

# THE WHEEL

## A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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### WHEEL GOSSIP.

The Hudson County Wheelmen's Entertainment will be on Tuesday, November 25th, at 8 P.M.

Trains leave at 6.30, 7.00, and 7.30, on Newark and New York railroad; ferry at Barclay street dismounting at Jackson avenue, within four blocks of the rink. Returning leave at intervals of fifteen minutes.

It is said that Clapp of the Citizens has a leaning towards the silk umbrella offered for the trick mule ride.

Others rumor that Beckwith will ride it around the hall with his feet on the floor.

There will be an exhibition of bicycles and tricycles of all patterns, which alone will be worth seeing.

The wheeling publication craze continues unabated even in England, and the publishers of the *Cyclist* have issued "*Wheel Life*," which is gotten up after the manner of *Wheeling*, and consists almost entirely of paragraphs.

Indeed, the days of long winded articles seems to be somewhat limited, the average reader preferring short paragraphs. This is all very well, but then all men cannot write paragraphs, at least and make them interesting.

Our correspondent "Lewee" has been quite ill with Typhoid fever, and it will be some time before he will be able to resume his bright letters.

The *Bicycle*, of Montgomery, Ala., has changed hands after an existence of six months.

One of the most ingenious comforts is the Star step, manufactured by Zacharias & Smith. It consists of a plate of steel that screws on to the one provided by the maker, admitting of a broader foothold. A piece of corrugated rubber is cemented to the plate, which when the weight is thrown upon it as in mounting, is rendered doubly secure by a serrated edge, that helps to sustain the weight when the rubber is compressed. They are sold at the very reasonable price of one dollar, and every Star rider should have one.

We rode the Duryea saddle in the 104½ miles road ride of the Missouri Bicycle Club, November 18, and completed the distance comfortably, and without chafing, on time. Richard Garvey, Lindell Gordon, Thomas J. Reynolds.—*Ex.*

Brooklyn offers a good field for the bicycling business, judging from the prosperous condition of Mr. T. Hunt Sterry, who has apparently gained almost twenty pounds since he opened his riding school there.

Martin Rudy, of Lancaster, Pa., has failed under circumstances far from honorable. He has among creditors all the advertising dealers in this country as far as we can ascertain. We could sympathize with Mr. Rudy under ordinary circumstances, but when a man tries to obtain goods upon worthless checks, his little peculiarities need to be ventilated.

Karl Kron, the author of "X M Miles on a Bicycle," is the latest convert to the Duryea Saddle.

Philip Bucholz, of Springfield, Mass., has a good picture of Sellers, Hendee, Illston, and Hamilton. It is apparently taken instantaneously, as the men are on the mark at New Haven, and ready for the pistol, and serves as an excellent argument of the fact that bicycle races are started by the report of the pistol and not the flash. In every case the contestants' heads and those of the pusher-off are cast downward upon their mark, and not looking for the pistol.

Riders have dreamed of ball bearings to Star bicycles, but not until lately have they been able to secure them. Messrs. Zacharias & Smith, of Newark, N. J., are fitting ball bearings to the front wheel of the Star, which is certainly a great improvement. They look neat, run easily, and are not expensive. Their repair shop is also one of the best in the country.

The Seventh Regiment will give their athletic games at the Armory on Saturday evening, November 22d, at eight o'clock. There will be the usual foot races, obstacle, and hurdle races, and a one and three mile bicycle handicap, only open to members of the regiment. Music will be furnished by the regimental band.

### KANSAS CITY TOURNAMENT.

On Saturday morning last, while a clear blue sky and a genial sun made all things pleasant, wheelmen from near and far gathered at the office of Captain G. L. Henderson, on Sixth and Wyandotte, and at about 11 A. M., headed by Professor Lee's band of twenty pieces and several carriages, the first wheel parade ever seen in

Kansas City began to move. The streets were crowded with people, and it seemed for awhile as though P. T. Barnum was touring the town. The sight was an interesting one. The professional riders were gaudily gotten up; the Kansas City boys shown resplendant in all the glory of velvet suits, knee breeches and bright buttons; the visitors put on their most elegant apparel, while Captain Henderson played merrily on his horn and made the usual impression upon susceptible females by the combined influence of his stalwart physique and softly flowing "side-burns."

By 3 o'clock a goodly crowd had gathered at Athletic park to witness the opening day's programme, and shortly after that hour the starters in the 1-mile novice race were sent away.

They were Robert E. Lee, F. S. Ray, G. W. Baker and C. H. MacLily. The race was a well contested one, Baker finally making an excellent spurt, which brought him to the wire with little to spare in 4.11, Ray second, and Lee third.

The second race was a two mile professional with four starters: W. J. Morgan, Fred Westbrook, T. W. Eck and T. M. Hardwick, the latter a Kansan. Westbrook took the lead from the start, and maintained it with only an occasional interruption to the finish, winning by about two yards in 6.29 4-5, Eck second and Hardwick third.

The next event was the 5-mile State championship race with four starters: C. E. Stone and G. W. Baker, of St. Louis, and C. B. Ellis and H. Ashcroft, of Kansas City. Stone showed evidence of being the better man from the start, keeping the race well in hand, later on running to the front and winning easily in 18.03 1-5, with Ellis second, Baker third, Ashcroft fourth.

The fourth race was a half-mile heat race for professionals, in which Morgan, Eck, and Westbrook were the only starters. Eck took the first heat very handily in 2.36 3-5; Morgan the second in 1.33 4-5; Westbrook the third in 1.34, and Morgan the fourth by only 2 feet in 1.40.

The half-mile tricycle was the next event, with Dr. Henderson and Thos. J. Ellis as starters. Mr. Ellis' penchant for coasting down the home-stretch incline caused him to give an easy victory to the Dr. in 2.30 3-5.

An amateur 3-mile spin was the next thing on the programme, and six

starters responded to the bugle: C. E. Stone, G. W. Baker, St. Louis; Fred Shaw, Glenwood, Io.; I. T. Orr, Emporia, Kas.; and C. B. Ellis and Ashcroft, of Kansas City. Stone again proved his superiority, maintaining the lead at his own pleasure, and winning without any very apparent effort in 10.27. Shaw second, Baker third, Ellis fourth, Baker fifth, and Ashcroft sixth.

