

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

Vol. 1. No. 17.]

MAY 11 1881.

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Mr. Fred. Jenkins, has issued a Wheelman's Log Book for 1881, which will supply a want long felt among tourists. It consists of 32 pages, ruled for names, distances, state of roads and general remarks. Our Bicycling friends, on turning over its pages at the end of the season, will thereby recall many pleasant events. The price, 25 cents, places it within the reach of all. We venture to predict for this little volume the success which it deserves.—*Courier*.

THE WHEEL will be sent for one year to members of the League of American Wheelmen for fifty cents. This includes the monthly supplement, containing full information in regard to the workings of the League. This offer remains open until the closing of Volume I.

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

Who is Louis Harrison?

Why the gentleman (?) who edits the *Bicycling World*. The man who calls another a liar, and then like a coward, declines to publish his explanation. A man who has done nothing for the League himself, who undertakes to assail a gentleman like Mr.

Wilcox, simply for stating facts. If the League cannot stand honest criticism, it is not worth an existence. We believe in the League, and we want to see it perform some practical work. We want to see the consuls establish hotel rates, publish descriptions of the roads in their vicinity, and generally promote touring.

This same man of the *World* says that the League "cannot attend to the matters of roads and hotels until suitable consuls have been appointed." Is this a slur on the one hundred and twenty odd men who have been appointed? Are men like Dr. Rust, of Meriden; Seeley, of Washington; Tolman, of Worcester; Hayward, of Susquehanna; Blakiston, of Philadelphia, and many others that we could name, unsuitable. Are they to be insulted also, by this conceited quill driver of the *World*? We hope not. A sufficient number of consuls have been appointed to make a beginning. Secretary Burrill demonstrated this by securing rates at the Mansion House, Orange. Any such arrangements, however small and insignificant it may seem, is an opening to what is at present, an extended field for action. Let each consul appointed become familiar with the roads in his vicinity. Let him see what terms he can make for tourists, at the hotels, and then report the fact through the bicycling press, and we guarantee that it will do more good to the League, and bicycling in general, than any yearly parade and exhibition.

A gentleman from Providence writes to know of the condition of the roads between New York and Albany. Perhaps some of the consuls along the road can furnish us with the needed information.

The Boston Bicycle Club have issued a neat little book of convenient pocket size containing their by-laws and rules, list of officers since their organization in 1878, and their membership roll up to date.

The Pope Manufacturing Company are making preparations to force an entrance to Central Park for wheelmen, which is not only greatly to their credit, but proves that New York men are certainly lacking in enterprise when they permit outside assistance, without making any effort themselves.

Mr. M. Lazare proposes to issue the "American Gentleman's Magazine" on or about the first of June, containing 140 pages of reading matter similar in size to "Brentano's Monthly." We can judge better of its character when issued. In other words Marius "Wh'el sec." The subscription price is fixed at \$4.

Mr. Gale Sherman, of Lima, O., starts on his ride from there to Boston Friday (13th). The following is his route: Lima to Kenton, Marion, Mansfield, Wooster, Ravenna, Ashtabula, Conneaut, Girard, Erie, Westfield, Chautauqua, Brockton, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Tonawanda, Niagara Falls, Lockport, Rochester, Palmyra, Clyde, Syracuse, Oneida, Rome, Utica, Herkimer, Little Falls, Tonda, Amsterdam, Schenectady, Albany, New York. From here he will probably be accompanied by Mr. Fred. Jenkins, of THE WHEEL, and Mr. James Revell, of the *Courier*. Judging from Mr. Sherman's photo which he sends us, we should imagine him quite capable of performing the long ride, and wish him every success.

"THE PILOT" BICYCLE.

HICKLING & CO., QUEEN STREET, MAIDENHEAD.

