

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

Vol. III.—No. 7.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1885.

Price 5 Cents.

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AND STEEL AS WELL.

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One 54-inch American Roadster, paint not up to standard, but good,	.	75 00	105 00
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One 48-inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge, ball bearings, perfect in every respect,	.	115 00	150 00
One 50-inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge, ball bearings, perfect in every respect,	.	115 00	
One 50-inch 'Xtraordinary Challenge, ball bearings, perfect in every respect,	.	115 00	
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Number.	Size, In.	MAKE.	Price.	Price new.	FINISH.	BEARINGS.		CONDITION.	ADDITIONAL PARTS EXTRA.
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2	50	Sanspareil.....	75.00	140.00	Full nickel.....	Ball,	Ball,	Good as new.....	
3	50	Harvard.....	75.00	140.00	Nickel, enameled wheels.....	Ball,	Ball,	Good as new.....	
4	50	Dictator.....	80.00	140.00	Full nickelized.....	Ball,	Ball,	A 1.....	
4½	50	American Club.....	100.00	160.00	Enameled.....	Ball,	Ball,	A 1.....	
5	50	Special Columbia.....	60.00	120.00	All enameled.....	Ball,	Cone,	A 1.....	
6	51	Yale, Light.....	75.00	142.50	Nickel, enameled wheels.....	Ball,	Cone,	Used only once.....	
7	52	Timberlake.....	50.00	120.00	Painted.....	Ball,	Cone,	Fair.....	
8	52	Special Columbia.....	55.00	112.50	Painted.....	Ball,	Cone,	Fair.....	
9	52	Harvard.....	80.00	142.50	ENAMELED WHEELS, BALANCE NICKEL,	Ball,	Ball,	Good as new.....	
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13	54	Rudge Light Roadster.....	95.00	160.00	Nickel, enameled wheels.....	Ball,	Ball,	Good.....	Ball pedals included.
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17	56	Standard Columbia, o. s.	45.00	97.50	One-half bright.....	Cone,	Cone,	Fair.....	
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THE EXPERT COLUMBIA BICYCLE:

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FIRST SEASON. A genuine light-weight Bicycle; 5½-inch, ready to ride, weighs 36 pounds.

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Safe, swift, easy. Can be learned in an hour. Proved by six years' increasing use.

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For catalogue and full particulars of their
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THE GENUINE HUMBER
Won All the Principal Events of 1885 at Hartford and Springfield.

*Coventry, Eng.,
March, 1885.*

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BULL & BOWEN,
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Dealers in Bicycles and Tricycles; makers of sundries; repairing a specialty.

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A rigid, superbly-built light roadster. The great demand attests its popularity. We offer it as the highest quality wheel brought to the States. Examine one, or send stamp for circular with many testimonials from leading American wheelmen.

JOHN S. PRINCE, who rode a mile in 2.39 on a ROYAL MAIL at Springfield last September, says: "It is the best wheel I ever crossed."

Weight, 36 pounds; 72 tangent spokes; genuine Warwick hollow rim; hollow forks; detachable cranks; Bowe's Aeolus ball bearings; close-fitting noiseless brake; best moulded rubber tire; oval backbone; new American adjustable saddle; Buffalo tool bag.

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AMERICAN AGENTS,
No. 107 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

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VOL. III.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1885.

NO. 7.

Terms of Subscription

One Year by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	50 cents.
Six Months "	- - - - -	25 "
Clubs, entire membership, per year,	- - - - -	30 cts. each.
Foreign Subscribers,	- - - - -	4 shillings.

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

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to CHAS. A. FISK, Treasurer.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

RECORD RIDING.

The recent lowering of all the amateur and professional records at Springfield must convince those who are conversant with bicycle racing that heretofore the most of our races have been simply a procession of wheelmen riding at a fair pace, and depending wholly upon their powers of spurring on the last half or quarter as the case may be. If still more abundant proof were needed we have only to cite the cases of the visiting Englishmen who have recently left our shores. At home they are used to riding their race at the finish, and that in part accounts for the slow time made. It is only when a novice comes on the track who does not understand the science of racing but goes from tape to tape, that fast time is made. Old racers will not do what is termed the donkey work, *i. e.*, lead or set the pace. The managers of the Springfield tournaments have fully realized the truth of this and they have endeavored to have the men ride from start to finish and have taken especial pains to impress the new comers or novices with the idea that to win they must so ride. That in part accounts for the fast time made by men who were considered slow. Extra inducements were held out for record breaking, for they wished to get down to very near the limit of time required to cover from one to twenty miles. The recent attempts since the close of the tournament should be hailed with delight by all true sportsmen, for we now have a set of records that can only be broken by good riders who are willing to race from tape to tape; and the result will be next year to spur on our racing men and to do away with the monotonous processions of the past.

Our records heretofore have had very little value as showing the speed with which a mile or even twenty miles could be covered on a wheel; but we now have a set that means something. To show how the racing is done we can call to mind nearly a half dozen racing men of the last tournament, novices who did in their daily practice cover a mile in 2.41 to 2.43, and we have in mind one who in the forenoon run a mile in practice in 2.40 $\frac{1}{2}$ and was beaten in the afternoon in 2.57; he lost his race on the home stretch, in fact did not get third place. It is evident that had he gone at his usual pace he might have won a place. The new

records of 1885 are a very creditable set, and every way worthy of our American tracks and enterprise, for we have in five years succeeded in beating out old Mother England at every distance attempted, although they have been at it over ten years. A little more experience is what is needed for our racing men and England will have to turn to some other sport in order to compete with Yankee muscle and Yankee-made wheels.

ASSUMPTION.

What is all the talk in *Cyclist* concerning Springfield time and the dishonesty of our timers? Who is Mr. Hillier that he sets himself up as the great and only infallible cycloper of this earthly planet, the god to whom all the cyclists in America must bow in reverence? And what is the L. A. W., as compared to the great Hillier of London, England?

We had prepared a long and exhaustive reply to the insinuations and falsehoods of the editor of *Cyclist*, but have concluded that they are so broad and transparent that even an idiot may see through them, and that they are unworthy the space it would occupy. However, we will just notice a few points.

First, for pure cheek, we ask our readers to peruse the following:—

It is unfortunate so far that Mr. Ducker did not secure the attendance from England, of some thoroughly competent watch-holder. To suppose that English cyclists will attach any weight to the assertions of a gentleman who was merely trying his 'prentice hand at clocking is unreasonable.

On this side of the Atlantic this would be called a case of unmitigated "gall." "Unfortunate!" Well! Well!! It is indeed "unfortunate" if it is the case that the United States does not possess a competent watch-holder, and we are obliged to send to England if we want correct time. What assumption even for a British editor! And we must not suppose that "Englishmen will attach any weight to the assertions of a gentleman" (Harry Etherington) "who was merely trying his 'prentice hand at clocking." This is the first time we have learned that Mr. Etherington was the only timer at Springfield. In fact, we had supposed that we had a full official board of competent timers, but there is nothing like going away from home for news, even if we have to cross the ocean.

We now come to another point. He says the Springfield tournament was a "big business meeting." Well, we must confess that our meetings are run on strict business principles—a statement which we are proud to make, for did we not conduct them on true business principles we should be obliged to adjudge ourselves incapable of handling money and unworthy of public confidence and patronage. But only last May at a minor meeting of the Springfield Club, at which Mr. A. Kennedy-Child officiated, the management was openly condemned by said official because it was not conducted in a business-like way. But then it was to

carry one point, now it is to carry another. "Consistency, thou art a jewel." We quote:—

Springfield, teste Mr. A. Kennedy-Child, is a "big business meeting," and as part and parcel of the colossal show, records have to be made by hook or by crook; for did not one of the biggest lines in the "displayed advertisements" of the meeting run thus:—

"RECORDS ARE MADE ANNUALLY AT SPRINGFIELD," and those records *had* to be made, just as Barnum insisted on having the late lamented Jumbo. How they were made is another question entirely.

As if it had anything to do with the timing the editor criticises the advertising and says we must have the records because we so advertise. To which we reply that we have a perfect right to advertise that records are made annually at Springfield, and we would refer them to past events. In September, 1882, at a one day's meeting, out of seven events, one-half, one, two, three, four, and five mile records were made. At the tournament held September 18, 19 and 20, 1883, there were fifty-one new records made. September 16, 17, 18, 19, 1884, forty-six new records were made, eight of them being world records. This year "records had to be made." Very true; and they were made. How? First, by means of a very superior track; second, by calling together the fastest riders in the world.

But what we chiefly resent is the aspersion upon the honor of the wheelmen of America and particularly the League of American Wheelmen. The League is composed of the better class of the wheelmen of the United States and a more honorable association does not exist. It is well organized, with competent officers and committees and an excellent code of government and by-laws. It is for this body of men to judge whether the times made at Springfield are correct or not, and if its racing board accepts them the whole world must. To doubt them is uncourteous and insulting in the extreme and unworthy of a member of the British press. In fact, they are no more to be doubted than the records indorsed by the N. C. U., and we think the majority of the wheelmen of England will accept them as true.

DEDICATION.

We present to our readers this month an illustration which we dedicate to "American muscle and skill," as exemplified at Springfield, Mass., on the peerless Hampden Park track, by undaunted American riders, who, with true Yankee spirit, never remain whipped, but are ever eager for a chance to regain and uphold the honor of cycling to the credit of America. That the world records from one-half up to and including twenty miles should be made by an American rider upon an American wheel (W. A. Rowe upon a Columbia), and the American records from twenty-one miles up to and including one hundred miles by another American rider also upon an American wheel (F. F. Ives upon a Victor), speaks volumes for the efficiency of our riders and the skill of our manufacturers, also for the excellence of our track.

This stupefies old Mother England and causes the British lion to lie down in rage, while the American eagle is tempted to soar higher than ever in his exultation, and Uncle Sam looks down in triumph from his lofty pinnacle and congratulates himself that as the year 1885 is about to close, America holds all the important records, including the journey of Thomas Stevens around the world,—all accomplished by the energy, enthusiasm, and enterprise that are born of the American people, and are found in an equal degree nowhere else on the face of our globe.

In their attempts to prove that all Springfield times are unreliable, the English cycling papers have resorted to every means possible, among the most common being that of misconstruing everything and putting it in the most misleading form. It is really astonishing that in the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and in this age of cycling, so many thick heads exist, or so many men can be found editing newspapers who have no regard for the truth or no understanding of it. We feel sorry for them and fully forgive them on account of their stupidity. As a case to the point which will serve as a fair sample of all, the *Bicycling News* and *Cyclist*—one and the same—both openly aver that there was a mistake in M. J. V. Webber's one hour, and freely affirm that the mistake in the case of Burnham was a mistake of the whole, whereas the timing and distance of Webber were perfect and placed beyond dispute. Now, Messrs. Editors, we challenge you to show one American newspaper that says there was a mistake on the part of our official scorers in the 20-mile run of Webber. And you, gentlemen, who propose to give your fellow countrymen the truth, are guilty of publishing a deliberate falsehood. The fact was that only Webber was to run the twenty miles, and all official eyes and watches were centered upon him. You ask us to prove our records. They stand on a firm basis—upon the honor of the League of American Wheelmen. And supposing even that the official timers were incompetent or even thoroughly dishonest, would it not be absurd to suppose, with the scores of gentlemen conversant with track timing who were present, holding the finest of timers, that such incompetency or dishonesty would not be exposed at once through the American press, not with supposititious but tangible evidence?

BRITISH CORRESPONDENCE.

The season of 1885 is practically at an end. With the advent of October, race-meetings cease to take place, clubs hold their "closing runs of the season," and announcements of winter festivities increase and multiply. September has been an unusually rainy month, and road-riding has been seriously hampered; up to date, too frequent showers have kept the roads in a state of perpetual muddiness, and the hope of a few days' more of fine autumnal weather becomes more and more forlorn. It is colder and windier than the date warrants, and the country is assuming its leafless wintry aspect very rapidly, so that there are but slight inducements to entice cyclists out of doors.

The event of the past month has been the hundred-mile road-race on "Rover" safety bicycles. This took place on Saturday, September 26, over the same course as the "Kangaroo" race last year, but reversed on account of the north-easterly wind which prevailed. The start was at

Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, and the finish at Twyford, Berkshire; the surfaces being in capital condition for most of the way; but there was not nearly so strong or favorable a wind as assisted the "Kangaroo" riders last year, and the phenomenal coldness of the wind made the competitors' tasks additionally hard. To add to the drawbacks, too, the two best riders were thrown out of the race, one by his pace-maker colliding with him, and the other by the spring of his bicycle breaking; notwithstanding these mishaps, the eventual winner, George Smith, succeeded in beating the record (made by himself last year in the "Kangaroo" race) by 5m. 54s., his time being 7h. 5m. 16s. As Golder was 23 minutes in advance of Smith when his spring broke, 60 miles from the start, it is reasonable to suppose that his time would have been 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ h. for the 100 miles; as it was, Golder holds the record for riding the first fifty miles in 3h. 5m. It is worthy of note that out of the 14 riders who started in this race, 10 succeeded in gaining medals for completing the distance under nine hours.

Immediately upon it becoming known that the "Rover" had beaten the record, the proprietors of the "Kangaroo" bicycle announced another race with a view to regain the lost laurels for that machine. But for the last fortnight the weather has been very unfavorable, and the race stands postponed until Saturday next, October 17. Among the cognoscenti, it is anticipated that the "Kangaroo" will not beat the "Rover" record, the latter machine being really astonishingly fast on the road, as well as absolutely safe from headers.

Rudge & Co. promoted a 24-hour road race on the Rotary tricycle, which came off on September 24, the course being from Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, to Norwich, in Norfolk, and as far back as might be. The roads were not at their best, and the result was that the winner, J. H. Adams, only beat the best previous 24 hours record by one mile, his distance being 232 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. in the day. The performances of the other men were not very noteworthy, and Rudge & Co. have not got such a good advertisement out of the affair as they wished; Adams being a powerful young man, and Gossett—whose record he upset by a single mile—quite a middle-aged rider.

Some appreciable difference has been made in the recognized long-distance road journey, at last, and we are treated to details of a performance which is a long way ahead of all previous records from Land's End to John O'Groats. Instead of merely beating the record by an hour or two—as has been the fashion of late—T. R. Marriott has brought it down to a time which will have the effect of preventing a great many riders attempting to eclipse it. A. Nixon, J. Lee, L. Fletcher, and other riders have made abortive attempts to compass the end-to-end ride of Great Britain this year, but it has rested with T. R. Marriott to thoroughly beat, on a tricycle, the best bicycle as well as the best tricycle records. Although he was in one instance delayed many hours by a fierce Scottish snowstorm, Marriott completed the 883 miles in exactly 6d. 15h. 22m.; thus beating Fletcher's tricycle record by 1d. 14h. 3m., and beating Lennox's bicycle record by 48m.

All these performances are under the cloud of trade promotion, and it is refreshing to be able to record an event which is entirely free from the taint of makers' amateurism. During the past

month, four members of the Pickwick Bicycle Club—the oldest wheel club in existence—have covered upwards of two hundred miles in the day, Mr. Hill heading the list with 220 miles in the 24 hours. This is, I believe, the best club aggregate, and it is the more deserving of attention by reason of the *genuine* amateurism of the riders, who were competing for the gold medal of their club. When such an old organization as the Pickwick can boast of men like these, it is evident that there is "life in the old club yet," and the mushroom associations have not everything their own way.

The burning topic of the period takes the form of wordy discussions anent the amount of reliance to be placed upon the times cabled as having been accomplished at your Springfield tournament. To briefly sum up the arguments at this period would be an impossibility; so I will merely refer you to files of our papers. At present, the British cycling public wait for details and return statements from your side of the pond. In some quarters here there is too much readiness displayed to condemn American times as unreliable, before any facts are known; but even with every little thing turned to account by the anti-American record agitators, and with every *ex parte* statement arrayed against the Springfield times, there are still some of us who have not accepted as final the verdict of the self-constituted censors of trans-Atlantic chronology. We wait for facts, and will not condemn until hearing both sides.

At a time when you in Springfield are offering to buy up puny little American journals, it may be taken as a sign of the times when it is known that three of our best weekly journals have now amalgamated under the title of the senior. *Bicycling News* was the oldest of the existing papers devoted to the sport, and *Wheel Life* was the youngest; *The Tricyclist* was admittedly king-of-the-castle in triple-wheeling matters; but tricycling afforded but scanty material for really interesting news without introducing bicycling matters. Owing to the failure in business of the proprietor of the *News*, that paper became the property of Iliffe & Son, and they have immediately amalgamated the three journals under the one title of *Bicycling News*, the price being the popular "penny" and the paper—thanks to its very strong staff—the largest and most newsy ever issued. G. L. Hillier and W. McCandlish are joint editors.

On Thursday last, October 8, a council meeting of the National Cyclists Union took place, when there was a very full attendance of delegates, and for the first time something like an organized opposition was in force, a few leading spirits coming to a tacit understanding beforehand as to the course to be pursued with regard to several questions of policy. The executive committee were roughly dealt with on several counts, notably for having failed to give the notice, required by the rules, of the non-calling of a meeting that should have been held in June; several other similar sins of omission were severely criticised; and when it was reported that the net profits on the whole of this year's championship meetings amounted to but £188, a resolution was passed calling upon the treasurer to furnish a detailed balance-sheet showing items of receipt and expenditure, a general impression being abroad that the executive had been needlessly lavish in paying "expenses." The discussion of the executive's report occupied so much time that the



Dedicated to American Muscle and Skill.

meeting was adjourned before half the business upon the agenda had been gone into.

As the end of the year slowly approaches, curiosity is arising as to what Christmas numbers will be issued this time. *Wheeling* is advertising its annual with the usual amount of brag; and from the absence of announcements as to contributions being solicited, it is anticipated that the proprietor has taken a lesson from last year, and is having some book written on *The Cyclist's* system. *The Cyclist*, on its part, maintains a sphinx-like silence; but as this will not be published until the facts are known here, I am in a position to inform you that *The Cyclist's* Christmas number will be called "Cyclonia; or, A Journey Around the Wheel World," by the authors of "Our Camp." The title leads to the supposition that Thomas Stevens's journey affords the inspiration for the plan of the book.

A misstatement having appeared in the journal owned by Mr. Henry John Etherington, to the effect that I have, in *The Sunday Times*, been praising what I myself wrote to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, I wish to state that I never previously so much as knew of the existence of *The Sunday Times*, much less have I contributed to it.

WAVERLEY.

News Notes.

If the world don't look out its records will all be standing in a Row.

Great is the wheel! On Hampden Park at least, there is no whoa to it.

Tailors and shoemakers are the favorite occupations of America's fast amateur cyclers.

How is it that *Cyclist* accepts 2.31 3-5 and rejects 2.35 3-5? Difference in the wheel. See?

The American *Wheelman* for October is out, and full of entertaining notes of interest to wheelmen in general.

The riding season is now fairly opened in New Zealand, and records are now in order in that far off country.

In England, from principle *Cyclist* rejects anything accepted by *Wheeling*, and what *Wheeling* rejects, *Cyclist* accepts.

Will our English friends tell us how to make a watch run ten seconds slow in three minutes without rebuilding the watch?

The success of *Wheeling* is the envy of English cycling papers, and the editors can find nothing that is too mean to say of *Wheeling* and its editor, Harry Etherington.

The Cycling Times asks if it was far wrong in its prediction of a total eclipse for John S. Prince at Springfield. Well, as it turned out, you were six-fifths right.

Webber came in for an ovation on his return to Ryde. A grand banquet was organized by the Vectis Club, in his behalf, which was attended by nearly all the notables in the district.

To F. F. Ives, of Meriden, belongs the credit of first giving America a century record. His performance on Friday, October 9, was a grand one, and worthy of the young man in lavender.

Hartford, Ct., is to have a cycle club, which will not devote so much attention to social affairs as does the Connecticut Bicycle Club, but which will pay more attention to the interests of the wheel.

The *Wheel* should issue its excellent book of

records weekly to be up with the times. How would it do, Mr. Jenkins, to issue the book weekly at a fair subscription price for the season?

The League has cause for much rejoicing over the fact that the Boston Club has decided to renew its membership in that organization. As a result the League membership in Massachusetts will be likely to double soon.

Mr Smith is bound to have his joke. His wife, who was on a wheeling tour with him, went nearly in front of a train the other day, and he said, if she had gone a step farther his children would have had a step-mother.

It is deeply regretted that, after the gallant run for 100 miles at Boston, Oct. 5, and the excellent time made, the course should be found to be two and one half miles short. That is a serious blunder and should not be repeated.

We will back Harry Etherington against the whole English wheel press, but then what matters it? So few of them come to this country that they are hardly known except *Wheeling*, which to-day has a large circulation in the States.

