

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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WHEEL GOSSIP.

Tough riding weather.

The last of the Chicago party left Wednesday.

Wonder how the Kennebec tourists stood the weather.

Karl Kron's subscriptions are gradually rolling up.

The Columbia Swing Spring is past the experimental stage, and now on the market. It is described elsewhere.

Riders in ordering new mounts, should in all cases give their weight. It aids considerably in the selection of a proper machine.

The stealing of a bicycle is not unknown in this country, and already several cases have been reported. The latest that has come to notice is an Expert bicycle, No. 2901, 1883 pattern, full nicked, dropped handle bars, longer than usual, rubber handles, long distance saddle and ball pedals. Any information concerning the above wheel, will greatly oblige C. M. Galway, secretary Cincinnati Bicycle Club, care B. Kittredge, Cincinnati, O.

It is a careful man that registers the number of his bicycle as well as his watch, yet there are not many careful men.

Mr. Walter S. Dodge, the secretary of the Capital Club, of Washington, D.C., would like the name and address of every club secretary. Address replies to 919 G street.

Rev. Sylvanus Stall, of Lancaster, Pa., Rev. Wm. P. Evans, of Columbia, Pa., and Mr. Geo. D. Gotwald, of Gettysburg, Pa., called upon Messrs. Zacharias & Smith, at Oraton Hall, recently. These gentlemen started, July 28th, on a two weeks' trip on their bicycles, and expect to visit New York, go up the Hudson to the Catskill Mountains, from there to Schoharie, Sharon Springs, Cooperstown, Delaware Water Gap, and back to Easton. There is no doubt about bicycling being one of the best, if not the best way, of spending one's vacation, and these gentlemen fully appreciate it.

"Wheel Songs" is the title of a very handsomely bound volume containing a collection of wheel verses by S. Conant Foster, who now stands at the head of bicycle poets. The book contains very fine illustrations, and a number of poems which have appeared in the *Wheelman*, as well as a number of new ones. This work makes a very handsome volume.—*Canadian Wheelman*.

The "Always Ready" bicycle wrench is one of the latest novelties in the sundry line. It consists of a single piece of steel with

fixed jaws, which are cut to receive any size nut without adjustment. It weighs less than four ounces and can be obtained from the Portsmouth Wrench Co., 140 Congress st., Boston, Mass.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

SKETCH OF THOMAS STEVENS' RIDE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO BOSTON—SOME OF THE ADVENTURES HE MET WITH AND EXPECTS TO MEET—GRADE, ETC., OF COREY HILL—NOTES OF INTEREST GATHERED ALL AROUND THE HUB.

BOSTON, AUGUST 6, 1884.—Even if local wheeling is very dull here, we seem to each week be blessed with a sensation, or some unusual happening in the cycling line to keep our enthusiasm from flagging. Last week we had the satisfaction (?) of wondering at the recklessness of the three St. Louis wheelmen in riding, or more properly tumbling, down Mount Washington, and now we have the more interesting subject to talk about of Mr. Thomas Stevens' great undertaking of attempting to cycle around the globe. Mr. Stevens arrived here Monday, at about two o'clock P. M., and since then has been besieged with reporters and wheelmen, who ask him questions innumerable regarding his journey, all of which he endeavors to answer in as pleasant a way as possible. I should think his patience would be exhausted, but I suppose by this time he has become thoroughly hardened to the most persistent interviewer. He told me yesterday that he hadn't been in the city ten minutes before he was discovered by a reporter of one of the local dailies, who talked several columns out of him. It was the same throughout the rest of the afternoon; no matter where he would go, some one would bob up with a note book in his hand, and it was not until near bed time that he could escape to his hotel for supper.

Mr. Stevens is described as a gentleman of about 29 years of age, medium height, and of a slight, though strong and wiry, build. His light hair and moustache betray the fact that he is naturally a blond, but his face and hands have been so blackened by the sun and wind that one would be more likely to take him for a dusky resident of the South Sea Islands. He is an Englishman by birth, but for a number of years past has lived on the plains of the far West, where he has herded cattle, fought the Indians, chased buffaloes, rode his bicycle, and enjoyed himself generally. His attire may be picturesque, but it can hardly be said to be beautiful. It consists of a dark blue flannel shirt, brown knickerbockers, blue stockings, canvas shoes, and a white helmet, that was at one time probably white. As far as could be ascertained, the remainder of his wardrobe

consisted of an extra shirt and a note book, fastened to the head of his bicycle.

His machine is a ball bearing Standard Columbia, with cone bearing pedals. Beyond an accumulation of rust and dirt, the machine shows no very great signs of wear. He has had to repair it but seldom, and thinks that he would be able to complete the whole journey on it. This will not be necessary, however, as it is understood that the Pope Mfg. Co. are to present him with one of their Experts. Mr. Stevens himself shows no more signs of wear than does his bicycle, and one would scarcely believe he had accomplished a cycle ride of 3,500 miles. He has lost some twenty pounds in weight, but is none the worse for that.

Mr. Stevens apparently fails to appreciate the magnitude of his accomplishment, and talks very modestly of it. He says that he started from San Francisco on April 22d. The weather was then warm and pleasant, but when he reached the Sierras, he found it just the opposite, for the thermometer was oftentimes way below zero, and the snow was ten feet deep on the level. For forty miles he trundled his machine through the snow sheds of the Union Pacific Railroad. Were it not for these sheds it would have been impossible for him to have crossed the mountains. He is not traveling on a bet or anything of that kind, so is not limited as to time, but stops where he pleases, and does not hurry himself, although when on the wheel he pushes along as rapidly as possible without fatigue.

He followed the Union Pacific road as closely as possible, so as to avail himself of the hospitalities of the section houses, which, in the deserts and "bad lands" were his only resources to obtain either food or water. He had to walk with his bicycle across some of the "bad lands," for the surface of the land was so sticky that pounds of the clay would cling to the tire of his wheel, preventing it turning round. While crossing the 40-mile desert in Nevada, on which there is not a drop of water or a blade of grass, he passed numberless skeletons of mules and all kinds of animals left by the immigrants, who used to find the crossing of this desert the most difficult portion of their long journey to the golden lands. Through California and Nevada he followed the old California trail, the one pursued by the gold hunters of '49. Riding through Utah he skirted the northern borders of the great American Desert, and then followed the river to Ogden, thence to Omaha, and then on to Chicago, where he arrived July 4, and stopped their eight days. The worst part of his journey was now over, and he had little difficulty in rapidly pedaling on and reaching Boston in three weeks' time.

