

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

VOL. II.—No. 3.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY, 1884.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

IT IS ON BACK PAGE.



ON THE ROAD.

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Incorporated January 23, 1884.

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THE SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB.

THE THIRD ANNUAL MEET AND TOURNAMENT

OF THE

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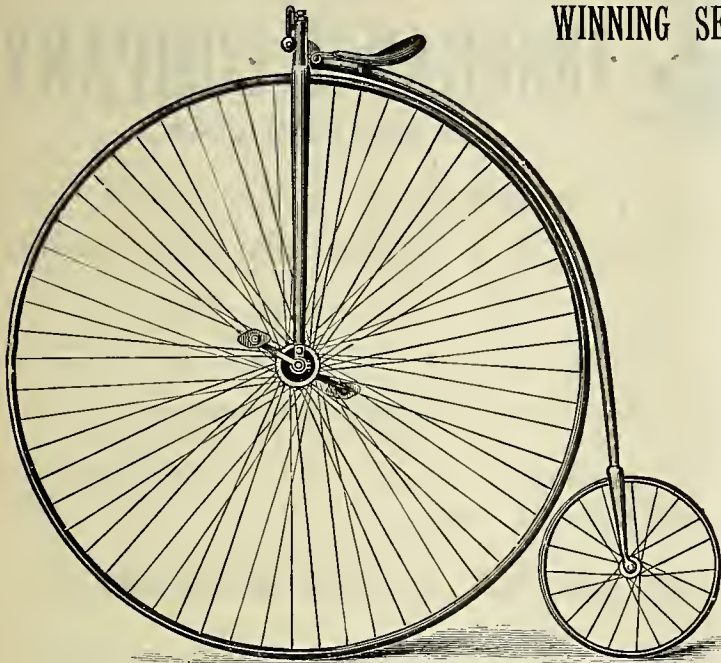
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HENRY E. DUCKER,	- - -	Editor and Manager.
CHAS. A. FISK,	- - -	Treasurer.

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SPRINGFIELD'S THIRD ANNUAL.

THE EVENT OF 1884—HAMPDEN PARK, SPRINGFIELD, SEPTEMBER 16, 17, 18 AND 19—CYCLISTS' JUBILEE—PLAN OF THE PROPOSED TOURNAMENT.

The Springfield Bicycle Club, who have given the largest and most successful bicycle tournament ever held in the world, proposes to hold a four days' meet in September, which shall eclipse all former efforts in either the new or old world. The club will use its utmost endeavors to give wheelmen an entertainment that can only be seen at *Springfield*, and to make this meeting more than ever the "*Derby*" of cycling for the world.

The plan, which is not yet fully matured, consists of racing on the afternoon of each day, there being eight races each day, none over ten miles, for both amateurs and professionals. Cups of special designs and other valuable trophies will be offered for amateurs; cash prizes for professionals. On the evening of each day special entertainments will be offered for the benefit of visiting wheelmen. On the evening of September 18 a beautiful display of fireworks will be given on the park, equal to or excelling those of last year.

A number of new and novel races will be offered, but few handicap races, as most of the races will be run in classes, for we believe that this is most satisfactory to all concerned, and gives all classes of racing men a chance.

There will be no regular camp this year, but wheelmen may bring their own tents, or hire the same of Thomas Burgin, of this city, who furnished the tents for last year's camp.

The club will offer about \$8,000 in prizes, and will expend nearly \$20,000 on the meet. A fine illustration of one of the prize cups appears on another page. A first-class band will furnish music day and evening. The races will be run on a new and fast one-half mile track, and a breaking of records will be looked for.

The reputation of the Springfield Bicycle Club is so fully established, that everything advertised will be carried out, and without a doubt successfully, as neither time nor money will be spared to make this the great event of 1884, and one to which wheelmen cannot resist coming. It will be an event long to be remembered, and, with fine weather, the tournament of '83 will be left far in the shade.

EVERY ONE TO HIS CHOICE.

In this part of the country the opposition of "the cantankerous countryman" to the bicycle and its rider is pretty nearly subdued. He has become used to the "infarnal" thing, and his horse no longer goes into a panic at sight of the once strange apparition. At the West, as one of our correspondents intimates, they take to all novel-ties as a matter of course, and have never made much fuss over the innovation of men on wheels. Indeed, they calculate upon seeing something new about every day, and if they should hear Gabriel blowing his trumpet, they wouldn't pay much attention to it after the first blast or two.

But there are votaries of other sports or kinds of amusements who affect to despise wheeling as a very puerile accomplishment. A writer in the English *Wheel World* aims a fine bit of sarcasm at the horsemen who think that "riding to hounds" is a sport which bicycling cannot hold a candle to. He draws a fine picture of a "good hunting run," when a crowd of men and women, who manage to sit upon their horses tolerably well, but couldn't stride a wheel to save their lives, start out with a pack of hounds to murder poor Reynard. They ride about from cover to cover, the dogs, meanwhile, poking about after the problematical fox. By and by the howl begins. Reynard "gits up and gits," and then the fun commences. The people on horseback start to follow the dogs. At the first fence some of them give it up. At the second, more, and so on till only a few puffing fellows, and perhaps a tough lady or two, are following. They chase this way, say, twenty-five minutes. The horses are blown, the riders hot, and the dogs raising a perfect pandemonium of noise. Ahead the fox appears, and the poor creature is about used up. His tongue hangs out, hot and parched; his limbs are failing; his terror-struck heart has quailed. The hounds are close upon him. He tries to leap a wall, and fails. Falling back to the ground, the pack is upon him. They tear him limb from limb, rend his flesh into shreds, and before the gallant riders arrive half a dozen dogs are fighting over a bloody, shapeless mop of bones and fur. This is *sport*! Looking at a pretty chromo of the field, with the picturesque costumes of the riders and the fine action of the horses and dogs, all over green fields and under blue skies, and reading the delightful accounts of the run in the sporting paper, and learning who was awarded the brush and the mask and the pads and all that, it seems very fine; but, in reality, it is little better than murder, a sport of savages, handed down from the days when the gentlemen were all butchers.

Thank goodness! We have little of such sport in this country, and the attempts to introduce it by the Anglo-maniac dudes at Newport have deserved and received nothing but public ridicule.

As compared with the sport of horse trotting and racing, it remains to be seen whether cycling contests will not continue to be more popular.

Certainly there is something quite as inspiring in a contest of intelligent men as in a race of hard-driven horses. Yacht racing, in which many good people are interested, has its limitations, and the yachtsman has no reason to despise the cyclist. It is the boat builder and rigger that has more to do with his success than any skill or exertion of his own. Boating and canoeing are also limited, because boats and canoes are impossible where there is no water. In the intelligent use of muscular force they come nearer to bicycling than any other sport.

The wheel has been subject to a good deal of ridicule because of the superstition that every wheelman is destined at some time in his career to have his head broken or his shoulder dislocated. But don't the people who "ride to hounds" sometimes get ditched, and have their horses roll over them and break their legs and arms? Don't the yachtsman and the boatman and the canoeist occasionally get capsized and drowned, or narrowly escape with their lives? Doesn't the base-ballist now and then get doubled up with a ball in the pit of his stomach? Why, even the gentle and unsophisticated croquet player has been almost ready to die for a knock upon his favorite bunion. Too much has been croaked about the dreadful "header." It is a danger, to be sure; but there is danger even in eating one's dinner. Shall we ridicule people who eat, because persons are sometimes choked to death with an unmastered and misguided piece of beef?

The wheel has a good defense against all the objections that can be brought against it. If it has some dangers, it has more advantages than any other means of sport, amusement, and recreation that can be mentioned. It is not cruel; it interferes with nobody's rights; it goes everywhere, and fast or slow, as its rider dictates; it requires no food; its broken limbs can be mended; it never has the heaves nor the glanders, and if it sometimes brings about the fall of man, it never can be accused, as man has been, of total depravity.

FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROAT'S.

The longest stretch which the English wheelman can make is from Land's End, the extreme southwestern point of England, to John O'Groat's house at the extreme northeast corner of Scotland. The distance is reckoned about 925 miles. This run has been made by many wheelmen and up to last month the best record was that of James Lennox of Dumfries, Scotland, who made it in ten days, one of which was devoted to rest. On Saturday, the 17th of May, J. H. Adams, riding a 46-inch Facile bicycle left Land's End and reached John O'Groat's house on the following Saturday, just fifteen minutes before the hour that he left Land's End, that is, he made the 925 miles in six days 23 3-4 hours. On the last day he made 197 miles. The route must have been somewhat circuitous and would correspond pretty nearly to a ride from Springfield, Mass., to Cairo, Ill.

EVIL IN AMUSEMENTS.

At a recent meeting of the Baptist ministers at Boston, the subject of "Amusements" was up for discussion, and elicited a lively and protracted debate. Rev. Dr. F. M. Ellis, Rev. G. E. Merrill, and Prof. Gould took the ground that the church should not lay such amusements as theater-going, dancing, billiards, and card playing under an indiscriminate ban, but should point out what is evil or of evil tendency in each, and oppose the evil, but commend the good. Otherwise, they urged, Christian people not only throw away their opportunity of elevating and purifying these amusements, but also fail to retain their influence over the young. Other speakers were of the opinion that evil is so inextricably bound up in these amusements that the only safe course is to avoid them altogether. We have no occasion here to defend any of the amusements above mentioned, but we have heard similar objections urged against bicycling; that the races lead to gambling and betting, and all the evils which attend horse racing and other contests of speed and strength. The same objection might be laid against a Presidential election, but these good people probably would not advocate avoiding Presidential elections altogether, because some people abuse them by betting on the results. The way to put an end to such abuses is not by removing the pretexts, but in going deeper and curing the evils themselves. There is nothing wrong in bicycling, nor in billiards, nor in card playing. The wrong lies in the persons who pervert them, and, unless they can be persuaded to abandon their wrong practices, the extinction of every kind of amusement would make no difference. If nothing were left to bet upon, they would be found laying wagers upon the end of the world.

TOURNAMENT FAILURES.

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

The Quaker City Bicycle Club held its first annual tournament at Philadelphia, June 17, 18 and 19, which was the second largest tournament ever held in this country, and like its predecessor, the Springfield meet, was a financial failure. The races were fine, the weather delightful, and everything requisite for a big success. The management was perfect, except in one respect, *i. e.*, lack of advertising. And while upon this subject, word comes from England that the great Muswell camp and meet at London was a big failure, losing some \$3,000, while the Philadelphia Club loses, it is estimated, from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

The two spring meets were a failure other than financially. The Philadelphia meet had in the three days' attendance less than 5,000 people, and the slim attendance must be laid down at the managers' door for hiding their light under a bushel; and a few words here may not be amiss to clubs proposing tournaments in the future.

The Springfield Club owes its success, first, to the getting up of a good entertainment, excellent management, and a hearty co-operation of its members; second, to its liberality in advertising. On the occasion of its first meet, held September 20, 1882, the Springfield Club gave \$1,200 in prizes for one day and spent \$1,000 in advertising, and cleared upwards of \$700, about 12,000 people attending. The last meet, held September 18, 19 and 20, 1883, was attended by nearly 50,000 people, and was a big success every way except one, *i. e.*, the club undertook to run a hotel on the park, and, by guaranteeing the camp and caterers their money, that part

cost the club \$6,200, the tournament proper clearing about \$3,000, leaving a deficit on the camp account of about \$3,200. And you ask what made the meet such a success? The answer is that we had a first-class entertainment, the best that had been given up to that date in the world. We knew it, and was bound that the outside world should know it; and while we gave \$6,000 in prizes, we spent \$4,400 in advertising, which was the key to our success.

Gentlemen of the wheel, you cannot run a tournament and have it a success without a liberal outlay for advertising. We do not mean that you must spend your money just to advertise, but you must spend it in judicious advertising. Use judgment and discretion; don't put an advertisement in a paper that no one will see, costing you, say, fifty or seventy-five cents an inch, when a displayed one, costing you a trifle more, will attract the attention of the reading public; and don't advertise more than you have, but, on the contrary, advertise less. The Springfield Club always had and gave more than it advertised. The public and wheelmen know that if we advertised ever so large an entertainment, the tournament will be still larger. Always plan to give the public their money's worth. Do as you agree; then advertise in the right manner, and your cup of joy will be full, with plenty of cash in the treasury. But don't undertake to keep a hotel, at least until you know how; then, when you know how, advertise that, but not until then.

AN AMERICAN BREAKS THE RECORD.

One of the best known wheelmen in the early cycling history of America is Mr. George F. Fiske, a prominent physician of Amherst, Mass., who for several months past has been touring in Europe on his bicycle. He recently completed a tour of over 1,000 miles continuous riding, without taking a train, wagon or steamer, riding between and visiting Leipzig, Dresden, Prog, Pilsen, Munchen, Nurnburg, Coburg, Jena, and many other places, covering the entire distance on a 48-inch Expert bicycle. He competed in a number of races held in the cities visited, and at Leipzig won first prize in the mile consolation race. His greatest feat, however, was accomplished June 3, when he covered 205 English miles inside of twenty-four hours, riding until 11.40 P. M., his course being over the road from Leipzig to Dresden. By the accomplishment of this feat Mr. Fiske excelled the 24-hour record of every country, England excepted. —*Boston Globe*.

A DRINK AT THE PUB.

Most people prefer to keep out of jail, but there are some disadvantages in not being acquainted with the institution. Premising that Englishmen spell jail g-a-o-l, that they call a beer saloon a "pub" and that governors keep jails in England, we quote the following amusing incident from the *Cycling Times* of London. It appears a tricyclist from London had put up at a Coventry hotel and rising very early and not succeeding in getting anything to drink in the house, he sauntered about in search of an early pub. Near St. Michael's church he espied a large crown on the top of a lamp, hanging over a door, which he took as the sign of the Golden Crown. A woman was cleaning the steps, the door was open, and a pretty good-humored-looking man was there, who was naturally taken to be the landlord. To him spoke up the tricyclist, "I'm awfully thirsty;

couldn't get a drink at the hotel; been riding on a tricycle from London; don't yer know, now, where could a glass of ale be got?" The landlord's face changed instantly to one of merry humor, and with a kindly "Follow me—I can supply you," entered the house with the tricyclist close at his heels. "I don't want you to run any risk on my account," said the wheelman, "serving before hours, you know." "Oh, I'm running no risk," was the reply; "this is the county gaol, and I'm the governor!"

This was a surprise which almost quenched our wheel friend's thirst, but he followed the kindly governor into a little room, where in a few seconds a jug of magnificent Northampton ale and a glass were placed before him, and he satisfied his thirst under circumstances never likely to be forgotten.

GEARED WHEELS.

We have received the following communication from a well known wheelman, and, as he wishes racing men to express their opinion upon the subject of gearing up, we freely offer the columns of the GAZETTE to those who care to discuss the subject:

Editor Springfield Wheelman's Gazette:

I have recently examined a new speed and power gear for tricycles that seems to have several points of superiority over anything now known. I am familiar with everything exhibited at the Stanley and Speedwell shows; have examined all United States patents for such gears, and speak as a practical mechanic.