The North Shields Bicycle Club, of which Mr. R. H. English is a member, will the next season get up a tournament on the American plan, offering valuable prizes in the hopes of inducing American riders to go over and compete with Mr. English on his own grounds.

We should like to see every wheelman in America resent the insult to our sport by the *Cyclist*, and show their appreciation of Mr. Harry Etherington's stand in our behalf by subscribing at once for *Wheeling*. It would be a small token but we know it would be fully appreciated by Mr. Etherington.

The number of English cycling papers has been reduced by the union of three in one. *Wheel Life*, the *Tricyclist*, and the *News* have been consolidated under the title, "The Bicycling News and Tricycling Gazette." Geo. Lacy Hillier, F. Percy Low, H. H. Griffin, and W. McCandlish will be on the staff of editorial writers.

The English cycling press is nauseating in the extreme, for not a paper has been printed for the past year that has not contained a column of slang and abuse of its contemporaries, until it is a wonder that English wheelmen do not revolt against it. From this side of the pond it looks as if a clean sheet would be a grand success.

The amount of fuss created in the English wheel papers rather smacks of Barnum, for they seem to reject our times in order to create a sensation and thus secure an unlimited amount of free advertising; but be that as it may, the Springfield Bicycle Club is reaping a harvest in advertising, the fruits of which will be borne next September.

One of our English contemporaries, which is making a great stir (in its own mind) about the Springfield times and which does not send ten copies to America, says with a great flourish of trumpets, "We shall be glad to hear from any Americans pro or con on this subject." We think the government won't have to increase its foreign mail service at present.

Notwithstanding the high state of the record fever with which Wm. Rowe has been attacked, he is about, looking well, and cheerful. The doctors have strong hopes of complete recovery with the setting in of winter and a fall of snow, and unless he should meet with a relapse in the spring

a complete recovery will be assured in time for the next Springfield meeting.

Fred Russ Cook amuses his club mates evenings, telling them of his trip East, of the generous treatment received from San Francisco to Boston; how the Salt Lake, Denver, and St. Louis wheelmen gave him the right hand of fellowship, and of his treatment at Springfield, for which the Bay City Wheelmen thank the numerous clubs and individuals who so freely entertained their fellow member. Cook seems to regret his ill luck while East and has hope of better luck next time.

"*Multum in parvo.*" The *L. W. A. Bulletin*, which has grown in a few months to be the liveliest cycling paper published, says of the English editors: "The same sneering snobs who print their vulgar opinion that nothing can be correctly timed in America will doubtless continue to refuse acceptance to these records, legitimately obtained by residence and training on the finest track in the world, and timed by men as far above suspicion as the English snob editors are beneath contempt."

A new phase of the makers' amateur question is presented by the *Mirror of American Sports*, of Chicago, as follows: "There is much dissatisfaction among Chicago wheelmen at the selfish course of some of the manufacturers in refusing to send to the Chicago meet certain racing men under their control. The feeling is that something more in the shape of co-operation is due from the manufacturing element, which is, after all, the chief financial beneficiary of every successful development of cycling interest."

On the return to Lynn of William A. Rowe, the world's amateur champion bicycle rider, the members of the Lynn Cycle Club propose giving him a grand reception. The programme for this occasion, as talked of now, will be for the club to meet the rider at the station with a band of music and barouche, and escort him, together with Mr. Pope, who will probably accompany Rowe, to the Boscombe, where a banquet will be served. Speeches will then be in order, after which the company will adjourn to some convenient hall and participate in a dance.

Harry Etherington says in a note to his fellow countrymen in speaking of his treatment while in this country: "It may appear to some that the writer has been 'carried away.' If it so strikes any reader, we would assure them that it is warranted." Well, brother, if we ever get those doubting cycling friends (?) of yours over here we will endeavor to make it so pleasant for them that they will sing the same tune. Meantime, they are a little envious of your good time, and we think they have a reason to be, while you are excused for your ecstatic mood.

Our racing men are rapidly closing up the gap between the wheel and trotting horse, in point of speed. Last year the mile record was 2.39 for a bicycle, with a standing start, and 2.09 1-2 for a trotter, with a flying start. This year the trotting record has come down only half a second, to 2.08 3-4, while the bicycle is now 2.31 2-5, a gain of 7 2-5 seconds, which looks very much as if the man on his wheel was bound to catch the horse before long, for a quarter-mile has already been covered on a bicycle, with a flying start such as horses have the benefit of, in 31 1-2 seconds, a rate equal to 2.06 for a mile, and it is probably only a question of time when there will be athletes capable of holding such a pace for a mile.

Fifteen thousand people attended the international bicycle meeting in Sydney (N. S. W.). The mile amateur championship was won by C. W. Bennett (N. S. W.), with Con. Dwyer (Victoria) second, and H. R. Stokes (Victoria) third. Five other men started. Bennett won by four yards, after a really brilliant race. Time, 2.57 1-2. The ten-mile championship was contested by C. R. Wood (N. S. W.), C. W. Bennett (N. S. W.), J. S. Foukes (Victoria), W. H. Bloomfield (Victoria), and F. H. Shackleford (Victoria). On the last mile Shackleford and Bennett came into collision, and the former was obliged to leave the track. In the last lap of the tenth mile Wood shot away, and was raced by Bennett, who overtook him, but fell back again. Time, 33.19.

Before dealing with the interesting events which have been working their way out this week, I desire to call the attention of all American wheelmen to the innuendoes thrown out by the *Cyclist* respecting the time made at Springfield, and to inform them that it is necessary, if English good opinion is valued at all, that influential, independent, unbiased testimony should be at once sent to silence these unjust and sneering accusations as to the watches of the time-keepers being made to run slow purposely for Springfield.—*English correspondent of the Mirror of American Sports.* Well, brother, have you stopped to think that there are fifty-five millions of people in the United States who are not disputing the times? What difference does it make if there are in that effete old island a few people who doubt them? Uncle Sam, long ago, asserted the right to claim independence, and Springfield holds the undisputed title to the claim for records made. Let our accusers first name one case of dishonesty on the part of the timers, then the defense will defend the cause, otherwise under the common law, "a man is innocent till proven guilty"; the times given out at Springfield are correct till proved otherwise.

Harry Etherington, editor of *Wheeling*, who paid Springfield so pleasant a visit during the tournament, has had a hard row to hoe since his arrival home. He is bound to uphold the honesty of Springfield timing, and as he has the right of it he is able to down them all, for the man with right on his side has nine points gained. He says in *Wheeling*: "That all the noise, squeaking, grunting, and arguments produced by the 'Coventry Ring' will not alter or in any way shake the stability of the American records; they were made squarely and honestly, which is more than can be said of some of the present existing English records; I mean records made down at the C. P., so to speak, 'privately,' and not in open competition. Some of the howlers should look at home first. I'll pledge my all that every record made at Springfield is *bona fide*, and so will the other visiting Britishers." The difference between Mr. Etherington and his contemporaries is that Mr. Etherington was on the spot and knows, while his jealous contemporaries are looking through green glasses and to them all is green; and then they are so stupid that they can't believe their sense of hearing and they have no faith in their friends.

A correspondent of the *Bicycling World* asks: "Isn't it about time for Americans to refuse to accept English records taken by only one watch? Mr. Coleman may have all the qualities of an angel in the eyes of our friends across the water,

but I am inclined to think he is human, and liable to error. Our board will not accept American records taken with but one watch, why do we swallow the English records? Then again, the vagaries of the cycling press over there are past finding out, for no two tables of records published by them are ever alike, and even the tables compiled by Coleman vary from year to year. American timing may be all wrong, but if it is, English timing is much more questionable, and English compiling is simply horrible. If you want instances, I can give you scores of them." The vagaries of the English cycling press are past finding out. In a recent number giving an account of a race run in England at which a record was made, we find a certain paper rejecting the record because there were two official timers, and as the rules only prescribe one it cannot be accepted. The editors of papers in this country with such absurd notions are immediately sent to the insane asylum. Evidently English timing will not bear investigation, or even to be checked by another.

Corey hill was on Saturday, October 24, the scene of a hill climbing contest which was a highly successful affair. The contest was under the auspices of the Boston Bicycle Club, and the number of wheelmen who reached the top speaks well for the improvement in wheels and riders. The results are as follows:—

BICYCLE CONTEST.

	m. s.
W. W. Stall, Boston, Star,	3 24 1-5
C. E. Whitten, Lynn, Columbia,	3 34 4-5
W. M. Harradon, Springfield, Royal Mail,	3 40 1-5
Arthur Young, St. Louis, Victor,	3 42
R. C. Burnett, Chelsea,	3 45 1-2
Fred Eldred, Springfield, Cyclone,	4 21 2-5
C. H. Townsend, Boston,	4 54 4-5

TRICYCLE CONTEST.

	m. s.
John Williams, Dorchester, Quadrant,	3 46 2-5
Horace Crocker, Newton, Victor,	4 13 1-2
C. O. Danforth, Cambridge,	5 23 2-5
Fred White, Westboro, Cyclone,	6 11

The officials were as follows: Referee, Abbot Bassett, Boston Club; judges, E. C. Hodges, L. R. Harrison, D. N. C. Hyams, all of the Boston Club; timers, J. S. Dean and Freelon Morris of the Boston Club, H. M. Sabin and J. E. Savell, Massachusetts Club, W. G. Smith; committee of arrangements, Dr. W. G. Kendall and C. S. Howard. The prizes were three medals for bicycles and two for tricycles. Souvenir medals for riding the hill will be given to each of the contestants who failed to win one of the prizes.

WHEELING WISDOM FROM OHIO.

We mourn the loss of our only wheel paper, *Cycling*, published at Cleveland,—but feel somewhat reconciled on learning by whom it has been absorbed.

After stripping the American Eagle of nearly all its laurels, the blarsted Britishers must needs place our D. J. Canary astride their noble "king of beasts," and then in triumphal array march back to merrie England.

Avondale, Ohio, Wheelmen held out their right hand of fellowship, on the 22d of last month and said, "Come and see us," and they came, paraded the magnificent drives by moonlight, discussed an elegant lunch spread at the club rooms, listened to musical selections delivered by club

talent, and lingeringly departed with expressions of gratitude for the very pleasant entertainment afforded.

Cleveland will be heard from next year, and that most emphatically, too. They propose holding a monster race meeting next August, offering prizes of sufficient value to induce crack racers, from everywhere and nowhere, to attend. That they possess the finest track in the west is beyond dispute.

The Brighton Club, of Cincinnati, invited their friends to accompany them on a run to the country seat of one of their members, on the 20th of September. Some forty wheelmen responded, and faithfully assisted in completing a day's programme, that was thoroughly enjoyed by all participants.

Cincinnati and its suburban wheelmen, to the number of forty-five, were entertained by the members of the Kenton County Wheel Club, of Ky., Thursday evening, October 15, the occasion being the second anniversary of the above club. It is needless to state how well we were entertained; mere hollow words could not reproduce the sparkling wit of the club's funny men and conviviality of the more soberly inclined, nor describe the exuberance experienced in destroying the embellishments of a sumptuously spread table.

WILLHELM.

STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

Said a small boy, "Hi, Jimmy, look 'e the new patent, wat ain't the kind where ye go round with yer feet!"

Do we ever sample sweet new cider, caught as it runs from the great press? Ever obtain it through straws from the casks just filled? Well!!

Frequent delightful short runs are ours, now, during the reign of the brilliant colors of autumn, when the most exacting taste for apples and the whole list of fall fruits can here be so easily gratified.

How the wheels rustle through fallen leaves on our wooded highways, since the frosts came, and how these falling reminders of the year's aging seem trying to assist the wily squirrels in hiding nuts from human finders' fingers.

The president of the Solitary Club "liked to had a chill," and showed decided symptoms of "shuffling," the other day, on reading some remark about "the long winter coming, and bi's laid up." He was brought to "by being shown a Facile."

All the charm of riding the ordinary comes to us on the little machine the s. b. describes, with an added sense of security and of the rider's having a percentage of reserved power for driving, in muddy emergencies, and the certainty of not being pitched off on rough roads.

The farmer and his men are husking corn in many a field as we glide by, and others are saving their bountiful crop of apples. Sportsmen's guns are heard throughout the country hereabouts, and as we ride under a great walnut tree there is a dropping of its round green fruitage, and a scampering of frisky, chattering red squirrels for hiding places, they doubtless taking us for some sort of cavalry bent on their destruction, as the infantry evidently is. Such bracing breezes (sometimes they brace the wrong way) as we have, wheeling over these old New England hills! Such climbs and coasts! Ten or twenty-five miles

now only serve to send the blood coursing more vigorously through our veins, and give us an appetite for more of the same sort, instead of producing "weariness," "the great army of the unwashed" so often ask about.

Correspondence.

THANKS!

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

SIR,—Just prior to leaving your hospitable shores, I was requested by the "boys," I mean those who made up the little band of Britishers, to convey to you, as representing America in the world of wheeldom, their heartfelt thanks and appreciation of the extreme courtesy, kindness, and hospitality experienced by them (and the writer) during their short but eventful and pleasant visit to the States. During our stay we found the open hand of fellowship always extended to us, and although, in the main, winners and victors, yet there was still the same honest feeling towards us, evident in all classes and at all times; everything was so fair, square, and honest, so enjoyable and pleasant, that I can assure you each and every one of us will carry to our last days a fond and happy recollection of our visit. I ask you to thank one and all, as from the entire batch of "boys," just as sincerely and honestly as we send our thanks and assurances of our best possible pleasant recollections of Springfield in 1885.

I am, sir, yours very faithfully,

HARRY ETHERINGTON, Ed. *Wheeling*.

READING, PA., Oct. 18, 1885.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

A communication from the above place, written under the *nom de plume* of "Cycle," appeared in your October number filled with misstatements and audacious prevarications, intended to do injury to the Reading Bicycle Club. But for the impression that such an article naturally would leave on persons not familiar with the workings and condition of the club we would consider the statements as hallucinations of a person whose pent-up jealousies have forced him to give vent to sentences that he knows to be untrue. As it is we feel that a few corrections are necessary to show the utter falsehood of the whole letter.

Permit me to state that never in the history of the club have we been in a more flourishing condition, socially or financially, than at present. We have a membership of thirty, composed largely of the leading riders of the city. Our club runs were never better attended, and our receptions have been most enjoyable affairs, as any one present can testify. Your contributor mentions that as a result of a reception given the club by a fellow member, two machines were "found by a policeman," etc., leaving the public to infer that that was a result of the reception and that the owners were in a condition not calculated to bring honor to the organization. We feel sorry that he has permitted himself to make use of such an unprovoked and false statement, as it certainly is an insult to our excellent host and hostess. If plain lemonade would have transformed him into the "happy" state he mentions, it had quite a different effect on us. The real facts in the case were these: Our secretary, (who rooms near the office of one of our dailies,) with one of his friends had gone to his rooms leaving their machines standing temporarily on the pavement; a city re-

porter, a friend of theirs, thinking to have a good joke at their expense, inserted in the morning edition the fact of two bicycles without owners being found standing in the gutter at an unseasonable hour. He was reminded, however, that such jokes (?) cease to be funny when brought before the public in such a manner, saw the point, and rectified the error. Thus does "Cycle" make mountains of mole-hills.

He mentions that our last annual meet, Sept. 8, was a failure as regards entries, parade, etc. In answer we say that the Reading Bicycle Club was not in any way interested in the meet which was held under the auspices of the Agricultural society, and the club indulged in no parade whatever. Some time ago the question of holding a meet was seriously agitated by us, but being without that necessary adjunct, a decent track, we were compelled to let the matter drop, much against our inclination. We have now a good site in contemplation and expect to put down a quarter mile track which will enable us to hold that much desired gathering that "Cycle" longs for.

It is positively amusing to hear him ventilate himself in regard to forming a club of a different element. Now, Mr. Editor, if "Cycle" would take the trouble to gather together some of his kind and organize a club, instead of endeavoring to lower the standard of an organization composed principally of professional men and representatives of the leading business houses, I am certain he would receive our best wishes and advice.

Among others in our city there are some effeminate beings or would-be wheelmen, who, I am sorry to say, imagine that parading the principal streets and avenues on their spotless polished wheels with gloved hands and cigarette, is the principal pleasure and use of a bicycle. Poor benighted individuals, they are indeed to be pitied. Such is the class of riders that tend to bring the manly sport into degeneration among a sensible community. I could say much more on this subject but am already intruding too much on your valuable space. At some future time I may endeavor to give you a letter which will be of more interest to many of your readers and show that bicycling is not on the wane here by any means.

GEO. I. BECHTEL,

Capt. Reading Bi. Club.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 12, 1885.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

The streets and roadways in and around the Rock City are so dry and dusty now that wheeling has lost some of its charms. Nevertheless, some of the boys take runs of 40 or 50 miles out from the city nearly every Sunday. Mr. Ed Fisher, one of the mainsprings and president of the Nashville Bicycle Club and also one of the cleverest knights of the wheeling fraternity, has just received his new light-weight English wheel. He has ridden about 900 or 1,000 miles this year, and most trips made extended outside of the county. He was the only representative of the club at the Springfield races.

It was talked by some that the Nashville Athletic Association would like to have the bicycle club consolidate with them, but when it was brought up for action at a recent meeting of the bicycle club it was immediately sat down upon. The Nashville Bicycle Club has a name that it takes pride in and does not wish to be *only a branch of some other association*. The following were elected officers for the year: President, E. D. Fisher;

vice-president, Jas. S. Ross; secretary and treasurer, J. P. Osborne; captain, A. J. Dyas, Jr.; first lieutenant, Jas. Gibson, Jr.; second lieutenant, C. R. Vanderford; bugler, E. A. Coles; standard bearer, J. B. Burdett; club committee, A. E. Howell and Thos. Murrah.

A delightful run of 40 miles to Franklin was made on the 11th by E. D. Fisher, C. R. Vanderford, J. B. Burdett, Clarence Duncan, Bowman Duncan, Jos. B. Northem, C. C. Northem, John G. Luck. The *GAZETTE* still has the lead over all others. Fraternally, "54."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 11, 1885.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

The most important cycling event of late was the championship meet of the P. C. A. A. (Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Association), which was held on Sept. 9, admission day for California. The Bay City Wheelmen belong to the above association, so two bicycle races for the Pacific coast championship were inserted in the list of events, viz.: one and five mile; of course all the fliers were enlisted, and some fine work was expected, but they were both "walk-overs." S. F. Booth, Jr., secured the former in 3.07½, and W. G. Davis the latter in 17.10; both gentlemen are active members of B. C. W. The slow time is to be accounted for by the very poor condition of the track, and the fact that neither of the winners had any one to push them, so they secured their victories with the least work possible. If Cook had only been here things might have been a little different, and some one would have had to work to be a champion. We have heard of some of Cook's doings, and are satisfied that he is spreading the fame of the B. C. W. far and wide. By the way, Mr. Editor, I suppose the B. C. W. get the gold plated bugle, as I guess their representative has traveled about as far as any one.

I suppose it is unnecessary to say anything about Fred Cook, (except that the B. C. W. and in fact all the wheelmen on the coast are elated over his Hartford success,) as you have him amongst you and can judge for yourself, but there is one thing I noticed in your Sept. issue, and that is a challenge from Fred Merrill to ride any one from one mile to 24 hours, from \$50 to \$300. You say, "Where is Fred Russ Cook?" I must say, Mr. Editor, I was surprised that you did not think for a moment before inserting that paragraph, for you surely are aware that F. R. Cook is not a professional and would not forfeit his amateurship for \$300, and I am pretty sure that Merrill did not intend the challenge to apply to Cook, as he has seen him ride, and knows what he can do; as it is Cook has a better record for any distance up to 10 miles (the longest he has ridden) than Merrill, or any one else on the coast.

The Bay City Wheelmen are thinking of joining the L. A. W. and forming a California division. If they do join, the League will very soon have a representation of from 100 to 150 members, for whatever the B. C. W. tackle they generally put through in good shape, then we will put in a bid to have the L. A. W. meet at San Francisco. You know we have a fine climate out here, splendid park (which by B. C. W. pluck is kept open to bicyclists) and the roads are simply—well I won't say what, but wait until you see them, and the girls—well now you are talking. I suppose you've heard of California's beautiful scenery, the majestic Yosemite, and Sierra Nevadas, etc., etc.; well the girls just come right up to the mark with

everything else, but you've seen Cook, so it is unnecessary for me to dilate on "girls" any longer, but I might say this, that the B. C. W. are so well known among the fair sex, that they had to get caps for a head gear, so as to be handy, you know. I suppose you've seen Cook's; it's real handy, isn't it?

