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According to a notice published in the "Official Gazette" of last week, the annual spring meeting of the Board of Officers will be held in New York on Monday, Feb. 23, at the Grand Union Hotel. While the motives may seem selfish, we cannot but commend the judgment of the executive officer in selecting this city as the place of meeting. From its central location it is likely to attract a larger representation than any other point that could be mentioned.

The spring meeting is as a rule the most important the League holds. Although a meeting of representatives only and necessarily limited in number, yet they are as a rule enthusiastic and hard working men, who have studied the governing policy of the organization to a greater or less extent, and who are more or less familiar with the rules. In this connection the proposed changes in these, embodied in the report of the Chairman of the Committee on Rules and Regulations, will no doubt be the chief business of the day. We trust that the Committee will see fit to publish the result of their deliberations in advance of the meeting, and thus enable the delegates to become familiar with the proposed changes, and be thus able to vote intelligently. When rule after rule is read before an open meeting it becomes monotonous, and many things slip through without argument that would otherwise be subjected to scru-

tiny and debate. In fact, the League rules have been amended and altered so often that their publication entire would be a decided benefit.

While on the subject of rules and the lack of a large attendance at Board meetings, we wish to make a little suggestion. Would it not be a good plan to allow representatives a mileage when the distance from the place of meeting exceeds fifty miles? If we should give our far away representatives a little financial aid in defraying a portion of their expenses it would result in a benefit to the organization. In that case we would do away with the rule permitting a chief consul in each State unless it had fifty members, for even at the moderate rate of one cent a mile the treasury would suffer when our Texas or California representatives presented their bills.

Perhaps the most absorbing question will be the settling of the date for the sixth annual League Meet, which we trust will be located in Buffalo. We have nothing further to offer in the shape of arguments than what has already appeared in our columns. The Buffalo men want the meet, and the League members want to go there. They have all heard of Buffalo hospitality and are anxious to let the boys entertain them. Seldom in the history of the League has a warmer welcome been extended, and few cities have begun their preparations thus early to arrange an entertainment. As we have said before, the date is of more consideration than anything else. July 2d and 3d have been chosen by the home club, and we do not hesitate to say that they are admirable for the occasion. Coming as they do when the weather is congenial, and when two holidays follow in succession, allowing ample time for the most distant to reach home, it is particularly desirable. The programme as roughly sketched provides for a business meeting on July 2d, and the parade, races, and banquet on the 3d. This will leave the 4th a holiday, to which the races could be postponed in case of inclement weather. The argument that local affairs will be neglect-

ed if these dates are selected is ridiculous and unpatriotic, as the national meet should overshadow any minor consideration and receive the first attention.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

President Beckwith's selection of New York as the place and February 23 as the date for the spring meeting of the Board of Officers, was undoubtedly the best that could have been made, and is likely to secure a large attendance. It is certainly to be hoped that there will be a good attendance of officers, for the questions to be considered are of the first importance, especially when the condition of the League is to be taken into consideration. The condition of the League at the present time is a critical one, not that the organization is not prosperous, for it is its very prosperity which makes its condition critical. One year ago it was thought by many, and not without reason, that there was a strong probability of the League going to pieces, for there was a powerful dissension among the members and the treasury was empty. Happily, however, the crisis was safely passed, and the League at once began to increase in the number of members and influence. It is now on a good firm basis, and is amply able to begin the work of being a practical benefit to its members. I don't mean to say that it has not heretofore benefited its members, but the benefits derived have not been sufficiently tangible to be appreciated by the members at large, and are not what has been promised. The firmest supporters of the League, those who have stood by it at all times, no matter what its condition, are beginning to think that it was time something was done. This is the class of members who have not in the past tried for great results, as they were clear-headed enough to understand that it takes time to accomplish these results, and were willing to wait for them; but, as I said before, they think that they have now waited long enough, and are getting impatient at the non-arrival of the "benefits."

The question then arises, What are the benefits wanted? They are many, some of a direct and others of an indirect nature, most of which have very recently been fully discussed in the several cycling journals, fairly by some and unfairly by others. All that I wish to refer to in this letter are the direct benefits coming to each member of the League, and in my opinion the chief of these are to come through the consular system, and I therefore think that the subject

of reforms in this department of the League should receive earnest attention at the coming meeting of the Board of Officers. Under the existing order of things the consuls do not accomplish the work they should, nor, in some cases, have they the authority for doing so. The consul should, as far as possible, have sole control over his district, and be held responsible for the manner in which the same are conducted. If the consul was given more authority, he would be likely to consider his position of more importance and devote more attention to it. No one should be appointed consul who is not willing to devote the necessary time for the proper discharge of his duties. This should be impressed on him when he receives his appointment, instead of being given to understand, as has not unfrequently been the case during the past, that he would have nothing much to do, and that his position was more of an honorary one than anything else. It is the duty of the consul, as far as he can, to look after any visiting wheelman, giving him every assistance in his power, and not put him off with a word or two. He should be thoroughly familiar with the rules of the League, so as to be able to furnish any information required, and should also be well up in the law regarding the use of the bicycle on the highways, and should be supplied with copies of the most important legal decisions on the subject. He should be required to use the League stencil on the roads in his district, and should prepare a schedule of the roads in his territory, making a report of the same to the chief consul. The necessity of this latter has long been felt, and it might be well for the officers to set a date at their next meeting when the consuls should be expected to have these reports prepared. If consuls could only be induced to do this, a road book could be prepared that would be of infinite benefit to all wheelmen. When the results are considered, the labor required of the different consuls is very little.

The Boston consul, Mr. A. L. Atkins, fully appreciates the necessity of action in this matter, and has set an example that should be followed by all consuls. He is about to issue a very complete road book of this city and vicinity on a somewhat novel plan. Instead of a very dry description of streets the book will be laid out in routes, all starting from Trinity square, and running all over the suburbs and adjoining towns, as far out as Salem on one side of the city, and to Natick and Wellesley

on the other. The routes will be detached, giving the right and left hand turnings to be taken, and the character of the roads as to levelness and condition of surface, on each route, so the rider can know when he can safely coast and when not. The routes will embrace all the historic spots in the vicinity of the city. Cambridge and Harvard College, Lexington and Concord, the old battle-fields of the Revolution, Newton, with its sand-papered roads; Longwood, with its shady streets and beautiful villas; Milton and Quincy, the home of the Adams family, and all the places of interest, including the pleasure resorts of the Point of Pines, Ocean Spray, Nantasket, Downer's Landing, Revere, and also all the stand-by routes of the Massachusetts and Boston Clubs. The book will fill a want long felt by local as well as visiting wheelmen. Lack of space prevents me further discussing in this letter the duties of the consuls, but I certainly hope that they will receive proper attention at the officers' meeting, and that rules will be prepared requiring the consuls to perform their duties or resign their positions.