What interested me particularly and leads me into print, is the fact that the inventor has applied it to bicycles with a view of a racing machine. He says, with some reason, that the tendency is to permit machines with speed gears to compete with ordinary machines on equal footing, evidently referring to the American Star, which is permitted to enter open races the same as other machines. He admits that a speed gear makes it simply a trial of brute strength *vs.* activity and skill, with the chances in favor of strength and the speed gear. He claims that crank machines as heretofore made with speed gears have been only partly successful, because of their great weight and friction. In this, however, the gear for speed only, as applied to racing wheels, adds but 5 1-4 pounds to their weight, and can be put into any racer by putting in a new axle. The action is very simple and direct, with less friction than any other gear; it is entirely out of the way, and out of sight also, viewing the machine from one side, as it is between the hub flanges, and but 4 1-2 inches in diameter. The special features are that it does not interfere with the use of the machine as a direct crank action, and when so used does not cause a particle of extra friction, and, strange to believe, drives the wheel by a continuous power, doing away with the dead centers of the cranks. It can be put in action or changed back to the direct crank movement instantly without slacking speed or moving a foot. In private trials over a rough race course for horses, and with the gear applied to a heavy roadster, two different riders who tried it made better time than they ever did on better tracks and racing wheels.

Suppose a good muscular rider appears at Springfield this fall with this gear applied to a racing machine, he can do as well as his competitors without using the gear (except he carries 5 pounds extra weight), until he gets tired of the quick stroke necessary to keep his place, then all he has to do is to touch the shifting devices, take a slower stroke, lift on his handles, and shoot forward at a pace only controlled by the resistance of the air. He can use the gear for spurting on the most favorable parts of the course, and the direct crank up grades or against the wind.

A rider with this gear can bring up the rear until on the home stretch, and then put it in action and cross the line in spite of better men and machines not geared up.

There is no justice in permitting geared machines to compete with those not geared, and the sooner the proper authorities recognize this the better it will be for all concerned.

Last season when at Springfield I thought with many others that the conditions named with the Pope cup were too exacting, but now I believe they are right, except that lever machines should have the same chance as cranks.

The only restriction I would put on racing machines is to insist that none should be used with any of the various devices to enable one to ride a wheel larger than his proper size, or by

which a full stroke of one foot can turn the wheel more than half way around.

If some restriction is not made we shall soon have geared crank machines as well as those we now have with levers, and then the various makers will introduce gears of their own until the question of the best man will be lost in that of the best gear, as well as the expense of machines, and repairs greatly increased, and the value of our present records destroyed.

I suggest that your club invite racing men to write you their opinion as to whether speed gears of any kind should be permitted to enter open races or not, and that you act in accordance with the will of the majority in making up your programme for your next race.

FAIR PLAY.

We must confess that we cannot take sides with "Fair Play" on the question of gearing up; it is a positive loss of power, and has so been proven that, to increase the speed by any means of gearing up, more power is required to drive a 50-inch wheel over a certain number of yards than an ordinary crank wheel, to say nothing of the *extra* weight to be carried; it has been the aim of mechanics since the world began to find some way to gain power, but so far *all* have failed. That we have gained in the application no one will deny. The popular differential pulley blocks of to-day enable one man to raise 4,000 pounds, but what has a man gained? he has in reality lifted 4,200 pounds, or, in other words, to raise the 4,000 pounds one foot, could he lift the load in 10 pound lumps, he would be only obliged to lift just 4,000 pounds, but with the pulley he has the load to lift and the friction of the blocks, amounting to about 200 pounds more. The same applies to all wheels that are geared up; it requires more pounds pressure to propel the Star one mile than the crank wheel, and if a man was so constructed that there was no end to his strength, of course the geared wheel would win. Locomotives are built in this country that run under 160 pounds pressure; the boilers are made of steel, with a very large fire box; these locomotives will draw a train of cars up a grade of 500 feet in fifty miles in just the same time as it would take to come down the grade; and could we take a man, on the same principle, and have him hold the extra strength or power required to drive the geared wheel, then there would be an advantage; but, on the other hand, the only help that a racing man can derive in having a wheel built, is to have as little weight and friction as possible, and *no* system of levers or gears will ever be devised but that some power must and will be required to drive the same. *All* of which must tell on a racing man.

The limit of a man's power seems to be reached upon a 54 to 56 inch wheel, and to increase the size of wheel means the loss of speed at an increased amount of power required to propel the same. We think racing men have nothing to fear at present from geared wheels. On tricycles we have them geared down and then we gain power at a loss of speed, and just so with gearing up; we gain speed at a positive loss of power, which will not answer for the race path.

A WILD RIDE.

May, beautiful May. Ah! noble monarch of the sky, just rising in thy splendor—fateful, indeed, couldst thou but speak, dare we but divine, are those sanguinary rays, thrown out with such munificence!

Nestled in among the hills, which rise in solemn grandeur like some grim guard, sleeps the pretty hamlet of G—, some good twelve miles out from Cincinnati. In harmony with the general surroundings, a peaceful flowing stream skirts the town on the east, hemmed in by high overhanging bluffs.

The arrangement of the burg is unique. No use have the villagers for an intricate net-work of streets; one broad highway leading down from the heights above suffices for all. This highway ends rather abruptly at the river's edge, not on a level with the waters, but away up on top of the highest bluff, which the villagers romantically christened "Crows' Nest." Here there has been erected a gate bearing this legend: "The End."

The end of what, you ask? Why, the street, of course; but stay one moment—raise the bar, swing aside the door, take five steps forward, then—stop!—one more, and I wager you will say with me another would have carried you through the veritable gates of perdition, and been the final end for you.

The day had been one of great rejoicing in G—. The home bicycle club, styled the "Experts," had succeeded in carrying off the laurels from the visiting club, the "Cylones." Will Maillew, of the "Experts," son of the village chemist, was the hero of the day. Mounted on his superb metal steed, he had eclipsed all previous efforts, and proudly wore the ensign of honor. In company with Clarence Lee, he had quietly wheeled apart from the throng, anxious to escape the laudations of praise so liberally bestowed on him from all sides.

To the north of G—, away up above the clouds, as it were, the county reservoir is located, a mountain of masonry, an immense basin of water, confined by solid walls of rocks, built to withstand the ravages of ages, and the pressure of any improbable amount of aqueous matter. Ah, frail humanity, know that the Almighty has but to crook a finger, and a thousand worlds must tremble!

The boys had, by dint of hard work, sometimes dismounting, then again riding, succeeded in arriving at the summit of the hill. To the right, on one side, situated in a sort of declivity or sluice, as it were, part of the reservoir wall is located. Shaded, as it is, by large boughs projecting from overhanging trees, it was certainly a very inviting spot on a hot day, and to this cool retreat the boys unconsciously wheeled.

"Strange I never noticed the dripping of water from between the crevices of rock at any of my previous visits," observed Will, carelessly throwing down his wheel on the damp grass, and then assuming a recumbent position alongside.

"Something wrong, I'm afraid," suggested Clarence, attentively regarding the parts of masonry, out of which the moisture was oozing in astonishingly large quantities.

"Wrong! My God! yes—look!" exclaimed Will; and then, with eyes strained and limbs paralyzed, they watched and saw—what? Death!—death to them, and the whole valley beneath—for there, before their very eyes, that solid mass of masonry was slowly giving way; the numberless million gallons of water, confined but a few paces in advance, would soon join hands with its sister stream, flowing by in quiet solitude below.

Danger, at last, revived them. What to do, a second glance told them both. Not entirely for themselves did they fear, but for the lives of the villagers they had just left below.

Ill-fated G—! Unless timely warned, thou must perish—not alone thy households, but thy fathers and thy mothers and their children. Not a moment was to be lost; so instantly righting their wheels, they dragged them to the banks above. This done, they ascended by means of a

ladder, which had been erected on the side of the wall for the convenience of workmen, to the top of the wall, leaving their wheels behind.

Warned by a similar calamity a good many years previous, the municipality had had erected on the top of the wall an alarm bell, the ringing of which was intended to inform the villagers of just such an impending disaster.

To reach the bell was but a moment's work; but the rope—where was it? Alas! long years of idleness and exposure to the ravages of the weather had succeeded in completely effacing all traces of such a useful appendage. Despair settled on the faces of the disheartened twain, but for an instant only; then, with a few hurried instructions to Clarence, cautioning him to immediately repair to the pumping shed and obtain a rope at all hazards, Will retraced his steps, descended the ladder, and, mounting his wheel with a determined air, he guided his wheel in the direction of G—.

Brave boy!—worthy thy name to be emblazoned in letters of fire, and swung from pole to pole in a banner of perpetual light! From beginning to end the road was one steep declivity; but, far from being daunted, Will drove down the pedals on his machine with a revengeful thrust at each revolution.

Faster and furious he flew. A dark cluster in the distance he surmised to be a knot of men. In a trice he was up with them. "*Fly—hills—reservoir—broke!*" was all they could distinguish as he darted by. He soon passed the now deserted race track; another minute, and the town's outskirts were reached. The people had seen him coming from a distance, and, assembling, had congratulated themselves with an exhibition spurt. "Back; give him space." "Brave Will Maillew!"

Ha! he waves his cap with one disengaged hand. "Away—fly! The dam's broke!" And he was gone.

Thank God! he was understood. The cry was taken up, echoed and re-echoed; but still Will sped on. He had undertaken to save the whole village, and his task would not be completed until "Crows' Nest" gate had sent back the echo of his warning cry.

In the meantime Clarence had succeeded in attaching a piece of rope to the old bell, and was by this time making the village ring with resonant convincing notes of alarm.

The goal would now shortly be reached. Ha! why this second cry—why this halt among the fleeing multitude? Look back—no wonder! Will, with head and shoulders bent low over his handlebars, neither looking to the right nor left, and repeating at short intervals his warning cry, did not see that not more than fifty yards ahead, the very point at which he seemed straining every muscle to reach, the gate at Crows' Nest Point loomed up solemnly in the fading twilight. Closed was it? No! wide open—carelessly left so by some idle gazer. Too late! Will looked up only when the portal's shadows glanced across the track beneath his eyes.

Poor boy!—sacrificed that others might enjoy the blessing of that which you gave for them! One look of distinguishable despair Will cast back at the awed assembly; then down—down—

* * * * *

"Consarn you! Stop it, I say. Will Maillew, if you persist in shoving your pedal projectors into my stomach, I'll insist on polluting the waters of the reservoir with your disreputable carcass."

These words aroused me, and, opening my eyes, to my utter astonishment they met those of Clarence Lee, whose defiant attitude betokened anything but a peaceable determination. I struggled to my feet, felt carefully for broken bones, looked anxiously around for the dismembered pieces of my shattered wheel, but in vain—only the damp gray walls of the reservoir wall stared me in the face. In a trice I realized the situation. There was such a beautiful town called G—, wherein I lived; there had been bicycle races that day, and, furthermore, I had acquitted myself with glory; nor was my ride up the hill to the county reservoir a hallucination. But my ride back, and the breaking of the reservoir dam? No, thank heaven!—no. They had only been the dreamy flights of an enthusiastic wheelman's brain.

W. M.

AUSTRALIAN WHEEL LITERATURE.

[The following contribution to the "Literature" chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" was mailed to Karl Kron on the 23d of April by one of his subscribers at Melbourne. As the book itself will not be ready for some months to come, its publisher has kindly placed the article at the service of the GAZETTE.]

The cycling press of the Australian colonies has, although brief, a history of its own. It is a somewhat peculiar fact that this particular class of newspaper originated in and still continues to emanate from Melbourne, Victoria; but this is no doubt attributable to the predominancy of the wheel in that colony. The pioneer wheel journal of Australasia was *The Bicycle*, which first saw light on January 19, 1882. It comprised eight pages, and was published on each alternate Friday; and we venture to say that the eighteen numbers which were issued performed signal service for the wheelmen of the colonies. A local journal of the kind was what was required at that period in order to give the sport an impetus, and at the same time to foster it carefully and diligently; and in this direction *The Bicycle*, from all accounts, was eminently successful. In the establishment of that seriallette, its proprietor and editor, Mr. T. A. Edwards, exhibited considerable pluck and enterprise, and the sport owes him a debt of gratitude for his timely efforts on its behalf.

On the 14th of September of the same year *The Bicycle* was discontinued in favor of *The Australian Bicycling News*, a twelve-paged paper that was projected on the 11th of May previously, and which made its appearance on the same days as the pioneer paper. It was the property of "The Australian Bicycling News Company"; and, although it had no recognized editor, Mr. H. C. Bagot, the Melbourne agent for Messrs. Singer & Co., of "Challenge" notoriety, was very generally believed to fill that position. The journal enjoyed a favorable career, and it was not until after thirty-two numbers had appeared that it changed hands and title simultaneously. This took place on the 16th of August, 1883, when Mr. W. H. Lewis assumed the proprietorship and editorial responsibilities, the paper appearing under the more comprehensive name of *The Australian Cycling News*. After two numbers had been published, its size was increased to sixteen pages, and in this form it still continues to make its appearance each fortnight, under the guidance of the above-named gentleman.

Christmas last witnessed the advent of *The Australian Cyclists' Annual*, edited by Mr. J. P. Russell,

its chief claim upon the attention of antipodean wheelmen being that it was the first periodical of the kind that has been compiled in the colonies. It contained some sixty pages of letter-press, which comprised articles on how to learn to ride a bicycle, training, etc.; a diary for the use of tourists; a club directory; a road guide; the rules of the A. C. U., and some tables of the fastest times on record in the world. The fault, and not the only one, of Mr. Russell's book is that it is too English; for it is lacking, to a distressing extent, in information pertaining to the wheel in Australia.

The ordinary daily press bestows very little recognition on the sport. It prints occasionally accounts of race meetings, and also inserts the weekly fixtures; but beyond this its notice ceases. No public encouragement is offered, as in the case of cricket, football, and other athletic pursuits. The weekly press, however, is somewhat more liberal. Of this section *The Australasian* devotes about a column to "Wheel Notes," which are contributed by "Roadster," and *The Sportsman* sets apart a small space in order to chronicle the doings of the Victorian wheel world. *The Melbourne Bulletin* has a "Cyclists' Column," which is edited by "Ollapod," who contributes to each issue an amount of news varying from one to three columns. It must be borne in mind by American riders that the history of the 'cycle in the colonies dates only some five or six years back; so that in the course of a short time it is probable that the wheel press will have become extended in the Southern hemisphere; and we trust in all sincerity that that time is not far distant when several weekly journals will be issued upholding and fostering the sport amongst our antipodean brethren.

Correspondence.

ELKHART, IND., June 20, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—Interest in wheeling is daily on the increase in this city, and prejudice and opposition have been nearly done away with. Our club takes regular runs, so far, on Sundays only.

Two of the club members attended the L. A. W. meet at Chicago on the 30th ult. They report a pleasant time, and were well treated by the Chicago Club, whose rooms they made their headquarters.

Our roads, of course, are not to be compared with the Chicago boulevards and park runs, but, nevertheless, we find considerable sport in path riding in the country, and outskirts of the town.

The captain and secretary, and one non-club member, who, by the way, is a great "blow hard," participated in an interesting run the other day—interesting to the two first named, at any rate. All of the club members withdrew ("on the quiet") to give the captain and secretary chance to down the "brag." The first six miles of fair running the "blow hard," whom we will call Mix for short, kept pace with them very well; but, as the running grew worse, began to lag, and when the boys arrived at South Bend, seventeen miles, Mix was about three-quarters of an hour behind. The boys waited for him to come up, and rode out together to Notre Dame College, returning by train in the evening. Since the trip he has been "laying quiet"—stopped blowing altogether. He will perhaps put in his time practicing up, and may surprise the boys at some future time.