In the West he of course found but few of the rivers bridged, and was forced either to hunt up a ford, or swim across himself, and float his bicycle on fence posts. He says he did not attempt the feat of swimming across with his bicycle suspended beneath his stomach, as Karl Kron was alleged to have done. He met a great many Indians, but they were all very friendly, and made no attempt to molest him. The red men were, of course, greatly astonished at his wheel, and some were so frank as to admit that they had never before seen anything like it. Many of them at first had the impression that they could ride the machine as well as their mustangs, but one trial was usually sufficient to convince them to the contrary. One of the braves, however, did succeed in wabbling around a little, much to his delight, and the admiration of his people. As soon as he can come across some one in a secluded spot with sufficient money, he intends purchasing a bicycle. Hereafter buffalo hunting on bicycles will probably be a favorite sport with the wild Americans. The Chinamen were as bad about riding the bicycle as were the Indians, and even more anxious to make the attempt. The cowboys did not trouble him, as he himself is a member of that noble band of jolly youths. He found the inhabitants all through the West very hospitable, and always anxious to assist him in every way they could. It was only when crossing the deserts that he had any difficulty in obtaining anything he wanted, and even then could usually obtain necessities at the section houses along the railroad.

He states that he is making the trip partly for pleasure, and partly for other reasons. It is probable that if he succeeds in riding around the world, he will write a book describing his adventures. He is to remain in Boston for about two weeks, and while here will probably participate in a long distance race at the Union Grounds, against some of our local riders. From here he will go to New York, and from there sail for England. In the fall he will continue his wheel around the world, crossing Europe and Asia.

In response to the request of Charles Townsend, in the last issue of *THE WHEEL*, for a description of Corey Hill, I will say that it is the steepest and longest hill hereabouts that it is possible for a cyclist to ride up, and we Bostonians feel confident that there are not many more like it in this country. The grade of the hill is: Total length, 2,300 feet; height, 199 feet; average 1 foot in 11.41. Horizontal length from beginning of steeper part, 1,464 feet; height, 129.3 feet; average rise, 1 in 11.32 feet. On the last 150 feet the average is 1 in 7.85 feet, and for the next 470 feet lower down

the rise is 1 in 7.87 feet. The surface is at all times in a very soft condition, and in addition to the power required to ride up the hill, it requires a great deal of skill to prevent the wheel from "skidding" round. Numberless riders have tried to make the ascent, many coming from a distance and with the idea that they had surmounted more difficult hills in their section of the country; but most all have found their attempts to be vain. As far as known the only wheelmen who have ridden up the hill are H. D. Corey, Burt Pressy, Thomas Murphy, Arthur Young, and W. W. Stall, the latter on a tricycle.

The bicycle races on the Union Grounds last Friday were not as interesting as usual, for the winners were so far the superiors of all the others that no excitement was occasioned. The one mile without hands was won G. A. Anderson, of the Cambridge Cycle Club, in 4 minutes 12 seconds; E. Mason second. The two-mile race was as easily won by C. S. Whitney, of the Boston Club, who captured the gold medal in 7 minutes 30 seconds. A. Anderson, S. L. Howes, and W. W. Finley finished in the order named.

A number of the wheelmen present at the entertainment the Boston Club tendered to the Chicago tourists were so pleased with the members, and their headquarters that they have since become members of the club.

As the reconstruction in the racing rules allows L. A. W. members to compete for the Pope challenge cup, the committee of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Pennsylvania clubs have secured that emblem as an attraction for the coming bicycle tournament.

The Pope Mfg. Co. has presented the Connecticut Bicycle Club with an Expert Columbia bicycle, as a prize for the ten-mile open race, at their races to be held at Hartford, September 9.

Fred White, of Marlboro, who, according to the *Star*, claims to have invented a tricycle which by an arrangement of gearing, can be propelled at the rate of a mile in two minutes, expects to have his machine ready for trial in a few days. The driving wheels are 58 inches, and he claims a mechanical contrivance which gears them to 68. We wish him success, but two minutes to the mile is as fast as the average railroad trains.

Lieutenant C. L. Wiggin, of the Maverick Wheel Club, East Boston, has joined the list of century makers, having covered 101½ miles on July 28. His total time was 15 hours; actual riding time, 11 hours 25 minutes; longest distance without a dismount, 17 miles, which he covered in 1 hour 35 minutes.

All the important cycling dealers of Boston have established agencies at Cottage City for the summer, and all are reported as doing remarkably well. Tricycling has become exceedingly popular among the ladies there, and the agencies that have tricycles to let do a rushing business.

The Boston Ramblers drill squad will give an exhibition at Cottage City on the evening of August 15. The squad has been reorganized, and is now composed as follows: Charles S. Howard, Captain; A. D. Peck, Jr., First Lieutenant; W. C. Stahl, Second Lieutenant; H. H. Frost, Bugler; W. I. Harris, Color Bearer; and Frank Stinson, A. D. Rice, C. S. Whitney, F. E. Bryant, and George Fillebrown.

It is rumored that the \$1,500 prize cup, offered by the Pope Manufacturing Company for competition in twenty-mile amateur races, is hereafter to be competed for in five-mile events. The change will undoubtedly ensure a large field of starters when the cup is run for.

Wilmot, the fancy rider, is traveling in Maine and Vermont, accompanied by his wife. Wilmot is soon to secure a partner for double acts on the bicycle.

Speaking of fancy riding reminds me that a few days since, while at the Pope Co.'s rink, I saw the instructor, Mr. Hutchinson, perform a number of difficult and graceful tricks on his wheel. Among his best was his riding on the machine facing the rear wheel, and riding backwards apparently as easily as if he was faced the other way. I am told that he is the first rider to accomplish this feat.

Dr. W. G. Kendall has been appointed L. A. W. Consul for the Dorchester District.

The popularity of the Rudge, as a racing machine, continues to gain in favor, and well it may, for of all the machines now on the market, none can come up to the Rudge for that purpose. That Prince, Woodside, and all the leading professionals ride this machine is a good proof of its worth.

Col. Albert A. Pope, President of the Pope Mfg. Co., is spending the summer with his family at Rye Beach.

I shall keep my eyes open for that shameless wheelman who pretends to be Karl Kron, and, should I come across him, will sift him to the bottom, and inform Mr. K. K. of the result of my investigations.

It is amusing to hear our wheelmen talk about the official gazette. They one and all seem of the opinion that it is just so much money thrown away to pay for having it published, as not one cyclist in ten ever thinks of even opening it, much less reading it.

It is reported that Canafy is shortly to join a combination of fancy-riders and roller skaters.

A large number of the employes of the Pope Mfg. Co. are spending the summer at Winthrop.

W. C. and R. F. Stahl, of the Ramblers, are doing some good riding on the tandem, and their friends feel confident that they will bring home some of the Springfield prizes.