The new board of officers of the Boston Bicycle Club will assume their duties to-morrow evening. A special meeting of the club was held last week, when twenty-two members of the club met to discuss the feasibility of changing the club's uniform. The changes suggested were the adoption of the C. T. C. uniform, with green stockings and cap, but it was decided to have the uniform remain as at present, dark green throughout. The medals given by this club to the winners of the 100-mile road race last fall are unusually fine. They are made from new dies, especially constructed for the purpose by Shreve, Crump & Low. The pendant is a cruciform silver star, bearing the Boston Club monogram in blue enamel, set upon a heavy band of old Roman gold, the whole suspended from a bar of artistic design. The active members of the Boston Club resent the insinuations cast by certain persons that the club is degenerating into a social organization to the exclusion of the bicycle, and say that it is doing nothing of the kind, nor does it intend to do so in the future, but, on the contrary, more interest is to be taken in wheeling the coming season than heretofore. The record of last year was not at all bad, for there were frequent club runs held, and the average attendance on the same was seventeen. I do not know how the record of the Massachusetts Club compared with this, as the captain's report has not yet been published.

I had the pleasure a few days since of examining the model of the Columbia tricycle. I am not at liberty at present to give a description of the machine, but will do so later on. The machine is considerably an improvement over that of last year. It appears to be nearly perfect in construction, and will undoubtedly prove the favorite tricycle for 1885.

The second annual ball of the Charlestown Bicycle Club, held last week, was a great success, even more so than that of last year. The Charlestown Club have earned an enviable reputation for the creditable manner in which they have conducted all their parties.

KARL KRON'S LETTER.

NEWS FROM BERMUDA—DR. JARVIS'S LONG TOUR—ROAD REPORTS FROM CALIFORNIA AND TENNESSEE—"X. M. MILES" STILL LACKS 606.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: I spent Sunday afternoon very pleasantly in listening to the earliest return tidings from the Bermuda tourists, as detailed to me by Mr. C. H. Lamson, of the Portland Wheel Club, known to wheelmen as inventor of the Lamson luggage-carrier, and designer of the League badge. He reached this port at noon, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, of Watkins, N. Y. The other ten members of the Elwell party (who sailed from here Jan. 22, it will be remembered) are to remain upon the islands until the next return steamer, a fortnight later. All of the men were thoroughly delighted with the charms of "the ocean paradise," and Mr. Lamson says he intends to console himself for the brevity of this first visit (which he largely devoted to the taking of "photographic groups" of the wheelmen) by indulging in a longer one next winter. The third day of the outward passage was so rough that all but two of the party were seasick, but the return voyage was unusually smooth.

The allusion which Dr. H. Jarvis makes—in his report of a Maryland trip which you printed last week—to a "straight-away ride of 1,500 miles," reminds me to send you more detailed facts concerning it. He tells me in a later letter that the ride was not a continuous one—the country between Chicago, Ill., and Fort Wayne, Ind., and between Massillon, O., and Oakland, Md.—having been traversed by rail. He wheeled from St. Paul to Chicago, from Fort Wayne to Massillon, and from Oakland home to Baltimore, by way of Hagerstown, thereby doing a distance, as I understand him, estimated at 1,500 miles, though he carried no cyclometer. "Started July 10, 1883, and was about 26 days on the trip—say 23 days of actual all day riding. My longest day's record was not less than 85 miles, though I'm sure it was nearer 95. My shortest day's record was 35 miles, on the occasion of my being stopped by a rain storm in the mountains near Deer Park, Md. On several nights I rode as late as 10 or 11 o'clock, and for two weeks of this trip I slept comfortably in my portable tent, described in my previous letter to you. As I perspire very freely, and had some very warm days to contend with, I lost weight at first, but soon regained my normal condition in that respect. I drink abundantly on the road, no matter what some riders say about 'one glass of milk being enough.' My only fall on the entire trip was near Piedmont, caused by striking a loose stone while coasting a short hill. This bent the crank into the spokes, but did no harm to myself, as I slid off sideways on to terra firma. I also broke out three spokes by catching my heel in them on three separate occasions, but had no other accidents. If I am alive in the summer and autumn of 1886, I intend then to make a continuous trail with the tire of my bicycle from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to New York city—taking a route near the lakes."

Mr. Fred T. Merrill, one of the pioneer wheelmen of the Pacific coast, in sending into me a hotel subscription from Portland, Or., (thereby raising the whole number secured for me in that

town to a round dozen, and putting it on an equality with Portland, Me.,) gives me the following facts about the earliest tour in California: "About the 1st of May, 1881, Mr. A. A. Bennett and myself rode from San Francisco to Reno over the Sierra Nevadas by way of Cape Horn. Our riding time was six days, and on the fourth day went forty miles through the snow-sheds and crossed the summit through the snow. We made the first eighty feet of the descent in a sitting-down position—using our wheels as brakes in the snow—and in ten or fifteen minutes afterward we were riding through gardens and green fields." I hand you a bit of humorous verse which he encloses in regard to "The Mystic Wheel."

A member of the Nashville Bicycle Club in sending me a couple of pledges, which increase to ten the total of that city's representation upon my list, says: "The Hardin pike offers Nashville men a fine run of a dozen miles out, and the White Creek pike is superb for thirteen miles. The Franklin pike is also kept in fine order for forty miles. We have a number of other pikes centering here, which supply good riding, except in the winter months. I am sorry the Kentucky tour of your 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle' didn't continue down our way." Mr. J. D. Talbott, secretary of the Rock City Bicycle Club, of Nashville, has agreed to send me additional reports of Tennessee roads for publication in THE WHEEL, and ultimate use in connection with my book.

The number of one-dollar men enlisted under my standard during the first week of the second year of my canvass, ending last Saturday night, was only 26, but this morning's mail has brought 10 additional pledges, swelling my present total to 2,394. "Dakota" and "Arizona" have both been added to my list during the week, but I still need patrons in Florida, Nevada, Idaho, and Indian Territory to justify my hope of having every division of the Union represented there. My "specimen chapter," the sixteen-page pamphlet on Bermuda, will not be ready for distribution before Wednesday or Thursday, and two or three weeks must elapse before a result can be reported in regard to the probable success of this plan for completing the long-drawn-out canvass for "X. M. Miles on a Bi."

KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1885.

THE MYSTIC WHEEL.

The mystic wheel, the magic wheel,
Light, graceful, staunch, and strong,
Each flying revolution doth
The rider's life prolong.
The tireless steed consumes no "feed,"
Ne'er tires nor loses beauty,
It takes no cold, doth ne'er grow old,
Nor catch the episooty.

FRED. T. MERRILL.

FROM THE CLUBS.

