

# THE WHEEL

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### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In sending stamps please bear in mind that we cannot use other than the two or one cent issue. A one dollar bill is as safe as a postal note of that denomination, and more convenient to enclose and receive.

WHILE many of our readers were enjoying their Thanksgiving Dinner, at 4 East Sixtieth street, there transpired a scene of ruin enough to make the heart of a wheelman sick. The salesroom and repair shop of George R. Bidwell & Co., the well known and enterprising New York agents, were badly damaged by fire, and their entire stock, of upwards of one hundred wheels, ruined. Although only in the business under his own name for a short time, Mr. Bidwell has acquired a fine reputation and done a phenomenal business. With characteristic enterprise the adjoining building was secured and they are now filling all orders promptly. Some time will elapse before the damaged wheels can be in any way restored, and even then they will have to be sold at an enormous sacrifice. We have no doubt but that all wheelmen will extend their most heartfelt sympathy, and unite with us in hoping that the loss of business will be less than was expected.

Most evil is productive of ultimate good, and while on the subject of fires we may well cite the supposed cause of the conflagration, which should

serve as a warning to many club men, who keep oiled waste or rags in their lockers. A portion of G. R. Bidwell & Co's. business consisted in renting lockers to unattached riders, who were in the habit of cleaning their own machines and accumulating the soiled waste. This, with moist clothing, confined in a small compass, away from the air, was enough to create considerable of a flame, which proved destructive.

Our worthy Eastern neighbor is very much excited over the fact that the "Big Four Tour" is to lead the League astray and run the Meet into July. The war cry is that the Chicago Tourists are to be thus accommodated. This is ridiculous. The tourists do not ask to be accommodated. It is not known that the meet is to be held in Buffalo, yet it is a positive fact that the tour will start from that point. While it will be advantageous to begin the tour at the expiration of the Meet, yet we hardly think the Big Four is connected with the League in any way. League men who care to participate will doubtless be welcomed, and there is, perhaps, no objection to them. To our mind the Tour is a bigger thing than the Meet, and if any one is to be accommodated, the League should make it a point to coincide with the Big Four tour.

Now that the *Gazette* has taken a hand in the subjects of the day, and especially upon the amalgamation of League officers, it has seen fit to take up our article upon the subject, and while agreeing with THE WHEEL on most points, takes exception to our statement that any smart business man could perform the duties of the office satisfactorily. That is all right. Every paper is entitled to its own opinions, and we respect them. We have our opinions and we never hesitate to express them, and the bicycling public are probably aware of this fact. We know of plenty of bright newspaper men who could ably edit any monthly *Gazette* the League might require and

do their daily work on other newspapers. This class of men are not bicyclers, perhaps, and to them we referred when we originally mentioned the subject. The work on a small monthly would be merely child's play. The talk of important matters requiring decision is nonsensical. The occasion does not exist. A practical newspaper writer could do the necessary work and do it well. We do not care to discuss the matter any further, as we have said all we care to say on this question, and our views are too well known to need any further explanation.

### WHEEL GOSSIP.

Smoke and fire were the the absorbing elements Thanksgiving Day.

The building of club houses has become almost monotonous.

Now that the Citizens Club lead the way and demonstrated the possibilities of success, many clubs have followed their footsteps.

It gives us pleasure to state that the New York Athletic Club have at last reconsidered their determination to use the bicycle and tricycle store-room for their electric light plant, and have sacrificed the shooting gallery for that purpose.

Karl Kron's canvass progresses slowly but surely, and the book will no doubt be issued in the early part of the year.

Ovid's metamorphosis. I now ride the Duryea Saddle. Can't get along without it. Will. C. Marvin.—*Ovid Mich.—Ex.*

That America is playing an important part in the wheel world, is shown in the fact that nearly all the English journals devote more or less space to the doings on this side of the continent.

An entertainment is projected at the Brooklyn Heights Bicycle School some time in January. The details will be published shortly.

Mr. H. D. Corey, of Stoddard, Lovering & Co., returned from his European trip last Monday. He is in excellent health and spirits, and thoroughly enjoyed a well earned vacation, besides making business arrangements that will ultimately advance the bicycle interests in America.

The park badges are now ready for distribution, and club captains can obtain them upon application to N. M. Beckwith, 21 West 37th st., New York.

The Western Union Telegraph office at Washington, D. C., is utilizing the bicycle in the delivery of messages very successfully. It has four bicycles which the messenger boys keep in motion all day and night. A messenger on one of these machines goes from the office of the telegraph company, opposite the treasury, to the boundary of the city, perhaps a mile and a half away, and back, inside a dozen minutes.

A. R. Wing, of Fort Edward, New York, says: "I think the Duryea Saddle about perfect, filling every claim made for it. No other for me.—*Ex.*

### SOME BOSTON NEWS.

Legitimate 'cycle news this week commands a premium. I went into the Pope Mfg. Co., on Saturday, in search of the precious commodity; I found nobody there but the regular attaches of the establishment. My friend with the chestnut ringlets and delicate eye-glasses, the always pleasant and ever accommodating head salesman, Mr. Atkins, was engaged, not in "polishing up the handle" of the office door, but in putting a bright and glossy sheen upon the plate-glass which adorns the counter, that separates that sacred spot from the stores, and through which the great lights behind the partition reflect their radiance upon the unsophisticated without.

There is one thing I have always noticed about my friend Atkins, no matter what may be the state of trade, he is infallibly busy. From the nature of his occupation on this occasion, I presumed that there was not so much busy briskness booming as usual, and that I might safely advance upon the citadel. I approached softly, and made known my errand. The indfatigable worker paused, glared at me over his lamps, and then melting into smiles, those coaxing ripples so familiar to all frequenters of the place, he accorded me audience, and in a few terse sentences gave me the news of the day.

Pitman, the great Ixion, he of tricycle fame, is in town. The veteran's errand, though veiled in mystery, has transpired. We will not endeavor to raise the veil, suffice to say, "Pit." has been scouring the city, carrying all sorts of parcels and packages. It is darkly rumored that he has purchased unto himself a white tie and a new "tony," tall "title." If congratulations are in order he certainly has mine.



Next, Gideon Haynes, Jr., late of the "provinces" now of Buffalo, is in Boston, on business for Bull & Haynes. And thus ended the first inquiry, and the rest were like unto it.