Mlle. Armaindo was down on the programme for a 10-mile race against a trotting horse, but the horse failed to show up, and another was obtained which was galloped against her in the saddle for 3 miles. About this time it began to appear as though the horse's owner would have dead meat on his hands if the race continued, so the animal was taken from the track. Louise continued another 2 miles, with Eck to spur her on, making the 5 miles in 19.59 4-5.

### SECOND DAY.

Sunday was another beautiful day, and about 1,500 people started out to see the race. The first was a three-mile club race with four starters: H. Ashcroft, H. Norton, N. T. Haynes, and C. B. Ellis, James T. Broughal failing to respond. Charley Ellis was the favorite, but young Norton pushed him from first to last, finishing with Ellis barely in the lead, with Ashcroft third, Haynes having dropped out at 1 mile and 1 lap. Time, 1 mile, 4.08; 2 miles, 8 m.; 3 miles, 11.47.

The next race was a three-mile professional with four starters: Westbrook, Morgan, Hardwick, and Eck. This was a rushing race, Westbrook forcing the pace and finally winning with Morgan a good second and Hardwick third, Eck having left the track after going 1 mile on account of the painful condition of his sprained wrist. Time, 10.30.

There were four starters in the half-mile amateur heat race: E. E. Stone, I. T. Orr, Fred M. Shaw, and John Hitchcock. E. E. Stone carried away the first two heats with comparative ease, Orr and Hitchcock fighting for second place. The following is the score by heats:

E. E. Stone.....	1	1
I. T. Orr.....	3	2
John Hitchcock.....	2	3
Fred M. Shaw.....	4	4

Time, first half, 1.29; second, 1.34½.

The next thing on the programme was the one-mile professional heat handicap, Armaindo receiving 200 yards start, with Westbrook and Mor-



gan at scratch, Eck feeling too bad to start. Armaindo carried the first heat, with Westbrook a length behind, and Westbrook took the second, leading Armaindo by a close shave. The third heat was an excellent piece of racing, Westbrook flying for all he was worth, with Armaindo crowding on full steam. At the last turn it looked like a Westbrook winning, but Louise rounded the corner with a close hug and came home flying a half length ahead of Westbrook. Following is the score by heats:

Armaindo.....	1	2	1
Westbrook.....	2	1	2
Morgan.....	3	3	dist.

Time, first mile, 3.10; second mile, 3.16 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; third mile, 3.08 $\frac{1}{2}$ . This was the fastest time made during the tournament.

The closing feature of the day's programme was the ten-mile race for amateurs, with eight entries and only four starters, the latter being G. W. Baker, F. M. Shaw, I. T. Orr, and C. B. Ellis. This was one of the most interesting and closely contested races of the tournament. Shaw did most of the pace-making, with Orr following close behind, and the others bunched too well up and occasionally spurring to the front. Orr held first place for the  $\frac{1}{2}$  to the  $\frac{1}{4}$ , when Shaw again took the lead, but was passed during the next lap. At the third mile he again bobbed to the front, while Orr brought up the rear. Later on he made a beautiful though somewhat premature spurt, passing all his opponents, Shaw taking third. Here Orr was supplied with a bottle of water, and lost considerable time uselessly by a little funny business. At  $\frac{3}{4}$  Shaw spurted to first place, but only to give way to Orr, who in turn gave way to Baker, the latter leading at 4 miles. During the next two miles each man put in occasional spurts which gave them first place, and at the sixth Ellis led for a brief period. Here Orr again had recourse to the bottle, and lost more ground, picking it up in the seventh, crossing the line as follows: Shaw, Orr, Baker, Ellis, all being well together. Orr again took the front, but Baker got down to work and rushed to the lead, for a while going at a flying gait, which was evidently too much so to last. At nine miles Shaw led with Ellis in the rear, but here the latter spread himself effectually, going to the front in a style that looked like winning, though, almost immediately afterward, losing his pedals, he lost his grip and fell back to the rear, Orr taking the lead with Shaw dogging him. On the last lap Shaw made a fine spurt, and, in spite of the struggles of the Kansan, came to the wire a winner by a length, Orr second, Baker third, and Ellis fourth. Time, 38.41 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The time for the miles was as follows:

One.....	4	Six.....	23.31
Two.....	7.55	Seven.....	27.20
Three.....	11.50	Eight.....	31.21
Four.....	15.38	Nine.....	35.12
Five.....	19.35	Ten.....	38.41 $\frac{1}{2}$

### THIRD DAY.

The first race on the programme Monday was a one-mile run for a gold badge presented by J. H. Barr & Co., open only to members of the club. There were five entries, but only three came to the scratch: H. B. Norton, C. B. Ellis, and H. Ashcroft. The

men got away well together, but soon Norton and Ellis began to leave Ashcroft, and it was evident that the race lay between the two former. Right up to the home stretch there was a steady struggle for the lead, Ellis eventually making a spurt, passing his opponent, and winning a closely contested race by two lengths. Time, 3.44 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

The entries in the five-mile professional race were W. J. Morgan, of New York; Fred Westbrook, Brantford, Canada; T. W. Eck, Toronto, Canada; and T. M. Hardwick, of Galena, Kas. A good start was made, Westbrook taking his usual place in front with Morgan, Eck and Hardwick strung out close behind. At 4 laps Eck spurted to the front and led up to 1 mile 1 lap, when Morgan took his place, being quickly followed by Eck and finally by Westbrook, Hardwick in the meantime hanging close in the rear. At  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles the men were still well bunched together and going at a rushing rate, when Hardwick made a fine spurt, and, cheered on by the crowd, held first place for over half mile. At 3 miles 2 laps Hardwick again held fourth place, and his chances were generally considered light; but toward the tail end of the race he again went to the front, and the race lay between him and Westbrook, Eck having given up and Morgan being too far behind to be dangerous. At this exciting moment Westbrook lost a pedal, and before he could regain it Hardwick was 30 yards away, with only about two-thirds of a lap to go. Westbrook here made the grandest spurt of the tournament, literally flying around the track, finishing second to Hardwick's first with only a bicycle length between them. Time: 1 mile, 3.35; 2 miles, 7.05; 3 miles, 10.40; 4 miles, 14.24; 5 miles, 17.48 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The next race on the programme was a half-mile bicycle between Dr. G. L. Henderson and Thomas J. Ellis, Jr. This proved a walk-away for the Dr., Ellis' seat slipping back and putting him virtually out of the race. Time, 2.28, which was several seconds slower than it would have been had Henderson been pushed.

