with 193½ miles. Mr. Elmer Skinner now accompanied him as pace maker, and the route was taken over the Jericho Pike, Mineola, and Garden City roads until 6.09 p. m., November 16, when the final stop was made, with a total of 207½ miles. The total elapsed time was twenty-three hours and fifty-two minutes, and riding time twenty-one hours and fifteen minutes, with an average of riding 9.82 miles per hour. A disagreeable head wind, through part of the day, rendered better time impossible. The first record made by Mr. Hawkins was 202 miles on September 11; Mr. Barkman having beaten this record on October 11, with 203½ miles. Mr. W. L. Ticknor, assisted by Mr. H. E. Raymond, acted as judge and checker throughout the entire trip.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

ALLEGHENY (Pa.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Dr. Bean; secretary-treasurer, W. C. Coffin, Jr.; corresponding secretary, W. O. McConnel; captain, W. D. Bunker; first lieutenant, Hugh Fleming, Jr.; second lieutenant, J. F. Gray.

ANN ARBOR (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, L. D. Taylor; vice-president, C. W. Wagner; secretary, H. A. Kver; treasurer, H. C. Nickels; captain, George F. Keck; bugler, C. B. Davison.

BROOKLINE (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB—President, G. M. Stearns; vice-president, H. G. Cushman; secretary, F. M. Seamans; treasurer, F. A. Singleton; captain, W. Kirke Corey; first lieutenant, C. S. Cobb; second lieutenant, E. E. Smith; color bearer, S. H. Keeler.

EAST HARTFORD (Ct.) WHHEEL CLUB—President, J. D. Candee; vice-president, H. H. Smith; secretary, J. J. Grace; financial secretary, William H. Rhodes; treasurer, L. A. Tracy; captain, William Harding; first lieutenant, E. A. DeBlois; second lieutenant, H. H. Chapman; color bearer, George Pratt; club committee, L. A. Tracy, R. P. Judson, F. E. Eaton, H. H. Chapman, Charles Gorman.

HOLYOKE (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, E. C. Clark; secretary and treasurer, F. H. Brown; captain, Richard Webb; first lieutenant, W. W. Case; bugler, Henry Taylor; standard-bearer, F. O. Garvin.

ILLINOIS CYCLING CLUB (Chicago, Illinois)—President, W. A. Davis; vice-president, T. L.

Sloan; secretary-treasurer, C. R. Griffith, Jr.; first lieutenant, W. B. Buckley; second lieutenant, E. H. Corqueville; color bearer, Chas. L. Klock

MARBLEHEAD (Mass.) RAMBLERS—President, B. C. Roads; captain, C. W. Ware; secretary and treasurer, J. D. Paine.

WALTHAM (Mass.) RAMBLERS—President, E. D. Baker; secretary and treasurer, M. H. Gilbert; captain, Charles Tracy; first lieutenant, H. H. Colburn; second lieutenant, O. A. Parker; color bearer and guide, H. H. Duddleston, Jr.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) CYCLE CLUB—President, E. T. Pettengill; vice-president, M. L. Croxall; secretary, W. G. Coburn; treasurer, Dr. J. H. DeMeritt; captain, J. C. V. Smith; first lieutenant, William Muehleisen, Jr.; second lieutenant, H. H. Lammond.

The Trade.

PATENTS.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen, for the month ending Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1886, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, patent law office, No. 607, 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 347,977, August 24, 1886, Thomas J. Strickland, of Randolph, Mass., bicycle pedal.

No. 348,057, August 24, 1886, D. H. and L. H. Rice, of Brookline, Mass., velocipede.

No. 348,760, August 24, 1886 (reissued), E. C. Otto, Peckham, County of Surrey, England, velocipede wheel.

No. 348,276, August 31, 1886, J. C. Garrood, of Boston, Mass., velocipede.

No. 348,325, August 31, 1886, C. W. Hamshaw, of Blue Springs, Missouri, velocipede.

No. 348,605, August 31, 1886, N. M. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., velocipede wheel.

No. 348,619, September 7, 1886, C. E. Courtney, Union Springs, N. Y., velocipede.

No. 348,680, September 7, 1886, J. M. Marlin, New Haven, Ct., clutch for tricycles.

No. 348,691, September 7, 1886, D. H. Rice, Brookline, Mass., clutch for tricycles.

No. 348,692, September 7, 1886, D. H. Rice, Brookline, Mass., wheel for velocipedes.

No. 348,891, September 7, 1886, H. J. Curtis, Hartford, Ct., brake for tricycles.

No. 349,145, September 14, 1886, M. M. and W. B. Depuy, of Rowland, Pa., tricycle.

No. 349,307, September 21, 1886, E. C. Genaux, of Jeannerette, La., lantern holder for vehicles, etc.

No. 349,435, September 21, 1886, J. A. Johnston, of Topeka, Kansas, wheel.

No. 349,532, September 21, 1886, J. T. Slocumb, of Hyde Park, Mass., bicycle.

Nos. 349,800, 349,801, and 349,802, September 28, 1886, H. A. King, of Springfield, Mass., velocipede (three patents).

No. 350,080, September 28, 1886, W. Phillips, Coventry, County of Warwick, England, velocipede.

No. 350,243, October 5, 1886, A. W. Gump, Dayton, Ohio, bicycle stand.

No. 350,583, October 12, 1886, C. E. Duryea, St. Louis, assignor of two-thirds to G. S. Ten Brook and C. D. Moody, of Webster Grove, Mo., bicycle.

No. 350,719, October 12, 1886, D. Black, Toledo, Ohio, assignor of three-fourths to I. N. Hum-

phresys and J. T. Greer, of same place, velocipede.

No. 350,723, October 12, 1886, W. E. Crandall, New York city, velocipede.

No. 350,868, October 12, 1886, L. S. Copper, Cleveland, Ohio, assignor of one-half to F. W. Bowler, of same place, saddle spring for bicycles.

No. 350,990, October 19, 1886, A. J. Philbrick, Beverly, Mass., assignor to the Smith Machine Co., of Smithville, N. J., velocipede.

No. 351,118, October 19, 1886, A. K. McMurray, Brooklyn, N. Y., bicycle.

No. 351,150, October 19, 1886, H. Baines, Brooklyn, N. Y., velocipede.

No. 351,251, October 19, 1886, L. S. Copper, Cleveland, Ohio, bicycle saddle.

List of patents granted of interest to wheelmen, for the month ending Nov. 19, 1886.

No. 351,768, November 2, 1886, J. Henry, Louisville, Ky., tricycle.

No. 351,771, November 2, 1886, G. P. Hiler, of Grand Haven, Mich., ice velocipede.

No. 351,872, November 2, H. W. Libley, of Boston, Mass., velocipede.

No. 351,873, November 2, 1886, C. M. Linley and J. Biggs, of Southwark, County of Surrey, England, assignor of one-half to G. G. Tandy, of Cedar Road, Clapham, England, speed and power gearing for velocipedes.

No. 351,880, November 2, 1886, N. Merrill, of New York city, pedal for velocipedes.

No. 351,942, November 2, 1886, W. N. Smith, of Bad Axe, Mich., tricycle.

No. 351,972, November 2, 1886, J. Gibbons, of West Troy, and C. D. Meneely, of Albany, assignor to the Meneely Hardware Company, of West Troy, N. Y., bicycle.

No. 352,076, November 2, 1886, J. C. Zimmerman, of Elmira, N. Y., seat for tricycles.

No. 352,090, November 2, 1886, T. Humber, of Beeston, County of Nottingham, England, velocipede.

No. 352,190, November 9, 1886, T. B. Jeffery, of Chicago, Ill., bicycle.

No. 352,191, November 9, 1886, T. B. Jeffery, of Chicago, Ill., lantern hanger for bicycles.

No. 352,331, November 9, 1886, J. A. Lamplugh, of Birmingham, England, luggage carrier for velocipedes.