THE RECORD OF "NO. 234."

Among the curiosities on exhibition at the New York office of the Pope Manufacturing Company (No. 12 Warren street, a few steps from the City Hall) is the venerable 46-inch bicycle whose active and passive "mileage," if extended in a straight line, would have reached entirely around the planet we inhabit. Attached to it is a placard which attracts the attention of many an interested visitor, and which is hereby reproduced for the benefit of out-of-town readers of THE WHEEL:

"This machine, which was mounted for the first time by Karl Kron, on the 29th of May, 1879, has been driven by him a distance of 10,082 miles, as measured by Pope cyclometer, his final ride having been taken on the 14th of April, 1884. In making this record, upwards of 5,000 distinct miles of American roadway have been traversed, including 1,100 miles in the British possessions. Exact descriptions of these roads will be published in 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle.'

"The record of miles for each of the five years was as follows: 1879, first year, 742 miles; 1880, second year, 1,474 miles; 1881, third year, 1,956 miles; 1882, fourth year, 2,002 miles; 1883, fifth year, 3,534 miles. During the final twelve months, ending with the 14th of April, 1884, the record was 3,840 miles. On the 11th of October, 1883, when the machine had a total record of 8,228 miles, it made a day's record of 100 miles straightaway through Canada, and on the day after its 10,000 miles record was completed, it was

ridden from Stamford to Cheshire, Conn., (55 miles of hilly and sandy roads), within a period of twelve hours.

"The present tires were applied to the rims in August, 1880, and since then have traversed 8,608 miles in 23 different States and provinces, as follows: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and Bermuda.

"Between the 8th of October and the 22d of November, 1883, (embracing 36 days of actual riding, during the first 14 of which 635 miles were traversed in Canada, ending at Ogdensburg), this bicycle was driven from Detroit, Michigan, to Staunton, Va., making a continuous straightaway trail of 1,400 miles, equivalent to one eighteenth of the entire circumference of the globe. This is by far the longest continuous trail yet reported of a bicycle in any part of the world, and the tires which made it had traversed 6,600 miles before the beginning of the journey.

"In the course of its five years' service, this bicycle has been transported 9,750 miles by rail, and 4,550 miles by water, or 14,200 miles altogether. These figures, when combined with those representing its own active record, show a total mileage of 24,282, or only a trifle less than the estimated circumference of the globe.

"A detailed history of the machine was printed in the *Wheelman*, of March, 1883, and a sketch of 'The Last Days of No. 234,' appeared in the *Springfield Wheelman's Gazette*, of May, 1884. Both articles are to be reprinted in 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle,' a book of 350 or 400 pages, which is to be published as soon as 3,000 subscriptions are pledged at \$1.00 each. Nearly 1,600 of these have already been secured. Prospectus and table of contents may be obtained within."

A 350-MILE TOUR THROUGH CANADA.

In arranging a programme for a bicycle tour of several days, it is not advisable to announce a run of over thirty-five or forty miles per day. In arranging the programme for the Canada tour of the Detroit Bicycle Club, it was laid out to cover a great amount of territory in a comparatively small amount of time, so it necessitated some daily runs of sixty-five miles and over, and resulted in a very small number of participants, and those who had promised to join were afraid that the above mentioned number of miles daily were entirely beyond their reach, the writer himself fearing that he would be unable to accomplish the journey—but never was mortal man more greatly mistaken—nor greater enjoyment participated in than by the comparatively few who joined the party on the 13th day of July. A start was made from Windsor, Ont., opposite Detroit, at 8.30 A. M., with Goderich, Ont., as the objective point. The day was all that could be desired, with the favoring wind. After a journey over excellent roads, through Maidstone Cross, Essex Centre, and other villages, the party arrived on the outskirts of Leamington to find their first obstacle in the shape of sand for a mile or more, but by riding side-paths and walking, the town was reached and dinner obtained after a rest of one and one half hours. The start was again made, passing through an elegant country with smiling fields on one side, and the beautiful waters of Lake Erie on the other. Deulton, sixty-four miles distant from Windsor, was

reached by 6 P. M. The roads for the first day's run were as fine as one could wish, with the exception of occasional patches of gravel where the road was repaired, which required frequent dismounts, and very close riding at times, with of course its usual accompaniments of "headers." "Shorty" (Mr. Weeks), of Detroit, who rode a 44-inch wheel, was the only person who did not arrive on time; he, having a great fondness for cherries, stopped at various farm yards and had his fill, and his delay was no doubt owing to an overloaded stomach which necessitated a two hours' nap at a farm house; at least, that is what he says. With a cup of tea and a rubbing with arnica, he announced himself in readiness for to-morrow's journey.

The second day proved a repetition of the wind, weather, and road of the first day. On arrival at Morpeth, we were joined by a local wheelman who continued with us to the end. About 10 o'clock in the morning we arrived at the famous Gardner farm, about three miles east of Morpeth, when the generous hospitality of Mr. Gardner and his family, made famous by his entertainment of the Chicago tourists last season, was availed of by our party. As all of the male members of Mr. G.'s family are musicians and have a brass band of their own, we were only too sorry to find that most of them were away from home. After a short ride Clearville was reached, where we intended to take dinner, but owing to our lunch at Mr. Gardner's, we did not stop at Clearville. We found that the next fourteen miles of road were almost impassable, owing to great depth of sand, heavy clay roads, and "awful" hills.

After prospecting for five miles, a part of the party secured an ambulance and proceeded to Wallacetown, where we were to stop for the night, but upon consulting our watches we found it was only three o'clock, so we decided to push for St. Thomas, nineteen miles distant, over good roads, where we arrived in time for supper. Of the numerous incidents of the day one only need be mentioned, the fearful ride of Mr. L. down the famous Kettle Hill at a speed of forty miles per hour. Mr. L. tried to ride down the hill with his feet on his pedals, when he lost entire control of his machine, and it ran away with him; should he have met a small obstacle, it would have resulted in a very severe injury or death. In the evening we were entertained by various wheelmen. After dinner the following day, a ride was made to London, nineteen miles away. The evening was very pleasantly spent in London, being very handsomely entertained and banqueted by the Ariels and Forest City Clubs. Early to bed and get ready for a sixty-eight mile run over what purported to be the best road in Canada. It can only be described as follows: For the first twenty miles the roughest kind of Macadam filled with ruts about ten inches apart, and the rest of the road is very fair, but not so good as some of the roads in our first and second days' rides. We were of course very much disappointed, as from the reputation of the road we anticipated a great ride. However, Exeter was reached at noon, and a halt made for dinner. In this connection allow me to call attention of the wheelmen to the Commercial Hotel, at Exeter, where we stopped for dinner. Mine host, Hawkshaw, and his son who presides at the bar, did all in their power to make our stay comfortable, and we promised on our return to visit him again, a promise we faithfully kept in spite of a gale of wind, direct head one, which made wheeling very hard. We pushed on and arrived at Goderich at 8 P. M., very much fatigued over what proved the hardest day's work in the experience of the entire party. The follow-

