THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. 10. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1888. 50 cents per Annum.

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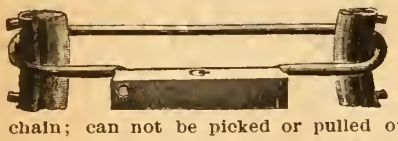

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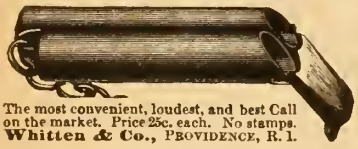

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No better time for riding than these cool Autumn evenings, but night falls early and one cannot enjoy the luxury of a spin without a good serviceable lamp which will throw a brilliant light. No lamp on earth can equal the world wide celebrated

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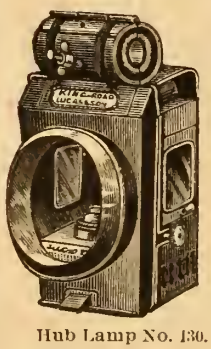
All patterns, head lamps and hub lamps, in Nickel and Japan, fully described in our catalog, which will be sent to every one mentioning the "WHEELMENS' GAZETTE."



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Improved Detachable Reflector,
Ruby Side Prisms,
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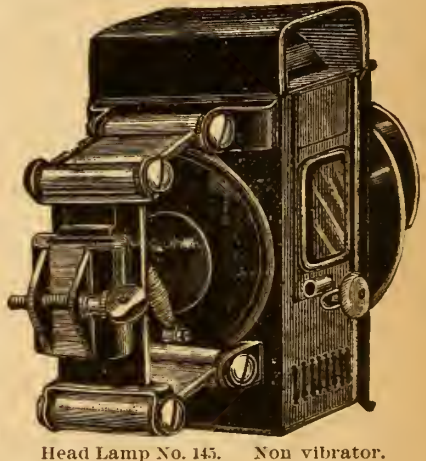
They do not leak,
They do not jar out.



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Moderate Prices, Good Quality, Hill Climbing, Safety and Speed, are features of merit which are sure to lead.

RECORDS FOR 1888.

L. A. W. meet at Baltimore, Md., three victories. Woodstock, Canada, professional track record, May 24. Binghampton, N. Y., one mile safety, and one mile team race. Toronto, Canada three mile road wheel and one mile safety race. Rochester, N. Y., one mile, open to all, track record, 2:44½; three mile handicap; five mile, open to all, last quarter in 30 seconds—best on record; half mile dash, open to all, 1:15,—best competition half mile on record; also, two mile, 6:45 class. J. R. Weld, of Medina, writes:

"*In a club of twenty, 18 ride SPRINGFIELD ROADSTERS, and still we want more.*"

Remember Our Hill Climbing Records.

Eagle Rock, New Jersey, 12 times without a dismount. Corey Hill, Boston, 10 times without a dismount.
Stickney Hill, Lynn, Mass., one time and return.

SHURMAN AT IT AGAIN.

The members of the Lynn Cycle Club took a trip down to Portland. The party comprised J. H. Young, J. H. Shurman, A. H. Carsley, E. G. Bergholtz, J. F. Allen, J. F. Dow, J. H. Littlefield, A. W. Lewis, and A. Wiswell. On their arrival in Portland, and after a good breakfast at the Preble house, the Portland wheel club took the visitors in hand for a run to Prouts Neck, a distance of some fourteen miles. On the way out the party passed Spurwick Hill, an eminence that has never been climed by a cyclist. To the surprise of the Down Easters, Shurman announced that he would ride up the hill if any one of the Portland men would ride down. This was very promptly agreed to, as the local men thought the hill unridable. Some of the men rode down the hill, as also did Shurman, and then on arriving at the bottom Shurman turned round and rode to the top, to the amazement of those who had never seen Shurman ride. This was on Sunday, and the achievement of the Lynn man made the locals anxious to see what the visitor could do with the Park Street Hill, a terror to Portland wheelmen, and one that has never been climbed more than twice in succession. So on Monday the party repaired to the hill, and after Carsley, Allen, and Littlefield had climed it once and cried enough, Shurman went at it and went up and down six times without a dismount. To say that the Portland men were dumbfounded is putting it mildly. Shurman rode his Springfield Roadster. [Will some Portland reader kindly give us the grades of Spurwick and Park Street Hills, and oblige? Ed. *Bicycle World.*]

We give you the facts. Draw your own inference. But remember our prices are moderate, our goods warranted against defective material and workmanship for one year; absolutely safe against headers, speedy and a good all round road wheel. CATALOGUE FREE.

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in part payment for any of the following new ones

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If you wish to avail yourself of this offer send full and minute description of your wheel, including name, pattern, age, size, condition, kind of handle bar, handles and saddle, and your estimate of its value, and we will make you an offer.

This is an opportunity to get a new mount for a very little outlay and realize on your old machine, which is daily decreasing in value,

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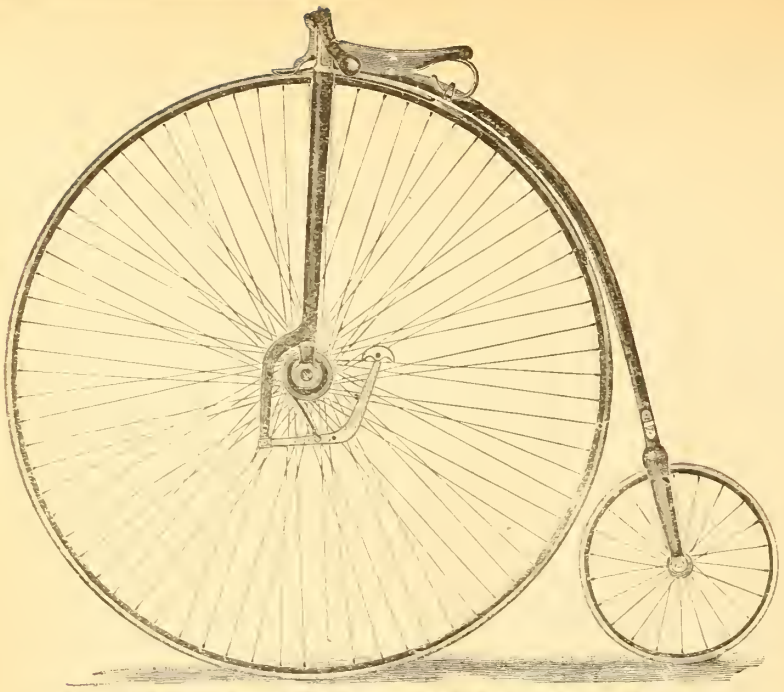

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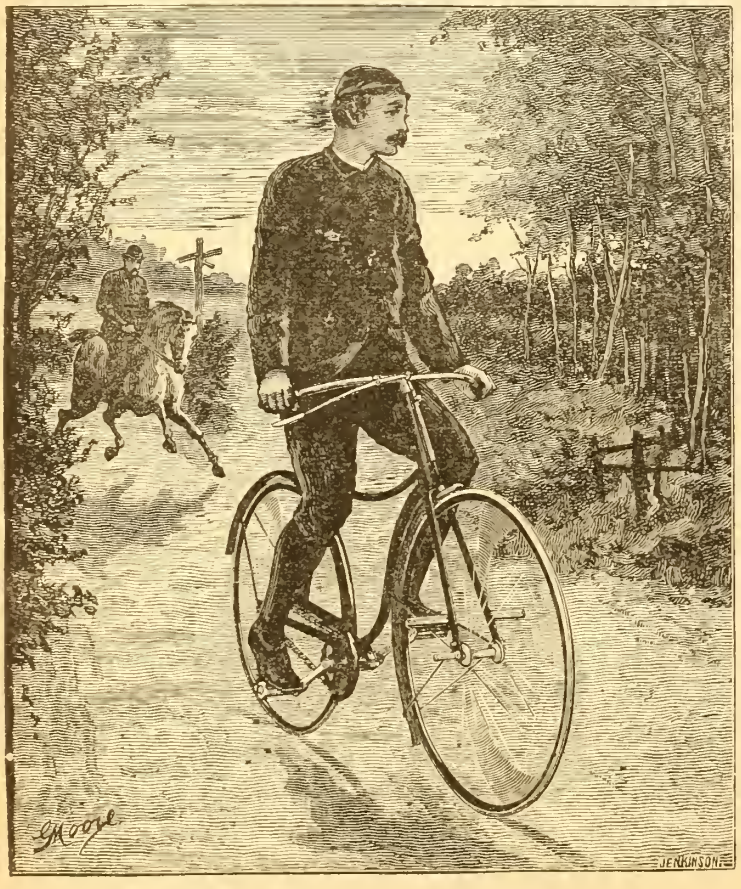

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—THE—

WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III. INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER, 1888. NO. 10.

A Record Ride.

BY HARRY ESTEY.

Twin Lakes is one of the most pleasant summer resorts in the west, situated, as it is, at the highest point of the railroad passing by it, with a lovely little lake on either side of it. For the extent and beauty of its scenery it is hardly surpassed by many better known resorts. The village and a large summer hotel are situated at the very top of the hill, a mile from the railroad station. The road from the station to the town is quite steep but it is an excellent road and the grade is very even.

A few years ago Frank Jordan, a New England lad, was station agent at Twin Lake, with all that that term usually implies in the smaller places, agent, telegraph operator, ticket seller, express agent, etc. He was about twenty-three or twenty-four years old, good-natured, and always ready for a joke but full of yankee grit at at the same time. As the nearest neighbors were at the town, a mile away, Jordan fitted up an unoccupied room in the station and lived there in lordly style. Through the summer season his work was hard, but for the rest of the year it consisted chiefly in watching the trains pass and reporting them to the train dispatcher.

For convenience in delivering messages to the village a telegraph line had been put up from the station to the hotel, and one of the qualifications required in a clerk at the hotel was that he be an operator.

While Jordan was in the station, Ike George, an old "chum" of his from the east was clerk at the hotel, and many an otherwise lonely hour was pleasantly passed by the two friends in chatting over the wire. For fun more than any expectation of making use of it they got up a list of signals for use on this wire. "Thirteen" was the signal for great danger, and the answer, "I C," meant that the one who answered understood and would come to the relief of the one using the "Thirteen."

George was a bicycle rider and had his wheel, a Star, with him, though he got time to ride but little except to coast down the hill to the station once in a while before train time and then ride back on the stage. He was a fearless rider and often road the mile, feet over the front bar, without touching the brake except to stop at the station.

One day in midsummer, a gentleman came into the station just after the two o'clock express had gone and asked if there was a package by express for him. Jordan looked over his books for a moment and replied, "there is nothing."

"That's strange," said the gentleman, "I ordered my firm at D—— to be sure and send it to me on this train. Is there another train soon?"

"At 2:30," replied Jordan.

"I am expecting two thousand dollars," said the man, "I wanted to go to C—— with it on the next train. If it should come on that train could you hand it to me so I can go along and keep my appointment at C——?"

Jordan told him he could, and prepared a receipt to be signed in case it came. The train came on time but there was nothing for Twin Lakes.

"Is there any other train it can come on?" asked the gentleman, after the train had gone.

"No," said Jordan, "we have only one more train from D—— to-day, that at eight this evening, but it not a 'money run' so the messenger would not bring money packages."

The disappointed man sent a message to C—— changing his engagement to the next afternoon, and went back to the hotel.

Jordan sent the message and then, being busy with other matters, forgot all about the incident. The 8 o'clock train was the last one of the day, and, as it seldom brought passengers for Twin Lakes, the stage did not run to it. When it came that night the express messenger handed Jordon a thick package telling him that the consignor was extremely anxious to have it delivered that night so he brought it up. Jordan signed for it and glanced at it as the train was start ing again. It was the two thousand dollars!

His first impulse was to stop the train and make the messenger take it along with him but he hesitated a moment and in that moment the last car passed him, and the chance was gone. As he turned from the dissappearing train he saw apair of rough looking fellows coming up the platform. Thinking that he did not care for their company, he ran into the station, closed and locked the door. The key was hardly more than turned before the two men reached it and tried to open it. Finding it fastened they called to Jordan to let them in.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want to come in an' rest a few minutes an' enquire the way," they replied.

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Twin Lakes."

"Take the left hand road behind the station and follow right on up the hill."

"Oh we're in no hurry—let us in for a little while."

"I have closed for the night and you cannot come in."

"All right, just shove out that package of money then, that's what we want."

"So I thought," muttered Jordon, aloud he said, "what little money I have I propose to keep, and you'd better move along or I'll try a little target practice on you."

"'Spose you'd like us to believe you didn't send your shootin' irons to D—— this morning."

Jordan would have been glad to have *known* himself that he had not done so, but as they had needed some repairing he had sent them that day.

"Well," said the thieves, "if you won't open an' let us in we'll open and come in.

Jordan was too busy studying how he could best get out of the scrape to make any reply. He heard one of them ask the other if he hadn't better go up and cut the telephone wire, the other replied, "No. If he rings a bullet will stop his racket." So they thought it was a telephone line to the hotel. The nearest telegraph office on the line was fifteen miles away so they would probably allow him to telegraph all he wished.

Jordan stepped quietly into the office, and holding the relay so it would make no noise, made the danger signal, "Thirteen," twice then said, "Come quick, two robbers are breaking in." Letting go the relay and holding the sounder he heard the answer faintly, "I C." He then turned to see what his visitors were up to. They had found a small post, and using it for a battering ram, were trying to beat in the door, but the door was strong and the fastenings were heavy, so their efforts were unsuccessful. Then they spent a minute or two hunting for a heavier post.

Jordan went to the back part of the station to watch for the

coming of help. It was fast growing dark but after a moment he saw George coming on his bicycle. Running back to the front of the station he saw the ruffians in consultation before the door. One of them said, "keep cool—we have all night for this job if we want it." The other said, with an oath, "I can open that door and I will." He drew back a step then hurled his burly form against the door. As he drew back to repeat the assult Jordan turned the key and lifted the latch. Hardly had he raised the latch before the robber again threw himself against the door, of course it offered no resistance and the ruffian went sprawling, face downward on the floor. Before he could stir Jordan was on him and drew a pistol from his hip pocket. As he hastily turned to see what the other robber was doing a man reeled passed him and fell beside the first. Ike George followed him, pistol in hand, and requested him to keep quiet and save the spoiling of powder.

