

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. II.

BOSTON, MASS., 10 DECEMBER, 1886.

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— BY A —

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THE CYCLE

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No. 11.

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

A. MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON

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WHAT is the mission of the League? We will not undertake to answer this in its entirety, but one thing we are certain of, and that is, that one of its objects is to do all in its power to promote the cause of wheeling. Now one of the most powerful agents in promoting the sport is the wheel press, and we believe that this should be fostered by the League. The policy of the *Bulletin* seems to be to cry down the cycling papers, and it does very much to shake the confidence of wheelmen in them. The *Bulletin* has done a deal of boasting about its large circulation, forgetting that a gratuitous circulation can be made very large with small endeavor, and it has in many ways cried itself up and all the papers down. We do not know that the wheel press has felt the effect of this policy, but this does not excuse it. We believe the League should do all in its power to encourage the cycling press, and it should even go so far as to send duplicates of all official notices to the papers. If the cycling papers were disposed to give a Roland for an Oliver we believe they could do a good deal to shake the confidence of wheelmen in the League.

FOLLOWING his usual custom of giving but one phase of any subject, Mr. Abbot Bassett carefully suppressed the rule under which the decision of the A. C. U. in the Corey case was made. But he did not neglect to call the decision stupid. No, indeed. — *World*.

Since we reproduced the decision in which the rule was referred to, we cannot see what was suppressed. If the A. C. U. has a rule that contraverts the amateur rule, we would like to know it, and we will make it public. We read in Article V, Sec. 8 of the A. C. U. rules, as follows:—

“An amateur or promateur forfeits his right to compete as such, and thereby becomes a professional, by:— (c) Competing with, or pace-making for, or having the pace made by, a professional in a public or a private event.”

This is very plain, and it bears but one construction. If the A. C. U. has a rule that reads otherwise, it becomes a question which shall stand. Mr. Dean admits that Mr. Corey accepted pace from a professional, and yet he says that no law of the A. C. U. was broken. Mr. Dean has very queer ideas regarding the meaning of words.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

I WANT, this week, to tell my lady friends what our sisters on the other side of the water are doing. I am able to do this, by favor of “Rose Meadows,” of *Wheeling*, who publishes in that journal what follows:—

ONE lady, Marion Arkwright, an enthusiast evidently, says: “I began riding early in March, and hope to continue as far into the winter as the weather will allow. I have *never* enjoyed such good health as during this my first cycling year. During March I managed to do just 100 miles. Of course, this is not much to boast of, but I was then a learner, and the weather was often very objectionable. In April I rode 210 miles; May and June, 600; July and August not so much, as I was travelling in Switzerland for some weeks. However, in September and October, I made up for past deficiencies by riding a good 1,000 in the two months, thus making my total for the year 2,166.”

ANOTHER lady, Emily Chatterton, says: “I have only ridden for three months this year, June, September and October, therefore my total is but small, but I send it, as you say, to encourage others. June, 80 miles; September, 105; and October, 200; making a total of 385. I took my sketch-book with me nearly always, and during the month of June, when I was in Wales, I found some charming spots for my brush.”

EDITH ALLEN, a young tricyclist of 16,

writes: “I always go to school on my machine, and strap my books on the handle bars. I live in Lincolnshire, and have four miles to ride to school. It's such fun, and the girls are awfully envious; one says her father is going to give her one on her birthday just like mine, then we can have races. I have counted up all my miles; I don't think I have left out one. It comes to just 1,304—do you think that is good for me? I am not allowed to go to school on it all the year, not nearly, but I sometimes go with father on his tandem, and I have counted those rides; but I like my own machine best, because I have the steering myself.”

MARIE HEINMANN says: “My total is not large; but as I live in Yorkshire, and the country is very hilly, it is not so easy to ride long distances, so this year I have ridden only four months, and just about 500 miles. I write as you ask, but it is not worth publishing to the world of riders.”

MAGGIE BRIERLY, an English lady living in Germany, sends me her total of 1,500, but gives no details of German scenery or any experiences.

NORA STANFORD, a little girl of 10 years, says: “I have ridden 150 miles in four months and a week. I mean to do ever so much more next year, if you will promise to print it in your column; my brother lets me read it every week. I send you one of my photographs; mamma said I might. I often wonder what you are like. Will my 150 miles be in the paper next week? I am longing to see it.”

GERTRUDE MASON writes: “I have ridden on my dear machine nearly 1,300 miles this summer; a good deal alone, but sometimes on a tandem with the gentleman I am going to marry in the spring; we hope, if possible, to make our wedding trip on it; if we do this, it will help my total for next year very much. I will write you a short account of it, if you think it would be interesting to other readers of *Wheeling*, and you would like it.”

ELIZABETH FLUDDER is the only lady who has ventured to begin her rides as early as January, and by the end of October has accomplished 1,434 miles. She says “220 of these have been done on a tandem in company with various friends, some of whom were novices, and the remainder on a single tricycle. I hope to continue riding all through the coming winter, as I did last.” This lady appears to have enjoyed a very pleasant little tour at Easter, in the localities of Petworth, Midhurst, Haslemere, Dorking, &c.

ONE more correspondent, Minnie Bond, writes: "Perhaps you may think my score very small for the season, the total being 405 miles; but, as my time is taken up with business, I have not many opportunities for long rides." She goes on to say: "I have thoroughly enjoyed all my rides except one," and then follows an account of a most uncomfortable day's experience on her machine, getting wet through, and with her serge dress clinging dismally to her ankles, the rider, thinking to take a short cut, lost her way, and succeeded in lengthening her journey very considerably. She adds: "The quickest riding I have done at present is 10 miles an hour; I could give you many accounts of rides that I have enjoyed myself, and also with the Silver Cross Cycling Club."

Marion Arkwright	2,166 miles
Maggie J. Brierly	1,500 "
Elizabeth S. Fludder	1,434 "
Edith E. S. Allen	1,304 "
Gertrude Mason	1,300 "
Marie K. Heinmann	500 "
Minnie B. F. Bond	405 "
Emily A. Chatterton	385 "
Nora Stanford	150 "

I LIKE the charming frankness with which some of these statements are put. Some of the records are not remarkable, but they are none the less interesting. I wish some of our lady writers would send to me just such records as this. I feel sure that Miss Meadows will republish them in England, and thus we will get an interchange of statements.

LAST year I had the pleasure to publish the remarkable records made by the ladies of Orange; and I hope soon to give what they have done for the past year. Will some of the eastern Massachusetts riders send in what they have done?

I WANT especially to hear from the Duchess of Wellington, the Countess of Merrimac, and the Baroness of Lynn, Miss Maplewood should also send figures, and if "Polly" will only employ her type-writer, aside from business, for a short time, I know she can send something relative to her trip to New Haven and other places.