ing day was spent in wheeling over the excellent roads in the vicinity of Goderich, a visit to the Point Farm, a favorite watering place, the Falls, and other places of resort. Leaving Goderich the next morning, a run was made to Exeter for dinner, where the afternoon was spent, and after taking supper a run of ten miles brought us to Clandeboye, where the night was spent. From Clandeboye to Goderich for dinner, over excellent roads via Ailsa Craig, and a run of nineteen miles to Warwick village for the night. The last day's run to Sarnia of thirty miles over good gravel, bad clay, and deep sand, brought us into Sarnia, and ended a 350-mile bicycle ride. It is noteworthy to remark that with the exception of the first two days, strong head winds were met with at every turn. At Sarnia a steamer was boarded, and we arrived at Detroit at 6 P. M., on the 8th day out. The beautiful river and lake scenery appropriately ended what will always be considered by all participants as one of the events of their lives.—*Canadian Wheelman.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA ELECTIONS.

Editor of The Wheel: H. S. Brunot has written you a very fair letter on the subject of our late L. A. W. State elections. I say a very fair one, for I judge from one or two of his paragraphs that his information as to at least one State election was not as full as it might have been; and consequently his pronounced judgment on said election is inaccurate. Here is one of his statements: "Vast numbers of members would vote the first ticket placed in their hands." Now, in the interests of the voters of Penna. who elected the present officers, I would wish to state the following: They voted with their eyes open, they voted knowing for whom and for what they voted, and they voted and elected the last ticket placed in their hands, and placed in their hands by "the Philadelphia club" who Mr. Brunot insinuates took advantage of the innocence and gullability of its fellow wheelmen of Penna. Now your correspondent has opened a subject, namely, our present system of electing officers, which will bear criticism, but when he asserts, as he does assert, that a certain Philadelphia club "took advantage" of circumstances for implied personal ends, he is neither aware of the public, very public, method of working which has always distinguished this club, and which is the best defence which its members can advance to any charge implying sharp practice on their part; nor is he at all complimentary as to the intelligence and common sense of his fellow L. A. W. members of Pa. Now bear with me, friend Brunot; we both belong to the same division, and I will see if the Penna. Div. cannot convict you out of your own mouth. As for the "enterprising organization in New England," they are sharp enough and strong enough to fight their own battles. Now first of all you say that this Phila. club knew that the members of the Division would vote the first ticket placed in their hands. Explain then the reason why they did not do so? Why was it that the last ticket promulgated carried so much weight that it went through almost entire? How can you reconcile the following fact with your charge of a hustling vote? The writer received a letter from one of our present officers, near the centre of the State, saying that this last ticket had been received, but as he and his whole club had voted another ticket, one of twelve others previously received with his own name on every one of them, he regretted that he could not, as he would wish to, vote the last ticket in the field. Now for the second conviction.

You say "that nine out of ten voted the first ticket supplied to them." Now the figures of the election returns will most emphatically disprove this statement. A strong ticket had been in the field prior to the one under notice, and the number of votes polled for it, even if no others had been cast, would have been creditable enough for the Pa. Division interest in L. A. W. affairs, as Division interests then invited. It required this second ticket, launched at comparatively the last moment, launched as a forlorn hope, but borne forward to victory by the almost herculean efforts of its backers; it required this eleventh hour canvass to shoot Pa.'s voting membership far ahead of that of her sister States of Massachusetts and New York, whose superior numerical strength ought naturally to have called out their more active voting interest. I am very much afraid that Mr. Brunot's "first ticket" statement partakes very much of the nature of a boomerang in the case of the Penna. Div. election, and for the honor of the Division, and from justice to the certain "Phila. club" referred to, which club would ask Mr. Brunot to remember Washington, and from a recognition and respect for the intelligence of individual Pa. Div. members, I hope that Mr. Brunot's remarks were intended to apply to "one or two enterprising organizations in New England," for whom the writer must perforce profess sincere sympathy.

ARTHUR H. MAC OWEN.

PHILA., PA., Aug. 2, '84.

PROGRAMME OF SPRINGFIELD RACES.

First Day—Tuesday, Sept. 16.

Park open at 12.30; band concert, 1.30; races at 2.30.

- 1—2.30 P. M.—One-mile professional handicap, purse of \$100.
- 2—2.45 P. M.—Ten-mile amateur, open to all, 3 prizes, value \$300.
- 3—3.25 P. M.—One-mile 3.20 class, 3 prizes, value \$100.
- 4—3.40 P. M.—Two-mile tricycle, 3 prizes, value \$125.
- 5—3.55 P. M.—Three-mile tandem, 6 prizes; 2 first, 2 second, 2 third; value \$150.
- 6—4.15 P. M.—One-mile time; race time, 3.16; three prizes, value \$100.
- 7—4.30 P. M.—Three-mile professional, purse of \$150.
- 8—4.50 P. M.—Three-mile tug of war, 6 prizes; 3 first, 3 second, value \$100.
- 9—5.15 P. M.—Two-mile class, race time 6.25; 3 prizes, value \$125.

Second Day—Wednesday, Sept. 17.

Assemble on park at 9 A. M. sharp, for grand parade.

Afternoon.

Park opens at 12.30; band concert 1.30; races 2.30.

- 1—2.30 P. M.—Ten-mile professional, purse \$500.
- 2—3.10 P. M.—Two-mile, open, 3 prizes, value \$125.
- 3—3.25 P. M.—One-mile, without hands, 3 prizes, value \$100.
- 4—3.40 P. M.—Three-mile class, race time 9.50; 3 prizes, value \$150.
- 5—4 P. M.—Five-mile Victor tricycle, 3 prizes, value \$300. 1st prize, Victor tricycle, presented by the Overman Wheel Company.
- 6—4.30 P. M.—Half-mile dash, 3 prizes, value \$50.
- 7—4.40 P. M.—One-mile professional, purse of \$100.
- 8—4.55 P. M.—Five-mile record, 3 prizes, value \$200; additional prize of a \$75 gold watch to the winner.
- 9—5.20 P. M.—Two-mile tandem, 2 first prizes, 2 second prizes, value \$125.

Third Day—Thursday, Sept. 18.

Rendezvous on park at 9.30 A. M., for run to Holyoke, 8 miles; fine road alongside the Connecticut river.

Afternoon.