Howard, the Globe man, whose illness I mentioned last week, emerged from his house a few days since, looking like a shadow. His weight is reduced to 80 lbs. His physicians having ordered a change of scene, he left here last night for Baltimore. Aside from his peculiarities, Howard is a bright writer and a very clever young man; his loss would be regretted, and it is to be hoped that the warm air of the South will soon restore him to health and friends.

I rode to the Reservoir on Thanksgiving Day for a change, and found congregated there about fifty men. The day was all that could be desired and I was anxious to see how the fine weather would affect the "called" runs of the two clubs.

The Massachusetts Club had rather the best of it, having eleven bicycles and one lone "triker" in line. The Boston came forth with eight men.

I took another run to the same place Sunday, the roads were fine, weather ditto. One of the seventeen men that greeted me was Herbert W. Hayes, the popular President of the Cambridge Club, who loomed up, or rather loomed down, on a Kangaroo.

Hayes is like Tolman, long and slim, though not quite so much so, and and I am forced to admit he looked slightly comical when perched on the little roadster. Mr. Hayes, though a very quiet and unassuming gentleman, is a great worker, as his club have good reason to know. It is mainly through his efforts that the Cambridge Club has been able to attain a prominence no other suburban club have ever reached.

Their plans for the winter season promise well for the enjoyment of both members and friends. They are to have a series of five private Germans. The first one occurs December 15th, and will be lead by Pres't Hayes.

These Germans are, I believe, exclusively for members. The club will endeavor to repeat their success in the minstrel line last winter, and to that end will give their second annual minstrel show some time in February.

The opening of the new Massachusetts Club House will probably occur during the same month.

A brief description of that edifice may not be uninteresting at this time.

The building is on Newbury street, near Dartmouth, in the Back Bay district. The site selected is the best location in the city, and immediately adjoins that on which stands the Boston Art Club. The League Hotel, the Vendome is on the next block, and the Art Museum, the Old South and Trinity churches, are within a minute's walk. The house runs back 90 feet from the building line, and is of brick. There are three stories and a basement. The front is 24 feet wide, and has trimmings of Nova Scotia stone and terra cotta, in the arrangement of which the architect, Mr. Geo. F. Meacham has displayed admirable taste. The Oriel Bay window on the second story adds not a little to the finished appearance of the street side. In the centre of the front wall, near the top, is a slab bearing the legend, "Massachusetts Bicycle Club, 1884."

The entrance is really an archway through which the sociable can enter with ease. There are no steps, but instead there is a gradual incline with concrete face, over which one could ride into the wheel room without a dismount. The basement will have a hard pine floor, and be finished in ash sheathing.

It will contain a furnace room, a billiard room, with three tables, and a bowling alley, and various toilet and bath rooms.

The entire main, or street floor will be given up for use as a wheel-room, and will have a wash-room for the silent steeds in the rear end. The staircases are broad and in the centre. In the street end of the second story is the reception room, 24x30 feet. The floor will be of oak highly polished; the wood-work above will be of cherry. The room will contain a large old-fashioned New England fire-place, where a man might be cremated entire. The fuel used, however, will be logs. The chandeliers will be made from special designs appropriate to cycling, and are said to be quite unique. The rear of this story will be fitted up as a ladies' parlor with dressing-room attached, and will be furnished in elegant style. In the space between the reception room and the ladies' parlor, will be bath, toilet, and locker rooms. There will be 100 lockers, so arranged that every six or eight of them, with the addition of a curtain, will form a separate dressing room. The rear of the upper story will contain rooms for the janitor, committees, and bath and toilet; the front part, 24x45, will be fitted as a gymnasium; there is 18 feet of space from floor to ceiling. Here will be held special club meetings, when the attendance is unusually large. Everything about the building is to be in the best style of art, and the comforts of the members will be attended to, as in no other building erected for 'cycling purposes. The entire cost of the structure, furniture, and gymnasium, will aggregate thirty thousand dollars.

The Massachusetts Club has always moved methodically, if they have been slow, and the wisdom of their course is demonstrated by the success which is about to crown their efforts. To whom the success is due it would not be hard to say. Money has been the most potent agent, and Colonel Albert A. Pope, a member of the club, has contributed the lion's share; that is to say, he probably owns a very large part of the stock of the corporation. Though it is a good business investment, the fact remains that without his aid the house would probably have been rather an airy one for some years to come. No small credit is due to President Henry Williams and the Club Committee, Messrs. E. W. Pope, F. W. Freeborn, A. S. Parsons, and E. O. Winsor. In this building, when completed, the Massachusetts Club will have quarters, the like of which, cannot be found at home or abroad. Of course, as 'cycling is in its infancy, in this country, there will be in years to come, many houses erected devoted to bicycle clubs, but that of the Massachusetts will always stand as a pioneer of what is needed, for space, elegance, and comfort. Its dedication will be an event in the wheel world, and will mark a most important era in the 'cycling cause. W. I. H.

Boston, Dec. 1, 1884.

## THE HUDSON COUNTY WHEELMEN ENTERTAIN.

It was a gala night at the new Alpha Roller Skating Rink, Monticello avenue, Jersey city, on Tuesday, Nov. 26th. The spacious building thronged with spectators, who witnessed with interest and approval the grand entertainment given by the Hudson Co. Wheelman. A band-discoursed inspiring music, and up to 8.30 the rink proper was occupied by skaters, who glided gracefully over the model floor. The bicycle entertainment commenced with a grand entree by the Hudson County Wheelmen, sixteen in number, led and directed by Captain E. W. Johnson. Nearly all the movements of the ordinary ball room march were made on glittering silver bicycles by the wheelmen, in neat uniforms, and applause followed each movement, particularly that of the slow riding. Master Thomas Finley, a graceful rider gave an exhibition of remarkable feats on his Star bicycle, riding now rapidly then slowly, backward and forward with both wheels, and then with single wheel, in almost every conceivable position, and over such obstructions as a joist, an 8 inch piece of timber, and finally over a soap box. Then followed a game of polo on wheels by the youthful rider and Mr. Chas. Frazier. An orange was substituted for the ball, and the riders, dextrously striking it with the forward wheel, struggled to drive it between the goals. Master Finley succeeded in winning the three contests, and both players were greeted with a tempest of applause. The Kings County Wheelmen gave a fine exhibition of Cavalry tactics, riding in file, by flank, by twos, fours, and company front in perfect alignment. Their wheeling, slow and rapid riding, and execution of figures and fancy movements were perfect, and the audience applauded them to the echo. After a brief intermission of skating, the champion and wonderful bicycle rider, Prof. Harry W. Tufts, appeared and performed incredible feats on a bicycle, which appeared to be entirely subservient to his will. Riding in every difficult position, propelling the machine by his hand while riding on the hub of his wheel, or lying on his back on his saddle, using his feet on top of the wheel as the motive power; riding over obstacles on a single wheel, and with the machine upon two chairs, and poisoning himself on it in every attitude and performing wonderful tricks, were among his remarkable feats. Then detaching the small wheel, he concluded the exhibition with a performance on the single wheel, which called forth all the enthusiasm of the spectators. The orange race on roller skates, contested by eight skaters, was exciting and amusing. The slow bicycle race for a silver-mounted cane contested by three wheelmen, was won by Master Finley. The trick mule bicycle race for a silk umbrella, to be awarded to the amateur who was able to ride it around the rink, afforded great amusement, as rider after rider tumbled to the floor from the double wheeled machine. One rider succeeded in accomplishing the feat and bore the umbrella around the rink in triumph. This ended the best bicycle exhibition ever given in the city. JOURNAL.