George had arrived just as the fellow was rushing through the door at Jordan. His rubber soles made no noise so the first intimation of danger that came to the robber was Ike's fist on the back of his head.

It took Jordan but a moment to secure the two men with cords while George stood guard over them. A few minutes later several men with teams, who had started just behind George, arrived, and the prisoners were taken to the town and delivered to the proper authorities. They were tried and are now serving a long sentence.

Jordan and George, with sturdy New England independence declined all offers of a reward, but the owner of the package would not listen to their objections, and compelled them to take a liberal reward. Probably it was not over three minutes from the time Jordan telegraphed George before he knocked the robber over into the station. He always speaks of it as a Lost Record, for he is sure he beat all known records for a mile.

New American Patents.

List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipeds and attachments from July 10 to and including Sept. 11, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

385,847. July 10. James S. Copeland, Hartford, Conn., assignor to the Pope Mfg Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.

386,097. July 10. George T. Warwick, Springfield, Mass., assignor to the Warwick Cycle Mfg Co., same place, bicycle.

386,168. July 17. W. W. and H. Spencer, Piqua, O., bicycle.

386,601. July 24. T. O'Brien, New York, N. Y., Tandem Bicycle.

486,798. July 31. C. Benz, Mannheim, Baden, Germany, driving gear for velocipedes.

386,896. July 31. F. L. Rodel, Elsterberg, Saxony, Germany, adjustable crank for velocipedes.

386.990. July 31. G. Kibble, Amsterdam, N. Y., velocipede.

387,166. July 31. A. Jorgensen, Helsingfors, Findland, Russia, velocipede.

387,631. August 14. C. E. Duryea, Washington, D. C., velocipede.

387,700. August 14. H. Thresher, London, Eng., assignor to A. H. Overman, Boston, Mass., velocipede.

387,814. August 14. C. B. M. Ribble and C. C. Spencer, Cortland, N. Y., Ice-velocipede.

387,979. August 14. E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co., Portland, Me., velocipede.

388,043. August 21. H. E. House, Neenah, Wis., velocipede.

388,048. August 21. J. Johnson and A. Fyrberg, Worcester, Mass., said Fyrberg assignor to Johnson. Velocipede.

388,047. August 21. J. Johnson and O. Hansom, Worcester, Mass., said Hanson assignor to Johnson, velocipede.

388,427. August 28. J. M. Marlin, New Haven, Conn., velocipede.

388,446. August 28. D. H. Rice, Brookline, Mass., velocipede.

388,480. August 28. G. H. Day, Hartford, Conn., assignor to Pope Mfg. Co, Portland, Me., velocipede step.

388,484. August 18. A. L. Garford, Elyra, O., velocipede.

388,906. September 4. T. O'Brien, New York, N. Y., bicycle.

388,949. September 4. H. M. Carter, Hyde Park, Mass., shoe attachment for bicycles.

388,963. September 4. P. Gallagher, New York, N. Y., tricycle.

389,200. September 11. W. Clegg, Bradford, Eng., velocipede.

389,231. September 11. E. B. Lake, Camden, N. J., ball-bearing.

389,517. September 11. H. LaCasse, Auburn, N. Y., assignor one half to F. H. Gibbs, Syracuse, N. Y., tricycle.

389,855. Sept. 18. R. J. Rombauer, St. Louis, Mo., assignor of ninety-nine one hundredths to J. T.; E.E.; and B. Rombauer, same place., Velocipede.

390.017. Sept. 25. C. Hagan, Atlantic City, N. J., Velocipede

390,174. Sept. 25. R. B. Lambert, assignor one-half to T. W. Lambert, Waynesborough, Va. Velocipede.

New English Patents.

9,485. June 29. Lorentz Albert Groth, London, improvements in velocipedes.

9,496. June 29. Hugh Edwards, Liverpool, improvements in tricycles or other velocipedes.

9,536. June 30. George Hookham, Birmingham, improvements in the elastic tyres of velocipedes and other wheeled vehicles.

9,700. July 4. William Henry Prestwich, Tottenham, an improved nut and stud with mode of fastening same for bicycle treadles and other purposes.

9,822. July 6. Joseph Campion, Wolverhampton, improvements in tricycles.

9,838. July 6. Walter John Lloyd and William Priest, trading as the Quadrant Tricycle Company, Middlesex, improvement in bicycles, tricycle, and other velocipedes.

9,925. July 9. William Shakspeare Croker and Harry Edward Daniell, North Bow, improvements in bicycles and similar machines.

9,957. July 9. James Stevenson, London, improvements relating to velocipedes.

9,959. July 9. Edourd Keller and Fritz Gruring Dutoit, London, improvements in velocipedes.

9,971. July 10. Edmund Albert Vicary, Dalston, improvements in the chain adjustments of velocipedes.

10,036. July 10. Thomas B. Jeffery, London, improvements in velocipede handles.

9,997. July 10. Samuel Hurford Sparkes, Sommersetshire, improvements in the driving-gear of bicycles and tricycles.

10,036. July 10. T. B Jeffrey, Strand, London, improvement in velocipede handles.

10,236. July 14. Jesse Foster, Birmingham, for an improved adjustable flexible saddle for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

10,283. July 16. John Douglas White, a sanitary ventilated saddle pad for cycles.

10,285. July 16. Harold Cheetham Hill and William Harrison, for improvements in securing wheels to axles used for preambulators' bassinettes, mail carts, or sulkies, flat back and other juvenile tricycles and invalid carriages.

10,318. July 17. George Hurdle, Southampton, for improvements in the construction of rubbers for tricycles, bicycles, and the like.

10,325. July 17. Max Frankenburg, Leicester, for improvements in the manufacture of football, cycling, and other athletic boots or shoes.

10,351. July 17. Albert Whiteley and Fred Laxton, London, for improvements in bicycles, tricycles, safeties, and other velocipedes.

10,566. July 21. John Harper and Charles Retallack, London, for improvements in velocipedes.

10,607. July 23. John Boyd Dunlop, for an improvement in tyres of wheels for bicycles, tricycles or other road cars.

10,727. July 24. Arthur Havelock Chapman, Alfred James White, and Brettell Shepherd, Middlesex, for improvements in chains to be employed for driving velocipedes and for other purposes.

10,799. July 26. Thomas Edmond Webb, Manchester, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

10,816. July 26. William Henry Kitto, Plymouth, for foot brake for safety and other bicycles, tricycles, and other wheeled vehicles.

10,953. July 28. Carl Rauhe, London, for improvements in bicycles and other velocipedes.

11,109. July 31. Jules Amedee Maquaire, London, for improvements in tricycles.

11,196. August 2. John Feesey, Hampshire, for gearing up and gearing down of tricycles, bicycles, or any other cycles or mechanism.

11,218. August 2. Thomas William Cox, London, for improvements relating to bicycles, tricycles and other velocipedes.

11,237. August 3. Thomas Newey, Birmingham, for improvements in bicycles.

11,332. August 4. Henry John Cowen, London, for improved driving apparatus applicable to bicycles and similar vehicles.

11,333. August 4. Arthur Siebel, London, for improvements in cycles or velocipedes.

11,499. August 9. Henry Francis Tyler, Westminster, for improvements in mud guards as used on cycles and all similar vehicles.

11,523. August 10. Robert Heginbotham, Sheffield, for manufacturing double-headed steel or iron spoke drawn cold without weld for bicycle.

11,642. August 13. Robert Steele and John Steele, Manchester, for improvements in means for taking up the slack of driving chains in lawn-mowing machines and in bicycles and tricycles.

11,645. August 13. David Jones and William Bennett, Coventry, for an improvement for lifting power to bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

11,701. August 14. Samuel Nodder, Birmingham, for an improved velocipede saddle.

11,761. August 15. Louis Marie Basinet, Sussex, for a patent collapsible tricycle luggage carrier.

11,886. August 17. John Yeldham Betts, Coventry, for a double action and balanced pedal for velocipedes.

11,904. August 17. Joseph Richardson, London, for improvements in saddles for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

12,009. August 20. Henry Lucas, London, for improvements relating to lamps for velocipedes.

12,041. August 21. James Henry Herbert, Wolverhampton, for improvements in spring forks for bicycles, tricycles, etc.

12,094. August 22. James Alexander Carson and James Joseph Keating, Dublin, for a spring luggage carrier for the transport of goods upon a cycle without jar.

12,245. Aug. 24. H. M. Barron, London, tricycle railway.

12,354. Aug. 28. John Hammond, Birmingham, improved pedal.

12,387. Aug. 28. A. W. Smith, and Thomas McMeikan, London, improvements in bicycles and other velocipedes.

12,436. Aug. 29. J. R. Hudson, Sheffield, improvements in riding harness, attachments and appliances, by means of which cyclists may exert an increased motive power when riding bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes.

12,439. Aug. 29. Chas. Goddard, London, for a child's, seat, and method of fixing it on the front bar of a bicycle or tricycle.

12,455. Aug. 29. John Sherrin and John Vaughan Sherrin, London, improvements in the application of primary batteries and electro-motors to tricycles and other velocipedes.

12,497 — 12,498. Aug. 30. Henry Wadkin and George Stroud, London, improvements in velocipedes.

"I tell you Daisy," observed Mr. Yap to his better-half, "these college tex' books what our boy uses, comes mighty high." "Why?" remarked that lady. "Well, I just got a letter from John, an' he wants $1.50 for a geometry and $10 for a cyclometer. I don't think a cyclometer ought to cost so much more, do you Daisy?" "Well, I don't know, but perhaps it's a harder study, John." "Maybe it is. Yes, suppose it must be."

As it is now too cold to go swimming, the policeman can't spend the day on the dock fishing, under the pretext of arresting the youthful and surreptitious natator.

A Colorado Tour.

EDITOR OF THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE:

There is no one who holds himself aloft from cycling that can realize the pleasure and health there is in it. Myself and wife are both very fond of cycling, and many a pleasant day have we spent on the fine roads of Colorado, and among the foot hills of the grand old Rockies. We returned last evening from a trip to Greeley, and on our return the August number of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE greeted us, which is a welcome and interesting companion.

We left Denver on the morning of the 21st, at 9 o'clock a. m., for Greeley, arrived at Plattville for dinner, thirty-six miles from Denver. There we remained until 3 p. m., when we mounted our wheels, and at 6:30 rolled up to the Oasis Hotel in Greeley, and a glance at our cyclometers showed that we were 57½ miles from home. We lost no time in getting our supper, and the way we enjoyed it none but a wheelman knows. As we rode up to the Oasis we scarcely had time to dismount before we were surrounded by a crowd of curious people, as a lady riding a tricycle had never been seen before in Greeley, and when we told them six or seven times that we had rode all the way from Denver that day, and were fairly made to believe it, they held up their hands in astonishment, and all sorts of remarks were made, of which had to be answered on an empty stomach.

My wife rides the Columbia two track wheel, which is her favorite; and allow me to say right here, that if parents of sickly daughters would get them a wheel and start them to riding it would not only be money in their pockets but would be the means of making strong and healthy women of them. Returning to the subject. My favorite is the Victor safety 1888 pattern, with a seat attached to the front of my saddle for carrying our three year-old boy, who always accompanies us on our trips. He attracts considerable attention, as a child being carried on a bicycle is a novelty to many, especially to children. He rides with me as easy as if he were in a baby-buggy. I frequently carry him fifty or sixty miles with me in one day, and I am never troubled with his becoming tired, as he always wants to ride more. Sometimes he falls asleep while on the road, then I hold him in one of my arms and guide my wheel with the other, but keep on our journey.

Our trip to Greeley is one of the most pleasant we have ever taken. We follow the chains of the old Rockies, and are never out of sight of them. We pass Grey's peak, which is next to the highest in Colorado, and while on our journey we could see it looming way up above the clouds. After leaving Plattville we leave the river for awhile, and for ten or twelve miles we ride across the prairie where hundreds of prairie-dogs are continually in sight, and as we would near them the little fellows would scamper to their holes, and there would sit and bark at us until we passed, or drive them into their holes if they chanced to be too near the road. Now or then a jack-rabit or a cotton-tail would jump out of their hiding place and start off in such a manner it would cause one to think they had important business to attend to far away, and only about half a minute to make it in, but would stop short before going far, and set up at full length as if wondering 'what can those things be! and what are they doing here?' and thus they would remain until we were past them and out of sight. This part of our journey was very amusing to our boy as well as to ourselves. Our return trip was not so pleasant as we had a strong head-wind to contend with and a heavy shower that forced us to take the train at Bringhton, twenty miles from home, which we regretted very much. C. A. RIVERS.

Denver, Col.

Over heard the other day in Southampton, walking behind a boat on the river. He (in flannels and yachting cap): "Look over there! that's the new cycle track; the best in the South of England." She (with a big red parasol, and carrying a young sheaf of water-plants, dying with the utmost rapidity of which they were capable in the hot sun): "Where, where? Oh, *that!* Well, I can't say it's much to look at!" He: "Perhaps not, but then it's a good one to go." *Bicycling News.*

The annual outing of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, for 1888, at Dingman's Ferry, Pa., was a complete and enjoyable success.

AND STILL THE WORLD GOES ROUND,

Alas! alas! my love lies dead,
Lies dead, lies buried under graund,
And still the heavens shine o'er head,
And still the world goes round.

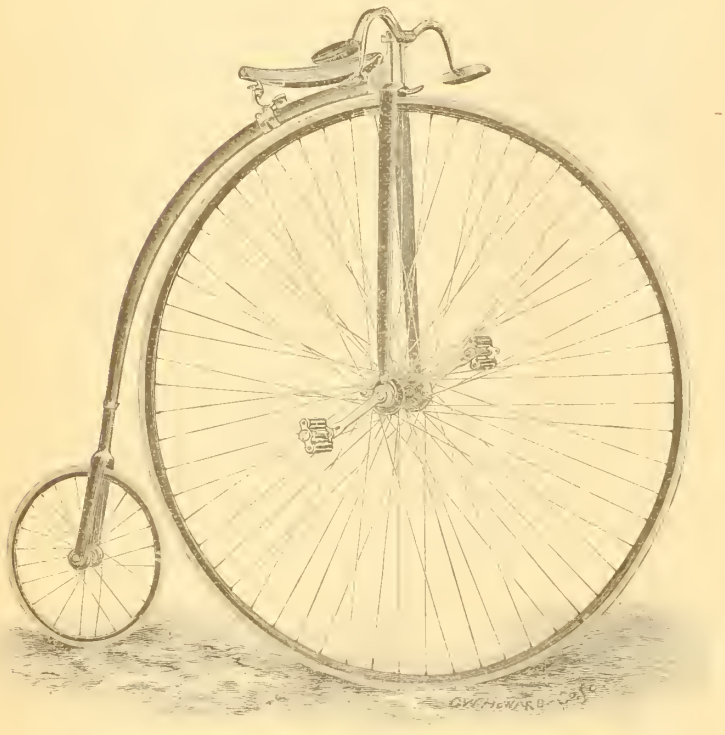
I wonder why the weary sun
Returns again to its old place;
Among all things it findeth none
As fair as her sweet face.