From the commencement of the era when the modern bicycle became popular, the name of Hickling has taken a prominent part in the doings of the trade, first appearing in conjunction with that of Moir and Hutchins, as the pioneer firm of agents on an extensive scale. From agency to manufacture was but a short step, and we soon find the firm, now trading as Hickling & Co., busily engaged in making the "London," which machine, becoming deservedly popular, was shortly after supplemented by the "Timberlake," the business connected with the latter machine having been purchased from Mr. Timberlake, who may be noted as the first bicycle manufacturer, who content with the proceeds of a successful business has retired into private life. These were in their turn last season still further supplemented

by the addition of the "Berkshire," a machine of a cheaper class, and the present season of 1881 finds yet another introduction in the shape of the "Pilot," which we now have under consideration. The "Pilot" is now designed to combine as far as possible in one machine "all the latest improvements," special attention having been given to all those little peculiarities in detail which seem of late to have become the fashion. An elegant outline with an appearance denoting at the same time no diminution in strength are characteristics of this new introduction. The tyres are 7-8 & 3-4 in. in diameter, round in section, of best red rubber, and secured to the rims by Messrs. Hickling's own peculiar method, which renders it almost a matter of impossibility to detach them. Crescent steel rims and broad and deep gun-metal hubs are matters of necessity now-a-days in a good machine, and of course they are not absent here, whilst 72 direct spokes, of wire No. 11, B.W.G. in thickness, complete the construction of the wheel. Ball bearings to both wheels are also a matter of course, those on the front wheel being of the double or "Humber" variety, and those to the rear wheel adjustable to take up wear. The front forks are knife-edged; broad, hollow steel tubes, and the rear ones are of the new semi-hollow pattern, stamped and worked to shape from best sheet steel, with broad shoulders and a slight backward curl at the ends. The backbone is oval in section, and likewise of weldless steel, and the head is a very neat form of "Stanley" or closed centre, with the handles placed in lugs in front; these handles are tipped with horn, are 24 in. long, and bent down one inch at each end to enable the rider the better to work with a straight arm. To the front of the head is fitted a double lever spoon brake, the handle of which we may mention is carried nearly to the end of the handle bar, thus giving it more power than is possessed by many spoon brakes. The specialty of the "Pilot" is the spring, and this, following the general cry for "insulation," is partly supported by india-rubber at the front end, which is so arranged as to slide freely forward through a steel slot supported within a pad of rubber, the tail end being fitted in a neat slide. It is needless to say this is an improvement. Lamplugh and Brown supply the seat, which is on their well-known suspension principle, and the machine is complete with saw step, rubber or rat-trap pedals, the universal "spanner and oiler," and a neat dust cover to the opening of the Stanley head. In point of finish and fitting the "Pilot" is A1, and can scarcely be much improved upon, whilst we have every confidence in the makers that they will only supply the best of material. It is neither heavy nor light, being of the most approved weight for all round work, viz: 10 lbs. under "lbs. for inches," a 52 in. scaling some 42 lbs., at a price of £16 10s., which it is well worth.—*Cyclist*.

WHEELING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Oakland Bicycle Club had set Saturday, April 10, as the day, and San Jose as the destination for their opening run of the season, but the weather proving unfavorable, it was necessary to postpone the trip until the 23d. The morning, however, brought a strong southeast wind and a light drizzling rain, and was so threatening that most of the Oakland riders went to business; while the rain was so heavy in San Francisco that all but the most enthusiastic riders of that city dismissed the affair from their minds as impracticable, well knowing that it would be impossible to make a trip of 45 miles with a large party, unless the roads were in tolerably good condition.

The rain, however, proved to be only an April shower, not extending five miles from Oakland; and when the wind finally came out of the west about half-past ten the captain, who had waited in hopes of the change, summoned all within reach by word and telegraph, and when the hour of starting, 11 A. M., came, it found a company assembled which, if not as large as had been expected, were enthusiastic enough for twice as many.

It was decided to send them off in detachments as fast as they arrived, and the first ones started at 11:15; the next at a quarter to twelve, while the captain and Butler, of the San Francisco Club, waited until 12:15, to pick up any possible late arrival, trusting to good steady riding, to overtake those who had left an hour before.

Arrangements were completed previously, and the party as

they arrived in San Leandro sat down to lunch at the Estudillo House, finding for once plenty of the bicyclers' favorite beverage, milk.