IXION.—At the regular annual meeting of this club, held Feb. 2, the following board of officers were elected: President, O. G. Moses; vice-president, M. G. Peoli; corresponding secretary, E. S. Robinson; recording secretary, Will Veitch; treasurer, Wm. Da Camara; captain, Will R. Pitman; first lieutenant, P. M. Harris; second lieutenant,

F. C. Ringer; governing committee, O. G. Moses, president; M. G. Peoli, vice-president; E. S. Robinson, corresponding secretary, ex-officio, and B. G. Sandford. Very truly,

E. S. ROBINSON, Cor. Sec'y.

CAPITAL CLUB.—The Capital Club celebrated their sixth anniversary by a dinner at Willard's Hotel on Saturday evening, January 31. We have received the following witty

MENU.

"Man shall not live by bread alone."—Matthew iv. 4.
[Entries close at 8 o'clock. Open to all members. Start from scratch.]

OYSTERS.

Blue points, double geared. Fluted forks.

SOUP.

Volaille au Riz l'Allemande tra la la le.

FISH.

Red Snapper, elliptical backbone, Shrimp sauce. Hollandaise Potatoes, tandem.

RELEVÉ.

Saddle of Southdown mutton, long distance. Capon braise, a la Toulouse, not too loose.*

ENTREES.

Filet de Boeuf, pique, with laced spokes. Cotelettes de Mouton, with power traps. Spring Chicken, fried, with noiseless ratchets. Quail on toast, with rat-trap pedals. Punch, a la Cardinal, Pope M'Tg Company.

GAME.

Canvas Back Duck, buckled, with Croton Waste. Venison, with Currant Jelly, shrunk on. Pool, with set-ups. Billiards, with ball-bearings

SALADS.

Lobster, narrow-tread. Chicken, with gun metal hubs. VEGETABLES.

Green Peas, dropped forged. Sweet Corn, half-nickled. Baked Mashed Potatoes, on the dead centre. Stewed Tomatoes, anti-friction.

DESSERT.

Tapioca Pudding, non-corroded sauce. Assorted Cakes, enameled and striped. Strawberry Ice Cream, on one wheel. Macaroons, invincible double section hollow rims. Fruits, sociable. Champagne Jelly, hands-off. Roquefort Cheese, hill climbing.

LIQUORS.

French Coffee. Aqua Pura, Glace a la Artesian.

*Illustrated diagrams may be had of the Committee.

Music by Schreder.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

The past week has caused a slight ripple on the surface of dull monotony of club life. Of course riding is at a discount, and the wheelmen flock to the rinks and elsewhere for evening entertainments.

The Ixion Club elected an almost entirely new board of officers, President Egan declining a re-election. Mr. Egan has done much to placing the organization on its present solid basis, and will doubtless have a monument when the occasion requires.

A new broom sweeps clean, and the management will doubtless be vigorous. The old man Pit is almost the only familiar name on the list, except his faithful lieutenant, Harris, and the invaluable treasurer, Da Camara. By the way, it is almost time to receive cards for the old one's wedding.

The Citizens Club have made a new departure and voted for a billiard table. The old prejudice that it serves to keep men from riding is greatly overshadowed by bringing them together during the winter months and swelling the treasury, a very important item.

Their second annual dinner will be held on Feb. 13, at the Grand Union Hotel, and rumor has it that mine host Ford is going to outdo himself on the menu. I am sorry to see that one of their old members, Edwin Oliver, has left them.

The second annual race meeting of the club will occur on April 17, and, like its predecessor, will be the event of the season in Gotham bicycling. I un-

derstand that there will be a tricycle handicap, and I predict more fun than fast time.

The Park Commissioners have decided to allow all competent unattached riders the privilege of the Park, and they must present themselves for examination as to ability on Friday mornings at the arsenal. About thirty badges have been given out to such, which is bringing the thing down to a basis where it should be.

Considerable interest is taken in the Big Tour in this city, and a large party will be under the leadership of Captain Bidwell, if the stock market holds out.

The advance guard of the Bermuda tourists arrived here Sunday and visited the Citizens in the evening.

I have seen some photographs of the new Spaulding bicycle, and must say that from all appearances it will push the present light machines very closely. There is room for them all, and they are welcome.

There is talk in the Citizens of changing the date of their annual meeting to the third Monday in March, instead of June. The argument is that the new officers will then have a chance to become familiar with their road work before the riding season and meets are fairly on them. Several changes are predicted in the board of management.

The opening of the New York Athletic club-house took place last evening. This magnificent building has been often described, but admission is at a premium at present, owing to the first rush of members. I understand that the opening spread, costing \$5,000, was given by the Chairman or the House Committee. A good man to have interested in a club.

X. Y. Z.

A SCARY 'CYCLER AND A THUNDER STORM.

I am a Kentuckian, and as the popular idea concerning denizens of that commonwealth is that they are impervious to fear—bold and bloodthirsty—I will not refute these pet opinions with any of my poor logic, but will venture to say that, though born and raised in the grand old border State of Clay, Beckenridge, and Crittenden, I sometimes get scared. I wish it understood that I am not a coward. I am a person of vivid imagination and high-strung nerves, consequently I become frightened sometimes, especially when the cause of the fright is a bigger man than myself—and my gun is at home on the piano—or is an unseen enemy lurking in darkness.

I think the time of all times when I was most terribly frightened was when I first commenced taking long road rides on the bicycle, after having passed the beginner's stage, and become a tolerably strong wheelist. I had competed in several races and had had my triumphs and defeats as all embryo racing men must, so finding city life in June "rather a bore," as the dude persists in remarking, I sought for pleasure with the wheel in knocking about the country to while away a day or so when time hung heavy on me. Well, this occasion upon which I got scared was when I was taking a thirty-mile run which I was partial to—not because the road was anything extra, but because of a certain person who

resided at the upper end of the run—and I will let the reader imagine that I have pulled up many valley hills, out of the depression in which the Ohio river finds its course, to the extent of eight miles.

I wheeled up to the Eight Mile House, and as I laughingly bantered the old landlord on being so slow in making my lemonade, he said:

"Never mind, young fellow, you will make up for my tardiness if you try to get into M—to-night."

It had been gathering thick in the West, but I had not noticed it particularly, for the sun was not obscured as yet, and I had been busy getting up the grades aforesaid and keeping my temper; so when the old man called my attention to the threatening aspect of the heavens, I felt a trifle apprehensive, but as there were two stopping places where hotels might be found in the next twenty-two miles of my intended run, I cheerily mounted and bidding him adieu sped onwards towards my—hum—never mind what I sped on towards.

I did not carry a lamp in those days, because I had been almost crippled by one, which came loose in the wheel and brought my countenance into uncomfortable proximity to the dark and bloody soil. So, as my cyclometer clicked off the miles towards M—, I began to think as the West grew murky that I should have brought a "glim."