And then another reason why we should have the L. A. W. meet out here is because, if we join (of course that's an important factor) we would need heaps of encouragement, and the meet would be just the thing. The B. C. W. haven't joined the L. A. W. yet, and I suppose you will tell me when it does then you may talk. But if we join and you are going to kick against the L. A. W. meet at S. F., we'll just start a cycle paper out here and "fight" for the L. A. W. like the *Southern Cycle* did, only we hope with more success than Surprise met.

The Oakland wheelmen are going to give a grand run and banquet to "Laundry Farm" (a few miles from Oakland, Sept. 13,) and have invited the various clubs in the vicinity of Oakland to join them. Of course the B. C. W. will turn out in force (they generally do, when anything good to eat is in store) and a good time is anticipated.

The wheelmen out here heard with deep regret of the misfortune which befell Hendee in his 10-mile race.

WILLIAM A. ROWE. AMATEUR BICYCLE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

The wonderful achievements of W. A. Rowe the past month stamp him without a doubt the fastest amateur bicycle rider in the world to-day. From the time when first he began to race his record has been an unbroken chain of successful events. Rowe is but 20 years of age, having been born at Gloucester, July 29, 1865. In height he is 5 feet 9 inches, and out of training weighs about 180 pounds. Since he came here to train his weight has been reduced to 162 pounds. His first public appearance was at a meeting of the League of Essex County Wheelmen, in Lawrence last year. He entered a few road races in Lynn, Boston, and Dorchester. His first important race was run last August in Pittsfield, when he scored his mile in 2.57. From that day to this record after record was smashed. The next month in Hartford he won in 2.53 $\frac{1}{2}$. He came out first also in the five-mile race, in the then good time of 15.58 $\frac{3}{4}$. He next rode

record by 10 seconds, in the remarkable time for two miles of 5.21 $\frac{3}{4}$, for three miles 8.07 $\frac{1}{2}$. After a little rest he made a bold attempt at his own previous best mile record of 2.36 $\frac{3}{4}$, and rode as follows: first quarter in 0.39, second, 1.17 $\frac{1}{2}$, third, 1.56, mile, 2.35 $\frac{1}{2}$, thus lowering the record for one mile one second. Rowe is a very modest and unassuming young man; he takes his laurels with an evident inward satisfaction, but in no case does he boast of what he has done. The times made go to show that had our young American rider started in to train last spring, to-day Mother England would not contain so many Springfield trophies. Our English cousins will find in Rowe a man worthy of their best riders, and one who if beaten will cause the doubters of Springfield times to stand in blank amazement, for to beat Rowe next season all previous records must go; and we give racing men a warning, that to compete with William A. Rowe is to compete with the best amateur bicycle rider in the world. To the credit of America it can be said that he is an American and rides an American (Columbia) wheel.

THE CYCLIST'S CROPPER.

The editor of the *Cyclist* waxes warm and takes a cropper over our recent records at Springfield. Cause? Why, you know, although they were mostly made by Englishmen, they weren't made on English cinder tracks, you know. With your permission I'll help him rub the dirt out of his eyes. Something must be the matter with the watches. Mr. *Cyclist*, you probably forgot we are accustomed to take premiums at the World's Fairs on watches, and are even then unwilling to rely on one, but three, and sometimes four, checked by almost every prominent bystander on the track. Yes, the watches must have run ten seconds in three minutes slow at Springfield, probably through the weather, and everybody's watch agreed. The only wonder is, though, that the marvelous fact of several hundred watches running simultaneously slow at the Springfield tournament has not been reported by the scientific papers. Mr. *Cyclist*, you forgot to mention that the watches ran ten seconds slow at the Hartford tournament, September 9, 1884, when Sellers made 2.39, and J. S. Prince repeated it at Springfield a week later, beating Howell and James. You think that the accomplishment of remarkable time by Gaskell or G. H. Illston would not have astonished you. They were acclimated. But Gaskell was very much in the shade, and George had hard work to win the consolation race, you know. But then there might not be any mistake in the timing, after all—it must be the 18-inch measurement. Surely that's enough to demoralize the records. If the shortage between an 18-inch and a 12-inch measurement on a half mile track, having two-eighth mile straights, and two-eighth mile curves, be calculated, it will be found to be about seventeen feet to the mile, or one-half second at a 2.40 gait.

Why, Mr. *Cyclist*, our racing board knew you had a 12-inch measurement in England when they adopted the 18-inch measurement here, as the only practical one with our fences. If you will come over and ride inside of twelve inches on our trotting tracks we will pay your expenses. No, that's too thick. Well, what next? Oh! that 3.10 duffer, Mr. Kluge, bothers you. Well, it was strange. It must have been the wind changed every time he came around the curve. Although Mr. Kluge had never seen a decent track before, it was strange he should surprise himself and the world in 2.41 $\frac{1}{2}$.



WILLIAM A. ROWE.

in a second race winning the mile in 2.51. Springfield was next visited, and many a fellow-racer knows of the vicious spurts shown here by the Lynn boy. The three-mile record was taken by him in 8.23; then the five-mile in 14.41 $\frac{1}{2}$, smashing thereby his own previous time by 1.17 $\frac{1}{2}$. On the last day of the tournament here, he won the mile handicap in 2.41, beating the best record by $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second. Then to Providence, winning there again in 2.39 $\frac{3}{4}$; to St. Louis gnawing the record still more in an exhibition mile with the exceptional time of 2.38 $\frac{1}{2}$. Then comes the final and crowning test, which establishes him as the amateur world champion, the mile made on Saturday, Oct. 17, in 2.36 $\frac{3}{4}$; and the world's record, amateur and professional, in the half mile, as 1.12 $\frac{1}{2}$, a 2.23 $\frac{3}{4}$ gait. On Monday, Oct. 19, with C. P. Adams, John Illston, A. O. McGarrett, and F. R. Brown as pace makers he set out on the difficult task of cutting the 20-mile world's record, a feat which he successfully accomplished in the remarkable time of 58.20, beating Webber's time by 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Not content, however, with his previous performances at short distances, on Friday, Oct. 25, Rowe made a run for three miles, beating the world's

* * * * *

A man who will rush into print of this nature after he has been treated as fairly as Kennedy-Child was when in America, and who will, in signing his name, use the name of a League club, of which he is an honorary member, when writing against the honesty and fair dealing of a sister and friendly club, is certainly not one whom we of the League are likely to listen to with any feelings of confidence.

and then have Reuben Chambers allow him to beat him in 3.17, at New Haven, two weeks later. Why! the New Haven watches must have been running 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds fast in three minutes, you know. And there was a novice last year whom you forgot—William Wait. He sent in his entry to Springfield before he had ever ridden in a race. He led Sanders Sellers to the quarter pole, when he made his record of 118 $\frac{1}{2}$ for one-half mile, and finished in 1.19 $\frac{1}{2}$. He made 2.44 in 3.20 class, and won both half mile class races over such men as George Weber, Rich, and Hunter. And then Howell is defeated at Hartford by Wood in 2.50. A week later at Springfield he is defeated again in 2.35 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the second day he defeats Wood in 2.49 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the third day he rides the first mile of five in 2.39, and at two subsequent trials against time has made 2.35 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2.31 $\frac{1}{2}$ on same track, and as there were four official timers, and they all agreed, it must have been in the air. What a wonderful improvement in form! there must have been a shrinkage in the track, for a cold, strong wind couldn't make from ten to twenty seconds difference in a rider's form, could not rasp his lungs, and benumb his muscles. Hendee was defeated in 2.48 $\frac{1}{2}$; that seems to be the brickbat that caused your most inglorious cropper and bedimmed your telescopic vision. You forget that the Puritan is an American-built sloop. You forget that American Iroquois won the Derby on your own ground; that we have carried lawn tennis victoriously into your own courts; that Myers holds some world's records for running, and continues to improve on his form. The reason is simply this: America is a new country. Its air and habits serve to develop the muscles and wind and give a foundation for athletic form. Bicycle racing in particular is a new sport. Our amateurs grow in numbers in geometrical progression. We don't know from year to year what resources we have until they spring up, meteor like, and entering a 3.20 class, to which of course they are eligible, they, being novices in racing, put in for all they are worth (a practice much at a discount with older riders), and consequently make somewhere in the neighborhood of 2.42. Then we haven't two tracks alike in America. Springfield is a purely bicycle track, is two years old, and worked down as hard and smooth as a floor, with easy curves, and is the fastest track we have. St. Louis, Chicago, and Cleveland are new tracks, and will improve with time. Hartford and New Haven are sand trotting tracks, and if the horses can be kept off a few days they can be put in very good condition. We have scarcely two days alike in temperature, the thermometer having been known to fall from 98° F. to 55° F. in twenty-four hours. A gale may blow across the track at two p. m., and at six p. m. not a breath stirring. A slight shower will make most of our tracks unridable for a dozen hours. Wind and temperature have more to do with the varying form of our races than any other one factor. When Sellers made 2.39 at Hartford, the thermometer stood at 85° F., not a breath stirred, and the track had just been rolled smooth as velvet. Riders who never made 3 minutes before nor since surprised themselves by doing better than 2.50, coming in fresh at the finish. We have better tracks, better men, and better records in store for you next year. Come over, view our tracks for yourself. Bring your infallible mono-chronometer in a weatherproof case, and time us yourself. If you are half the gentleman that some of our recent

English visitors have proved themselves to be, we will give you a hearty handshake, and forgive your seeming stupid thickness, you know.

HERMES in *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

Items of Interest.

The English twenty-four-hour tricycle record is now 233 1-2 miles, made by J. H. Adams.

The Connecticut Bicycle Club, of Hartford, cleared \$1,486 by its recent tournament at Charter Oak Park.

During the recent maneuvers in Austria, several bicyclists were employed as orderlies, and got through their work very well indeed.

R. A. Neilson, of Boston, rode 10 miles in 30m. 2s. at the annual meeting of the Chicago Bicycle Association, Friday, October 16.

The route of the recent Boston Bicycle Club's two-mile race was measured Sunday, October 11, and found to be 2 3-4 miles short of this distance.

Tracks of the world—Springfield, 1; Hartford, 2; Cambridge, 3; C. P., 4; Lillie Bridge, 5; A. P., 6; and Ashton, 7, but the last four are but garden walks when compared to Springfield and Hartford.—*Wheeling.*

The Overman Wheel Company has just given a contract for 3,000 Victor bicycles. This is probably the largest contract ever given in this country for high grade bicycles. The company is making great preparation for the season of '86.

The Brooklyn Park Commissioners met September 30, and approved regulations for cycling in Prospect Park, by the provisions of which wheelmen will be permitted to use the pathways from May 1 to November 1, before 10 a. m. and after 7 p. m.; the west drive to the southerly entrance, gate 4, may be used at all times. No blowing of whistles, bugles, or fast riding will be permitted. All wheelmen must be registered and badged by the Superintendent of Prospect Park, and conform to the rules and regulations that are or may be established.

It has finally dawned upon the editors of *Cyclist* that the Springfield records are good and they now go for the advertising. The *Cyclist* says: "In short, the announcements scarcely read like those of an amateur race meeting, but suggest piebald nags, curly wigs, slouch hats, and spangles. Verily, this thing reeks of the sawdust circle." To which the *L. A. W. Bulletin* replies: "Here is richness. Having entirely failed to show cause why the Springfield records should not be accepted, the *Cyclist* attempts to throw discredit on the very business-like and enterprising methods that do so much to make Springfield records possible."

Hugh J. High, who started from Pottstown, May 4, to ride from there to Seward, Neb., and return, on a bicycle, has completed his journey. He consumed about a month on his outward trip, and traveled about 1,700 miles, the entire distance being done on a bicycle. The return trip was begun August 27. During the early part of his journey he encountered much bad weather and bad roads, oftentimes being compelled to take to the railroad bed and ride between the tracks. His last day's ride was the longest of the trip, eighty-one miles, making his total distance 3,400 miles. His return was celebrated by a street parade of the local cyclists, headed by a brass band.

DAILY RECORD

OF HUGH J. HIGH'S BICYCLE TRIP FROM POTTS-TOWN, PA., TO SEWARD, NEB., AND RETURN ON AN EXPERT COLUMBIA.

Westward.

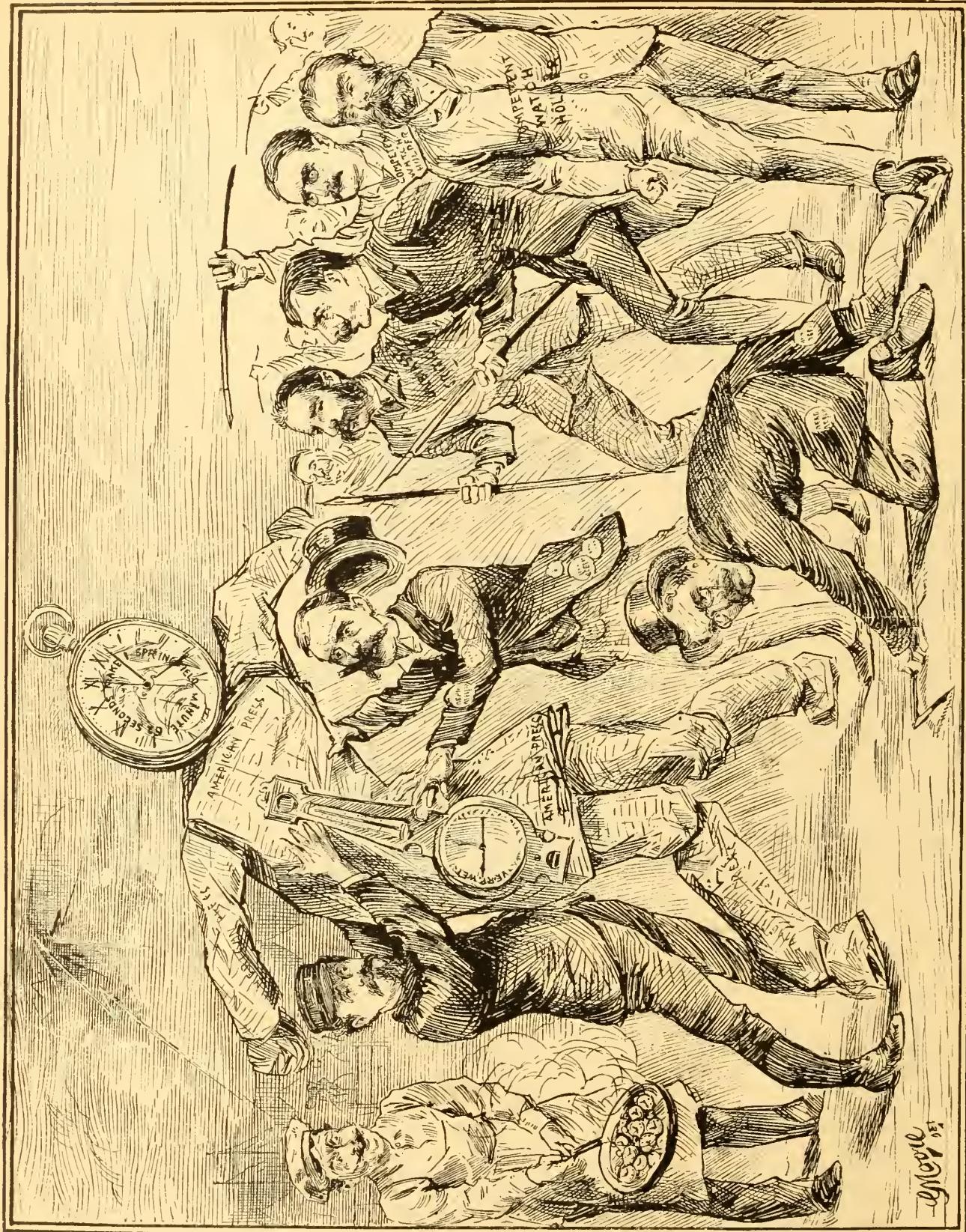
DATE.	TOWNS.	Distance Traveled.	Distance Walked.	No. of Hours.
1885.				
May 4,	Lebanon, Pa.,	44	0	6
May 5,	Carlisle, Pa.,	44	0	7
May 6,	McConnellsburg, Pa.,	54	0	10
May 7,	*Ray's Hill (McVain's Hotel), Pa.,	15	7	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 8,	Schellsburg, Pa.,	34	8	6
May 9,	*Stoystown, Pa.,	19	10	5
May 10,	Youngstown, Pa.,	28	10	7
May 11,	Pittsburg, Pa.,	43	12	10
May 12,	Steubenville, Ohio,	39	15	10
	Stopped over here five days visiting friends.			
May 13,	Hendrysburg, Ohio,	49	9	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 14,	*New Concord, Ohio,	32	8	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 15,	Reynoldsburg, Ohio,	62	8	9
May 16,	Springfield, Ohio,	58	0	7
May 17,	*Vandalia, Ohio,	21	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 18,	Lewisville, Ind.,	64	0	9
May 19,	Indianapolis, Ind.,	43	0	6
May 20,	Greencastle, Ind.,	41	0	7
May 21,	Paris, Ill.,	53	10	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 22,	Chesterville, Ill.,	42	8	9
May 23,	*Stopped with farmer,	28	3	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 24,	Decatur, Ill.,	14	5	3
May 25,	Mount Pulaski, Ill.,	23	10	6
May 26,	Havana, Ill.,	49	20	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 27,	*Lewistown, Ill.,	8	8	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 28,	*Bushnell, Ill.,	36	5	8
May 29,	*Disco, Ill.,	30	2	6
May 30,	Burlington, Iowa,	13	11	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 31,	Middleton, Iowa,	9	6	3
	Toured 343 miles while in Nebraska to different towns.			

Eastward.

Aug. 27,	DeWitt, Neb.,	47	0	9
Aug. 28,	Marysville, Kansas,	51	0	9
Aug. 29,	*Waterville, Kansas,	21	6	4
Aug. 30,	Clay Centre, Kansas,	43	3	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Aug. 31,	*Clay Centre, Kansas,	0	0	0
Sept. 1,	Belone, Kansas,	61	5	10
Sept. 2,	Medina, Kansas,	53	1	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 3,	Perryville, Kansas,	1	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 4,	*Perryville, Kansas,	0	0	0
Sept. 5,	*Lawrence, Kansas,	20	18	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 6,	Lawrence, Kansas,	0	0	0
Sept. 7,	Edwardsville, Kansas,	27	24	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 8,	Independence, Mo.,	27	12	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 9,	Strasburg, Mo.,	37	18	9
Sept. 10,	La Monte, Mo.,	50	5	9
Sept. 11,	*La Monte, Mo.,	0	0	0
Sept. 12,	Otterville, Mo.,	24	9	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 13,	Centretown, Mo.,	36	15	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 14,	Linn, Mo.,	38	22	10
Sept. 15,	Albion, Ill.,	34	15	9
Sept. 16,	Stopped with farmer,	35	15	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 17,	Gray's Summit, Mo.,	38	2	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 18,	St. Louis, Mo.,	30	0	5
Sept. 19,	New Baden, Ill.,	60	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 20,	Rome, Ill.,	53	0	9
Sept. 21,	Oakland, Ind.,	43	2	8
Sept. 22,	Boston, Ind.,	46	6	9
Sept. 23,	Bernville, Ind.,	39	12	8
Sept. 24,	Simpsonville, Ky.,	40	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept. 25,	Winchester, Ky.,	75	0	10
Sept. 26,	Farmers' Crossing, Ky.,	41	1	6
Sept. 27,	Grayson, Ky.,	44	3	9
Sept. 28,	Barbersville, W. Va.,	46	2	8
Sept. 29,	Charleston, W. Va.,	42	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	7
Sept. 30,	Gauley's Bridge, W. Va.,	38	31	8
Oct. 1,	Big Snell Mt., W. Va.,	32	22	10
Oct. 2,	*Lewisburg, W. Va.,	27	15	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oct. 3,	*Covington, Va.,	32	8	7
Oct. 4,	Goshen, Va.,	38	10	8
Oct. 5,	Mt. Sidney, Va.,	42	8	8
Oct. 6,	Strasburg, Va.,	65	0	7
Oct. 7,	*Hagerstown, Md.,	65	0	9
Oct. 8,	New Oxford, Pa.,	43	9	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oct. 9,	Pottstown, Pa.,	81	4	12

* Indicates rain,—compelling Mr. High to stop off.

"Bicycling News" Cartoon
OCTOBER 16, 1885.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

SPRINGFIELD RECORDS AS VIEWED BY THE "BICYCLING NEWS" AND OTHER DOUBTING ENGLISH WHEEL PAPERS.