THE following, taken from a St. Louis paper, shows a condition of things in marked contrast to what we find in the east, for here the dealers pursue a very liberal policy towards lady riders and do not a little to encourage ladies to ride.

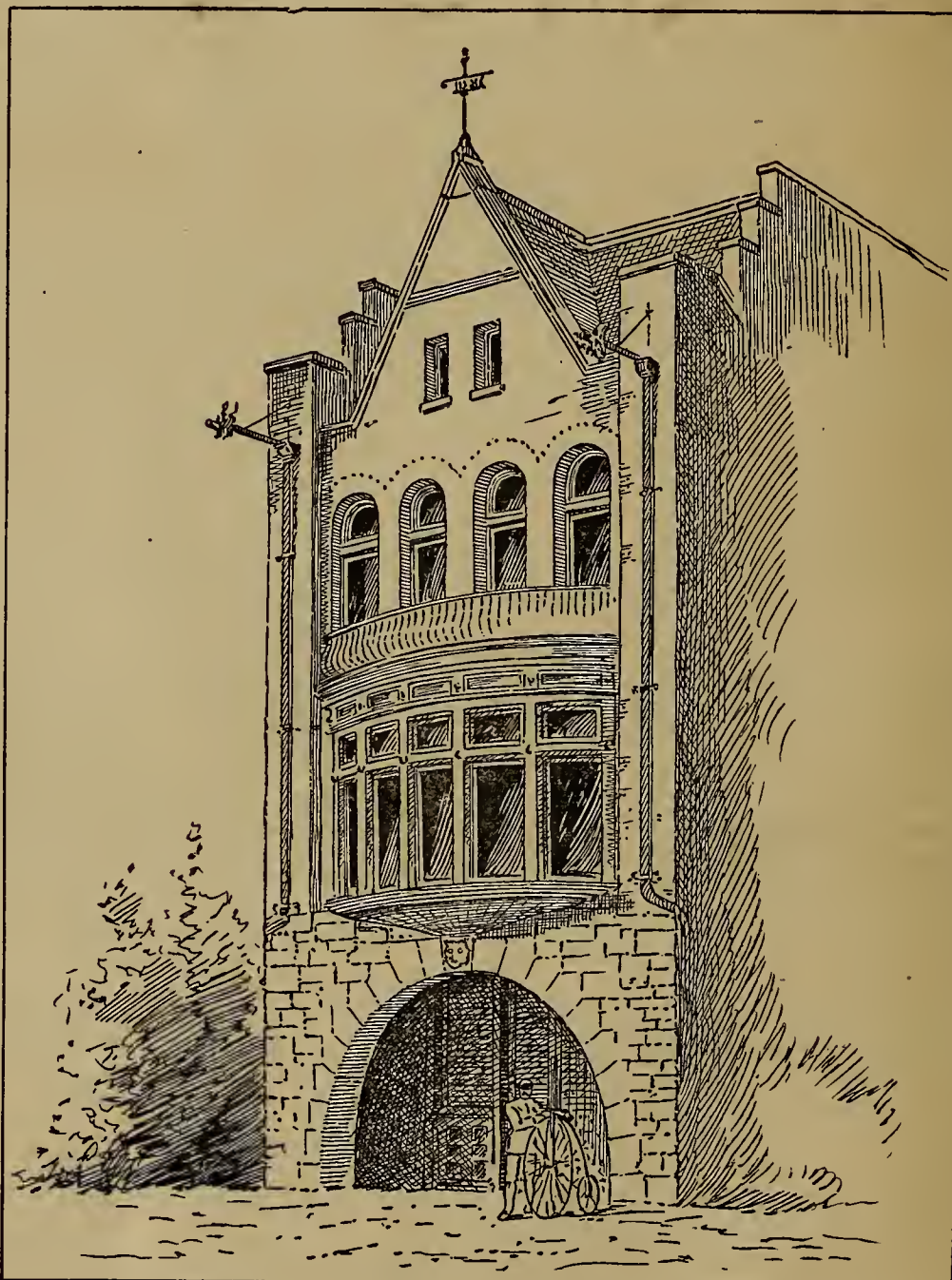
—E. R. STETTINUS is quoted in the papers as saying that ladies are timid about being seen riding a tricycle, and that that fear is an obstacle to the development of wheeling with the other sex. Probably Ed's criticism will apply in a few instances, but the main reason why tricycling among St. Louis ladies is in so backward a condition is because of the prejudice in the minds of the bicycle dealers against doing anything that will advance wheeling except

what will bring them immediate gain. A proof that this allegation is not too severe is found in the experience of a prominent society lady who, last spring, was desirous of giving a "tricycle party," an entertainment sufficiently novel to have attracted a great deal of attention. Her plan was to invite a number of ladies and gentlemen to her residence on Chestnut Street, and then get them out to ride up and down on the smooth paving in the moonlight. On going to the cycle dealers she got no encouragement, and none would loan her any tricycles for the occasion, although she tried to show how they and not she would gain everything by the success of the party. Finally one dealer made a great big, generous compromise. He said he would lend her some wheels provided

she would learn before the party so that the trikes would not be damaged during the evening. But the delay let the moonlight vanish unused. When it came again the society ladies had flown to the summer resorts, and now tricycling still languishes.

I DON'T know that I altogether blame a dealer who refuses to allow a number of novices to take new wheels and ride in company, for it would be a miracle if there were no breakages; but if such a proposition were brought to an eastern dealer, I think he would have discovered a way to accommodate the party, and to have given them not a little pleasure, and it would be strange if he did not get a customer.

DAISIE.





CAPITAL CLUB HOUSE-WARMING.

Among the interesting social events of the week, was the "house-warming" of the Capital Bicycle Club, 4 Dec., the crack wheeling organization of Washington, and the second oldest in the country. The corner-stone of

the club building was laid with appropriate ceremonies and a run last May, and was completed at a cost of \$20,000. Its style is Americanized Norman, the superstructure of brick resting on a massive rough-hewn Ohio sandstone Norman arch, which forms the entrance, and basement utilized for a

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machine room. It fronts on the parks south of the Treasury Department and Executive Mansion, which afford admirable facilities for cycling independently of the eighty miles of concrete streets in the city. The interior of the building, which is admirably adapted not only to the uses in view, but for entertaining, is elegantly furnished, and supplied with three billiard tables and a piano. A number of beautiful articles of bric-a-brac, art and vertu, the gifts of admiring lady friends, embellish the mantels and brackets, while superb paintings in oil by Max Weyl and Meline, and water colors by W. H. Holmes, Delancy Gill, and Hatch, the gifts of those distinguished Washington artists, and numerous pen and ink sketches by members of the club adorn the walls.