Soon the sun went behind the rapidly rising cloud bank and with his smile went my cheerfulness. The air grew heavy and close, and no breeze rippled the standing crops of grain, which seemed to be strengthening themselves for a contest with the elements. My gait quickened, for I had three miles yet to cover before a settlement where shelter could be had might be reached. I glanced furtively back at the storm and I felt awe as I saw the white fringes of the clouds being blown hither and thither about its brow. Deep mutterings of distant thunder rolled and growled, and soon the wind began to sough in the trees and make the dust fly from under my now rapidly advancing wheel. If I had had company or some one to talk to I would not have felt so completely alone in the world, for every house I passed—and they were few—was closed and silent, and I had not spoken a word since I bade the landlord farewell, many miles back. I seemed to be an isolated being, flying for his life over a barren earth, so completely alone was I. The road was splendid and with only a little grade now and then. I flew along, as the wind came at me from behind and gave me a boost as you may say.

Soon a vivid flash of lightning followed by a fearful peal of thunder, startled me, and the danger of my position struck me at once. The nicked backbone of my wheel, thought I, is a temptation to the lightning, and at any moment I may be struck down dead with a bolt from heaven.

The flashes increased in frequency, and I, seeing no shelter but trees, resolved to make the next two miles at a high speed, and run the risk of being struck or drenched with rain, which I was sure would soon be upon me. Accordingly, I "laid out" over the handles and commenced a terrific race with the storm. A long level stretch lay before me, and by hard gazing I might have seen the little town in the distance, but I had no time to gaze. I was intensely occupied with getting over the

ground at a three-minute gait—as I imagined—and in thinking over my past misdeeds and making plans for future saintship if I ever got out of this scrape. I wished that I had taken an accident policy before leaving, I wished that I had made my will, I wished that I had not been so unkind as to leave home without bidding mother adieu, and I wished most of all to have a roof over me.

As these and many other thoughts and fancies rushed through my head, I was whirling along, with the wind at my back, making a long, continued "spurt" which I would not have been capable of sustaining for two miles on the track, or if anybody had been looking at me and commenting. I passed a tobacco barn as a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder simultaneously clashed, and everything in and about it were lit up so vividly that I can almost tell to this day the exact position of every pole around it.

I crossed the railroad, a cloud of dust enveloped me, and I felt the big drops of rain coming in my face. Half a mile more! My singing ears seemed to hear the bell at the starter's stand, and the cries of "Last lap!" and "Now! Jim, go in!" as I had heard them many times, and, with a feeling akin to that which possesses one when finishing a hard fought race, I put my remaining breath and strength into one grand endeavor to gain shelter for myself and my faithful wheel, which bore up so well under the strain.

The drops came faster and the lightning increased in its fury. The road became dark as the rain wet it, though not muddy, and being gravel made a smooth path for me which was welcome after the hard, dry way I had come. I was beginning to feel faint from the exertion, and my brain was in a tumult as I hove in sight of the white spire in the town. The wind drove the rain in my face, and once, coming at me from the side, nearly threw me to the ground, sheering me out of the beaten road. Rounding a bend I saw the veritable "last lap" before me, a straight smooth road up to the hotel door, and with breath coming hard and muscles relaxing involuntarily, I summoned my flying will and drove the wheel to its shelter. I dropped limply and pantingly to the earth, and as the thunder roared still louder, the wind blowing fiercely, I dragged my bicycle under the horse shed, and assailed the door of the office.

The landlord, a friend of mine on previous trips, said:

"Well, ye got a bad night to ride yer hoss, haven't ye."

I replied that I wasn't going to ride any further that evening, and sinking into a "cheer" which he placed, gave thanks for my deliverance.

The danger had not been so very great, yet I confess I was terribly unstrung, and after a warm supper, rubbed my wheel in a weak way, and went to bed.

And a certain person, up the road, sat in a certain parlor, and hoped and wished that "he hadn't started;" and sat up late waiting for "him" all the same, and when "he" came, next day, all bespattered with the soil of old Kentucky, and every muscle sore, this person chided him for starting on such a night. He said it wasn't night when he started, and he would have come on through if he hadn't been—erum—not afraid, but—ah—just weary, NORR,

REMARKS ON CLUBS.

To speak of Clubs in a general way Leaves much to imagination's sway; For "clubs have been trumps" since Adam's day: When he clubbed the apples all away, And was fired from Eden, sad to say.

There! Who denies that I am a poet! When a fellow feels blue he usually rushes into rhyme I suppose it is because misery loves company, for if anything will make an average man miserable it is to read amateur poetry. But I am merciful; I have given you only one verse as a sort of preface to my remarks. The United States has the call on clubs. We can show more of them to the square mile than all the tottering and effete dynasties of Europe, Asia, Africa, Hoboken and Gowanus can muster. Take New York city as an illustration. In that cheerful town the woods are full of them. From the Union League on the avenue to the Jolly Sluggers on Hester street; from the stately Citizens in their uptown palace to the Bohemian Bums of Printing House Square there are clubs out of mind. And what is true of New York is true of our whole Yankee doodle Dixie dum. Of course my thoughts are on bicycle clubs in general, and the Weedsport Bicycle Club in particular.

Still I will give you this pointer. You will find in every club—high, low, rich or poor—whether composed of sportsmen, scientists, gamblers, thieves, or "sooners"—the same identical human nature cropping out. There is the club-liar to begin with. This execrable creature is a product of the nineteenth century. A thousand years ago he would have been slugged with a bung-starter, hit with a sand bag, dipped in Newtown Creek, chopped up with a dull meat axe, and dumped from a garbage scow. I would like to go back a thousand years for a few days. I would like to get hold of that Maryland villain who has attempted to blast my good name by saying that the Secretary and Tertius are one. Shades of Joshua! Thou wert a mighty liar with thy tale of the tooting tooters who tooted down the walls of Jericho, but compared to this Maryland fiend where art thou?

The Contrary Member is another club infiction. This fellow pines for glory. If every member will bow down to his mighty mightiness, as if he were a little tin god on wheels, all will be well. But woe betide the hardy members who venture to do anything without his august permission. No matter though he be totally ignorant of the subject; no matter if better men than himself have studied it thoroughly; no matter if he favors the subject—still as he has not been asked to "boss the job" he will oppose it with all his well known bullheaded bullshness. You all know him, and you all love him, oh, how you love him! Another prize package is the club kid. He is a darling. A little too big to spank and a great deal too small to slug, he is a regular nondescript so far as discipline goes. His tongue is hung in the middle and works both ways. What he does not know has neither size nor being. He believes he could square the circle, bring parallel lines together, measure the infinity of space and eternity, and do a mile faster than Sellers. But the kid has one good quality, he cannot always be a kid, he must grow older in spite of himself, thanks to Father Time.