For the benefit of our readers we reproduce on this page the recent Cartoon of the "BICYCLING NEWS," which well illustrates the truth of the old adage, "There are none so blind as those who will not see," and on the opposite page the

WILL IT STAND OR FALL?

Not "Biographing News" Cartoons



ACTUAL APPEARANCE

When not viewed through the distorting glass of jealousy and prejudice.

IT WILL STAND!

THE WORLD'S RECORDS.

The following table shows the records held by Wm. A. Rowe, as compared with the best previous world's records—

Miles.	Rowe's world record.		Previous best.	
	m.	s.	m.	s.
1-2	1	12 4-5	1	15 4-5
1	2	35 2-5	2	38 3-5
2	5	21 3-5	5	33 1-5
3	8	7 2-5	8	17 3-5
4	11	11 4-5	11	16 1-5
5	14	7 2-5	14	8 4-5
6	16	55 3-5	17	2 3-5
7	19	47 2-5	19	58 1-5
8	22	41 4-5	22	53
9	25	41 4-5	25	48
10	28	37 4-5	28	44 2-5
11	31	37 1-5	31	41
12	34	32 3-5	34	41 3-5
13	37	24 3-5	37	41
14	40	25	40	42 3-5
15	43	26 1-5	43	36
16	46	29 2-5	46	35 2-5
17	49	25	49	33 1-5
18	52	25 1-5	52	44 2-5
19	55	22 2-5	55	52 2-5
20	58	20	58	56 1-5

One hour, 20 1-2 miles, 132 yards, 4 inches, against the previous best of 20 miles, 1,907 1-2 feet.

Among the Clubs.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

BLOOMSBURG (Pa.) WHEELMEN—President, Prof. I. Niles; vice-president, R. M. Geddes; captain, C. M. McKileny, Jr.; first lieutenant, Edward Austin; second lieutenant, Joe Rufusnyder; secretary, C. W. Funston; color bearer, Harry Hess; bugler, Geo. Rosenstock; treasurer, James Staver.

CHICAGO (Ill.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, J. O. Blake; vice-president, Wm. M. Durell; secretary and treasurer, Wm. C. Thorne; captain, N. H. Van Sicklen; lieutenant, South, W. G. E. Peirce; lieutenant, West, T. S. Miller.

CINCINNATI (O.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, A. A. Bennett; secretary, C. M. Galway; treasurer, W. G. Miles; captain, J. A. Hazelton; first lieutenant, E. F. Landy; second lieutenant, J. R. Pigman, Jr.; club committee, H. S. Livingston, Jas. Landy, A. Wilhelmy, and president, secretary, and treasurer.

CLEVELAND (O.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, H. R. Payne; recording secretary, H. E. Higgins; corresponding secretary, C. H. Potter; treasurer, F. W. Douglas; captain, J. D. Pugh, Jr.; first lieutenant, F. P. Root; second lieutenant, A. C. Rogers; bugler, O. H. Judson.

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HERMES BICYCLE CLUB (Chicago, Ill.)—President, Jas. E. Bartlett; captain, F. B. Bradley; secretary-treasurer, F. J. Tourtellotte; first lieutenant, J. E. Otis, Jr.; second lieutenant, H. S. Page; bugler, H. D. Higinbotham.

HOLYOKE (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, W. O. Green; secretary-treasurer, Frank H. Brown; captain, E. C. Clarke; first lieutenant, H. M. Farr; second lieutenant, F. D. Parsons; bugler, C. A. Tuttle; color bearer, F. O. Garvin.

JAMESTOWN (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Robert Hazzard; vice-president, Charles E. Gates;

secretary, Edwin R. Dempsey; treasurer, Frank E. Reed; captain, Charles E. Gates.

NEW ORLEANS (La.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, L. E. Tyler; vice-president, J. M. Gore; secretary-treasurer, G. A. Miller; captain, C. M. Fairchild; first lieutenant, G. McD. Nathan; second lieutenant, R. J. Beltran; guide, E. E. Marks. A club committee, composed of the captain, president, secretary-treasurer, and Messrs. J. B. Piffet, Jr., and F. M. Ziegler, Jr.; also a house committee, composed of Messrs. A. M. Hill, J. C. O. Reardon, and C. M. Fairchild.

NORWALK (Ct.) WHEEL CLUB—President, Edward M. Jackson; secretary, Charles E. Miller; treasurer, Marshall Andrews; captain, Wm. T. Olmstead.

PURITAN BICYCLE CLUB (Salem, Mass.)—President, John Chamberlain; secretary and treasurer, Henry T. Conant; captain, Edward Bassett; first lieutenant, Samuel Chamberlain.

TECUMSEH (Mich.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, William H. Hayden; secretary and treasurer, Percival Fitzsimmons; captain, Levi C. Hayden; lieutenant and bugler, Fred. Tiffany.

TOLEDO (O.) WHEEL CLUB—President, Dud. S. Watson; secretary and treasurer, Art. A. Taylor; captain, F. H. Chapman; lieutenant, D. S. Watson.

WAYSIDE WHEELMEN (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—President, A. E. Anderson; vice-president, W. A. Hall; secretary, G. L. Courtenay; treasurer, E. E. Pabst; captain, M. W. Birch; first lieutenant, W. W. Vanderbilt; second lieutenant, A. S. Brown; color bearer, F. I. Smith.

WORCESTER (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, Chas. S. Park; secretary and treasurer, Harry A. Adams; captain, Geo. F. Warren; first lieutenant, F. H. Knight; second lieutenant, W. B. Weston; bugler, Geo. H. Linton.

RACE MEETINGS.

COLORADO WHEEL CLUB (DENVER, COL.).

Date of Meeting, September 25 and 26. Track, earth track; six laps to a mile; Weather, clear; Wind, slight.

OFFICERS.—Referee, Geo. F. Higgins of Denver, Col.; Judges, Sam Lessem of Denver, Col., W. S. McCutcheon of Denver, Col., S. A. I. Sheppard of Denver, Col.; Timers, J. T. Smith of Denver, Col., A. Haverill of Denver, Col., J. D. Corey of Cheyenne, Wyo.; Starter, W. F. Payne of Denver, Col.; Clerk of Course, L. B. Johnson of Denver, Col.; Secretary, Jno. F. Pfeiffer of Denver, Col.; Attendance, about 1,200.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Half-Mile Dash, Amateur Open.

H. G. Kennedy, Denver, Col.,	Time, 1.30
W. L. Van Horn, Denver, Col.,	" 1.32 1-2
J. J. Alter, Denver, Col.,	" 1.33 2-5

Two-Mile, 7.00 Class.

Fred Wurtzebach, Denver, Col.,	Time, 6.36 3-4
O. J. Hosford, Denver, Col.,	" 6.44
F. J. Chamard, Denver, Col.,	" 6.45

One-Mile, C. H. C. Championship.

C. C. Hopkins, Denver, Col.,	Time, 3.09
H. G. Kennedy, Denver, Col.,	" 3.09 2-5
M. N. Donaldson, Denver, Col.,	" 3.10

Five-Mile Handicap.

W. L. Van Horn, scratch, Denver, Col.,	Time, 17.21
H. Petrie, 30 seconds, Denver, Col.,	" 17.24
V. P. Hendrick, 30 seconds, Denver, Col., 2 laps behind.	

100 Yards Slow Race.

H. M. Kennedy, Denver, Col.,	
Three-Mile Handicap.	
H. G. Kennedy, scratch, Denver, Col.,	Time, 10.28
M. N. Donaldson, scratch, Denver, Col.,	" 10.31 2-5
W. L. Van Horn, 10 seconds, Denver, Col.,	" 10.33

Half-Mile Dash, Boys' Race.

H. M. Kennedy, Denver, Col.,	Time, 1.45 1-4
Master Burton, Denver, Col.,	" 1.53 1-2

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

One-Mile 3.30 Class.

J. J. Alter, Denver, Col.,	Time, 3.27 3-5
F. J. Chamard, Denver, Col.,	" 3.28
A. Jackson, Denver, Col.	

Two-Mile Open.

H. G. Kennedy, Denver, Col.,	Time, 6.33 1-2
C. C. Hopkins, Denver, Col.,	" 6.33 4-5
Fred Wurtzebach, Denver, Col.,	" 6.39

Half-Mile Without Hands.

W. L. Van Horn, Denver, Col.,	Time, 1.43 1-2
H. Petrie, Denver, Col.	
W. F. Payne, Denver, Col.	

Half-Mile 1.40 Class.

F. J. Chamard, Denver, Col.,	Time, 1.41 1-2
C. C. Peabody, Cheyenne, Wyo.,	" 1.43
H. Petrie, Denver, Col., close third.	

Five-Mile State Championship.

W. L. Van Horn, Denver, Col.,	Time, 17.36 2-5
M. N. Donaldson, Denver, Col.,	did not finish.

One-Mile Handicap For Boys.

Master Brown, 30 seconds,	Time, 3.44
H. M. Kennedy, scratch,	" 3.45
Master Burton, 40 seconds.	

One-Mile Consolation.

Geo. Hannan, Denver, Col.,	Time, 3.30
A. Doerner, Denver, Col.,	" 3.35 1-2
Jno. F. Pfeiffer, Denver, Col.	

ALBANY (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB.

Date of Meeting, September 30, 1885. Track, dirt; one lap to a mile. Weather, perfect. Wind, slight breeze.

OFFICERS.—Referee, H. S. Wollison of Pittsfield, Mass.; Judges, Gerry Jones of Binghamton, N. Y., George Patton of Chatham, N. Y., and H. J. Baringer, Jr., of Hudson, N. Y.; Timers, J. W. Clute of Schenectady, N. Y., G. R. Collins of Troy, N. Y., and A. L. Judson of Albany, N. Y.; Clerk of Course, F. L. Ames of the Albany Bicycle Club; Starter, G. F. Brooks of the Albany Bicycle Club; Attendance, 1,000.

One-Mile Novice (Club).

S. G. Smith,	Time, 3.38
W. C. Hickox,	" 3.38 3-5
H. Richmond,	

One-Half Mile Open.

H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes,	Time, 1.27 2-5
H. L. Burdick, Albany,	" 1.29 2-5

One-Mile Club.

A. P. Dunn,	Time, 3.12 1-5
S. G. Smith,	" 3.27

Five-Mile Lap Open.

H. S. Kavanaugh, Cohoes,	Time, 18.35 3-4
J. G. Burch, Jr., Albany Bicycle Club,	"
Laps.—Kavanaugh, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1; Burch, 1, 2, 2, 2, 2.	

One-Mile Team Race.

Trojan Wheelmen (four men), 20 points,	Time, 3.05 2-5
Albany Bi. Club (four men), 16 points.	

Fifty-Yards Slow Race.

E. Ellenwood, Cohoes, N. Y.,	Time, 1.58
A. L. Edmans, Troy, N. Y.,	" 2.04

One-Mile Without Hands (Special).

H. L. Burdick, Albany, N. Y.,	Time, 3.05 1-2
A. L. Edmans, Troy, N. Y.,	" 3.06

Fancy Riding.

Master Sid Nicholson, of Utica.	
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Five-Mile Club Championship.

A. P. Dunn,	Time, 16.25
A. H. Scattergood,	" 19.10
Time by Miles.—1 m., 3.15; 2 m., 3.25; 3 m., 3.25; 4 m., 3.29; 5 m., 3.18.	

One-Mile Time 3.34, Open.

J. G. Burch, Jr.,	Time, 3.33 1-4
W. C. Hickox,	" 3.37
A. J. Gallien,	" 3.30

One-Mile Consolation.

W. E. Page, Cohoes, N. Y.,	Time, 3.06
A. L. Edmans, Troy, N. Y.,	" 3.06 4-5

CANTON (OHIO) BICYCLE CLUB.

Date of Meeting, September 30. Track, clay, in poor condition; two laps to a mile. Weather, perfect. Wind, none.

OFFICERS.—Referee, C. S. Cock of Canton, Ohio; Judges, George Collister of Cleveland, Ohio, George M. Atwater of Massillon, Ohio, and F. C. Meyer of Canton, Ohio; Timers,

BICYCLE AGENTS AND DEALERS

REMEMBER THAT

YOU CANNOT SELL WHAT YOU DO NOT KEEP!

THEREFORE YOU MISS IT IF YOU DO NOT KEEP ON SALE

—The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette.—

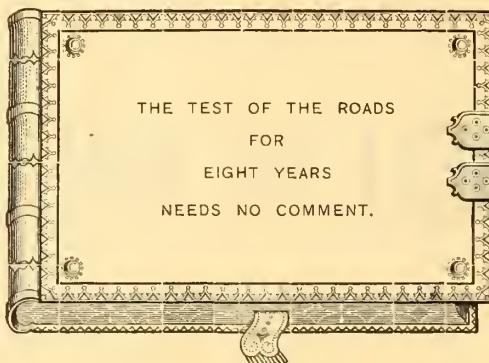
What one man has done, another can and should do. One dealer has sold 70 copies a month, and that without trying. The more GAZETTES you sell, the greater interest in cycling you will help to create; and as a result your sales will increase, and your pocket-book swell with pride. THE GAZETTE advertises cycling; in fact, it will pay you to present every buyer of a wheel with a copy for one year free. While the manufacturers are spending money to educate and enlighten the public on the true benefits of cycling, you can turn an honest penny and help to lighten the burdens of the manufacturers by keeping on sale the cheapest and best bicycle paper on the face of the globe. Now don't all order at once, but invest a little for the cause. NOW, of all the times in the year, is the time to push cycling publications. You must not let the interest flag. See those young men who are just taking an interest in wheeling, but owing to the lateness of the season have put off buying till next year. Present them with a copy of THE GAZETTE for a year, that they may have their interest kept up till spring. Thus you will begin business early; and

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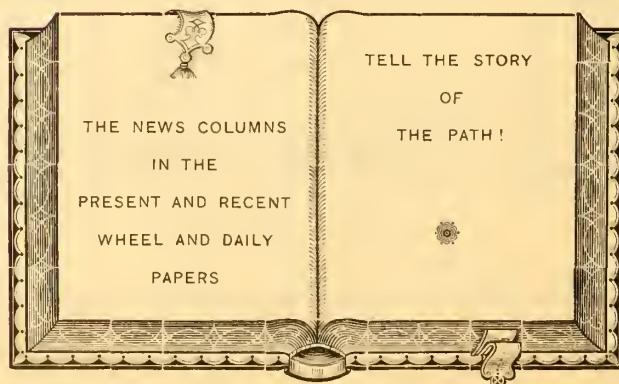
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The cut represents a large Tricycle suitable for ladies and gentlemen. It is one of the strongest machines made, being reliable, safe, and easy running; comparing favorably with the higher-priced machines in the market, especially in the matter of durability, workmanship, and finish.

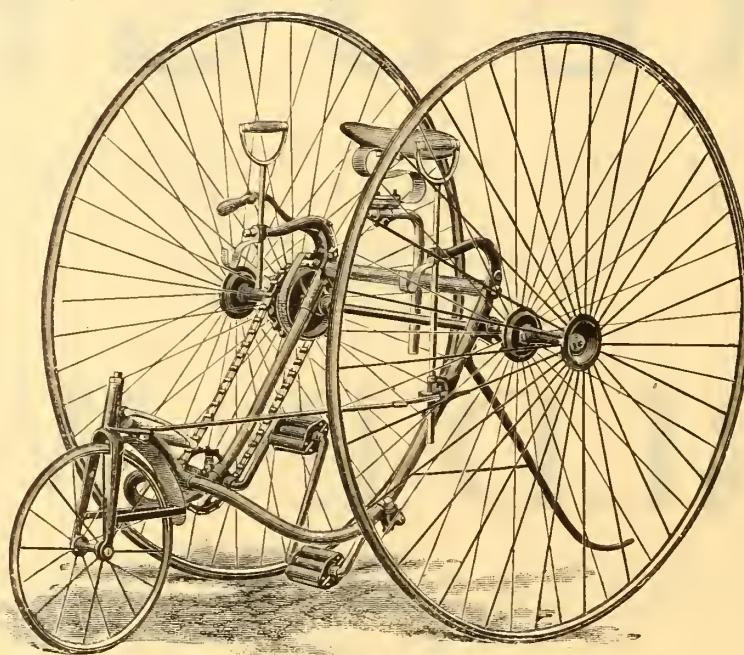
No. 10 has steel wire wheels, with rubber tires, 42-inch hind and 16-inch front.

Price, \$65.00

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Price, \$85.00

BRIEF.—Two 48-inch driving and one 16-inch front steering wheel, $\frac{7}{8} \times \frac{1}{4}$ inch moulded red rubber tire, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inch driving hubs, cylindrical cone steering head, rack and pinion steering rod, adjustable spade handles, adjustable 1 seat rod, double-cranned pedal shaft, $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch throw, chain driving, balance gear, tubular frame, and safety stays; plain universal bearings to main and pedal shaft, adjustable cones to front wheel, and band brake; S spring, suspension saddle; tool bag, wrench, and oil-can. Total width, 40 inches; weight, 96 pounds; finish, enameled, with nickelized trimmings.



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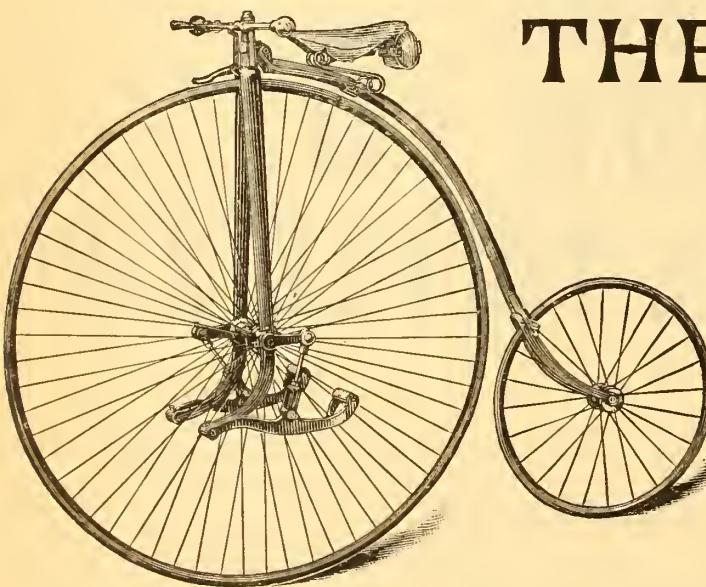
Twenty-four Hours, covering $266\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Seven Days, covering 924 miles.

The Longest Continuous Ride, covering 2,050 miles in 19 consecutive days.

The above is the THIRD TIME it has broken the 24-hours record. It has done 100 miles in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and holds every road record but one. It has made more records of 200 miles and over in one day than any other machine whatever, and for universal availability for all roads, weather, and purposes, and ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND, is simply unapproachable. Get 1885 Price-List and read about it.

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FACILE ❖ LUBRICATING * OIL ❖

Will never gum, thicken, dry up, clog, or change, in or out of use. The cleanest, clearest, finest, and most perfect lubricator for wheels. Ball bearings oiled only with it will never get sticky. Use it, if you want to beat records, or to save trouble, or to have the best. Is not sperm, and is sold at about the price of the poorest stuff in market. Absolutely warranted. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Cannot be mailed. Ask your dealer for it, and if he does not keep it I will send six or more bottles, expressage paid, to any point east of the Rockies, on receipt of price.

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For general use on bicycles, tricycles, and other articles. Smooth, jet black, fine, very lustrous; dries very quickly; wears well; one coat suffices; anybody can apply it. The best substitute in the market for baked enamel, and much the cheapest. Price, 50 cents a bottle, with camel-hair brush. Cannot be mailed. Warranted as represented. Ask your dealer for it, and insist on having it. If he does not keep it and will not get it, I will send four or more bottles, expressage paid, to any point east of the Rockies, on receipt of price.

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Bert Coleman of Massillon, Ohio, A. L. Bates of Alliance, Ohio, and Will T. Kuhns of Canton, Ohio; *Starter*, F. W. Jay of Canton, Ohio; *Clerk of Course*, Joseph A. Meyer, Jr., of Canton, Ohio; *Secretary*, C. S. Cook of Canton, Ohio; *Attendance*, good.

Half-Mile Juvenile (Under 16 Years).

Arvine Wales, Massillon, Ohio,	Time, 1.50
George Myers, Canton, Ohio,	" 1.57 4-5
E. C. Bachert, Canton, Ohio.	

One-Mile County Amateur.

W. H. Bachert, Canton, Ohio,	Time, 3.31 1-2
C. M. Atwater, Massillon, Ohio,	" 3.36 4-5
George Eyster, Canton, Ohio.	

Three-Mile County Amateur.

W. H. Bachert, Canton, Ohio,	Time, 11.52 3-5
George Eyster, Canton, Ohio.	
C. M. Atwater, Massillon, Ohio.	

Half-Mile Novice.