Park open at 12.30; band concert, 1.30; races, 2.30.

- 1—2.30 P. M.—Three-mile professional record race, value \$150.
- 2—2.55 P. M.—Half-mile class, time 1.40, 3 prizes, value \$50.
- 3—3 P. M.—One-mile ride and run, 3 prizes, value \$100.
- 4—3.15 P. M.—Five-mile, class time 16.40, 3 prizes, value \$200.
- 5—3.40 P. M.—Five-mile professional, purse of \$200.
- 6—4.05 P. M.—One-mile tandem, 2 first prizes, 2 second prizes, value \$100.
- 7—4.20 P. M.—Ten-mile record, 3 prizes, value \$300; additional prize of \$150 gold watch to the winner.
- 8—5 P. M.—One-mile tricycle, three prizes, value \$100.
- 9—5.15 P. M.—One-mile, open, three prizes, value \$100.

Evening.

Park open at 7 P. M.; band concert, 8 P. M. Grand display of fireworks furnished by Hyde & Co., of Boston, consisting of ninety pieces, many relating to bicycling. Full programme in September issue of *Gazette*.

Fourth Day—Friday, Sept. 19.

Park opens at 12.30; band concert, 1.30; races at 2.30.

- 1—2.30 P. M.—Five-mile open, three prizes, value \$200.
 - 2—2.55 P. M.—Five-mile professional, purse of \$200.
 - 3—3.20 P. M.—Half-mile class, time 1.32; three prizes, value \$50.
 - 4—3.30 P. M.—One-mile tug of war, three first prizes, three second prizes, value \$100.
 - 5—3.45 P. M.—Three-mile record race, three prizes, value \$150; an additional prize of a \$50 watch to the winner.
 - 6—4.05 P. M.—Five-mile professional, record race, purse \$200.
 - 7—4.30 P. M.—Three-mile tricycle, three prizes, value \$150.
 - 8—4.50 P. M.—Three-mile open, three prizes, value \$150.
 - 9—5.10 P. M.—One-mile consolation, five prizes, value \$100.
- To clubs having the largest number of men in parade Wednesday, Sept. 17, three prizes, value \$100.

Entries close Wednesday, Sept. 10, to A. L. Fennessy, Chairman of the Racing Board.

All prizes and purses are divided, 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third.

Time Races are for the one coming nearest the time given. No coaching or carrying of a time piece is allowed.

Class Races are for those who have never beaten the time given.

Record Races are won as follows: The man winning the largest number of intermediate half miles wins the race, and as the running of a race of this kind means the lowering of existing records, the man winning the last mile and making a record will get in addition on a three-mile race a \$50 watch, five-mile race, \$75 gold watch, ten-mile \$150 gold watch. These prizes do not interfere with the other prizes, but are in addition if record is broken.

The following fees will be adopted:

AMATEURS.

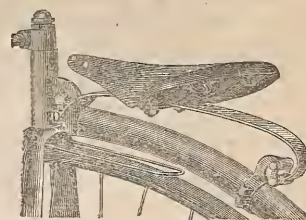
- | | | |
|--------------------------|---|-----------------|
| All ½ and 1 mile events, | - | \$1 each event. |
| " 2 mile events, | - | 2 " " |
| " 3 and 5 mile events, | - | 3 " " |
| " 10 mile events, | - | 5 " " |

PROFESSIONALS.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---|-----------------|
| 1 and 3 mile events, | - | \$3 each event. |
| Five-mile events, | - | 5 " " |
| Ten-mile events, | - | 10 " " |

All races must at least have three men to start, or the number of prizes will be reduced.

AMONG THE DEALERS.



The Columbia Swing Spring combines the best combinations of three different inventors toward 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 relieves 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 condemned for most riders several otherwise good springs. The ordinary bolted clip spring is, where well made, sufficient relief from the vertical jar. But the fore-and-aft jarring caused by meeting obstructions to the large wheel, has hitherto found no efficient relief except with springs otherwise very objectionable. This last difficulty the Columbia Swing Spring overcomes by means of two pendent links combined with other parts in a peculiar way, as shown in the cut, so as to allow a fore-and-aft motion of the seat to a limited but sufficient extent to stop vibration, and to ease the rider over considerable obstructions. In averting headers it is a safety device beyond any other in the market. This spring is only applicable to the Expert Columbia Bicycle, and on that machine is readily interchangeable for the one usually sold with it heretofore. Price, nickel-plated, \$6.50; additional as a substitute for the other on new machine, \$3.25.

Messrs. Duryea & Garvey, of St. Louis, have been granted patents in Great Britain for their celebrated saddle, and will commence to manufacture in large quantities this fall.

FROM THE CLUBS.

HARLEM WHEELMEN.—Perhaps a few lines concerning the "Harlem Wheelmen" would prove interesting to some of your readers, particularly the unattached, living in this part of the city, who at present are not aware of our existence. The club, although formed a year ago, has only lately become thoroughly aroused. Rooms have been secured at 58 West 125th st., which are now being fitted up as rapidly as possible, new members are constantly coming in, and before long we expect to be as "live" a club as any in the city. At present the membership numbers twenty-two, our largest wheel is 58-inches, and the smallest 50; we also have a Coventry Convertible tricycle, the owner of which contemplates the purchase of a bicycle also. A "Grand Torchlight Procession" will be held Aug. 9th, starting from the club rooms at 8 P. M.; the line of march will be up Seventh avenue to 132d street, to Sixth avenue, to 123d street, to Mt. Morris avenue, to 124th street, to Fifth avenue, to 130th street, and return to 124th street, to Pleasant avenue, to 116th street, to Sixth avenue, to 125th street. We are anxious to increase our membership as much as possible, and would be pleased to have unattached riders residing in Harlem or vicinity send their names, etc., to E. K. Bourne, Secy., or to call in person at the rooms, where wheelmen in general are always welcome.

Yours fraternally,

HARLEMITE.

HARLEM, Aug. 4th, 1884.



Subscription Price - - - One Dollar A Year
Clubs of Six - - - - - Five Dollars
European Subscriptions, - - - 5 Shillings

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New York, August 8, 1884.

To Subscribers and Correspondents.

Subscribers must be particular to notify the Publishers promptly of any change in their address. If they do not receive their paper regularly it is on this account.

Contributors and correspondents will please separate general correspondence to the Editor from matter intended for publication. Always sign (confidentially) full name and address, with *nom de plume*, as no attention is paid to anonymous contributions. Write only on one side of the sheet, and have all communications sent in by Monday morning at the latest.