No. 352,503, November 9, 1886, T. Zanger, of Buffalo, N. Y., assignor to N. P. King, of same place, velocipede.

No. 352,508, November 16, 1886, S. W. Babbitt, of Meriden, assignor of two-thirds to W. C. Nettleton, and J. B. Kershaw, of Hartford, Ct., bicycle suspender.

No. 352,698, November 16, 1886, E. J. and J. Lhoest, of Paris, France, velocipede.

No. 355,885, November 16, 1886, E. C. F. Otto, of Peckham, County of Surrey, England, velocipede.

The Wheel Board of Trade held their first meeting at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company in Boston. The officers elected were: John Reed, chairman, and W. B. Everett, secretary. These two gentlemen, together with A. H. Overman, will form a committee to draft articles of association, etc. The object of this association is to further the interest of the cycle trade, and prevent impositions in the way of discount, and correct other abuses that have become prominent in the trade.

Miscellaneous.

"DANGER-BOARD" HOTELS IN ENGLAND.*

The "burning question" of C. T. C. hotel arrangements is discussed by no less than 21 correspondents in the *C. T. C. Gazette* for October, occupying a sixth of its space (pp. 390-97); and all that I have said, in chapter 35, condemning the childish folly of every such petty plan for "getting something for nothing," is amply confirmed by their remarks. "We are not *all* paupers," says Edward Easton, "and I can't understand how it was ever expected to get members of all classes, and of different purses, to patronize the same hotels. Let C. T. C. men *ask for no reduction*. Let the present plan be entirely abolished, and a list of recommended houses substituted. Let the C. T. C. issue a paper of suggestions for the guidance of those landlords who wish to cater for its support; and let every such landlord exhibit his tariff (inclusive of all charges) where it can be readily seen on entering his hotel." Mr. Easton's notions thus very nearly coincide with my own recommendations as to League policy, but he seems as unable as the other 20 writers to realize that the only dignified and proper function of the C. T. C., in reference to hotels, is that of persuading their owners to give special welcome to *all* who travel with cycles, and not to its own members simply. He resents, however, the sacrifice of self-respect implied in haggling over a few pence with boorish publicans "to whom one must prove his membership," and tries to get around the difficulty by this impracticable suggestion: "It should not be left to the landlord to define the C. T. C. members, but the members themselves should boycott those who do not show their current certificate."

Another complainant also "doubts whether it is the C. T. C.'s mission to attempt lowering the too-dear hotel-rates of England, since this is more likely to be done by the excellent coffee-taverns, rapidly springing up and improving in every direction," and says: "What the late-and-weary tourist wants, is to know beforehand of some decent inn where he can find a welcome for himself and room for his machine. I altogether object to going *in forma pauperis*, ticket in hand, to the hotel bar (occupied by half-a-dozen loungers, smoking and drinking), and then having to inscribe my name, address, and number in a big book,—the operation to be repeated at every fresh hotel. This savors too much of the foreign police system. One of the charms of travel is to pay your way unchallenged and unnamed. Our C. T. C. plan falls between two stools. On the one hand, when a hotel reduces its rates at all to accept the tariff, it does so not very graciously; and, if it does not take it out of you in other ways, shoves you in a corner. On the other hand, the majority of decent country hotels charge less than the tariff, until injudicious consuls force it on to them."

Other writers relate how the cheap hotels, in little places where the C. T. C. merely "recommends" instead of "appointing" them, quickly raise their rates ("for C. T. C. men only") to match the tariff of the "appointed" inns. "Hence, hundreds avoid entering a C. T. C. house, when

*From Karl Kron's history of the C. T. C., in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (840 pp., cloth and gilt \$1.50, to be published this winter by K. K., at the University Building, Washington Square, New York). A part of the same book's chapter on "League hotels" was printed in the *Gazette* of August, 1884, p. 51.

touring, because of the alleged high charges." "As tastes differ, and appetites differ, I fear this discussion will have no lasting results; but I firmly believe the tariff is too high for 90 per cent. of our members, which is why so few of them use C. T. C. houses. In asking new men to join, I never mention the tariff among the advantages, for I have found that that information makes a bad impression. Let us put an end to this arrangement for gratuitously advertising these houses." "For Ireland, the tariff is altogether unsuitable, as most of the hotel rates are far below it, and I rarely produce my ticket when touring, because it would only lead to increased expense." This last is from R. J. McCredy, ed. *Irish Cyclist & Athlete*.

Testimony as to the other side of the dilemma reads thus: "It is notorious that few, if any, first-class hotels will accept our tariff; for this is practically a 'commercial' tariff, and we cannot, therefore, expect better accommodation than the first-class commercial hotels afford. The suggestion that all hotels should agree to allow our members a reduction of, say, 20 per cent. on their usual charges is evidently unworkable, for it is very unusual to find an hotel in this country which exhibits a fixed scale of charges, and they are not likely to begin to do so to please the C. T. C. In such a case the discount would inevitably be put on before it was taken off." "My experience of C. T. C. hotels is that they are, as a rule, places to be avoided, and as regards comfort and quality of food, most of them might well have written over their doors, '*Husciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!*' The few good ones only prove their general unsatisfactoriness. * * At one of the largest towns in Kent, we were given 'gamey' chops for supper, and our bedrooms, at the top of the house, had not even decent doors to them, while the beds themselves had plenty of vermin. * * I have noticed that C. T. C. hotels take it out of one in the way of drinks,—charging ten cents for milk-and-soda, instead of four cents charged at temperance inns." "At the very last cycling inn I slept at my experience included the following: A very high-smelling chop for tea; a shabby attic-bedroom, with a rough door worthy of a cottage outhouse, and a dilapidated blind which wouldn't pull down, a specimen of *pulex irritans* stuck on the tail of my uncleared bedroom candlestick, presumably by a former customer, and a sleepless night from the combined attack, in front and rear, of the animal which Mark Twain calls the 'chamois.' It is true that this was at a 'recommended' inn, a term which I understood was applied to those inns in small towns which were the best in the place, but where the charges were below the tariff. This particular inn, however, was (1) by no means the best in the place, and (2) it charged very scrupulously the full tariff. This is my last, and I must admit, my worst, experience, but I have had others which approximate to it. I feel sure that this fixed tariff is acting injuriously by raising the charges for cyclists, inasmuch as the smaller village and roadside inns get to know of it, and try to bring their charges up to it directly a cyclist appears on the premises. The suggestion I would make is this: In the hand-book, give the names of *all* the comfortable inns with their tariff; distinguish with a star those specially worthy of commendation, as Bædeker does; and print all those in italics which are willing to make 20 per cent. reduction."

Reviewing the testimony of "the immense number of letters received,—the great majority of

them averse to the present system,"—under the impulse of a previous correspondent's thorough-going condemnation of it, the *Gazette's* editor admits that he "was wrong in believing the matter would be voted a mere sea-serpent discovery," and he says, with wonderful sublimity: "The Council have already decided that this dissatisfaction must, as far as possible, be removed. In their opinion, the remedy lies in the adoption of a second tariff, applicable to the houses now on the recommended list." This shows that the penny-wise, pound-foolish policy is to be persisted in, after the fatuity of it has been exposed,—the only attempted reform being an endeavor to prevent the meanest inns of England from cheating their "C. T. C. ticket beggars" by charging the "full tariff" which has been laboriously arranged with those other inns that are a trifle less "cheap and nasty"! The executive feebleness of a government which thus potters along in a rut,—from lack of leaders intellectually competent to grasp the idea that a radical change is the only cure for the troubles and contempt brought upon itself by meddling with a task beyond its powers,—is pitiable enough; but language fails me when I try to express my notion of the folly of those busybodies who, in this country, ignorantly plead "the C. T. C. example" as a reason for their lamentable endeavor to commit the League to a similar policy. That example is really a most dreadful warning against departing from our wise and generous American plan of advertising those hotels which are "the best," and which give their best treatment to touring wheelmen, without regard to "rates." The editors of *Wheeling* supply me with this final bit of testimony (Sept. 6, '86): "The countless scribes of the *Gazette* are in full cry upon the tariff question, and how long they have suffered in silence is evidenced by the bitter wail which they are now raising. Our own principle in connection with C. T. C. headquarters has been always 'Avoid them!' Last year we went to the C. T. C. house at Hastings, and upon mentioning the club's name were conducted to the roof—the inner side of it certainly, but still the roof—though the house was half empty. The cyclist is regarded at many of these houses as a dangerous speculation. He may break up the home or play the key-bugle in the silent watches of the night, or he may not. And your hotel-keeper is no respecter of persons. The generic title 'cyclist' covers 'Arry and Algernon."