G. W. Parsons, Canton, Ohio,	Time, 1.43 3-5
Theo. Clark, Canton, Ohio.	
Scott Eckis, Canton, Ohio.	

Five-Mile Amateur Open.

Chas. E. Kluge, Jersey City,	Time, 18.22 1-5
W. H. Bachert, Canton, Ohio,	" 19.34
John Kerch, Canal Dover, Ohio,	" 19.41

The races were in connection with the county fair, and there was too much interference by the promoters of the horse races, and the track was not in good shape for wheels; but, notwithstanding, the satisfaction was general. The parade preceding the races had 103 bicycles, one "sociable" and one tandem tricycle, the latter ridden by Messrs. Collister and Huntington, of Cleveland, Ohio. The prizes for races were gold and silver medals, and were very handsome. The meet is considered a success.

DANBURY (CT.) WHEEL CLUB.

Date of Meeting, October 7, 1885. *Track*, rather heavy; four laps to a mile. *Weather*, cloudy. *Wind*, north.

Officers.—*President*, Chas. R. Upson, M. D., of Waterbury, Ct.; *Judges*, Chas. E. Miller of Norwalk, Ct., A. E. Tweedy of Danbury, Ct., and C. P. Bennett of Danbury, Ct.; *Timer*, J. M. Ives of Danbury; *Starter*, F. L. Butler of Danbury; *Clerk of Course*, J. G. Irving of Danbury; *Secretary*, L. L. Hubbell of Danbury; *Attendance*, fair.

Half-Mile Open.

O. B. Jackson, Norwalk, Ct.,	Time, 1.34 1-2
Wm. T. Olmstead.	
W. E. Matthews.	

One-Mile Heat Race, Best Two in Three, Open.

O. W. Swift, Danbury, first,	Time, 3.25
" second,	" 3.57 1-2
George Coburn, Hartford.	

One-Mile 3.45 Class.

Ridge Larkin, Danbury,	Time, 3.42 1-2
W. E. Matthews, Norwalk.	
R. R. Bird, Waterbury.	

Three-Mile Race Open.

Ed. DeBlois, Hartford,	Time, 11.27
W. T. Olmstead, Norwalk.	
W. D. Hall, Waterbury.	

Two-Mile Race Open.

Ed. DeBlois, Hartford,	Time, 7.19
O. W. Swift, Danbury.	

The races were advertised for the afternoon of the 6th, but on account of rain were postponed until 10 A. M. of the 7th. The weather was very raw and cold, and being in the morning, the attendance was not as good as desired or hoped for. The grand stand receipts were very small, and that being what the club depended upon, financially the races were not a success; but for a pleasant time for all wheelmen present, socially speaking, a perfect success.

The Trade.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen for the month ending Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1885, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Duffy & Brashears, patent law offices, No. 607 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 326,745, September 22, 1885, F. J. Johnson, Wallingford, Ct., bicycle alarm whistle.

No. 326,752, September 22, 1885, Emmit G.

Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor of one-half to A. C. Latta, of same place, velocipede.

No. 326,752, September 22, 1885, F. G. Burley, Boston, Mass., bicycle saddle.

No. 327,084, September 29, 1885, T. F. Hennesy, South Kaukauna, Wis., assignor of one-half to L. Gantner of same place, velocipede.

No. 327,125, September 29, A. Vreeland, Cedar Grove, N. J., velocipede.

No. 327,399, September 29, E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor of one-half to A. C. Latta, of same place, velocipede.

No. 327,408, September 29, Olaf Pihfeldt, Cooksey Road, Small Heath, County of Warwick, England, Kingdom of Great Britain, ball bearing for velocipedes.

No. 327,397, September 29, H. A. King, Springfield, Mass., velocipede.

No. 327,669, October 6, L. Ehrlich, St. Louis, Mo., bicycle.

No. 327,770, October 6, 1885, L. S. Copper, Cleveland, Ohio, bicycle saddle.

No. 327,786, October 6, C. H. Gates, Worcester, Mass., assignor of one-half to S. Forehand, same place, pedal for velocipedes.

No. 327,952, October 6, H. A. King, Springfield, Mass., velocipede.

No. 327,954, October 6, F. Junge, Chicago, Ill., velocipede.

No. 327,979, October 6, H. LaCasse, Auburn, N. Y., velocipede.

No. 328,068, October 13, J. M. Rosebrooks, Hoosic Falls, N. Y., assignor to W. A. Woods Mowing and Reaping Machine Company, same place, vehicle wheel.

No. 328,235, October 13, E. G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor of one-half to A. C. Latta, same place, velocipede.

No. 328,280, October 13, E. N. Bowen, Buffalo, N. Y., bicycle wheel.

No. 328,353, October 13, H. M. Starr, Rockford, Ill., assignor to Robert P. Scott, of Baltimore, Md., bicycle.

No. 328,761, October 20, 1885, J. H. Cilley, Lebanon, Pa., tricycle.

No. 328,682, October 20, 1885, R. E. Humphreys, Irwin, Pa., bicycle saddle.

No. 328,693, October 20, 1885, Emmit G. Latta, Friendship, N. Y., assignor of one-half to A. C. Latta, same place, velocipede.

No. 328,449, October 20, 1885, G. W. Marble, Chicago, Ill., bicycle.

No. 328,863, October 20, 1885, C. T. Starbuck, Wilmington, Ohio, bicycle saddle.

The following is a list of new patents taken out in England and specially compiled for THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by Messrs. Hughes, Eli & Hughes, patent agents and proprietors of the Central Bicycle and Tricycle depot and sale rooms, of 76 Chancery Lane, London, England.

No. 10,203, George William Pridmore, of Birmingham, for an invention of "a bicycle and tricycle spring and saddle combined."

No. 10,229, William Bown and Edward Corr, of London, for an invention of "improvements in heads of bicycles, tricycles, or other velocipedes."

No. 10,284, William Thomas and Joseph Williams, of Nottinghamshire, for an invention of "improvements in lamps for bicycles and tricycles."

No. 10,383, William Cook, of Birmingham, for an invention of "improvements in bicycle and tricycle saddles and springs."

No. 10,421, Alfred Birch, of Manchester, for an invention of "improvements in the construction of bicycles and other velocipedes."

No. 10,430, Alfred Ashby, of London, for an invention of "improvements in tricycles."

No. 10,436, John de Lannoy Watson, of Brixton, Surrey, for an invention of "locking bearing screws used more especially for fixing bearings of velocipedes."

No. 10,610, Oxley Macarthy, of London, for an invention of "improvements in velocipedes."

No. 10,652, Alfred Tom Shellard, of Bristol, for an invention of "improvement in the steering of Humber pattern tricycles, also for placing the backbone under control as well."

No. 10,681, Walter Phillips, of London, for an invention of "improvements in detachable handlebars for velocipedes."

No. 10,713, Charles John Morgan, of London, for an invention of "improvements in pedals for velocipedes."

No. 10,734, Robert Frederick Hall, of London, for an invention of "improvements in pedals for bicycles, tricycles, and other velocipedes."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The League meet of 1886 will be the greatest success ever known in the history of American cycling.—*Boston Herald*.

It would do my heart good if the Springfield Club would refuse all English entries in the future, unless a properly accredited timer be sent along by the syndicate of journalistic snobs.—"Hal," in *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

The English cycling papers refuse to believe that the records made at Springfield are correct. They say that it is impossible that their men could ride ten seconds faster in America than they can in England. The editors evidently fail to take into consideration the bracing climate and the far superior track.—*Sporting Life*.

The *Cyclist* is disposed to make great fun of the Springfield Club's liberal and American method of advertising the race meet in the Springfield papers. The results were that the profits of the meet amounted to thousands of dollars. It's impossible to ridicule that. The *Cyclist* had better butt its head against a stone wall awhile.—*Spectator*.

Mr. Cook's glorious time East, seems to have spoiled him for our San Francisco local talent for he slumbered peacefully all through the recital of the Orchestral Union, Wednesday evening, and only broke his siesta to gaze at a pretty young lady in blue, with low neck and short sleeves, who sang quite charmingly, and then left just in time to miss a dark haired young lady in pink satin, whose efforts in harp-playing were completely drowned by the Orchestra.—*Ingleside*.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE desires to know what Hartford wheelmen think of A Kennedy-Child, of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, who, in communications to the English wheel press, expresses his doubt as to the reliability of American timing at bicycle racing meets. We cannot answer for Hartford, but out here in the western country we make but one class of all those who part their hair or their names in the middle. They should all be gathered together and exhibited as a sort of asinine paradox.—*World* (Fort Wayne, Ind.).

Mr. A. Kennedy-Child is out with a letter sustaining the *Cyclist* in its doubt of the Springfield records, and citing the case of the half-mile record made by Hendee at Springfield last May, when he

officiated as a judge. It would have been in better taste if Mr. Kennedy-Child had raised his objections at Springfield when it was his official duty to see that the record was made fairly and correctly. He did nothing of the kind. By his silence he endorsed what he now calls a crooked record, and he is the last man who should question it.—*Bicycling World*.

The whole gist of our rivals' caviling at the results of the Springfield visit, records included, lies in the fact that they unanimously prophesied the failure of our enterprise beforehand, and finding their vaticinations brought to naught, and the whole affair a complete success, simple jealousy, and the instinct of the whipped cur, impel them to asperse that success which they did nothing to bring about, and which finds them discontented, in their currish way, with the stale bone which falls to their rapacious mongrel maws, after the choice picking and substantial matter has been partaken of by men.—*Wheeling*.

The Coventry papers will not apparently accept the Springfield times at any price. One of the (to me) chief reasons they adduce is the fact that Mr. Etherington held one of the watches, and agreed to a fraction of a second with those of the American timers. I must, however, ask Mr. Sturmy and his *confrères* how they can ignore the verdict of the great American sporting papers, the *Spirit of the Times* for instance, which is conducted by one of the ablest authorities on athletic questions of the day. Depend upon it, if there had been anything at all fishy with regard to the Springfield times, they never would have been accepted by the *Spirit*, the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, and other papers of the same class. At the same time, I must say that the inconsistency of the returns were enough to warrant any amount of suspicion.—*Athletic News* (Birmingham, Eng.).

The foreign mail has come in, bringing the first copies of the London bicycling papers issued since the tournament. It must be confessed that some of their contents will probably stir up the bile of all American wheelmen, and especially those of this city. The obnoxious remarks come strangely enough from the *Cyclist*. * * * * * The whole tone of the editorial comment is sneering and suspicious, not to say insulting. The leading editorial crows over the records made and the prizes won by the Englishmen with exultation that is natural enough. And all bicyclists, who are human, would overlook as due to a harmless and momentary glut of glory such words as: "The names of Hendee and Prince are heard no more." * * * * * But when the English editor, who has never been on this side the water, from his dingy London office openly charges that "there was a screw loose somewhere" in the timing at the tournament here, it is the last straw of absurdity, and does not coincide with the general public's view of English frankness and square dealing.—*Springfield Republican*.

Mr. Etherington is fully prepared to vouch for the correctness of the times as well as the measurement of the tracks, whilst at the same time the whole are accepted without comment by the leading American papers. I scarcely know what to think. The times certainly do look wonderful, and, at the same time, are very inconsistent; but, with the weight of evidence in their favor, I see no other option but to accept them. I have received a letter from a friend, who condemns the whole Springfield business as little better than

hippodroming, and was present at the meeting, but he is silent on the question of the times. I am certain that had he had half a chance, he would have come heavily down on them. I hear Mr. Etherington's capability as a time-keeper questioned. Is it, then, such a very difficult matter to time a bicycle race with a good watch? If a man will only keep cool and think of what he is doing instead of running frantically about the ground, as I have seen some men, I fancy most men who have had a watch in their hands at all are good enough at least to check a race.—*Athletic News* (Birmingham, Eng.).

Gradually but surely the bicycle is getting to the front as the greatest aid to human locomotion on land since the invention and development of the steam railway system. There are to-day very few among the speediest of road horses that can hold their own against a well-trained and well-mounted wheelman for any distance from five miles upward, while from fifty to one hundred miles or more the horse does not live that can live out a race with a cypher. Already the bicycle has been ridden a mile in but a fraction over two minutes and thirty-one seconds, and nobody believes that this is the limit of possible speed. But it is in tests of endurance and the ability to cover long distances that the cycle is pre-eminent. * * * * * Our American racing men are only just beginning to find out what they are capable of doing on the bicycle when thoroughly trained and carefully fitted for contests of speed and endurance. So far the Englishmen have beaten them at the shorter distances, but Yankee muscle and pluck are not going to be kept in the background for any length of time.—*Mirror of American Sports*.

The English papers are still trying to talk our records out of existence, and have settled upon "fixed" watches. The "fixing" of every watch held at Springfield would be a miracle indeed. If our friends will bring forward one man out of the hundred or more who held watches at Springfield, and he will say that the timing was poor, we will commence to argue. In the present aspect of the case, we can only laugh at the contortions of the doubters. Our English critics cannot understand how a man who enters a 3.10 class race can go to the finish in 2.42. It would be more to the purpose for them to attack the system, than to dispute the record. When the men faced the starter at Hartford and at Springfield, it was well known that the great majority of them could go way inside of the limit, but as they had no public record, they could not be barred. The men were not classed by their abilities, but by their records. If our English friends will say it is a poor system that lets fliers into the races set aside for the "duffers" (as they call the slow men), simply because they do not happen to have a public record for the distance, we will say the criticism is a just one. We have all along said our system defeats the object of the class races, and our racing men have not yet developed that keen sense of honor that will lead them not to seize a "pudding" when they can do it on a technicality.—*Bicycling World*.

Some interested parties are doing all in their power to cry down the correctness of the magnificent records made in America by the plucky little band of riders who left our shores for the place of tall things some short time ago. One of the purposes of their visit was to smash ex-

isting records, and all that men and money could do was done to achieve success in this direction. Little wonder is it, therefore, that the efforts thus made were successful. Directly the note was sounded, the journals of the Coventry ring (two of which have ceased to be in a position to any longer print the puerile utterances of the slaves of "the ring") took up the fight, and loudly proclaimed their disbelief in the correctness of the times which were said to have been made on the other side of the pond, notably at Hartford and Springfield. The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Harry Etherington, whose name to the Coventry ring is like a red rag to a bull, was out with the party, and was present when the records were made, and is the only man in England at the present moment, barring the competitors themselves, who was present. He says the records are right, and, of course, "the ring" are in duty bound to oppose him; hence the opposition. We are quite content, and we think most Englishmen will be with us in so doing, to take the times given as correct, seeing that such men as Mr. Curtis, of the *New York Spirit of the Times*, one of the greatest authorities on timing living, and Mr. J. Watson, of the *New York Field*, a gentleman who was long honorably known as one of the staff of the *Referee*, are both certain of their correctness; besides these gentlemen, surely if there was the smallest doubt, such papers as the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, the *American Field*, and the *New York Herald* would hesitate to support the records as they have done. Why, we want to know, do the cavilers want to rob our gallant little band of the honor of having made the records, and America of the honor of being the place where they were made?—*Cycling Times* (London).

We must say we feel considerable disgust at the manner in which some of the English cycling papers have expressed themselves in regard to the recent records at Springfield. The fact that their men took home the lion's share of the prizes, we might suppose would satisfy them, but when we remember that these editors are Englishmen, we conclude that they are only claiming "an Englishman's right," which is to growl at everything. It has even been said that "an Englishman is not happy unless he has something to growl at." Be this as it may, we assure our contemporaries that the track at Springfield is as it is stated to be, and that the watches were all right; and, further, that if they do not yet see it, we are sorry for their obtuseness. If they were not willing to accept the time and statements officially made and taken by men of such undoubted reliability as we had to act for us, they should each have sent over representatives to check them, or else have remained quiet. The cycling world was invited; it was free to attend and judge for itself; those who failed to do so should not claim to know more about what transpired than those who were present. The Springfield track is an exceptionally good one—therefore exceptionally good time might reasonably have been, and was, expected on it. Previous to the races (September 5th) we said, when speaking of the track: "New records may confidently be expected—in fact are," and it was just so with all our cycling papers. Do our English cousins want retrogression? We do not, and it is simplicity to suppose that the best records possible had been made. Why, therefore, should they not be broken on one of the best, if not the best, of tracks in the world? The reason that all made

better time than they had previously done, was simply because it was a better and longer track than they were accustomed to. Our English contemporaries had better rejoice that their men had a track which enabled them to make such splendid time, and, if they will growl, let it be because they have not got as good a one. The record-breaking there, since the meet, is further evidence of the speed of the track, and shows that "practice makes perfect" on it.—*Cycling Times.*

SCIENCE ON THE WHEEL.

A MILE ON A BICYCLE EQUIVALENT TO ONE-SIXTH OF A MILE ON FOOT.

The muscular exertion in bicycling is small when the enormous results are taken into consideration. In the first place, the position of the rider is that of partial support and partial bestowal of the weight of the body as a means of progression; and this balance can be varied at the will of the rider and the character of the road traveled. The whole or part of the weight may be supported by the saddle, or the whole or part of the weight may be bestowed on the treadles as a means of progression. The enormous wheels now used compel the rider to be almost in the perpendicular position, thus affording a minimum amount of exertion to the lower extremities, and utilizing the bodily weight as a means of progression. Take, for example, a bicycle with a wheel of 60 inches in diameter; every stroke with the foot causes the wheel to travel half its circumference, or nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet—i.e., 90 inches. This is equivalent to three regulation walking steps of 30 inches; and not only so, but the impetus given to the bicycle by one stroke would carry it much farther, whereas a step in walking gives no farther "way" on the body. Hence each stroke becomes lighter after the first, and less and less exertion is required to keep the machine in motion. From all these reasons, then, and from actual observation of the effect of comparative distances traveled, it is plain that to travel a mile on a bicycle is equivalent in muscular expenditure to about one-sixth of that expended in walking a like distance. The exertion spent in traveling a mile on the "level" on a bicycle is not more than four foot-tons, so that as 300 foot-tons is the calculated amount of daily exertion necessary to expend to keep a man in health, an 80-mile ride can be undertaken by a man without danger of overdoing it. No road, however, is level or smooth; hence it is nearer the truth when the exertion expended is considered to be six foot-tons a mile; limiting the distance which ought to be traveled to less than sixty miles a day, if one is to keep within the bounds in regard to the energy expended. Of course, a healthy man can do much more than 300 foot-tons a day, but an exertion greatly over that amount cannot be continued day after day without injury to health.—*Book of Health.*

HEALTHY BUT NOT SOCIAL.

The bicycle has doubtless become one of the greatest promoters of healthy out-door exercise among our young men, as well as some of the older ones—but there is necessarily nothing social in it; in fact, it is the most selfish conception possible. Think of a family man buying a bicycle and starting off for a ride while the wife and children are left at home on the veranda to admire the grace and ease with which their lord and mas-

ter wheels off to get exhilarating whiffs of fresh country air. The economical young man mounts his wheel on a fine afternoon and whirls off to the house of his lady love, leans his steed against the front fence and spends the summer evening on the piazza, while the young lady is no doubt thinking of her possibly old-fashioned but more fortunate companion who has gone out on the road behind a good trotter to breathe the refreshing air. The one wheel is far more economical in every way, and its enthusiastic if not fanatical admirers no doubt get much good from it, but in an article on social recreations they cannot hope for high praise, for their favorite machine is certainly not a family invention. When Mr. Edison will invent a motor which may be hung beneath the seat of a sociable tricycle, with a small seat behind for the children, and by which the whole load may whirl off to the country without the danger of running away at the first railway crossing, or the necessity for grooming or feeding on the return, then the family may sing the praise of the "cycle."—*Milton Bradley, in Good Housekeeping.*

'RAH FOR ROWE!



What's the matter with the Hamerican Heagle now? HE'S all right!—*N. E. Homestead.*

WOMEN ON THE TRICYCLE.

GROWING POPULARITY OF THE EXERCISE AT NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Central Park at New York, as well as Commonwealth avenue at Boston, has become the scene of tricycle riding for women. The fact is, the tricycle has come to stay, and we may well mark with a special jubilate the era when the sewing-machine goes out and tricycle comes in. A local contemporary meandered through a column editorial, the other day, to demonstrate beyond a doubt that every woman should be taught to sew, when the truth is that sewing to any extent is rapidly becoming as unnecessary a thing for a woman to

do as is weaving or spinning. For one reason the great philosophy of specialization and co-operation that underlies human affairs is regulating all branches of trade into certain definite and available channels, and housekeeping is being reduced to a science, rather than kept in that chaotic state where the wife and mother also combined in an imperfect and unsatisfactory manner, the work of a dozen trades. The introduction of ready-made garments, comprising every conceivable article of clothing for men, women, and children, has, of itself, made a revolution in the household. By the great principle of co-operation these garments can be obtained of better material, better cut, and better workmanship, at a less price than would be possible in buying the material at retail and making it at home, and the so-called "emancipation" of women has never received such aid as this feature alone contributes to it.