## PRINCE VS. VON BLUMEN.

A bicycle contest of 100 miles took place at the Apollo Skating Rink in Baltimore on the 25th. The match was between John S. Prince and Miss Elsie Von Blumen, the former giving the latter a start of nineteen miles. The track was rather too small for good time to be made, being fifteen laps to the mile. The start was made at 2.40 P. M., and until the last ten miles steady riding was made by both participants. It was then seen by Prince that too much allowance had been made, considering the small circumference of the track, and he put on some terrific bursts of speed, for which he was liberally applauded by the large audience present. Miss Von Blumen finished at 10.07 P. M., showing signs of distress, and won the race, Prince having to his credit 99 miles and 6 laps. Time, 7 hours and 27 minutes. The finish was exciting, as from the frequent rests of the lady, made necessary by what seemed an overtax of her powers, and the frequent spurts of Prince, the race was anybody's until the last lap was made. After coming off the track Prince seemed to be as fresh, to all appearances, as when he went on, and remained standing among the audience, chatting cheerfully, and making many friends by his unassuming and modest bearing.

## GOTHAM GOSSIP.

And now doth the proud citizen don his club uniform and a silver badge and proudly charge on the gates of Central Park, and oftentimes doth the gray policeman forsake the nursery-maid and straightaway followeth this bold bicyclist, sometimes preceded by his club, until he seeth the glittering emblem, when straightaway he stoppeth and sayeth, "Lo, what good these Park Commissioners have wrought, for now shall we not only receive sundry cigars, but now we shall know where the man called "Rounds" is, for surely these bicyclers are faster than the worthy nag that the man called "Captain" doth have, and lo, we hath our time on our hands, and can enjoy the comfort of our caboose.

The riding still continues fine and the park privileges and the Riverside Drive are well appreciated. The boulevard, between 59th and 72d streets, is in a terrible condition and almost unridable. Numerous gangs of roughs make it extremely unpleasant and it is even hardly safe for the lonely wheelmen. Several cases of stone throwing have ensued, but these are becoming rare owing to the following incident which I have never yet seen published, and I trust wheelmen will profit by the lesson.

Messrs. Ford and Case, of the Citizens Club, were riding peacefully along the other afternoon when they were suddenly assaulted by a gang of roughs, about eighteen years of age, who showered them with stones. Both dismounted immediately and started in pursuit. Ford is tall and long while "Jerry" Case is short and broad. Ford is a good boxer and has run a half mile in two minutes and ten seconds. Case looks like a foot ball player. Two of the ringleaders were captured in short order and a severe thrashing administered. The "gang" being reinforced came to the rescue and matters assumed a rather serious



condition for the riders, but some gentlemen who were passing came to the rescue and the rascals were turned over to the police and promptly locked up. The next day, in court, the two youths were sent to the Island for ten days, the sentence was shortened only through the leniency of the wheelmen. The moral is a good one, however, and I trust that others will follow up such cases to the end. I understand that the captain of the police heartily thanked the gentlemen for their assistance and promised all the aid in his power in case of future disturbances of the peace.

Well the Citizens Club house warming is now a thing of the past. I had the very good fortune to be present and what I saw and heard will be detailed at length in my next letter.

X. Y. Z.

#### FROM THE CLUBS.

**HUDSON COUNTY WHEELMEN.**—On election day the Hudson County Wheelmen, under command of Captain E. W. Johnson, having accepted an invitation from the New Jersey Wheelmen, made a bicycle run to Newark with a delegation from the Staten Island Wheelmen, under command of Captain Knight L. Clapp. From Newark the entire party wheeled to East Orange, Bloomfield, Verona, and Caldwell, and then returned to Orange, where dinner was served at Music Hall. Music, song, and speeches followed. A visit was made to the rooms of the New England Society, and its relics and curiosities inspected, and then a run was made to the Giant's Causeway, on Orange Mountain, on Eagle Rock, from which a grand view of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, the bay and harbor, was obtained. The wheelmen returned to Newark, and there the visiting companies took leave of their generous hosts and speeded homeward, having covered, during the day, over thirty miles of road.

**LYNN (Mass.) CYCLE.**—The boys have fitted up their rooms finely. They have half the room covered with a fine tapestry carpet, the walls are adorned with some fine steel engravings from Smith & Robinsons, a Wood's grand piano is placed at one side of the room, a plate glass mirror and marble mantel are placed between two of the windows. The walls have been newly papered, and a chandelier is hung in the centre. The room is divided by a curtain and a U. S. standard pool table is in the back part, with all its appointments, and a large billiard chandelier hung over it. They have one of the prettiest rooms of any bicycle club about here.

Z.

#### BIDWELL'S THANKSGIVING.

Number 4 East Sixtieth street is a two-story brick house about twenty-five feet wide by eighty deep, which has up to the present time been used as a bicycle salesroom by Messrs. Geo. R. Bidwell & Co. Adjoining it are the rooms of the Ixion Bicycle Club. On the floor above is a large room extending the width of the two buildings, used as a riding school, a portion of the same being separated by a rail for the storing of wheels. On the ground floor of number 4 is a large room level with the street. Here were

on exhibition a complete line of Expert and Standard Columbias, Rudges, Kangaroos, Columbia, and Victor tricycles, and a number of machines of the Western Toy Company. In the rear of the store were large show cases containing a very full stock of sundries and Perfection Alarms which the firm manufacture and supply to the trade and others. Back of this the offices and the locker rooms are located, and in the yard is a very extensive repair shop, being completely fitted up with special machinery for repairs made by the Weed Sewing Machine Company, of Hartford.