NOVEMBER RACING IN AUSTRALIA.

Karl Kron's most enthusiastic supporter at the Antipodes, Mr. W. J. Parry, Consul of the Victorian Cyclists' Union (who has pledged 37 of his townsmen as subscribers to "X. M. Miles on a Bi.",—being a larger number than are "on the list" from any other city of its size in the world, except Springfield), writes from Sandhurst, November 1, as follows:—

"I have to thank you very much for plan of Springfield track (cut from an old *GAZETTE*), which came to hand opportunely. I think I told you that a new track was about to be made in Sandhurst. I attended a meeting when the composition of it was being decided upon, and urged for clay and gravel. The advice of some Melbourne people was adopted, however, and the track, now finished, is a failure, the surface-coating of cement being worse than useless. This was discovered last Wednesday (27th inst.), and an important race meeting takes place on the 10th of

this month. The dilemma has been solved by removing the whole of the surface-dressing and relying on the first foundation (clay) laid down, which, as far as done, proves all that is desired, gaining a victory for clay and gravel. Later on I will send you a full account of track and race meeting, and the doings of the Australian 'cracks.'

"Just at present, our racing men are busy training for the three meetings which take place this month, each of which is of an inter-colonial character: Our local meeting on the 10th in which the pick of Sydney, Adelaide, and Melbourne will take part; then the Melbourne Bicycle Club's 'inter-colonial' meeting on the 17th in which there is a first prize of £200 (trophy), for a three-mile race; and lastly, the Fernside Bicycle Club at Melbourne hold a big meeting on the 20th, so that this month is aptly a 'carnival' one, and should produce some good times. We scarcely hope for 'records' yet, though I think we hold one or two, made by the veritable Con Dwyer, who may yet appear on the Springfield track, when I will expect you to make a holiday and see him. I warrant he will not disappoint you."

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.

MOUNT ARARAT AND KOORDISTAN.

The shades of evening are beginning to settle down over the wild mountainous country round about. It is growing uncomfortably chilly for this early in the evening, and the prospects look favorable for a supperless and most disagreeable night, when I descry a village perched in an opening among the mountains a mile or thereabouts off to the right. Repairing thither, I find it to be a Koordish village, where the hovels are more excavations than buildings; buffaloes, horses, goats, chickens, and human beings all find shelter under the same low roof; their respective quarters are nothing but a mere railing of rough poles, and, as the question of ventilation is never even thought of, the effect upon one's olfactory nerves upon entering is anything but reassuring. The filth and rags of these people is something abominable; on account of the chilliness of the evening they have donned their heavier raiment; these have evidently had rags patched on top of other rags for years past until they have gradually developed into thick quilted garments, in the innumerable seams of which the most disgusting entomological specimens, bred and engendered by their wretched mode of existence, live and perpetuate their kind. However, repulsive as the outlook most assuredly is, I have no alternative but to cast my lot among them till morning.

I am conducted into the Sheikh's apartment, a small room partitioned off with a pole from a stableful of horses and buffaloes, and where darkness is made visible by the sickly glimmer of a grease lamp. The Sheikh, a thin, sallow-faced man of about forty years, is reclining on a mattress in one corner smoking cigarettes; a dozen ill-conditioned ragamuffins are squatting about in various attitudes, whilst the rag-tag and bob-tail of the population crowd into the buffalo stable and survey me and the bicycle from outside the partition pole.

A circular wooden tray containing an abundance of bread, a bowl of *yaort*, and a small quantity of peculiar stringy cheese that resembles chunks of dried codfish, warped and twisted in the drying, is brought in and placed in the middle of the floor. Everybody in the room at once gathers

around it and begin eating with as little formality as so many wild animals; the Sheikh silently motions for me to do the same. The *yaort* bowl contains one solitary wooden spoon, with which they take turns at eating mouthfuls. One is compelled to draw the line somewhere, even under the most uncompromising circumstances, and I naturally draw it against eating *yaort* with this same wooden spoon; making small scoops with pieces of bread, I dip up *yaort* and eat scoop and all together. These particular Koords seem absolutely ignorant of anything in the shape of mannerliness, or of consideration for each other at the table. When the *yaort* has been dipped into twice or thrice all round, the Sheikh coolly confiscates the bowl, eats part of what is left, pours water into the remainder, stirs it up with his hand, and deliberately drinks it all up; one or two others seize all the cheese, utterly regardless of the fact that nothing but bread remains for myself and their companions, who, by the by, seem to regard it as a perfectly natural proceeding.

After supper they return to their squatting attitudes around the room, and to a resumption of their never-ceasing occupation of scratching themselves. The eminent economist who lamented the wasted energy represented in the wagging of all the dogs' tails in the world, ought to have traveled through Asia on a bicycle and have been compelled to hob-nob with the villagers; he would undoubtedly have wept with sorrow at beholding the amount of this same wasted energy, represented by the above-mentioned occupation of the people. The most loathsome member of this interesting company is a wretched old hypocrite who rolls his eyes about and heaves a deep-drawn sigh of Allah! every few minutes, and then looks furtively at myself and the Sheikh to observe its effects; his sole garment is a round-about mantle that reaches to his knees, and which seems to have been manufactured out of the tattered remnants of other tattered remnants tacked carelessly together without regard to shape, size, color, or previous condition of cleanliness; his thin, scrawny legs are bare, his long black hair is matted and unkempt, his beard is stubby and unlovely to look upon, his small black eyes twinkle in the semi-darkness like a ferret's eyes, whilst soap and water have to all appearances been altogether stricken from the category of his personal requirements.

Probably it is nothing but the lively workings of my own imagination, but this wretch appears to me to entertain a decided preference for my society, constantly insinuating himself as near me as possible, necessitating constant watchfulness on my part to avoid actual contact with him.—THOMAS STEVENS in *Outing* for November.

OUR ILL-PAVED STREETS.

A MEDICAL AUTHORITY ON THE SANITARY ASPECTS OF THE STREETS.

The question of a proper street paving means more, involves more, and is of more importance than is, here at least, generally thought. It is not merely the comfort of those who drive in carriages, whether for pleasure or on duty, that is concerned. There are questions of scarcely to be calculated savings of time, money, and strength, of the general cleanliness, and therefore of the general health, to be considered. How great a factor in the breeding and then in the carrying of disease germs, and of a thousand dangerous fungi, the accumulated decaying dust and filth of our

street may be we do not accurately know. The hopeless impossibility of cleaning with thoroughness hundreds of miles of streets, paved as barbarously as ours are, grows daily more evident.