Of all forms of exercise the tricycle promises to be the most available. Rowing demands conditions which only certain localities and seasons can offer; driving is a luxury that only the wealthier class of women can command, and equestrianism is subject to the same restrictions. Walking, while invaluable, is often declined on account of the distance being too great or the time too limited, and thus street cars and conveyances of various kinds are chosen, while if tricycling became general it would be the natural resource and combine the necessary transition with a most agreeable and healthful form of exercise. Boston women who looked on curiously a year ago to see women tricyclists at the Institute fair, and who no more dreamed of it for themselves than they dreamed of endeavoring to emulate Cavalazzi, are now adopting the tricycle and taking advantage of the deserted condition of the Back Bay to practice up and down Commonwealth avenue. Sitting on the balcony of Hotel Vendome, on the avenue front, one sees the feminine tricyclists flit up and down the early dusk of these summer evenings, and the scene is essentially graceful and picturesque. The poetic side of tricycling is exquisitely told in the "Canterbury Pilgrimage," of Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell, who journeyed from London to Canterbury on a tricycle, and have related their experience, illustrated by sketches. By all means let the sewing-machine and all that it stood for go out, and let the tricycle and all that it represents come in.—*Boston Letter in the Cleveland Leader.*

THE AMERICAN RECORDS.

THEY HAVE GOT TO STAND.

For reasons best known to the proprietors, our most important contemporary, *The Cyclist*, feebly backed by two other newspapers, since incorporated with another, has thought fit to challenge the correctness of the records made by the English amateur and professional wheelmen who recently visited America. We are extremely sorry that all this interested caviling and quibbling should have been made about a string of times which we believe no man in his senses, and unblinded by prejudice against individual parties concerned, could refuse credence to. We have pledged our word as responsible men that the times are *bona fide*, and further, we have issued a public challenge to all and sundry to disprove them if possible. What more do our critics require? Do they expect us to go down on our knees and take a solemn oath as to the records, or what? If so, they are very much mistaken. Practical

experience may have taught them that in certain serious matters the only way they could rely on their statements being accepted would be by means of an oath; with us, however, it is different, and we are neither "bragging" nor "blustering" when we state emphatically that in our case at least "our word is as good as our bond." Pending the arrival of an eagerly expected mail from the States, in which the Yankees will, we hope, defend themselves, should they think it worth while, from the charges made against them and their honesty in time-keeping, let us deduce a few reasons which, to our mind, and as we said before, to the mind of every honest man unblinded by prejudice, must incontestably prove the *bona fides* of the caviled-at records.

In the first place, the times made at Springfield have been accepted in England by *The Sporting Life* and *The Sportsman*, the two greatest authorities on sport this side of the Atlantic. This fact alone ought to silence the mouth of the opposition, and we can conceive no greater piece of arrogance than this ignoble and futile standpoint of a clique against the verdict of the only recognized authorities as regards sports all round. It may be argued that the times made have not been passed by the N. C. U. We admit it, but the point is a very trivial one. It is a fact that the records are accepted by the great daily sporting papers we have named, and this fact is good enough for us. So, the Springfield times pass into the *Wheeling* record-book at our office and whether the Union likes it or not the truth will remain that the great body of English sportsmen will, on seeing them in the handbooks of the above three papers, accept them as gospel without query, cavil or quibble. The Union has far more praise than blame to thank us for, and we are not afraid to say that in the matter of records we accept the ruling of the editors of *The Sporting Life* and *The Sportsman* in preference to theirs. Were their Executive comprised of all the crowned heads of Europe our action in any matter such as this would still be the same, while, as it is, some at least of those who lead its councils, certainly have no character for impartiality, and have yet to earn our respect. There is no cliquism, nor bolstering up of friends' performances, no hasty rejection of the claims of those not in the swim in the offices of the sporting papers, and there a record is judged on its merits, whether it is the work of John Smith, makers' amateur and bricklayer, or Hugh Fitz Hugh, Honorable and Varsity student. This is strong language, we know, but we have not written hastily or without consideration.

Further, the Springfield times have, without one single exception, been accepted by the daily and weekly papers of America. After such papers as *The New York Herald*, *The Spirit of the Times*, *The New York Clipper*, *The Turf, Field, and Farm*, *The New York Sportsman*, *The Boston Herald*, and in fact (for it is idle to enumerate when we could name every American paper touching on sport) the whole press of the United States have printed these records as correct, and guaranteed their faith, we ask, in the name of all that is sensible, honest, and fair, what more does the Coventry opposition want. We can conceive of no greater piece of journalistic arrogance and "cheek" than this setting up of the puny opinions of a few disappointed and envious men against the unanimous verdict of the press of America, and the authorities of England.

The whole wretched business would be laughable were it not so sickeningly disgusting,—this attempt to wrest the well-earned laurels from men who have truly, fairly, and honestly earned them.

Again the question arises what sort of men were those who timed the records? They were culled from the best and most capable experts on timing in America, men whose means of livelihood is their skill at timing, and who devote the whole business part of their lives to the practice, not as here making it merely a remunerative form of adding to an income. One of the timers at Springfield was none other than Mr. Ethan Robinson, who has timed "Maud S.," and the fastest trotting horses in America, in their great records, and whose word in the States, from San Francisco to Boston, from Winnipeg to New Orleans, is accepted without hesitation. The other timers, leaving out all mention of ourselves, were also gentlemen who have made watch-holding a science, and who are engaged in a sport requiring a man of honest character and upright reputation to guarantee the times taken. Beyond this be it noted the great body of American sportsmen are essentially a body of time-keepers. Stop-watches are not few and far between as they are here; not by a long run. As a matter of fact almost every man, and, indeed, many a woman, interested in sport carries a stop-watch, and from constant practice knows, of course, how to use it. On the second day of the Springfield races, when over 20,000 people were assembled round the track, we opine, may feel honestly certain, that at the lowest computation not less than 2,000 stop-watches were in use on the grounds. These watches (allowing for variations in fifths only according to the distance the holder stood from the tape) being all in action, and agreeing with the official times recorded publicly on the grounds, we ask plainly and most emphatically where was the room for any of the times to be "faked," or fraudulently announced. Such a procedure in the face of the circumstances we have explained was absolutely impossible.

One more point, and we have done. It is, of course, admitted that the three rival firms on whose machines records were chiefly made in the States, viz., Messrs. Rudge, Humber, and Marriott & Cooper derived benefit from these same performances. As a matter of fact, each house of business spared neither money nor time, and did all that mortal man could honestly do to secure "records," which beyond doubt are valuable to them in the way of business. Now we put it to our readers as sensible, impartial, and, we feel sure, honest men, is it possible that, for instance, Mr. Lambert, as representing Humber and Co., would calmly stand by and see record after record put up by Webber to the benefit of his (Lambert's) opponents, Messrs. Marriott and Cooper—who made Webber's machine—if there was the slightest doubt about the *bona fides* of the performance? No, a thousand times, no. On the other hand it is beyond the bounds of reason to suppose that Mr. Corey, as representing Rudge and Marriott & Cooper, would submit to any unprecedented times being chalked up to the credit of Furnivall, English, and the other men who rode Humpers, if he were not convinced in the strongest possible manner that all was fair and above-board. Bah! the thing is absurd, and needs no demonstration, except to envious cavilers blinded by prejudice.

Several other strong points might be made, such, for instance, as the great difference in the Springfield and Hartford weather—thus killing the argument based on the difference in the times at the two tracks. Again, Howell's recent records prove the fact that "bests" are not alone to be made during the Springfield tournament despite the fact that it is a "big business meeting," while surely it is no little thing that every one of the Englishmen who visited Springfield this year, whether amateurs or professionals, whether racers or onlookers, will pledge their honor in support of the *bona fides* of the times made.

We have done for the present. If this does not convince the clamoring opposition nothing will, we fear. In the meantime we await with interest advices from the other side of the water, when we may have some more to say about the subject, though really it matters very little, in view of the fact that the American records have been accepted by the only authorities, we (as far as records are concerned), in common with the great sporting public, acknowledge.—*Wheeling*.

WOMEN AS WHEELMEN.

THE TRICYCLE RECOMMENDED TO LADIES WHO ARE INVALIDS AS A MEANS OF BECOMING STRONG AND ROBUST.

No doubt if the coming woman is not to be a wheelman the wheel is to be the exercise for the coming invalid woman. The tricycle affords therapeutic advantages for special complaints found in no other exercise.

It is par excellent; because it takes one off her feet, thus giving relief from that weight and dragging so unbearable and so enervating. At the same time she gets the motion of the lower limbs that gives strength not only to the muscles of the limbs, but to muscles of hip and pelvis, that from long disease fail to support the viscera.

If the clothing affords no restriction about the waist, it also develops the involuntary muscles of respiration. To prove this, one only has to perform a run on a wheel to notice the acceleration of the breath with a corresponding effort to depth. A person that has good waist-breathing has the best foundation for health—is fortified to resist encroachments of disease, and also possesses great powers of endurance and chances of longevity.

In appropriate dress cycling develops waist-breathing equal to any run or street exercise. One cannot hope to resist permanently the ailments peculiar to women unless deep-breathing and a corresponding waist development is accomplished.

Tricycling is especially recommended to the army of women suffering from diseases peculiar to themselves. It far surpasses carriage riding. The very act of self-propelling has a peculiar effect in inflammations, besides developing and strengthening weakened muscles.

A young lady of our acquaintance who had long been an invalid, and by high authority pronounced incurable, was entirely restored to health by the use of the tricycle alone.

The motion of the wheel is so easy and fascinating that, upon the first trial, she was surprised at the freedom of locomotion.

Long confinement gave a zest to the pleasure of independent traveling. The consequence was, from a housed invalid only a few days elapsed

before she could ride six miles with ease. In less than three months she accomplished a journey of thirty-six miles with a party of wheelmen. Her wheel is very dear to her.

Thousands of invalid women might become strong and robust through traveling alone. It is one of the most fascinating exercises; it is inexpensive compared with physicians' bills and gives desired independence of transit.

Under any circumstances one can mount her wheel on a moment's notice, requiring no change of dress save a gossamer overskirt.

To women who dislike adopting special attire for outings this is a peculiar advantage. With the rubber skirt, much worn, and with capacious pockets, she is ready for a long or short journey, and beneath can wear a walking or evening dress should she desire.

When there are good roads tricycling must become a favorite exercise for women. The sick may be made well, the weak strong, and those already well become enduring.

The coming woman must have robust health, and, to attain this, there is no better way than by outdoor exercise and recreation.—ALICE R. STOCKTON, *In Health and Home.*

[Written for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.]
LAST OUT-DOOR RIDE OF THE YEAR.

BY T. W. E.

As he mounts his steed there's a tear in his eye,
If questioned the reason, could scarce make reply.
Ah, no, but the north wind will shout it with glee
Through the leafless branches of each waving tree—
The last ride!

Like keen cutting sword is the touch of the air,
As the rider bends forward to greater speed dare;
Undaunted, the urged wheel its best effort puts forth,
And defies for the nonce the cold wind of the north—
The last ride!

Now, as hard as the heart of Iceland's storm-king,
The ground he rides over, like bird on the wing;
But the tear in his eye has fallen long since
This threat is unheard, and he feels like a prince—
The last ride!

Well know ye all, riders of this flying steed,
However cast down, it will brighten, indeed,
And thorns at starting will soon turn into flowers
Cov'ring ought that's unpleasant where it still cowers—
The last ride!

But the rider returns, and looks at the sky,
It is clouded in part, yet he knows not why,
As he stables th' steed with its muscles of steel,
And seeks indoor comforts, thus strange he should feel—
The last ride!

The morrow explains, as warm rays of the sun,
Not on turf, but broad fields of snow fall upon,
And Nature advises that winter is here,
And closes her realms until early next year—
The last ride!

ROW(E)ING STANZAS.

BY T. W. E.

"Row, boys, row!"
The sailor's hearty song;
"Row(e), boys, Row(e)!"
Sung by the cycling throng;
"Row(e), boys, Row(e)!"
Again and yet again—
Applause for records broken,
Or duties on the main.
"Row(e), boys, Row(e)!"
Old records fast give way;
"Row(e), boys, Row(e)!"
With greater speed to-day;
"Row(e), boys, Row(e)!"
Under the standard new,
And serenade the chieftain
Who bears it now o'er you!

OCTOBER WHEEL TO ASHLAND CITY

OF THE NASHVILLE BICYCLE CLUB.

Who knows of a joy,
With the least alloy,
More pleasant than riding a "bike"?
I can think of none
When the day's work's done,
Than spinning along a good pike.

I have in my mind,
One day just at nine,
On a morning bright, cool and clear,
When a squad of four
At the club-room door
Were debating which way to steer.

We then did agree
To Ashland City
We would wheel, and have a fine time;
The road can't be beat,
For there's not a street
In our city that's half so fine.

There was "Fifty-three"
And gay "Boman D.",
All ready to start, were on fire,
Also "Russia V.,"
But for "Burros B."

We must wait till he fastened his tire.

Then away we go,
At first somewhat slow,
Till over the ferry we've passed,
When "Rus" takes the lead,
And sets a good speed,
Which "Burros" thinks rather too fast.

Through valleys, o'er hills,
Past creeks and past rills,
The scenery is charming, sublime—
We wind round a bluff,
Which, frowning and gruff,
Reminds me of scenes on the Rhine.

Gaze yon to the right,
Almost out of sight
The hill-top is kissing the skies,
While down 'neath our feet
Lie great ravines deep,
Yet forward my trusty wheel flies.

Slow up! It is rough
Around this great bluff—
But look! What a beautiful scene;
Below slowly flows,
As onward it goes,
The Cumberland, calm and serene.

Anon without grade,
Through woods dense with shade,
The road winds its serpentine way,
Oh! what pure delight,
Rolling 'long the pike
This beautiful October day.

Dismount! here's a spring,
And your cups here bring
To quaff Nature's drink without fear.
Mount! o'er bars your feet,
Coast a hill, ford a creek,
Whose waters are bright and clear.

But look! Goodness sake!
Ed's wheel without "rake,"
Has taken a notion to stop,
When over the bar
He shoots like a star,
On the banks of the creek "kerflop."

Again onward speed,
For by watch I read
The time for our dinner draws near.
Once more down a hill,
By Tyson's big mill,
Behold! Ashland City is here.

But see, here comes "Jo,"
All in a great blow,
From Nashville in two and a half hours;
His face is aflush,
He came in a rush,
On that small club Safety of "ours."

Dinner over, we seek
Ashland's poet to meet,
For he is a man good and kind;
We lie on the grass
And some hours pass,
While he recites us many a rhyme.

Vet now it strikes three,
Away we must be,
The ferry, you know, early stops;
Ere ten you've counted,
Five wheelmen mounted,
Are off for the "City of Rocks."

Away fast they flew,
Nought of danger knew,
Spinning homeward along the pike,
Past cliffs, over bridges,
Through valleys, up ridges,
They seemed to be demons on bikes.

Hear "Burros B." cry:
"I shall surely die,
If we do not stop for water;"
But, with faces red,
Still faster we sped,
And he thought that we hadn't ought to.

At exactly five,
Three wheelmen, alive,
Arrived at the Hydes Ferryboat,
Then in a short time
Came two left behind,
Cross the river we then did float.

But stop. I forgot
To say that John Luck,
And Clarence, a real good fellow,
Came out to White's Creek
These cyclists to meet,
And take them to Trichler's dark cellar.

Up the rugged banks
Push safety and cranks—
We mounted the bikes when on top—
The boys in a row
"Long a bypath go,
And at Trichler's door-step we stop.

The gang all went in
And laid down the "tin"
For ginger pop, soda and beer;
Each man drank his fill,
And with hearty good will
Gave thanks for this inward cheer.

Then off in a jiffy
Seven wheeled for the city—
We put in some excellent licks.
Then into my room
I fell in a swoon,
Exactly one minute past six.

"FIFTY-THREE."

◆◆◆ A PICTURE OF NORMANDY. ◆◆◆

Thomas Stevens, who has traversed over a third of the distance round the globe on a bicycle, thus writes of the Normandy peasants and their villages, in *Outing* for October:

"Fine roads continue, and between Gaillon and Vernon one can see the splendid highway, smooth, straight, and broad, stretching ahead for miles between rows of stately poplars, forming magnificent avenues that add not a little to the natural loveliness of the country. Noble chateaus appear here and there, oftentimes situated upon the bluffs of the Seine, and forming the background to a long avenue of chestnuts, maples, or poplars, running at right angles to the main road and principal avenue. The well-known thriftiness of the French peasantry is noticeable on every hand, and particularly away off to the left yonder, where their small, well-cultivated farms make the sloping bluffs resemble huge log-cabin quilts in the distance. Another glaring and unmistakable evidence of the Normandy

peasant's thriftiness is the remarkable number of patches they manage to distribute over the surface of their pantaloons, every peasant hereabouts averaging twenty patches, more or less, of all shapes and sizes. When the British or United States governments impose any additional taxation on the people, the people grumbly declare they won't put up with it, and then go ahead and pay it; but when the Chamber of Deputies at Paris turns on the financial thumbscrew a little tighter, the French peasant simply puts yet another patch on the seat of his pantaloons, and smilingly hands over the difference between the patch and the new pair he intended to purchase! Every few miles my road leads through the long, straggling street of a village, every building in which is of solid stone, and looks at least a thousand years old; whilst at many cross-roads among the fields, and in all manner of unexpected nooks and corners of the villages, crucifixes are erected to accommodate the devotionally inclined. Most of the streets of these interior villages are paved with square stones which the wear and tear of centuries have generally rendered too rough for the bicycle; but occasionally one is rideable, and the astonishment of the inhabitants as I wheel leisurely through, whistling the solemn strains of 'Roll, Jordan, roll,' is really quite amusing. Every village of any size boasts a church, that for fineness of architecture and apparent costliness of construction looks out of all proportion to the straggling street of shapeless structures that it overtops. Everything here seems built as though intended to last forever, it being no unusual sight to see a ridiculously small piece of ground surrounded by a stone wall built as though to resist a bombardment; an inclosure that must have cost more to erect than fifty crops off the inclosed space could repay."

FROM THE DRAISINE TO THE BICYCLE.

In the year 1816 Baron von Drais constructed a curious vehicle, consisting of two wheels of equal size, placed one in front of the other and connected by a bar on which was a small seat. The rider sat astride the bar and propelled the vehicle by striking his feet against the ground. This machine, very simple in mechanism, was named the Draisine, and was the progenitor of the modern bicycle. In 1818 this contrivance was introduced to use in England, and the year following made its appearance in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and was for a time quite popular. Yankee ingenuity, however, set to work to overcome the chief inconvenience of this, and the three and four wheel velocipedes with treadle attachments came into vogue.

In 1863 a Frenchman applied cranks to the fore wheel of the Draisine, having discovered that a certain speed would maintain the equilibrium of the two-wheeler, and in 1866 further improvements were effected, the new machine being introduced into New York. It received little or no attention until 1868, when a sudden popularity honored it, and everybody began to use it. The "bone-shaker," as it was called, raged for something more than a year, when it was as summarily abandoned as it had been enthusiastically taken up.

Some English mechanics continued to work upon the plan, however, and in 1876 the first approved bicycle was imported, and put on exhibition at our Centennial fair. In 1878 the first

American company for the manufacture of bicycles was organized, and the traffic in these articles has since increased so steadily that no less than 6,000 were manufactured and sold in this country last year, and it was estimated that there were then 30,000 in use in the United States, exclusive of boys' machines. The manufacture this year will be much larger, the constantly growing popularity of the bicycle annually increasing the demand.

When one remembers how violent was the prejudice to be overcome, what ridicule fell upon the riders, how contemptuously the staid and dignified members of a community looked upon the daring owners of a "snob's running gear," the triumph of the bicycle has been phenomenal. Compared with the original Draisine, the modern bicycle is a marvel of mechanical beauty, light and artistic, yet strong and durable, as delicately put together and as highly polished as the internal organism of a watch, and yet as substantial as the memorable one-hoss shay. Nevertheless, such is the fastidiousness of the expert wheelmen and the increasing respect among all classes, the manufacturers are kept busy with improvements, additions, alterations, and embellishments, so that now the bicycle proudly exhibited in 1876 looks a sorry sight when ranged beside the latest thing in wheels.