The whole stock and fixtures cost about \$15,000, and was the result of six month's hard work combined with good business ability, the majority of the profits being left to build up the business to its present state of completeness. Thanksgiving being a holiday the place was closed shortly after six, and the proprietors and clerks went to their homes to enjoy the customary Thanksgiving dinner.

Seven o'clock came and all was quiet and serene. Twenty minutes later by the clock suspended in the office the scene was changed. A thick cloud of smoke poured through the roof of the workshop, firemen were breaking in the front door with lines of hose, piling bicycles and tricycles in an undiscible mass to one side of the room, while eager flames were lapping up paint, nickel, and enamel with reckless haste, twisting forks and backbones into ungainly shapes, curling spokes up as if they were threads, melting cement like wax, and making tyres resemble fried eels. Saddles were shriveled, desks and chairs faded from sight, and where peace and order reigned, desolation ensued. We have often wondered how a bicycle establishment would look after a fire, but the sight was beyond our expectations. The total loss amounts to over \$8,000, and although mostly covered by insurance, it will be long time before order can be restored.

Mr. Bidwell lost many personal effects in the way of uniforms, and a new winter overcoat which had been thrown aside for the moment.

Many unattached riders had their wheels stored there, and the lockers were filled with riding suits. Their loss is not covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion of rags used in cleaning wheels, which had been put in the lockers along with clothing, and being shut up in a confined space, resulted in flames. The floor of the riding school was cut through, but not otherwise damaged, as the flames were speedily extinguished.

Next door the Ixion Club were enjoying themselves after their fashion, and the piano and banjo were ringing out merry tunes when the engines stopped at the door. It is needless to say that the music then stopped.

Fortunately the books and safe were uninjured, and the firm are able to go right along with their work. An entire new stock of goods were ordered by telegraph, and they are now able to fill orders as rapidly as any in the business. While many no doubt extend their sympathy, we trust it will be in the form of substantial reward from a business standpoint, and not merely theoretical.

#### MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB'S CORNER-STONE AND THANKSGIVING GOBBLER.

We have laid our corner-stone. Now that the bugle notes have died away and the hub-bub of the excitement faded from view our delighted eyes have a clearer sight of the complete success of the affair that is another landmark of our history.

Harry suggested the idea about two weeks ago and it at once found favor in our eyes.

A special meeting of the executive meeting was called and it was discovered that no one knew anything concerning the laying of corner-stones.

We were adjourned with instructions to investigate and report at next meeting.

There were several plans offered and the Poet submitted an original poem, which he wanted permission to read. The following is the first verse:

"Clear was the sky, Thanksgiving morn  
When we laid our corner-stone,  
Sadly thro' the willow trees  
The sou'-east wind did moan."

At this point Penn, who doesn't appreciate the elevating effects of historical poetry, made a significant motion towards the door which the poet was wise enough to heed.

A plan was finally adopted and the next day the captain gathered himself together and went in an out of the way place and conceived and issued forth a mighty \$1.40 circular, unprecedented in its terrible havoc and "unsurpassed by none." The now immortal production knocked every man out in the first round.

From the famous document we extract the following: "Any member riding side paths during the parade, or running ahead of the captain or refusing to obey orders will be fined \$1. Sassing the captain, \$2 for every offence. Guying the first lieutenant, 25 cents. Kidding the second lieutenant, 10 cents, or three for a quarter. Any member, by paying five dollars in advance, would be entitled to the above and other usual privileges of an ordinary club run. Thirty-three members paid the advance money, and now figure that they made a net saving of \$173.

Then the President usurped the prerogative of the Secretary and tried his hand on a circular addressed to the Associate members, with such a disastrous effect that out of that large and dignified component of our membership but eight were present.

We do not mention the above through any petty envy or jealousy because our privileges have been invaded, the simple statement that we have the hard earned distinction of being the laziest man in the club will dispel any such accusation, but as a warning to other captains and presidents, who being elevated to one position imagine in their vanity that a biased Providence has generously endowed them with dual gifts. It takes such rough treatment as the above to make them realize that some men are endowed with intelligence enough to say, "Ride by twos, by fours," and to blow a whistle; others are capable of saying, "All in favor of the motion will please say, aye; opposed, nay," etc.; whilst others are given the power to write with such triumphant success, that again is illustrated the sublime

truth that the secretary's pen is mightier than the Captain's whistle or the President's gavel.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and rosy, and old Sol came up with a smile on his face. The day will be fair he allowed, he bathed his head in the fragrant dew, and used for a towel a cloud that had dropt in its flight from the curtain of night as it fled from its tireless pursuer, the light.

The parade started from the present club house, at 10 A.M., as follows:

Maryland Bicycle Club, 38 men, including one regular, one tandem, and one sociable tricycle; Druid Cyclist, Captain Bartlett, 12 men; Lafayette Wheelmen, Captain Mealy, 13 men; Wheeling Wheelmen, Captain Booz, 11 men; Junior Wheelmen, Captain Packer, 4 men. Captain E. R. Jones, of the Maryland, rode at head of column with his aides and Lieutenant J. D. Chesney had immediate command of the club.

Before we started the captain had us in line and was instructing us relative to whistles. Said he: "Two blows for right file, one for left file." Says a member, way down near the end: "I say, captain, how many whistles for a rat-tail file?"

As he had paid his advance money the captain could only glare.

As the parade is riding over its advertised route we will take a short cut and join the crowd at the new building and take a survey of it. The first point that attracts our attention is the back yard. We claim to be the only club in the world that has a third-story back yard. You may smile, dear reader, but did you ever pause to think of the manifold advantages of a third-story back yard? These are some. It saves the expense of a back porch, for the use of members who enjoy a cigar on a calm moonlit night, and how much more pleasant to walk out of the window on a soft, smooth lawn and recline in a hammock and mingle the aroma of roses with the odor of your havana. Then, again, if you are on the third floor and want to go in the yard you don't have to run down three flights of steps. Marauding cats visit you not and lots of other annoyances are barred out.