The road from Oakland to a point about two miles beyond San Lorenzo was very fine, but the next five miles through Mt. Eden and across the low land of the Alvarado marsh was exceedingly rough and bumpy, but improved after the bridge was reached, and became fine a mile or so beyond Alvarado, continuing so through Centreville to Washington. Just beyond Alvarado one of the party was thrown by a stick flying into his wheel, and sustained a contusion upon his chin, which though not severe made it advisable for him to complete the journey by rail, which he did. The late starters overtook the remainder of the party near Centreville, which town was passed without a halt. After a short delay at Washington Corners the party left for Milpitas, expecting some rough riding for the next five miles, but it turned out better than had been expected, and after the line was crossed into Santa Clara county the difference in roads became very perceptible. The remainder of the trip was the luxury of travelling; the roads being as smooth and level as a floor. Milpitas was passed without halt, much to the disappointment of the expectant hotelkeeper, but the previous delays on the road made it necessary to push on, so as to be in time for dinner at the appointed hour. Some riders who could not leave the city in time to make the entire run, took train to this place and joined the cavalcade as it passed, so that the turnout attained quite a respectable size. The ride from Milpitas to San Jose through the long avenues of trees and over the level roads was an enjoyment to all, and called forth frequent exclamations of pleasure.

As the descending sun began to cast lengthening shadows across the fields, the party entered San Jose, being met at the outskirts by a carriage load of gentlemen from the hotel where they were to stay; and after a turn about town through a few of the streets, they dismounted at the St. James Hotel at 6:45. Deducting the time of the various stoppages the riding time of the two who started last was four hours and a half.

The whole route lay through one of the most beautiful valleys of the State; with the Bay of San Francisco skirting one side, and a range of hills upon the other, covered with verdure and wild flowers to their very summits. The delay was a delightful one, with just wind enough to make it pleasant, while the spring rains had been frequent enough to lay the dust and put the greater part of the road in fine condition.

Dinner was soon served and the keen appetites aroused by the 45-mile ride would have excited the envy of the lazy dyspeptic idling his time in town.

Beds were sought by ten o'clock, and after breakfast inspection of machines, etc., the party mounted for a ride upon the Alum Rock Springs road, which is one of the finest in the neighborhood. Returning in time for lunch, the afternoon was spent in a run to Santa Clara, along the Alameda, and after a run through some magnificent private grounds at this place, they returned to San Jose to take the cars of the S. P. C. R. R., which landed men and machines safely upon the wharf at Alameda. The San Francisco riders took the boat for home, while the Oakland Club, after riding in procession through town, disbanded for home. Everything was done for the comfort of all concerned, and all felt so well pleased that serious talk was had about the propriety of repeating the affair, making the trip upon the San Francisco side of the Bay next time.—*Olympian*.

COMING EVENTS

MAY 14.—Entries close for bicycle race, mile heats, best two in three; a distance post at 50 yards, all not distanced allowed to start in following heat. Entries to L. R. Leeds, Sec. Elizabeth Athletic Club, Lock Box 28, Elizabeth, N. J. Fee 50 cents.

MAY 31.—Entries close for three-mile bicycle race at the games of the Young America Cricket Club, at Stenton, Philadelphia, Pa. Fee, fifty cents, to W. T. Wilcox, 1704 Pine Street-Philadelphia, Pa.

Vol. I.]

THE WHEEL

[No. 17]

THE WHEEL.—It is the intention of the managers to make THE WHEEL a lively and interesting paper. To present to its readers all matters of interest in connection with bicycling. Accounts of Club meetings, races, tours, excursions and runs will find place in our columns, together with personal items, the latest inventions and improvements, and other subjects of interest to bicyclers and their friends. Correspondence is invited, and we will be pleased to acknowledge any news items, clippings or suggestions which will assist us to make our paper as attractive as possible. Contributors and correspondents are requested to send their favors to *The Editor of THE WHEEL, 75 Fulton Street, New York.* To give their full names and addresses, though not for publication unless desired. Also to notice that we go to press the Saturday preceeding the date of publication. We refer our readers to another column for our terms of subscription and rates of advertising.

CLUB RELATIONSHIPS.