As a matter of economy to horse owners, a class into which of necessity many physicians enter, a better pavement than either "Belgian blocks" or asphalt—we do not speak of the "cobble" relics of the Stone Age which disgrace us—is greatly to be desired. Asphalt fulfills many of the requirements, but unless diligently swept and tended, and graveled daily, as is done in London, it becomes a most dangerous horse-trap in wet weather. An improved pavement has been tried recently in Wheeling and other cities, and experiments are now being made with it in Chicago and Cleveland. It is composed of wedge-shaped fire-bricks set in an arch on a foundation of sand and gravel, with a top coating of pitch and sand, and its cost is, including material, but 83 cents per square yard. This pavement is claimed to be firm, clean, and smooth, to be water-tight, to have great power to resist pressure, owing to the combination of arch and wedge in laying, and to afford an unequalled foothold for horses in all weathers and on all grades. In addition to all these advantages, it is noiseless, durable, and cheap.

Here, if all that is said be true, is something looking like the ideal street roadway. The experiment on some of our smaller streets might easily be tried, and perhaps some day, if we are not too supine to desire better than the bad we now have, our reproach may be removed. At present Philadelphia, unlike a warmer place, is not even paved with good intentions.—*Philadelphia Medical News.*

ARE KNEE BREECHES COMING?

THE GRADUAL TRANSFORMATION OF THE DRESS SUIT—A SWELL'S WARDROBE.

"The past season was the most significant one in fifty years as far as men's fashions are concerned," said an up-town tailor, "because it showed that the old-time and all-sufficient dress suit was losing its hold. Men have grown restive under the severe and rigid dress suit rules of former years. They are moving toward more elaborate costumes, and they'll get there before long, too."

"I've watched the restlessness of the dress suit," he continued slowly, "with great care, for I knew that as soon as the deadlock was broken it would only be a question of time when knicker-bockers, buckled shoes, and ruffles would come in. The first indication was a broad satin or silk collar and lapel for the evening coat. This made a stir at first, but now three-fourths of my clients have silk or satin lapels on their coats. Then came white waistcoats—at first very simple, but this season made of figured silks of really gaudy patterns, and further decorated with gold buttons. Many of the buttons had the monogram of the wearer wrought on them, and some had crests. Then came a very significant change—the triumph of plated, stamped, ribbed, and decorated shirt fronts. They became almost universal before the season ended. The straight collars of a few seasons ago were replaced by rolling collars, and the little shoestring ties by broad black or white bands. Then the coat tails were rounded off and made smaller, and the coat drawn in at the waist like the coats of the eighteenth century. I saw

the way things were tending, and built up some of my shoulders with great success. The trousers were then decorated with a broad satin band, and your fashionable man of '86 was properly clad. Add very low pumps, colored hose, and the latest wrinkle from the Prince of Wales—a bright red, blue, or yellow silk handkerchief thrust into the open waistcoat front—and everything was complete. These are small things in detail, but very important as indicating the bent of fashion. A plainly-dressed man of two seasons ago is eclipsed by the dandy of to-day, with his showy shirt front, dash of color in handkerchief and hose, delicately tinted waistcoat, loosely tied cravat, and high-shouldered, tight-waisted coat."

"And you think all this precedes knee breeches?"

"Surely tennis and bicycling have shown a great many men how becoming knee breeches are. They are infinitely more graceful than trousers, if a man has any sort of a leg at all. No man wears knee breeches when he plays tennis because they are comfortable, because they are not. The stockings irritate and are exceedingly warm, and the garters above the knee are no end of a nuisance. A pair of loose flannel trousers are infinitely more comfortable and convenient. But the mind of man is bent on knee breeches, and the influence of woman goes with it. Men now wear knicker-bockers in the country, though they never touch a tennis racket or throw a leg over a wheel. It is the result of the desire to look picturesque."—*New York Sun.*

RACING FOR MONEY PRIZES.

* We do not wish to force pure amateurs to race for money if they can afford to race for certificates, and therefore we object to pure amateurs forcing upon poorer men than themselves the alternatives of turning professional, retiring from the sport of cycle racing, or competing for ten guinea cups of no realizable value. Does the wisdom of cycling legislators see no way out of this difficulty beyond pitiless suspension of the promateurs? Is it impossible to reconcile the different interests? If so, we hope every man who values the principle of one law for rich and poor, will vote for the abolition of the amateur definition, and let time show whether amateurism really exists outside the ranks of a few comparatively wealthy young men, who can afford the heavy expenditure necessary to the successful pursuit of cycle racing for valueless prizes.

Let us look a little further into this anomaly. Furnivall, whose private affairs have been made to some extent public, is pronounced to have retained his amateur status through having borrowed from a friend, and that friend is known to have spent £500 on the capture of a few prizes and some world records. We often hear the assertion that the aid of makers enables men to train more thoroughly than they could unaided, and thus to place themselves on a better footing than the ordinary or pure amateur. If this be so, does the rule not apply equally to wealthy young men who find the money in their own pockets? We think so, and we do not see how men of moderate means are to compete on even terms with rich amateurs without becoming promateurs. We write this as a matter of argument, and without any special reference to Gatehouse and Furnivall, who, we are confident, would gladly apply the principles of manhood suffrage to racing, and meet all comers on their merits.—*Wheeling.*

THE L. A. W.*

A SKETCH OF ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT
CONDENSED FROM AN ARTICLE WRITTEN BY
KARL KRON FOR WHEELMEN'S REFERENCE
BOOK—AN OUTLINE OF THE SIX ANNUAL
MEETINGS—THE OFFICERS WHO HAVE BEEN
ELECTED.

Newport, in Rhode Island, was the birthplace of this association; and Monday, May 31, 1880, its natal day. The initiative must be accredited to Kirk Munroe (at that time editor of *Harper's Young People* and president of the New York Bicycle Club), who arranged that the other clubs should join with his own in making a public display of their wheelmanship, and who invited the unattached also to take part in the pageant. Two dozen of them did in fact help sustain this "first annual parade of the League," when the whole number of bicycles in line was 133. The editor of the *Bicycle World*, who was also president of the Boston Bicycle Club, Charles E. Pratt, in alluding to the assured success of the New Yorker's scheme for a May meet at Newport, suggested that the gathering "would offer a suitable occasion for organizing a wheelmen's protective league, which should combine the best points of the 'B. U.' and 'B. T. C.' in England"; and, by the time the delegates actually assembled, the idea had gained such acceptance among them that they readily adopted the brief constitution which he had formulated, and elected him as the first president under it. About four months later, September 18, at New York, the board of officers held a seven hours' session to perfect their organization, by the adoption of rules and by-laws, and by the appointment of directors to fill vacancies in the list originally chosen at Newport. The membership, meanwhile, had increased to 527; and a silver badge was adopted "representing the Continent of North America encircled by a wheel surmounted by a handle-bar." The words, "League of American Wheelmen," in capital letters, formed a circular label directly around "the continent"; but this looked so much like a ham that the badge soon came to be spoken of contemptuously as the "ham and cart wheel," or "sugar-cured medal." Only a few months later this "continental ham" was formally superseded by the more artistic and less obtrusive emblem which has since continued in vogue, without serious criticism or suggestion of improvement. The design is a tiny suspension wheel, with three golden wings flying from the center, and the League's three initials resting on the spokes between them. The "hub" can be formed of any precious stone that may be preferred. The inventor and manufacturer of the badge is C. H. Lamson, a practical jeweler of Portland, one of the pioneer wheelmen of Maine, and for some time chief consul of that State. At the second annual meeting of the League (Boston, May 30, 1881) all of the original officers who consented to serve again were re-elected; and such little opposition as appeared was quite good-natured. A salary was attached to the office of corresponding secretary. The reported membership was 1,654, and the *Bi. World's* list of 61 clubs