The building will be of red sandstone brick, blue-stone trimmings, interior finished in hard woods. Dimensions, 24x70 feet, and four stories high. The ground floor will contain machine racks and bowling alleys. Second, reception, drawing, and committee rooms and stage, separated by poitierre, throwable, on demand, in one apartment. Third floor, billiard and pool tables, lockers, and bath compartments. Fourth floor, gymnasium, sleeping rooms, janitor's rooms, and kitchen. We hope to occupy building in April.

The procession reaches the ground and dismounting the different clubs form in line. The bugle sounds and then march up the steps and occupy their assigned positions on the platform. President S. T. Clark, of the Maryland Club, asks the mason if the corner-stone is ready to be laid. He replies in the affirmative, and the ceremonies open with prayer by Rev. Mr. Myer, who starts off with the appropriate petition, "Now I lay me down to sleep." When he concludes the President gives the signal and the



stone is lowered to its place as the band strikes up Rock of Ages. The various officers of the club deposit their articles and the captain of the clubs parading also deposit souvenirs. The box is sealed and cemented in the stone. The President delivers an address and at its end the mason steps up and presents him with the trowel with which the stone was laid. The president accepts same on behalf of the club. And we all adjourn to the lake to witness the annual race of the Druid 'Cyclists, which was won by their Captain, E. Kemp Bartlett. The Maryland Club then hies itself to Towson to partake of its annual Thanksgiving dinner. Twenty-three men sat down to the table, including Mr. Berryhill, of the Capital Club.

When the edge of our appetites were somewhat dulled a member arose and proposed that we inaugurate an "Order of the Trowel," to which members who render signal service, not weather predictions, to the club, be elected. That the honor of being a Trowler, not growler, will be so coveted that every member will endeavor, to the best of his ability, to become one, thus benefitting the club as well as himself.

The motion was drank standing.

Nominations were declared in order. And in consideration of his "unsurpassed by none" circular, the captain was the first member elected. Owing to the scientific character of his speech and the great number of unheard-of-before-ologies, he used, the president was next elected.

Then came a pause and then a member renowned for his diffidence and girlish bashfulness, one o'ers whose pale but intellectual countenance the rosy hue of modesty is quick to spread, arose and proposed the Secretary's name. The silence was ominous whilst he spoke, and when the ballots were counted they shew 1 in favor and 22 against.

We had several hours of fun and pleasure, and reluctantly returned.

SECRETARY.

#### CHICAGO GOSSIP.

*Editor of The Wheel:* A few days ago the "Dearborn 'Cycling Club" met at the residence of H. W. Fuller, Esq., and Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Waldron, new converts to the wheel, were elected members. After the meeting a "musical" was given. Mrs. Waldron recited several well chosen selections with rare good taste, never overdoing, a fault so common even with professional elocutionists. Mrs. Brush sang for us; the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with piano and organ accompaniment was especially pleasing. Miss Adele Geiser, one of the finest amateur pianists in America, and Miss Florence Fuller, whose playing excels even her tricycle riding, delighted us with many pieces. The programme finished, refreshments were served. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Brush, Misses Geiser and Vette, Messrs. Vernon, Waldron and Meteyard. I will venture to say that this club is one of the happiest, if not the happiest, of organizations in the United States.

Last evening, the Le Grand Bicycle Course, at the Le Grand Skating Rink, was opened. The programme was somewhat modified owing to various incidents, but was none the less interesting and pleasing. Skating was indulged

in from seven to eight o'clock, then Chief Consul Blake led the grand march (or grand wheel) in which many representatives of the Dearborn 'Cycling Club and the Chicago, Hermes, and Æolus Bicycle Clubs took part. The parade was managed with great skill by Mr. Blake, and was heartily applauded by the large audience.

Mr. Van Siclen rode an exhibition mile against time in 3.25, good time for a thirteen-lap track. Mr. Brown, C. Bi. C., did some fancy riding on his sixty; he always pleases. The Hermes Bicycle Club drill was a surprise to every one, and drew forth great applause. Mr. A. G. Bennett, C. Bi. C., then gave some fancy riding. This was, indeed, the most enjoyable event of the evening. Mr. Bennett bids fair to become a second Canary; his progress has been wonderful. As some oil had been accidentally spilled on the course, the remaining races were postponed. The Æolus Bicycle Club drilled finely, using tactics, the adoption of which I have already urged, viz.: the Regular Army tactics for cavalry and infantry modified only where the wheel makes it absolutely necessary, the commands being the same; the club learns, then, not only to drill well as a bicycle club, but the school of the company and battalion as well.

After the exhibition, when the people had departed, the managers of the rink invited the wheelmen to a collation in the private dining rooms; all wheelmen know how to appreciate acts like this. All was over at midnight, and we retired early in the morning.

H. F. FULLER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26, 1884.

#### KARL KRON'S REPORT.

*Editor of The Wheel:* The tenth month of the canvass for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" ends to-night, with 2,091 subscription-pledges on my roll, whereof 27 arrived during the week; and I'm afraid that three months more of my precious life will have to be expended in whooping up the 909 names still needed to make me happy. Eighty hotels have now been secured for my list, or about a third of the number which I hope to have, though I might reasonably expect to get 500 of them if the officers of the league would take it upon themselves to improve this chance of ensuring a great convenience for tourists.

A coincidence which happened to me on the fifth day of November, in connection with my subscription work, was certainly curious enough to be worth relating. Having read of the long Australian tricycle tour of nearly 600 miles, which was completed in August, by Mr. James Copland, I wrote to solicit his subscription and his "record," and his help in introducing my scheme to the attention of his club. Now, at the identical instant of putting my ignature to the epistle, I was interrupted by the coming of the postman, who delivered to me a letter from that same Mr. Copland, written at Melbourne, on the 12th of September, and giving affirmative answer to the three requests which I had just penned to him! This oddly-timed message from the antipodes was in form following:

"I'm just on the eve of starting to ride back, and when I reach Sydney, I will distribute your subscription circulars among the right people. I will

also send the desired account of my my entire trip (about 1,300 miles) in time to publish in your book. Meanwhile, please put my name down as a subscriber, and excuse the present hurried scrawl. I really haven't a moment to spare, but, as the editor of the *Australian 'Cycling News* has just shown me your communication, I thought you would prefer getting this brief account to none at all."