What though the birds sing overhead,
And summer blossoms all arouud,
Ah, know ye not, my love is dead—
Is dead, and is not found?

Dead, oh my love! Alas the pain!
Dead! buried, covered underground—
And still the sun doth rise again,
And still the world goes round.

—*America.*

The Warwick.



We have from time to time mentioned the fact that a new candidate for favor was soon to be presented to the riding public for their patronage. The Warick Cycle Co. of Springfield, have for the past summer been hard at work perfecting their bicycle. One of the problems that has engaged their careful consideration is that of 'how to minimize vibration?' In the invention of the Warrick Spring bearing frame, it is claimed that the problem has been successfully solved. The device is as follows: Inside the bearing frame and underneath the fork is a spring made of steel and rubber. The steel takes the strain and the rubber takes the vibration, in such a manner that the rider, no matter how rough the riding, does not feel the least jar. This is a point that cannot fail of inestimable appreciation. By means of a set screw the bearing can be perfectly adjusted to the weight of any rider. For a heavy man the screw is tightened, which closes the spring, allowing it to receive the extra weight. The bearing is simply joined to the bearing frame, which gives an elastic and easy motion when the wheel comes in contact with rough surfaces. Another device holds the frame rigid in such manner as to take up all side strain. The crank is detchable.

In the matter of construction, the merits of the Warwick specialties are well known to almost all riders. The celebrated "Warwick rims" and "Warwick forks" are used in the machine, the special feature of which are to put strength where it is most needed. They will make an ordinary bicycle, safety and ladies' bicycle.

The round of pleasure, — The wheel.

Loose Spokes.

The Kings County Wheelmen will probably hold a race meet this all.

* * *

Mr. Gerry Jones has resigned his position as chairman of the Racing Board.

* * *

Canary, the fancy rider, has secured a six week's holiday engagement with the Winter Circus at Paris.

* * *

Kentucky is now afflicted with the "sidewalk fiend" question. The *Courier Journal* makes an earnest appeal to the good senses of Louisville wheelmen not to use the sidewalks of the cities and towns.

* * *

The Juniata Wheelmen, of Huntingdon, Pa., have issued a circular letter to all wheelmen in the Huntingdon Valley, with a view to forming a local organization for the advancement and enjoyment of wheeling.

* * *

A cycle would be an invaluable adjunct to any family living some distance from the postoffice. We all know how anxious we are to get the mail as early as possible, but in the country, where one is several miles from the postoffice, a visit twice a week is all they can indulge in.

* * *

Tennyson says: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," which seems to be an injurious reflection on the wheel-builders of Cathay. Better take an American wheel, as Tom Stevens did when you go a bicycling to Cathay—or China, as well call it now-a-days.

* * *

On the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad is a bill-of-lading clerk who travels on freights, and when a train is side-tracked at way station, he jumps out, rides to the next important stopping place, so that when the train draws into the depot the station-master has everything ready for railroading.

* * *

Now what doth cloy
The perfect joy
Of the small school-boy?
Do you know what makes him sad and glum?
It is the persimmon he thought was a plum.

* * *

A weekly paper of Auckland, Australia, has a long article on military cycling, in which there is a very funny passage. Speaking of using the machines to form barricades, the writer says: "No practical military cyclists would think of forming barricades with their machines except in direct necessity. Cycle barricades at the last Easter manœuvres were shown to be useless unless one was willing to sacrifice his machine to save his life." Well, if we were a military cyclist we should almost feel tempted to sacrifice the machine, if it were a question of that or receiving a bullet in our *habeas corpus*. This, however, does not seem to be the view taken by the writer of the article we quote from. He evidently thinks that the right thing for the cyclist to do is to sacrifice his life to save his machine. Or, if he dosn't think that, he has managed to express himself as if he did.

* * *

An exchange tells the following story: "Curious enough was the recent adventure of a Lewistown, Me., boy, who was riding home on his bicycle from Boston not long ago. He and his brother were coming down a steep hill, this side of Danville Junction, when the wheel "lifted and he went over the handle, like a shot out of a catapult, and struck full on his head. He got up, walked along by the side of his wheel and said nothing. His face was cut and lip bleeding. This was on Saturday. From then until Sunday night, he knew nothing about the header, and could not remember anything about the hill this side of Danville Junction. Again and again he asked how the crystal of his watch had been broken and what cut his lip. His memory of the country between Lewistown and Danville Junction was simply *nil*. He was told of his mishap on Sunday evening, but said he didn't know it and couldn't understand it. Of course he is all right now and says he has experienced no ill effects of the fall, but it is a curious lapse of memory, just the same.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

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The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 *different* wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

Lane Riding.

It is surprising how little has been written about our lanes, though full justice has been done the joys of travel upon our high roads.

The main roads serve the purposes for which they were constructed, and the cycler with good reason avails himself of them when making an extended tour. In winter, during periods of heavy rain or prolonged drouth, or in a district imperfectly known to the rider, a main road is generally preferable to a lane, whilst naturally the record-maker loves the straight well defined highway with its convenient mile-stones, but a large number of cyclers rarely make a tour; their opportunities of riding being limited to short intervals of leisure and their aim being to secure the greatest amount of health and pleasure from trips awheel within a circumscribed radius of their homes. Many of these wheelmen content themselves with trundling over and over the same familiar stretches of dusty highroads until the time arrives when, weary of the monotony of the experience, they gradually secede from the pastime. After two or three years' cycling especially in the vicinity of a large city, familiarity with the bumpy main routes largely diminishes the pleasure at first enjoyed by the novice.

If, therefore, he desires his rides to yield him the keen delights of his early jaunts, he must seek " fresh fields and pastures new " by exploring the lanes and byroads intersecting the secluded beauties of the district. On the hard, dusty highway the wheelman views Nature's charms from a distance, but in the shady narrow lane he is in her embrace, inhaling the ever changing perfume of her breath and soothed by a lullaby of rustling leaves. In the delights of his environment he may forget the worries of his daily routine.

Whether he be a public man, whose intellect is ever grappling with the intricacies of some vexed burning controversy, or an obscure toiler constantly confined in the stifling entering-room of a warehouse, in the solitude of the lanes he may " hold converse with Nature's charms," and find the antidote needed by his tired brain.

The cycler may be alone or in company; he may journey in the early morning or under the broiling blaze of a summer sun, or in the cool evenings by the mingled light of his trusty lamp and the moonbeams, when " a dewey freshness fills the silent air; " gentle zephers may scarcely stir the leaves, or the wind may be boisterous—be these conditions as they may, he will find enjoyment in lane riding. The old clubman may renew his enthusiam in the pastime, whilst the novice may gain many a glimpse of the incidents and activities of country life. The changing seasons reveal fresh beauties at each visit, and, if the way be a little longer sometimes, it will never be monotonous.

At the Kansas City tournament last week, there were twenty-one events. Percy Stone won every race that he started in, but had his work well cut out for him, in the handicaps.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM SEPTEMBER 25 TO OCTOBER 15.

California. Race meet held by the San Francisco Bicycle Club September 10. The Bay City Wheelmen, of San Francisco, held their seventh annual hop at Odd Fellows Hall, Friday, September 28. California R. R. A. road race at San Leandro course Oct. 8.

Connecticut. One mile match race between W. A. Rowe and Ralph Temple at Hartford, October 12. East Hartford Wheel Club races September 29.

Delaware. Races at Wilmington Oct. 11, 12 and 13.

Georgia. Tournament at Columbus Oct. 10, 11 and 12.

Illinois. Tournament at Quincy Oct. 9, 10 and 11. Six-day, eight hours per day race, at Battery D Armory, Chicago, Oct 15 to 20.

Indiana. Indianapolis Wheelmen's race meet Sept. 29. Race meet at Terre Haute Oct. 3.

Maine. Maine Division L. A. W. annual meet at Waterville Oct. 3. Owing to bad weather, however, they were postponed to Oct. 11.

Massachusetts. Five mile match race between W. A. Rowe and Ralph Temple, at Lynn, Mass., Oct. 6; won by Rowe. Easton Road Club's championship club race at Brighton, Mass., Sept. 22. Wakefield, Mass., 25-mile road race Oct. 6. Race meet at Danvers Oct. 13. On September 28, the Medford, Mass. Cycle Club was organized with 15 members. Team road race of Springfield Club Oct 5; won by J. C. Hamilton, F. A. Eldred and F. H. Williams.

Michigan. Detroit Bicycle Club's race meet Sept. 25.

New Jersey. Race meet at Roseville Sept 29. Race meet at Plainfield Sept. 29. Race meet of Orange Athletic Club at Roseville Oct. 6. New Jersey Division meet and race meet at Roseville Sept. 21 and 22. East Orange A. C. games at Roseville. One and two mile handicap, Oct. 6.

New York. Six-day rowing race on road-scullers, at Madison Square Garden, New York, commencing Oct. 7. A series of bicycle races was held by the Queens Athletic Club, on their grounds at Queens L. I., on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 20. Tournament at Poughkeepsie Sept. 21 and 22. Ladies' North Shore tour Oct. 4, 5 and 6. Four mile handicap race of Yonkers Bicycle Club won by C. B. Lickwood.

Ohio. Crescent Wheelmen, of Cincinnati, run to Dayton September 22.

Pennsylvania. Race meet held at the new grounds of the Tioga Athletic Association of Philadelphia, Sept. 29. Race meet a Carisle, Sept. 25 and 26. Race meet at Brownville, Sept. 26. Meet of Pa. Div. Board of Officers at Harrisburg, Sept. 27. Pittsburg C. and A. meet Sept. 54. 25 and 26. Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. games, one and two mile handicaps, Oct. 15. Race meet at Bedford County Fair, Oct. 10, under the auspices of the Junuata Wheelmen.

Rhode Island. A series of bicycle races was held at Narragansette Park, Providence, Sept. 23, in connection with the State Fair. Rhode Island Division races at Providence, Sept. 25.

Tennessee. Thirty mile handicap road race given by the Nashville Club, Sept. 20; won by J. D. Herndon, scratch. Time 2:21½.

Texas. Tournament at Dallas Oct. 11 and 12.

Louisana. New Orleans tournament Sept 28.

Missouri. Race meet at Kansas City, Sept. 27, 28 and 29.

Kansas. Kansas Div. L. A. W. Board of Officers meet at Topeka, Oct. 4.

FOREIGN.

Canada. Race meet at Montreal Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

England. S. G. Whittaker, at Long Eaton, Sept. 18, placed the one mile safty record at 2:31½. G. R. White has lowered the English 50-mile bicycle road record to 2h. 57m. 47s., an average of about 3:31 for each mile.

Rowe Champion of the World.

By winning the two out of three match races, W. A. Rowe has established his title to the championship of the world. The races just run have been satisfactory in that both men were in the pink of condition, and the races were run in a fair sportsmanlike manner. We understand that Rowe will now retire from the track, if he does, he has made a fitting finale to an honorable career as a professional racing man.

Through a Womanless Land.

In searching for the strange, the weird, the unaccountable in human life, we turn our thoughts instinctively toward the Orient—we of the inquiring Western mind. There it is that the traveler, journeying eastward either in mind or body finds free play for the exercise of his imagination, in solving, or trying to solve, problems of social science that find no parallel among ourselves.

Every traveler who has tasted the lotus of Asia becomes wearied at times with the steely commercial aspect of this busy American life of ours. Then it is that the mind, preforce, sails away to seek relief in a junketing tour amid the fascinations of far Eastern lands; to revel in the fanciful mood amid what were once realties before the material eye.

In some such mood as this, the above strange title occured to me, and seemed a most appropriate one to bestow in which I spent some weeks without setting eyes on a woman's face, and almost without seeing the flutter of a woman's garment. Those initiated in matters Asian will, perhaps, guess at once that this can be no other than Afghanistan, that strange, wild territory, forbidden to the otherwise ubiquitous globe-trotter. In that most conservative stronghold of Islamism, the *yurdu nishin* (concealement of women), is carried to a length that astonishes me, even after months of travel and observation in Turkey and Persia.

In traveling eastward through Europe and Asia, overland *via* Vienna, Belgrade, Adrianople and the Bosphorus, one begins to see scattered specimens of the "mysterious veiled lady" of the Orient, in the towns of southern Servia. These are the women of Turkish families who have found it to their interest to remain north of the Balkans after the doubtful blessings of Ottoman government had departed to the south. At Sofia and other Bulgarian cities still more, and then reaching Turkey proper, the ladies of the *yashmak* become the rule, and unveiled faces the exception.

Constantinople is essentiaily cosmopolitan; its population can scarcely be called Turkish, for were a race census taken, the Osmanli would probably be found to be in the minority. On through Asiatic Turkey, through Anatolia, Sivas and Koordistan is a mixed population of Turks, Koords and Armenians. In the cities the Turkish ladies wear *yashmaks*, but the Armenians are often in the majority, and so there is small lack of female faces, and no lack at all of female forms. In the smaller towns, exclusively Turkish, all the women wear face-veils, but the simple villagers of all religions go uncovered.

Much the same state of affairs prevails in Persia. The Persian city ladies go abroad closely veiled, but the Armenian and Guebre females walk the streets with but a mere suggestion of concealment. In the villages the ladies of the Khan's household ape their city sisters, but the wives and daughters of the ryots affect no face covering whatever, and cluster about the Ferenghi traveler without reserve. Even in Holy Meshed, where Shiah fanaticism is supposed to come to a fierce focus, and the whole population are enthusiastic Mohammedans, women throng the streets, and I often caught a passing glimpse of an inquisitive female face revealed by a partially uplifted veil. So, along all that Mohammedan trail from the Bosphorus to the Mecca of Persia I saw plenty of women.