All matters relating to subscriptions or advertisements, and all business connected with THE WHEEL should be addressed to the Company. Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to THE 'CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In sending stamps please bear in mind that we cannot use other than the two or one cent issue. A one dollar bill is as safe as a postal note of that denomination, and more convenient to enclose and receive.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

As year after year passes by, we learn by practical experience that certain fundamental principles of government which we considered adequate to a prosperous existence are not to a considerable degree perfect, and can usually be improved upon. This is noticeable in the Constitution and Rules of the League of American Wheelmen, which, although alteration after alteration has been made in the same, have not as yet reached that state of perfection which past experience should lead us to expect. The main difficulty has been that this version of rules has usually been left to the national body assembled at their annual meet, where the elements of enjoyment predominate over those of actual business. The result is that all the business is crowded into a few hours, and usually the first thing suggested is adopted, without that careful consideration which the nature of the case merits. This has been the history of the past, but recently a decided improvement has been inaugurated. At the recent convention at Washington the membership of the League at large showed its confidence in the Board of Officers elect, by referring to them for action the various amendments that had been suggested regarding the League rules, which is certainly a step in the right direction.

In a recent issue of the Official Gazette, the editor, who is Chairman of the Committee on Rules and Regulations, throws out some suggestions in regard to combining the offices of Secretary and Treasurer of that august body under one head, and puts forth some arguments which prove pretty conclusively that although the ink was hardly dry on his certificate of appointment, he had learned in that brief period of time by practical experience a lesson which THE WHEEL for a long time past had been endeavoring to impress upon the minds of our law makers.

As early as last January there was printed in THE WHEEL an amendment to the rules by which the results which the Recording Secretary now desires would have been brought about. It provided for the combina-

tion of the offices of Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer in one, uniting the meagre salaries, which would have admitted of the employment of a competent assistant, and the then Corresponding Secretary stood ready to hand in his resignation in favor of the gentleman who at that time filled the office of Treasurer.

How this suggestion was received is now a matter of history. At the officers' meeting it was decided that the Board of Officers had no power to alter the Constitution, and the subject died for want of a champion bold enough to proclaim its merits and push it to an issue. Outside it was not favorably received. It was called in some localities a salary grab, a monopoly of office, and the ever sectional feeling of jealousy resulted in overpowering it; and although it is not a matter of surprise to see it thus revived, we can hardly hope to see the desired end accomplished. The geographical situation of this country demand that there shall be enough offices to satisfy the ambition of the prominent wheelmen in its various sections, and in our opinion the present assignment of offices should be as it is, in order to secure harmony.

As far as practical benefits are concerned, it would perhaps be better for the League in general to concentrate the two important offices in one, provided such a man as Mr. Eugene M. Aaron could always be available for the position; but we cannot always expect to have such an active and honest worker at our command. The result of the latter part of last year's administration, when the two offices were temporarily combined, proves that in most cases it would prove a dangerous precedent. It would place considerable power in the hands of one who might be easily influenced and manipulated by those who had private ends in view, and thus create discord. On the whole, it is better that no such change be made, and we think that when the entire ground is gone over, the majority of the members of the League of American Wheelmen will agree to let well enough alone.

LESSONS FROM LONDON.

Editor of The Wheel: The latest member of the C. T. C. to send me a subscription pledge from over the water is a member of the Haverstock Cycling Club, London (114 Malden Road, N. W.), whose accompanying note, dated 22d July, is as follows:

"I am myself a rider of a 46-inch bicycle. My first machine, after my preliminary days on the wooden steeds, was a 46-inch Ariel, bought in 1875. This was followed in 1877 by a 46-inch Eclipse, and I am now comfortably settled on a beautiful little 46-inch, the work of a small maker named Pick. My riding in 1877 just reached 2,000 miles, and I had it recorded in the first of the bicycle annuals. I have gone on doing more each year, until my record last year reached 5,354 miles. As I am in business in a little shop, my chief day for riding is Sunday, though on Thursday I close at two o'clock, and usually spend the afternoon on the bicycle. I contend that Sunday is the best of days for riding, because the roads are then almost deserted of traffic, and are not made muddy by the water carts. I have not missed a ride on Sunday for over two years. The shortest Sunday ride during that interval was to Wardsworth, 16 miles, and the longest was to Market Deeping, 174 miles. I have made fourteen runs to Peterborough, Market Deeping, or Stamford. What a wonderful fillip you must be giving to cycling in the great western country! But for that I should wish you were here with us. I have

secured from Mr. Shipton a prospectus of your great undertaking, and cannot allow another day to slide before signifying my wish to subscribe and possess so unique a book."

The fact that all but five of my sixteen subscribers in Great Britain are residents of London serves in a small way to indicate the vastness of the city. The indescribable immensity of London was the characteristic of the place that was always uppermost in my consciousness, during my five months' residence there. I don't believe that any one can really grasp the idea of its magnitude without a personal visit, and I don't much blame the Londoners for believing that the rest of the world, outside their city, is really very small. I am moved to say this by the sight of a paragraph taken from the *London Builder*, which says: "The city contains a fifth of the population of England. The number of its inhabitants exceeds the whole number of the inhabitants of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Dresden, and Turin." That paragraph has enough solid significance behind it to make it worth remembering.

A certain law student of this city, who has just crossed over to take a three months' vacation in and around London, where several years of his school life were spent, called on me the day before he sailed, in order to offer his services in securing subscribers for my road book among the many fellow members of the C. T. C. whom he designed to meet. He expressed an entire agreement with me as to the unwisdom of attempting to follow the English notion of a "reduction of rates" in their country, where the hotel system is so different; and he said that even in England there were doubts as to the expediency of upholding a policy whose inevitable tendency was towards lowering the scale of comfort obtainable. He also put forward a consideration which I had not thought of, but which no doubt helps to explain why a "reduction of rates" is in itself of more relative importance among English than among American tourists. He said that, probably as a result of the much cheaper rate at which bicycles could be bought in England, the wheelmen of the United States (where at least \$100 may be assumed as the average cost of machines used in touring) are, as a class, distinctively "better off" in a pecuniary sense than their English brethren—more generally accustomed to a liberal scale of living, and more generally to pay for the comforts and luxuries of life. The high class, expensive "hotels" of Great Britain make no attempt at all, he said, to cater to the patronage of cyclists; and the "inns" recommended by the C. T. C. would not be considered very admirable to the average American.