One fact which must have attracted the attention of wheel club men is the comparatively large number of the "unattached." To the member of a club not ample enough in membership and funds to do what expediency and comfort suggest, the thought must come that if the outsiders were brought in they would be the needed accession of strength; to the member whose club is already "full," to exclusiveness, so that its "wants are all supplied," the proposition is only varied, for he must recognize the need existing in other clubs, and the only thing to be said is, that if the clubs are all full, then more clubs are wanted. The unattached, in his bachelor-like freedom, may perhaps look upon attempts to proselyte him as dictated by the desire to get help in a scrape; but he will see, if he reflects a moment, that the club, if a scrape or a trap, is one from which escape is easy. There must be something in the club which makes it seem worth while for those in to stay in, and for those who join to go in; this is as plain as that there must be something in the wheel itself which makes people buy and use it. The woodenest-headed official who pokes his nose out of a "commission" and cries scat to a bicycle, and the most liberal editor who feels bound to ridicule its riders as babies without cup and rattle, will admit this much; the most hardened of the unattached will admit that the club is *something*.

The question, to join or not to join, comes around to the question, what good are the clubs? It is not the present purpose to dwell upon that, but inasmuch as the common argument of personal inconvenience (or lack of convenience) in the use of the club headquarters is adduced by the unconvinced unattached as being conclusive, it is proper to say that this does not comprehend the case and to summarize it thus: club advantages are mainly, what naturally flows from organization, in the line of securing for the wheel its due recognition and rights. This is particularly true in the infancy of the wheel interest in America, while it has to improve men and improve roads. Without organization nothing can be effected, and this needs only to be mentioned, for whoever cannot catch the force of it by mere mention is beyond any argument. This, of course, is outside of the companionship in riding, the conveniences, and the social advantages which club association may and should command.

Here naturally comes in the matter of club relationships, between members in one club, and between clubs themselves. What should be the standard of admission? Except for financial strength, through numerical, the rule is doubtless wise and sensible that no man who neither keeps nor pretends to ride a wheel is eligible, for the bachelor is misplaced in a Benedict

brotherhood; beyond this, how far should personal dislikes have weight? To me, it seems, not very far. I would not consent to admission, or retention, of a man known to be of bad character, so bad that the most charitable stretch of the term could not cover him with the word "gentleman," for one known blackleg would cast the blackleg shadow over the whole membership; but with this I would stop. Merely that one does not much *like* a man and does not care to be particularly intimate with him is hardly reason for making a set against him. Likes and dislikes are intensely individual matters, knowing and obeying no law. "The reason why I cannot tell, I do not *like* thee, Doctor Fell." The relationship is a bicyclic one. Even as being such, it has easy limitations. Those who do not fancy one another's company on the road can as easily avoid it—and without offense if done with tact—as a bright wheelwoman can give any admirer with any wit to understand that she does not long for him particularly. And, moreover, whoso rides with me is not obliged to sleep with me in the same bed. The old *argumentum ad hominem*, leveled with a force misunderstood to be crushing, by those who scouted at those who wished to admit the negro's rights, was, "would you like to have your daughter marry a nigger?" There is a wide difference between giving him some rights and taking him home personally; and—though the comparison is rather too rigorous—the analogy can be perceived.

Men in the same club should be on pleasant speaking terms with one another; beyond this, each to his own and his own liking.

Equally, and for like reasons, clubs, collectively and individually, should be at friendship. There is no obligation to tender, and none to accept, hospitalities between clubs collectively, or otherwise. But that there is a Jonah in one club is hardly reasonable reason why another club should throw that club overboard, or should expect that club to throw out the Jonah. With the blind the one-eyed is king; among polecats, there is probably no offense regarding style of perfumery. Tastes differ, but liberty is common.

The moral is only that always—and especially at present—while bicyclers are confronted with narrowness, bigotry, and little souled selfishness on part of others against their wheels, they must be consistent, and, so being, be united. We can have no common censor, nor any fixed rule of personal unexceptionableness. Perhaps there are in the clubs liars, and faultfinders, and backbiters, and slanderers, and secret thieves, and men whom the gods above (if not the men below) see are too dirty for clean company. But the bicycle has not made the world over, and these spotted people are taken out of the mass in the bin.

If the holier than thou gets into clubs, and between clubs, and between localities, the effect will not be to attract outsiders, at least desirable ones. Nor can it be anything else than obstructive and disruptive. The wheel club is not properly a close corporation, or even an arm-in-arm social organization. It must look clean, in order to commend itself to the unattached and the outside world; and the best way to look clean is to be clean.