But now came the frontier of Afghanistan—the boundry line of the "womanless land." A broad stretch of desolate, uninhabitable territory, known as the Dasht-i-na-oomid (Desert of Despair), separated the last villages of Persia from the Afghan settlements on the Harood, but the route I entered this country. A day or two before plunging into the *terra incognita* of the desert, I was for a short time the guest of a Persian village. This was away down in southern Korassan, far off the highways of Asiatic travel, where the village folks were almost as simple hearted and unsophisticated as so many sheep.

Only at certain long intervals had they caught a brief glimpse of some passing Ferneghi traveler, and perhaps this particular little village had never before entertained one of those strange bipeds as a guest. At any rate they seemed to regard me as a *rara avis*, the novelty of whose presence was not to be lightly relinquished.

Any hint of my readiness to depart was promptly met by an assembly of the village graybeards, who forthwith employed all their art of coaxing to induce me to remain longer. At length, finding me detirmined to go, they begged me to remain with them permantly. As an inducement for me to do this they said: "We have an abundance of pillaf, tokeme-morge, yaort and sheerah for you, as well as for ourselves; why then will you go away? and here —." I looked in the direction of the spokesman's hand. A bevy of village maidens stood modestly there, from which had I elected to remain and settle down as a Khorassain vllager, I was at liberty to pick a wife.

A week later I had crossed the Desert of Despair, and was the guest of an Afghan nomad chief. Two long, straight rows of black goat-hair tents left a space between them that might aptly be termed a broad street two or three hundred yards long. The tent of the chief stood off a little to one side by itself at the end. Hundreds of stalwart and picturesque nomads in flowing white gowns were gathered about this tent, to see the strange Ferenghi visitor and his wonderful iron steed, but they were all men and boys. For lack of ocular evidence to the contrary, it was a community exclusively masculine.

Several times I rode the bicycle before the chief's tent for the delectation of himself and followers. Then somebody suggested something to the chief. He seemed not displeased with the idea.

"Would I ride up and down the 'street' once for the edification of——."

"Why certainly, Inshalla, everybody shall see me ride the iron horse." And so, up past the long rows of black tents I pedaled, greeted noisily by bellicose dogs, and wonderingly by naked and half-naked children, plying about outside the tents. But where are the women, for whose benefit I know very well this later ride had been requested? Down to the other end and back again I rode, but not a woman was visible. And yet doubtless, every woman in that big camp saw the whole performance, peeping through chinks and holes in the walls of their tents.

These Afghan nomads had seen even less of the Ferenghi traveler in their lives than the Persian villigers, for they ranged on territory that the traveler is forbidden by the authorities to penetrate, and does so only at the peril of his life. Why, then, this difference between the Khorassani village and the Afghan camp?

But perhaps it is hardly consistent, this comparison between ryot and nomad, and so let us wheel on to an Afghan village. too. The first one visited was not far east of the Harood. In architectural appearance it differed but little from the village where, a few days before, I was offered life-long hospitality and the pick of its eligible maidenhood for a wife.

In the center of the Afghan village I dismounted, to make sure of my road beyond. A gathering of well-looking men were soon shouting and gesticulating around me, some endeavoring to explain the road, all clamoring to see me ride. I looked about me critically, taking stock of the peculiarities of dress, physique and demeanor of these Afghan villagers, at that time new acquaintances. Their physique was splendid, but they were wild animals; you could see it plainly in the expression of their eyes and in every utterance and motion.

But the woman; were they, too, wild animals, physically splendid?

Quein sabe, for apparently this village, like the nomad camp, was a community of men; an Eden, a gloomy Eden from which Eve and all her daughters had been expelled.

But, hold! What was that? Upon the roof of yonder low mud-house, a vieled head was peeping cautiously from behind a gatched chimney. Was that not a woman? Very likely it was; but again *quein sabe*, for no sooner did my eye catch sight of the fluttering speck that I fancied to be a veil, than it was withdrawn as suddenly as though it were dodging a bullet.

Noticing my inquiring gaze in that direction, my Afghan audience were not slow to follow its bent. A cloud of seriousness passed over their faces, as if they suspected that some indiscreet or wanton violation of *purdu mishin* had taken place. Another chimney, another cautiously peeping head, as suddenly withdrawn as the first; a third, and yet a fourth I saw; but I left the village at last without having, to my knowledge ever set eyes on a woman.

A few days later I entered Furrah, a city of this womanless land in which no other Ferenghi traveler had set foot for more than sixteen years. High crenolated. mud walls hid everything within the city from view as I approached it. Not even the tops of the

houses were visible above that grim gray rampart, heavily buttressed all around its oblong configuration.

A strong, small gateway, open by day and closed by night, provided means of entrance and exit. A few men were seen on the road leading up to the gate, but no sign of a woman. A couple of soldier sentries, wearing the picturesque uniform of some Anglo-Indian regiment, representing backsheesh from the government of India to Ameer, looked embarrassed, but presented arms from force of habit, as I passed in.

Men were buying and selling in the bazaar and moving about the streets, but there was the same utter absence of women in the city streets as in the simple village and the nomad camp. Men from a dozen different nomad clans and tribes mingled and chatted, bargained and jostled with suburban villagers selling produce, and citizens of Furrah; but not so much as the flutter of a female garment was seen in all the bazaar.

A company of soldiers met me on the street; they were sent out to arrest the Ferenghi and bring him to the governor of the garrison. Hundreds of soldiers occupied the compound, and hundreds of civilians swarmed on the house tops, attracted by the fame of the tresspassing (I had been forbidden to enter Afghanistan) Ferenghi and his strange means of locomotion. Seated by the side of Mahmond Yusuph Khan, explaining to him in monosyllabic Persian, the way and wherefore of my appearance in Furrah, I closely scanned the sea of faces all about. It was an Eveless multitude; there were faces bearded and faces beardless it is true, but the latter were the faces of boys. In all that great assemblage there was not a single female face. But why expect it? was I not far in the interior of the womanless land, and in a womanless city?

I was taken, under guard, outside the city ramparts and confined within a little, walled rose-garden. Curious crowds thronged the streets as I trundled the bicycle along inside a hollow square of Afghan soldiers. By this time the news of the Ferenghi's presence in the city had spread from house to house, until there was not a person in all Farrah ignorant of the fact. Asiatics are the most inquisitive of mortals, and the women are more inquisitive than the men, and yet in the dense crowds were no female spectators. If there were any women in that strange walled city, why didn't they don their face-veils, and taking to their house-tops, satisfy their legitamate curiosity by looking down, as the women used to do in Turkey and Persia? Plainly it was a population of men only, for everybody knows that feminine curiosity could not be this subdued, though every man in Furrah were a Bluebeard.

A few days' detention in the garden, and then came a march of nearly two hundred miles under guard to Herat. Once in the heat of noontide, we reached a nomad camp and halted for refreshments. It was a small camp, numbering not more than a dozen tents. A tall and patriarchal Eimuck, seeing our party coming, approached and met us a hundred paces from tents. Otherwise the place looked deserted.

The patriarch shouted. First one and then another tall, white-robed figure seemed to rise up from the ground in different directions, until some half-dozen in all had responded to the shout, They might have been the shrouded forms of ghostly visitants rising at the command of this bearded magician, so tall, so white and so silently did they rise up into view, But they were only lordly Asiatic loafers, clad in the white cotton gowns peculiar to the Afghan nomads, rising from their mid-day seista beneath the scant shade of the camelthorn shrubs, the only vegetation of a sterling country, twin shrub in size and ubiquity to the sage brush of the western plains.

The men went to the tents and brought nummuds for us to sit on and big pewter bowls of cooling doke (soured goat milk) to quench our thirst. Bread and yaort would be forthcoming soon, they said; and we could see the smoke from newly kindled fires issuing from the apex of the tents. Some one there was baking bread. Was it women? Let the reader guess; for the only satisfaction I could give would be my own unconfirmed impressions.

By and by two of the men repaired to the tents, and in a few minutes returned with a heaping tray of flat unleavened wheaten cakes, bowls of creamy yaort and yoart balls dried to hardness in the sun. While we ate, four of the nomads screened us from the sun by holding an outspread sheet over our heads. After an hour's halt we resumed our journey without having seen anything of the women who, doubtles, had baked our bread.

Once or twice we encountered parties of natives on the road riding donkeys and camels. They were nomads or villagers from outlying districts, who had been on their periodical trading trips to Herat. In Persia similar parties were frequently met, but they were mixed parties of men and women; here they were composed wholly of men.

At length we reached the famous Herat valley, and for the time being I was placed in charge of an official named Mohammed Ahzim Khan. Mohammed Ahzim Khan and his retainers kept watch and ward over me in a little, walled garden adjacent to his dwelling. He was an agrecable fellow, ever inclined to make things as pleasant for me as possible. Did I want any particular thing to eat, a retainer was dispatched at once to scour the bazaars in quest of it. A caged pee-wit and a horse were brought into the garden to afford me amusement, and my bungalow was plentifully supplied with sweetmeats. He was very indulgent.

The walls around the garden were sametimes lined with faces peeping over, and the housetops round about were a mass of inquisitive humanity. Many personal friends of Mohammed Ahzim Khan were admitted from day to day to see the Ferenghi; but among all the crowds and all the visitors was never a single woman.

Why were no women visible during the whole of that ten days' detention in Mohammed Ahzim Khan's garden? One day I hinted to him this very query; his only answer was a look of embarrassment and a shake of the head—I had touched upon a forbidden theme.

The day before leaving the garden I desired to reach some eminence from where I could obtain a comprehensive view of the surrounding country. Not far away was the crumbling minaret of a Jama Mesjid, said to have been built by Ghengis Khan. Could I be permited to ascend it and look around? Mohammed Ahzim Knan thought perhaps he could manage it, although the experiment might be of doubtful wisdom for a Ferenghi.

But almost as high as the dilapidated minar, and close to hand, was his own residence. Why not take me to the roof of this, which would do quite as well? Mohammed Ahzim Khan was horrified at the very suggestion. "This is not Iran," he said, "this is Afghanistan." But for his being a particularly intelligent mortal for an Afghan, I doubt not that the bare suggestion of invading the sacred precincts of his menzil would have deeply offended him.

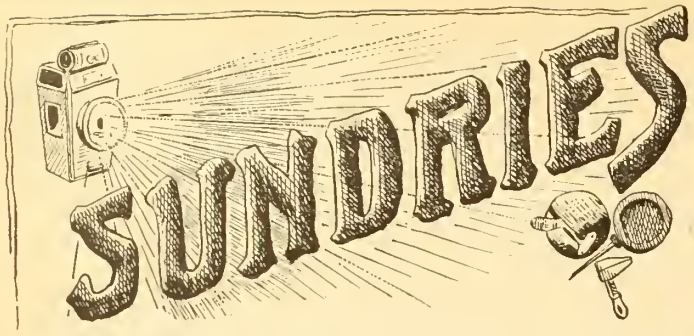
But wherefore this horror of taking me to the roof of his house? Ah! perhaps the dread secret might be revealed that, after all, the land contained some hidden members of the fair sex. Perhaps there was one, two, three, half-a-dozen hidden away in Mohammed Ahzim Khan's own menzil, and might not the invasion of the Ferenghi stranger prove a violation of *purdu mishin?* In other words, might not his unhallowed eys discover a woman in this womanless land?

A few days' journey from Herat under the escort of Mohammed Ahzim Khan and his sowars, during which I was treated with great courtesy by my captors, and I was restored to liberty in the Persian village of Karize. As the Sooltan of Karize was seated before his menzil writing, for Mohammed Ahzim Khan, a receipt for my safe delivery, scraps of dirt rolled of the roof onto the scroll. The Sooltan shouted angrily to the culprits leaning over the roof to look down; they were the women of his household. Among the crowd of inquisitives gathered about us to stare and comment were quite as many women as men.

I had at last left the womanless land; and not the least interesting of my observations there before the Sultan's menzil at Karize was a strange expression of mingled curiosity and embarrassment with which Mohammed Ahzim Khan and his wild Afghan sowars leered at the female faces about them. These rude representatives of the womanless land were all unacustomed to the public exposure of women, and here they were visibly embarrassed by the exposure of not only women, but of their faces also.

THOMAS STEVENS.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in his capacity of Royal Ranger, has opened the gates of Hyde Park, London, to cyclers. The fact that Hyde Park has been forbidden ground until lately has always been a thorn in the side of the London riders.



W S. Maltby, the trick rider, is projecting a professional trip to Brazil.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Goodman, of Hartford, has compiled a book of world's records—bicycle, tricycle, safety and tandem.

* * *

The first issue of the *Cycler* a new monthly published at Stamford, Conn., has made its appearence. It is a very clean and neat looking paper and has our best wishes.

* * *

Bicycling is rapidly on the increase in New Zealand, where the climate and the diversity of the scenery would seem to offer inducements to the large English population to indulge in the grand sport.

* * *

A monster chronograph has been made in England for use by the Racing Association in Australia. It will occupy a prominent position over the Judge's stand. Its dial measures thirty inches. It registers minutes, seconds and fifths. The action is start, stop and fly back. A ninety-pound weight furnishes the motive power; the hair spring is cylindrical. It will be operated by electricity, that is the starting and the stopping.

* * *

September and October, if they happen to be fine, are excellent months during which to tour; so those who can manage to squeeze a few more days out of indulgent employers, should make up their minds to go a-touring as soon as possible, and choose routes where the decaying trees offer attractions in the shape of brilliant colour.

* * *

N. H. Van Sicklen is slowly recovering from the header taken at Buffalo, and has been removed to his home. Van is still very weak and apathetic, and takes but little interest in what goes on about him. The doctors deny any specific injury, either external or internal, and base the patient's condition on the violent shock and nervous derangement.

* * *

How absolutely buried is the once famous Springfield track may be gathered from the fact that wild flowers now bloom over the spot where the scudding wheel once drove, and battles were won and lost. There's something suggestive of a Byronic sentiment and a

"Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay,
In thy once smiling garden the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way."