SECRETARY.

FROM AN ENGLISH WHEELMAN.

LONDON, June 9, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:

Whitsuntide has passed, and the fate of the "Grand International Cyclists' Camp and Race Meeting" is known. In a word, the camp was a complete frost. The promoter was the president of a third-class tricycle club in the south of London,—an individual unknown to cycling fame,—and the preliminary business was very energetically done by the secretary of his club and two or three friends. No effort was spared; the amount of money spent in advertising, and providing prizes, was very large, from a British point of view. And although the prominent bicycle clubs generally ignored the affair, no less than thirty clubs, comprising bicycle and tricycle clubs around the metropolis and a good number of provincial organizations, promised to attend the camp *officially*, irrespective of the large number who would not promise to attend *officially*, but "had no doubt some of their members would attend individually." So far, all seemed fair. But the camp at the Alexander park collapsed from exactly the same causes as led to the heavy loss over your camp at Springfield last year. The tents were erected; the arrangements perfected on a liberal scale; every imaginable requirement was provided for. But the men came not. As at Springfield, so here; promises were made only to be broken, and, as no money had been paid in advance, the promoter was the loser. A writer in our magazine—*The Wheel World*—had cautioned the promoter of this very thing, months ago, and advocated payment for camping in advance, and the event justified his prognostication. Out of the thirty clubs, only three performed their promises to attend; they were the promoter's own clubs—the "Wantworth T. C.,"—and the "Holborn Cycling Club," and the "North London Tricycling Club"; the last being the principal three-wheel organization on the north side of the Thames.

But although the camp itself was a distinct failure, the race meeting, which extended over the Saturday and Monday, was highly successful. On the Saturday, bicycle and tricycle handicaps provided entertainment for a good number of spectators. There was also a scratch race on sociable tricycles, for which three very representative couples started; Rucker and Letchford retired in the first mile, and the race which ensued was described as the most exciting that has ever been run on tricycles; the contestants were H. N. Corsellis,—the crack racer of the year,—with H. J. Webb, who rode a beautifully light "Salvo" racer made expressly for the race, and A. J. Wilson ("Faed,")—an experienced sociable rider—with J. H. Pallin, a bicyclist, on an ordinary "Invincible" roadster sociable borrowed for the race. The latter couple were looked upon as likeliest to win, Wilson having more power over the steering than Corsellis; but on the previous night he had been sent a howling cropper, through the tire coming off his racer, and his leg was so badly cut about that he only started to make a field. To everybody's surprise, however, the "Invincible" riders made a magnificent race, leading at a fast pace till two laps from home, when Corsellis and Webb put on a fine spurt and soon gained twenty-five yards lead. The others were not beaten yet, though, for down the back stretch they went flying along, and caught the leading pair as the last lap was entered. A neck-and-neck struggle now took place, the two machines flying round the track

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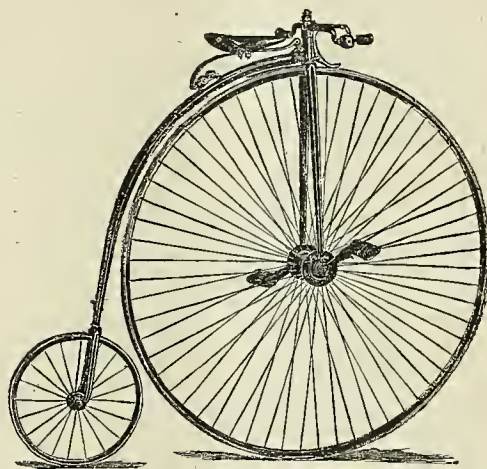
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We propose to open a department of sale and exchange for the convenience of our readers, in which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a newcomer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel. This department will offer the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words. The following example shows the style:—

52-INCH BICYCLE (bright except spokes), *Æolus* balls, both wheels, hollow forks, movable step, long-distance saddle, King of the Road lamp, stand, etc., \$50; cost \$50 last year. L. C., **SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

Such an announcement would cost 32 cents, each insertion. We believe that this feature may be made very useful.

\$110 WILL BUY a 50-inch Expert Columbia, which is in first-class order, having been used but a few months. Painted black, with gold stripes and nickel trimmings. Long distance Saddle, Hill & Tolman Alarm, Bundle Carrier, etc. N. E. GRAHAM, SANDY LAKE, PA.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—43-inch Columbia Expert Bicycle, full nickeled, very little used, good as new, perfect order; also Acme stand, \$3.00 Bell, Lock and Chain, etc., \$100, cost \$150. S. H. GOODWIN, ONEIDA, N. Y.

WOULD EXCHANGE my 6 weeks summer vacation for 4 days at Springfield in September.

FOR SALE—52-inch all bright, Harvard, balls to both wheels, somewhat out of repair, \$75.
54-inch "Special Columbia," ball bearings, painted, in good condition, \$65.

50-inch Harvard, painted, balls to both wheels, cradle spring, adjustable long distance saddle, egg shape rubber handles, in good order, price \$70.

Address E. N. BOWEN, FREDONIA, N. Y.

LOST—September 18, 19, 20, 1883. A Good Time was lost on Hampden Park, on the above dates, by my non-attendance. Will be there this year.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—One 48-inch Columbia Expert Bicycle, full nickeled, as good as new. S. H. GOODWIN, ONEIDA, N. Y.

FOR SALE—One 52-inch full nickel (except rim) American Club Bicycle, ball bearings to both wheels, been run about 200 miles, nearly as good as new, cost new, \$152.50, will sell it for \$120 cash.

MARTIN BRECK, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—But not this year, the excellent time I expect at Springfield in September, 1884.

FOR SALE—One Victor Tricycle, 1883 pattern, excellent order, has not been run more than 150 miles. Price \$115. ALBERT CHAPIN, Box 335 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One 50-inch full nickel Special Harvard, good as new, only used a few times. Price, \$120 cash. LOUI TAFT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

STOLEN—By the attendance of my employer, at the last Springfield Meet, a golden opportunity to witness the greatest cycling event of the year '83.

FOR SALE—54-inch Star, full nickel (except feloes), in good order, cost \$110, will sell for \$85; a bargain. G. L. MALLERY, NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA.

EXCHANGE.—Would exchange my photograph with my Springfield girl at the Grand Tournament, September 16, 17, 18, 19, on Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—A 48-inch English Club Bicycle, all nickel except feloes, which are black with gold band; made to order for owner; a remarkably easy-running machine, and guaranteed to be in first-class order; a bargain for any one wishing a fine machine at a fair price.

Address E. H. FOSS, CAMPELLO, MASS.

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THE

Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette

THE GAZETTE will be published monthly at Springfield, Mass., to contain from sixteen to twenty-four pages, as occasion may require; the number of pages will not be limited, but as we are going to print all of the news, we shall increase the size to twenty-four pages during the wheeling season, thereby giving more reading matter in one month than is generally obtained in most of the weeklies. The GAZETTE will be under the same general management as that of last year, whose aim will be to make the paper attain a higher sphere in journalism than that hitherto reached; it will be national in its character, furnishing the news in a compact and well-classified form, a firm upholder of the League of American Wheelmen, and an able exponent of the ideas and wishes of gentlemanly amateurs—such a journal will the GAZETTE endeavor to be, and one which wheelmen will look forward to each month with pardonable pride.

The GAZETTE, typographically, will be of the best, being printed from new type and electrotype plates on a fine, supersized and calendered paper, with occasional illustrations of prominent wheelmen and racing men.

The GAZETTE will aim to foster the large tournaments now in preparation throughout the country, and will endeavor to keep wheelmen posted as to the doings of the largest and most successful bicycle clubs, thereby stimulating the smaller and weaker clubs to activity, increasing wheel knowledge and spreading the feeling of good fellowship now existing among wheelmen.

In order to increase the circulation of the GAZETTE to large proportions, we have made very low rates, and expect to have an army of cyclists on our list that will be a credit to the wheeling fraternity. Our terms are as follows:

One year, post-paid, - - - 50 cents.
Six months, post-paid, - - - 25 cents.
Single copies, - - - - - 5 cents.

Advertising rates as follows:

One page, per month, - - - - \$30 00
Half page, per month, - - - - 17 50
Quarter page, per month, - - - - 10 00
One inch, per month, - - - - 1 50

Bicycle clubs whose entire membership subscribe, per year 30 cents each name. Special rates to agents and dealers. Agents and dealers are requested to keep copies on hand for sale.

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SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,
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Make checks and money orders payable to C. A. FISK, Treasurer.

dead level, amid a scene of the wildest excitement; at the bottom corner, Corsellis's crew got round first, but instantly Wilson steered out and—ably seconded by Pallin—put on a terrific spurt, drawing up a foot to the good, and just beating the London T. C. couple by that distance. The time for one mile was 3min. 35sec., and for the two miles, 7min. 3 4-5sec., both of which are the fastest on record. Monday's racing produced a crowd of spectators such as has never been seen before at a cycle meeting in the metropolitan district. The racing again was excellent, although but few bicycle fliers had entered, the interest centering chiefly on the tricycle events. The "International" tricycle challenge cup was won by Lee of the Sutton B. C.—an ex-bicyclist who has vastly improved in tricycling this year; this race was simply ridiculous in its funereal aspect, the three contestants riding in Indian file as slowly as in a meet procession, all reserving themselves till the last lap. The other scratch race was on tandem tricycles; and this resulted in Cripps and Corsellis winning; doing the three miles in 9min. 32 2-5 secs; the last lap (one-third of a mile) being covered in 55 2-5 sec. A. J. Wilson and G. Smith made a game effort to win, but were beaten by some 5 yards. The time is the only record for 3 miles on a tandem, but the two miles record was not touched; this was made a week before, by Wilson and Smith, 6min. 8 4-5 sec. These tandem tricycle races are already demonstrating that this form of double is faster than the best single tricycle, though it has long been known that side-by-side sociables are much slower than singles.

On the road, thirty miles were ridden, on May 31, by Sinclair and Hine on a tandem tricycle near Edinburgh, in 1h. 48min. 40sec., which is very much faster than the single tricycle record.

The John O'Groat's fever has been raging again this year. One Adams—a powerful young fellow in the employ of the Facile makers—rode the "longest straightaway journey in Britain," from Land's End to John O'Groat's, in one week, with just fifteen minutes to spare. The best previous ride over the course was done in ten days, so that even after making allowances for Adams being exceptionally favored by wind and weather, and having pace-makers to help him, his performance is very remarkable. The distance is 924 miles, giving an average of 132 miles per diem.

Reverting to the camp, I must say that it was very pleasing to note the hearty reception accorded to Cripps, the Nottingham crack, who made his first appearance in the London district. He was fortunate enough to win five prizes, and became immensely popular with the crowd. Another visitor from the country—Clark of Eastbourne—also had no occasion to complain that Londoners are jealous of strangers; and had any of your Springfield boys come over we should have been delighted beyond measure.

Our press seems agreed that although the experiment failed this year, the energetic way in which it was worked, and the exemplary manner in which its promoters carried out their every promise, are favorable to the expectation that next Whitsuntide will see the camping part of the arrangement more successful.

Mr. Henry Sturmev is endeavoring to organize a party to accompany him to the States in September, Springfield being the main attraction. He may be successful in getting one or two exceptionally wealthy cyclists to go, but as a rule I think our most representative wheelmen are too impecu-

nious to spend "from £60 to £100" on such a trip, money being more valuable here than in your part of the world.

As a rule, our fastest riders are in comparatively humble walks of life, the junior-clerk-in-a-merchant's office element predominating in their ranks. The universal Saturday half-holiday is the secret of London's cycling energy, and if the average clubman can get three weeks for a summer vacation, with £20 of hoarded savings to pay his expenses on a cycling tour, he considers himself fortunate. It makes our mouths water to read of the valuable trophies which are given for prizes in America; and when we hear of your clubs building princely mansions for club-houses we "wonder how 'tis done."

I read in your initial issue that "Her Majesty, the Queen of England, has been a tricyclist for two years past." This is a mistake. Our Queen did buy two tricycles, but they were not for her own use, but for presents to younger members of the royal family.

There is also a trifling error in the little pamphlet called "What and Why," which Colonel Pope has sent out. The English tricyclist's record for 1883, referred to, was not 6,053, but 6,023 miles. It should be understood, too, that the chief merit of this record was not its total mileage, but the fact that it was made on 365 days in the year, on the road, not a single day being missed. The longest record for a year is held by a Mr. W. W. Williams, who covered upwards of 12,000 miles on tricycles during 1882, principally in the course of his business as an insurance agent.

I cannot express to you how much we were gratified to learn the result of the Jenkins dispute. Having followed up the whole controversy in the American wheel press, we had waxed quite indignant, and the summary expulsion of the obnoxious secretary delighted us in no small measure, even though not a soul implicated in the difference had ever been known to us save by the merest hearsay. It is on the carpet that an ominous rumble of discontent which has been for some time heard in many quarters of our own C.T. C. is spreading rather widely, our secretary having made himself obnoxious by a too great amount of overbearing tyranny and self-consequential slanging of all who dare to disagree with him; but at present nothing definite has transpired, and it is to be hoped that the "secretary and editor of the *Gazette*" will take timely warning, and obviate another eruption.

The union is going on powerfully. The day is past when the press seriously challenged the power of the National Cyclists' Union, and although one obscure tricycling weekly occasionally allows its contributors to drag in the old rhodomontade about the "bicycling boys who are a disgrace to the sport," not even its own readers put any value upon it, since the bare official announcements which regularly appear are in themselves sufficient contradiction to the ravings of the Tricycle Union clique. An amusing specimen of the genuineness of the T. U. has just been afforded by a meeting at Brighton; a motion to form a local center of the N. C. U. was passed on the proposition of the local member of Parliament, who was nominally a vice-president of the T. U., but *did not know anything about it*—a state of things duplicated at Birmingham, where the chairman of a T. U. supper—a local big-wig—*did not know anything about the T. U.* Literally, as a legislative body the T. U. exists not; it is a name, and nothing more. It has done

nothing and intends to do nothing, there being nothing for it to do.

Next month I hope to tell you something about our championships, which are, at the present moment, more problematical than ever, no one of our men having shown exceptional form. You are wrong in your interpretation of the meaning of our "time standards" for the bicycle races; they do not limit the entries to men who have got inside the standards, but simply indicate that every competitor who, in a championship race, beats the time standard, will receive a medal therefor.

WAVERLEY.

ALMOST A NOVICE.

It does seem rather late in the day certainly, Mr. Editor, for any one to attempt to write up the doings of a novice in bicycling sports, for the country is now full of these beginners, from end to end, and they cease to attract the attention they formerly received when wheeling was first becoming popular among us. Whose experience will we now relate? Why, none other than that of a wheelman of '78 who in '80 would not hesitate to take a road race of any length, at any time, in any direction, with any wheelman then mounted, and who so enjoyed the tail race he had behind Wattles and Place after the formation of the Massachusetts Division of the League, when the line was so broken up in the return to Boston; in fact, one who in his blind and faithful, yea, foolish and thankless, devotion to a society allowed himself to be so led along as to practically be compelled to abandon the wheel only to receive therefor the sneers and slights of the *big men* who so enjoy talking about us "boys"; none other than the undersigned, who is not the wheelman he was as the following will clearly show.