In the one-mile State championship race there were four starters: C. E. Stone, C. B. Ellis, H. B. Norton, H. Ashcroft. Stone took the lead from the start and held it to the finish, being bravely battled for a while by Norton and Ellis, and finishing first in 3.34, with Norton well behind, Ellis 75 feet away, and Ashcroft distanced. Time for the half-mile 1.52, mile 3.34.

Mlle Armaindo then appeared upon the track for the avowed purpose of breaking her half-mile record of 1.42. She took a flying start, but, though she worked hard, the watches showed 1.51. Not being satisfied with this, the mademoiselle after a short rest again essayed the effort, this time carrying away the string in 1.45 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Considering the fact that the board track was a little springy and on one side slightly inclined, the time was excellent.

C. E. Stone on wheel *versus* A. J. Tobin on foot was the next feature. Originally the arrangement was that Tobin was to run two-thirds of a mile to the bicyclist's mile, taking the dirt track immediately inside the board track. The monetary part of the affair

not having been properly fixed, Tobin would only agree to run a half mile. This, of course, made the affair a farce, Tobin merely trotting around the track, and finishing so far ahead as to render timing farcical. Stone, however, made a splendid run. He is an excellent amateur rider, speedy, able, and graceful. In spite of running off the track and nearly upsetting he made his mile in the very good time of 3:15 $\frac{1}{2}$ . But for the accident it would probably have been close to 3:10.

There were seven entries in the 3-mile amateur, but only three responded to the bugle call: John Hitchcock, Fred M. Shaw, and I. T. Orr. Opinion was equally divided upon the issue, and a close and very interesting race was made, Hitchcock leading in the early part of the race. Orr spurted at 2 miles 1 lap and took the lead, only to be downed immediately by Hitchcock, and from then till the homestretch was reached a stubborn fight for first took place between all three men, Orr finally finishing only half a lap ahead of Hitchcock, with Shaw a good third. Time: 1 mile, 3:41; 2 miles, 7:21 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; 3 miles, 10:44.

As only one man could be found who had not won a prize, no consolation race took place.

Before leaving the grounds Westbrook challenged Hardwick to run 5 miles for \$500 a side, at Omaha, which challenge was promptly accepted.

Mr. P. Butler, manager of Miss Lizzie Evans, the Kansas long-distance equestrienne, was present and arranged through T. W. Eck, for a match race of 20 miles between Miss Evans and Armaindo and Morgan combined, the conditions being that Miss E. should change horses as often as she desired, while the bicyclists rode alternate miles. The race to be for \$500, and take place tomorrow.

Dr. G. L. Henderson acted as referee, Fred Erb as judge, and L. S. C. Ladish of the *Sporting Globe* as judge, official scorer, and time-keeper.—*Reflector*.

### A FREE ADVERTISEMENT.

HOW THE PRESS HELPS "X. M. MILES ON A BI."—COSTS AND PROSPECTS OF THE CANVASS.

*Editor of The Wheel*:—"Karl Kron knows how to work the press for a free advertisement, and there is much danger that the wheelmen will be talked to death before his book comes out." So said the *Bicycling World* of September 26; and the remark is sufficiently truthful to justify my using it as a text for the sermon which you have invited me to preach, through your columns, on Friday next.

I trust I am grateful for the "free advertisement" which the editor of the paper just quoted has occasionally given my scheme, and I certainly do not resent his indulgence in a little joke at my expense, once in a while; but as the point of the quoted paragraph belongs less to the truth which it asserts than to the fallacies which it implies, I think the exposure by me of those fallacies may serve both to increase the spread of virtue and the size of my subscription list.

To begin with, "Ten Thousand

Miles on a Bicycle" is itself destined to be a "free advertisement" of a very valuable sort to every man in America who has any money to make from the increase of cycling—whether he be a manufacturer or seller of machines, a dealer in wheelmen's furnishing goods and supplies, a hotel keeper, or a publisher of cycling literature. The pecuniary interest which all these people have in seeing my book made a monumental success is second only to my own, though many of them may be too thoughtless or stupid to realize this truth in advance of its practical demonstration. It was in order to make my "free advertisement" of all these people as powerful as possible that I decided at the outset to refrain from profiting by their paid advertisements. My book is the first cycling publication of any sort ever projected with the idea of making money solely from the patronage of a multitude of readers, instead of from subsidies, in the shape of "advertising patronage," solicited from leading members of "the trade."

It is, then, quite fallacious to assume that, in asking every one connected with any branch of "the trade" to freely lend his efforts towards securing a wide circulation for the book, I am trying to "get something for nothing." On the contrary, I am simply asking him to help himself by the act of helping me. I am giving more than I am receiving. The great bulk of the pecuniary profits, which must result from the boom in cycling that will follow the distribution of 3,000 copies of my book, will fall to the people connected with "the trade" rather than to myself. Even if the "free advertisement" given by the circulation of these 3,000 subscribers' copies shall enable me to promptly dispose of the remaining 2,000 copies at \$1.50 each (and on this rather improbable chance rests my only hope of reaping a tolerable reward from my labors), "the trade" will be the chief gainer from the transaction, and not I. No fault need be found with this condition of things, but I don't wish to have it ignored.

I certainly do "know how to work the press for a free advertisement," and if I hadn't full confidence of my ability in that respect, I certainly never should have undertaken to secure 3,000 advance subscribers at a dollar a head, in the face of a friendly warning from Boston that it would be impossible for me ever to secure as many as 300 of them. I have just explained why the use of the word "free" in the above relation is misleading, in so far as it implies that I receive anything more valuable than I give when I "work the press;" and I must add that such use of the word "work" is misleading also, in so far as it implies any craftiness, or secrecy, or cunning, or "smartness" on my part in persuading the press to print freely as "reading matter" the facts and comments which might, at first view, seem more properly classified among the "paid advertisements." The confusion of ideas in the mind of the writer of the paragraph on which I am commenting is evidently so great, that he fails to see the distinction between my case and the case of that very familiar person who is constantly trying to "beat" the editor by getting him to print



some contribution, which, while ostensibly written solely in the public interest, contains within itself some artfully disguised scheme for private gain. The number of those plausible people who make a living by their skill in securing "puffs" and "reading notices" of matters and things which should properly be restricted to a paper's advertising columns, is indeed legion; but it does not include myself.