I presume the *Bi. World* of this week will print the letter I wrote two days ago, asking it to call attention to my argument on the "Hotel Question" in this month's *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*. In that letter I lay stress upon the fact that while on a tour a wheelman often takes his breakfast, dinner, supper, and lodging at four separate hotels on a single day; and that the "reduction of ten per cent." or "twenty per cent." on the standard "two dollars a day" therefore means, in practice, the knocking off of five or ten cents on a half dollar charge. It is an absurd fallacy to assume that there is any real economy in this petty saving; for, for every five or ten cents "reduced," the landlord is certain to take fifteen or twenty cents from the value of what he gives the tourist. As a true economist, I protest against the folly of any such beggarly, cheese-paring policy. "Full rates for the most comfortable treatment attainable;" that

should be the motto of the League. Bath tubs, and big towels, and well ventilated rooms, and good food to eat, and plenty of rich milk to drink, and a hearty welcome to them all by the landlord who knows his full rates will be cheerfully paid;—those are the things which a real tourist has in mind as most desirable at the end of a hard day's run; then it is above all other times, that he is anxious to pay for "the best," even if he has to scrimp himself in respect to spending money for weeks or months after his tour is over.

It may perhaps be worth my putting on record, as an illustration of the laboriousness of the act of literary composition in my case, that the task of writing a chapter (of about 12,000 words) for my proposed book required six solid days of last week, and an average of eight hours steady pen-pushing on each day. On each of those days, too, my ordinary correspondence and subscription work required an average of an hour and a half of very brisk writing. Forty-eight subscriptions have come to me during the seven days since I last reported to THE WHEEL (fourteen names from Smithville, N. J., being the largest single arrival), and my present enrollment is therefore 1,555, though I suppose the real total of those pledged is about thirty more than that. In other words, I now lack "only" 1,400 one dollar pledges to bring me in sight of the goal.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., Aug. 4.

MY SUMMER VACATION.

The summer months are usually the duller of the year as far as news is concerned, and we trust our correspondents at a distance will hunt around and drive some into the editor's letter box.—THE WHEEL, Aug. 1.

Editor of The Wheel: Friday morning, and New York is in rather a muddy condition. It is somewhat chilly, disagreeable, and raining just enough to make an umbrella necessary. A pleasant greeting to the "Citizen" and his "wheel" upon their return from a week's vacation. Different the weather among the mountains and hills of the north, where a snow storm would have occasioned no surprise. Clad in a farmer's overcoat when out of the saddle, I managed to keep very comfortable. Several members of our family, having ventured north for the summer months, found a pleasant home on a large farm near Peru, a very quiet little town of half a dozen buildings, in one of which, located near the church, I found the post office, almost lost, however, in a general stock of dry goods and farming implements. This place is three miles from Lake Champlain, southwest of Plattsburg, and one can ride in any direction through the deepest sand, and enjoy some of the finest scenery in the world. The Adirondacks are only a few miles west (six, I believe), which add very much to the situation. With my sister for a companion, and the "wheel" to try some of the roads of northern New York, we left New York Thursday evening of the 17th, on the steamer "Providence." Some very choice flowers (though not intended for me personally) gave us a very pleasant surprise just before sailing, and during the evening the concert by the band was most thoroughly enjoyed. Upon arrival in Boston, 7 A. M., we visited the Common and public gardens, which at that hour were quite deserted, only a tramp here and there, hungry and scowling as usual, evidently not appreciating the Common or anything else, only as far as the trees and benches afforded shade and a place of rest to his lazy frame. We breakfasted at a restaurant near by, neat in appearance, and where they served an excel-

lent meal at a very moderate rate—quite an exception to the rule in Boston. The proprietor, however, did not appreciate the "Citizens" uniform, giving instead his attention exclusively to my companion, and to whom he was most devoted, giving her some very pretty flowers to make himself more agreeable. The young lady in question is not very large, nor yet very small, but just about right, and I, even her brother, must admit attractive; so I was at once compelled to resign and give her the first place, which she retained with considerable dignity, until our return home a week later. The train left Boston at 8.30, passing through Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, and Concord, where the roads, as far I could judge, were just about right, having a hard, smooth surface, just a little dusty it is true, but generally free of large stones and very few of a smaller size; but from Concord to St. Albans they were rough and rather sandy in places—"a hard road to travel." At White River Junction we left our car for dinner, and in our absence a German woman of remarkable size with a number of children, each one of whom carried something, removed our baggage and took possession of 7 seats, and refused to vacate unless we found and reserved for her use seats equally good; so placing two bundles in seat at the other end of the car, the usual sign "taken," the party were immediately formed and marched by file to their destination, amusing the passengers, this German parade, heavy artillery, &c. She seemed better fitted to command than the leader, no other than myself.

At St. Albans we learned the time tables had changed somewhat, and the train would arrive at Rouses Point about ten minutes after the night express had left for the South, so we could not reach our destination that night. In Rouses Point we found a first class hotel in charge of a pleasant, genial landlord, who made us very comfortable and feel quite at home. In the morning I went out early, and found the roads perfect; a shower the night before had settled the dust, and the ride was one of the most enjoyable during the whole trip. There are no hills, and nothing to look at but the lake and a few hotels. Arriving at Plattsburg about ten o'clock, and having four hours to wait for another train, we decided upon having a sail on the lake, which at that time was very rough, nearly capsizing a steamer, on which a small party of visitors were steaming around; they escaped wet through, however.

That little episode did not change our minds, nor frighten my companion, who is quite a sailor, and we made the "lone fisherman" open wide his eyes, and stare in perfect astonishment, when a request was made for his boat. He evidently had but little confidence in a bicyclist; the "Citizens" uniform is light, but very substantial; he, however, thought the individual in that particular suit was much lighter than the material, and it was only after much persuasion we succeeded in assuming command of his dainty little craft. Out but a few moments, when a loud shout called our attention shoreward, where were displayed signals of danger, to which we paid no attention, and they one after another sat down in the shade against the boat house to render assistance when we washed ashore; we didn't wash however, but in an hour or so became very hungry, which turned our craft toward shore, where we safely landed to the surprise of everybody. It required a good hour to do justice to the dinner at the "Fouquette House," when our train came in, and required a hasty departure from that dining room. A lady approached my companion, and said she d

sired our company on the cars, to which we both gave a nod of approval, and when seated she produced twelve sticks of candy, finished off in red, and informed us that it was her treat. The candy did not go where intended, but took rather a quiet and circuitous route toward the floor of the car. Passing a number of soldiers, she assured us the soldier made her breast heave with pride—directly connected with the battle of Waterloo, and her husband having enlisted at the close of the war, she always felt an interest in such things. Her husband did not go and get shot, but lived to die lately, and now she was left a widow with ten children, and only forty-five, too.