* * *

Jo Pennell contributed a full-page sketch to *The London Graphic* last week, in which he depicted, the tour of the Pickwick Cycling Club in France. The scene was laid in the high street of a French village, in which several interested villagers were standing about, and the machines appearing therein were one tandem, two or three safeties, and several ordinaries. No doubt there was some letter-press accompanying the picture, but that did not catch our eye in the portion of the paper we happened to see.

* * *

"Life is but a running race.
The blind ones and the head ones.
Where many a live man sets the pace
For running after dead ones;
But he at last shall peter out
And tumble down a dying—
We'll lend a hand to help him up—
So wherefore are we crying?
For all the world shall peter out.
The butcher and the baker.
The tourist and the racer, too
And at last, the undertaker.

One of our English exchanges contains a letter headed "Walking *vs.* Cycling," in which the following remarks appear: "If hard, hot and exciting work is desired, then take to your cycle. If quiet, healthy and natural recreation is your aim, then stick to Nature's mode of motion." Without wishing in any way to deduct from the wisdom displayed by one who can put so many initials after his name, as the writer of this article has we may gently remark that the man and not the cycle makes the work "hard, hot and exciting," or "quiet and healthy;" and though the picture he draws might very well be reversed, a moderate man would find that "quiet, healthy and natural recreation" can be obtained both on foot as well as on cycle.

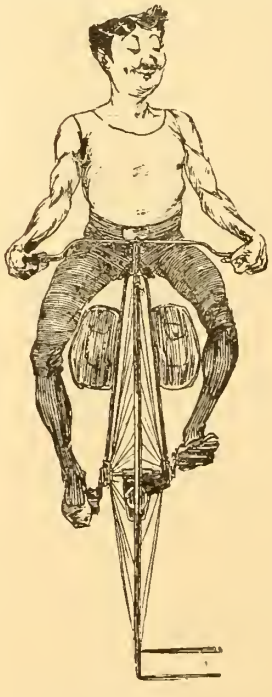
* * *

It is at all times pleasant to hear the opinion of the medical profession on the pastime of cycling, which in its early days called forth little but ridicule and disapprobation. It is, therefore, with some satisfaction that we observe the views held upon the tricycle as a means of health by Dr. Oscar Jennings. He has lately been interviewed and we clip the following from his testimony :— "When I began cycling I had been taking short exercise in fencing and had gone so far as to purchase the necessary implements, and pay for a month's lessons in advance. I had also tried walking. Horse riding to fatigue had not done what I wanted. To commence fencing at my age was almost impossible, and, according to initated, was likely to continue for months. Walking alone was far from cheerful, and I soon saw that nothing short of the direst necessity would induce me to continue this mode of taking a constitutional. As a folorn hope one never-to-be-forgotten day I mounted a tricycle. At the end of the first ride I saw its possibilities. What it has done for me may be judged from two facts—first, I have lost 10 pounds of superflous fat; secondly, I am always ready to rise at 6 a. m. and this, to borrow a cycling expression, used by no means to be 'my record.'

Rational cycling, more than any other athletic exercise, tends to promote a healthy body. There is every reason to take up cycling as they have rubbing. Naturally, it will receive a high sounding name, and doctors will then recognise it as a method of 'cure.'

* * *

Cycles have been used for a variety of purposes—enough in fact, we fully believe, to make a book on "The Cycle and its Uses" a very interesting volume. Its usefulness extends day by day, week by week, year by year, till in time we shall really be in a world of wheels such as we have talked about for many years. During the last week we have learned of a new method of using the cycle. While by no means wishing to encourage such practices, we print as an amusing experience the following sent in to the *Sportsman* by a Berlin correspondent: —"During the past week the tricycle has appeared in quite a new light, for it has been used for the first time in a duel. The two combatants rode out with a number of friends to a retired spot some five miles north of Berlin. There three hundred yards were measured on the road, and the two duelists, after taking off hat and coat, charged madly at each other. In the collison that ensued one was thrown on his side and his leg badly damaged; the other was thrown on the back of his head. As the machine of the former was hopelessly smashed, honor was declaired satisfied and after bandaging the duelists, the whole party returned to Berlin, the beaten combatant on a Carrier tricycle, while the remains of his machine were towed along by an obliging friend." The idea of a Carrier tricycle being in readiness for the wounded is a good one. Such a conveyance might have served as an ambulance, hearse, triumphal car, or, in fact, anything likely to be required in connection with the fine old practice of duelling.



THE GAZETTE'S PATENT LUGGAGE CARRIER FOR BOW-LEGGED CYCLERS.

Colorado Notes.

Banks, Hopking, Wright and Perkins, are back from Buffalo. Banks says that on the track they were too swift for him, but thinks that with proper care, which he was promised, he could have foreclosed the mortgage he at one point held on the race. Perkins is glad to be able once more to turn a sharp corner without his wheel slipping out from under him. Paved streets are all right except in rainy weather, so says Perkins.

The Social Wheel Club gave Mr. Austin Banks, their president, a banquet, on Sept. 27. Speeches were made and a general good good time had. Among the guests were Mr. Colby., lately of Leavenworth, Kan., and Mr. R. Hutchings, of the Oregon Bicycle Club, Portland. The total number of wheelmen present was fifty-four.

The Ramblers gave a ball at Warren's Hall on the evening of Oct. 3d, at which some Social and Rocky Mountain Cycling Club boys report having had a good time. This is the first entertainment given by any of the clubs at which members of rival clubs have been present. Heretofore the boys have acted as if the more they kept away from the other clubs the better it would be for them. They have seen their mistake, however, and now the boys are feeling more friendly toward each other than they ever have heretofore Sixteen members of the Social Wheel Club have sent in their applications to the L. A. W. It is to be hoped that as many more will do so next time the list goes up.

Denver boys are glad to see that the eastern audiences like Knapp. Wilber was always well liked here, although his dudishness was a little out of keeping with his easy ways with the boys. He got there just the same. Eastwood and Gerwing are still at Buffalo, working at their trade. Eastwood intends remaining east sometime, while Gerwing is expected home in time for the fall races, however, fall races here are by no means a certainty. Our stumbling block is the track. All the tracks here at present are good horse tracks, but could hardly be put into shape for the bicycler's use. At River Front Park, however, there is plenty of room for a good quarter-mile track around the outside of the base-ball diamond and on the inside of the half-mile trotting course. If Denver with her 1300 wheelmen can't build a track and have a race meet this fall she had better lay aside her claim to the banner wheel city of America. All the "big" riders from the east are expected here this fall, and if they come they may expect to have a fine time. I think the boys would all turn out and give Rowe, Temple and Knapp the biggest send-off they ever dreamed of. Temple and Knapp are old timers here, Temple having stopped here a couple of times and gave fancy exhibitions, while Rowe, well, who don't know Rowe?

At 4:30 Sunday morning, Sept. 23d, five members of the Social Club left their club rooms for Greeley, 55½ miles east of Denver. They made Plattsville, 36 miles out, in two hours and fifty-five minutes. After some refreshments there, the boys went on to Greeley where they arrived at 10 o'clock. The return trip was started at 11:30 and finished at club rooms at 6:30. Those that participated in the run were Louis Block, E. R. Pynchon, Joe Barmettler, Fred Fleming and Lou Hanson. Mr. Hanson rode a Victor safety and is the first safety rider that has made the round trip of one hundred and eleven miles, although several have made the attempt. Just at present, while all the eastern boys are putting in their best licks before storing their wheels for the winter, we are having the cream of the riding season. The weather is not warm enough to make riding disagreeable and the roads are at their best. If the coming winter will be as fair as the last was, we will be able to ride right through the cold weather. Several of the Ramblers had a dare to do this last winter, and they did it, Hod Kennedy and H. E. Peck riding every day for nine months.

Denver, Col. VELOS.

Rowe *vs.* Temple.

A series of races has been arranged between the rivals, W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., and Ralph Temple, of Chicago, Ill. The stakes are $500 a side. The first event, five miles took place at Lynn, Oct. 6, Rowe winning. The second, one mile, at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 10, Rowe winning that also in the very slow time of 3:14¾, still he crossed the tape six lengths ahead of Temple.

The Pittsburg Tournament.

The race meet promoted by the Pittsburg Cycling and Athletic Club, at their grounds. on September 24, 25 and 26, attracted a number of fast professionals and amatuers, who provided good sport to a rather slim attendance. The tournament was a success from a sporting standpoint, but there was little or no financial benefit. The following is a summary of the races:

Monday, September 24.

One-half Mile Bicycle Scratch.—W. W. Windle first. Time 1-23.

One Mile Novice.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:20.

Five Mile Professional Championship.—First heat of championship series, W. A. Rowe, first. Time 15:22½.

One-half Mile Bicycle, 1:35 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 1:35½.

Two Mile Professional Lap Race.—H. G. Crocker, first, 31 points. Time 6:42.

Two Mile Pa. Div. State Championship.—A. C. Banker, first. Time 6:3½.

One Mile Bicycle, 3:30 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:21⅘.

One Mile Professional Handicap.—W. F. Knapp, 30 yards first. Time 2:52⅘.

Two Mile Bicycle Scratch.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 6:15.

Tuesday, September 25.

One Mile Bicycle Lap Race.—W. W. Windle, first, 14 points. Time 2:55.

One-half Mile Bicycle Novice.—W. D. George, first. Time 1:38.

Three Mile Bicycle Professional, Second Heat of World's Championship.—W. A. Rowe, first. Time 8:57.

One Mile Bicycle, 3:10 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:19⅕.

One Mile Professional Handicap.—R. A. Neilson, 50 yards, first.

One Mile Bicycle Scratch.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 3:00⅘.

Two Mile Bicycle Professional.—W. F. Knapp, first. Time 6:14.

Three Mile Bicycle Amatuer Handicap.—W. W. Windle, scratch, first. Time 8:59.

Wednesday, September 26.

One Mile Bicycle Amateur Handicap.—W. W. Windle, scratch, first. Time 2:58½.

One Mile Professional Bicycle Scratch.—R. A. Neilson, first. Time 3:12.

Two Mile Bicycle Amateur, 6:20 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 7:02.

Two Mile Bicycle Amateur Lap Race.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 6:20.

One Mile Professional Bicycle, Final Heat World's Championship.—W. A. Rowe, first. Time 3m.

One Mile Bicycle Amateur Scratch.—W. W. Windle, first. Time 2:55⅘.

One Mile Bicycle, 3:20 Class.—W. D. George, first. Time 3:23.

Two Mile Bicycle Handicap, Professional.—H. G. Crocker, 20 yards, first. Time 6:11.

Five Mile Bicycle L. A. W. State Championship.—W. D. Banker, first. Time 16:28.

First Annual Race Meet of the Indianapolis Wheelmen.

The Indianapolis wheelmen held their first annual race meet at the Exposition grounds Sept. 29. The weather and track combined to cause very poor time.

The one mile novice was won by W. C. Marmon in 3:20⅘; the five mile State championship by L. M. Hollingsworth in 17:06⅕; the one-half mile heat by A. B. Taylor in 1:31; the one mile club championship by Tom Hay in 3:59⅕; the two mile lap by L. M. Hollingsworth in 7:07; the quarter mile heat by A. B. Taylor in :42; the one mile, 3:30 class, by Chas. McKeen in 3:42; the one-half mile heat by L. M. Barber in 1:34; the one mile rover safety by A. L. Tabor in 3:56; the quarter mile heat by A. B. Taylor in :43⅘; the one mile open by A. J. Lee in 3:51⅕; the one-half mile, 1:30 class, by Josh Zimmerman in 1:39⅘; the two mile handicap by L. M. Hollingsworth in 6:42⅘.

Should a meet be held in Buffalo next fall, it should be the greatest wheel gathering ever held in this country. Those who went want to go again, and those who have heard of the good times are sorry they missed it.

The Sea Spider.

"The Sea Spider is the popular name given a new machine to be seen of the Jersey coast, in the proximity of Atlantic City; but the inventor, the Rev. Ezra B. Lake, calls it "The Ocean Tricycle, or Sea-Wagon." Mr. Lake's idea seems to have been to make a mechanical device which could be propelled over a flat sea-bottom of not too great depth. Upon a platform, which may be designated as the body of the vehicle, there rises four standing beams of metal, which support the car, which car rises twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. The car will hold as many as forty people when crowded. Here too is the motor, which is a six horse-power engine, non-explosive, oil being the fuel used for generating the steam. The wheels, under the lower platform, are three, each one having a separate motion. These wheels may be reversed at will, so as to give facilities for turning. The whole machine is under the control of a pilot and engineer. The weight of the Ocean Tricycle is seven and one-half tons. When the machine was run it was found that the indentation on the dry sand made by the wheels was not more than two inches deep, but that when in the water the rut made was much less. It is claimed for the machine that, owing to the buoyancy of the water and the denser packing of the sand, when moving through the sea, there is forty per cent. less resistance than on the land.

It is not for pleasure excursions over summer seas at fashionable watering-places that the Ocean Tricycle has been invented and built. The end in view is to use it as a valuable adjunct to the Life-Saving Service. The machine is reported to have made at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, trips of fully three-quarters of a mile out to sea, working readily in a depth of sixteen feet. At the first trials the height of the car was twenty feet above the sea level, and no water was taken by the occupants; but it has now been raised five feet more. If wrecks occur, then, in a depth of water of not more than from sixteen to eighteen feet, it is quite probable that the Ocean Tricycle could reach such a wreck, and take the people off the stranded vessel. It may be said that off the Jersey coast the sea-bottom has a very gradual slope, and that the deep water is fairly distant from shore. Vessels are driven on to the sands where the shallows are. It becomes evident that a machine of this character would have to be placed under the control of an experienced pilot, who would have to know the exact depths along the coast. Where there were sudden depressions of the sea-bottom, or where there were ledges of rocks, the Ocean Tricycle would be of no avail. Though the force of the waves in their solid impact is enormous, there is no reason to doubt but that, as there is free passage for the water through the machine, there would be but little chance of the Ocean Tricycle topling over.

There are many long stretches off our coast where such a machine, if its practical value were tested, would be of great use. People who are not familiar with the seas do not know how many shipwrecks occur close to the land, or how near is the danger line. Men drown, the life beaten out of them by the heavy surges, within a hundred feet of the shore. There would be something imposing in the slow march of a machine like the Ocean Tricycle through a heavy sea, the surges tearing below her, until she reached the stranded vessel, and then rescuing the mariners from death. If experiment should show that the capabilities of the Sea-Spider are what the inventor claims, there would be no doubt of its being adopted at many of our life-saving stations.