In exact contrast to underhanded "work" of that sort, I have proclaimed from the outset that my scheme was a public matter which the public press might naturally be expected, from motives of enlightened self-interest, to publicly push on to success. There has been no pretence, nor disguise, nor dissimulation, nor trickery of any kind. I have assumed from the outset that editors were intelligent enough to welcome publication of letters and paragraphs which, though avowedly designed to help along a unique project whose success would ultimately put money into my private purse, were not less interesting on that account, and not less valuable in the remote result of attracting advertisers and subscribers to themselves. As I remarked in an August article, "without regard to this direct assistance given them (by my chapter on cycling literature, in which I shall freely announce the names, publishers, and prices of all periodicals, books, and pamphlets relating to the subject which I can anywhere discover), I assume that cycling editors and writers all over the world will be sagacious enough to see that, as the success of my book (by giving an impetus to the sport and enlarging the number of their possible patrons) will redound to their own ultimate advantage, it deserves liberal treatment at their hands both in public and private. My anticipations in this respect have been thus far very generally fulfilled; and I allude to the matter as showing one important interest (the press) gained for my proposed 'combination' of interests, by my refusal to enter my book in competition for the advertising patronage of tradesmen—no matter how great the promise of immediate gains."

THE WHEEL, of January, 25th put my canvass in motion, by giving a "free advertisement" of two solid pages, to contain my prospectus and circular in full, as well as a hearty editorial recommendation, and it has freely printed everything I have since found time to prepare for it concerning the subject. The fact that 238 subscriptions reached me during the first week of my canvass, shows that merely as news, "as interesting reading matter," my prospectus was well worth printing, and that your Boston contemporary (to which I simultaneously supplied the same material) made a definite business mistake in allowing you thus to "get the start of it" in the publication of a thing which attracted more immediate attention than any other cycling announcement of the entire winter. Your liberal example has been so generally followed, that the lessened danger of my "talking the wheelmen to death" is not due to the lack of unused opportunities within my reach for "working the press for a free advertisement." I have a standing offer of unlimited space from the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, and

though I improved this offer to the extent of four solid pages of brevier in the August issue, I lack the time to prepare for it as much as even one article a month, on the average. The editors of the *Canadian Wheelman*, (London, Ont.), the *Bicycle* (Montgomery, Ala.), and the *Southern Cyclist* (Memphis, Tenn.), have also urged me to avail myself of all the "free advertisement" I want, in keeping their readers informed as to the progress of my canvass, and my hopes and wishes concerning it. *Wheeling* (of London, Eng.), has printed editorial paragraphs recommending my scheme, for a half dozen weeks in succession, and all the other journals there have made at least one friendly mention of it—though I haven't yet really begun to "work the English press," or to systematically canvass for English subscribers. The *Australian Cycling News* (Melbourne), of September 13, likewise gives me more than two columns for a "free advertisement," publishing my full list of titles and my "special circular to Australian subscribers."

Since, in spite of all this, I receive many letters of enquiry, expressive of regret that I "say so little in the cycling press to keep the public informed of the progress of my enterprise," the "danger that wheelmen will be talked to death by me or that editors will be injured by giving me a "free advertisement," when they print the latest news about a matter wherein several thousand wheelmen now have a lively interest, is not a very terrible danger. The real danger is that people will exaggerate the value to me of the "free advertisement" which the press has so generally given to my enterprise. I trust I shall always properly appreciate the value of this, and I doubt if I should have had the courage to push on to success unless I had been favored in this way. But my main reliance, after all, has been, and must be, on persistent private effort, and not on the public press. The direct and immediate return from all these free advertisements is surprisingly small. This truth was curiously illustrated by the August issue of the *Wheelmen's Gazette*, whose editor took great pains to circulate an edition of 15,000 copies for the benefit of the approaching tournament, — even going to the trouble of mailing copies thereof to 618 hotels, with whose names I supplied him, by request, and by the expenditure of six days' work. Owing to an unfortunate mistake, the 618 *Gazettes* were not folded and marked in the special way which had been planned to give prominence to my "Circular to Hotel Keepers" printed therein, and the result was that my "list of subscribing hotels" was increased by—by how many does the hopeful reader suppose? *By not a single name!* The circulation of 15,000 *Gazettes*, whereof 618 were especially distributed for my benefit, did not directly bring to me as much as a dollar. Indirectly, and in the form of privately presented reprints, the circular has been of value to me, and it will ultimately help win 200 or 250 hotels to the cause of wheeling; but its first appearance was an utter failure. Similarly I may say of my revised prospectus, which covered two pages in last month's *Gazette*, and was as direct an advertisement of the exact contents of the book as I knew how to put to-

gether, that it has brought me hardly more than a dozen subscribers in the four weeks.

All this by no means proves that the *Gazette* is a "poor advertising medium," for I doubt if the appearance of my prospectus in any other paper would have brought me even a dozen responses; and I am agreeably surprised when an ordinary published letter of mine brings as many as three or four; but it does prove that all the "free advertisements" which all the 'cycling press could possibly print for me in a dozen years would not alone avail to make a success of my book. On the other hand, were I obliged to pay "regular advertising rates" for all the printed space I have occupied in "working the press for a free advertisement," the pecuniary profit of such success (assuming I ever attain it) would be entirely absorbed. In my August *Gazette* article on "The Costs of Book Making" (a reprint of which I shall be happy to mail to any applicant), I explained the rule under which I had entrusted my book to the ordinary methods of publication, and had it succeeded (as is hardly conceivable) under those methods, my share in the profits of 3,000 copies at \$1 each would be \$200; of 5,000 copies \$400; while even the sale of such a phenomenal edition as 10,000 copies would bring me only \$900.