About four hundred guests, ladies and gentlemen, comfortably filled the main suite on the second floor. The arriving guests were received in the principal drawing room by President John Killeets and Vice-President Rudolph Kaufman, who presented them to the receiving ladies, wives of the members, Mrs. Rudolph Kaufman, Mrs. George Keenan, Mrs. P. T. Dodge, Mrs. E. A. Bullock, Mrs. C. G. Allen, Mrs. W. B. Hibbs, and Mrs. J. B. Church.

At ten o'clock Floor Managers L. W. Seely, J. McK. Borden, and Dr. F. R. Lane, announced dancing. The fine orchestra changed its repertoire from operatic to terpsichorean airs, and the ladies and gentlemen entered with spirit into the graceful evolutions of the Lancers and the waltz. At twelve o'clock the guests withdrew to the machine hall, which had been temporarily fitted up for a refreshment room, and enjoyed a liberal repast.

A delegation of the Maryland Bicycle Club, consisting of E. P. Hayden, president, E. F. Le Cato, B. Steinmetz, Y. Penniman, and Halbert Mott, were present.

The beauty and toilettes of the ladies were exceptionally attractive, even for Washington. All members wore the club uniform of blue jackets and knee-breeches with steel buttons and buckles. It is proposed to inaugurate a series of germans for the winter under the auspices of the club, somewhat in the style of the socially celebrated army and navy germans. The membership of the club, which numbers one hundred and thirty actives, is made up of young men in all professions, and of social standing. Among the members a few years ago, was James G. Blaine, Jr. The Capital Bicycle Club has

become one of the permanent institutions of Washington, and promises to be quite an acquisition to the attractions of Washington social life.

THE waiter at a restaurant learns to discriminate, for while you are complacently devouring your food, he is casting up your mental accounts, and weighing your characteristics in the balance of his judgment. After a while he begins to gauge people at a glance. Have you never experienced this? I have an instance which shows the cosmopolitan discrimination of the waiter. Mr. Arthur L. Atkins, manager of the Pope team, is visiting the city, on his way to California to recuperate his health. He is from Boston. That fact must have been observed by the waiter of a restaurant which he entered with several friends the other day, for the man of the napkin and tray brought him baked beans and codfish balls without being ordered to do so. This is only one of many such circumstances. The waiter gastronomically measures you, sizes that against your probable amount of gratitude, and treats you accordingly. It is a correlative of the instruction, "live well," to say "conciliate your waiter." — *Spectator*.

Ye Lernityd Pilgrimme.

Itte was ane lernityd clerke I wis
 Whych progreest onne ye rode,
 Towards ye Canterburie towne
 Yis festive boundere goed.

Synginge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Nowe why y-rode yis lernityd clerke
 Toe Canterburie towne?
 Ande whatte his name and familie,
 And whatte ye clerke's renoune?

Who sange "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande adeyde "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

He rode untow ye towne becaus
 He followyd his nose,
 Ande who yatte organ fayne wolde keepe,
 Ye same directionne goes.

Chauntynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande adding "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

He had ne gotte a familie,
 Hys name was Billie Bynkes.
 He rode ane nagge whyche eaten notte
 Ne oates, ne haye, ne drynkes.

Chortlynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Yis lernityd clerke was lernityd clerke
 Toe Masteres Dunne and Deepe,
 And servyd them wythe zealusse care
 Alle in ye streete of Chepe.

Syngynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande sometymes, whenne bothe were awaye,
 He addyde "Di-doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Yese guvnores, Masteres Dunne and Deepe,
 Soe open-heartedlee,
 Ye whole yeare through kept open house
 For ye sale of draperce.

Syngynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng "Diriddi-dum-daye,"
 Toe ye sentenses "Doodle-dum-doodle,"
 Ande "Tootal-tum-tootal-tum-taye."

Yis clerke hadde follow'd stille hys nose,
 Ande nevere caughte itte uppe,
 Had notte yere wandered on ye roade
 Ane active littel puppe.

Syngynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 (Ane novel remarke for ane hounde),
 Ande addyng "Di-doodle-dum-doodle,"
 (Being equallie doggie in sounde).

Hys nose didde scrape along ye roade,
 Bye cropper on ye puppe,
 He 'd follow'd itte from Londonne towne,
 Ande nowe he caughte itte uppe.

Chauntynge "Tooral li-looral li-liddi-um,"
 Ande addyng thynges stronger yanne yatte,
 As he picked oute ye spokes fromme hys
 coate-tailles,
 Ande sortyd hys teethe in hys hatte.

— Nym, in *Wheel World*.

MR. FOWLER, of the Pope Manufacturing Company, has given us a very pretty deciduous calendar for 1887. Why does n't some one write a song with the refrain, "Pull off the Leaves."

ENTRE NOUS.

BY HOMO.

I WONDER if I ever told you that story of my ride on a tandem with a strange young lady? No. Well, then you shall hear it; but remember it must go no farther. Let it be strictly *entre nous*. I don't brag much about it, but it's too good to keep, and I must let some one know of it, even if it is rather rough on me. It happened over in Chelsea, where, you will remember, I used very frequently to go. I will confess it. I was attracted by a bright eye, a curling ringlet, and a rosy cheek. I met her on the road frequently, and exercised a wheelman's privilege of raising my cap to her. She rode a tandem, with her father on the back seat.

She was indeed a beauty, and I lost my heart to her at once. I made inquiries about her, and I found that her name was Margery Doane; that she was the apple of her father's eye; and that her affections were not pledged.

I determined to woo and win her, and I resolved to get acquainted as quickly as possible. I met them on the road one day, and it occurred to me, as I drew near to them, that it would be a good idea to have a tumble and be picked up by the young lady. She would hold my head in her lap, and would send her father for a physician. But alas! for the plans of men. I took a header, indeed, right in front of them, but I struck in a soft place, and was not at all hurt. They saw that easily enough, and rode on without stopping. I thought I heard a suppressed laugh from the young lady, and I picked myself up in no amiable frame of mind. The header business did not work as it generally does in cycling stories.

I rode by their house very frequently, and tried to get a glimpse at my fair charmer, but I saw her not at all. I did not see her, but I saw something that drove me nearly wild. A dapper young gentleman went in and out frequently. This acquisition to my fair one's abode somewhat troubled me. There was an unmistakable buoyancy and light-hearted merry twinkling of the eye about this young man that galled me excessively. Was he a rival? I am not in the habit of jumping at conclusions in the beginning like this, but I chewed the cud of my disquiet as only a true lover could.