The Doubting Member is a stunner. He is never sure of anything; he is a

perambulating "If—" and a personified "But—." He is a wet blanket to every enterprise, and his lugubrious face is enough to throw a man into the fever and ague. No one would kick a dog that bit him, nor shed a weep when "a time for disappearing" sends him flying over the handle bar.

Every club has its Grumbler. He is a holy terror. He would kick if he was going to be hung. Nothing ever suits this chap. How the poor weather has to take it. It is either too hot or too cold, too wet, too dry, too windy, too still, too something or other always and ever. And maybe the roads don't catch it. And his bicycle—poor thing, how it must suffer. But don't imagine that he is unhappy because he grumbles. Bless you, he likes it. He gets fat on it. And he will always grumble—always. Mark my words: When Gabriel's horn announces the grand wind-up, and the hosts of 'cyclers are wheeled up through the blue into the highest peak of the empyrean hence, to ride on golden wheels through the shining gates of the New Jerusalem, where Park Commissioners cease from troubling, and horse men never come, there, even, there the Grumbler will grumble that his wings don't fit or that his halo don't match his complexion. There are other unpleasant features which crop out among club members, and the great problem of the age is, How are we to handle these malcontents? It won't do to run amuck among them, as some of them might be redeemed by less heroic treatment. I would like to hear from my friend the Secretary on the subject. Yours truly, TERTIUS.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE ANTI-PROFESSIONAL RULE.

Steps have been taken toward lodging a formal protest with the L. A. W. Racing Board against C. C. Philbrick, of the Chicago Bicycle Club, on the ground that he has violated the league law defining an amateur, and is therefore no longer an amateur in good standing. The specifications are that Mr. Philbrick, as a member of the Le Grand Polo Club, has engaged in numerous games with clubs in part consisting of professional roller skaters. Under the L. A. W. rules this makes Mr. Philbrick a professional bicyclist as well as roller skater, and subjects him to the penalty of expulsion from the Chicago Bi. Club and from the League. The parties moving in this matter are Messrs. L. W. Conkling and N. H. Van Sicklen, and they profess to be actuated solely by a desire to protect amateur wheelmen from the danger of being professionalized if they should engage in a race with Philbrick. Owing to the absence from the city of Chief Consul Blake, through whose hands the papers must pass, the protest has not yet been forwarded, but as Messrs. Conkling and Van Sicklen make no secret of their intention and have notified Philbrick to that effect, the proceedings may be regarded as public. There is, we are informed, no denial that Philbrick has played polo against clubs containing professional players, or that he did so knowingly. We have not heard his side of the case, and do not know whether or not he intends to offer any defense or contest the case in any way. It is, however, proposed to make this a test case, and by this means have the L. A.

W. decide definitely what its policy shall be as regards the standing of professional poloists and skaters and the consequent relations of bicycle riders who engage in polo or skating contests with these professionals. In the present chaotic condition of the polo field and the almost total impossibility of ascertaining who are and who are not professional poloists or skaters, the L. A. W. Racing Board has a tough job on hand to keep track of the behavior of wheelmen. This is especially true of the West, where, until very recently, there was no central organization and no means of drawing the line which separates the amateur from the professional. In this state of affairs it is going to be a serious question whether the L. A. W. is prepared to undertake a wholesale "slaughter of the innocents," for we have no doubt whatever that in a vast majority of cases the wheelmen who have violated the anti-professional law in the manner under consideration have done so innocently and without intention.—[Mirror of American Sports.

THIS AND THAT.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: I humbly beg pardon from whom it is due if I have wrongly represented the book "What and Why" in my last article. It certainly does not mention the "Star" by name, but describes it a good deal more accurately than the mere mention of the name would. I am very glad to hear that this valuable little pamphlet is to be changed at these points. It needs it badly.

While I have my pencil in hand I may as well write of something that concerns the moral welfare of every reader of THE WHEEL. Karl Kron has tried the patience of us all until it is about time to say something. The "X. M. on a Bi." is all right, and perhaps would benefit the sport if issued. But Karl Kron is the only author whoever attempted to talk his customers out of it before his book is issued. Week after week I and thousands of others have taken up THE WHEEL and rested our tired eyes on "Kron's Twenty-Seventh Week" as the case may be, and got the information that he only lacked a few hundred more "pledges" of \$1 each before the "road-book" could be issued. Now he has got to the fifty-second week, and hang me if he isn't just as fresh as at the start. The last WHEEL I got had one-third of its reading space given to Karl Kron, and some time ago he made a five-column argument to hotel keepers, which is safe to say did not get under the eyes of more than ten landlords, and when it did reach them they no doubt wished very sincerely, in looking over its expanse, that they could rest their eyes on the particular spot where he "came to the point." America is a free country and a man can write what he pleases, but I would like to hint in the most polite manner in the world, just to insinuate, that Karl is guilty of discourtesy when he takes up so much space in THE WHEEL for saying what no reader cares to read. Moreover, he is doing his own book an injury, as readers who have lost all patience with him are not likely to patronize him. All that is needed in each WHEEL is a ten-line notice giving progress and soliciting orders, and I venture to speculate that he will be better pleased with the result. Now, I have had my say on that point and feel ten ounces lighter. I have had

many inquiries as to whether the Duryea saddle is made for racing or road riding, and while I always say "for both," the advertisement of this excellent saddle in THE WHEEL will tend to mislead many. More emphasis should be put on the fact that it is a road saddle as well as a racing one.

It appears that Chicago wheelmen are feeling unduly elated over the defeat of Webber, of Smithville, N. J., at their Christmas races by Van Sicklen. I venture to hint that they are a little too previous. On equal terms Van is no match for Webber. The terms were not equal at Chicago. A man can't go very well with the tires off his machine, like Webber's was in the mile race. Nor can any man race worth a cent on a smooth track, and a small one at that, when his tire is bound on by loose wire, as Webber's was in the five-mile race. No, my dear Chicago comrades, do not crow till you have downed Webber and Frazier on a half-mile track.

Many would like to see the next League meet at Buffalo, and I have very little doubt that it will be there, but I rather incline to the suspicion that the Big Four Tour will be the bigger affair of the two. If that persuasive little liar, "Secretary," alias "Tertius," could be hired by the entertainment committee for the two days of the meet it would be a financial success. Speaking of Secretary, reminds me that I recently purchased "Bohunkus," his old machine, and put it in a glass case worthy to be the house of the steed that has carried the greatest modern liar safely and unsafely over many miles of road.

PEDIBUS.

FROM BOSTON TO PAWTUCKET BY BICYCLE.