If, then, my persuasive powers are so great that the Australians say yes before I even put to them the question, do I not deserve to receive a Thanksgiving shower of 909 one dollar pledges for "X. M. Miles on a Bi."

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., Nov. 25.

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Of bicycles we have some few  
Whose names are somewhat strange,  
I wonder what a man would do  
Who had them to arrange.

He'd start a zoo, and fill it too,  
The Jumbo would bring money;  
He'd cage the big geared Kangaroo,  
And train the wild Star Pony.

I met a rider on a wheel  
Who rode it like Canary,  
I thought it was the small Facile,  
But 'was an Extraordinary.

"What Yale's you," said a maker,  
As I gazed on a Bike.  
"I like this new 'Boneshaker,'  
Although I ride a Trike."

The dealer said: "these rims won't budge  
The metal will not fail,"  
Perhaps you'd like to buy a Rudge,  
Or perhaps our staunch Royal Mail.

While wondering what machine I'd bought,  
I never could remember,  
They sent me home a Premier "O,"  
While I'd paid for a Humber.

When through some sand my wheel I led  
A Horseman near did go,  
"The Sanspareil for wheels," he said,  
Why don't you ride a shadow.

GEORGIUS.

#### TRICYCLES ON THE RACING PATH.

The racing records of the past season for tricycles have been published in *Wheeling* by Mr. Pembroke Coleman, the official handicapper and time-keeper to the National Cyclists' Union. They have been prepared with great care, and at infinite pains, and form the first complete set of records as to what may be done in racing by tricycle riders. But it must be borne in mind that racing on a tricycle is the very least of the valuable services which that pleasant vehicle renders to its owner, and its especial value lies in its capacity to carry riders and luggage for long or short tours at home and abroad. At home it conducts riders into pleasant and secret places, which the railway has not made common, and where the modern coach never runs. How much the tricycle has done in this way during the season may be the subject of an article at no distant date. The returns now compiled by Mr. Coleman show that the tricycle is capable of traversing enormous distances at a high rate of speed; of traveling far beyond the rate necessary, or even desirable, for the most ardent lover of traveling, or the most devoted student of the picturesque. The speed of these racing records can, of course, bear no comparison with the rate which a rider can travel on an ordinary road; and no one should be

discouraged on reading the distance covered in any specific time, and comparing it with a private record over a country road. At one mile H. N. Correllis bears the record for 3min. 32.5sec. run this year. H. J. Webb ran two miles in 6min. 26.35sec., and he carries the palm at twelve, thirteen, sixteen, seventeen, and from twenty-six up to 100 miles, the whole scored this year. The longest distance was covered in 6h. 43min. 32½sec., and he also ran 100 miles on the road in 7h. 35min. Mr. Webb is the gentleman who rode from Land's Ends to John o'Groat's, 898¼ miles, in 7 days 18h. 58min., and the greatest distance ever yet ridden in consecutive days goes to his credit also, as he rode 1,025¼ miles 9 days 6h. 35min. These astounding feats are more to the credit of the man's endurance than to the machine he rides, though great credit is due to the makers of the machines which can satisfy the demands made upon them by such riders. M. J. Lowndes holds the record from three miles to eleven, he having covered the first distance, in 1883, in 9min. 45sec., and the longer distance last year also in 27min. 44sec. C. E. Liles is the quickest rider, at fourteen and fifteen miles, and from eighteen to twenty-five miles, the fourteen miles having been ridden in 49min. 31sec., and the twenty-five miles in 28min. 58sec. Major Knox Holmes, the octogenarian rider, has the credit for having ridden from 101 miles to 115 miles in the shortest time this year. The former distance occupied 8h. 36min. 24sec.; and the last named taking 8h. 58min. 58sec. The greatest distance ever yet ridden on the road in 24h. was 230¾ miles, accomplished by Mr. W. F. Sutton. Such marvelous performances show what a magnificent vehicle for racing or touring science has placed within the reach of the great middle class of England. Tandem tricycle riding has also been indulged in to some extent this season, and the greatest distance ridden on the road in 24 hours goes to the credit of Messrs. Bird and Marriot, who, on July 26, last, rode 231 miles.—*Land and Water*.

MERCURY.

#### BORROWED FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

We think that our Yankee contemporaries should have particularised when they sagely remarked, "Our English visitors made a great deal of talk because they couldn't get anything to drink at Springfield. They had no trouble in Boston."

Tricycling for ladies is gradually becoming popular in the colonies. My Australian correspondent, who by reason of his English experience has quickly attained importance in Australia, and is now none other than the secretary of the Wheelmen's Union there, assures me that the fair sex in his city (Sidney) are quite enthusiastic on the subject of wheels. They are scarcely yet advanced enough to take machines out under their own control, but eagerly seize an offer of a ride on a social. This is bully for the colonial boys.

At the Birchfields fortnightly social, Mr. Reuben Chambers took the chair and said a few words about his recent



trip. The Yanks had treated Illston and him in fine style. They had a most hearty reception. Owing to the more favorable atmosphere, he had little doubt that, before long, English records would all be beaten, and, had it not been for a most unfavorable day in his recent attempt, Hendee would have considerably lowered the record. Both the speech and speaker were accorded a very hearty reception. Messrs. Leeson (Hon. Sec.), Court, Day, Groves, and the chairman, by reciting and singing, made the evening pass very pleasantly.

I met a man the other day, who was looking at his bicycle with a look of supreme contempt, and talking to it in unmeasured terms. I asked him why, instead of raving like that, he didn't ride home. "Ride home!" said he, and smiled a sickly smile. I repeated my question, "Look here," said he, "I don't believe in calling a 'jigger' bad names, but when a fellow gets half way home, comes to tramline at the foot of a long hill, stands still on his machine to let a steam motor pass, and on starting finds his hind wheel has 'fired,'"—I suddenly remembered that I had a friend waiting for me, and bolted.

A French nobleman was out riding his tricycle one day, when he overtook an old priest, contentedly jogging along upon a quiet donkey. "Ha! ha!" laughed the nobleman, "how goes the ass to-day, good father?" "On wheels, my son, on wheels," was the unexpected reply. Collapse of the noble wheelman.

At the same time, when we remember the rancorous dislike displayed by the lower-class Yankees, which might at any time have taken the shape of a flying missile, if all we hear is true, it is undeniable that our fellows had more to contend against than the American muscle and wind nominally pitted against them.