which appeared in the parade accredited them with 597 men, besides 137 from the unattached. The Star bicycle introduced itself to the public on this occasion, and the few tricycles which appeared were looked upon as novelties. Some racing had been indulged in at Beacon Park, May 28, chiefly by League members; but "the first regular annual races of the League" were run at the Polo grounds, New York, October 6, and were truthfully described as "the dreariest and deadliest occasion of a sporting sort which the most glowing-minded cycler could dream of." Spite of fine weather, only about 30 wheelmen took part in the "grand parade," and only about 200 other spectators attended the races. Chicago was the scene of the third annual meet (May 30, 1882), when the editor of the *Bi. World* recorded that "there were only 294 men in the procession by actual count." A few races served as a side show on the previous afternoon, and the election of officers was not completed until late at night, after the banquet. Considerable ill-feeling was developed by a dispute about proxy votes, as affecting two new candidates for president,—the original incumbent having formally declined some weeks before, to stand for re-election. The candidate of the Boston Bicycle Club was defeated by a vote of 207 to 156; and he had been defeated a year earlier, 224 to 196, when running for the office of "commander," though favored on that occasion by the majority report of the nominating committee. This last named office was abolished by the convention of 1882, and the original plan of "two directors for each State, elected at the annual meeting," was superseded by the present system of "a chief consul and one or more representatives for each State, elected by a mail vote in March." The accessions of new members during this second year amounted to 979 (of whom 228 were unattached, and 751 represented 45 clubs); and the total membership was vaguely alluded to as about 2,500." This was probably an overestimate, for the 1,135 accessions of the next year (727 admitted as club members at a half-dollar each, and the rest at a dollar each, though only 223 of the latter were unattached, brought the total then to 2,131, representing 172 clubs. Such was the official report at the fourth annual meet, (New York, May 28, 1883), when the *Bi. World's* editor again "made an accurate count of the riders actually in the parade and found it to be 723, of whom 91 were unattached." At the end of its third year, two-thirds of the League's members (1,413 out of 2,131) belonged to these five adjoining States, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Connecticut. The president and vice-president both declined re-elections, but the former finally consented to take the vice-presidency. The votes were cast by the official board, instead of by the members at large, as on the three previous elections, and there were no rival candidates or disputed opinions of any sort. On the occasion of the fifth annual meet (Washington, May 19, 1884), the total membership was announced as 4,250; and the *Bi. World* reporter "counted just 600 in the parade, including 72 of the unattached and a dozen tricyclers." His count at the sixth parade (Buffalo, July 3, 1885), was 605, though this was taken after 30 had dropped out of line. The official reports showed the accession of new members as 2,742, and the treasury balance as \$998. All the old board of officers who consented to serve, were harmoniously re-elected, as had been the case a year earlier when trouble and dissension were predicted. A public banquet was the final feature of the meet as

well as of its predecessors; but the most successful supper in this series of six was that given at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, as a finale to the meet of 1883. The six successive annual boards of executive officers have been constituted as follows:

First, 1880-81. President, C. E. Pratt, Boston; vice-president, T. K. Longstreth, Philadelphia; commander, C. K. Munroe, New York; corresponding secretary, A. S. Parsons, Cambridge; recording secretary, J. F. Burrill, New York; treasurer, H. L. Willoughby, Saratoga.

Second, 1881-82. President, C. E. Pratt, Boston; vice-president, J. M. Fairfield, Chicago; commander, C. K. Munroe, New York; corresponding secretary, K. N. Putnam, New York; recording secretary, S. T. Clark, Baltimore; treasurer, Dillwyn Wistar, Philadelphia.

Third, 1882-83. President, W. H. Miller, Columbus; vice-president, A. S. Parsons, Cambridge; corresponding secretary, K. N. Putnam, New York (after November, F. T. Sholes, Cleveland); recording secretary, A. S. Hibbard, Milwaukee; treasurer, W. V. Gilman, Nashua.

Fourth, 1883-84. President, N. M. Beckwith, New York; vice-president, W. H. Miller, Columbus; corresponding secretary, F. Jenkins, New York (after February 8, W. V. Gilman, Nashua); recording secretary, A. S. Hibbard, Milwaukee; treasurer, W. V. Gilman, Nashua.

Fifth, 1884-85. President, N. M. Beckwith, New York; vice-president, W. H. Miller, Columbus; corresponding secretary, C. K. Alley, Buffalo; recording secretary, E. M. Aaron, Philadelphia; treasurer, S. Terry, Hartford.

Sixth, 1885-86. President, N. M. Beckwith, New York; vice-president, S. Terry, Hartford; treasurer, F. P. Kendall, Worcester; secretary-editor, E. M. Aaron, Philadelphia.

—*Springfield Daily Union.*

THE LAW OF CYCLING.

BY ISAAC B. POTTER, OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

Highways.—Highways have no written history, but it is doubtless safe to say that the first highway was created by the first traveler, and its adoption for general use by his successors made it a "public" highway, so that it may be seen that public highways have existed for a length of time commensurate with the history of humanity itself, and the establishment by common usage of a thoroughfare between given points, whether separated by land or water, and whether traveled on foot or by means of boat or by vehicle of whatever sort, has, from time immemorial, by common consent and by the laws of civilized nations, been held to constitute a *highway*, and as such to belong to the public and to all the citizens thereof for the full and free exercise of that ancient and fundamental privilege and immunity, to wit: the right to travel thereon by their own selected modes of conveyance.

Following this principle, it has been stated by Chancellor Kent that "Every thoroughfare which is, in the language of the English books, 'common to all the King's subjects,' is a highway, whether it be a carriage-way, a horse-way a foot-way, or a navigable river," and the word "highway" has been regarded as referring to the genus of all public ways, so that a common street in any city or town, being common to all the people, is a public highway. (3 *Kent Com.* 432.) So, too, the ways in parks, being open to all the people, who are restricted only by the terms of their own enactment, which determines the uses for which the separate park-ways are dedicated and set apart, are, at least in the manner of their respective uses, public highways. (*Commonwealth v. Bowman*, 3 Pa. St., 203; *Commonwealth v. Temple*, 14 Gray, 74.)

The people, as proprietors of these parks, may empower their servants—the commissioners—to make and enforce such regulations as may be necessary.

* Now that the L. A. W. has reached the dignity of five figures for which it has been striving, thinking that something of its history from its first inception may prove of interest to our readers, we reprint an article that appeared in the *Springfield Daily Union* some time ago, which was a brief condensation of the excellent chapter upon the L. A. W. prepared by Karl Kron for Ducker & Goodman's "Wheelmen's Reference Book."

sary to maintain the parks, and to restrict the uses of the ways to the respective purposes for which they have been lawfully designed, but this power belongs also to the officers of the town, city, and county governments, with reference to public highways, and since it seems to be fairly established that this power is limited to the protection of the rightful and the prevention of the wrongful use of the highways, and that none of these officers have any authority to exclude any portion of the public from the reasonable and consistent use of the public highways, it may well become a subject of inquiry whether park commissioners may lawfully assume so arbitrary a power as to prescribe what particular form of carriage shall be used in the public parks, or to exclude from the carriage-ways a portion of the public who neither intrude upon the rights of other travelers nor inflict any wrong upon the general public.

Rights of Wheelmen.—Every member of the community has the right to travel upon the street or highway at all times, either on foot or by such means of conveyance as he may see fit to employ. (*Coombs v. Purrington*, 42 Me. 332; *Barker v. Savage*, 45 N. Y. 196; *Commonwealth v. Temple*, 14 Gray, 74.)

This right is fundamental and cannot be curtailed, either by local regulations or by legislative enactment. It is doubtless true that persons may be lawfully enjoined from parading the public highways with fantastic, grotesque, or dangerous objects, since these are not necessary to the full and free use of the road, but so long as the conveyance used by the traveler contains no offensive contrivance, not necessary to the employment of the vehicle for the purposes of travel, he may feel secure in the belief that his right upon the public highway is as fully guaranteed to him as that of life itself.

Said Chief Justice Caton, in a leading case in the Supreme Court of Illinois: "A street is made for the passage of persons and property, and the law cannot define, what exclusive means of transportation and passage shall be used. * * * * To say that a new mode of passage shall be banished from the streets, no matter how much the general good may require it, simply because streets were not so used in the days of Blackstone, would hardly comport with the advancement and enlightenment of the present age." (*Moses v. Pittsburgh, etc., R. R. Co.*, 21 Ill. 522.)