It was in the golden month of August when I rode over to Chelsea one night and stabled my wheel in a livery stable, determined to besiege the mansion of my fair one on foot. I lighted a cigar, and sauntered past her abode. The tandem was at the door with lamps all lighted. They were going out for an evening run. I resolved to follow them, and I ran quickly to the stable for my wheel. I came back just in time. She was just taking her place on the front seat, and, oh horror of horrors! the dapper young gentleman was mounting behind. But "faint heart ne'er won fair lady yet," said I, and I looked beyond him to her. I cared not for him, though I think I should have discussed something besides the weather if I could have had a minute's conversation with him.

How her rich brown riding-suit became her! I should know her among a thousand. That graceful form showed to advantage in

the plain suit, and no ball-room belle, bedizened and adorned, could have outvied my little beauty in her becoming dress.

They started off; Beauty in front, the Beast behind. Would he let her pedal? In his place I would draw the line at even the possibility of that alabaster brow being diamonded with spots of perspiration, and would under the blissful circumstances lower record after record — and perhaps myself into the bargain.

They moved off, little thinking that the jaundiced eye of jealousy hovered near. I kept discreetly in their wake. Away we spun over the paving-stones of the city to the trees and the fields beyond, and beyond these to the margin of the sea at Crescent Beach. It was a run to the seashore. She wooed the cooling breezes of the ocean that she might bring back the roses to her cheeks driven away by the heat of the city.

They halted at the Vue de l'Eau, dismounted, and the young man led the fair rider to the house, where they both disappeared within the portal. I followed, and saw a servant showing the young lady to a room above stairs, while my rival talked glibly to some friends in the office. All is fair in love and war. I joined the group, asked some commonplace questions, and was soon one of them. It is not a difficult matter to make friends at the seaside. I turned my attention to my rival, and I soon had him fixed. I lured him to the bar, and paid for bottle after bottle of champagne and an unlimited number of cigars. He drank heavily, and I very little, and the consequence was that he soon became helplessly intoxicated. I left him to inquire after Margery, who, I learned, was explaining the mysteries of the tandem to some of the guests of the hotel who had gathered about it. I left her to her lecture, and engaged myself about the young man who was now in a drunken sleep on a sofa. It was very evident that he was in no condition to ride home, and so I arranged with the landlord to keep him over night, and take charge of my bicycle also. I told him that I knew the young lady's people very well, and I wanted to do her a service.

Then, hastening to where Margery was, I explained to her, as delicately as possible, the state of affairs, and proffered my services. The veil of night was on her cheek, but yet I noticed a confused look as I said she must know me, living as I did near to her home, and having frequently met her with her father on the tandem. She was alarmed, and her tiny handkerchief hid her face from me. This sympathy for my rival nettled me a little, and I was ready to break my neck or do anything rash to awaken a pity akin to that. She would go and see him, after which she expressed her thanks in broken tones, and gladly accepted my offer. How my heart danced with delight at the word "accept." I lost no time, and soon we were flying along on the return journey. I implored her to rest and let me do the work. I talked calmly at first, and then beautifully sentimental, but I got nothing in response. I talked to her on wheeling subjects, but still she was wonderfully reticent. I touched on all the wonders of the wheeling world, and again she was bashfully backward in coming forward. I did once try to fetch her out by sage remarks on the

latest Paris fashions, and I must have bungled alarmingly here, for I hastily got back to my old subject. But where was the silvery laughter that rippled over the rough and ready wit of her facetious father? We were fast approaching her father's house, and I was in a dreamland of doubt, wondering whether to be pleased or angry, when I blurted out, "O, that we might always ride in company." It was another dismal failure. She didn't seem to see the force of my remark, or else she was too much excited to reply.

I was so absorbed in my dilemma that I had not noticed we had reached her residence, the gate to which was open, and we treadled up the drive, where I helped her to dismount, and in broken tones she told me her — thanks! I assured her of the pleasure I had received, but feared she did not share it, and in an undertone whispered that this "bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, would prove a beauteous flower when next we met," when I was amazed to hear a gruff voice hysterically shout —

"Why, d—n it, here's Bridget! Margery, darling, here's Bridget with your dress on, spreeing it about with her young man on our tandem."

It needs no pen to describe my bewilderment, as it flashed across my mind that I had been courting the servant girl in the guise of the young mistress, who I learned afterwards had been out of town with her father, and returned unexpectedly; and now I looked at them I could not help noticing how near their heights and figures agreed, and the face—well, I saw very little of Bridget's face. I was disturbed in my cogitations by the amiable old gentleman rushing towards me, flourishing his stick and yelling "Damme, sir, what d'yer mean —?" I waited for no more, but acted on the theory that discretion is the better part of valor.

I don't smoke my cigars in that neighborhood now, and my club fellows often wonder why I don't come out in superlatives whenever we meet on the road any of the fair riders of the wheel.

Now, don't tell of this. It's very ridiculous, but makes me cut such a blasted ugly figure that I want it to be *entre nous*.

At the rooms of the Ilderan Bicycle Club, on Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, last week, Mr. Wm. F. Miller delivered a lecture on wheeling. His address, which was illustrated with stereopticon views, was in the form of a story, with "Timeas Timkins" as the hero. The earliest part of young Timkins' life was graphically described, after which Mr. Miller broke out with a most ludicrous description of the young man's endeavors to ride a bicycle. Pictures were given showing the various attitudes assumed by the luckless hero. The first attempt to mount, the start, the "header," and the rest against a tree, all served to show the audience what difficulties a "cyclor" has to undergo before he becomes an expert speeder. Mr. Miller's plates were all original, being the work of a summer tour which he devoted to catching wheelmen in queer positions. The familiar figures of Lieutenant Farr, Howard Mettler, C. H. Dennison, E. L. Hall, Howard Green and Captain Savoy all appeared on the canvas in various postures. — *Turf*.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION OFFICERS.

THE officers of the Massachusetts Division held a meeting around the festive board at Young's Hotel on Saturday evening last. There were present: Chief Consul Herbert W. Hayes, representatives J. S. Dean, E. G. Whitney, Dr. W. G. Kendall, W. I. Harris, Dr. W. H. Emery and Charles E. Pratt, of Boston; Abbot Bassett, of Chelsea; Sanford Lawton, of Springfield; J. Fred Adams, of Haverhill; John Amee, of Cambridge; W. S. Slocum, of Newton; E. H. Foote, of Somerville; and Messrs. J. H. Grimes and F. Alcott Pratt of the road-book committee.

The earlier part of the evening was spent in discussing some of the fruit of Mr. Whipple's larder, and the results were so satisfactory that the diners were of the opinion that they had hit upon a very happy idea; and when the question of another meeting came up, a vote to meet in one month was easily obtained.