We are exceedingly glad to be able to report that there is no truth in the rumor that Cortis was no more. A recent *Australian Exchange* says: "We were exceedingly pleased to meet Dr. H. L. Cortis again, when present at the Sydney B. C. meeting. For the benefit of our home readers we are glad to say that their quondam champion is in very good health and spirits. The doctor confirms the report that he was suffering from heart disease, but he does not seem to suffer any inconvenience from it now; and as far as appearance and appetite go, we still should say there is plenty of racing still left in the 'path-demon.'" Judging from this, Cortis is worth a dozen dead men yet.

## TOURING IN CALIFORNIA.

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

Their arrival at Blue Lakes, about mid-day was very dramatic, they came sweeping around a curve in the road into full sight of the hotel where they were observed by a large gathering of people, mostly ladies; they all cheered, the cyclers taking off their hats and returning the salute with a feeling of gladness, possessed only by the wheel-

man when on a gentle down grade, with the majority of admirers ladies. The party being very pleasant and promising a nice time during their stay, they remained until next morning, the remainder of the day was passed in swimming and boat-sailing, also a little bicycle trick riding, which unfortunately led to the breaking of the handle-bar of one of the machines. Mr. Jacobs engineered the attachment of a large piece of wood which successfully substituted the broken one until a machine shop could be reached. In the evening recitations, singing, and dancing whiled the hours pleasantly away. Among the exercises was the reading of an original poem by one of the young ladies, which was considered very creditable. Early next morning they departed for Lake Port, which was reached at about half-past nine o'clock, here breakfast was taken and the handle-bar repaired, taking about one hour in all. The genial host introduced them to almost everybody in town, showing them the little steamer which plys between the different points of interest on the lake's border. All went well until Cobb Mountain was reached, which had to be climbed. When about half way up they came to what a hungry bicyclist could compare to a small oasis in the desert, in the shape of the small sign which read "strawberries and cream." They stopped and soon refreshed the inner man, after which pushed for the top at an altitude of 3,100 above the sea level, and with renewed energy reached there at about 4 P. M. The down grade was so badly cut up that they were forced to walk, reaching Glenbrook at sun down, where supper was taken.

Next morning Jack Frost made all four of us move about lively, and after much persuasion the cook prepared a breakfast that was greatly relished. St. Helena Mountain loomed up very majestically, in fact, sooner than we desired, thus giving us the opportunity of wearing out our shoes which we faithfully stuck to for half the day, though occasionally our friend Cowen would break the monotony of the tramp by attempting to ride down, performing numerous acrobatic feats, and taking several headers, but always bobbing up serenely with a contented smile, and not much injured.

At noon the beautiful valley of Napa opened up before us. Amidst the lovely surroundings Calistoga, 550¾ miles was reached with vigorous appetites; here George Rideout's vacation having expired a parting ensued, he taking the train for S. F. St. Helena, 559¾ miles was reached in 45 minutes, being at less than a 5 minute gait. The road between these two points is the best in the northern part of the State, and comparing very favorably with the best of those of the Santa Clara Valley, which are so widely known for their smoothness immediately after a rain. From St. Helena to Napa the roads are very fair, though occasionally bumpy. We enjoyed ourselves greatly while en route through this valley, visiting many of the principal wine vaults and distilleries. A short stop at Yountsville was made, a steady head wind making it hard pushing, and at dusk Napa was reached with the odometer showing a distance of 578½ miles, or 55¾ for Friday. After supper a quiet ramble about town was taken, and then all retired.

After a sponge bath and breakfast at early start was made. The asylum grounds at the invitation of the gate keeper were ridden over, the smoothness of their surface reminding me very much of the drives of Golden Gate Park. Though admiring the buildings and grounds very much the gloomy feeling which we encountered was hard to shake off. It did not take long to reach the Sacramento Valley, Cordelia (594¾ miles), being the first stopping point, where the hospitalities of a farmer who insisted upon our sampling sarsaparilla was complied with. To Fairfield, which was reached at 11 o'clock, having ridden 602 miles, the roads were rather dusty, Elmira 616 miles showed that they were far from improving. After leaving Elmira, while riding in a wagon rut with which the roads were beginning to abound, a quick side fall was taken, caused by slipping the pedal, and the indenture in the road showing that it was taken in a hurry. Brushing off the dust and again mounting, the ride was continued as though nothing had happened, and Dixon 628½ miles was reached after much tramping over telegraph and telephone roads, whose smoothness the resident farmers consider perfect, but which in fact are terrific, we cyclers feeling that it would not take many more hours to become thoroughly well roasted. Davisville, 639¾ miles, was reached at six o'clock, much walking out of the 61 miles which had been traveled that day, coupled with the frightful heat and numerous insects which were a torment, made it far from pleasant, but our appetites nevertheless were not impaired in the least.

After much inquiry we learned that many of the roads approaching the Feather river, over which we would have to pass in going to Marysville, were overflowed, so we immediately arrived at the conclusion that we were forced to abandon that portion of the trip. A telephonic message was sent to Mr. Lambert, at Sacramento, that the programme was to start in the morning, due east, over the best road that could be found. Next morning showed it had been received with more fervor than anticipated. Many well advised residents informed us that we would not find any more good roads in this vicinity, and anticipating that we would soon part company, we entertained each other before retiring for the night by relating numerous legends and listening to each other's stories, of which Mr. Cowen had a bountiful store, he, at the conclusion, being unanimously declared the funniest man in the house. Next morning (June 29th), after concluding breakfast, all were ready to proceed, when we were greatly surprised by the unexpected arrival of seven of the members of the Sacramento Bicycle Club, captained by Mr. R. R. Flint, with lieutenants Lindly and Lampert in position, who surrounded us with many greetings. A run to Woodland and back was suggested, we being advised by them that it would be necessary on account of the inundated roads to take the train to Sacramento. Ten miles out from Davisville, one of the most extensive vineyards in the State is located; here, Mr. Blower, of raisin repute, being domiciled, a visit was made, and mounting his bicycle he escorted all the wheelmen over the numerous