Persons making use of horses as a means of travel or traffic have no rights upon the public highways superior to those who make use of the ways in other permissible modes. Improved methods of locomotion are admissible and cannot be excluded from existing public roads, if not inconsistent with present methods. (*Macomber v. Nichols*, 34 Mich. 212.)

Each individual in the entire public, as a general rule, and in the absence of especial regulation by law, has as good a right to be upon the common street or highway as any other individual thereof, yet each must use this right in a reasonable manner, so as to give a like reasonable use to the other. (*Adolph v. Central Park*, 76 N. Y. 530.) The rights are equal and the duties in the use thereof are equally great and pressing. (*Adolph v. Central Park*, 76 N. Y. 530.)

In April, 1880, a petition was presented to the board of aldermen of the city of Brooklyn, asking that wheelmen should be accorded the freedom of the streets, subject only to the regulations applying to other carriages. The question was warmly

discussed, and a public hearing was had before the law committee of the board, who after careful deliberation and under the advice of competent legal counsel, presented a report to the board containing the following statement:

"As a matter of legal right, your committee believes that bicycles are entitled to the use of streets the same as other vehicles, no more or less; subject to the same rules, liable to the same responsibility, and their violation to the laws of vehicles to be visited with the same penalties. * * * * * In all courts, where the question has arisen, it has been, without exception, decided that the bicycle is a vehicle, and as such has equal right with other vehicles to the use of the streets without discriminating restrictions, and that no authority exists by which the peculiar form of a vehicle for its motive power can be arbitrarily determined to the exclusion of some other particular class. Your committee believes this to be a good law and common sense." And the city council of Brooklyn acted accordingly and removed all restrictions.

In passing it may be well to notice the objection most frequently urged against the use of bicycles upon the public roads, viz.: the tendency of an unusual form of vehicles to frighten timid and fractious horses. This objection is so short-lived as to have but little foundation in fact, and in law can never militate against the rights of wheelmen to the full enjoyment of the highway. It has been decided, upon high authority in this country, that "the bringing of an unsightly object into the common highway is not necessarily a wrong, because of its tendency to frighten horses, any more than the construction of a bridge over a river is a wrong, because of its tendency to delay vessels. * * * Horses may be and often are frightened at locomotives, both in town and country, but it would be as reasonable to treat the horse as a public nuisance from his tendency to shy and be frightened by unaccustomed objects, as to regard the locomotive as a public nuisance from its tendency to frighten a horse." (*Macomber v. Nichols*, 34 Mich., 212.) And, according to the language of the courts, "an ordinarily gentle and well-broken horse," is the kind of horse to be considered in the discussion of this question, and these are not frightened by bicycles.

The Springfield Bicycle Club gave the wheel-loving public four days of excellent bicycle racing, and of square honest sport, in the tournament just ended. That, indeed, goes without saying to those who each day watched the fliers circle around the track, and pedal their fastest on the long home stretch to be first at the tape. But there is even more to consider behind the scenes. The presence of the promateurs, the absence of the Englishmen, the racing tactics and the diminished but still large crowd, meant much that does not appear on the surface. The success has been won after a plucky struggle against obstacles that cropped out on all sides. Forced at last to be content with American riders, after the presence of the speediest Englishmen, amateur and professional, had given an acknowledged international character and reputation to the great Springfield tournament, the meet went on and conclusively proved that successful large meets can be carried on with our large field of fast and evenly-matched American riders alone; and much more, that one or two days' meets could offer good races from the material that showed up in the meeting. The club had a good attendance at the meet, and probably a paying one, though

the expenses were very great, and the interruption by rain caused considerable financial loss.

But the palmy days of the tournament are over. It is still the great bicycling event of the year, but it is no longer the only one this side of the water. The Springfield Club has given many others object lessons on how to carry on big tournaments, and the lessons have been wisely heeded and carefully followed. Now the month of September sees the two-days meet of the Connecticut Bicycle Club on Charter Oak Park, the two-days meet of the Berkshire County Wheelmen at Pittsfield, and the three-days meet of the Lynn Track Association and three-days Roseville (N. J.) tournament to follow.

The absence of the Englishmen deprived the wheel world of the feature which has been the most attractive of all past tournaments. The lively interest taken in the presence of Fred Wood and Robert James is proof of the increased interest that would have greeted the fast amateurs as well. That they didn't come was a great disappointment, especially as all American wheelmen fondly believed that this year our fliers were ready for them, and would be foes worthy of their steel steeds. The Americans have taken their past defeats with good grace, and wished for a chance of revenge. No one believes that the English amateurs were afraid to meet our riders, amateur and promateur; but it is barely possible that the manufacturers were unwilling to send men over here with English wheels and stand the constantly increasing chance of getting beaten by Americans riding American wheels. That would have been no advertisement at all, and would not pay. Then there is the amusing side of it, that they couldn't, it is said, come here and race with our promateurs without losing rank as amateurs. "As if," as the London *Wheeling* sarcastically said, "our promateurs are not as other people's promateurs, you know. They are English, quite English, you know!" It is hoped that a death-blow has not been given to international cycling, and that next year everything may be properly arranged so that our speedy men, like Rowe, Hendee, and the others, may make a spring trip to England and that the English fliers may come to our fall tournaments.

The proportion of starters to the number of entries was unusually large, and very nearly the full field was brought out, save in two or three of the last amateur races.—*Springfield Republican*.

It has become the fashion to denounce the promateur class as a failure. We admit the truth of it, but the reasons therefor are apparent and peculiar. It was not because they were called promateurs and separated into a class by themselves, but because the number was small, and the two best men were controlled by one firm. If all the large dealers had been represented as of yore, and the men had been divided about better, the promateur races would have been interesting. We never believed in the promateur as a class, and when the idea was first proposed we said it would be a failure, but was worth a trial. His existence depends upon the manufacturers, hence the cause.—*Bicycling World*.

We would suggest that a joint meeting of the A. C. U. and the L. A. W. officials be held with the view of settling upon some plan that will encourage good racing next year; a duty both organizations owe to the racing men, clubs, dealers, and wheelmen generally. We hope no jealousies will stand in the way of its being carried out.—*Bi. World*.

THE WHEEL.

Present Aspect of Matters
in England.MR. H. D. COREY'S IMPRESSIONS
OF HIS TRIP ABROAD.NOVELTIES IN THE BICYCLE, THE
TRICYCLE, AND THE
TANDEM.*From The Boston Herald.*

Mr. H. D. Corey, of this city, has just returned from his annual trip to England, and the results of his examination of the state of the cycling interests and manufactures, and his movements while abroad, will be found below: "I left New York on November 6, in the North German Lloyd steamship "Aller." This steamer is one of the company's new boats, and is far ahead of anything that I have yet seen on the Atlantic. We had a splendid band on board, and the table and conveniences were equal to any first-class Boston hotel. In seven days we were at Southampton, and landed in the midst of a driving storm, whence a quick run of two hours and a half found me in London, and a ten-minute cab ride brought me to 60 Chancery Lane, where I found Sidney Lee, of the Kildare Bicycle Club, up to his eyes in work, managing, probably, the largest second-hand bicycle salesroom in the world. It was my pleasure to meet this gentleman two years ago, and as he handles new and second-hand machines of all sorts and kinds on the market, I thought that if there was anything good coming out, and any new improvements to be made, that he would certainly know of them. After a quiet dinner at the Holburn we made our way to his chambers, and there talked until long after midnight. In the general run of ordinary bicycles I found nothing that had proved to be especially valuable. Every year there are more or less inventions made, but a practical test of them soon convinces the makers that about 90 per cent. go on to the scrap heap. The subject of ball heads was being agitated, but from what I could discover none had appeared as yet that had proved to be especially valuable. They were introduced last year, and were found to be rather a taking attraction, but beyond an advertisement no good results were obtained. I went into the matter as fully as possible, and almost without exception every manufacturer that I saw remarked that in the first place the ball head was entirely unnecessary, as it only made the machine more complicated, thereby adding a greater risk of broken parts, and, even if it did work well, there was not the slightest advantage over the thoroughly well made cone head of the present time. The English manufacturers have found that it is well to adhere to the old rule, viz.: 'If you have a good thing hold on to it.' 'To be sure,' they say, 'we must improve our machines every year and add some attractive selling feature. Yet if we have any doubt, we cannot afford to make our machines and run any risks, because one novelty would prove useless, and would ruin our reputation, so that it is better to go slowly.' I found the spade handles were rapidly taking the place of the ordinary, as the advantage was very marked, especially in hill work. I have used spade handles for the last three years, and it seems to be the most natural way of taking hold of a bicycle with the hands. When one uses the ordinary handle he has

to twist his arm in order to place the flat of the hand upon the bar, but with spade handles the arms drop into their natural positions, and the full benefit of strength is derived.