After clearing the board, the Chief Consul's mallet, improvised from a champagne bottle, rapped the company to order, and he briefly stated the objects of the meeting. The subjects he desired to bring before the members were, first, how to hold or increase the membership for the coming year. The present large membership he felt was due in part, perhaps, to the League meet being held in Boston last year, and he hoped that some means would be devised to retain them; second, whether or not it was advisable to incorporate in the forthcoming road-book of Massachusetts a plan of the roads of Rhode Island; third, whether some better sign-boards, especially for danger signals, cannot be constructed; fourth, what action the division would take regarding an encampment at Cottage City during the coming summer; and fifth, to consider the expediency of adopting a new and better constitution and by-laws.

The secretary-treasurer was called upon for a financial statement, and he submitted it in brief. This showed that from 27 August to date the total receipts were \$939 76, and the total disbursements, \$114.89, leaving a balance on hand of \$824.87.

Mr. Lawton congratulated the Division on having a larger surplus than the League.

The various matters were informally discussed.

Regarding the measures for holding the present membership, it was decided to issue an appeal through the *Bulletin* to urge personal solicitation on the part of influential members of League clubs, and to send a circular to members who do not renew early.

Regarding the road-book, it was stated that the cost, roughly estimated, would be between \$700 and \$800, and that the same would be issued during the riding season of 1887. The estimate contemplated an edition of sixteen hundred electrotyped copies of the same general nature and size as is the Pennsylvania book. The matter of allowing Rhode Island a place was referred to the committee on the book, with instructions to confer with the Rhode Island officials. On motion, it was voted that each member who is in good standing when the book is published be given a copy of the road-book, and that no book be sold to any one not a member of the League. The committee was instructed to carefully consider the matter of

inserting advertisements, and to do so if they thought it expedient, but to limit the advertising pages to ten.

In the matter of danger signs, the committee was instructed to consider the expediency of procuring some of iron, and they were especially instructed to place some kind of cautionary signal on the hill where Mr. Cunningham fell.

Regarding the annual encampment at Cottage City, it was stated that propositions had come from the bicycle club of that place to furnish some sort of entertainment for the wheelmen if they should decide to come. A committee, consisting of Chief Consul Hayes, J. S. Dean, W. I. Harris, E. G. Whitney, and Sanford Lawton, was appointed to consider and report on this matter.

The subject of appointment of consuls coming up, Chief Consul Hayes incidentally remarked that while a majority of the appointees were more than fulfilling expectations, there were several who were exceedingly derelict in their duties; and as he wanted none but workers, he contemplated soon decapitating a few. The consuls were willing to serve when no work was to be done, but as soon as the work on the road-book was given them, the resignations began to come in.

The meeting was very successful, and others of a like kind are very sure to follow.

ROAD RECORDS.

THE contest of 1886 for the gold cyclometer offered by the Lakin Cyclometer Company to the bicycle rider in the United States covering the greatest number of miles by road riding between 1 Jan. and 1 Dec. closed last week. There have been hundreds of bicyclists, covering almost every state in the Union, riding for the prize, but it looks as though the local contestants will win, for their scores are phenomenal. The gold cyclometer offered under like conditions last year was carried off by Bank Clerk Goodnow, captain of the Westfield Wheelman's Club, with a record of 5056 miles. He had a score of outside but no home competitors. This season three Westfield riders entered, and their aggregate scores foot up 34,206. By the terms of the contest the figures have to be certified to by two competent witnesses, and affidavits made of their correctness before a magistrate. Much to the other contestants' and the public's surprise, when the lists were given in last week at Westfield, Gilbert J. Loomis, a high school lad of 15, had a record of 13,408 miles, made on a 52-inch machine. He began riding in the snow and slush last January, and had nearly 1,000 miles to his credit before the riding season fairly opened. His longest ride in one day was 122 miles, made during the summer vacation, and his average per day for the 11 months, including Sundays, was 40 miles. Telephone Manager Norton covered 130 miles in a single day, and a grand total of 10,706 miles, on a 48-inch Star. But perhaps the most phenomenal work of the trio was accomplished by Emerson Burt, a bright little newsboy under 15 years of age. He had an amateur 42-inch Ideal machine, and on it he rode 10,002 miles outside the hours he is employed in Connor's news-rooms. Much of each rider's work has been done evenings, and all within

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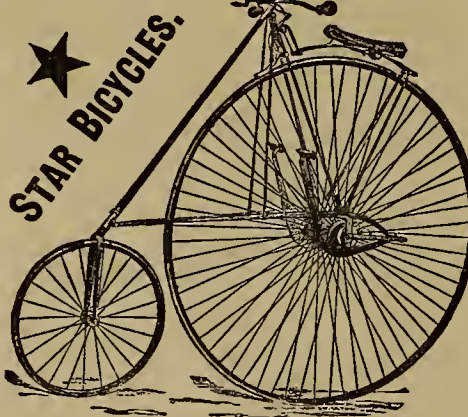
The Perfect Shoe for Cycling.

Hand-sewed, hand-made, first quality stock and warranted in every respect. Every pair of our No. 1 Boston Sporting Shoes is marked inside, "Boston: Strickland & Pierce, Hand-Sewed," and is stamped "Patent" on the bottom. None others are Genuine. Bicycle, Base Ball Sprint Running, Pedestrian, Gymnasium, La Crosse and other shoes. Prices and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

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SAFE, PRACTICAL and FAST.

NO HEADERS OR DANGEROUS FALLS.

Best Road Record for 50 and 100 Miles.

World's Safety Records from 1 to 20 Miles.
First American Machine to make more than 20 Miles within the Hour.

Three L. A. W. Championships for 1885.
Won all Hill Climbing Contests, both as to Speed and Grade.

Won all the First Premiums, when in Competition, since 1881.

NEW CATALOGUE READY.

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THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, CHALLENGE, SAFETY AND IDEAL.

The above Machines have been awarded First Prize at the New Orleans Exposition, and the Champion holds the World's Long Distance Record. They Run Easy; Sell Easy; Repair Easy; and the Prices are Easy. They are the best. These are the only Machines of high grade sold at a medium price. It will pay you to examine them, or send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Prices. We also have a large stock of Children's Machines at very low prices. First-class Repairing and parts for repairing. All kinds of Machines constantly on hand; also Sundries. Discount to the Trade. Call or write to the New England Headquarters.

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The Road Book of Boston and Vicinity

CONTAINS all important routes around Boston, details of road surface and turnings, copious and interesting notes, many new points reached.

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A. L. ATKINS, care of Pope Mfg. Co., Boston.

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SIXTY POETS ON THE WHEEL.

By J. G. DALTON.

Much enlarged second edition. One hundred and sixty filled pages, elegantly bound. In boards, 75 cents; flexible, 40 cents; sent post-paid. This is the standard and only book of thorough-going cycling verse, and comparable in art to none but the first-rate poets. No reading cyclist should overlook it. Old edition, 20 cents. For sale at CYCLE office.

PATENTS

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LARGEST STOCK OF SECOND-HAND BICYCLES IN AMERICA.