Convinced by this rule that I must be my own publisher, and must adopt a subscription scheme which would commend itself to the press and the clubs, I necessarily "took a leap in the dark" in naming "a dollar" as the price of so elaborately planned a book, whose cost of manufacture I could only guess at. I have not yet taken any exact estimate from printers, but I know that my book will require 400 pages of 500 words to the page; that is, it will contain about a third more material than was covered by my "guess." Now, I've been told that when a publisher sets the retail price of a book at "a dollar," he generally expects the cost of manufacturing it will be about twenty-five cents, the cost of advertising it the same, the discount to the bookseller the same—leaving a profit of about twenty-five cents, whereof he retains fifteen and gives the author ten (except that, for the first thousand copies, he usually retains the whole profit).

On this very vague and variable basis, I gradually built up the idea that I might offer to supply for a "dollar," a book whose first cost would be about double that of those usually retailed for the price. By saving the heavy expense of advertisements and booksellers' commission, dealing directly with my patrons, and combining the labors of publisher with those of author, there seemed a fair chance of a reasonable profit, even if I offered an article twice as expensive as that usually offered for the same money. Instead of rushing the scheme through in six months, however, I've been engaged upon it nearly a year already, without getting in sight of the end; and the price of paper has meanwhile advanced. The actual cash outlay in collecting my 3,000 subscribers (in spite of unlimited "free advertisements" in the papers, and unlimited free canvassing by enthusiastic wheelmen, who have raked the clubs fore and aft in my service) will exceed

\$300, for postage and printing; and a similar sum will have to be spent in distributing the 3,000 volumes. Supposing therefore, that the cost of manufacturing my entire edition of 5,000 books, shall not exceed \$1,500, I shall then have in my favor, as a result of more than a year's continuous work (on a risky enterprise, of so personal a nature that no one else could carry it through, were I to be disabled by accident or sickness), a sum of \$900 and a pile of 2,000 books, which may be salable or may not be, just according as the cat called Popularity may happen to jump.

Though warned by authority, last January, that "the market will not absorb 300 copies of a dollar book on bicycling, no matter how good the book may be," I still cherish the hope that my demonstrated ability to sell 3,000 copies of such a book in advance of publication may in some mysterious way endow "the market" with a capacity to "absorb" 2,000 more of the same books at the advanced price of \$1.50 each. I do not by any means profess to be confident of this; but I *am* confident that, if my hope is realized, no wheelman in the country will begrudge me my reward, or will pretend that it is a magnificent freak of fortune, quite out of proportion to the labor and risk involved. Whatever happens, I propose to stand by the theory (which THE WHEEL first induced me to adopt when it took hold or my canvass as worthy of universal support) that the unique scheme I am engaged upon, though planned and conducted in the hope of private gain, is really a public matter, the exact costs of which, in both time and money, deserve to be publicly proclaimed, for the general enlightenment.

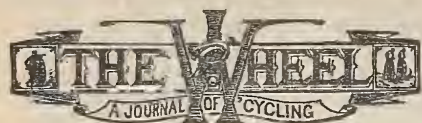
Though I am entirely confident of capturing the 960 additional names now needed to complete the 3,000, I say so without any idea of belittling the task. It involves, indeed, a severe and protracted struggle, and every reader of these words who may vaguely intend to "buy the book when published," should remember that his own individual pledge to me will help shorten the struggle and hasten the coming of publication day. Could I have foreseen the spread of the scheme, I might never have embarked upon it; but I am now so deeply involved that no escape is possible except by "going ahead." I still hope for good luck, but this letter has shown why, even with good luck, I am not likely to grow rich, in spite of my undoubted ability to "work the press for a free advertisement."

KARL KRON.

Washington Square, N. Y., Nov. 12.

Wanted, all cyclists to swear off making jokes about the tyres of wheels and the fatigue of their riders. Let us give it up. "When Noah hung out in the ark," had a passing wheelman wheezed the joke to him, no doubt the grand old boatman would have laughed cheerily; but as the years roll by, there mingles a something exquisitely sad with the humour of the venerable joke.





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#### THE PROPOSED AMALGAMATION

Of the officers of corresponding secretary and recording secretary and also treasurer of the League of American Wheelmen is not without some objections, yet on the whole it is to be commended. To one who has studied the subject carefully, or better still, held a similar office, the plan is attractive and perfectly feasible. But there are hundreds, almost thousands, in the League who have no idea of the great amount of time consumed upon the ordinary details in the office of either secretary or treasurer, and who not appreciating the difficulties look upon the scheme with suspicion.

The almost ludicrous system of making application for membership and the consequent delays in passing through numerous hands before the certificate can be issued, increases not only the confusion, but the expense. The red tape necessary to be unwound in the election of each member costs on a rough basis ten cents per man. This on a basis of five thousand members will represent of course \$500. Now presuming that an amalgamation of the two offices would result in a saving of one-half that amount we would have a saving of say \$250. At present the salaries now paid to League officials, or more properly speaking the amount allowed them, reaches on a moderate estimate, at least \$750 per annum. Now by adding the amount saved, \$250, it is easily shown that the League could afford to pay the combined official (shall we call it "Actuary" again?) \$1,000 per annum, and not be the loser in any appreciable way.

In fact, in dollars and sense it would be a great saving. The applications would receive more prompt attention. Errors and complaints could be fastened to one head, and such blunders as made by a recent division treasurer could be readily avoided. These are some of the benefits of the system, roughly sketched, to be sure, but comprehensive enough to any who have had any experience in the matter.

On the other hand, the chief objection to such a consolidation would be that such an office would be too much of a power; that it would create in the course of time jealousy, petty spite, and those miserable complaining epistles that a certain portion of the wheel press delight to feed upon. This is, of course, to be expected; but to how great an extent we can only point to history. It would be utterly impossible to select a man to fill the position who would be able to give complete satisfaction to the five thousand members scattered all over the United States; but much danger could be avoided by the selection of one who is not connected with any club or wheel organization. He should hold no other office in the League, and need not necessarily be a League member. In fact we will go still further and make the assertion that he need not be a bicyclist. The duties are merely clerical at best. Important matters are of rare occurrence, and even then a consultation can be made with the president, Hon. secretary and treasurer, who would define the line of policy to be pursued, subject to the approval of the Board of Officers. The salaried office should be given to a man who should be selected according to his ability, just as any corporation or business firm would select a clerk or manager. The minute such a position is given to a live bicyclist who is ambitious, who belongs to a large club that is always working to push to the front, who perhaps holds one or two positions in the League and otherwise, and there will be trouble in the camp. The proposed amendment should be voted upon very carefully and intelligently, and how and by whom such an officer shall be selected should receive as careful a consideration as the actual amendment.