The street rowdies of Chelsea, England, have invented a new torment for the cyclers who avail themselves of the parks. They are not content with flicking them with switches and inserting bits of stick in the spokes of their wheels, but they set on little boys to run in front of a cycler with a view of getting knocked over. Boy falls prostrate, howling, of course, park keeper hurries up, takes cycler's address, a crowd soon gathers, compensation is of course forthcoming, especially if the cycler is a lady. The wounded child skips merrily off with a half crown, divides the booty, and tries for another spill in another part of the park. Of course no caution or bell is of the least avail against conspiricy of this kind unless something is done, or the magistrates before whom a test case is sure to come sooner or later are posted up in this new form of blackmailing, the the parks and suburbs of London will soon become intolerable for the better class of cyclers.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

From Watsontown to Philadelphia on Wheels.

Saturday, September 22d, the sun rose bright and clear, and Messrs. H. G. Weidenhamer and Ed. B. Ketner were among the happy lads, for it was the day set apart for their commencement of a trip on their American Challenge Tandem. About the hour of 4 p. m., after some hustling about, they rode down Main street and took the tow-path on their way to Selinsgrove, where they expected to spend their first night. Making Northumberland for supper and after a stop of forty minutes, they once more resumed their journey to the aboved named town, where they arrived at 7:25, covering a distance of twenty-three miles in two hours and forty-five minutes.

Sunday promised to be a beautiful day and at 8 o'clock we left Selinsgrove in the rear and pushed on towards Harrisburg, the place where we had decided to stop the second night. After a run of three miles we found the riding anything but pleasant on account of the recent rains forming winter springs along the side of the hills, along the foot of which we had to ride, and with the canal on the other side of the road we were compelled to push through the mud, which at times was from three to eight inches deep, and which so clogged our wheels that upon our arrival at Liverpool, a small town twenty miles from our starting place, we found it necessary to wash our wheel and clean the bearings into which the mud had found its way and caused the machine to run very hard. Here after a stop of one hour and forty-five minutes, during which time we had our dinners, we once more set out on our journey southward, crossing the Susquehannah at Clarks Ferry, and from there to Dauphin for supper after which we pushed on and found the best roads we had ridden since starting. Here the pleasure of the trip commenced, for with the good roads and the excitement of passing carriages, which were numerous, caused us to feel quite jubilant.

At 6:30 we wheeled into the city of Harrisburg, striking the asphalt pavement on Market street, and, riding up to the Hershey House, had scarcely alighted from our machine when a dozen or more of the Harrisburg Wheel Club surrounded us, and after the usual questions of where we were from, how far we had ridden, and where we were going, and a general hand-shaking all around, we stored our tandem in the reading room of the hotel and went to the club-room, which is handsomely furnished, and were royally entertained by the boys with music on the banjo, of which the club can boast of several players, and talked about the fifteen mile road race which had taken place there on the day before, and which race their captain, Ed. L. Fry, was the winner. We remained in their room, until about 9 o'clock when we retired to the hotel and wrote a few letters telling the folks we had left back of us where we were and how we got along.

When we were abont two miles above McKees Half Falls, we tore the tire from one of our driving wheels in trying to avoid a hog-wallow, which delayed us about twenty minutes to repair, and on Monday morning early we arose, took breakfast, and pushed our machine to the repair shop and had the tire put on. While this was being done we strolled out to the Capitol and went through it. On coming back we found the tire cooling and putting the wheel on, returned to the hotel, paid our bill, and started with about a hundred spectators looking after us. Our start was made at 10 o'clock, for Reading, which we were told was fifty-six miles distant, but over a good pike. After a run of two hours and ten minutes, we stopped at a small town called Palmyra for dinner, after which we again started on our trip in the rear of a team of mules hitched to a brewery wagon, the driver of which asked us who would be the first in Lebanon for that is the place for which he hailed. We answered that probably he had best go on and tell them that we were coming, but after going about a quarter of a mile we passed him, and that is the last we saw of the team. We pushed steadily on and nothing of any importance transpired until we reached a place called Womelsdorf. Here we passed a splendid team of horses, and after we had passed the driver gave us chase, down hill and up, for a distance of four miles, when we stopped and waited for him to come up for we were about a quarter mile ahead of him, and he seemed astonished to think that such a thing could beat his team. After our chase we journeyed along at a leasurely pace till we rode into the city of Reading, at 6:15, and upon inquiry were directed to the American

House where we put up for the night, and after partaking of a hearty supper, with three waiters attending to our wants, who seemed to know that wheelmen required good and substantial food, and not much in the dainty line, we proceeded to investigate the town, for we had never been there before. We found it to be a pleasant place, and succeeded in cultivating the acquaintance of some few people, after which we went to the hotel and as usual did some writing and retired.

Tuesday, upon arising from our couch, we were not so pleased as we would have been had the sky been clear. But notwithstanding the threatening look we once more took our saddle and pursued our way, and soon Reading was left in the distance, for from the time we left Harrisburg we find the roads all piked and in good order, with now and then a rough spot which we easily go over with a little careful riding. At 10:30 we landed in Pottstown and stopped for an oyster fry which put new life into us, and we proceed to Norristown, where we stop to take dinner, having ridden forty miles since eight o'clock in the morning. After dinner we ride about a mile out of Norristown on the Philadelphia pike, but we are told that it is rough and hard riding, so took the advice of some parties and cut across the country which we found very hilly and sandy to the Lancaster pike which we struck at Radnor, a small station on the Pennsylvania railroad. From here into Philadelphia we find the pike as smooth as a floor, and find some of the finest coasts we have on our entire trip. In one place we can coast for half a mile and not touch a pedal, while at the foot of the hill is a small one to ascend and the tandem has gained such speed that she thinks nothing of crossing the grade and down the other side with a spurt. We still keep on and at 4 p. m. land in Philadelphia and go to the Hart Cycle Co. to find a place to store our machine for a few days, but upon being told that we would have to go back to the rink in West Philadelphia, we came to the conclusion we had better find some place else, which we did at 808 Market street, in the store of Weimer, Wright & Watkin, wholesale shoe dealers.

We hope we have succeeded in interesting our readers, and next year if we live so long, we will give you another trip in a different direction, and will now say as we did to our many friends whom we met on our tour, farewell.

W. K.

Death of J. Fred Midgely.

At the Hartford race meet Mr. Midgely complained of feeling unwell and at the close of the meeting he went home and was at once taken down with typhoid fever. The physicians had every hope for his recovery but they were not reallzed and near mid-night on the 5th of October, he died.

Coming Events.

Oct. 15-20.—Six day, eight hours per day, race at Battery D Armory, Chicago, Ill.

Oct. 27.—Grand bicycle tournament, Berkeley Athletic Club, at Morris Dock, New York City.

Oct. 21.—Sommerville (Mass.) Club run to Salem, Mass.

Oct. 23, 24.—Bicycle races in connection with Exposition, at Richmond, Va.

Oct. 28.—Somerville (Mass.) Club run to Lexington Woods, Mass.

Dec. 17.—Twelfth Regiment Games at Armory, Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second street, New York. Two-mile.

Feb. 8, 1889.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

New Records.

Stillman G. Whittaker, the well-known American professional rider, in a race against time on the track at Long Eaton, Eng., Sept. 11, accomplished the following best on record for safety machines: Two miles, 5:18⅘; three, 7:59; four, 10:40½; five, 13:22½; six, 16:07; seven, 18:52⅖; nine, 24:22⅖; ten, 27:05⅘; eleven, 20:50⅘. On the following day, at the Crystal Palace track, Fred J. Osmond, amateur, made new figures for a mile. He first went for the flying quarter, which he accomplished in 33⅕s, exactly tieing his former record. In his mile attempt he was assisted by D. McRae and F. P. Wood as pacemakers. The starting quarter occupied 37⅗s; half mile, 1:14, which exactly ties W. A. Illston's Coventry record, made in a half mile race July 9, 1887; three-quarters, 1:53⅕, which ties Furnival's record; and full mile, 2:31⅕, which beats Furnival's 2:32⅖, accomplished Aug. 23, 1886, at Long Eaton. Osmond now holds all the amateur mile records from one to ten miles, and also the flying quarter record. On Sept. 22, at the Long Eaton Recreation grounds, Whittaker made an attempt to make record for twenty-five miles, and succeeded in creating new figures for every mile from two to the finish, his time for the full distance being 1h 11m. 5⅘s. On the same date, the annual North Road Cycling Club's one hundred mile road race took place over the usual course. The result was that G. R. White, on an ordinary, rode the entire distance without dismounting in 6h. 48m. 14s, thus beating record time, which was 7h. 6m. 18s., made by F. H. Williams on Whit Monday.

E. Birge, while riding near West Warren, Mass., rode over a red squirrel. Birge was going at good speed and his wheel caught the little fellow, and, curiously enough, took him up with it into the slot that the wheel passed through under the seat, where he was of course killed.

Those Pretty Little Knee Breeches.

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

MASSACHUSETTS DEPARTMENT.

In the pouring rain and on a track deep in mud, William A. Rowe, of Lynn, Mass., defeated Ralph Temple, of Chicago, in a five mile match race on the track of Glenmere Park, Lynn, on Oct. 6th. Few expected that there would be a race on such a day, but nevertheless over 500 enthusiastic spectators were present. The track was in excellent condition, with the exception of the lower turn, which was rather slippery. The physical condition of both men could not have been better, and both were confident of winning. Upon the appearance of both riders the applause was deafening, and the exciting contest was devoid throughout of unfairness.

After shaking hands, the riders lost no time in taking their mounts, and both receiving good starts, were off at a fair pace, with Rowe in the lead. The riders kept very near together the entire distance, and neither appeared to exert himself to any great extent. When the bell sounded for the last lap the real contest began. When the racers were half way around the track Rowe made a terrific spurt and was soon three lengths ahead of Temple. Temple tried to respond, and all looked for one of his wonderful spurts. He spurted well, but Rowe began to gain 100 yards from the finish, and won easily by three lengths. The time by miles are as follows:

1 mile, Temple	2:53¼
2 miles, Rowe	5:37¼
3 miles, Rowe	9:01¼
4 miles, Temple	12:16¼
5 miles, Rowe	15:38¼

The officials were: Referee, F. S. Merrill; starter, T. A. Carroll; timers, A. H. Carsley and H. P. Armstead; umpires for Temple, Dr. W. H. Emery and E. P. Burnham; umpires for Rowe, Charles Whittier and J. H. Sherman; scorers, W. Reed and F. W. Aymer.

NOTES.

Captain Kendall, of the Boston Club, expects his proposed "coasting contest" to prove a big success.

* * *

The Boston Club will, without doubt, make another run to Old Squantum. before the cycling season is over.

* * *

Every wheelmen in the vicinity of Boston should take advantage of the beautiful roads with which the new Back Bay Park abounds.

* * *

It is reported that the Springfield Bicycle Club declined to lend its name to the Temple-Rowe race that was to have been run in that city.

* * *

The Rover Club of Charlestown, attended the Boston Theatre the 6th inst., to witness the "Crystal Slipper." Dr. W. J. Kendall was an invited guest of the club.

* * *

The runs of the Charlestown Rovers for the remainder of this month will be as follows: Oct. 14, to Lexington; 21st, to Haugh's Neck; 28th, to Woodland Park, Auburndale.

* * *

As soon as Massachusetts is entitled to another representative, Charley Howard, will, without doubt, be appointed by Chief Consul Hayes. Charley is a great favorite and will make an excellent choice.

* * *

Captain E. P. S. Mortan, of the Middlesex Cycle Club, is one of the most enthusiastic workers in Eastern Massachusetts, and well deserves the popularity of the members of that organization, which is given him.

* * *

Asa Windle rode Stickney Hill, Lynn, last week, on a Veloce Columbia geared to 55 inches. This is the only crank machine that has ever been pushed to the top of this hill.

* * *

Capt. F. B. Kimball, of the Sommerville Club, has called the following runs: October 14th, to Waltham; 21st, to Salem. Dinner at the Essex House; 28th, to Lexington Woods. Starts on each of these runs will be made at 10 a. m.

Capt. Perkins, of the Cambridge Club, has called the following runs for the remainder of October: 14th, Walpole, *via.* Dedham, starting at 8:30 a, m,; 21st, Lexington, starting at 10 a. m.; 28th, Salem. As this is the last official run of the season, it is hoped that a goodly number will turn out. Dinner will be served to members without expense.

* * *

The annual 25-mile road race of the Wakefield Bicycle Club, of Wakefield, took place on the afternoon of the 6th inst., in pouring rains. There were only seven entries, and the course was to Reading, Greenwood, and through various streets of the above town. Frank H. Burrill, was the winner, covering the 25 miles in one hour and fifty-six minutes. In the evening the club held a banquet at its rooms which was largely attended. The prizes were a silver cup, nickel-plated bicycle lamp, and a pearl handled knife.

* * *

The Middlesex Cycle Club made an enjoyable run to Lexington, September 30. The party numbered nearly fifty, and was in charge of Capt. E. P. J. Morton. Lexington was reached in time for dinner, which was served at the Massachusetts House, the cyclists' popular resort. In numbers the ladies and gentleman were about equally represented, which fact of course added not a little to the pleasure of the occasion. The club had for guests several well-known theatrical people, including Miss Pauline Hall, of the "Erminie" company. The run was successful in every particular, and one that will long be remembered.

* * *

The ladies and gentlemen participating in the fourth annual North Shore tricycle tour, arrived at the Pavilion Hotel, Gloucester, Thursday, October 4. At Essex Woods a halt was made for lunch. C. T. Chapman and C. R. Dodge met the party at Essex and escorted them to the city. Friday the club went around the Cape, dining at the Linwood Hotel, Pigeon Cove, and returning at night to the Pavilion. The homeward start was made for Boston *via.* Salem and Nahant, Saturday morning. The company was made up of the following: Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. Southwell, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith, the Misses Kirkwood, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Mason H. M. Farr, Miss Flora Farr, Mr. and Mrs. Hale, and Mr. and Mrs. G. J. McArthur.

W. R. F.

Odds and Ends.

Con Dwyer, the Australian champion, has been re-instated in the amateur ranks.

* * *

At the Tioga race meet, Kingsland, of Baltimore, showed good form, defeating Crist, Halsted, Wilhelm, and other good men.