Bicycles Repaired and Nickel-Plated.

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SECOND-HAND GUNS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR BICYCLES.

the limits of Hampden county. It is probable that each rider has beaten the best previous records, as well as all outside contestants for the prize, but this will not be determined until all lists are in, which may not be for a month or more.

It should be said that these records were not made over give-and-take roads, but on a very hard and smooth roadway around a park in Westfield. It is no better than track work, and the highest record is not so creditable as many of half this mileage.

KNEE-BREECHES.

BECAUSE knee-breeches are the best thing for cycling, there are many who go so far as to wish they were the prevailing style for every-day wear. We do not think so. The *News* echoes our sentiments in the following: Our remarks concerning the wearing of knee-breeches in every-day life gives rise to a long paragraph in *The Irish Cyclist*, in which Mecredy raises a big wail against the immovable laws of fashion in the world generally, and in London particularly. We confess, without hesitation, that we are all cowards, and are afraid to appear extraordinary in the eyes of the world; but that is not the principal reason of our objecting to the wearing of knee-breeches in business. Knee-breeches are more artistic, more becoming, and, perhaps, more economical than trousers; but we cannot agree with Mecredy in thinking they are more comfortable, for a certain amount of tightness is necessary about the knees, while trousers are the very essence of ease and comfort. Much as we like cycling costume, we are ready to get out of it after wearing it a few days at a stretch, and hail the "bottomless bags" with delight, in spite of the lurking chills they are said to harbor. *The Irish Cyclist* is terribly down upon us here in London, because we wear top-hats every day, "because it's the thing, don't you know?" We again confess our cowardness, but in all humility we ask, Is not this weak excuse in vogue everywhere? Does not a man in starting riding get a cycling suit "because it's the thing, don't you know?" Does not the man who wears a flannel shirt every day from preference don a stiff, starched linen one when in evening dress "because it's the thing, don't you know?" Yes, and he will do so to the end of the chapter.

CYCLETES.

SEVENTY-FIVE cents.

FOR fifty-two numbers.

THAT 's what we will do for you !

AND we don't intend to cut down in the quality, either.

THE CYCLE proposes to give a man just as much for his money as any other paper does.

WE think we have done that in the past. In the future we will do even more.

THE man who does n't subscribe with us now must have very strange notions of the value of money.

WE've said that before, and we say it again

to make it emphatic. It will well bear repeating.

"CHRISTMAS at Clover Hill."

THAT was a cold wave that came down on this part of the footstool last week, but we don't think it found many wheelmen on the road. This is not one of the insidious months. It spreads around the cold in a very business-like way.

WE don't hear anything about the Bermuda trip this year. Has Elwell wooed the sunny clime to his heart's content?

THE English wheelmen invade the cinder path in summer and the Cinderella in winter. They change their termination with the season.

RACING men, like swordsmen, like to meet "foemen worthy of their steel." How will it be when the steel wheel is supplanted by the wooden? Why, the rider of the latter will have the deadwood on his adversary.

ANDREW L. FENNESSY, of Springfield, formerly well known in wheeling circles, has purchased a house, for which he paid \$22,000. Probably sold his wheels, and raised the money.

"ROAD kings of the world" is the modest title given the Ramblers of St. Louis, who finished the club run for a hundred miles last month.

KARL KRON comes out as an abolitionist, and he will put an argument against the amateur law, which he calls a "humbug," into his book.

THE National Cyclist Union leaders are a fine lot. They say to the abolitionists, Do away with the rule, and we will resign and form a new amateur organization. Such men cannot be reasoned with. — *World*.

AND so it will be on this side of the water. Let the League abolish the amateur law, and you may look to see another society started at once, with this law for its corner-stone.

THE *Union* is incensed that Hillier disputes Rowe's records, and Mr. Merrill goes into a long argument to prove that they are correct. The game is hardly worth the powder, though.

"CHRISTMAS AT CLOVER HILL," by Colin Gray, will appear in our issues for 17 and 24 Dec. The author tells his story well, and it will be enjoyed by all who read it.

WE heard of one man who got caught in the snow storm. He wheeled home on the train.

SINGER & Co. will fit all their machines with Otto's patent corrugated wire tire.

HILLMAN, HERBERT & COOPER announce the reception of two orders for machines. One came from a doctor, aged eighty-three, for a Safety, and the other from a gentleman, aged seventy-six, for a tricycle.

FRIEND PRIALL drops the "we" and takes up the "I" in his editorial column. It is important that a journalist should keep his eye on the editorial page.

THE Somerville Club hold annual club election next Wednesday, 15 Dec.

THE Somerville Club will hold a ball on 22 Dec., at Odd Fellows' Hall, Broadway, Somerville. Edmands' orchestra.

A. L. ATKINS writes from Los Angeles, and says that the journey has benefited him greatly. He has looked up many former Bostonians, and went rabbit shooting. He has beheld the dirty savage in all his smut. Among the Bostonians are John L. Sullivan and La Blanche, the sluggers, and Daly Brothers, of "Vacation."

C. H. VEEDER, now of Calumet, Mich., writes that he has not taken but one header in three years, and that was two years ago. He has ridden in northern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, and in and around Hartford. This is a record that is hard to beat.

Wheeling is of opinion that owing to the atmospheric advantages of Australia, which aids Australian horses in making much faster time than that credited to English performers, the bicycle record will next year be credited to some native of the antipodes, provided a really first class track is built.

THE wonderful Westfield records are responsible for a great many doubting Thomases. There is good cause for doubt. Those who have ridden day in and day out during the riding season, and run up a record for less than a thousand miles, take little stock in the story of over 13,000 miles.

LEWIS T. FRYE, our old friend of the path, contemplates matrimony. He has our congratulations. The cake can come later.

THE Pope Manufacturing Company has decided to abolish its riding school when it moves to its new building.

W. W. SHEEN has increased his excellent record by the following additions: August, 1,000 miles; September, 914 miles; October, 987 miles; and November, 1,000 miles.

IT is stated that he has not used the cars this fall, having daily ridden back and forth from business, some thirty miles.

JOHN S. WEBBER, Jr., of Gloucester, has become a married man. We were going to say something about a tandem, but our knowledge of the roads around Gloucester impels us to suggest a buggy. We can imagine that any one by the name of Webber will be inclined to ride the spider wheel.

EDITOR AARON is having a little "tiff" with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. He is Aaron his grievances to that paper and intimates that Hicks "lies." He says no other word will do.

THE Pope calendar is on sale at the principal news stores and stands, and at the office of the Pope Company, 597 Washington street, at twenty-four cents to cover cost. It will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

SPRINGFIELD has voted "no license," and the English wheelmen will have to go dry next year, or else get a lot of prescriptions from physicians.