"Tangent spokes are being more and more used every year, and the ordinary direct spokes on the high grade machines would look like a cart horse in a pony carriage. To a great extent the manufacturers were building their bicycles a trifle heavier for next year. This question of weight is like the tide, it comes and goes, for when the cry of lightness comes, the makers carry it to such an excess that they build the ordinary machine at thirty-three pounds' weight for a man weighing 160 pounds, whereas three years ago they would not guarantee a machine to stand unless it weighed at least ten pounds heavier. They have now discovered their mistake, and without materially increasing the weight, they are strengthening the parts and enlarging them to stand the required strain. We do not think that any good, reliable roadster should weigh less than thirty-five pounds for a fifty-inch. If it is made lighter, it may probably stand for a while by careful use, but, sooner or later, something has got to go. The length of the crank has been gradually increased, until now the six-inch cranks are considered to be about right. The English roads are a great deal smoother than the American; consequently the question of saddles has not received such attention as it has in this country.

"It is an ordinary thing to find fellows riding with a racing saddle on the backbone, or with a very light spring, but that would never do for the United States. I think that our American saddles are far ahead of anything that is yet on the market in England, although I saw patterns of two or three very excellent ones which were not completed when I left. When in England last year, I rode a Rover type bicycle, and liked it very much indeed. It is nothing more than the old bone-shaker, having two equal wheels, and driven by a chain extending from the rear wheel to the pedals, which are attached to the backbone about half way between the wheels. It is steered by a curved handle-bar attached to the top of the front fork. The great advantages derived from this style of bicycle, as expressed by the *Bicycling World*, and which are the opinions entertained by the majority of riders and in which I heartily concur, are: Perfect immunity from headers, very great brake power, ease in mounting and dismounting, great power up hill, on account of its dwarf form it does not offer as great a resistance to head winds as the ordinary bicycle, less vibration and bumping, ability to ride where neither the ordinary nor tricycle could venture, no skidding in driving up hill, maximum of speed with minimum of exertion, comfortable foot rests, less splashing from mud and wet, saddle and handles can be raised at will.

"It is sufficient to say that this will be one of the leading patterns of machine for 1887, and as for its practical use on the road, the performance of Mills of 294 miles in 24 hours shows that for speed it is well up to the front, and I venture to say that before 1887 is over, every road record will be held on this style of bicycle.

"In the matter of tricycles the prevailing form, I found, was the favorite Crippler type of last year, but instead of the small front wheel of eighteen inches they now make them twenty-four and twenty-six, and some even twenty-eight inches in diameter. The advantages of the large front wheel can be seen at once, for it allows the machine to run very much easier up hill and much steadier going down. The driving wheels have come down to forty inches in size, and are fitted with direct spokes. A number of manufacturers have tried tangent spokes on the tricycle, but found that they were not at all necessary, as the small size of the wheel did not demand them, and that the direct spoke stood the shock very much better. Bicycle steering was, of course, fitted to tricycles of this description, as the ratchet and pinion style is a thing of the past.

"In conversation with a number of riders in London one night I found the general opinion seemed to be that the weight of the tandems at the present time would be increased rather than otherwise. From what I could learn, it seems that a great many axles have been breaking, which is due to the fact that the riders wanted light tandems and insisted upon it. This the manufacturers would not do unless they took the responsibility, and they took it, as well as the consequences.

"It is impossible for one to realize the tremendous strain to which the tandem is to be put, and I believe that in the making of this style of machine that strength and durability are more to be thought of than weight. A number of makers are putting four bearings on the axles, but I do not think that this is nearly as good as two, providing you can get your axle to stand. With the four bearings it will certainly not run as easily as two bearings, and, although it may strengthen the axle to a certain extent, it will take a much less strain to throw the four bearings out than if there were only two. I think that two bearings placed somewhat further apart, say about

eleven inches instead of five, as before, would divide the strain without any increased friction.

"A chat with Mr. Lee on the subject of records revealed the fact that the English makers were getting rather sick of the business, for it was simply the old story of 'dog eat dog,' and as fast as a record was made it was broken, and the manufacturers only cut each other's throats for fun. Road records, he thought, were more valuable, but it is only a question of time when some one will make a record on a place like Chestnut Hill Reservoir, and call it on the road, for I think this record business is about run into the ground. After leaving Mr. Lee I visited a number of other friends, including Mr. Bale, of the Coventry Machinist Company; Messrs. Marriott & Cooper, Mr. Rucker, of Humber & Co., and a number of others. They reported trade as being very good indeed during the last year, and it appeared to be assuming a more settled state, as the riders were beginning to see that every invention was not an improvement.

"After staying in London a few days and collecting all possible information in connection with the recent improvements in cycles, I left for Coventry, where nine-tenths of the machines are manufactured. There was nothing especially to change on the bicycle except in detail and a few minor improvements, but in tricycles marked improvements were perfected. While in Coventry I had the pleasure of meeting a number of prominent riders connected with the wheel business in its various lines. Coventry has a very fine race track, but it does not compare with those at Springfield or Lynn.

"One of the most remarkable performances done in England on a tricycle was the performance of George Gatehouse of twenty miles within the hour, and Leeming, who was his trainer, tells me that he knows of three or four more who can do as well, if not better, in another year. Leeming trained both Gatehouse and Furnivall for nearly all of their races this year, and in that capacity there is probably no man in England his superior. As a result Furnivall did 2:30 on a narrow track and Gatehouse twenty miles within the hour on a tricycle. From what I could learn from disinterested parties and reliable wheelmen, Allard was the best man in England for 1886 on a three-wheeler. How he would be on long distances I am not prepared to say, but I should judge that were he pushed to his utmost, he would still be able to show them his driving-wheels. On the road Sidney Lee undoubtedly carried the palm on a tricycle. His performance of fifty miles on a Marriott & Cooper Humber in 3:09.15 is simply marvelous, and I was informed by one of his pace-makers that there was no one on the road, either on a bicycle, tricycle, or tandem, that could hold him for more than a few miles. In stature Lee is about five feet eight inches, and rides a 54-inch bicycle. He is rather slight, and weighs about 145 pounds. He has the happy knack of getting over the ground faster than a man whom the casual observer would say was very much better. It was in the same week that Lee rode a tandem with Mr. E. B. Turner, making a record of fifty miles in 3:09.55. Now, considering that a tandem is faster than a bicycle, it will be seen that Lee beat his tandem record on a tricycle, and I think that it will be a long time before that record is beat.

"While in Coventry I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Buckingham, of the firm of Hillman, Herbert & Cooper, who is commonly known as 'Bucky,' who is one of the oldest road riders in England. He took me out to ride on a light Premier tandem of the Crippler type, and the way it went over the ground was a caution, and a pleasant evening spent with him at my hotel convinced me that I was not very far off in my ideas of the machine for 1887.