* * *

Dedicated to the heavy tricyclist:—

"His rolling wheels shake heaven's basis."

—*Milton.*

* * *

Mons. Louis Suberbie, editor of *Le Monde Sportif*, of Paris France, is s very tall man, rides a sixty-six ordinary, and can stretch a seventy.

* * *

At the Terre Haute, Ind., race meet, W. E. McCune, on a Springfield Roadster, won the one mile open, finishing 200 feet ahead of any of his competitors.

* * *

A curious match has been made between J. C. Edwards, of Connecticut, and W. Jones, of Albany, N. Y., to ride across country from Sandlake to Bath, N. Y. They will be accompanied by two horsemen.

* * *

A horseman in Philadelphia, the other day, accidently rode down a cycler. Instead of giving himself up in a peaceful manner he thrust the policeman aside and rode off at top speed. His offense is resisting arrest, and he will fare badly when caught.

* * *

The second volume of Thos. Stevens' "Around the World on a Bicycle" has appeared. Nearly one-third of the contents of this volume is new matter, that has never before been in print. Mr. Stevens informs us that he will furnish autograph copies to wheelmen at any time prior to November 1.

A WHEEL AROUND THE BAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND OF MONTEREY.

By Joseph J. Bliss.

In Four Parts.

* FOURTH DAY.

I had intended when I started, to wheel the whole distance from Alameda to Monterey, and, if possible, to return *via* Santa Cruz. So far I had fullfilled my intentions, except that on the third day I had hoped to get beyond Santa Cruz on the return trip, or at least to get to Santa Cruz early in the day. The third day had however been very tiring; the amount of walking had been great and the riding had been done on a broken saddle. I was now about 80 miles from home, and the next twenty-five miles over the Santa Cruz mountains I knew, were at the best, mostly walking, and now as the shady mountain roads had not had time to dry, probably would afford no riding at all. As I had before been over this road with my bicycle, I had not now the attraction of unexplored country to induce me to wheel over it, neither had I yet got my saddle repaired. I therefore concluded, as I must reach home that day, to take train from Santa Cruz to Los Gatos, at the foot of the mountains on the other side. There would then remain nearly sixty miles to ride on the wheel, all good traveling.

My breakfast was not the best, probably because it was too early. The excellent supper the night before had led me to expect something better. My bill for supper, bed and breakfast was $1.50, which was reasonable enough, but I fancy had I arrived at Santa Cruz before dark on the previous day I should have investigated a certain German hotel where I obtained an excellent meal on my previous visit to Santa Cruz, for twenty-five cents. As it was I did not feel like looking around, but went at once where I knew I would be well provided for, but at higher rates.

The train left Santa Cruz at seven o'clock, and the grade up the mountains is so steep that I believe it is usual to run two engines. A ride of less than an hour, through the rather fine scenery of the timber-clad mountains, brings me to Los Gatos, a pretty little town embowered in orchards and vineyards. The apricot trees were already in blossom and the place looked very pleasant.

Immediately after alighting from the train I mount my machine and start towards San Jose. I succeeded in riding the hill leading out of the town without a dismount, and then there is level country completely to my home. My saddle bothers me this moring however considerably, and I soon stop by the roadside and attempt to soften the seat by tieing some rags over it and then I delay nearly an hour to oil up my machine and clean the Monterey County dirt from it, not having had the opportunity at the Pacific Ocean House at Santa Cruz, the previous evening.

The first five miles from Los Gatos is over a poor road, and this, added to the condition of my saddle, induces me to walk a portion of it. I did not neglect the opportunity afforded by a pump, in the school-house yard about midway, to take a drink, for it was already quite warm. The weather on the whole trip had been just as beautiful as I could wish for. The road on either side the whole twelve miles from Los Gatos to San Jose is almost uninterrupdly lined with orchards and vineyards, and afford good riding at all season. In the summer this part of the road is sprinkled by water wagons.

I found that even on an excellent road, my saddle would not permit a longer ride than one or two miles without rest, and so it was eleven o'clock when I reach San Jose. I proceed at once to a gunsmith's store I had noticed opposite the Pacific Hotel, and make arrangements for the repair of my saddle, the man agrees to have it done in about an hour and a half, and in the meantime I go to dinner and eat such a hearty meal that I am almost ashamed of my appetite, which I think must be increasing daily.

It is half past one before my machine is ready, and then I commence the return journey. I am sensible of a decided improvement in the fit of my saddle, the contrast from the morning's riding was very great, and the road being in splendid condition, I make what appear to me fast time from San Jose to Willow Fountain, upwards of three miles. According to my watch it only took a trifle over ten minutes. Here I pause for a glass of beer, and then continue along to Milpitas, urged to the top of my speed by a trotter behind me. I now have to face the wind however, and I am glad to pause again at the end of four miles at Milpitas, for my customary glass of wine there. I am afraid this glass of wine makes me a little merry, for I find myself singing aloud (something unusual,) as I ride against a strong head-wind for the next seven or eight miles, to and past Warm Springs. The road was however in excellent condition, yet I passed some men repairing it by patching some depressions with fresh gravel. This I think accounts for the general good condition of this piece of road, namely, patching as soon as a bad spot appears, without allowing the whole road to get bad before commencing repairs.

Before reaching Washington Corner I take to the side path, and here get the first fall on the trip. A gutter had been made across the path, near a brick building in course of construction, and in my attempt to cross it, I take a header, without hurting myself in the least, but a pile of bricks had intercepted my wheel as it went over me, and on getting up I found that one spoke was torn loose. I was unable to tighten the spoke so proceeded on my way, and, I suppose, to prove the theory that misfortunes never come singly, I meet with another mishap in the short space of a few seconds thereafter. I had but fairly got into the saddle and well under way, along the side path again, when I was suddenly flung backwards from my machine, and landed on my back upon the earth. In my preoccupation I had run into the wire, which I mentioned in the article in the March number of the Gazette as being stretched across the sidewalk at this point at about the level of my eyes as I sat in my machine. It proved to be on the level of my neck, for it struck me just below the chin, and it was fortunate for me that one end was loose, being attached over a pulley to a weight, thereby allowing the wire to give when the necessary pressure was applied, otherwise, as I was going at a good speed, my head had probably been cut off. When I was able to get up, my first thought was to demolish that wire, and I proceeded to investigate with this end in view, but it proved to be too much of a task, and so I concluded I didn't care about doing it. The only injury I had sustained were some scars extending pretty nearly all around the neck. My machine had apparently escaped unhurt, and I am soon on my way again.

I was undecided whether to continue straight ahead to Centreville or return home by way of Niles, but the road was so good that I was loth to leave it to make trial of the other, and at 4:15 I pass through Centerville without dismount, and at 4:45 have covered the intervening five miles to Alvarado.

To avoid bumping over the long bridge between Alvarado and Mount Eden I concluded to branch off to Haywards, but regret having done so exceedingly after passing the first half mile, for the road over the low ground proves to be very heavy and sticky, and I am unabie to pass one point without getting into mud over my shoe tops. It would have been better, even now, to retrace my steps, and I would have done so, had I known how rough the next two miles were to be, but I keep on hoping that the road will improve till at length I reach the junction with the Haywards-Niles road. There was now a slight improvement, but the road was still very rough, and it is 6:30 when I reach Haywards, having consumed an hour and three quarters in traveling less than seven miles. Had I continued along the Mount Eden Road from Alvarado, I should have been nearly home by this time, instead of having twelve miles to go. Probably the Mount Eden road is the best one to take as a usual thing.

It is now dark except for the moonlight, but the road is familiar to me, and I spin along the very fine stretch of road, straight from Haywards to San Leandro, six and one-half miles in thirty minutes. Dinner would now be very acceptable, but after a delay of five minutes for a glass of beer I push along, over the remaining six and one-half miles for home.

The road had greatly improved since the start of three days previously, or it would not have been ridable by moonlight. I do not have to make any dismount at all, except one I chose to make at the Half-way House for another glass of beer, for I began to feel the need of refreshment of some kind and a piece of bread would have been acceptable. At eight o'clock my machine is safely housed at home, and I immediately supply the wants of my stomach, afterwards take a bath, and retire.

I had succeeded in making the trip which I had started out to make at the rather unusually early time of year, February. I was a little dissatisfied that I had felt compelled to take the train for the twenty-five miles over the Santa Cruz mountains, but this was caused by the accident of the broken saddle, and I did not regret it greatly, as I had on previous occasions explored these twenty-five miles on my wheel. I was now familiar with the entire route of 250 miles to Monterey and return *via* Santa Cruz. The trip had been very enjoyable, notwithstanding the hard walk on the third day, and I should have been only too well pleased to have commenced another such trip on the following day.

My total expense was $9.15, which had not been greater than I had anticipated, although I had spent $1.15 cents for railroad fare and $1.50 for repairing saddle, which had not been calculated upon before the start.

I found that the change of underclothing strapped to my handle bar had supplied all my needs in this respect, and the only things I had not taken with me, which I now considered should be taken along on the next trip, were a supply of needles and thread and a small hair brush in addition to my pocket comb.

The ball-catcher's gloves had not given satisfaction. They were convenient, for the reason that it was not necessary to remove them in order to handle pencil or money, but the fingers which are exposed, get grimy, and dirty, and the back of the hand, which is unprotected from the sun, gets browned, and I think in very hot weather would get blistered, and, as the protected parts are kept whiter, the hands present at the end of the trip quite a parti-colored appearance.

I have appended a map, * which I think will be found of great service to any wheelmen, unfamiliar with the route, who may desire to make the trip from San Francisco to Monterey.

March, 1888.

* See May, 1888.

Thought Him a Dude.

FARMERS have a queer idea of a dude. They imagine that anybody hailing from a city, who chances to be dressed in a way different from what they are in the habit of seeing, is a dude, and consequently no good on earth. A certain young fellow, living in Chicago, took a tour through Wisconsin on a bicycle a short time since, dressed in a very striking costume, including a pair of knee breeches. Now, all wheelmen, as a rule, are more or less thin, on account of the vigorous exercise which they indulge in, but where superfluous avoirdupois is conspicuous by its absence, very hard muscles are liable to be hiding, ready to fool the party who presumes to trifle with their owner. It so happened that the young man in question was quite slight, and while in reality of good physique, his very thinness lead those untutored children of the furrow to imagine that he was one of those wishy-washy fellows from the city whom they had read about. It was on a Sunday morning that he wheeled into a small village, and dismounted in front of the "tavern," where the tough boys of the burg had congregated, and made some inquiries regarding the road. Nobody seemed in a hurry to tender him the information which he desired, but finally one big hulk of a fellow yawned and stretched himself and said:

"Reckon you haint 'quainted in these parts."

"No," replied the wheelman, "I am a stranger here, and would like to reach the next town in time for dinner."

"Hem! Then you eat occasionally, eh?" said the tough man, as he expectorated a stream of tobacco juice at a white hen that was strutting about a watering trough some six feet away.

"Yes," answered the wheelman good naturedly, "semi-occasionally, but that has nothing to do with my question."

"'Spose them pants was picked early—say 'bout the last o' June er the fust o' July, 'fore they'd got ther growth, wan't they?" chipped in another over-grown jay from Wayback.

"Never mind those pants," returned the wheelman, a trifle hotly, "but be kind enough to answer my question."

"Wall, I'll be durned, if it don't git spunky 's well 's eat," exclaimed the first tough man. "Now I should love powerful well to see a scuffle 'twixt that Smith boy, whut's foolish, an' this here corn husk from the city, but I guess it's no use, 'cause the Smith boy is sick in bed. Say, is it hard to ride one o' them machines?"

"Well," replied the wheelman, "that depends. Anyone with any reasonable amount of intelligence can get along fairly well, but I doubt if you could even hold it up to say nothing of getting into the saddle."

This remark brought a loud laugh from all except tough man number one, and it is needless to say that he felt somewhat humiliated.

"Say," said he, as the laughing ceased, "I'm goin' to tackle that horse o' yourn, an' if I fail to ride it, I'll take the disappintment outen your hide, d'ye hear?"

"I'm listening," replied he of the abbreviated pants.

"Well, then, here goes," said country, and then followed a scene that beggars description. He approached the lay-out as he would a skittish horse, and taking hold of a small saplin' pulled himself into he saddle. A companion gave him a push and, as often happens the started off very nicely, and the farther he went the better it balanced. In the meantime a companion had followed, and wishing to return, he had his friend hold the machine while he dismounted and turned it around. Again he was successful in reaching the saddle, and started back at break-neck speed, leaving his companion far in the rear. As he approached the tavern he lost his head and the machine insisted upon running right for the watering trough. Then it was that he turned pale, and asked the wheelman how the thing was stopped. Just as he was about five feet from the trough, the wheelmen mildly suggested that he put on the brake, and with a sign of relief the tough man crowded the brake spoon on the tire. In another second the air was full of bicycle and farmer, and then with a mighty splash he fell into the water of the trough, where he lay several seconds completely helpless from surprise and fright. However, as the water filled his boots, and got up his nose, he began to take in the situation and then he got mad. Large rectangular oaths escaped him, first in couples, and then in large flocks, till the water on his clothes fairly sizzled. He bounded out of the trough and made for the gentleman from Chicago, who never budged an inch, but calmly waited the coming of the bully. On it came in all its fury, and attempted to clinch, but just in the nick of time, Chicago reached out with his left, followed up with the right, and again country lit in the trough. This was more water than the poor devil had had on his at one time for months, and it puzzled him, but his mad was still up, and with a few more verses of swear words he attempted to arise and get at the wheelman, but it was useless; he was lammed back as fast as he could get up, and finally begged to call it quits. At this he was allowed to arise, the wheelman going so far as to assist him to his feet, and then turning to the rest of the party he said. "Gentlemen—if any of you can claim that title—I asked you a civil question and you insulted me for my pains. Now, your friend here, has got me warmed up, and if there are any more of you who desire to take a bath, I am ready to accommodate you free of charge. On the other hand, if you are satisfied that I am not as bilious as I look, just give me the information that I seek and I will make my stay as brief as possible." It was astonishing how anxious those fellows were to be civil to the tourist after that and they not only put him on the right road, but tough number one got his horse, and accompanied him to the next town, where they parted good friends. Such is life. Some men need a good licking and after they get it, they usually swear by the man who threshed them.—*Peck's Sun.*

A would be inventor explained to us the other day what he called a "capital idea." It is the "grapnel brake." It consists of a small anchor with four or five claws, which the happy cyclist chucks behind him, and thereby checks his course when occasion requires. We advised the inventor not to patent it. Needless to say he is a non-cyclist. What will be the next thing in the inventing line?—*Bicycling News.*

A person who thinks and uses a bicycle as though it was self-supporting will find out that it is not. There are many of this kind, however, and they are always losing nuts off of their machines, as they never examine them to see if they need setting up. A good wheelman will see that his wheel is in good condition before he starts off on a run, the same as an engineer would his locomotive. "A stitch in time saves nine", is a good maxim to follow in the case of a bicycle.