GLOUCESTER has also voted "no license," and it will be useless for thirsty men to go to the Pavilion.

ELSA VON BLUMEN has been riding with amateurs once more. This young lady has been responsible for a great deal of work on the part of the Racing Board.

UNDER the able leadership of Messrs. Ethier, Goldthwait and Williams, the gymnasium classes of the Massachusetts club, which meet Mondays and Thursdays, are receiving much advantage and gaining considerable proficiency.

CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE, late editor of *Outing*, has taken an office in Pemberton square, where he will devote his time to literary labors, including the compilation of several matters of statistics, which he is doing for the Government.

CO-OPERATION of the Cincinnati bicycle clubs with the base ball people will insure them a track on the base ball grounds.

THE Lynn *Bee* says that Rowe has repeatedly stated that under no condition will he visit England.

SENATOR MORGAN has sent us his picture. We shall be pleased to put it in our gallery of celebrities.

DULL in book knowledge does not necessarily mean dull in everything. One of our boys, who was so diffident that he could seldom make a good recitation, brought his bicycle into the class one day, and explained its mechanism to the children as easily and clearly as he would to one of his mates. — *Journal of Education*.

THE Massachusetts Club will have a ladies' night, Saturday, 18 December. There will be music and dancing. The next athletic entertainment will occur 6 January.

THE K. C. W., of Brooklyn, sends us a flyer announcing a minstrel entertainment for Thursday evening, 9 Dec. A portrait, of one of the members, we suppose, ornaments the flyer, but they didn't tell us who it is supposed to represent.

PRESIDENT BECKWITH has "shut down" on the manufacture of League suits, until he gets a guarantee that the colors will be fast. A thorough overhauling of the whole business is promised.

"A PENCIL" has been dismissed from the service of the *Bulletin* for his attack on the New York Club. If he had written with a pencil it would have been all right enough, but he wrote with a pen dipped in gall.

Wheel and Recreation have combined, and F. P. Priall is to be editor.

THE dealers of Boston met at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Co. on Friday for the purpose of forming a "Wheel Board of Trade."

A SOCIETY lately formed in a young woman's college near Boston is, according to the opening sentence in its constitution, "Organized for the purpose of having a good time." Then it won't have a good time. The jolliest dancing clubs are perverted debating clubs. Many thriving kissing bees have risen from the ruins of Browning societies. — *Buffalo Express*.

THE girls got that idea from the wheelmen. That's the end and aim of a wheel club.

THE following is a list of patentees of inventions pertaining to 'cycling, to whom Letters Patent were granted 30 Nov. 1886: Jos. Butcher, Boston, Mass., cyclometer; J. B. Herboldshimer, Chicago, Ill., oil can; Robert Rodes, Jr., Nashville, Tenn., bicycle

handle; L. A. Rust, Londonville, O., bicycle; J. K. Starley, Coventry, England, roller bearing for velocipedes.

THE Plainfield Bicycle Club has quite a record to show on the close of the season of 1886. Mr. F. L. C. Martin won the Cooley medal for the greatest distance during the twelve months ending 31 October, with the remarkable record of 5,516 miles, and also the prize for the most miles in twenty-four hours, with a record of 202. Mr. C. W. Sanford won the first prize for the six months' record, with 4,023 miles, and was also second in the twenty-four hour contest, with 190 miles. Mr. W. H. Milliken's record of 3,150 miles in six months, took the second prize. Mr. Martin's record for six months slightly exceeded Mr. Sanford's, but the rules debarred his competing for both medals.

DETROIT has a bicyclist who promises to make the speedy ones hustle. The fastest recorded time for a mile is 2.51 $\frac{2}{3}$, and at Cleveland, last August, F. X. Spranger, Jr., covered a mile in 2.49, and without previously having any training. At that time the Cleveland papers referred to Spranger as the "fair-haired Detroit boy with his little spurt." The best time for a mile of Van Sicklen, the lightning Chicago wheeler, is 2.48; so it will be seen that Mr. Spranger gets over the ground with the best of them. He recently covered a mile at Adrian on a rough track, in 2.57, and up to that time the Michigan record for a mile was 3.05. It was not till the latter part of August that he developed speed. He possesses a fine racing machine, and next season will go to Springfield, Mass., and Hartford, Ct., the wheelmen's paradise, and take part in the speed contests. Doubtless he will be heard of there to his credit. — *Herald*.

ONE of the most wonderful examples of the benefit to be derived from cycling has just been before us in the form of a pamphlet written by a sufferer from rheumatic gout which had puzzled nineteen doctors. The twentieth, however, recommended a tricycle; and, although worked in pain at first, it eventually caused a complete cure. We deal more fully with the subject in the December *Wheel World*, and we strongly recommend a perusal of our article therein by all who suffer from gout, as the pamphlet, which bears not a single advertisement, is evidently genuine. — *Cyclist*.

ONE of the young men about town — and it may be unnecessary to say he disliked the wheel — was talking with a wheelman the other evening, when he remarked: "I would n't ride a bicycle, it seems so boyish." "Oh, it does?" answered the cyclist; "well, since you are a good billiard player, pray tell me if rolling balls on a green cushion is as boyish as riding a wheel." "Oh, but billiards requires skill." "Yes, I see; but if you think that bicycling does n't, just step outside and try to mount my wheel, and see if you are not soon convinced that riding is an accomplishment." He subsided, but a few days later was around wanting to learn to ride. — *Spectator*.

THE great jockey, Fred Archer, who recently committed suicide, had very peculiar legs, which sometimes helped him to win a hard-fought race. They were abnormally

long between the knee and the ankle, and as limber as eels. In rare moments of excitement he would curl these conveniently boneless appendages back on the horse's haunches, and rake the poor beast with his spurs. It always fetched him.

THE dealers have organized a trade association. A meeting was held at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company last Friday, and a "Wheel Board of Trade" was organized. The purposes of this body were stated to be "to advance the interests of cycling, and regulate such matters as are for the general good of all concerned." The election of officers resulted in the choice of John Reed, chairman; W. B. Everett, secretary. A. H. Overman was appointed to draft articles of association.

WE have received the Columbia Calendar for 1887. It is a sealed book so far as its contents are concerned, but we have watched it during its compilation, and we know that the pages contain a deal of interesting reading in addition to the day and date. The calendar is mounted upon a back of heavy board, upon which is executed in oil-color effect, by G. H. Buek of New York, an allegorical scene representing Thomas Stevens circumbicycling the earth. In the lower corner a lady is pedalling her two-track Columbia tricycle along a country road. The calendar is decidedly ornamental, and has a value outside of this in the daily exposition of interesting matter.