#### SOUTHERN VT. ITEMS.

It was Saturday night. Three members of the B. C. C. sat in the club room trying to keep awake, and at the same time attempting to decide whether they should take a forty-mile trip the next day. At last it was unanimously decided that to go was the proper thing.

Now here in Vermont, the riding ceases about Thanksgiving, or just before, and the aforesaid members thought if they could possibly get in the last out-of-town jaunt of the sea-

son, why they might have something to blow about, because if one may judge anything by sundry articles written by the worthy "Secretary" and "Tertius," blowing is at present quite a popular pastime. Pardon my slight deflection from my subject; and now for an account of this trip.

The next morning the first one to appear on the scene was one of the most dignified (?) members, our president. As he was making preparatory for the trip the slim form of the "club astronomer" appears, and after a few questions by the president they make their way to the captain's place of abode, and wait for him.

After a while: "Guess you had better go in and see if he hasn't gone to sleep." "No, wait a minute; he's deciding which pair of shoes he will wear." At last we are off; rather late, to be sure, but we dig into the pedals for awhile and get well on the road, when we notice that a south wind is commencing to blow, and the prospect is anything but pleasant to have to pull against a head wind where it has full sweep across the open country. When about eight miles out we met the captain, 1st lieutenant, and two members of the Greenfield Wheel Club. We stop for a short chat, as our president was last season a member of the G. W. C., and has to inquire after the rest of "the boys."

I didn't know the captain was a cow boy until later on, discovering some cattle in the road he attempted to head them off. The cattle objected, and then they and the captain had a road race, which resulted in the latter's taking first prize. Awhile after this he indulged in a short game of hair and hound (not hounds, as there was only one), i. e., he was the hare, and the dog being a hound *was* the hound, of course; he couldn't be anything else. This last race was exciting, being down hill most of the way at the time. About this time the "astronomer" began to have a sudden vacancy under his vest (we all wore vests, as it was rather cool); in other words, he began to complain of being awfully hungry. Why, dear reader, the expressive tone with which he notified us would have melted a rock. I guess the disease was contagious, as we all had a serious touch of it before we had dinner.

We managed to live on hope, fresh air, and some candy that the captain bought (I mean it was the candy that the captain bought, as the hope and fresh air we had free) for about four or five miles more, and at last we pulled up at our destination.

The president said: "Dinner for three of the hungriest fellows you ever saw." The way we got acquainted with that dinner was a caution.

After dinner we visited the new club rooms of the Greenfield boys, and after a time began to think of home; all getting aboard, away we went again, and after three or four miles of rather heavy roads, we went skimming along for six or eight miles as fine as you please, when we began to get hungry again, if you will believe it.

I confess I had no idea that riding in the cool weather would give one such an appetite. Before we had been much further, darkness came on and we (the "astronomer" and the Presi-

dent), tried the walking. The captain was spunky and continued on for a ways, and rode the biggest part of the way home, but the others liked the walking. The conversation during the last part will be omitted, as it was rather varied.

The President made a motion that a stop be made at Algiers (this is not the one in Africa), for something to eat; luckily there were enough oysters for three stews, which was ordered to be cooked "in a hurry."

At last they were done, and we were ushered into the presence of those oysters. Well, I would just as soon have eaten in an ice-chest as in that dining-room, ugh! how cold it was, but nevertheless the oysters warmed us up and at last we arrived home, and that memorable November ride (and walk) was done.

#### NOTES.

Otto Von Dillo Prince! why hast thou left us? Next season, when with our new uniform and banner we do parade, who will then be in the front ranks? (and just a little ahead). Who's nickled wheel will fill that gap? and the wind murmurs, who?

The members of the B. C. C. each have an office in the club, and they ought to feel contented.

An exclamation of the "astronomer," when about five miles from home, was "Well, we need not hurry, when we *do* get home, we can eat all the more."

If a photo could have been taken of the President when he took that "header," what a smile you would have smole on seeing it.

The little wheel had a good lead of the large one, when the "astronomer" came to the rescue.

Scene: Club room: "kazoo" trio seated on the radiator, playing "Sailing, sailing, over the boundi"—door suddenly opens, music ceases, in ten minutes all is as dark and silent as a graveyard at midnight. Moral: Always ascertain what time it is, when you play the "kazoo."

The Hon. Secretary-treasurer and consul made a trip over the same route as described already, so the three can't claim the last trip of the season as they expected. Very consoling, to be sure. THE TRAMP.

#### NEW YORK NOTES.

Editor of The Wheel:—I find that my notes have awakened a suspicion that I am a member of the Citizens Club, but that is hardly correct. I am not a club man or likely to be, and my identity will for some time be concealed behind the last three letters of the alphabet. If at times I appear to be well informed, I will state that I am on good terms with several members in each of the clubs, and generally manage to extract some information from them whenever they cross my path.

Probably the first event of interest in this vicinity will be the entertainment of the Hudson County Wheelmen, at the new roller skating rink, in Jersey City. Tuesday, November 25th, is the date, and the "usual good time" is promised. Tufts is down for an exhibition, and Frazier and Tommy Finley will play Polo. The Kings



County Wheelmen will drill, there will be a slow bicycle race, and a fine silk umbrella will be given to any wheelman that can ride an old style velocipede which has been resurrected for the occasion. In roller skating, an orange race will be the novelty.

The Citizens Club have at last decided to give their long expected "house warming," on the evening of Wednesday, December 3d, and a thousand invitations will be extended to club members far and near. A very efficient committee has the matter in charge, and the entertainment will doubtless surpass anything ever attempted in metropolitan bicycling circles. The club have an abundance of musical talent which will be brought out on this occasion. A sparring bout between Prof. Watson of England and Mr. Fred G. Bourne will be a prominent feature; and Mr. James Burdette, the well known humorist, will render efficient service. Mr. Thomas Stevens, who rode from San Francisco to Boston, will relate some of his adventures in crossing the plains; and finally, a bounteous "feed" will successfully wind up the evening, with probably an impromptu programme. Admission will be by tickets only, which will be distributed among the secretaries of clubs.