At Peru, before mounting for a ride, my mother-in-law, out driving, saw us from afar, and came up to take my sister and the baggage in. When standing in the carriage to give the usual salutation to a mother-in-law, the horse became suddenly possessed with a desire to examine that machine, when I was quickly upset and lost somewhere in the bottom of the wagon, but suddenly came to upon discovering a suspicious jug, the contents of which was delicious. It was a very successful treat. The roads were too sandy to spend much time in the saddle, but the plank road from the chasm to Port Kent, three miles, made a good ride of ten to fifteen minutes, but hardly paid for the trouble and expense of taking a wheel so far. One afternoon, while our horse was resting under the shade of a large oak, overlooking the chasm, some forty or fifty members of the Chicago tour rode by, when a hearty shout nearly tumbled one of the men out of his saddle, our old friend and club mate, Fred Jenkins. He could not resist a pair of black eyes in the carriage; and with his usual gallantry dismounted, leaving his companions to go on without him. He immediately relieved me of my charge, we simply changed places, "though a crank am I;" the Pony Star did not permit the two to ride very far in advance, and we entered the chasm together. The walk is rather narrow and dangerous, just room for two. So remaining well to the rear, I gave way to a stronger and more reliable arm than that of a brother. The next morning, we all crossed the lake together but having arranged to return home via New London, had to leave the party and take the train at Burlington. The riding in this city is all that could be desired, and every other man is a wheelman. Bicycles were standing against stores, offices, parsonages, undertakers. I know not where one could look without finding one, and very few riders were in uniform. There are hills in Burlington, just right for coasting, but rather hard to climb I should imagine. Every train that came in brought one or two wheels, and asking if there were people in that town who did not ride, the baggage master let his trunk fall, and gave utterance to a great many words, in the most reckless and extravagant manner. At Bellows Falls, a bicycle stood against the telegraph office, and a gentleman standing near informed me the agent used it to ride between his home and the office—the roads did not look very encouraging. Brattleboro should have a large club, the roads are so much like those of Burlington; but I did not discover one bicycle in the place, the people were too much occupied in playing lawn tennis. A ride on the engine through the Connecticut Valley left us in New London about four in the afternoon, with several hours to wait the sailing of the steamer. So crossing the Thames to Groton, and climbing a hill, the top of which it seemed we would never reach, stood before "Bunker Hill Monument No. 2," and upon an elevation, from

which the Sound and surrounding country as far as the eye could reach spread before us like a grand picture. We spent nearly three hours in and on Fort Griswold, adjoining the monument, deserted, but not uncared for. The kindly keeper lives near the entrance. With just land enough around his cottage to pasture the cow, and make a neat little garden, he keeps his cow in the fort at night. Within the fort stands a marble tablet, which locates the spot where Col. Ledyard fell. An iron fence preserves the tablet, the fence just high enough to prevent relic hunters from chipping the marble.

The steamer's whistle called our attention to the fact we were nearing home, and having arrived, you will now kindly allow me to close the trip, with a wish for many of our friends just such a good time, and pleasant vacation as was our good fortune to enjoy.

Very truly,

FRED A. COLEMAN,

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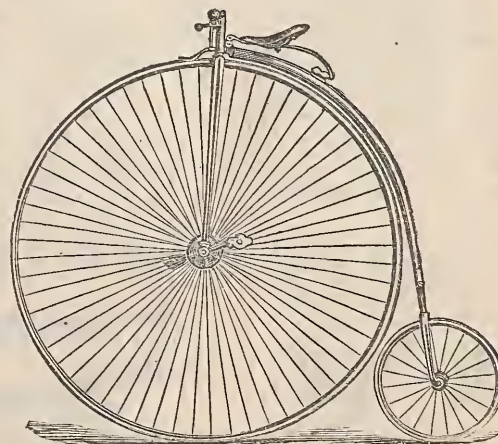
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" " " solid colors, with club initials woven, to order.....	21.00
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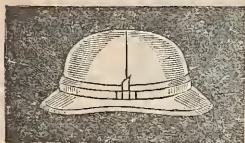


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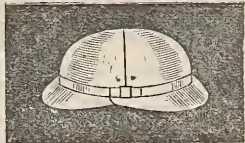
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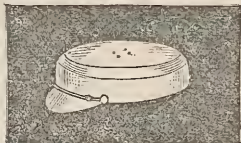
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1st qual. white or drab, \$1.50 each,
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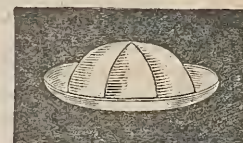
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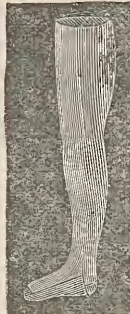
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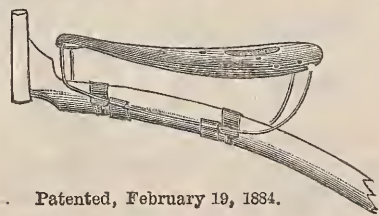
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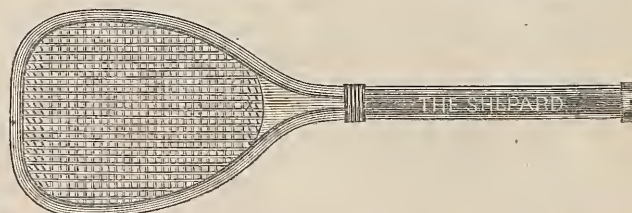
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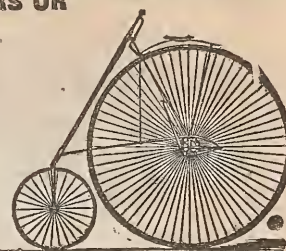
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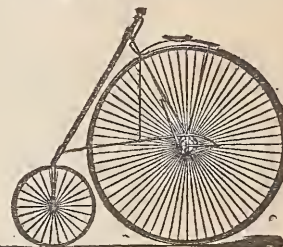
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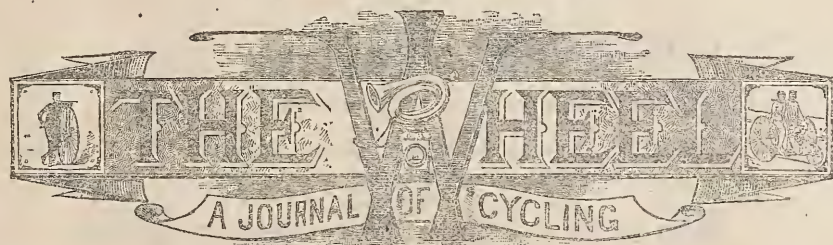
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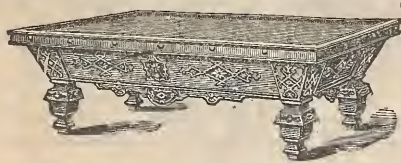
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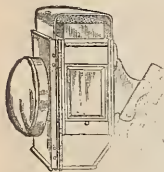
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