How did we happen to go? Well, it was in this way the little ride was brought about. It was such a beautiful Sabbath, the sun shone so brightly, the breeze from the west was so cheering that we could not resist. No gentle wife to coax us churchward and thus help to guide our footsteps in perhaps better ways, but, on the other hand, a couple of wheels to all intents and purposes silent, oh so silent, so quiet and yet so restive, urging us out to a spin, we go. Perhaps twenty miles will serve us nicely as a beginning, and such a route we select while arraying ourselves in true country wheelman's rig of the old pattern, except that we wear but one color throughout; we must not so startle the natives, as in early wheeling days was our wont, with an array that would do credit to a coat for Joseph of old. We are now well prepared for a good sweat and we get it too. Over the road we glide so happy and free, all care set aside, blessing God and man, especially the officers at Washington, that we are enabled after so long a time once more to mount our trusty wheel and glide out through the piney woods so rich in their healthy fragrance that it seems almost impossible for us to inhale a sufficient quantity of their pureness! Oh, how fine this is! how exhilarating! Our attention is all on the road now as we roll rapidly along, rapidly for us, over broken roads or perhaps we do some one a great injustice; certainly we would not have it understood that the city of Nashua neglects its suburban highways; oh, no! far otherwise; the noble town in question owns and operates several of those modern road curses called road machines, drawn by four horses and used to plough up both sides of the highway and throw it all into the middle, thus making a

naturally sandy road still worse than it formerly was, a view of things in which not only wheelmen agree but also horsemen, for carriages have literally to be *dragged* through this desert of loose sand once so hard and acceptable to the general public. All the local residents we conversed with along our trip could not speak too forcibly in condemnation of this execrable work. Are these towns and cities so flush with their means that they have to plan some such outrageous method as this to dispose of their surplus funds? We should judge not by the rate of taxation in Nashua, which is \$16.00 on \$1,000. Certainly the farther we get from Nashua in any direction the better the roads grow, when in years past it was just the other way. It may be as well just here to do a little consular work and thus give a few words of explanation, especially since we formerly held the position of local Consul L. A. W. No descriptive route slip on our roads has ever come to our observation, perhaps there may be one in existence but we have our doubts, for our roads change so constantly that any description over two weeks old would be quite faulty. We certainly hope it will prove so in the present instance.

Our present route lies along the western bank of the Merrimac river to Tyngsborough, Mass., amid beautiful scenery and over a constantly improving road until we pass through the town and over the noble bridge that here spans the river, a bridge unsurpassed by any for many miles about. The merry little sail boats glide up and down the river beneath us, the saucy little steamers blow their whistles, while the happy, joyous excursionists wave their handkerchiefs, sun umbrellas or canes, as it may be; it really seems as though all nature was rejoicing. Just here we stop for a drink of the most delicious water that ever passed our lips, and in our minds we grow eloquent for the grand good temperance cause! 'Tis just as you say, my dear Professor, nothing like good cold water from a country well or spring.

After leaving Tyngsborough, Mass.,—and by the way we feel better to be out of that State lest we be attacked and compelled to submit to fine, etc. Massachusetts wheelmen surely have a case now in hand and we fail to learn that they *even expect* the League to take it up! How *could* they? This is, like many other questions, much easier asked than answered.—we pass on, touching Pelham, into Hudson, immediately after visiting the Woodlawn House, a cosy summer resort by the river side, patronized almost entirely by Lowell parties. One can surely spend a quiet time here at slight expense. The grounds in immediate connection with the hotel are well supplied with tastily built pagodas, rustic seats, substantial dancing house, swings, boats, and all that would be of use at such a place. Having well rested ourselves and enjoyed a pleasant chat, we again push on, riding directly across the fields and through the woods when, to our surprise, we are confronted by a noisy little brook varying from ten to twenty feet in width, deep here, shallow there; we dismount and laugh at our predicament, calling it a fine scheme on the part of the hotel people to retain their guests within their own limits, but wheelmen never can be held to any such understandings, so off we pull our shoes and stockings, our pants being well up already, and wade across pushing our wheel in advance, small wheel in the air, safely over. But did you see that big two-pound trout? Whew! he must surely have weighed half a pound anyhow, and there goes another! Oh dear, *why*

didn't we bring a string with a pin on it! but then it is Sunday, let them go, don't interfere with the pretty fish unless you are very hungry now, for you would soon have them cooked on your warm person. Such were our thoughts when it suddenly occurred to us that we were not having half the fun we might have if we would only take a few good headers; who ever had any sport on cycling trips where no headers were taken for the amusement of the party? Reaching the main road and passing the Hudson line, we soon creep up a sandy hill and slide down the other side at a breakneck pace, when, sure enough, we go over, most grandly too. In climbing this hill we had perspired not a little, but our gorgeous flight through the air head-first over those twenty-six inch handle bars was fine; we landed safely on our feet at the distance of about a rod, well cooled off and refreshed, having taken in a good view of the surrounding country. Oh wasn't it fun! Of course the wheel was all right after a fall in a soft sandy place, and so we journeyed on the happier for the little antic, and well pleased at our success in taking a good, first-class header if there ever was one.

We soon reach a spot on this western bank of the Merrimac where the prospect is truly grand, a scene whose grandeur is really unsurpassed, where we must dismount and enjoy it in its full extent. Here we find the road lined with noble pines. Sharply at the left, a bluff fully fifty feet in height, on the top of which we recline and rest, viewing a beautiful stretch of rich farm land below us for a distance of a thousand feet; and then the grand old Merrimac can be seen for a distance of about four miles north and south. This river does more manufacturing than any other river of the world, and excels in this respect the combined rivers of France, and should we not feel just pride? for not only is the river grand and beautiful to look upon but it is as well useful. Here we very naturally meditate and think over, for instance, our cause in the League, which we at once own to be a perfect failure, time worse than wasted; for what one tries his best to do some one else will try to pull down; but oh *how* glad we are that our necks don't rest in this *Amateur Athlete* halter! For *once* we are fortunate! After cursing the League with the *Wheel* for a year, had we been in this too death would be too good for us; but then we do most humbly apologize to the League for our hand in that *Wheel* contract; 'twas merely lack of knowledge; we had served the League but one year at that time and were decidedly green, as the gull-ling proved. The position the *Bicycling World* has taken on this question is the correct one after all, and we frankly aver that the League has been fairly taken in to the tune of \$300 surely, and, as one party of four in the business, we are ready to step up and settle our fourth when the others come.

The very nature of the present contract proves the *boyishness* of ours! One question that used to be thrown at us every once in awhile from every quarter of the country was, "Of what use is League membership?" Of course we had to answer some way, although we never could say what we wished on this question, we were so hampered, but we had as soon a man would knock us down as give us that question!

Of what use is C. T. C. membership? Why has the C. T. C. so prospered and increased in this country? Simply owing to the *unquestioned* popularity of the present American Chief Consul, and this will apply equally well to the L. A. W. Just

as long as the officers are popular and can retain the confidence of members, there will be no danger of lack of the renewals, but when questionable proceedings creep into the work faith is lost and all abandoned. There is and always will be more or less trouble on both sides; too many applicants expect in return for their big dollars, to take out an insurance policy against all assault insults or difficulties of any kind; no more foolish legislation; while others, among whom the writer enrolls himself, look for a gift of a new wheel every year out of the League—surely we thought we had reason to expect as much, but we, like all others of this class, got left and will still continue to be left. Right here our pleasant cogitations were broken in upon by two of Hudson's comely belles en route for church, we presume. Our wheel outside our attractive bower adduces their notice as they ride by, when one remarks, "How pretty!" This brings us out, when we are greeted with rural blushes and smiles enough to break up almost any married man of our age. Soon these butterflies recover, and when at a safe distance give a sign of timid coquetry and are gone! This reminds us that time, too, is rapidly passing, and so once more we speed along for home, where we arrive in just three hours and a quarter from the time we started, stops and all included, which, considering the sandy, hilly nature of the country traversed, is not so bad after all. We should like to give it to some of the many centenarians and let them pass their views from their own experience.

Now, Mr. Editor, we always like to sign our own name plainly, openly, and squarely to anything we produce, and yet it may be very "cowardly" to do so; it surely is never so to write over a *nom de plume*, no matter what you say! so here it is.

W. V. GILMAN.

WORDS OF CHEER.

The London *Cyclist*, a model wheelman's journal, has the following compliment for us in its issue of June 11:

The first number of the second volume of the *SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE* reaches us. Last year it was published, as many of our readers may remember, during the six months prior to the Springfield meet, its ostensible object being the furtherance of the meet. We are glad to see, however, that it is the intention of the club to issue it now as a permanent magazine, and No. 1 of the second volume, now in hand, shows that the contents are quite as bright and full of interest as any of its predecessors. It is to be published monthly, price five cents only, the annual subscription being fifty cents, or 2s. 1d. English money. It is most handsomely printed, and contains some twelve or fourteen pages of extremely readable matter. The most interesting doubtless to English readers will be a portrait and doings of Mr. G. M. Hendee, the present amateur champion of America, who we notice has won twenty-eight firsts and three seconds, valued at \$2,300, in his racing career, and he is not yet eighteen years of age. The *GAZETTE* has a number of very readable paragraphs concerning cycling all over the world, and with the usual American style of journalism hits out about as straight as any one could desire on the subject of the L. A. W. and its especial organ. "The Last Days of No. 234," by "Karl Kron," is also given, and forms interesting reading. On the whole, the *GAZETTE* keeps up the prestige it gained last season, and we warmly welcome it to the ranks of recognized periodical journalism.

The above is encouraging, inasmuch as we are trying to make the *GAZETTE* a paper which will be read with interest in England or Australia, as well as in America. While, of course, we mean to foster local interests, we are intent upon furthering the cause of the wheel everywhere, and we have reason to believe we are accomplishing our object to some extent, if our English friends find our articles "extremely readable matter." We mean to write to be read, if we know how to do it.

THE SPRINGFIELD CUP.

The use of the cup as a prize for victors in contests of skill and strength dates back to the old Olympic games in Greece. In the early Olympiads, the prizes were simply laurel wreaths, and the winners returning from the games were welcomed as greater heroes than even warlike conquerors. In later years after the Greeks had acquired from conquered nations great stores of the precious metals, elaborate articles of gold and silver took the place of the laurel wreath. These trophies were most often in the form of cups of exquisite design and delicate workmanship, and ever since the cup has been an approved reward in all athletic contests.

With the prestige, therefore, of a custom both ancient and modern, the Springfield Bicycle Club will offer at their races in September a number of beautiful cups, as valuable trophies to the victors; one of which, through the courtesy of the makers (the Meriden Britannia Co.), we are able to illustrate in this number. It is twenty-seven inches high, wrought in silver, with ornamentation inlaid with gold. No idea can be given in a written description of the beautiful effect acquired by this contrast. All the delicate lines of vine and flower stand out in rich relief from the lustrous background of silver. Than the design itself nothing could be more graceful and appropriate. Upon the base two "Knights of the Wheel" stand at rest by their "silent steeds," above their heads hangs the laurel wreath of victory. Crowning the cover the steel circle is flanked with the wide spreading wings of untiring speed. Below, upon the body of the cup, is the shield upon which will be engraved the winner's name and the date of his contest. We have rarely seen a prize more appropriate in symbolism or more exquisite in contrasted effects.

Four cups of this design will be awarded to the winners, one each day of the tournament, and all so arranged that no one man can possibly win more than one, thus giving all an equal chance.

We hope in the next issue to be able to present illustrations of two or more cups of elegant design and workmanship.

All of the prize cups are to be of new designs and built expressly for the Springfield Bicycle Club.

Fine as the prizes have been heretofore, it is expected that these will eclipse all former efforts.

In offering the prizes, all will not be confined to cups, as other and valuable prizes will be offered. A fine Victor tricycle, the gift of the Overman Wheel Co. (a cut of which appears on the last page), will be presented to the victor in the five-mile tricycle race. The tricycle will be of the 1884 pattern, with all improvements, consisting of the following special-



THE SPRINGFIELD CUP.

ties: Bown's Æolus ball bearings all round, Victor ribbon steering, detachable axle (admitting the passage through a common door), compressed tires which cannot be pulled out, Hill's adjustable saddle, pedals, Victor saddle, celluloid handles, and ratchet brake. Finished in Harrington's enamel, and just the machine for all round work.

While looking around for other valuable gifts, we called upon J. Stevens & Co., Chicopee Falls, the makers of the celebrated Stevens rifles, of which Vice-President Miller, of the L. A. W., says: "Can't be beat." This firm also manufactures the "Bicycle" rifle, which is just the thing for wheelmen. Upon inquiring the price of these justly celebrated rifles, the J. Stevens Co. made the Springfield Bicycle Club a magnificent present of a handsome "Lord Model" rifle, pearl handle, gold-plated and engraved, valued at nearly \$100, for a first prize in a bicycle race; a handsome rifle, "The Hunter's Pet," for second, and a "Bicycle" rifle for third prize. These beautiful prizes the club fully appreciates, and has decided to call this the "Stevens Race," in honor of the donors. The following description of the "Lord Model" shows what it is capable of:

Mr. Frank Lord, from whom the rifle takes its name, was among the first amateurs in New York to show the possibilities in this direction. A favorite feat of his is to hang up his watch, a fine imported piece that cost \$250, and put shot after shot through the loop at thirty-six feet distant. A match or wooden tooth-pick laid across the golden loop is cut cleanly through, and, although the watch has been under fire scores and hundreds of times, it still ticks gayly on.

We hope in our next issue to give an illustration of these famous pistols or rifles, and fully believe that the wheelmen who are so fortunate as to win any of these prizes will have every reason to feel justly proud of their possessions.

THE New Haven Bicycle Club, which has given some of the most successful race meetings held in this country, proposes, this year, as formerly, to follow Springfield, and will give a two days' tournament on Hamilton Park, September 23 and 24. This gives wheelmen and racing men a chance to spend two weeks east, and in the prettiest part of New England. The

New Haven Club is noted for its world-wide hospitality and the generous manner in which it entertains its guests, and we bespeak for it a large attendance at its third annual tournament. Racing men will find on Hamilton Park one of the fastest half mile tracks in the U. S. As New Haven and Springfield go hand in hand, wheelmen are assured of a glorious time at both places.

THE Bicycle Rifle, manufactured by J. Stevens & Co., should be in the hands of every bicycle rider for touring and vacation trips. Write to

them for particulars. Address, Box 777, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

THE August issue of *Outing* will contain the records of two English long-distance riders, Messrs. E. Tegetmeier and H. R. Reynolds, Jr., as prepared by them for Karl Kron's "X. M. Miles on a Bi."

News Notes.

You must ride a Rudge bicycle to win.

The Springfield Club not to be outdone.—*Boston Herald*.

The girls are looking for you, boys, and expect you in September.

The Springfield Club will not undertake to keep a hotel this year, but some other year.

The *Mirror of American Sports* has been chosen the official organ of the Illinois wheelmen.

West Point, Ga., is to have a bicycle tournament, July 23, when \$1000 in prizes will be offered.