It is said that "a good secretary maketh a good club," and this is indeed true. I have watched with interest the public appeals of the various League secretaries for correct lists of the various clubs in this country, and can sympathize with these officials at the exasperating manner in which returns are made. Many secretaries are indifferent to the appeals for their names and addresses, and even when changes are made they are not reported, and documents often go astray that would be of interest to club men. A list of all the clubs should be kept on file at the offices of the cycling journals, with the names and addresses of the secretaries. This would make an interesting page that could be published at intervals of three or six months with the necessary changes.

The riding continues delightful, and the drives and boulevards are well filled with wheelmen who are embracing the last opportunity for a spin. Soon will the keen winds whistle around in a shaky manner, and then will the chairs be drawn in circle around the stove. Then will past experiences be brought to light, League policy discussed, and dreams of Bermuda and Chicago tours enjoyed, while the fragrant smoke of choice Havanas is wafted upwards. But not until the snow flies will the wheel cease to roll of

X. Y. Z.

#### FROM THE CLUBS.

KENTON.—The Kenton Wheel Club of Covington, Ky., held their annual meeting for the election of officers on October 15th, with the following result: President, Henry Nepper; Captain, Robson C. Greer; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas J. Wielison; Bugler, Howard S. Rodgers. We have twelve members, a cosy club-room, and are booming.

#### TOURING IN CALIFORNIA.

[REPORT OF H. C. FINKLER TO KARL KRON.]

Regardless of the many predictions of the numerous propheticizing cyclists, that more unprecedented June showers

and muddy roads would make it far more pleasurable (H. C. Finkler) a member of the San Francisco Bicycle Club, mounted a 52-inch light roadster and carrying 25 lbs. of luggage, accompanied by A. M. Wapple, started shortly after breakfast, on the 15th of July, on the initial tour about the State. The condition of the county road, as compared with the San Bruno turnpike was convincing that all others were to be found at their best. After wheeling through the extensive drives which surrounds the beautiful home of Mr. D. O. Mills, at Millbrea, good roads were found to San Mateo, where a run through the country villa of Mr. Howard was indulged in, thence crossing over into the town, passing over the drives around the Hayward residence. Palo Alto Farm in all its loveliness being the last point of interest passed, San Jose was reached at 4 p. m., having ridden 56¾ miles the first day. The absence of the San Jose wheelmen, who are numerous, was conspicuous. Next morning was occupied in reaching the New Almaden Quicksilver Mines, where extended courtesy was shown in being escorted by one of the resident officers over the premises, thus occupying half the day. In the afternoon they took a walk through grain fields and over a rough mountain country, which was a necessity on account of being misled in trying to make a short cut to the Gilroy road, though after it was reached the best road in the valley with a favorable wind sent the cyclers flying, passing through Gilroy as the shades of evening were falling, thence taking an easterly road, San Felipe was reached. Mr. Chester Wood, the resident cyclist insisting upon making himself hospitable, the night was passed there in the midst of one of the famous cheese making districts of San Benito Co., making a run for the second day of 41 miles. Wednesday, Mr. Wood escorted them on their journey, and Hollister was soon reached, the club, captained by Dr. Geo. Wapple, chaperoned them about the suburbs in the evening, making 24¾ for the day. After much persuasion and convincing proof that his wheel was too heavy, Mr. Wapple, who probably was awfully broken up, concluded to spend the balance of his vacation in Hollister, the hospitalities of the young ladies having already foreshadowed the pleasantness of his intended stay. Mr. F. said: "It was a hard struggle for me to tear myself away, almost feeling like my partner, to abandon the trip here, but their persuasive pleas after being slumbered o'er were regrettingly departed from."

The following is given as nearly as possible in Mr. F.'s own words: "Fogall, Wednesday morning.—Heavy enough to weigh down a horse, but not making the least difference to my enameled wheel; had to partly undress myself to cross the San Benito River, which was some two miles out from Hollister. This stream could not be crossed otherwise, on account of its being of a muddy and quicksandy bottom. When across I sat on a projecting piece of an old tree, and was sponging mud off myself and about putting on the finishing touches, when souse into the slush I went, the tree being rotten. I found that the medicinal properties of a mud bath during a foggy morning are very recuperative,

if nobody is looking. Reached San Juan, nine miles out, where, after breakfast, an hour or so was very pleasantly spent in viewing the ancient landmark, the old Mission San Jose Church, which still retains much of its picturesque and majestic grandeur. Up to this point the roads were superb, so level and smooth. Shortly, San Juan Mountain loomed up, which on account of its roughness and steepness, both the ascent and descent had to be walked, and, after riding a short while, Salini's, in the midst of adobe roads, was reached in time for lunch, with the Odometer registering 148½ miles. After convincing the inhabitants that the bicycle had a tendency to convey an enormous appetite but not to retain one itself, a start for the sea shore was made, which after fording the Salinas River and numerous rivulets, some of the most picturesque scenery yet encountered was passed through, reaching El Monte Hotel in the afternoon, with 55½ miles of pleasant walking and riding for the day. Through the kindness of Mr. J. F. Sarber, the pioneer cyclist of Monterey, the time passed here was whiled away very pleasantly. Numerous beautiful drives, over which Mr. S. so kindly escorted me, and those surrounding the hotel and leading into the city, also the drive to Oak Grove, readily convinces one that the fifty miles of sandpapered and polished roadways are more than sufficient to make this a wheelman's paradise. Mr. Lewis, who formally had more leisure and who bestrode a majestic sixty-inch, expressed himself as desirous of occasionally gliding o'er the roads on the noiseless steed.