That which has done more than anything else to popularize the bicycle was its adoption into sporting service. Bicycling has become a sportsman's pastime, and a royal sport it is. It is but little short of horseback riding as an effective exercise, and is quite as graceful and gentlemanly. It is a matter of pride now to possess a first-class bicycle and ride it well, and the gentleman fortunate in both unconsciously puts on an air of lordly superiority when he leaps into the saddle of his delicately wrought steel steed, and goes swiftly and noiselessly down the avenue or along the country road.

As an adjunct of recreating hours, as an ally of the goddess of health, this beautiful machine is of the highest importance, and as no small amount of skill may be displayed in its management, it strongly appeals to those joyous, buoyant, hearty instincts that so universally distinguish the true sportsman. That which is genuinely beneficial in the domain of grateful exercise can be converted to practical uses always. It was a most natural result of the artistic, the sporting success of the bicycle that it should become a favorite with busy people, and with those who have a desire to take long runs in an independent fashion. Merchants frequently prefer the bicycle to the easy indolence of the cushioned carriage, and spin down town astride their gleaming machines with a thrill of ecstatic enjoyment that sends the blood dancing through their veins, and gives them stamina for the cares of the business day.

There is nothing finer for professional men of sedentary habits than an early morning spurt on top of a bicycle, a fact being found out very rapidly by clergymen, professors, lawyers, physicians, and even by those confirmed skeptics and cynics of the world, newspaper editors. In 1868 the velocipede became a rage, and quickly was discarded because its usefulness was never taken into account. It was a plaything merely. But in this period the bicycle is getting more and more surely a permanent place among wheeled carriers, because its utility has been demonstrated superior even to its entertainment. It is no longer an experiment. Like the locomotive it has become indispensable, and it is in no more danger of being relegated to

neglect than is the iron horse that rules the world's destiny. The time may come when a man without a bicycle will be looked upon as pitifully as the wretch who shivers in midwinter without an overcoat. It is the hobby of the future which every one able will ride. It deserves the distinction. It belongs by right to the nineteenth century, the cycle of rapid motion, for it inspires time-saving in speed—and there must be speed for success in this day.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE CYCLIST'S SEASONS.

BY T. W. E.

"Spring" in the saddle and away
A test of steel and mettle,
Brightness of thought reflects the day
Life in the air and pedal.

"Summer" is like to smiling hope
While training the forces
To meet and favorably cope
With heroes of the courses.

"Fall," time-emblem of learning,
For many an one it gives you
Ere prowess sets the wheel a-turning
To records that outlive you.

"Winter" a place claims on the list,
A time for toast and story;
Repeating honors won and missed
And hopes of next year's glory.

1885

Quickly the year has passed and to our city fair
Our Englishmen have come again their honors here to share;
The name of Howell, Burnham, Prince, and Wood
Will never be forgotten, we would not if we could.

Again our noble president with his customary grace
Has regulated the bureau to keep a smiling face;
For wheelmen and the people he carries such a charm
That everything is well arranged to keep us all from harm.

The silent steed, the bicycle, still noiseless and so neat,
The merry hum of voices we meet on every street,
The surging crowds that gather to discuss the evening news
All vote with one accord the tournament they choose.

Our Springfield boy comes to the front with modest grace,
And another year has added new charm to form and face;
Long live our noble Hendee, the champion we choose,
And take it for the best if the races he did lose.

For accidents will happen, whether caused by pebble or by
stone,
And we know the future training brings reward at home;
Life is full of joy and sorrow on the wheel and off,
And never mind, my boys, if the handle-bar comes off.

So we close, full of best wishes for all the boys at home
And for the English wheelmen who far away did roam,
And they carry back their prizes rich with hard earned toil
And keep the wheel still moving on Briton's English soil.

Good bye, Mr. Ducker, come again next year
Wearing still your smiling face all our hearts to cheer;
You have given to the city for the year of 85
Boys and bicycles enough to keep us yet a little while alive.

MATTIE.

Honest men are never doubtful of the honesty of others. It is the rogue who forever watches with a distrustful eye. Respectfully dedicated to the British cycling press.

* * * * *

The records will stand, whether the *Cyclist* and *Wheel Life* accept them or not, and they will have to recognize that fact. Two reasons account for their contortions—dislike at seeing the English books swept clean of world's records, and jealousy because the English contingent was chaperoned by a rival editor.—*American Wheelman.*

THE FIRST BICYCLE.

In the year 1818 there lived in a small village on the south coast of England a poor, hard working man, known by the name of Dennis Johnson. No one knew anything of him but as a fellow workman in the factory some miles off, to which most of the men of the village bent their steps every morning. Little did any neighbor dream that this poor man was to become the father of a sport that will exist as long as the world lasts.

Dennis was a very retiring man, seldom going abroad, save on Sunday, when he regularly attended the parish church, accompanied by his sister, who was to him wife, housekeeper, and everything else combined. They resided together, these two, and there was a mighty brain concealed underneath the brown hair, and the brother was proud of his clever sister, as indeed he might be.

For many years Dennis had trudged his way to and from the distant works, and for many years he and his sister had puzzled their brains for some means of performing the journey with greater comfort to the workman. "There is a way," Dennis would exclaim, "there is a way of overcoming the difficulty." And so there was, but like every other way in this world it had to be found out.

Dennis knew that wheels would have to form part of his invention. This part was all easy enough. Who ever invented any scheme of self-propulsion in which wheels were not concerned? Perhaps the scheme might have been brought to a happy conclusion long before, but the great drawback to Dennis's progress was the want of funds. How many useful inventions have been stopped and forever abandoned through the same want!

At length Dennis and his sister were of the opinion that with the necessary money they could complete their labor. The idea, they thought, was complete. Many years had been occupied in the completion, but at last the end had come, as an end does come to every undertaking on this earth.

Strengthened by the thought of success, supported by the encouragement of his sister, Dennis made bold to explain his idea to his employer, and beg of him the necessary funds.

How his heart palpitated as he went through this trying ordeal, and how a leaden weight seemed to be pressed suddenly on his spirits, who can tell, when his master scornfully laughed at the ingenious invention, refused his help and jeeringly told his servant to return to the bench and not trouble his plebeian mind with ideas fit only for men in higher stations of life!

But how often, indeed, if necessary inventions and improvements were left to men of higher station, would the same benefits lie utterly untouched and unthought of! It is the pressing hand of poverty that sharpens men's wits, and causes them to invent ways of obtaining the necessary means of subsistence. How much we owe to the brains of poor men, who can tell!

Dennis returned home in the evening very disconsolate, and the efforts of his sister to cheer him up were not successful. However, he determined not to be discouraged. Perhaps he had a vague glimpse of the great future of his idea. "Where there's a will there's a way," and so it proved in this case. By hard work on both his part and that of his sister the amount needed was acquired; never beat a more joyful heart in human bosom than when Dennis was able to

purchase the materials to commence his daring scheme.

Many months had passed—months of hard work at the machine which was to do such wonders—and now it stood almost ready for the first trial. What a strange monster it looked. Two clumsy, heavy wheels (such as now we place on wheelbarrows) connected by an iron band fitting into a fork rising from each wheel. On the top was perched a narrow seat, which promised great discomfort to the enterprising traveler. A cross-beam in front for the purpose of securing the position of the rider, completed the description of the steed on which Dennis proposed to perform his daily journey. I must not forget, however, the carved figure-head that he had placed on the front of the machine, giving it the appearance of some deformed monster possessed of a novel and mysterious means of locomotion.

Such an article, in this day of graceful symmetry and outline, would be an object of curiosity and contempt, but to Dennis it was the most handsome and graceful invention ever produced.

With what mingled feelings of joy and triumph the mechanic and his sister gazed upon the result of their ideas. There it was, complete at last, but would it be successful in practice? That remained to be proved. It was arranged that the first trial should be made under the friendly shade of night. Dread of failure prompted this. Dennis could not bear that his neighbors should be witnesses of his discomfiture if the attempt was not successful.

Night at length came, and, leading forth his strange steed, he prepared to mount.

There were no riding schools in those days, or our friend Dennis might have had a lesson before commencing his feat. The danger, however, was not nearly so great or the difficulty either, as the means Dennis had provided for locomotion consisted in placing the ends of his feet on the ground, and thus propelling the unorthodox turn-out along.

I need not stop to explain the varying successes of our friend in the art; suffice it to say that he did obtain proficiency, and was able to save much time and labor by the use of the invention.

Many were the jeers he received from his fellow-workmen, but of these he wisely took no notice, knowing well the taunts proceeded from men, who, not having the machine, were eager for its destruction, but who would willingly have become its master had the chance offered.

Almost every evening saw Dennis and his favorite wending their way along the roads, and many were the miles the two got over in the course of a week. One evening, on returning from one of these journeys, passing near the well-known works where Dennis was employed, he perceived a column of smoke arising from the building. Immediately afterwards cries proceeded from within, and dashing up, Dennis perceived the men who were left in charge hastening towards the gate, crying out at the top of their voices. Help was needed, but the nearest available was the village at which Dennis resided, and where most of the men employed lived. This, then, must be the place to seek help. Turning the steed's head towards home, he started at the top of his speed, promising to obtain help as soon as possible. Over the road sped the clumsy machine, causing the dust to

rise in clouds behind the impetuous rider; now hastening down hill at a break-neck speed, now climbing with difficulty a steep incline, but at length sweeping down into the village with an overwhelming power, attained from the descent of a steep hill.

The alarm was soon raised. Men hurried on their clothes and hastened away to the scene of the fire, well knowing their means of sustenance depended on the flames being kept under. Meanwhile, Dennis had bowed away to another village, some distance off, and was busy arousing the drowsy villagers from their slumbers, and requesting their help. Once more mounting, he retraced his steps, and arrived at the burning building in time to lend a helping hand; and by good fortune, with the help of all the people who collected, the flames were subdued and the building saved.

Many were the acclamations of joy that resounded on the night air, and by general consent Dennis was looked upon as the cause of their success. The owner, hurriedly roused from his sleep, pressed forward to thank our inventor, and apologized deeply for the slight he had cast upon Dennis. Feelings of emotion rose up in the poor mechanic's heart, and he loved the unsightly mass of wood and metal that had done such good service, more than ever.

I need not relate the events that followed. No longer was Dennis the poor workman; his machine brought him fame and honor. Nobles of the land became possessed of his invention, and Dennis Johnson's name was in every mouth. Who can describe the pleasure and happiness of this man and his worthy sister, who, after so many years of poverty, were thus raised to affluence and wealth?

Time has rolled along since then. Generations have come and gone, but still the invention of this great, though poor, man lives on, and, although he has long since passed away, the memorial of his merit stands to-day in the graceful bicycles that pass along our highways; and, although vastly different, vastly improved, these same beautiful productions are the result of the thought and ingenuity of our hero and his sister, and to them we must, in justice, grant the honor of being the parents of a recreation which, as I have said before, will never cease while the world exists.—*Wheel World.*

STAR vs. CRANK.

EXPERIENCES OF TWO WHEELMEN, BOTH OF WHOM SEE STARS.

Friday afternoon two of the Elizabeth Wheelmen, a Star and a crank, started on a run up the Hudson. After nearly two hours of extreme agony, endeavoring to keep two machines on the platform of one crowded horse car, Central Park was reached and happiness was with them. The run to Macomb's Dam bridge was extremely delightful—under a 120° sun with no shade. After refreshments, away they rolled for King's Bridge, bound to make a record. The steep hill on King's Bridge road was in their favor, or rather, as it afterward proved, in favor of Star alone, for a signal on crank's whistle soon made known that crank had lost his equilibrium, and, according to scientific principles, taken a "header." Alas, for the record. Bent handle-bar and a sprained wrist was now the tune for crank, while Star declares he ran at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and had a fine

coast. The run to Yonkers was fine, beautiful roads, grand scenery, some bad hills to climb, and in return some fine ones to coast. At Yonkers they had twelve miles to Tarrytown, mostly up hill. The distance must be covered in an hour, to enable them to catch the last boat to Nyack. Again they flew like Pegasus on wheels. Here they discovered three Hudson county men ahead of them, and like true E. W. overtook and left them in the dim distance. Here crank had the laugh on Star, who tried to run down a post by the road while coasting. Star for a moment, as if by magic, transformed itself into a thousand or more of its own kind, and as soon took on its old shape entirely—minus a little nickel. On they went down the hill into Tarrytown like mad men to find that the steamer had gone. Here they had an opportunity to tarry a little. Evening was well advanced ere they found a boatman willing to row them and their machines over the river to Nyack, a distance of three miles. From Nyack the wheelmen had a run in the darkness over unknown roads, to Grand View, their destination. Happiness was with them again on the Fourth, lovely rides, a sail with a party of fifty in a steam launch, dinner with the Fourth of July Club on a yacht, an hour or so with the fair sex, who were highly pleased with the E. W. uniform. The cordial welcome by the ladies, yachtsmen, and the Rockland County Wheelmen, left a very pleasant impression with the E. W. The return was made by rail *via* New Jersey Northern Railroad. Star is hoarse, effect of explaining the ratchet movement, while crank enjoys his natural voice, and can even laugh a little.

Gayly the bicycler
Glides o'er the tar,
Like a demi-god olden
Astride of a star.

His girl at the casement sits
Watching his pranks,
While Sally, the cook, cries, "My!
Look at them shanks!"

E. W.

INTO PERSIA ON A BICYCLE.

[Thomas Stevens, the American, who started from San Francisco to go around the world on a bicycle, has reached Tabreez, Persia. The following interesting letter, which we are allowed to use in advance of its publication in *Outing*, details some of the rider's experiences in passing through the almost trackless wastes of Asia.]

I reached Tabreez yesterday, September 18, after a journey of 389 miles, as registered by cyclometer, from Erzeroum, the point from which I last wrote. Thus far my experience in Persia has proved even more novel and interesting than in Asiatic Turkey; and, leaving out, of course, the question of literary merit, I have no hesitation in saying that the series of papers, descriptive of this part of the journey, will prove a real treat to the readers of the magazine, and more novel and entertaining than either the American portion published last spring, or those on the European part of the tour now appearing. On the route from Erzeroum here, I passed close to the foot of Mt. Ararat. I have been honored and entertained by Khans, and have slept and partaken of hospitality in the famous "black tents" of wild Kurds, against which these same Khans had warned me to beware. Nobody thinks of traveling without guards in this country, but I have ventured alone anywhere and everywhere, and have so far escaped serious molestation;

though I have several times had to display my revolver. I find the Persians excessively inquisitive,—worse than anything alleged against the Americans,—and it is an everyday occurrence for me to race away from howling mobs of villagers, who insist on detaining me until the Khan of the village and every individual of them has seen me ride, and inspected the bicycle. It is a great wonder the bicycle hasn't become disabled long since, for I am literally compelled to mount and, at least, attempt to ride in all sorts of impossible places before the people will consent to my departure; and often the only way I can convince them of the impossibility of complying with their demands, is to convince them with the revolver; however, I haven't had occasion, so far, to so much as tighten a spoke in the wheel, everything about it being in perfect order, except that the rubber tire of the small wheel is getting worn down. Everybody goes armed here; but I have so far managed to avoid serious trouble,—the mere sight of the six-shooter being sufficient to scatter them like so many sheep. These people do not mean harm, simply wishing to satisfy their curiosity; but frequently it is impossible to ride at the place, and they will not take "no" for an answer. On the other hand, they are very kind and hospitable, sometimes refusing to accept any payment whatever for such accommodation as they can afford. I have found the country less mountainous in Persia than in Asia Minor, but there is a total absence of wheeled vehicles, and consequently of wagon-roads. The great camel-caravan routes afford a greater proportion of ridable pathway, however, than I anticipated, enabling me to do fifty miles a day between Ilai and Tabreez, besides going at least ten miles out of my direct course to reach a village for the night. The distance traversed from Ismidt to Tabreez is 1,202 miles,—300 of which is Turkish measurement by post hours, between Bei Bazaar, where my cyclometer pin was broken, and Sivas, where I had it repaired again; and the remainder actual measurement by cyclometer. It is somewhere near 400 miles from here to Teheran, where I shall have to remain for the winter; and as there is no particular hurry I shall probably accept the invitation of Mr. Abbott, the English Consul here, and Messrs. Oldfather and Whipple, the American missionaries, to remain for a couple of days. The journey to Teheran will probably occupy about ten days, more or less, according as I find the roads. On the way I pass through Miana, the place celebrated for the poisonous bug, whose bite brings on violent fever. I understand that these insects are only in the houses, consequently shall either contrive to pass through the district during the daytime, or sleep out in the open.

Through Asia Minor, from Sivas to Erzeroum, there are well-defined caravan routes from one important town to another, but the mountain trails are the most abrupt I ever traversed; in this respect they are much more difficult to overcome with the bicycle than anything I experienced in the Rockies, where the ascents are comparatively gradual. Often these mountain trails are churned up by the feet of the pack animals that have traversed them all through the rainless summer months until several inches of loose material cover the surface, and this, in addition to the steepness, makes it impossible to ascend save by pushing the bicycle ahead with rear wheel aloft like ascending a pair of stairs; sometimes I have this highly interesting task to accomplish for miles

at a stretch; but in the valleys there is invariably found a good average proportion of ridable road, and the last forty miles of my road to Erzeroum, traversed in half a day, was a macadam road, part of the great Trebizond and Persian caravan route. From Sivas to Erzeroum the cyclometer registered 308 miles, and in spite of mountains and bridgeless streams I averaged over forty miles a day. Perhaps I should not average quite so much, but it is only at these distant points where one can experience the luxury of listening to, and conversing in, his own mother tongue, and what is perhaps quite as important, where anything like what Americans call a "square meal" is obtainable, hence the inducement to worry along as rapidly as possible. The ordinary mode of traveling in this country, by people in anything like comfortable circumstances, is to go on horseback with a guard of *zaptiehs*, and extra horses and attendants carrying bedding, tent, cases of provisions, etc.; for the villagers are the most poverty-stricken people imaginable, and the accommodation obtainable from them is something to shrink from, so that it is not easy for an inexperienced person to imagine what a fellow carrying none of these things, but trusting entirely to whatever may turn up from one hour to another, has to endure.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS STEVENS.

UNCALLED FOR CRITICISM.

One of the English wheel publications, the *Cyclist*, which has always been considered one of the fairest, has been using some very uncalled-for language in regard to the records made at Springfield and Hartford, and in its language are found such words as "impossible," "screw loose," "wrong." Had that paper emulated the example of its enterprising neighbor, *Wheeling*, it would have sent a representative here. That gentleman was perfectly convinced of the perfection of the arrangements here; of the matchless track, the unexcelled field of riders, the experienced timers. Never in the world was there ever such an incentive for fast work given, and the results have been shown to have been far inferior to what they might have been. The American watches come in for the greatest caviling, but no better men ever held a watch, and in this country three men hold watches in a race where there is but one official time-keeper in England. And more! Watches held in the grand stand at Springfield in the presence of the writer, tallied almost to the fraction of a second in every race with that of the official time-keepers, and in several instances made the time a trifle less. One has yet to hear of a single English or American rider in condemnation or criticism of the way the timing was done here. There was no screw loose, nor was there anything wrong, and where the obvious impossibility came in, no one knows! The simple facts are that America has begun to learn something about tracks and riders, and how to attract such a field of entries as never entered for races before.—*Boston Herald*.

As to their arguments they lack both logic and decency, and should be treated with the contempt they merit. I had the pleasure of acting as Mr. Bassett's timer on the second day of the meet, and knowing that my own watch was correctly regulated, I take the most unequivocal satisfaction in telling the author of the "caring for" insinuations that he lies.—*American Wheelman*.