J. W.

AN EXPLANATION.

The following card from the Pope Manufacturing Company recently appeared in the *Bicycling World*:

ANOTHER WHEEL LIE NAILED.

In the last copy of THE WHEEL we noticed the following, in the report of the regular meeting of the Manhattan Club:—

"A letter was read from a member of the club, stating that he had been informed by the agent of the Pope Manufacturing Company that that corporation would be glad to have the office of recording secretary remain in the club, and requested that a suitable person be suggested."

We have never expressed any opinion in regard to the matter referred to, and pronounce the report utterly false.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

We immediately wrote the Pope Manufacturing Company, and also sent a letter for publication to the editor of the *World*. As he has declined to publish or notice it in any way, we give it in full below:

75 FULTON STREET, }
New York, April 25, 1881. }

Editor of the Bicycling World:—My attention being drawn by a rather ungentlemanly heading to an explanation offered by the Pope Manufacturing Company, in regard to an extract from THE WHEEL, I should like to state the circumstances under which the report originated.

Last month Mr. S. Conant Foster approached a member of the Manhattan Bicycle Club, and stated that he had received word from Boston, requesting him to nominate a suitable person from the Manhattan Club for the office of recording secretary, L.A.W., as Mr. Burrill would not be re-elected, and also inferred that no person nominated would be elected unless satisfactory to Messrs. Pratt, Pope and others. I was also informed by Mr. Foster a few days later of the same fact, and I am very glad to see that the Pope Manufacturing Company denies their connection with the dirty piece of business. I now call upon Mr. S. Conant Foster to explain his share of the transaction, and to state upon what authority he was allowed to offer the office of recording secretary to the gentleman mentioned.

Respectfully yours, FRED. JENKINS,
Editor of the Wheel.

Why the Pope Manufacturing Company should send their explanation to another journal, and not inform us of our mistake, remains a mystery. But why the editor of the *Bicycling World* should write a scurrilous heading to the article without authority, and then decline to accept our explanation, shows a rather low and mean spirit. The following letter explains itself:

BOSTON, April 26, 1881.

MR. FRED. JENKINS.

Dear Sir:—I will answer your letter to the Col. as I gave the article to the *World* to insert, it is just as I wrote it, with the exception of the heading. And I meant to give no offence to anyone, but was desirous that the impression should not go abroad that the Pope Manufacturing Company were trying to manage the L.A.W.

We never gave anyone authority to carry any message respecting the election of L.A.W. officers.

The heading was not given by me, or authorized by either the Col. or myself. Yours truly,

E. W. POPE, Sec'y.

FROM THE CLUBS

ADVENTURE.—The Adventure Bi Club was organized at St. John's School, Sing Sing, N. Y., on April 26, consisting of the following officers and men: G. M. Allen, captain; E. V. Connett, Jr., sub-captain; N. W. Bishop, H. Burden, T. B. Burnham, E. R. Connett, C. Darling, G. W. Ewing, G. G. Haven, Jr. J. Humphrey, H. G. Martine, A. McConihe, C. P. Mitchell, T. Smith, H. P. Tailer, J. M. Thomas, sec. and treas.

MANHATTAN.—The regular meeting of the Manhattan Bicycle Club was held at the headquarters on Monday evening, May

2d, 1881. In the absence of President Wales, Vice-President Bourne occupied the chair. The House committee reported the room as completed, and recommended the hiring a janitor to look out for the club property. The report was accepted, and the committee discharged. Messrs. Joslin and Schuyler were elected to active membership in the club. The following committees were elected to serve for the ensuing year. Committee on Elections: Messrs. H. H. Walker, Chas. W. Minor and P. D. Johnston. House committee: Messrs. P. T. Timpson, C. J. Howard and E. Jewitt. Messrs. Frank Burrill, F. G. Bourne and C. W. Minor were appointed delegates to represent the Club at the annual meeting of the League. The date of the annual dinner was set down for May 10th. The Club is in a very prosperous condition, both socially and financially. Weekly drills are called for Wednesday afternoon, and runs are always well attended. It is expected to have over twelve men in line on Decoration Day at Boston.