One bright September morning at ten by the clock, three members of the Pawtucket Bicycle Club stand in front of the Vendome, Boston, (which, by the way is a League Hotel giving special rates to wheelmen) making a careful examination of the machines, which are to bear them on a run of fifty miles.

Everything is in order, and, making a mount, off we whirl down Dartmouth street, past the elegant and showy clubhouse of the Art Club, striking towards the Highlands, by endless rows of swell fronts.

It is a holiday, and a Pawtucker would be amazed at the number of bicycles and tricycles on the road, and more so at the riders, ranging in years from the sturdy boy of ten with a "mustang" to the bearded man of fifty with his tricycle. The Massachusetts Club boasts of one venerable rider, sixty years of age. Imagine one of our venerable citizens perched upon the festive wheel! A friend of mine, an Englishman, once told me he thought bicycles were well enough for boys, until one day he saw the broad brim of a Quaker flapping along over the wheel, when he had to give in to the march of improvement.

From the start for several miles the road is a pretty stiff up-grade, rather trying to a hearty breakfast and unused lungs, but every up hill has its down, and we were compensated for our climb to the summit of the Highlands by an easy bowl over magnificent roads, lined with beautiful country seats. Soon we cross the track of the Old Colony, that gigantic spider that spins its web over Eastern Massachusetts, leaving behind

the solid city, and over hill and dale glide smoothly through suburbs, the like of which can only be found around this "Hub of the Universe." Mrs. Hemingway's country place is superb, the grounds large enough for a good sized town. Milton, which we are now in, is full of just such places, and is a paradise on earth. Who could find fault with a country, fertile and beautiful, within easy drive of a great and splendid city, and an easy walk of the green old ocean?

We took a short spin through the leafy entrance of Colonel Russell's magnificent stock farm, catching a glimpse of the farm-house (?) and "Smugler's" palace.

A short distance beyond we leave our machines in care of a farmer, and strike through the woods for the summit of Blue Hill. Hill climbing is much the same the world over. You bark your shins, tear your clothes, fret, blow, fume, and sometimes swear. The summit seems farther away the nearer you get to it, and when you do arrive, you are so tired that the sight of a beautiful view is about as agreeable as the sight of your garden full of dockwood. The view from Blue Hill might, I suppose, be termed glorious, but being on a bicycle trip I don't propose to take it away, and will leave the view for anybody who wants to go up there and get it. A party of Germans on the summit were lustily singing choruses and glees. It seemed remarkably well adapted as a hall for practice, and we would recommend it to our Pawtucket band.

Sliding down Blue Hill we resume our saddles, and haste away for South Canton, where is Cobb's Tavern and, what is more to the point, dinner.

The roads to Cobb's are like billiard tables, and this was the pleasantest part of the run. We had one coast of nearly or more than a mile in length. The valley, in which the different parts of Canton lie, open out very prettily at several points. We pass Elijah Morse's place, which is very conspicuous for its brilliant gold fountain and statues. At one corner of his palace is built a drinking fountain, decorated with very watery texts.

We soon reached Cobb's Tavern, just out of South Canton, from time immemorial a resting place for man and beast. Our beasts we lean peacefully against the barn, and ordering dinner take a short period for repose. In the old store connected with the tavern, one of our party amused himself by reading some entries in an old book of account, dating back fifty years. It may possibly pain the lovers of the ardent to learn that whisky was then ten cents a pint, and at that high price was even then a popular article. What would it be now? If this is one of the effects of increased civilization, let us go back to—but we have not time to moralize, for mine host announces the leg of mutton. Dinner was glorious, and this was also one of the best parts of the run. A young man with his young wife dined with us. They were out on a riding excursion through some of the old country towns.

But it is late and we must hurry on. From Canton to Mansfield the roads are excellent, much better than our country pikes, and we spin along without a break, unless one of the party drops a bundle or hat, which one of the party continually did. The country is green and pretty, but not very thickly settled; the soil also seemed poor. Mansfield is a stupid, hopeless town,

without even a decent soda fountain. Between Mansfield and East Attleboro the shades of evening began to fall, and we fell likewise. Like Western Union we were continually up and down. The market was very unsettled, but we finally groped our way into East Attleboro. Here the moon rose benign and radiant above the tree tops, and for the last eight miles we glide through fairyland. You seem to float in the moonlight and lose all sense except the charm of motion. Dodgeville, Hebronville, Lebanon, flit by, and the lights of Pawtucket twinkle and welcome us.

Our run is ended, and with a hearty good night we separate, just as the hands of the illuminated clock point at half-past seven. BICYCLER.

TANGENTIAL VERSUS DIRECT SPOKES.

Although the subject of tangential versus direct spokes, has been thoroughly discussed, and the advantages and disadvantages of the one over the other fully exhausted, by practical riders, we doubt if the question has been debated from a scientific point of view.

It is a well known fact that wire deteriorates under atmospheric influences, and the fact has been firmly established, that every vibration imparted to a wire brings it nearer to a state of crystallization, when its fibrous structure becomes so degenerated that it snaps short.

Scientists have measured the number of vibrations which determine the length of life of different kinds of wire, and have found it to be varying according to material, but to be limited in every case, and they claim that even a wire of ideal perfection after vibrating some hundred of thousand times must eventually lose its integration. No wire of ideal perfection is obtainable, however, and all are more or less defective.

Even telegraph wires are affected by the winds, and after a lapse of time are very apt to snap under the least extra vibration.

'Cycle spokes are always made of the lightest of steel wire, and the vibrations of a 'cycle when in use must certainly tend to rapidly impair the organism and weaken the strength of such spokes.

Tangential spokes are usually of lighter wire than that used for direct spokes, and consequently are more apt to show the effects of vibration by snapping off short (or shedding) one by one, as soon as they weaken, while the heavier direct spokes, although their internal structure may undergo crystallization just as quickly as the tangential, require some extraordinary shock or vibration to break them, when what is termed buckling generally takes place, and the rider gets a bad fall.

We by no means wish the reader to infer that this happens only with direct spoked wheels, as tangential spoked wheels have been known after to buckle, but we do say buckling is much more common with direct spoked wheels.

Tangential spokes when first introduced were neither tied or brazed when they crossed each other, but manufacturers now see the great advantage to be gained by reducing the length of the spoke and lessening the vibration, and tangential spoked wheels are always turned out of factories either tied or brazed—generally brazed.—[The Bicycle South.

RESOLUTIONS ENDORSING THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC RULES ADOPTED BY THE KENTON WHEEL CLUB.