STRAIGHTAWAY FOR FORTY DAYS.*

Physically, a man is apt to be at his best during the ten years which bring him to middle-age at thirty-five. Of his possible seven decades, that is distinctively the one during which, under normal conditions, his average health and vigor will most nearly approach the ideal standard. Health may not always ensure happiness, but it is certainly a chief condition thereof; and whoever puts it in peril by continuous overwork during those "ten healthiest years," with the idea of thus winning leisure in which to enjoy himself later, seems to me to act foolishly. "As we journey through life, let us live by the way," is a maxim that has ever been to me a sufficient excuse for "going slow" and making the most of the pleasures of the passing hour. These theories I have often advanced against Philistine acquaintances, whose all-absorbing efforts to "get on" forced an indefinite postponement of all thoughts of pleasuring, and I have warned them that the bodily machine tends to run less and less smoothly when once it reaches the down-grade, beginning at the half-way point on its appointed course. It was somewhat exasperating, nevertheless, to have the truth of this physical law so promptly demonstrated upon my own person; but my thirty-sixth year was not allowed to end without bringing to me an attack of illness,—for the first time since my childhood. But within three weeks after this brief prostration by malarial fever, I started to wheel 400 miles, and no reminder of the fever kept me company during that pleasant autumn journey; but reminders of it did come to me several times during the following winter and spring, and gave a grim plausibility to the theory which an acquaintance kindly propounded for my encouragement. "That sort of fever," he said, "never really leaves a man whom it has once got hold of; and though it may apparently be banished by quinine, and may be kept out of sight for a long time, by leading an easy life with an abundance of out-door exercise, it still lurks in the system and is likely to show itself again, under stress of any unusual exposure or overwork." This cheering generalization from an individual experience was denied by a medicine-man whom I consulted (at about the middle of May, when I was so thoroughly "run down" as to despair of improvement from any further persistence in my let-alone policy), for he insisted that such disease might be eradicated as completely as any other, if proper treatment were submitted to. In deference to my expressed scepticism as to the possibility of conferring any permanent advantage on the human body by the swallowing of "medicine," his advice was that I refrain during the summer from any great exertion or activity, either physical or mental, and "exchange the city for some quiet country place, free from any suspicion of malaria." I assured him in reply that the only

locality of that description which I believed to exist in America was the saddle of a bicycle whose tires were in the act of marking a straightaway trail. Hence, it was "by a physician's advice," though not by his consent or approval, that I indulged in wheeling "straightaway for forty days."

My journey of 72m. across the hills of New Jersey on the 5th of May, 1884, completed a year's record of 4,337m., which I wheeled with the definite purpose of regaining and preserving health and strength enough for the production of this book. The condition I was in at the beginning of that twelve months' mileage may be shown by quoting what I've said in a previous chapter concerning my ride of May 5, 1883: "Even after two days' rest at my friend's house, I felt so weak and ill when I started, at 9 o'clock in the morning, that I feared I might not be able to stay in the saddle. Once mounted, my vigor returned somewhat, and though the heat proved to be intense, I succeeded in grinding off 23m., ending at 7 p. m." Between then and the 22d of September, when I shipped my bicycle from Springfield to Detroit, I mounted on 49 days out of the possible 109, and rode 1,415m., in New York, Massachusetts, Maine, New Brunswick, Connecticut, Nova Scotia and Rhode Island. By this time I had sweat enough while on the wheel to effect a cure of the malarial sweats which had occasionally afflicted me at night; and I had regained my weight, and felt about in my normal condition. It appeared to me best, however, to clinch matters, and lessen the chances of any relapse, by staying a while longer in the only American locality known to be "free from malaria,"—namely, the Perch of Pigskin. While the preservation of health was thus the main excuse for my determination, several other motives combined to support it. In the first place, as I had decided to prepare a road-book for America, it seemed desirable that I should make a really notable exploration of its roads,—should be able to demonstrate my oft-expressed belief in their being continuously rideable for three or four times as far as the longest unbroken trail that my bicycle had ever previously marked upon them. So, too, I was curious to discover whether I could "ever get enough of" touring,—whether I should feel, at the end of 1,000m., the same eager desire for "more" which I had felt at the end of my longest previous tour, measuring only half that distance. Still further, I was inspired somewhat by the longing which oppressed the Indian chief whom Father Taylor tells about as visiting the stately Boston mansion of Abbot Lawrence: "Looking around the splendid parlor, the chief said, 'It is very good,—it is beautiful; but I,—I walk large. I go through the woods and hunting-grounds one day, and I rise up in the morning and go through them again the next day. I walk large.'"

In coming to this decision that I would make an attempt to gratify my love of out-door adventure by trying to "walk large" with the wheel, I had carefully counted the chances of roads and weather, and had made diligent study of all existing material for the selection of a route that gave promise of the largest proportion of smooth roadway. The first annual tour through Canada of the Chicago B. C., the previous July, had shown me that I could be sure of finding 300m. of such roadway between Detroit and Niagara; and an illustrated report of some Washington men's ride to the Natural Bridge (*The Wheelman*, Aug., 1883, pp. 323-331) had made me eager to try that longest and best macadamized track in the Union, which

stretches from the edge of Pennsylvania for 150m. s., through the Shenandoah Valley, to Staunton, in Virginia. My own experience had shown that a fairly rideable route might be laid s. e. from Niagara to the n. border of Pennsylvania, and I possessed a printed sketch of a New Yorker's tour in that State, from Port Jervis through Stroudsburg and Pottsville to Reading. Thus, in thinking over the wheeling allurements of these separate localities, the notion gradually took shape in my mind that it might be pleasant to combine the enjoyment of them all in a single, monumental tour, "from Michigan to Virginia." I did not feel constrained to proclaim this in the newspapers, however, nor yet to hire a brass-band and escort, as a means for securing an appropriate send-off. Indeed, I began the ride in the dead silence of the darkness which precedes daybreak (though on no other occasion have I ever mounted at so uncomfortable an hour); and the most that I confessed about my plans to any one, in advance, was a general intention of wheeling homeward towards New York, "as far as the roads and the weather might encourage me." I would not hamper myself by even so slight a constraint as a privately-expressed determination to "go through." I felt entirely free to abandon the journey at the exact point where its progress might cease to give me pleasure. However short my performance might prove to be, no one would have power to ridicule it for falling short of my promise, because I promised nothing.

My fortnight's ride in Ontario began at the Crawford House, in Windsor, opposite Detroit, Monday, October 8, 1883, at 4 a. m., and ended at the Revere House, in Prescott, opposite Ogdensburg, Sunday, October 21, at 9:30 p. m. The cyclometer registered a fraction less than 635m. during that interval (the repetitions of roadway amounting to only 12m.), or an average of 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. for each day. The bitter cold of the frosty morning following moderated rapidly after I crossed the river to Ogdensburg, and the next four days were mild and pleasant, though a slight rain fell on the second night. During these four I rode 138m., ending at Syracuse soon after noon of the 25th; and my wheel rested there nine days before I resumed the journey. As I had ridden 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ m., in the region of Detroit, on the 6th and 7th, I could now for the first time claim acquaintance with the saddle for twenty consecutive days, and my whole record was 804m. Dividing this by 19 (since my first day's ride began and my twentieth day's ended at 2 p. m.), shows an average daily mileage of 42 $\frac{1}{2}$. Having planned to make a visit of five or six days with a friend at Canandaigua, I had despatched my baggage to his house when I took train from New York; and, as bad weather caused my stay with him to be prolonged to nine days, it seems likely that my journey would have been interrupted at about this point, in any case. There was a rain storm on the night of the 26th, and the remaining days of the month were nearly all damp and cloudy, with occasional rain, which changed to snow on the evening of November 1. This first white coat of the season mostly disappeared in slush, the next day,—though traces of it lingered longer on the hill-tops,—and I resumed my ride from Syracuse on the sunshiny afternoon of the 3d. I proceeded as far as Cazenovia, 21m., and occupied 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ h. in tramping the last third of that distance through deep mud and darkness. Rain fell again during the night; and of the 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. which I traversed the following afternoon, starting

*This is to be reprinted as a part of Chapter XXII. in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (a book of American roads, 570 pp. of 370,000 words, muslin and gilt, \$1.50), to be published by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York. Those who pledge in advance will be required to pay only \$1, on receipt of the book, and their names will be printed in its appendix. The number of such subscriptions enrolled on the 26th of October was 3,230, representing a year and three-quarters of canvassing by correspondence. As the author's right hand has been disabled by overwork in this way, so that the last ten chapters will have to be written left-handedly, the book is not likely to be finished until late in December, and may not be until 1886. Meanwhile, descriptive circulars and specimen chapters ("Bermuda" and "Bone-Shaker Days") will be sent free to all who apply for them by postal card addressed as above.

at 4 o'clock, I walked the final half in the dark. Mud, resulting from the snow and rain, forced me to walk about 20m. of the 27 traversed on the 5th; and a heavy rain on the evening of the 6th made the next forenoon's ride a slow and muddy one. The air was damp and warm, but a n. wind favored me and gave promise of fair weather. This lasted only two days, however, for my journey of the 8th encountered dense mist and occasional rain drops during its final hour, ending at 10.30 P. M.; and the similar condition of drizzle which prevailed when I started on again, the next forenoon, soon gave place to a two hours' steady down-pour. On the following day I traversed 40m. ending at Port Jervis, though the rain was falling on me during at least half of the 11 h. spent upon the road. The baggage which I had despatched from Canandagua, and a month's mail-matter from New York, met me there at the Delaware House; and I halted a day to enjoy these things, and to have my new handle-bar fitted at a machine shop on Monday morning. Otherwise, I might have progressed a few miles through the mud, on that damp and drizzly Sunday, whose midnight brought a sudden change to wintry weather. Six inches of snow adorned the car-tops of the trains which came through from the west at day-break; and when I started down the Delaware at 10 o'clock, I faced a bitter-cold gale of wind and several brief snow squalls. (Severe cold, indeed, prevailed for a week, but no more rains troubled me until eleven days later, just at my journey's end, 409m. from Port Jervis.)

The sun shone at noon, when I passed through Milford, but I quickly encountered another tempest of snow; and the third big squall of the day whitened me about two hours later. Odd and interesting scenic effects were several times produced by these alternations of sunshine, clouds and snow, along the valley,—drifting off against the horizon like showers in summer. My ride of 28½m. ended just after 4 o'clock at the Maple Grove Hotel, below Bushkill. Some patches of mud had been encountered on this usually perfect track; and the mud and water froze to my wheel. Roughly frozen mud covered most of my roadway of the following forenoon, and my unprotected finger-ends grew almost numb with cold. At Stroudsburg I bought a cheap pair of thin woolen gloves, and found that my "ball-catcher's mitts" could be put on over these with perfect comfort. A biting blast confronted me at the start, next morning, and then there came a few rain drops which quickly changed into a brief gale of snow; while, at my midday passage of the bridge over the Lehigh, at Lehighton, where the sun was shining, a much more extensive snow-squall, which swept through the defile of the mountains on my right, towards Mauch Chunk, presented a charmingly wintry picture. The moon came up brightly at 5.30, that afternoon, but my course soon afterwards wound among gaps in the mountains, and its rays were shut off from me, though they lighted up the rugged cliffs on the further side of the Little Schuylkill, which was at my l. Monster icicles glistened from the great rocks, which towered above me on the r.; and the roadway, which had thawed a little at noon and then frozen solid, was too rough for safe riding even if it had been out of the shadow. The chilliness of the gale which swept through that gap seemed phenomenal in its intensity; and when I reached the United States Hotel, in Tamaqua, at 7 o'clock, I found that only a twelfth part of my 36m. record had

been made in the last 1½h. Not a bit of thawing was possible the next day, November 15, though brilliant sunshine cheered my 33m. progress, and the wind helped the latter half of it more than it hindered the first half. Such a tremendous blast was also at my back when I left Port Clinton, on the 16th, with a light layer of snow again whitening the ground, that I could not possibly have wheeled in the opposite direction; and even when it struck me sidewise, later in the day, after leaving Reading, it was an obvious hindrance. The wind was slightly adverse, also, during the 17th and 18th,—and on this latter day the intense cold definitely moderated, and the hazy sunshine gave token of that "Indian summer" which was certainly met the next forenoon when I crossed the Potomac and wheeled to Martinsburg (29m.). So mild was the air for the three final days of my tour (118m.) that I jogged through the Shenandoah Valley in my shirt-sleeves, and I sweat profusely, even then. A warm, damp breeze was in my face on the last day of all; and I had hardly more than housed myself in the Virginia Hotel, at Staunton, when the rain thus betokened began to drizzle down, as if to make a dismal boast of its power to prohibit any intended progress across the 50m. of red clay which separated the end of the pike from the Natural Bridge.

My tour ended at 5.15 P. M. of Thursday, November 22; and the registry of the cyclometer, from Syracuse, 19 days before, was 618m., or a daily average of 32½. Thus, on each side of that nine days' halting place, there was a record of exactly 20 days with the wheel, and 19 days of actual wheeling; but the first half of this historic "forty days" showed a mileage of 804 (av. 42½), and the daily average for the entire journey (1,422m., divided by 38) was thus brought up to 37½m. Deducting the several miles of repetitions at Detroit, Toronto, and Kingston, and the shorter duplications of course that happened elsewhere, I call my genuine "straightaway" trail 1,400m. This distance, if measured straight along the earth's circumference, would cover a full eighteenth thereof; and it was by far the longest which had then been made by the tire of a bicycle continuously upon American soil. I had an agreeable consciousness of this truth at the time of the performance; but I was greatly surprised when experienced English observers afterwards assured me of their belief that so long a straightaway trail had not yet been made by any European bicycler. Much longer rides have since been taken in both hemispheres, and several of them (like H. R. Goodwin's wonderful circuit of 2,054m. during the first 19 days of June, 1885) have been incomparably swifter than mine; but the simple fact of precedence in time seems likely to ensure my own monumental exploration a unique place in cycling history. It makes me laugh to think that so slow and unambitious a wheeler as myself should have held for a while "the world's record" in respect to continuous trails, merely because I happened to be the earliest of my class to push a bicycle "straightaway for forty days." Among sympathetic cyclers of the future, who may examine with curiosity their then long list of long rides, I trust the memory of this one will be "loved all the better because it was the first."

I have shown that its atmospheric hindrances were numerous, but I do not believe that the "weather probabilities" of so extended an outing could be bettered by changing the season of it. I think I chose as good a time of year as possible for

the exploration of that particular 1,400m. of territory. I should account a man very lucky who could go over it without experiencing an aggregate of discomforts at least as great as my own. The intensely cold air, which characterized my week's passage across Pennsylvania, supplied an admirable exhilaration which could not have been had in summer; and if the rains which preceded made mud, they also laid the dust and stiffened up the sand runs,—those two bane of touring in very dry weather. The rain storms indeed never once proved prohibitory to daily progress, and the happening of four of them within eight days did not prevent my fortnight in Ontario from being much the fastest one in my entire wheeling experience. I may as well confess here that one reason for such swiftness was a lack of temptations for tarrying. It was by no means an unpleasant country to ride through,—it was far less monotonous and uninteresting than a traveler by train would imagine,—but all I wanted to see of it could generally be seen well enough without leaving the saddle. There were few salient points or noble outlooks where I longed to linger. There was small sense of loss or regret in continually moving on. From Tecumseh on Lake St. Clair to Kingsville on Lake Ontario; along the shore of this for 100m. till in the region of St. Thomas, where a turn was made cross country for 50m. to Lake Huron and its shore skirted for a dozen miles to Goderich; then another inland stretch of 190m. to Toronto, and a shore road along Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence for 230m. to Prescott: such is the outline of a course that supplied me a pleasing variety of scenery, but "without prejudice" to a rapid passage through it. If the waters of the lake, in sunshine or in moonlight, made a pretty section of my horizon, I was not forced to halt in order to enjoy the spectacle. Its attractiveness was increased, rather, by the constant change implied in rapid motion. No hills worth mentioning were met for the first 100m.; and the roadway, without being absolutely straight, was a very direct one, having few abrupt turns or angles. Cleared and cultivated lands extended back from it on each side, for ½m. or ¾m., with a fringe of woods behind them, against the horizon. In the hillier, rougher and less fertile regions which I traversed later, I found similar conditions generally prevailing, in a somewhat modified form: that is, there was usually a stretch of open country near the road, with a wooded background. It seems to me that very little of my riding was "in the woods," and almost none of it in heavily-timbered forests. I think, too, that hardly any shade-trees had been planted along the wayside. Beneath the blazing sun of midsummer, therefore, a "tenderfoot" tourist through Ontario might perhaps consider its roads a trifle too much *al fresco*; but, on the whole, as I have said, to a cycler who wants the peculiar pleasure of pushing himself at a swift pace across a wide stretch of country, "Talbot Street" offers far greater attractions than any 500-m. thoroughfare in the United States.

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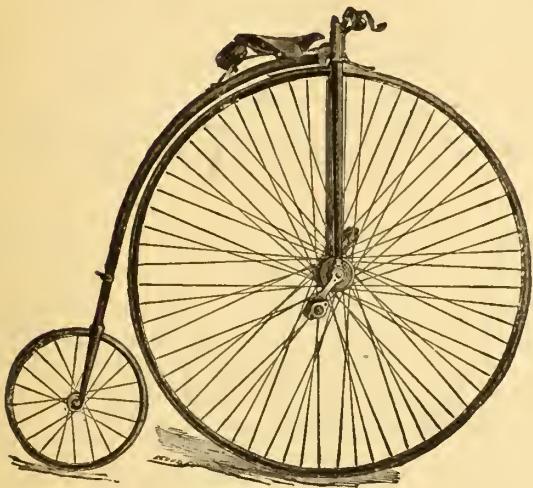
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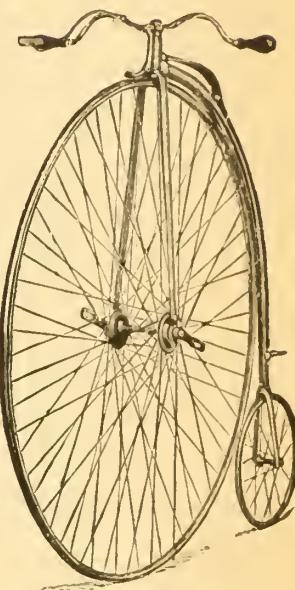
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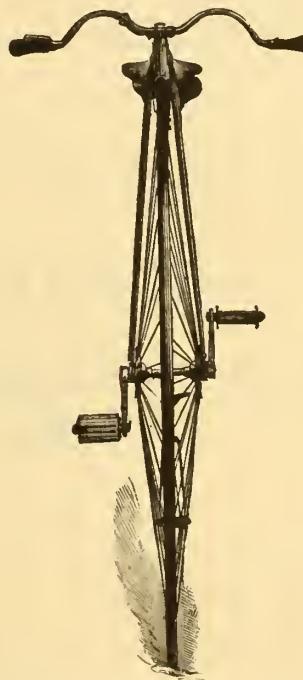


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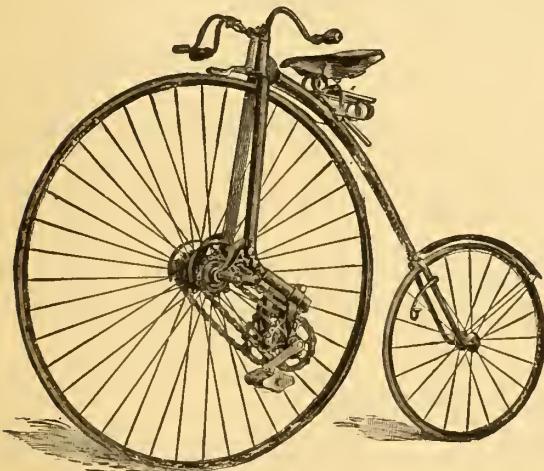
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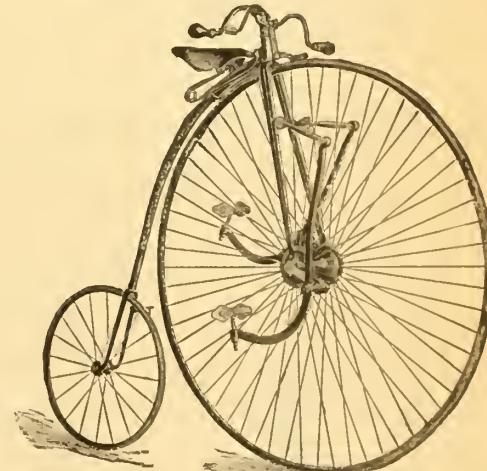
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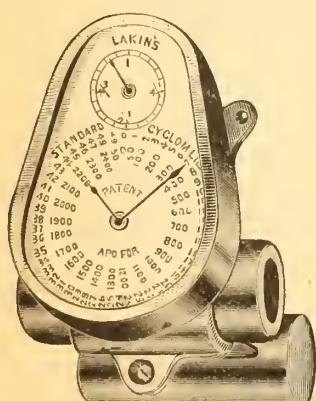
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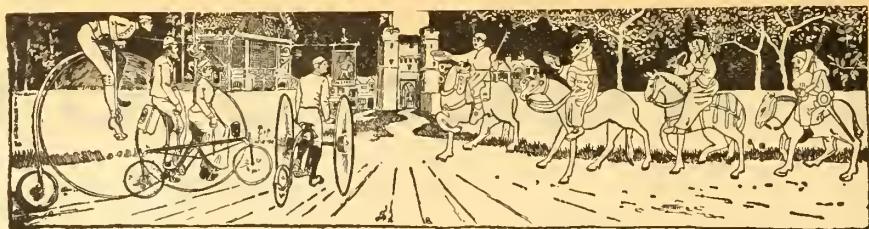


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