Wheeling Better Than Politics.

By Karl Kron.

Considered as a scheme for getting rid of malaria, and storing up a supply of strength sufficient for the production of this book, my forty days of walking large with the wheel proved eminently successful. It convinced me, too, that the love of touring, like any other genuine and healthy enjoyment, is really insatiable. It grows by what it feeds on. The man who has a hearty liking for it, is always bound to want more. He is like the Scotchman's dog that could never get enough of fighting. 'I go through the woods and hunting-grounds one day, and I rise up in the morning and go through them again the next day,—I walk large,' said the Indian; and it seems to me that I, in similar spirit, could never really tire of wheeling large.

I care too much for comfort to sacrifice it in traversing deserts and dangerous countries merely for the sake of conquering them, while innumerable pleasanter regions are waiting to be explored; and I am not adventurous enough to risk my life in search of strange sensations and unique experiences, as Thomas Stevens did in Asia; but I sympathize entirely with the spirit of Stevens, which enables him to take pleasure in the process of buckling a bicycle belt round the world; and I have no hope of higher happiness in the future than that which would attach to wheeling large in foreign but friendly lands, should Fortune ever thus allow me to push Number 234, Jr. across such 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

If this ambition seems contemptible to the man whose nature shows no strain of the noble savage, let him modestly remember that the savage, in turn, looks with the sincerest contempt on the ambitions and amusements of the highly-civilized. To the men of my own age and generation who have not fairly taken in hand the political management of this continent (though the superfluously lagging veterns who were *not* 'in de wah' have as yet failed to get a grip on that truth), let me say that the exploration of the continent's roads seems exactly as creditable. I wish them great good luck in their little game called "politics;" but it seems to me that most of the players make it a very little game. 'I know their tricks and their manners,' and I am not impressed at all with the notion that any special dignity or grandeur attaches to their performance. *My* game called wheeling seems quite as respectable a one for an elderly man to seek his amusement in; and if they laugh at this idea, let them remember that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'

I do not affect to despise any kind of human activity which is engaged in sincerely; I only insist that the value of each kind, as regards the individual, is purely relative, dependent entirely upon his own special mental center, or personal point-of-view. 'Of the many precious immunities that belong to humble station, there are none,' as Hamerton says, 'more valuable than the freedom from false amusements. Any hard work, however uncongenial, has the qualties of a mental tonic, for you see a sort of result; whilst a false pleasure leaves no result but the extreme fatigue that attends it,—a kind of fatigue quite exceptional in its nature, and the most disagreeable that is known to man.'

And so, when some conventional ambition or ceremonious splendor is pointed out for my approval, I exclaim: "It is very good,—it is beautiful; but I,—I walk large." Or perhaps I sing, in paraphrase of George Arnold's verses:

"A harmless fellow, wasting useless days,
Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and praise.
To me, this whirling wheel brings more of pleasure.

So, here upon it let me ride at ease,
While solemn voices of the Past are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.

Praise, if you will, 'the man of higher aims'!
I ask but leave to smell the flowers, and listen
To lisping birds, or watch the sunset's flames
On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.

Yes, let me go I care no longer now
For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises.
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,
I'd ride forever here among these daisies.

So you who wish for fame, good friend pass by
With you I surely cannot think to quarrel
Give me peace, health, this wheel whereon I fly,
And spare me both the labor and the laurel'"

How to Tour.

Of course there are quite as many different ideas as to the proper and only correct way to tour by means of a cycle as there are about very nearly every other question under the sun, so that we do not for a moment suppose that what we are about to say will meet the views of everyone. Cycle tourists may roughly be divided under two heads—those whose chief aim is distance, and those who merely use the cycle as a means of conveyance, and take their time to see the country. Of course, were we to suggest to the former that they were going about their touring methods wrongly, we should probably fail to convince them of their error, but that the latter method of touring undoubtedly is the most enjoyable, and gives the greatest satisfaction in the end, we are quite certain. In the younger days of our cycling life we were quite as anxious as anyone to cover long distances when touring, but after having tried this method for several years, and gradually changed it for the other, we unhesitatingly say that the slower system of travelling is much to be preferred. Of course, it is all very nice on returning from a tour to be able to say that during the week or fortnight out, as the case may be, one has travelled so many hundred miles, and has seen—that is, passed through—a terribly long string of places. It may possibly impress the outsider more favorably with the advantages to be derived from cycling than if half-a-dozen places only were mentioned as having been visited in the same time, but it also may, and will in many instances, undoubtedly cause the said outsider to meditate a lot upon the hard work necessary to indulge in cycling. By far the greater number of cyclists make a tour in their one holiday of the year, and select that method as the best means of obtaining a pleasant change from their daily avocations, and the most healthy means of living during that period. Riding long distances day after day, however, necessitates a previous training of some considerable length, which many cannot obtain; but irrespective of this, it is needful that the tourist should rise early and ride fast, and not infrequently late as well, whilst he bears away with him a brief and inaccurate idea of the country through which he has passed. On the other system, though early rising may be indulged in to the fullest extent, it is not necessary to the success of the trip. The country is traversed quietly and without excessive strain upon the partly untrained body. The same amount of fresh air is secured, and the tourist on his return is enabled to retain a far more correct and pleasing memory of the places and things he has seen in his travels. To map out a tour of any length and make a point of reaching the places set down each night, irrespective of weather and all other circumstances, is therefore a mistake, and if some general idea of the route be decided upon, and the tourist allows himself, within some limits, to follow fancy over that route he will find a true enjoyment in cycle touring. Let him start when he pleases, and stop when he thinks desirable, even varying the occupation of cycle riding by the indulgence in other pastimes. Let him fish if it pleases him; geologise, if rocks permit of successful investigation; sketch, if he be an artist; photograph, if he be that way inclined; have a day on the water if fancy and opportunity point that way; or even let him break the journey for a game of tennis, should he find suitable partners. If a tour be mapped out to cover a picturesque country, and the tourist then follow the bent of his inclinations, and be not distressed at the end of the day should he even have covered less than twenty miles, we opine that he will enjoy himself far better than by scorching through the country with head down and everything centered upon his progress and his progress only.

Cycling in Russia.

One of the greatest revolutions in cycling on the continent is the introduction of cycles in the Russian army, which has just been officially ordered. The Grenadier corps will be the first one equipped for the introduction of this feature into the service, and the autumn maneuvers of the army will include practical cycling. In an official test made for the purpose of comparing the utility of the bicycle with that of the horse, a dispatch was sent to a town thirty five mile outside of Moscow, and an answer returned, in which the wheelman beat the horse by four hours.

CYCLE and I.

Thou and I, my noble wheel,
O'er the highway rolling
Friends are we for woe or weal
Oft together strolling.

What care we for weary miles,
Thou and I together,
When the cloudless Heaven smiles,
Or in stormy weather.

Glistening bright thy sinews are,
In the sunlight gleaming!
And thy lamp shines near and far,
Through the darkness beaming.

Thou and I leave care behind,
Bicycle, my beauty!
Fleeter steed, I'll never find,
Ready aye for duty!

May thy beauty ne'er grow dim,
May thy strength ne'er fail thee,
Staunch and true each slender limb;
Noble wheel, I hail thee!

Thou and I my fifty-four,
Willing steed and master!
How we skim the roadway o'er!
Never bird went faster. *S. K. B.*

SONG OF THE ROAD RACER.

(BEFORE THE RACE.)

Give me room to yawp and shout,
Hip, hip, whoop, hooray!
See me skip for all that's out
On the racing day.
All the rest will stand no show
When I duck and run,
Just observe if that's not so;
Watch out for the fun!

And you can just bet your knee pants that there's going to be some fun for when I spurt to the front, the man that tries to follow me will have to pull a lung out, and even then he won't do it.

(DURING THE RACE.)

Pull and kick and strain and sweat
Let them do their worst,
I shall win this race yout bet
Tho' I'm not now first.
Let the others set the pace,
Don't you ever fret,
I will spurt and win the race;—
Oh, I'll get there yet!

No sir, the pace is not too hot for me—not by a good deal,—but I'm just taking it easy behind here, and when the rest are all blowed, you just watch me rush ahead and knock the persimmon. Do you grasp?

(AFTER THE RACE.)

Let me howl and tear my hair,
Oh, this luck of mine!
Let me make the summer air,
Sulphurlously sublime!
If I had not trained too hard.
Worked myself too thin
Been scratched up and cut, and scarred,
You'd have seen me win.

You know, I was all bunged up from training, besides that I took eight or ten headers and punched a couple of ribs and seven spokes through my diaphram,—but I stuck to it 'till I was fouled and run over eight or ten times and then I saw that it was all up. Besides all that, I took out my old wheel and it broke down and I had to change, and I lost so much time that when I caught the crowd I had to slow up to keep from running into them and then I lost my pedal and had to stop and hire a small boy to find it for me, and * * *

The balance of these remarks will be published in book form. The work will be an excellent companion volume to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

WHY WE BLUSH.

WE acknowledge satisfaction after winning first and second in the greatest one hundred mile road race of the year—at Buffalo—where only six riders finished, and ONLY FIVE of the six rode VICTORS.

We added this to our list of "Battle Flags" side by side with such world's events as Clarksville, Crawfordsville, Big 4, Boston—all 100 mile road races, open to the world, and contested by all the large makers—and modestly retired.

We blush, because after all this glory—when a bicycle maker went clear South and got up a race at Nashville, Tenn., to try to show the usefullness of his bicycles, the said maker putting up the prizes in order to stimulate the game—three naughty boys without our knowledge or permission, wanted to make a sure thing of scooping all the prizes offered, bought VICTORS and entered the race.

Well, before we could stop them, they were off and away and at the finish came to the front in 1, 2, 3 order, taking all the prizes—bicycle, medals, shoestrings and all!

It wasn't the thing, and we apologize. We don't want the earth. We only want riders to know that VICTORS are built to get there suddenly, and we are very willing to give the other fellows a chance.

We make the VICTORS, but we are not the "largest makers in the world"—only the best.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON.

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LIGHT ROADSTER Bicycle

CONTAINING ALL IMPROVEMENTS ESSENTIAL IN HIGHEST GRADE MACHINES.

True Tangent Spokes that do not break,
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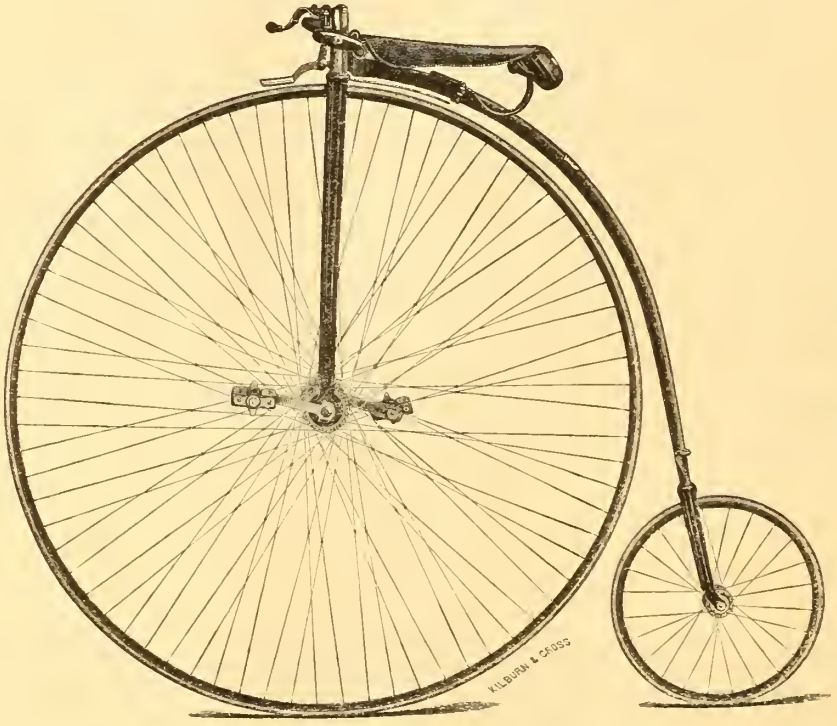
Hollow Detachable Handle-Bars that do not work loose,
Backbones and Forks of the best weldless steel tubing,
Ball Bearings made with the accuracy of watch work.

ROADSTER

Weight, 40 pounds

ALL ON.

Choice of Handles and Saddles Given.



LIGHT ROADSTER

Weight, 36 pounds

ALL ON.

Choice of Handles and Saddles Given.

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277	44	Otto Special, new, spade handles	27.00
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287	48	American Star, No. 1 condition	43.00
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290	50	Springfield Roadster, in splendid condition	50.00
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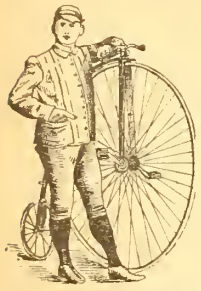

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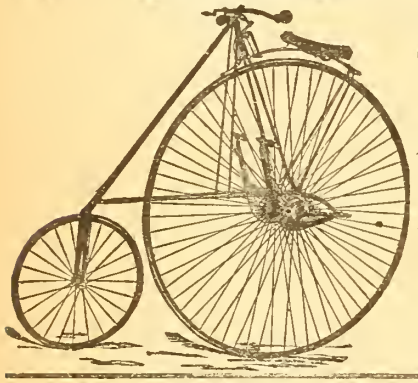

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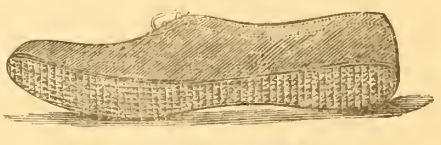

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