Whereas, Some of the young men of this city are, in the pursuit of, the exercise of rolling-skating, violating the established rules of amateurship in athletics by competing with professionals in public when admission is charged, thereby rendering themselves liable to protest when entering any amateur contest in future; and

Whereas, We recognize the fact that the rules of the League of American Wheelmen and the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America are the standard of all non-professional athletic clubs in this country; and

Whereas, The line between professionalism and amateurship must be maintained, and those rules enforced which will conduce to such maintenance; it is

Resolved, That this club as an amateur, or non-professional organization, and member in a body of the League of American Wheelmen, does hereby heartily endorse the rules of said league pertaining to amateurship; together with those of the National Association of Amateur Athletes as far as they are identical; and

Resolved, That the conditions of amateurship which it strives to maintain are the following from the Racing Rules of the League, to-wit:

"(a) An amateur is a person who has never competed in an open competition, (b) nor for a stake, (c) nor for public money, (d) nor for gate money, (e) nor under a false name, (f) nor with a professional when gate money was charged, (g) who has never engaged in any athletic sport for money, (h) who has never exhibited his skill in any branch of athletics for money, (i) who is not a paid teacher of any branch of athletics. This rule does not apply * * * to the acts of minors under sixteen years of age who are not members of this association;" and

Resolved, That any person who has not acted in accordance with the above rules is a professional to all intents and purposes; and

Resolved, That this club will use its utmost endeavors in inducing amateurs to abstain from either knowingly or mistakingly competing with professionals in public (thereby making themselves professionals); and

Resolved, That this club warns its members and whom it may concern not to compete with professional skaters or riders in public contest, and advises them to carefully peruse the rules of the league and strive to maintain its laws as laid down; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the club, and published in a suitable manner that they may be transmitted to all persons interested in their substance.

Adopted unanimously by the Kenton Club, January 29, 1885.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

Look out for special number April 3, 1885.

Volume eight begins then, and we shall shake things up a little.

The illustrations will be by Commodore Frank H. Taylor, who has a high

reputation, and who will give the subject his best attention.

The Citizens Bi. Club will give their second annual race meeting at the Knickerbocker Roller Rink on Friday, April 17, 1885.

Miss Annie Sylvester is now in Denver, Col. She attended the recent opening of the club rooms of the Colorado Wheel Club.

The Professionals will give a six days' tournament at Galveston, Texas, commencing with Feb. 3.

In Louisiana wheelmen are charged a toll of 10 cents, while horsemen get off with 5.

Clark, of Woodstock, is the fastest rider in Canada. He is 17 years old, 5 feet 9½ inches high, and races at 148 pounds.

Abbott Bassett, Chairman of the League Racing Board, has written to the "London Cyclist," giving a full statement of the trouble between Robinson and the Racing Board regarding the 25-mile American championship medal. It is thought that the C. T. C. will expel Robinson.

W. J. Morgan writes to this paper as follows: "Through your columns I wish to deny and contradict reports circulating to the effect that I ride any other racing machine except the well known Rudge. In all my past and future races the Rudge is and will be my 'mount' in preference to all others."

The East Saginaw Bi. Club gave an exhibition drill Jan. 21, at the rink, in East Saginaw, to a large and appreciative audience.

The most interesting English topic just now is the forthcoming "Safety" race. Mr. A. P. Engleheart will ride a "Facile" from Messrs. D. Rudge & Co., against Mr. F. W. Gibb, who will pilot a "Rudge" safety. The distance will be twenty-five miles, straight-away. H. W. Gaskell will probably compete on a "Club" safety. If three ride the two losers will present the winner with a £21 cup.

The Capital Bicycle Club, of Washington, has 105 members, the Washington 'Cycle Club has 43, the District Wheelmen has 31, and the Star Club has 13—a total of 192.

A contingent of unattached wheelmen in New York will, it is said, ask for the privileges of Central Park, now granted to none but club members, for them. This is a move in the right direction. As an argument to bicyclers causing damage, the Park Commissioners should be presented with a copy of the Philadelphia "Ledger," wherein the report of the Chief of Police of Fairmount Park is given.

In comparing the L. A. W. with the C. W. A. there is one very marked difference. Through some unaccountable flaw in the formation of the C. W. A. it does not provide the necessary wrangling that seems to be continually going on between various members and officials of the L. A. W., and in which the American 'cycling journals frequently take part. Whether this is a fact to be deplored or not has yet to be found out.

The Ariel Wheel Club of Poughkeepsie, held a very interesting tourna-

ment indoors at the Casino Rink, 15th, 16th, and 17th of January. The club drills with and without lanterns were well received. The club were assisted by Mr. George E. Hutchinson, the new professional rider, who gave a most excellent exhibition. His tricks are new and were neatly and gracefully executed. On Friday evening Master Thomas R. Finley added not a little to the pleasure of the evening's entertainment. He is a perfect master of the "Star." Winthrop Simpson, of the Ariel Club, gave exhibitions of fancy riding. There were races each evening as follows: One-legged bicycle race, won by Frank H. Adriance; time race, won by Frank Osborne; novice's race, won by Charles L. Lumb, and an obstacle race, won by A. N. Shafer. Through the efforts of the boys the people of Poughkeepsie were afforded a rare treat, and though the weather was most disagreeable and stormy every day, the tournament was fairly successful financially.

The Sanspareil machine seems to have gained in favor considerable during the past year. A good many old riders favor the Sanspareil for its riding qualities, and others for its beautiful appearance. It is the best bicycle in the market, when the latter point is in consideration.—[Landisville Vigil.]

"It is mock modesty," says a Washington lady, "that prevents many ladies from riding the tri. Some of them say that a lady sacrifices her dignity when she gets upon a tri. I am sure I sacrifice no dignity when I ride my tri. Why, there is infinitely more dignity about a lady on a tri. than a lady on horseback. If you don't believe it you watch the next lady you see taking a horseback ride. When a lady talks against wheeling, either she is not able to get one or she cannot 'pull.'"

Pennsylvania has passed New York in the race for the greatest number of L. A. W. members.

Mr. William Newman, of the Ixion Club, will make his debut as a light weight jockey this year.

Karl Kron writes to assure us that he is now working the Pyramids of Egypt for a free advertisement, and that he hopes to have the well-known twenty centuries of the late N. Buonaparte "look down from the tops of them" upon the successful completion of the canvass for "X. M. Miles." In other words, he seems to have secured an advance press agent for the British army in Africa, for he sends us the following postal card, signed by Mr. W. H. Norerse, 16 December, at "Wadi Halfa, 1,000 miles up the Nile," and postmarked on the 23d: "Though I am with the Canadian voyagers up the Nile for the relief of General Gordon, I haven't forgotten your 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle,' and if it comes out before my return I wish you to keep me a copy. I hope to be able then to write you an interesting letter about bicycling in Cairo and Alexandria, as well as other places I have visited since leaving Canada. My subscription was sent last winter, you will remember, from Winnipeg, Manitoba." Kron's idea seems to be that if this enterprising agent of his manages to push through with a "prospectus, table-of-contents, and special circular for hotel keepers" and thereby raise the siege of Khartoum, General Gordon will "subscribe" as a simple act

of gratitude, and thus give a tremendous boom for "the great American road-book."