D. J. Canary, the champion trick bicyclist, rides on one wheel without backbone or handlebar.

F. De Civrey is recovering from his recent mishap and hopes to be on the path early this month.

Why cannot a bicycle be considered an immoral thing? Because when it's made it's freed from vice.

The Springfield Club is still on the path, and proposes to set the pace this year for other clubs to follow.

Jo Pennell, the artist wheelman, has gone and got married. He will be a lively man now on the home run.

John Brooks, of Elmira, the 10-mile L. A. W. champion, is looked upon as the coming long-distance man.

Charles Mead, of this city, has invented a new long-distance, self-adjusting, non-vibrating saddle for bicycles.

Troy wheelmen will turn out in full force at the dedication of the Rutland Bicycle Club's skating rink, July 4.

Stall of the Bostons recently rode around the Chestnut Hill reservoir, on a Pony Star, in 3 minutes and 37 seconds.

Frank Moore was received with unbounded enthusiasm upon his recent re-appearance upon the track at Birmingham.

The Victor race will be a five-mile tricycle race—first prize, a Victor rotary tricycle, presented by the Overman Wheel Co.

At a bicycle parade in Nottingham, Eng., over twenty ladies took part, a majority of them upon the front seats of tandems.

T. W. Eck is now the champion of Canada. Eck must have improved since we last saw him to be champion of anything.

J. W. Powers, Jr., of New York city, won the two-mile bicycle race of the Manhattan Athletic Club, May 30, time 6m. 45s.

Since the last meet a number of cyclists make regular visits to Springfield. What can be the cause of it? Oh! ask the girls.

Edward Pettus won the two-mile bicycle race at the games of the Williamsburg Athletic Club, Friday, May 30, time 7m. 5 2-5s.

The bicycle rider is said to be like a South American state, because he is always on the brink of a revolution.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The *Mirror of American Sports*, published at Chicago, has in the issue of June 21 a fine portrait of Col. A. A. Pope, with a short biographical sketch.

A London bill poster uses a tricycle as an aid to his business, and may be seen daily with his pot of paste and bills loaded upon his tricycle.

"Put your shoulder to the wheel" is good advice enough, but it's of no use to say it to a bicyclist. He is away above any such nonsense as that.

The Springfield tournament already promises to be the greatest cycling event of the century, far eclipsing all former racing events.—*Boston Herald*.

"Cyclos" in the *Bicycling World* has some very sensible words to say regarding the dangers of over exertion in racing. Excess is bad in employment or diversion.

The Springfielders are working up the excitement about their coming tournament. Eight thousand dollars, equal to £1,000 sterling, will be offered in prizes.—*London Cyclist*.

At the fifth annual race meeting of the Brixton Ramblers Bicycle Club, England, the "one-mile open" had ninety entries, sixty-three of which were accepted, and forty-seven started.

Mlle. Louise Armaindo is said to have developed into an exceedingly graceful and expert fancy rider, and, in company with Master Sewell, will give exhibitions of double fancy riding.

The Springfield Club was given a reception by the President of the United States on Wednesday, May 21. When will her Majesty receive the T. U. or *Wheeling* staff? When!!!—*Wheeling*.

A. H. Robinson, who struggled with Hendee at our last tournament, and who goes in England by the name of "Doodle," has been suspended from racing as an amateur by the Cyclists' Union.

At a wayside inn, not a hundred miles from Horley, England, is a notice so effectively conspicuous that "he who runs may read." "Good accommodation for traveling vans and bicyclists."

Cleburne, Texas, is getting the bicycle fever, and, on account of bad roads, the Star is the most popular machine. The wheelmen are considering the project of forming a club which shall be an L. A. W. club.

On July 4, at Providence, R. I., Elsa Van Blumen, the lady bicyclist, will ride a five-mile race against five trotters, a three-mile race against three running horses, and a single mile to beat her record (2.59).

"As the bicycle is a revolver," said a policeman, "why doesn't the law against carrying concealed weapons apply to it?" "Because," replied the magistrate, "it avoids cartridges, and never goes off by itself."

Charlie Palmer, one of the fastest amateur riders in England, has written to his brother in this country that he will be here in time for the Springfield races. This rider stands second only to Cortis.—*Boston Herald*.

The Iowa bicyclists have formed a state division with these officers: Vice-consul, C. D. Howell, Winterset; secretary, O. S. Deman, Des Moines; treasurer, A. L. L. Eaton, Ottumwa; chief, W. L. How, Oskaloosa.

It is noted abroad that a change is taking place in the costumes of cyclists. The tight knee breeches are giving way to loose knickerbockers, such as are worn by walking tourists and sportsmen on the Scotch moors.

The ladies of Springfield were so taken up at the last meet with the good-looking cyclists, and thus far having been unable to say which was the best-looking wheelman, propose, this year, to offer a prize to the best-looking wheelman and one to the best rider.

The *Leicester Athlete and Midland Counties Bicycle News* is another English paper with which we have become acquainted. It is chiefly devoted to home matters and contains very little that a Yankee editor is tempted to steal.

John S. Prince recently got a bad fall from his wheel while riding in Philadelphia. He carried a cane in his hand which caught in the spokes of the wheel and caused a sudden stoppage. The query is, What does a wheelman want of a cane?

It is rumored in England that "General" Booth is organizing a "Hallelujah Bicycle and Tricycle Corps" with "glory bugles," and the other paraphernalia of Salvation Army warfare. The bicycles are for "hallelujah lads," and the tricycles for the "hallelujah lasses."

A. O. McGarrett, Springfield, Mass., had stolen from Barnes block, Wednesday night, June 4, between 10.30 and 12.30, a 50-inch-Yale light roadster bicycle; had Duryea saddle and Overman ball pedals; painted black, with nickel trimmings. Number on neck of machine, 112.

The Mogeon Amateur Bicycle Club, of Moscow, Russia, has received the sanction of the Minister of the Interior, the first official recognition of wheel interests in that country. We presume the Czar has satisfied himself that there is no blasted Nihilism about the wheel cranks.

One of the rules of a bicycle club reads: "A horse should never be passed on both sides at once." We suspect that when a bicyclist attempts to pass on both sides of a horse "at once" he is expelled from the club. He would certainly be dismissed from a temperance organization.




We are not managing Presidential politics this year, but we will suggest to the candidates who are running for the White House that they will find a bicycle a great convenience—much better than legging it. And remembering Garfield's fate, we advise them to put their foot down solid on the cranks.

W. G. Ross, the amateur champion of Canada, mounted his new Rudge racer for the first time June 2, and in a spurt slipped a pedal and fell, spraining both wrists, injuring a knee and cutting himself badly, but is up again and in active training. Mr Ross will be heard from in September at Springfield.

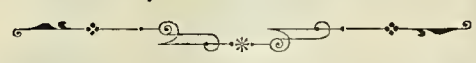
C. A. Joslin and W. H. Chase of the Leominster Club made the first long run on a tandem that has been attempted in this country. They left Boston May 30, and rode to Portland and back, a distance of 140 miles. Their machine worked well and the astonishment of the natives along the route was no small part of the fun.

All entries close for the September meet of the Springfield Club, September 10. Racing men will be required to use entry blanks, which can be obtained by addressing S. Lawton, secretary, Springfield, Mass. For the benefit of English wheelmen, entry forms may be obtained of Henry Sturmy, Coventry, England.

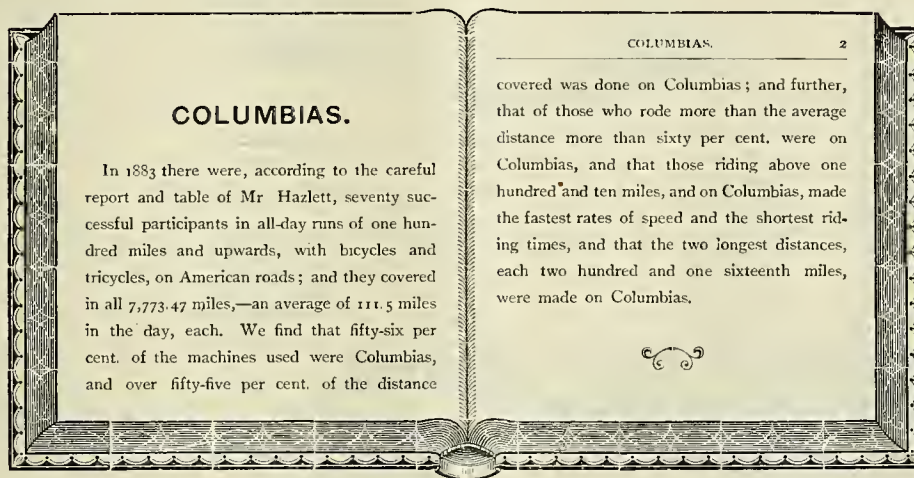
A POINT TO REMEMBER.—Three wheelmen out riding on one of the recent hot days, while tarrying at a wayside inn, left their bicycles outdoors. The shifting sun soon shone upon them, and when the wheelmen came to mount their wheels, the tires were found to be loose, the heat having melted all the cement. The moral of this is that if you expect to take your wheel to the next world, you had better have Overman's compressed tires on your bicycles.



COLUMBIA BICYCLES *AND* TRICYCLES.



STANCH AND RELIABLE ROADSTERS.



One of the many advantages of possessing a Columbia Machine is that these Machines are made upon the

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and in case of breakage (the best mechanical contrivance, whether bicycle or carriage, is liable to meet with accident), the owner can immediately procure a duplicate part of the Company, or of their Agents, located at all important points.

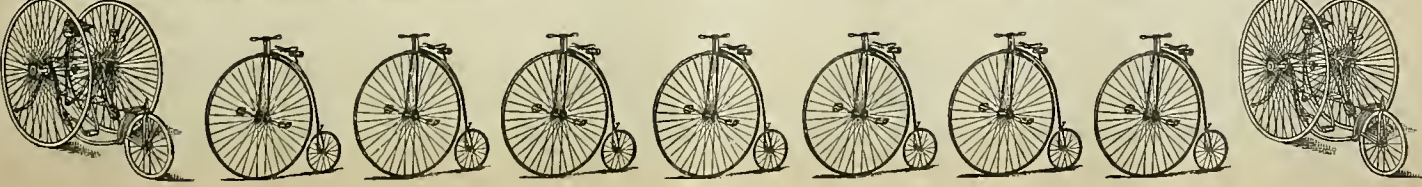
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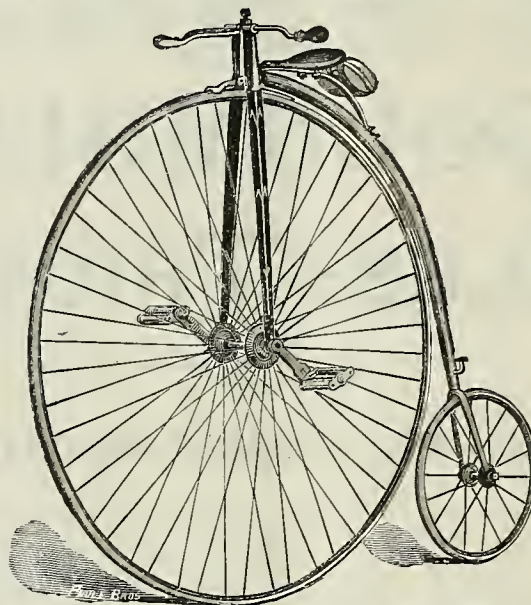


THE IDEAL BICYCLE


The Best and Neatest Machine for the price made in the U. S.

MANUFACTURED BY GORMULLY & JEFFERY, 222-224 N. FRANKLIN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

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—FOR—
LOUDON'S
CELEBRATED
BICYCLE
TIRE
CEMENT.



Makers of 5 Different Kinds
—OF—
ALARM BELLS, COLOR STAFFS,
FLAGS,
Long Distance Saddles,
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Patent RUBBER STEPS, Etc.

The IDEAL Bicycle is nicely finished, having Nickeled Head, Handle-bars, Cranks, Saddle Spring, Wheels nicely varnished and gold striped. Every Bicycle is furnished with Tool Bag, Oil Can, and Nickeled Wrench.  SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. Prices from \$35.00 to \$72.00.

BRIGHAM & SCOTT, IMPORTERS & TAILORS.—BICYCLE SUITS.

Makers of the Springfield Bicycle Club Suits.

NO. 411 MAIN STREET,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE AMERICAN STAR BICYCLE.

A PRACTICAL ROADSTER, SAFE FROM HEADERS OR OTHER DANGEROUS FALLS.

The means of propulsion insure a continuous motion without dead centres, a requisite condition for both speed and power.

The new flat-seated tires are a great improvement, and the new square grooved rim forms a wheel that will not buckle.

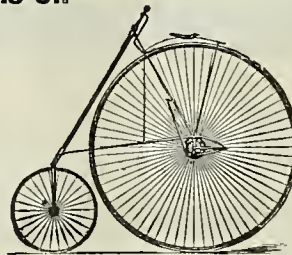
A "Reformed Crank Rider" says:—"In strength, safety, control, driving leverage, ease of motion, and coasting, the Star leads all Bicycles; while its positive action, quickness in steering, and economy in pedaling are excluded from any other similar vehicle."

The workmanship and entire practicability of each and every machine are fully guaranteed.

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I offer special inducements in WATCHES, DIAMONDS, and JEWELRY. Correspondence solicited as to prices, quality, etc.

BICYCLE HOSE,

Knit from the very best Yarn obtainable, and in the Latest Styles. Send for a sample pair.

Price, 80 cts, 90 cts, and \$1, by mail, post-paid.

In ordering, state size of boot or shoe you wear, and color of Stockings wanted. Illustrated Catalogue of Bicycles and Tricycles free. BOYS' BICYCLES A SPECIALTY.

ERNST A. BENNINGHOFEN,

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D. J. CANARY, Champion Trick Bicycle Rider.

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BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE

Of any kind, send stamp to

GUMP BROS.

Dayton, Ohio,

For Large Illustrated Price List of New and Second-Hand Machines.

Second-Hand Bicycles taken in exchange.

Bicycles repaired and nickel-plated.

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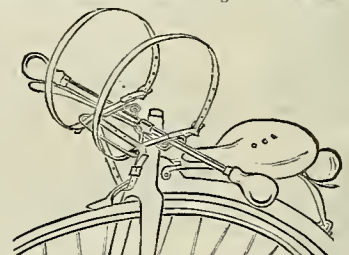
E. C. BARR & SON, Finest Restaurant

In Western Massachusetts:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER

The Neatest and Best Thing in the Market!



DETACHABLE FORM.

Manufactured and for sale by C. H. LAMSON, Portland, Maine. For sale by all Bicycle Dealers.

Price, 75 cents, plain; \$1.00, detachable.

TESTIMONIAL.

I never tire of advising tourists to get your Carrier, as by far the best thing of the sort ever devised. KARL KRON.

STOP WATCHES

FROM \$10.00 TO \$800.00.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF

Imported and American Watches.

E. A. WHIPPLE,

No. 329 Main Street, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The Stevens race will be a three-mile bicycle race—first prize, a gold-plated, pearl handle, and engraved rifle, worth \$100; second prize, a handsome rifle, "the hunter's pet"; third prize, a bicycle rifle. The above handsome rifles were presented to the club by J. Stevens & Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., and are the best in the world.