MILWAUKEE.—The Milwaukee Bicycle club is flourishing. The members are preparing for a summer season of wheel amusement, which if carried out, will bring an immense quantity of unalloyed enjoyment. They have, as long ago published, decided upon the style of their uniforms, and the uniform will soon be completed and ready for use.

The first spring parade in their new suits will be run on next Saturday, the 7th of May. The club has already arranged for several summer excursions, among which they will "take in" Lake Side, Oconomowoc and Waukesha, on the 30th of May. On Saturday afternoon, the 2d of July, the club and about 150 guests, expected from various places, will wheel their way out to Lake Side. At that place on the evening of the same day, a complimentary hop will be tendered the excursion party by the managers of the Lake Side house.

After enjoying this and spending the balance of the night in resting, the party will on Sunday run over to Oconomowoc, a distance of ten miles. On Monday, the fourth of July, the vicinity of Oconomowoc will be explored and trundled over by the wheelmen, and on the evening of the "glorious fourth," another complimentary party, tendered by the managers of the Townsend House, will be indulged in. The following morning those living in this city will take the early train and come down to the city so as to be in time for business—that is, such of them as cannot longer stay away. Those remaining will "bicycle it" back leisurely, and their combination jaunt will be ended amidst a confusion of "good byes" and invitations of "come again" to the visitors.

At this Fourth of July run representatives are expected to be present from La Fayette and Indianapolis, Indiana; Detroit and Grand Rapids, Mich.; Chicago and Elgin, Ill., and from various eastern cities. It is expected that the boys on wheels, on this excursion, will be accompanied by at least thirty young ladies on horseback, to lend enchantment to the occasion. An undoubtedly jolly good time will be had, and the boys only wish the time were now at hand.—*Evening Wisconsin.*

CORRESPONDENCE

FARMDALE, KY., May 4, 1881.

April 23 was too pretty a day not to be accounted for on my Log Book, so about 8:20 that morning I mounted and rode down the carriage avenue to the main pike. It is an old adage that says "straws show which way the wind blows," it might be added, so do bicyclers: at least it has a good deal to do with my riding. So when I came to the pike I found the wind from the north; but the road north was mostly down hill, the road south about half and half; not having been to Frankfort this season I chose the road north; I also counted on the assistance of the wind coming back, the down grade counterbalancing it going. With the thermometer at 60° and the road well laid by a recent rain, I had everything in my favor for a fine day's ride; hardly a day's ride either, as the whole distance was only twelve miles and a half, but it was my longest trip for this season, up to date. I had gone scarcely a mile when I espied a loaded express some distance ahead going my way, and two buggies further on coming toward me; not wishing to dismount I overtook the ex-

press, thinking I could ride behind it until the buggies had passed, and then I could pass it and go on my way rejoicing. Alas! for the plans of mortal man! "Man proposes and unforeseen circumstances, God, disposes." One buggy passed safely, and just as the other one was about to pass, I told the express driver I should pass him there; the idiot stopped short and I ran plump into him; the road was narrow, the buggy was by this time occupying the other half of the road; what could I do? I could not fall sideways and catch myself, because I should have fallen against or under the buggy; I was too far gone to fall to the right, so I compromised by falling in between the buggy and express, in a rather undignified way, lighting, however on anything but my head; present sensations say it was the southeast corner of my trunk. I got up without being told, and the first thing I saw was the hind wheel of the buggy rolling over the hind wheel of my machine, but before I could say or do anything it had passed off; luckily for me, it passed over my wheel near the rim, and only bent two spokes; but I was so dazed from my rough jolt that I did not notice it until I got to town. Nothing more occurred then for the rest of the trip, except I had to dismount several times for vehicles, and once for a herd of cattle. After the first two miles I struck a good road for two or three miles, and I did not stop to admire the scenery, although I was passing through one of the prettiest valleys you ever saw; the hills on either side were not fifty yards apart, and very steep, their sides covered with trees and shrubbery just budding; the road itself keeps close to the eastern hill, following its many windings; at one place the road makes nearly a complete semicircle around a densely covered, steep projection, and care is necessary in riding over it; for, if you were to meet a buggy, you could not know it until you were too close to stop with safety to yourself and the occupants.