The membership of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club has probably increased more rapidly than that of any other similar organization in the country. At the last meeting seven new members were voted in. The membership is composed almost entirely of substantial, energetic business men of Boston and vicinity, all of whom are active wheelmen.

It is expected that another club will be started in this city (New York) at an early period, to be composed of twelve members. We think the city already supports as many clubs as practicable, though several are inactive. Indeed the only ones that seem to be awake are the Citizens' and Ixion. The latter will give another art exhibition during 1885.

The Racing Board, L. A. W., has voted to reinstate Cola E. Stone, of St. Louis, as an amateur. Mr. Stone was unwittingly led into a contest with a professional. He was immediately suspended by the Board, and an investigation made. After a full and free inquiry the Board has found that Stone was in no way to blame, and they have voted to reinstate.

The treaty, granting club members part of the park, says: "If wheelmen's competency shall be evidenced by a badge or written permit, which badge or permit shall bear the user's name, and be issued and controlled by a joint committee composed of one member chosen by each club of twenty-five or more members." This means that unattached wheelmen shall not be permitted to ride in the parks. We do not see why such a prejudice exists that shall exclude all of single blessedness. It generally turns out that a 'cycler does not willingly remain unattached, but from pecuniary embarrassments; and a man on \$40 a month cannot afford to pay the admission fee to a club nor purchase a uniform, and the unattached man is the one to whom it is most essential to have a ride after a hard day's work in the office, and the park to him would be an Eden.

Ladies in Oakland and San Francisco seem to be anxious for a tricycle race. They asked to have a wheel race placed on the programme of the Bay City tournament, but the track was too small to admit of such action.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

"Three Wives to One Husband" and "One Touch of Nature" still form the bill at the Union Square Theatre.

Nat. C. Goodwin and his company will perform "Confusion" and "Those Bells" at the Grand Opera House this week.

M. B. Leavitt and Tony Pastor reopened the Third Avenue Theatre in "An Adamless Eden."

"The Private Secretary" continues to make audiences at the Madison Square Theatre laugh as much as its predecessors made them weep.

The Eden Musee has long since established its reputation as one of the sights of the metropolis. Admission on Sunday is half the regular rates.

"A Trip to Africa is doing well at the new Standard Theatre.

"Three Wives to One Husband" will be presented at the Mount Morris Theatre this week.

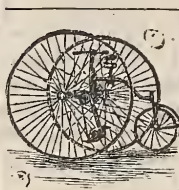
Mr. Daly is still coining money out of "Love on Crutches."

"McAllister's Legacy" is fast dispelling the superstition that the New Park Theatre is unlucky.

Beginning with the first presentation of "A Prisoner for Life," at the Union Square Theatre last Wednesday night, Messrs. Shook & Collier, the lessees, will reduce the prices of admission an average of one-third. The price for the family circle will be 25 cents, and for the orchestra and balcony, \$1; general admission, 75 cents.

"Apajune," one of the brightest and most sparkling of light operas that have been produced at the Casino, seems destined to have a long run. It is brimful of fun from beginning to end, and the costumes, scenery and orchestration are well up to the high mark of America's finest place of amusement.

"Julius Caesar" continues all this week at the Star Theatre. Next week is the last of Mr. Barrett's engagement, and he will produce a Blot in the 'Schuton and the King's Pleasure on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. On Thursday evening and Saturday matinee Yorick's Love will be performed, while Friday will be set apart for "Richelieu." As Mr. Barrett does not appear at any other theatre this season, the opportunity to see him should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Mr. and Mrs. Florence will succeed Mr. Barrett on Feb. 16th with their new play, "Our Governor."



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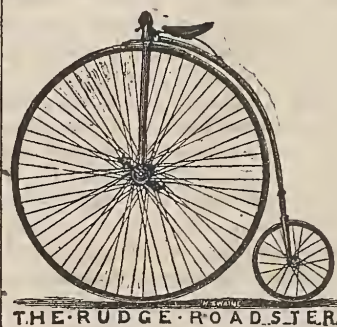
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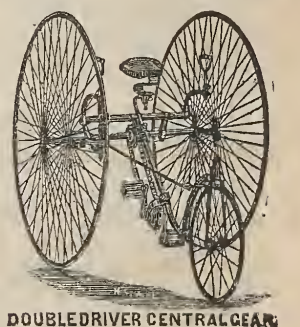
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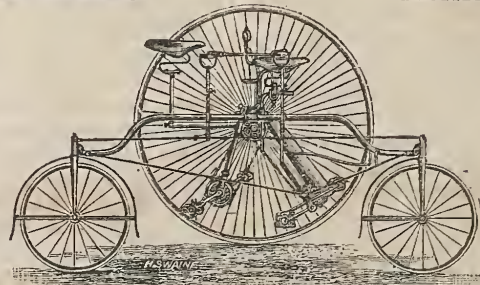
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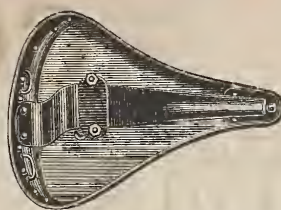
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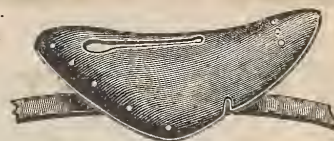


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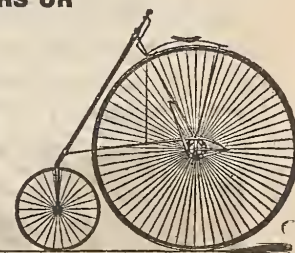
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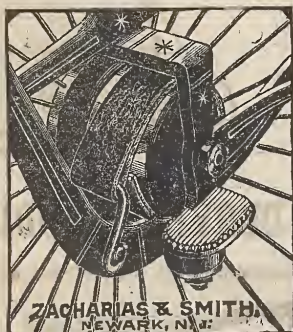
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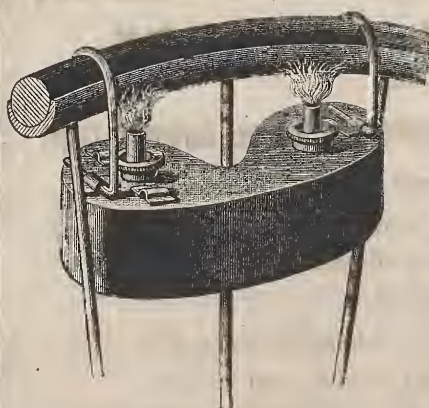
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