smooth drives that surround the premises, and upon arriving at his beautiful residence after having ridden about an hour, the disappearance of a collation which had been prepared showed the appreciation of the wheelmen. Here, the many pleasures of the tour were related, after which a start for town was made. After riding about the streets of Woodland, which are beautifully kept, a start for Davisville, where the odometer registered 664¾ miles, was made, Mr. Lindly leading us along at the liveliest pace we had traveled for some days, reaching just in time for the train in a little less than an hour, the distance being 11¼ miles, which being over roads, portions of which were far from smooth, was, on such a hot day, rather lively traveling. Upon arriving at Sacramento, Mr. Lindly immediately piloted us to his home, where refreshments were bountifully placed before us; thence, he escorted us to Agricultural Park, Exposition Building, the Capitol Grounds, and about the city to the depot where Messrs. Cowen and Rideout took train to S. F. During the afternoon a ride down the Riverside and back was taken, and after being informed that the roads to S. F., via Stockton, Lathrop, and Niles were rather bumpy in places, and on account of the late rains far from being in good 'cycling shape, I was forced to content myself in returning home by other than a wiry steed, having traveled through Sonoma, Mendocino, Lake Napa, Solano, Yolo, and in Sacramento counties 303¾ miles, with 44¾ for the last day, or a total for the 2 weeks' wheeling of 686¾ miles. I concluded to stop, as at the rate of 5½ lbs. flesh gained in two weeks I soon would become entirely too fat for my own comfort. It is almost unnecessary in this mode of spending a vacation to worry about expense as the hotel charges are all that one has to be prepared for. The advantage gained in seeing the country to one's entire satisfaction leads to the query: Why there is such a scarcity of bicycle tourists? Surely the roads should not deter them as the hardships encountered would not molest a child. Had our local 'cyclers the enthusiasm of the Pioneer wheelman of Monterey or to contend against the many inconveniences that the riders of Sacramento so bravely overcome, the public would look upon them with more of an eye of admiration than they have in the past.

Finding that the trip had invigorated me so much and wishing to ascertain what distance I could ride in a day I concluded my vacation by making an attempt to ride as great a distance as possible without straining myself. The excellence of the roads in the Santa Clara Valley convinced me that the wheel could stand it. A start on July 3d at 7:35 A. M. from the corner of Mission and Twenty-sixth streets was made. The verifications that the distance traveled on a bicycle and showing the time of arrival, with distances, are as follows: Fourteen Mile House at 9 A. M., 11¼ miles. D. O. Mills' Villa, at Millbrae, at 9.15 A. M., 13½ miles. Belmont Hotel, 10 A. M., 22 miles. Redwood City, San Mateo County, 10.45 A. M., 25¾ miles. Menlo Park, 11.15 A. M., 29¾ miles. Palo Alto, 11.25, A. M., 31¼ miles. Mayfield, Santa Clara County, 11.45



A. M., 34 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Mountain View, 12 M., 39 $\frac{3}{8}$  miles. Santa Clara, 1.5 P. M., 47 $\frac{7}{8}$  miles. San Jose, 1.20 P. M., 51 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Coyote, 3 P. M., 63 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. Madrone, 3.30 P. M., 69 $\frac{3}{8}$  miles. Gilroy, 5.15 P. M., 81 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles. San Felipe, 6.55 P. M., 91 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. Hollister, 8 P. M., 100 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. Thus making 100 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles in one half day and 15 minutes. The road taken was that which is the continuation of Mission street, the wind blowing so hard against me that slow going was a necessity. At Millbrae, through the kindness of Miss G—, a delicious glass of milk was soon disposed of. From here the roads, which are shaded on both sides by large trees, were ex-

cellent to San Jose, but after having traveled on poor ground for the first 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and finding good ground so suddenly a little spurring was done, necessarily resulting in a terrific header which was taken while going down a gentle grade. This came very near shaking all the long distance riding out of me. When within 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles of Hollister a collision with a farm wagon, whose driver was intent upon holding all of the road, showed that a 'cyclor, for his own personal safety should not be technical regarding the laws of the road. Thus, including the fifteen stops and two mishaps Hollister was reached at an average gait of about ten miles per hour,

and as the attractions during the Fourth promised to be numerous the return was made as fast as the Monterey train could carry me, making 787 miles in all.

(The End.)

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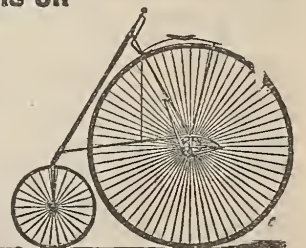
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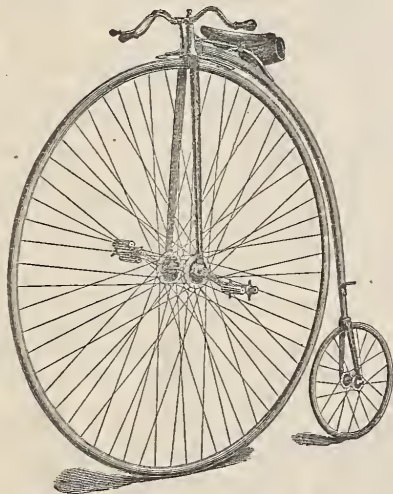
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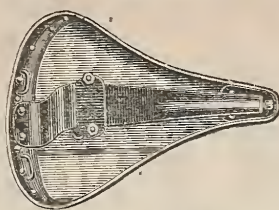
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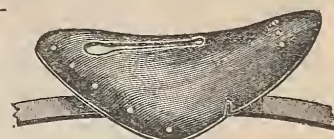
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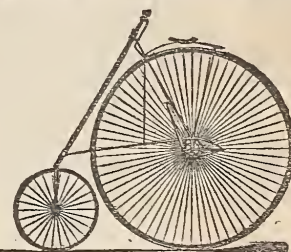
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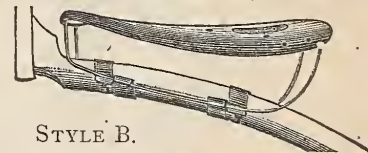
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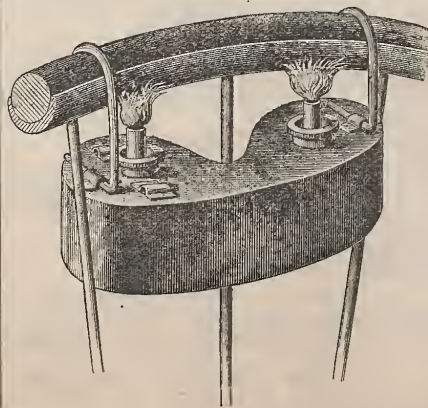
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