"One Saturday I went down to London and next morning, in company with Sidney Lee, I rode down to Ripley on a tandem. When he first wheeled it out I remarked that I did not think that the machine would carry us a half mile on the road, as it only weighed about sixty pounds and was a full-weight racer geared to sixty-four inches. He smiled and said that he thought it would stand it, and away he went. When about a mile from Ripley we caught sight of Fred. Cooper and mate and two other tandemites. It was about a mile to the Anchor at Ripley, and Lee proposed that we should have a race to see who would furnish the cooling draught. We all started at once, and in going down hill the other tandemites rather had the advantage, as their machines were somewhat heavier, but as soon as we struck the level, the lightness of our machine began to tell, together with the high gear, and in a few moments they were far in the rear. I really think that I rode faster than I have in my life, and although the light machine quivered every time we pressed the pedals, it stood the strain wonderfully well. At Ripley I had the pleasure of meeting a number of friends that I had become acquainted with three years ago, namely, Mr. Gossett, of the Temple, and a number of others. Going back, we stopped at Surbiton and saw Jack Keen, who is the same old chap as ever, always ready and obliging to everybody that comes along."

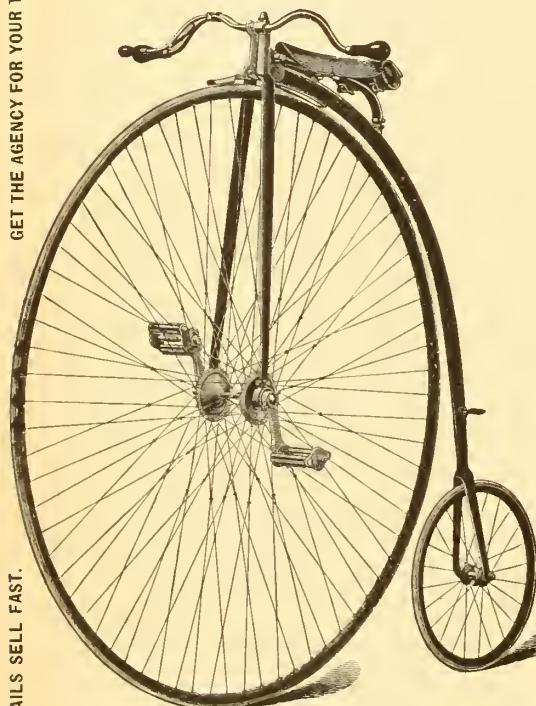
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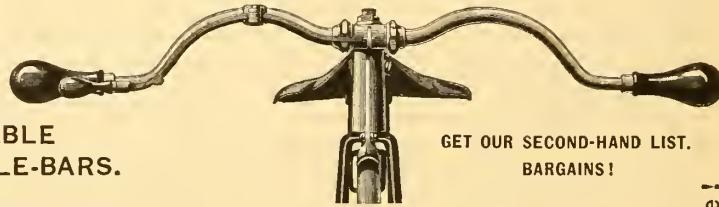
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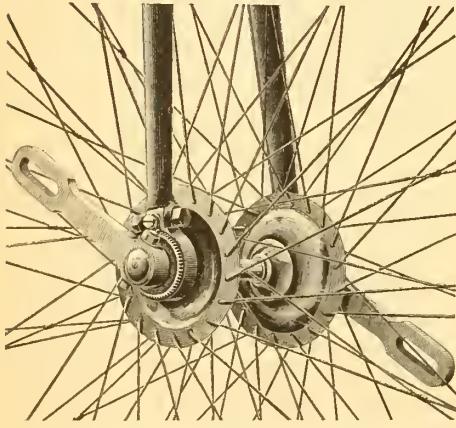
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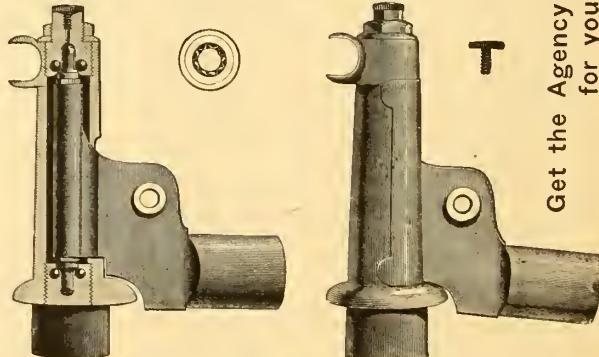


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—HENRY STURMEY, in *The Cyclist*, April 14, 1886.

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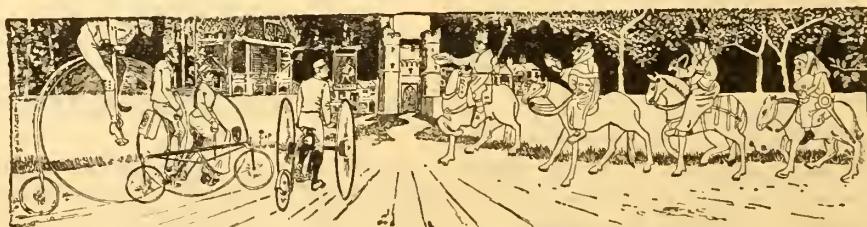
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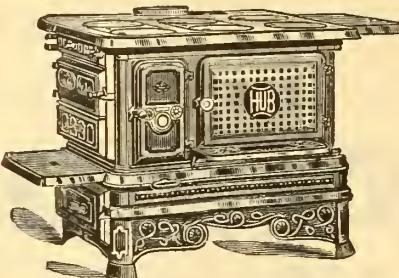
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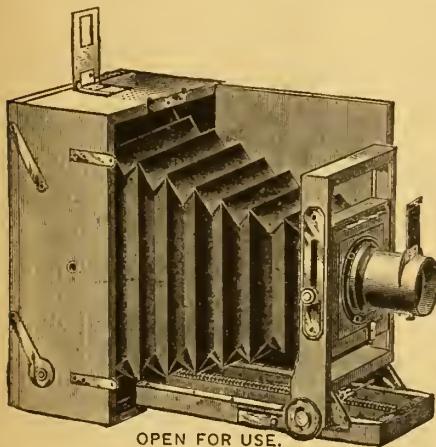
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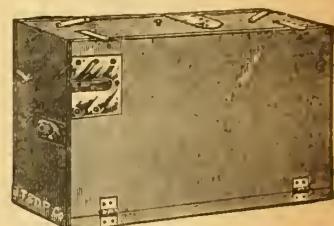


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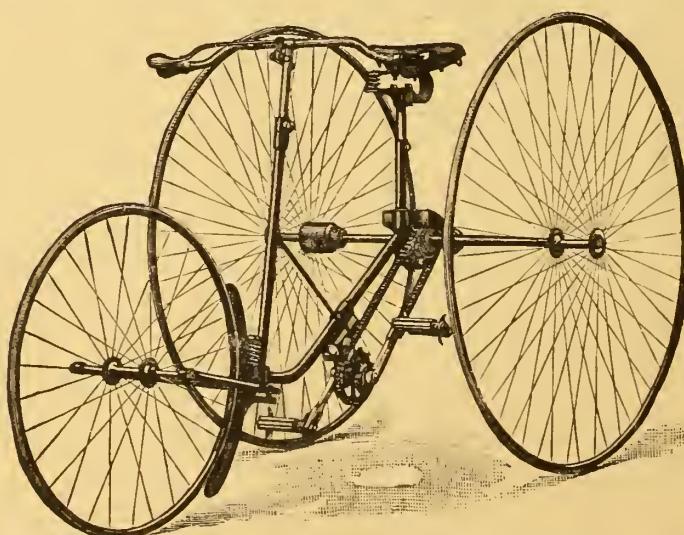
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