THE *Republican* says that President Ducker, of the Springfield Club, emphatically declines a re-election. He says he wants a rest, — for a year, at least. He has got a Marlboro tandem, and expects soon to have another, and wants an opportunity to enjoy them next season. The knowing ones say that Mr. Ducker will find it hard to withstand the unanimous request of the members to serve another year as president. Mr. Ducker has done good and faithful service, but thinks he is entitled to a rest, and that others should put their shoulders to the wheel. In case Mr. Ducker is successful in preventing his own re-election, Sanford Lawton is mentioned as his successor. Mr. Lawton's election to the presidency would leave a vacancy in the office of secretary, for which it is understood Capt. McGarrett would be a candidate. W. H. Jordan will in all probability be elected treasurer, as there is an almost unanimous sentiment in his favor. For club captain, Fred Eldred is "mentioned," and if he would consent to stand, there would be no difficulty in electing him. Directors Selvey and Ripley will undoubtedly be retained in office. The annual election does not occur until January, but this early canvassing indicates that it will be an unusually interesting one. Rumor has it that the secretary's salary is to be cut down; in which case, there will probably be fewer candidates for the office, as the duties of the position require considerable time and self-sacrifice.

THE PATH.

W. M. RICHARDSON won the twenty-mile road race of the Pequonnock wheel club, Thanksgiving day, riding from Bridgeport, Conn., to Green's Farms and back in one

hour and thirty-two minutes, over muddy and soft roads. Four cyclists rode with him, and the second man finished thirty seconds behind the winner, whose final spurt had been effective. A gold medal was the prize.

MINNEAPOLIS, 27 Nov. *Fifty-mile race*, — W. M. Woodside (1), 2.46.50; W. J. Morgan (2).

CHICAGO. The fourth annual hare and hound chase of Chicago wheelmen, held under the auspices of the Chicago Bicycle Club, on Thanksgiving morning, proved a complete success. The course was from C. B. C. club house to Hotel Florence, Pullman, distance $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the race was won by J. M. Crennan (C. B. C. hare) in 1.12.45; F. A. Ingalls (C. B. C. hound), second, 1.15.35; W. A. Davis, (I. C. C. hare), third, 1.17.45; W. M. Peteau (C. B. C. hound), fourth, 1.17.55. Out of thirty starters, twenty finished inside of 1.30.

AN extraordinary bicycle race was recently decided in connection with the South Australian 'Cyclists' Union, at Adelaide. It occurred in the final heat of the Walker Whiskey Handicap and the bicycle obstacle-race. The conditions of the obstacle-race were: First lap — To ride round, lift machine over five hurdles, mounting machine after getting over hurdles, except the last one, when you run to the centre of the oval, lie on your back and eat a roll. Second lap: Crawl through a bag under tarpaulin and through casks, run 100 yards with bicycle, mount and finish lap in the saddle, dismounting opposite pavillion. Third lap: Run to centre 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 is the hero of the hour in Adelaide 'cycling circles.

MACON, GA. One of the events on Thanksgiving day was a fifty-mile race on bicycles between Miss Elsa Von Blumen, of Rochester, N. Y., and Robert Brantley, of Macon, champion long-distance rider of

Georgia, which took place at Base Ball Park in the afternoon, before a good crowd. A rain the night before and a cold north wind made racing on the heavy track very disagreeable, and the on-lookers were not over comfortable themselves. Darkness put an end to the race, Brantley leading with 48 miles to his credit, while Miss Von Blumen, who had retired earlier, only had 42 miles scored. One of the most exciting races ever held in this section was run by the same parties on 29 Nov., the time being 27 hours, commencing at one o'clock P. M. on the 29th, and ending at four o'clock P. M. on the 30th. Great interest was taken in the race, but as the course was in open air and the weather cold, many rests were taken by both the contestants, which accounts for the number of miles being so small. Brantley again came out victorious, making 170 miles and 1 lap to 163 miles 4 laps made by his opponent, the track being laid off in laps of one eighth of a mile. Both were badly punished by the exposure, and being the longest ride ever made by Brantley, his friends are jubilant over the splendid record for staying qualities he exhibited.

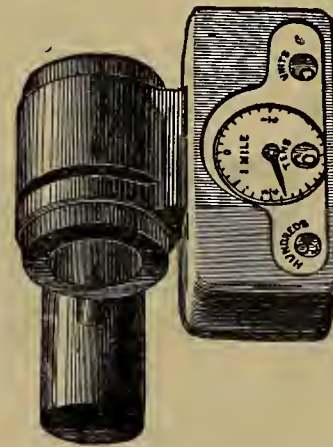
THE CLUB.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Calumet Cycling Club. The officers are: Robert Mabie, president; Walter, Bonner, vice-president; J. W. B. Quail Secretary; Irving G. Davis, treasurer N. L. Willis, captain.

THE Philadelphia Club had a housewarming Friday night of last week, at the club's new building, corner of Twentieth and Perot streets. Between five hundred and six hundred guests were present. Professor H. C. Barrett, formerly instructor at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, appeared with a class of five young men, who gave a good exhibition on the horizontal and parallel bars. At the conclusion of the athletic entertainment lunch was served. The club was organized 22 May, 1879, and incorporated 19 Dec., 1885. The corner-stone of the building was laid on 24 June last. The building, with furnishings, cost \$17,000.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE MILES ON THE ROAD. — Who made it? Read the answer in the Stars, and then say, if you can, that the Star is not a good long-distance machine. W. W. STALL, 509 Tremont street, Boston.

English Anti-Rust Nickel Paste. — Transparent. By applying a thin coating of Paste to nicked or bright parts, they can be kept in a damp cellar without rusting. You can also use machine in rain. Agents, please send address. One box by mail, post-paid, 25 cts. Send money by postal note or 2-cent stamps. Address only, STANDARD MFG. CO., 42 South Main Street, Box 536, Fall River, Mass.



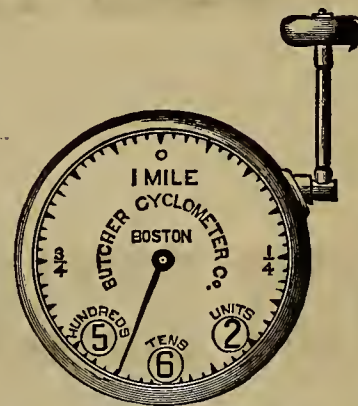
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Sent free by mail on receipt of price,

Ten Dollars

BUTCHER CYCLOMETER CO.

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Our "SPOKE" Cyclometer

We select because it is THE BEST, not the Lowest Priced. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price,

FIVE DOLLARS.

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.

APOLLO

Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

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RIDERS OF COLUMBIAS

—  **HOLD**  —

World's Records

— FROM —

$\frac{1}{4}$ MILE TO 24 MILES, INCLUSIVE,

— AND THE —

GREATEST DISTANCE EVER MADE WITHIN AN HOUR

22 MILES, 150 YARDS.

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