The Cleveland tournament takes place August 18, 19, under auspices of the Ohio Division L. A. W., when prizes to the value of \$2,500 will be given. The tournament will take place on the grounds of the Cleveland Bicycle Club. The track is a quarter of a mile in length, and the grand stand will seat about 5,000 people.

Frank W. Westervelt, of this city, has sold upwards of 1,000 cabinet pictures of our champion, George M. Hendee. The photographs are very fine, and the demand exceeds the supply. Wheelmen should have a picture of America's champion, which can be obtained by addressing F. W. Westervelt, Box 1305, Springfield, Mass., and inclosing fifty cents.

The London *Cyclist* continues to set the pace for English wheel papers, and its issue of June 11 beats all former records. It contains sixty-eight pages, twenty-eight of which are reading matter alone, and the price is only one penny. The paper weighs a little over a quarter of a pound, and is full to repletion with wheel news from all parts of the world.

Walter J. Blum was riding on his bicycle along the turnpike out at Verona, N. J., one day last week, when the rubber tire suddenly flew off the front wheel. Before the rider could stop the machine, a large black snake that was lying in the road suddenly placed its body in the groove of the wheel, which it just fitted, and remained there until the bicyclist reached the end of his journey.—*Puck's Snake Stories*.

Karl Kron, reached Lancaster Tuesday evening, June 3, en route for New York, by way of Reading, Allentown and Easton. Since leaving New York he has ridden to Washington, and south as far as Luray Cave, in Virginia, making a circuit of eight hundred miles. Mr. Kron was escorted from Columbia to Lancaster by Rev. W. P. Evans, Rev. G. W. Ely and Rev. S. Stall, and while at the Grape hotel was called upon in the evening by a large number of the wheelmen of that city.

The Springfield meet is evidently going to be a bigger success than ever, says a London cycle journal. The club will not as last year offer to pay the expenses of any English racing men, as under the new rule of the N. C. A. that would upset their amateur standing, but it hopes to have the pleasure of seeing several Englishmen in competition there, and already three riders of considerable note have signified their intention of being present.—*Boston Globe*.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, which can be obtained gratis by sending the postage, contains a portrait of George M. Hendee, the local crack. No less than ten medals with clasps are plastered over his chest, giving him an aspect such as is never seen this side of the water, save in the case of professional "pugs" or swimmers.—*London Wheeling*. Goodness! haven't we seen pictures of some of your "royal highnesses" covered all over with medals? You'll have to excuse our little vanity; we're all royal highnesses over here—American sovereigns, you understand.

The prize which George Hendee won in the 25-mile bicycle race at Philadelphia, Wednes-

day, June 19, consists of an urn, teapot, hot-water pot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, slop bowl, butter dish and knife, syrup pitcher, spoon holder, four vegetable dishes, soup tureen and ladle, cake basket, nut bowl, baking dish, pickle caster, dinner caster, water pitcher, goblet and tray, celery jar, and large waiter, valued at \$750, and all beautifully hand chased.

The latest craze is a Russian craze, the idea being to reach the North Pole by sledges, starting from the New Siberian Islands, when, if even the sledgers reached the Polar sea, they would probably dive and swim under water till they struck the "pole" itself. It is sheer nonsense. The only way to reach the North Pole is by bicycles. A good bicyclist could just do the Pole in no time from any northern point, and we may as well try it first as last.—*New York Mail*.

F. Stevens who left San Francisco on April 22, with the intention of riding through on his wheel to New York in seventy days, arrived at Rock Springs, Wyo., on Sunday, May 25, and is reported as having a hard time of it, having ridden only about 200 miles of the way on account of the bad condition of the roads, the rest of the journey being made on foot; but he means to accomplish his journey, and when the wheel don't carry him he proposes to take turns and carry the wheel.

Wheeling, a new cycling journal published at London by William McWilliam and Harry Etherington, is an improvement upon some of the English papers, but follows the English make up pretty closely. It contains much matter of general interest, besides a pretty good summary of the English wheel news. Poetry and anecdote are sprinkled in to enliven what to foreign readers would otherwise be rather dull. It indulges in puns some of which are positively dreadful, but perhaps they are funny where they are comprehended. They generally require a diagram. Here is one, however, which will "do":

"How would a horsey man describe a bicycle's pedigree? Got by Capital out of Labor."

One of our local bicyclers rode up Commercial street, Wednesday afternoon, proud in the possession of a clear conscience and a 56-inch wheel. As he neared the pond he turned his head for an instant, the bicycle struck a stone, and wheel and rider went into the pond. They disappeared for a moment, but soon the rider came to the surface and struck out for the stone curbing with a vigor that was perhaps induced by the chilliness of the water. The bicycle was hunted up with a rake and drawn to the shore. But it was the first outdoor bicycle exhibition of the season, and deserved an encore.—*Adams Freeman*.

Das Velociped, "fachblatt für die Gesamtinteressen des Deutschen Velocipeden-Sports," and the official organ of the Norddeutschen Velocipeden-Bundes, is published at Berlin by T. H. S. Walker, and is a very respectable magazine for a German one. It fairly covers the continental field, and gives the German bicycling news fully. It don't seem possible, however, for an editor to be very bright and entertaining when he is obliged to swear in words of from seven to ten syllables. It is significant of the superior usefulness of the English language that the German bicycle clubs call themselves "Bicycle Clubs" quite as often as "Velocipedesten-Bundes."

The French doctors, who have made life almost a burden by discovering the germs of disease,—

bacteria, they call them,—in almost everything, even in the bricks of which our houses are built, and the nickels with which we buy our three per cent. beer, may atone for their troublesome discoveries by turning up the particular bug, or worm, or whatever it may be, that sometimes makes a bicycle act like the old Harry. In nine cases out of ten, when a man takes a header, he thinks it isn't his fault. It must be bacteria in the spokes, or the tire, or the cranks, or somewhere. Only let us know what and where the little joker is, so that we can look out for him.

Don't give up cycling unless, of course, you die.

Don't lend your machine, even to your mother.

Don't borrow one belonging to any one else, either with or without consent.

Don't outrage other people's feelings with trying the bugle.

Don't put the brake on going up hill, as a rule.

Don't screech at passers-by.

Don't, please don't, ride on the footpath.

Don't be tripped up like the foolish virgins, for want of oil, at any time.

Don't race, unless you really can.

Don't always abuse your machine; do the rider justice, and abuse him sometimes.—*Wheeling*.

The editor of the *Wheel* estimates the expenses of wheelmen at the Washington meet at \$40,000, and regretfully remarks: "If each member would remain at home once and contribute his expenses to the general treasury of the League, we would be able to accomplish some good work." Why should the L. A. W. have a fat treasury? Does not the history of similar organizations warn us not to accumulate large sums in the hands of any officer? The argument used by the editor of the *Wheel* is rubbish. He might add the suggestion that if wheelmen were to dispense with bicycles and tours, live on bread and water, and go barefooted, an enormous expense could be avoided.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

Agony Advertisement.—Should this meet the eye of the bicyclist, who had the misfortune to be thrown over a garden wall, last Saturday, at the Wimbledon House, Wimbledon, he can have the few items he left, upon payment of the cost of this advertisement. At the moment of sending to the paper the following articles or otherwise have been found: Three teeth with gold plate attached, a monogram T. U., one gilt button, a mouthpiece to a horn (? bugle), a portion of a scalp, half an eye-glass, a portrait of a young thing in fancy attire, a card case (no cards inside), hotel bill (unpaid apparently), a tailor's bill (also unsettled and attached to a summons), a portion of a silver ring, a nine carat gold ring, with colored glass in as stone. An active search will be made for any other valuables missing.—*Wheeling*.

An advertisement runs, I see! I see!—to which we reply—"a horse's head where his tail should be"—(which is merely the hind-quarters of the horse towards the manger). English cracks will not *spring* the expense, or waste the time, so do not waste your capital, Springfield, in advertising for our boys' entries.—*Wheeling*. This is a joke by an English funny man. There wasn't storage room enough on the steamer that brought it over for the diagram which illustrates it, so that we are obliged to explain, for the benefit of puzzled readers, that *Wheeling* was not invited to print the regular advertisement of the "Springfield International Tournament," and so gave us the above advertisement, gratis. We are greatly obliged,

we ah suah, that *Wheeling* should call the attention of its readers to our advertisement in the columns of its rivals. We are not always so considerate, you know, in this country.

The fancy riding contest between D. J. Canary, United States champion, and Warren Wood, of Chicago, for \$500 and the championship of the United States, was held at the Casino Skating Rink, Chicago, on June 14, before a large and enthusiastic audience. Canary led off, and performed all of his tricks with his characteristic ease and grace. Wood followed on his half-breed bicycle, and nearly all of his tricks were clumsy and awkward. Wood acknowledged himself fairly beaten. The following is the official report:

CHICAGO, June 16, 1884.

In the fancy and trick riding contest at the Casino Roller-Skating Rink, held Saturday night, June 14, 1884, Warren Wood vs. D. J. Canary, 1, J. O. Blake, selected as referee, decided that D. J. Canary won the match and is entitled to the stakes.

J. O. BLAKE, Referee.

We concur in the above.

WARREN WOOD,

D. J. CANARY.

After long and careful experiments with five different speed and power tricycle attachments in different forms, the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, Mass., have completed one which seems to them satisfactory, and have it ready in sufficient numbers to supply it on their new machines, and to any Columbia tricycle. The Columbia power-gear is of simple construction; is applied to the crank-shaft; is operated by a handle, easily accessible, at the left hand of the rider as he sits on the tricycle; is certain and effective in its operation; reduces the speed, and so increases the power for hill climbing about one-third, and is made of the finest material and with the finest workmanship, and so as to avoid all unnecessary added friction by its use. The advantages of a power-gear are so well understood by tricycle riders that it is unnecessary here to explain them. It may not, however, be so obvious to all that a power-gear has the advantage of a speed-gear, because by its use the normal or unmodified leverage and speed of the machine remains dependent upon the same direct action as if the power-gear were not on the machine, and the machine is used so much more on levels and down grades and slight inclines that it is undesirable to make any added friction or loss of power through connections for this riding, while the power-gear in use on stiff grades or rough pieces of road gives an advantage of leverage so much that the little unavoidable loss of power is best placed upon the machine when the gear is in use. The power-gear adds but a trifle to the weight of the machine, and makes but a slight change in the appearance.

WASHINGTON HAPPENINGS.

From a Washington Standpoint by one of the "Ducks."

Wasn't it enough to make a fellow
Drop his umbrella,
When escorting around,
Over the race ground,
Three Washington "belles,"
Before those "left" bicycle "swells"?

Though the rumor is agog "that one of the Springfield banks came near losing a teller," it is more than we know, for he didn't tell her.

The way that those Yankee goslings tried to lead the "Southern Ducks" by their unusual amount of "cheek" is a warning to all civilized communities and unprotected females.

Though in Washington five plates do sell for \$4, still they are never flavored with that delicious

but prosaic ingredient termed onions, as was anxiously and wistfully inquired for by that "innocent-looking person."

"APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING."—Bowdon is noted for putting extra touches on his tintypes, which may have caused the optical delusion, judged as the badges of additional new members: "Not to-day; another day."

WAS IT IGNORANCE OR GYMNASTICS?—We timidly ask the question if the streets of Springfield rejoice in street cars with doors? We think not, judging from an exploit witnessed by many at one of Washington's most public car junctions. A young man, not quite infantile, was seen, as the passengers were making their exit, to thrust his fore-parts frantically through one of the windows of the transom, and a pair of arms to clutch wildly in the air. The window, alas! was too tight a fit; so the "gymnastic young man" dashed for a larger opening, which happened to be the door. They say he hails from Springfield—at least so the frontal of his "Bi." cap gave evidence. A face, the hue of boiled lobster, was the last seen of that young man. Was it caused by exertion or the modest blush?

Among the Clubs.

DETROIT BICYCLE CLUB'S CANADA TOUR.

The Detroit Bicycle Club will undertake a week's tour through picturesque Western Canada, leaving Detroit, Sunday morning, July 13. This tour is intended to be an inexpensive trip, through an interesting country. The time occupied will be one week. The expense, including all incidentals, will not exceed \$15. Each day's run is laid out according to the smoothness of the roads, so that the longest distance can be easily accomplished by the most inexperienced rider. The party will arrive in London at 3 P. M., spending the rest of the day and evening in that city, where they will be received by the local club, which is one of the largest in Canada. Goderich will be reached at 11 A. M., giving the rest of the day and evening to explore the elegant roads and lovely scenery of that famous watering place and vicinity. Here also the tourists will be welcomed by the local club. At Arkona a reception by the local club is also furnished. On reaching Port Huron, at the head of St. Clair river, on Lake Huron, the party will take a steamer down that beautiful stream, passing through the famous St. Clair Flats ship canal and across Lake St. Clair to Detroit, a distance of seventy miles. The run will be as follows, starting from the Michigan Exchange Hotel at 7 A. M., sharp:

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 13.—1-2 mile, Windsor; 12 miles, Maidstone; 4, Essex Center; 8, Olinda; 8, Leamington; 9, Wheatley; 6, Montrose; 4, Romney; 11, Dealtown**.

MONDAY, JULY 14.—8 miles, Buckhorn; 4, Blenheim; 4, Rondeau; 3, Bentley; 3, Morpeth; 5, Palmyra; 3, Clearville†; 5, Aldborough; 5, Eagle; 4, Tyrconnell; 4, Wallacetown**.

TUESDAY, JULY 15.—6 miles, Iona; 6, Fingal; 7, St. Thomas†; 3 1-2, Talbotville; 8 1-2, Lambeth; 7, London**.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.—3 miles, Arva; 2, St. John; 8, Ryans Corners; 4, Lucan; 3, Clandeboye†; 4, Centralia; 4, Exeter; 4, Kensell; 3, Kippen; 4, Brucefield**.

THURSDAY, JULY 17.—6 miles, Egmondville; 4, Bayfield; 18, Goderich†**.

FRIDAY, JULY 18.—18 miles, Bayfield; 4, Egmondville; 6, Brucefield†; 4, Kippen; 3, Kensell; 4, Exeter; 4, Centralia; 4, Clandeboye; 8, Ailsa Craig**.

SATURDAY, JULY 19.—10 miles, Parkhill; 14, Arkona†; 10, Warwick Village; 25, Sarnia; 1, Port Huron; steamer to Detroit.

THE CITY CLUB, of Brockton, is very proficient in the "silent drill," and gave a fine exhibition to a very large audience at the city rink on the evening of June 13. The drill was a perfect success, every evolution being performed with grace and ease. Some very pretty and complicated movements were introduced, and were carried out to perfection.

THE RUTLAND BICYCLE CLUB dedicates its new rink on July 4, with an exhibition of fancy riding and skating. The rink will be used during the summer months as a riding school, opening in the fall as a skating rink.

THE ALBANY BICYCLE CLUB proposes a two days' tournament, to take place in September with prizes amounting to over \$1,000.

THE IXION BICYCLE CLUB is out with a new constitution and by-laws. They are very neat and comprehensive.

THE "WINGED WHEEL CLUB" is the poetical name of a new organization at Elkhart, Ind.

A NEW CLUB has been formed at North Adams, and a tournament is contemplated for July 4.

ALL CLUBS are expected to send delegates to Springfield, September 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1884.