After reaching town, which I did in forty-five minutes, six miles and a quarter, I attended to some business, and then called on Mr. W. C. Macklin, a brother wheelman. I learned from him that he was daily, nay, hourly, expecting his new, nickel plated, 54 Centaur. As I have a partiality for that machine myself I waited until the next train came in, hoping, both for his sake and mine that it might come; but we were both disappointed. After letting him try my machine, I mounted and started for home. I was suffering somewhat from my accident and I had to take two rests, besides walking two hills, including these delays, I came back in sixty-five minutes, tired of course, but having enjoyed my ride more than any previous one this season.

Saturday, the last day of April, found me again in the saddle en route for Frankfort; having a horseman along for company. I had to take my time, which gave me an opportunity to observe the effect one week of genuine spring weather had on the lovely valley spoken of above; everything was just lovely, but as I can not give an accurate pen picture of its beauties I shall leave you, gentle wheeler, to imagine it. The first thing I did, upon my arrival in town was to call on Bro. Macklin to see if his new machine had come; sure enough, there it stood in its shining coat of nickel, and its proud owner leaning fondly on it explaining some part to a visitor. I examined every part critically, and must say it is the finest I ever saw, in fact it nearly approaches the "ideal" I gave you a few weeks since; I have but two objections to urge against it: the absence of dust caps on the pedals, and the manner in which the front end of the spring is made and secured; as it is the saddle can not be set within four inches of the head, and I like to jam it up as close as the center pin anyway, further if I could. I did not wait to be asked twice to "take it out and try it." I found it to be delightfully easy running and riding, notwithstanding the position of the saddle. On my return home in the evening he accompanied me for two or three miles, and then we parted.

I have been riding for some time with six inch cranks, but I changed to-day and put my five inch on; I find but little difference until I came to a hill of any considerable size, and then—I knew it. The first thing I have to do when I take the road south is to climb a hill 1,000 feet long, and it is not an easy slope either. Coming back from Frankfort, about six and a quarter miles, the road rises nearly 300 feet, and the most of the rise takes place in the last three miles.

My advice to those who want to get a patent on some pet invention—don't. I have started to secure one on my cyclometer (which will not be out much before next season, if things continue as they have been doing), and I am so entangled in "red tape" on official documents that I don't believe I ever invented anything. But I am going to hold the fort on this one if it costs a law suit. Then catch me in another one!

Mr. W. Heel (Mr. Ed. that is not e double l, but double e-l), you did not give my composition a fair trial, you should have warmed the article you coated, the warmer the better. It is just the thing for the spokes anyway, if it does wear off, *not* in flakes but gradually, on those parts exposed to constant rubbing by the leg. In regard to the "Matchless" I shall devote a separate article to a comparison between it and my ideal bicycle, if the "fever" (?) incident to this season of the year does not overtake me before its accomplishment. You just have no idea how slim I really am or you would not counsel *knee breeches*, and *tight* at that. I am six feet tall and only weigh 145 pounds with my winter clothes on. I wish some slim brother would devise some more comfortable riding costume than trousers and more slightly than knee breeches, for his fellow wheelers.

CAPT. C. W. F.

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Ascend the gay exotic goer
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And beat the boneshaker of yore,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland!

Hark to the wondering son's appeal,
Yankeeland!
"My mother dear, I want a wheel,"
Yankeeland!
For life and health, for "go" and weal,
Thy beardless cavalry reveal,
And speed their beauteous limbs with steel!
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland!

They must not tumble in the dust,
Yankeeland!
Their beaming steel should never rust,
Yankeeland!
That slender firmness you may trust
Like slender blades in warlike thrust,
Held by those numbered with the just,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland!

Come, for the wheel is bright and strong,
Yankeeland!
Come, for thy carriage does thee wrong,
Yankeeland!
Come, for thy young bard in the throng,
Who stalks with levity along,
And gives a new key to much song,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland!

This iron forms no tyrant's chain,
Yankeeland!
Britannia *now* sends not in vain,
Yankeeland!
She greets her kindred o'er the main—
Slick transit! be the wild refrain
We shout in greeting back again,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland!

Wheelman's Log Book for 1881. Price 25 cents. F. Jenkins, Publisher, 75 Fulton Street, New York.