The heaving billows of the sea hardly broke the monotony of the tramp over the mountains of sand which were encountered immediately after departing from this great seaside resort. More than one famished tramp, with parched lips and doleful lamentations, was encountered. But strange how unanimous were the expressions of disgust and the disappointment when meeting this new mode of locomotion to find that temperance was a necessity for the manipulation of the iron steed. After blackberrying for some time, I was eventually brought to the close proximity of a swollen stream which had to be crossed, and without much time for contemplation, a float of numerous branches and driftwood was readily made for the wheel and clothes, and a swim was forcibly indulged in. After having crossed the stream, many farms were passed through. The adobe roads were hard and rough enough to shake the teeth out of a harrow, not to mention those of a bicyclist, thus after being thoroughly well shaken Castroville was reached, showing 199½ miles, with 21¾ for the day, much of which was ridden in and about Monterey, and a fair bit of it walked through mountains of sand and rough farm roads. The partiality of mosquitoes from here to Watsonville was beyond description. Their size, which compared with that of small-winged cucumbers whose propensities for battle were fully developed, requiring all one's attention for numerous hours. When arriving at Watsonville, the Gibson brothers, who had ridden down from San Francisco, barely recognized the mosquito-fighting cyclist.

The intended trip to Santa Cruz was forcibly omitted, wheelmen stating that on account of the vast quantities of sand on the roads it would be more than laborious, and being advised that the best road to Gilroy was through the Chitman & Gray ranches. The wheeling proceeded, some of which was very fine and again some of the hills were almost as straight up as the side of a house, though the Santa Clara valley was reached during the afternoon, and with a wind blowing from astern Gilroy was soon reached. Shortly after departing from here a bull snake, which is of that class which devours squirrels, gophers, rats, etc., was, with the assistance of a large stick, stopped, and after making a note of its dimensions, which were 66 inches for its length, 5¼ inches for its circumference, the wheeling was resumed. When five miles from Gilroy, a couple of campers were met, who extended their hospitality by desiring to entertain one for the next twenty-four hours; after indulging in a repast, the merits of the horse was compared to the traveling qualities of the "bike," the log-book showed that with the average of 35 miles for the horse to all appearances another day would surely kill him, while 50 miles per day for the cyclist was bracing him up finely, so, after a regretful parting, Madrone, which is eighteen miles below San Jose, was reached, and as a steady north wind was blowing at this point, after various windings and misguidings, 247½ miles was registered, with 48½ for the day, after having had a pitched battle with mosquitoes. Saturday showed the roads in this vicinity superior to any in the State, which made it very encouraging for the contemplated climb to Mt. Hamilton. After riding eighteen miles, San Jose was reached, thence a tremendous climb ensued. The pedals were placed out to their longest point, and although the roads were beautifully smooth at the beginning, their steepness soon became very apparent, and had it not been for the lightness of the wheel (34 lbs), the distance of 25½ miles to reach an altitude of 4,440 feet in 7½ hours, including stops which were numerous, the last 6¾ miles of which being 2,270 feet, never could have been accomplished. When the Lick Observatory was reached, an approaching storm soon changed the temperature far below that encountered in the valleys below, and through the kindness of Mr. C. M. Plum, Jr., son of one of the trustees, a refreshing spread was soon disposed of. Mr. H. Tenney, who had accompanied Mr. Plum on the wheel from Alameda to San Jose, where the steeds were stabled, was fully convinced that it was far more convenient to take the stage coach to the Observatory in preference to the bicycle, as nearly all of the descent to Smith's Creek had to be walked, principally owing to the sharpness of some of the turns; thus making 50½ miles of cycling for the last day of the week, of which greater than half was more laborious than pleasant, coupled with the danger of at any moment being dashed to pieces by being hurled over steep embankments in the descent. From Smith's Creek to the Junction House, and thence to Alum Rock, some fast wheeling was done, but constantly paying attention to the careful appli-



cation of the brake. On account of the gentle drizzling rain which was falling, stops of any duration were out of the question. Wheeling about lively, a return to the Junction House was made, where breakfast with a lot of jolly good fellows was soon disposed of, and thence to San Jose, where after a short stay in attending church and noting that 331 miles had been registered. Milpetas with 337 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles, Washington Corners 346 miles, San Lorenzo 362 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles, San Leandro 365 $\frac{3}{8}$  miles, Olympic Club Grounds 376 $\frac{3}{8}$  miles, Oakland Pier 378 $\frac{3}{8}$  miles were passed, and the point of starting in this city was reached at 5 P. M., making a distance of 380 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles for the trip through San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, San Benito County, and Alameda Counties, and 83 miles for the last day, through gentle showers, which made the traveling for that day very pleasant and cool. The jovial and smiling presence of Wapple from Hollister was all that was wanting to have made the first week's vacation spent in bicycle touring more ever pleasant than it really was.

(To be continued.)

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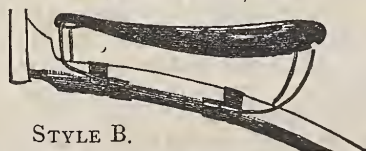
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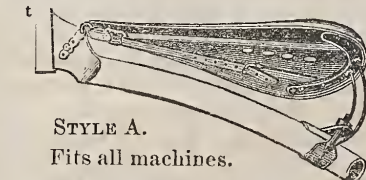
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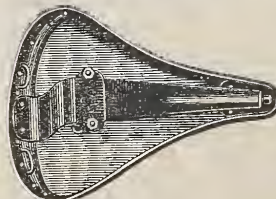
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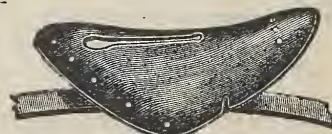
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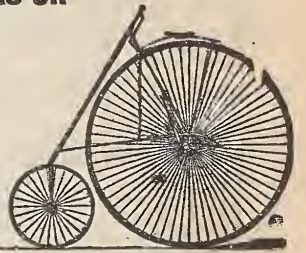
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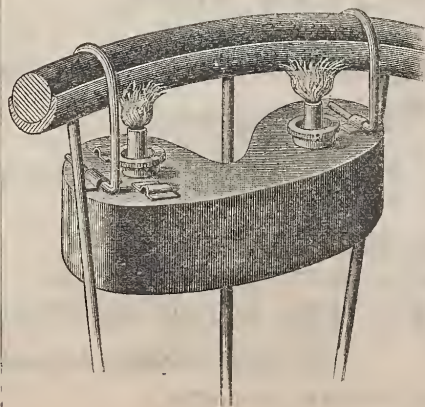
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