THE WILKESBARRE, PA., CLUB will hold a race meeting, July 4.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

AMESBURY BICYCLE CLUB.—President, F. W. Merrill; secretary and treasurer, A. F. Greenleaf; captain, A. F. Greenleaf.

BROOKLYN WANDERERS.—Captain, L. F. Crowell; standard bearer, C. Anderson; secretary, J. R. Ross; treasurer, F. L. Street.

CAPITAL BICYCLE CLUB, WASHINGTON.—President, Charles Flint; vice-president, J. W. Wagner; recording secretary, John T. Loomis; corresponding secretary, Walter S. Dodge; treasurer, Clarence G. Allen; captain, Benjamin W. Hanna; sub-captain, Wallace F. Crossman; junior sub-captain, DeLancey W. Gill.

CITIZENS' BICYCLE CLUB, NEW YORK.—President, Rev. Thomas McKee Brown; vice-president, Fred. G. Bourne; secretary, Knight L. Clapp (Stewart building); treasurer, Frank J. Pool (3 Broad street, New York); captain, Dr. N. M. Beckwith; first lieutenant, Geo. E. Dunlap; second lieutenant, Wm. A. Bryant; surgeon, Dr. Frank S. Grant; first color bearer, Simeon Ford; second color bearer, Wm. H. McCormack; first bugler, Chas. H. Schmidt; second bugler, Fred. C. Thomas; board of trustees, George A. Wells, Rev. Thomas McKee Brown, Knight L. Clapp, John C. Gulick, Fred. G. Bourne, W. H. Book, Richard Nelson.

DAKOTA BICYCLE CLUB, OF GRAND FORKS.—Captain, George A. Batchelder; first lieutenant, J. M. Corbet; secretary and treasurer, Joe E. Clifford.

HEMPSTEAD WHEELMEN.—President, A. C. Almy; captain, James G. Allen; secretary, Prof. Moffat; treasurer, George Leslie.

*—Breakfast. †—Dinner. **—Supper.

LANCASTER BICYCLE CLUB.—President, Dr. E. P. Day; vice-president, John C. Hager; secretary and treasurer, Will B. Youngman; captain, W. Frank Gorrecht; lieutenant, E. P. Day; bugler, captain; color bearer, F. A. Achey.

MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB.—President, Samuel T. Clark; captain, E. R. Jones; secretary, A. C. Kenly; treasurer, E. P. Hayden; first lieutenant, J. H. Schone; bugler, Dr. H. W. Hooper.

NORTH SIDE WHEELMEN, CHICAGO.—President, F. W. Gookin; vice-president, D. P. Wilkinson; secretary, H. F. Fuller; treasurer, John Wilkinson; captain, J. O. Blake, chief consul Illinois.

STATEN ISLAND WHEELMEN.—Captain, Knight L. Clapp; first lieutenant, Walter Lambert; second lieutenant, W. Y. Wemple; secretary and treasurer, E. T. Nichols, Jr.; surgeon, Dr. Frank S. Grant; color bearer, Percy C. Winter; bugler, W. A. Whitehouse.

WILKESBARRE, PA., CLUB.—President, E. G. Mercur; captain, J. G. Carpenter; first lieutenant, B. F. Morgan; secretary, Shepherd Ayars; treasurer, B. H. Carpenter; bugler, J. S. Kulp; color bearer, C. E. Bertles.

WILMINGTON BICYCLE CLUB.—President, Jas. L. Yopp; captain and vice-president, Jos. R. Wilson, Jr.; secretary, treasurer, and lieutenant, H. Burkholder; club committee, Jas. L. Yopp, Jos. R. Wilson, Jr., H. Burkholder, A. W. McDougall, A. J. Mitchell.

Items of Interest.

Now for Springfield.

Harrogate, August 4.

A thousand wheelmen met in Liverpool on Saturday, June 14.

England has 143 bicycle factories and eighty-three tricycle makers.

Bicycles increased over 100,000 in 1883, and not much of a year for bicycles, either.

Thirty million dollars are invested in bicycle manufacture in England alone.

The Rudge bicycle is winning all bicycle races this year, and the Victor tricycle the tricycle races.

No less than fifty-three English patents have just been issued for improvements on bicycles, tricycles, etc.

F. R. Cook broke the half-mile record on the Pacific coast, Decoration Day, riding half a mile in 1m. 29 1-4s.

Two Harvard graduates sailed from Boston, June 21, for a three months' bicycle tour in England and Scotland.

The Prince of Wales has found a new road to popularity. He has become an enthusiastic and expert bicyclist.

Prince and the trotting horse "Scotland" raced ten miles for \$500 a side at Philadelphia, June 20. Prince won in 33m. 35 1-2s.

During 1883 five records of over 200 miles in twenty-four hours were made upon that wonderful little wheel known as the Facile.

Trick riding has never been very popular in England, but at the Scottish meet prizes are specially offered for fancy jobs on the wheel.

Wheeling, W. Va., has fifty wheelmen, and the interest in the sport is increasing. Where should wheeling be more at home than at Wheeling?

The wheel is now nearly as common in England as is any other vehicle. One writer on the subject states that he counted over 150 beside a single church on a Sunday.

The *Bicycling World* objects very properly to gold lace and fancy trappings on club uniforms. "Neat, but not gaudy," should be the motto, and comfort rather than show, the principle.

The racing season is at its height in England, and to give some idea of the extent of the popularity of the wheel in that country, there were thirty-two distinct race meetings held on June 2.

The first two days' run ever made on a tandem bicycle in this country was recently accomplished by C. A. Joslin and W. A. Chase, of the Leominster, Mass., Bicycle Club, who covered 140 miles within the two days.

On May 20, Joseph Murphy rode from the bottom to the top of Corey Hill, Brighton, without a stop and heads the list of Corey Hill contestants. He rode a 54-inch Standard Columbia, with parallel bearings on wheels and pedals.

Several of the cycle clubs propose to organize squads next fall for torchlight parading in the interests of their favorite Presidential candidates.—*Boston Globe*. We hope that the above is not true; wheelmen have something else to do beside meddling in politics.

In England fifty miles have been covered in 3h. 27m. on a tricycle, and the 100 miles between Bath and London have been covered in 7h. 13m. on a bicycle. A mile has been done in 2m. 31 2-5s.; ten miles in 29m. 30 2-5s.; twenty miles in 59m. 41 2-5s., and 100 miles in 5h. 50m. 53-5s.

The recent wonderful ride of Mr. Adams on the Facile calls forth the following authenticated all-day rides made on the Facile over ordinary roads: J. H. Adams, 242 1-2 miles; J. H. Adams, 221 1-4; J. W. M. Brown, 217 3-4; Walter Snook, 214 1-2; C. D. Vesey, 206 1-4; W. F. Sutton, 198; C. H. Cole, 189—averaging 210 miles in one day.

The Boston Bicycle Club contains some excellent burnt cork talent, according to one of the Lowell papers. They gave recently at the Music Hall in that city a performance which attracted a fine audience and was excellent in every respect. The singing was good, and a zoology lecture by Mr. Stutson was very enjoyable. The jokes and puns were new and exceedingly witty.

The round trip between Baltimore and Washington was made by a bicyclist for the first time recently. On June 1, I. D. Lord, Jr., and brother started from Baltimore at 2 A. M., and reached Washington in about seven hours. After resting some little time they started back, subsequently taking a spin on the Pimlico road after arrival in Baltimore, making their run 100 miles.

Thomas Stephens, who is traveling from San Francisco to Constantinople on a 50-inch bicycle, arrived at Omaha, June 18. He had lost twenty-five pounds on the trip. He started for Chicago on the 19th, and expects to reach New York the latter part of July. He will cross the ocean in September, and cross Europe in October, arriving at Constantinople about the 1st of November. He will be the champion for long distances.

The value of small wheels for long distance bicycling and climbing or running down hill with safety and ease is illustrated in the recent English record breaking, where J. H. Adams rode a Facile machine from Land's End to John O'Groat's in two days less than the best record. Mr. Adams

found that the small wheel of his machine rode easier than the large wheel of an ordinary bicycle. His daily average was 132 miles, and 190 miles were covered in the last day's ride. The record is well-nigh incredible, but comes well attested.

WHEELING IN FRANCE.—Two tricyclists have been making a run from Paris to Geneva, a distance of 325 miles, in six days with delightful ease. They never tasted spirits, but drank coffee, chocolate, and occasionally aerated water with fruit syrup. They had breakfasts for which they paid fifteen cents each, and a charming country dinner for which they were charged thirty cents each, syrup and aerated water included. They ran on the national roads, kept by the government, with a surface like a billiard table and not a single rut, and, though they only carried a small tourist map, never ran a hundred yards out of the way, thanks for the sign posts at the first house and the last of every village. They never missed a friendly salutation, and a kindly "au revoir" was constantly called out as they dashed by. What a happy country for wheelmen this would be if we had such roads, etc., as they have in France!

SAFETY BICYCLES.—The manufacturers of bicycles find that it is better to make safe machines than to pooh-pooh the fears of people who don't want to get their craniums cracked. Several new safety machines have appeared in England, which have shown good capacity for work. One of these, called the "Kangaroo," is described as a little wonder. Says one of the English papers: "Although only a 36-inch wheel, it can be geared up on the tricycle principle to sixty inches. It will, perhaps, induce a great many, both young and old, to turn riders who abstain from bicycling for fear of falling off a higher machine, while it may possibly convert tricyclists, that is, if they can be persuaded that there is, as asserted, even less danger on it than on a three wheeler. It is certainly a very handy little machine." When safety is fully secured, there is only one other feature that wants attention, and that is cost.

RACE MEETINGS.

The first annual tournament of the Quaker City Bicycle Club was held at Jumbo Park, Philadelphia, June 17, 18 and 19. The attendance was very small. The racing was very fast; but, as the track is a short one, the records will not stand.

JUNE 17—AFTERNOON.

One-Mile Amateur.

	MINS.	SECS.
A. Dolph, 1st,* - - - - -	2	50
C. Frazier, 2d, - - - - -	2	50 1-4

One-Mile Tricycle.

E. P. Burnham, 1st,* - - - - -	3	18 1-4
A. G. Powell, 2d, - - - - -	3	18 1-2

Two-Mile Bicycle.

E. P. Burnham, 1st,* - - - - -	5	48
A. Dolph, 2d, - - - - -	5	48 1-8

Four-Mile Bicycle.

Samuel H. Crawford, 1st, - - - - -	17	14 3-4
John Green, 2d, - - - - -	17	14 7-8

Ten-Mile Bicycle.

George D. Gideon, 1st, - - - - -	36	11
John A. Green, 2d, - - - - -	37	32 5-8

JUNE 17—EVENING.

Ten-Mile Professional.

J. S. Prince, 1st, - - - - -	31	10 3-4
W. M. Woodside, 2d, - - - - -	31	11
H. W. Higham, 3d, - - - - -	—	—

One-Mile Without Hands.

	MIN.	SECS.
C. H. Chickering, 1st,* - - -	3	9 1-4
Thos. B. Finley, 2d, - - -	—	—

Half-Mile Bicycle.

E. P. Burnham, 1st, - - -	1	25
C. F. Frazier, 2d, - - -	1	25 1-2

Two-Mile Bicycle—3.20 Class.

George Weber, 1st, - - -	6	16
Louis J. Kolb, 2d, - - -	—	—

Two-Mile Tricycle.

E. P. Burnham, 1st, - - -	7	11 1-4
A. G. Powell, 2d, - - -	—	—

JUNE 18—AFTERNOON.

Two-Mile Bicycle—Novice.

Frank W. Kohler, - - -	6	26 1-4
Fred Smith, 2d, - - -	6	27

Five-Mile Tricycle.

E. P. Burnham, 1st,* - - -	17	55 1-4
Geo. D. Gideon, 2d, - - -	17	56
A. G. Powell, 3d, - - -	—	—

Five-Mile Bicycle.

A. Dolph, 1st,* - - -	15	18 1-2
John Brooks, 2d, - - -	15	20

Two-Mile State Championship.

A. G. Powell, 1st, - - -	6	35
Edward Kohler, 2d, - - -	6	53 1-4

One-Mile for Boys Under 16.

Thos. R. Finley, 1st, - - -	3	23
J. G. Fuller, 2d, - - -	3	24

Tug-of-War.

Smithville's Stars, 1st, - - -	—	—
Quaker City, 2d, - - -	—	—

JUNE 18—EVENING.

Three-Mile Bicycle.

C. F. Frazier, 1st,* - - -	9	22
Frank M. Dampman, 2d, - - -	9	27 1-4

Five-Mile Professional.

J. S. Prince, 1st,* - - -	15	19
W. M. Woodside, 2d, - - -	15	19 1-4

Ten-Mile Bicycle.

C. F. Frazier, 1st,* - - -	32	23
E. P. Burnham, 2d, - - -	32	23 3-4

JUNE 19—AFTERNOON.

Five-Mile Bicycle.

E. P. Burnham, 1st, - - -	16	00
A. Millard, 2d, - - -	—	—

Twenty-five-Mile Bicycle.

	HR.	MIN.	SECS.
George M. Hendee, 1st,* - - -	1	27	57 1-4
Charles F. Frazier, 2d, - - -	1	27	58 1-2
L. B. Hamilton, - - -	—	—	—

Ten-Mile Handicap.

William Maxwell, 1st, - - -	31	41 1-2
George Weber, 2d, - - -	33	31 1-2

Five-Mile Bicycle.

George D. Gideon, 1st, - - -	16	23
Frank Kohler, 2d, - - -	17	6 3-4

JUNE 19—EVENING.

Ten-Mile Tricycle.

A. G. Powell, 1st, - - -	39	59
Edward Kohler, 2d, - - -	—	—

Two-Mile Bicycle—2.30 Class.

Frank W. Kohler, 1st, - - -	6	26
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One-Mile Consolation.

T. W. Roberts, 1st, - - -	3	8 1-4
Stevens, 2d, - - -	—	—

*—Best on record for America. The track being 48 feet short, no records are allowed.

TWENTY-FIVE-MILE RACE.—The final contest for the 25-mile champion belt and prizes of \$75, \$30, \$15, and \$5 took place at the Aylestone-road Grounds, Leicester, Eng., May 31. A number of the best riders in England were engaged, and the contest is described in *The Sporting Life* as follows: "The lot raced in close company until within two laps of home, and from this point the struggle commenced. Duncan quickened, and Howell, who had been content to ride behind Wood, now passed him and took second place, with Wood hanging on to his back wheel like a leech, and the others close up. Indeed, it was not until the last lap, in which the pace was terrific, that any gaps were visible, and even at so short a distance from the finish it appeared anybody's race, for Battensby and James were both going as fast as Howell and Wood. However, rising the hill, where Battensby made his effort, Fred Lees collided against him, and down the North countryman came—a fearful cropper—and James, who was just behind, also came to grief, and when picked up he was found to be severely injured. Thus the chances of two men, who might have troubled the favorites a bit, were disposed of, and after a bit of a tussle Howell and Wood passed Duncan. Down the hill Howell and Wood rode, locked together, at a fearful pace, but Howell managed to hold a slight lead, making the turn into the straight a length ahead, but he took the corner very wide, seemingly as if he had lost control of his machine for a moment, and bored Wood nearly on to the rails. This did not improve Wood's chance, and, although he spurred pluckily, he was unable to quite get up, and Howell passed the post three-quarters of a yard ahead. Duncan was third, about ten yards behind, and Lees fourth, while Tyre finished some few seconds afterwards, fifth. The belt now becomes Howell's absolute property."