Vol. 1.]

THE WHEEL.

[No. 17]

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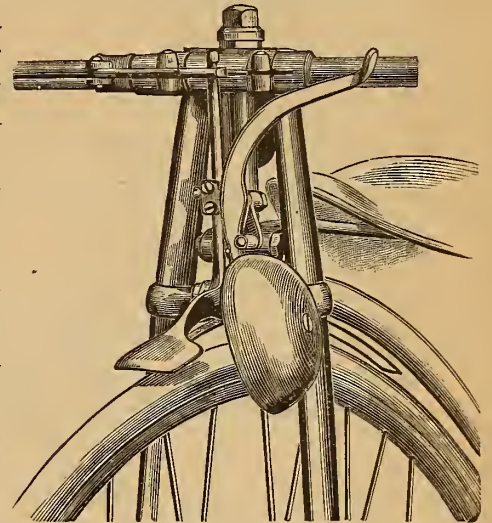
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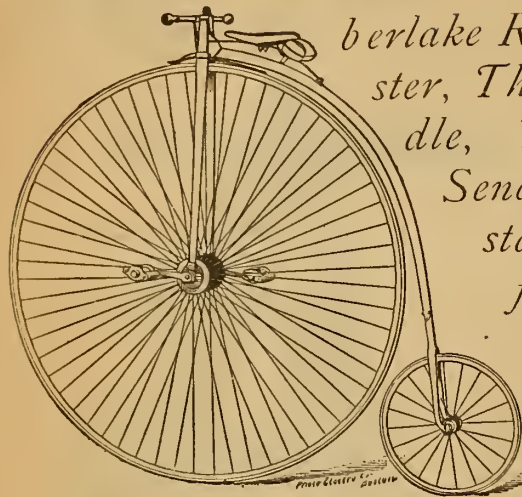
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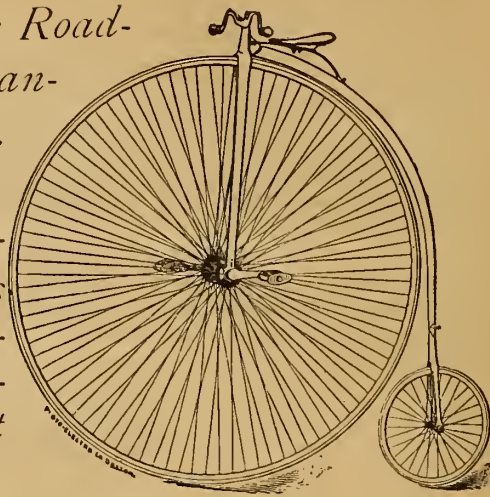
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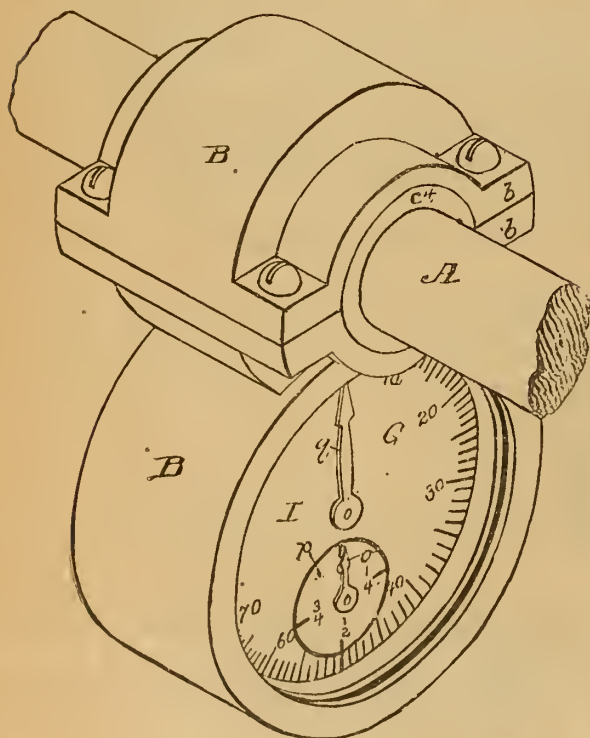
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