The great race meeting of the year will be held at Springfield, September 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1884.

FROM THE ANTIPODES.

Editor of Springfield Wheelman's Gazette:—The following statistics, which two of my Australasian subscribers have prepared for the long-distance chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," seem sufficiently interesting to deserve advance publication in your paper. It should be remembered that neither report professes to be complete, as each of my correspondents was obliged to write in something of a hurry. KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., June 21.

NEW ZEALAND.

The New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance is an institution similar to the National Cyclists' Union of England. Its secretary is E. H. Burn, sub-captain of the Dunedin Cycling Club (who has printed several letters in the *Wheelman*), and its treasurer, who was formerly the secretary, is J. Foxley Norris, ex-secretary of the Pioneer Bicycle Club, of Christchurch, N. Z., and formerly known as "Mr. Perker," of the Pickwick Bicycle Club, London, of which city he is a native. The latter gentleman, writing April 26, gives these particulars of some of the leading clubs of the island. The names are those of towns, unless otherwise specified, and the club officers mentioned are captain and secretary in each case: Pioneer Bicycle Club, of Christchurch—T. R. Dunford, A. Lowry, (H. Langdon, sub-captain); organized April, 1879;

about 50 members. Christchurch Bicycle Club—N. Oates, H. Oakley; about 25 members. Dunedin Cycling Club—Organized August, 1879; A. J. Duncan, A. J. Brown; more than 40 members. Wellington Cyclists' Association—Organized October, 1881; R. J. Scott, R. G. Toulson; 23 members. Auckland Bicycle Club—Organized November, 1881; Will. Beswick, C. Bartley. Waitemata Bicycle Club, of Auckland—H. H. Hayes, secretary. Oamaru Bicycle Club—1881; H. R. Spruce, J. H. Todd. North Otago Cycling Club, of Oamaru—Kenneth Bain, secretary. South Canterbury Bicycle Club—J. Sanderson, captain. Nelson Bicycle Club.

"I don't think it possible," writes Mr. Norris, "to ride fifty miles without a dismount, here in New Zealand, owing to the river beds and shingle. No one has yet done it, and I myself certainly could not do it; though, in 1879, while in England, I rode from Bath to Newbury, over Box Hill and Marlboro Hill, exactly fifty miles, without dismount, spite of a drizzling rain. Thence I went to Maidenhead, thirty miles, for my next dismount, and thence to London, twenty-six miles, with several stoppages, making 106 miles for the day. The following are the most notable rides in New Zealand:

"AUCKLAND TO MASTERTON—January, 1884; ridden by Mr. F. Fitton, of Auckland; hilly roads. He intended to reach Wellington, but failed, owing to machine.

"WELLINGTON TO HOT LAKES—January, 1884; ridden by Mr. W. K. Adam, of Oxford University and London Bicycle Clubs, England. This journey is the reverse of Mr. Fitton's, and the two met and exchanged notes at Napier. Mr. Adam intended to reach Auckland, but had to stop through illness, not weakness. He was a time recorder forty-five miles in England last year.

"CHRISTCHURCH TO DUNEDIN—242 miles; Easter, 1882; ridden (and walked) by Mr. J. Foxley Norris, of Pioneer Bicycle Club, Christchurch, N. Z. (namely, myself). The roads were rough, with three mountain ranges to cross. The journey occupied five days, three of which were rainy. This is the longest straightaway distance yet made in New Zealand.

"CHRISTCHURCH TO WAIAN AND BACK—Total, 170 miles; February, 1884; hilly, and eighty miles new to cyclists; ridden by H. J. Jenkins, of Pioneer Bicycle Club, and F. W. Painter, of Christchurch Bicycle Club.

"The following have ridden 100 miles in a day: F. R. Dunsford, H. J. Jenkins, R. W. Mountfort, J. F. Norris, and A. E. Preece, of Pioneer Bicycle Club; F. W. Painter, J. W. Painter, and T. W. May, of Christchurch Bicycle Club; and F. A. Cutten, of Dunedin Cycling Club."

AUSTRALIA—DAY'S RECORDS OF 100 MILES.

Compiled by "Ardolycus."

DATE.	NAME.	CLUB.	RID- ING TIME.	TOT'L TIME.
Nov. 26, 1882.	A. Joy, 49*	Melbourne,	11.46	
1883.				
Sept. 20,	G. A. Thorne, 52* } F. J. Lewellyn, 53* }	"		10.59
Sept. 18,	A. L. Wood, Excelsior,			11.55
	T. B. Bason, Melbourne,			11.55
	— Walker, "			11.04
Oct. 10,	H. Stokes, "			11.04
	T. P. Jenkins, Bohemian,			9.30
Oct. 14,	R. A. Thompson, "			11.57
	H. P. Shimmis, "			11.57
Dec. 30,	S. A. Mott, Normanby and Ham- ilton,			10.23
	A. C. Destree, "			10.23

DATE.	NAME.	CLUB.	RID- ING TIME.	TOT'L TIME.
1884.				
Jan. 31, 1883.	F. W. Briggs,†	Warrnambool,	9.11	
Jan. 1, 1883.	A. Bartram,	Carlton,		11.58
May 20,	G. W. Burston,			9.50
May 24,	Hodgman,	Tasmanian B. C.,	11.49	12.34
	H. Knight,	Hobart B. C.,	10.55	
	F. Turner,	"	10.58	
Oct. 17,	A. J. Foote,‡	Warrnambool,	9.54	1-2
Oct. 16,	P. J. Bowen,	Marmion (Tasmania),	10.48	
	J. Leedham,	"	10.48	
Dec. 28,	J. S. Foulkes,	Normanby,		10 1-4
Mar. 17,	R. O. Bishop, a	Fernside,	10.15	11.25
April 29,	H. P. Shimmis,	Ballarat,	11.57	
May 9,	A. Foote,	Warrnambool,	9.26	
	F. W. Briggs,	"	9.26	
Dec. 26,	E. Greensides,	Castlemaine,	10.10	
	J. Georges,	"		11.50

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AUSTRALIAN AMATEUR RECORDS.

Compiled by "Autolyca."

MILES.	TIME.	NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.
1-4,	46s.	W. S. Hazelton,	A. C. U. meeting, Melbourne,	Nov. 9, '82
1-2,	1m. 31s.	"	"	"
1,	2m. 43 + 5s.	Warehouseman	C. C. Ground,	Mar. 17, '83
2,	6m. 14s.	Melbourne	"	Mar. 25, '81
3,	9m. 25s.	"	"	"
4,	12m. 38s.	"	"	"
5,	15m. 51s.	"	"	"
6,	19m. 10s.	"	"	"
7,	22m. 30s.	"	"	"
8,	25m. 48s.	"	"	"
9,	29m. 14s.	"	"	"
10,	32m. 32s.	"	"	"
25,	1h. 34m. 41 1-5s.	F. Lister,	road race Kyneton to Melbourne,	May 24, '81
50,	3h. 12m.	H. Stokes,	road race Warrnambool,	Oct. 27, '83
75,	6h. 17m. 43s.	E. White,	"	Nov. 9, '83
100,	9h. 11m.	F. W. Briggs,	Warrnambool,	Jan. 31, '84

VARIOUS TOURS.

LONGEST DISTANCE RIDDEN WITHOUT A DISMOUNT.—Seventy-five miles performed by A. Foote in the 75-miles road race, Warrnambool, November 9, 1883.

LONGEST TOUR ON A BICYCLE.—R. O. Bishop, 662 1-2 miles, ridden in twelve days through Western District (Victoria), including all stoppages.

LONGEST TOUR ON A TRICYCLE.—Edward Ash, 244 miles, riding from Hobart to Launceston (Tasmania) and back; time, including all stoppages, five days.

BEST TIME ON A TRICYCLE.—R. J. Parker (Victoria), November 2, 1883, ninety miles in 10 1-2 hours. Machine broke, or the centenary would have been completed.

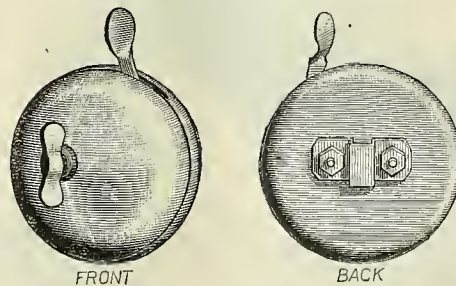
LONGEST TRICYCLE TOUR IN VICTORIA.—G. H. Broadbent, a grandfather, 135 miles; Melbourne to Murchison, 94 miles, had to train some distance back in consequence of the severity of the weather.

LONGEST AND FASTEST STRAIGHTAWAY RIDE ON A TRICYCLE.—J. Copeland, 100 miles ridden on 1 1-2 picked road, North Shore, Sydney (N. S. W.), October 16, 1883. Riding time, 12 1-2 hours; total time, 16 hours.

J. Copeland, same time and place, 120 miles. Total time, 20 hours; riding time, 14 3-4 hours.

*—British Challenge. †—28-pound Invincible. ‡—Rode 44 miles without dismounting. ||—101 miles. a—54 Matchless.

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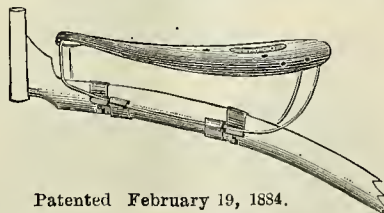
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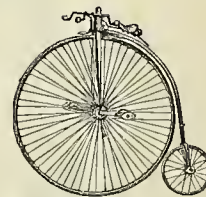
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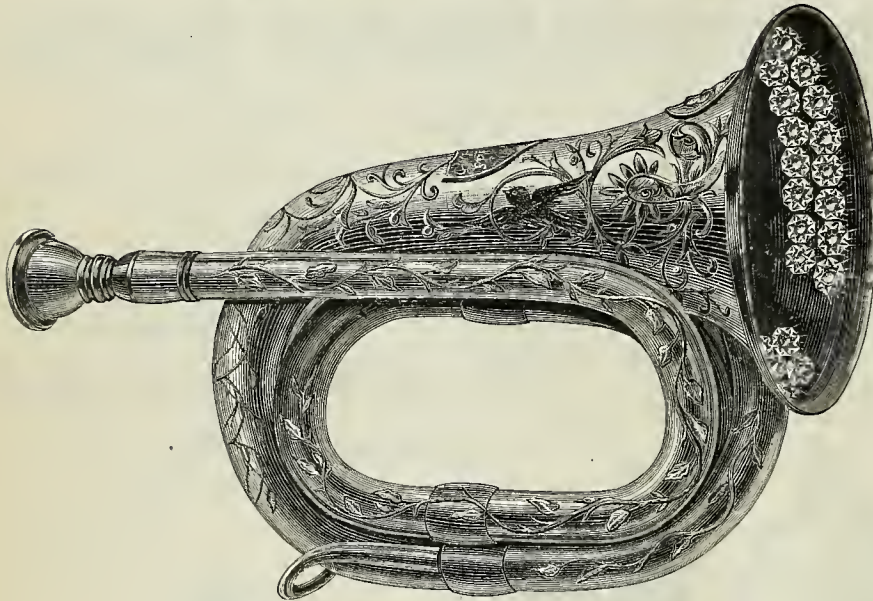
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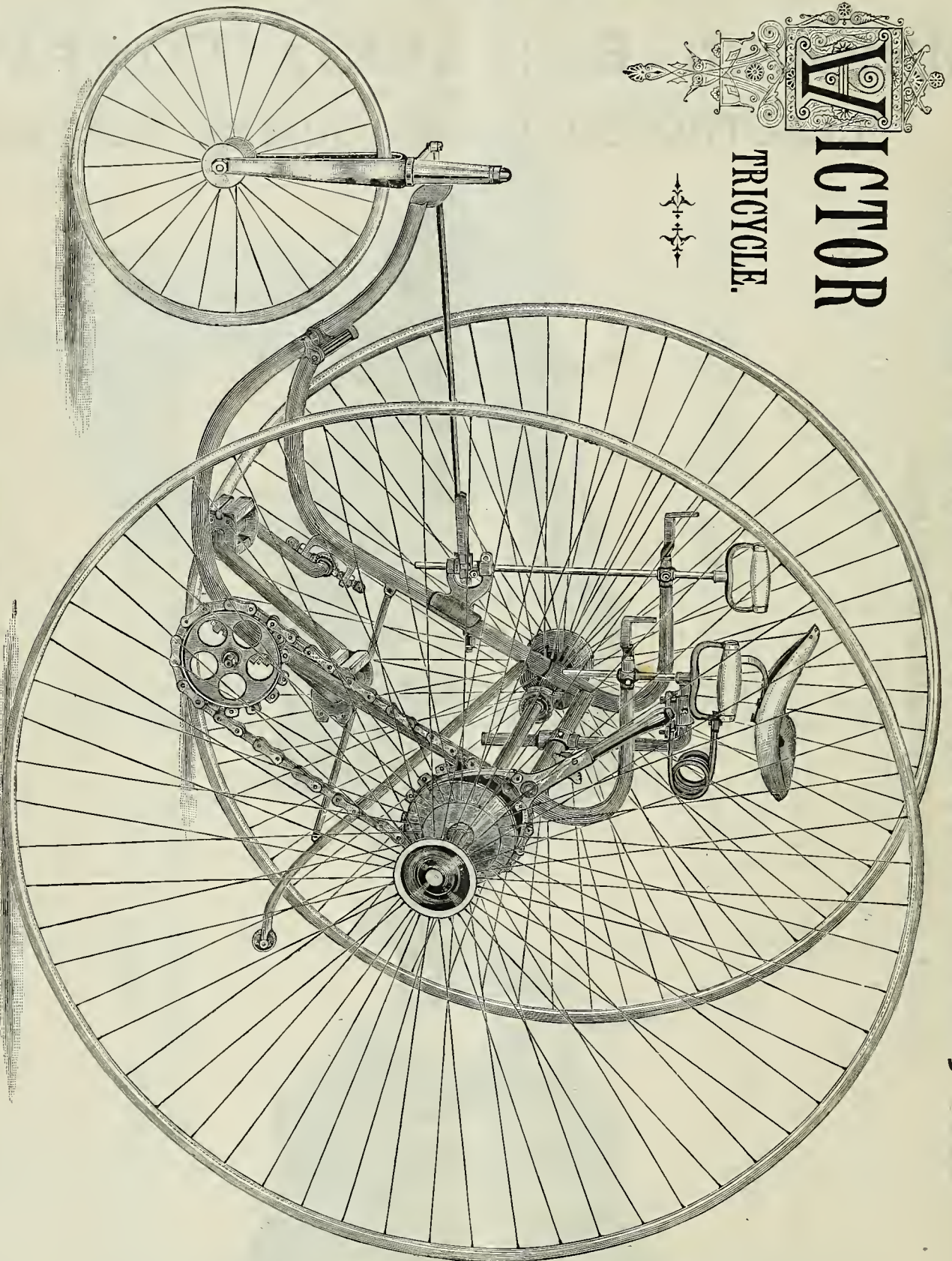


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