

# THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. IV. No. 1.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1889

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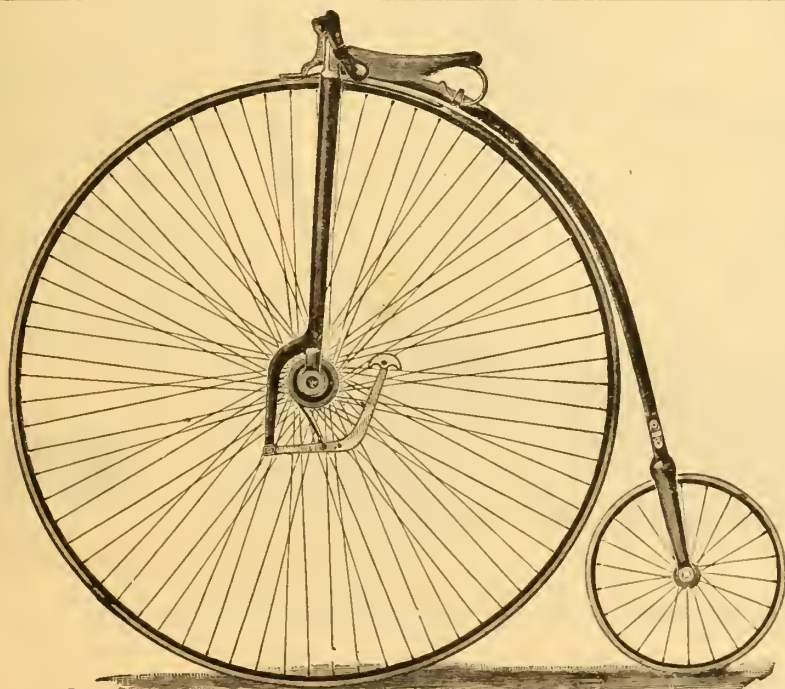
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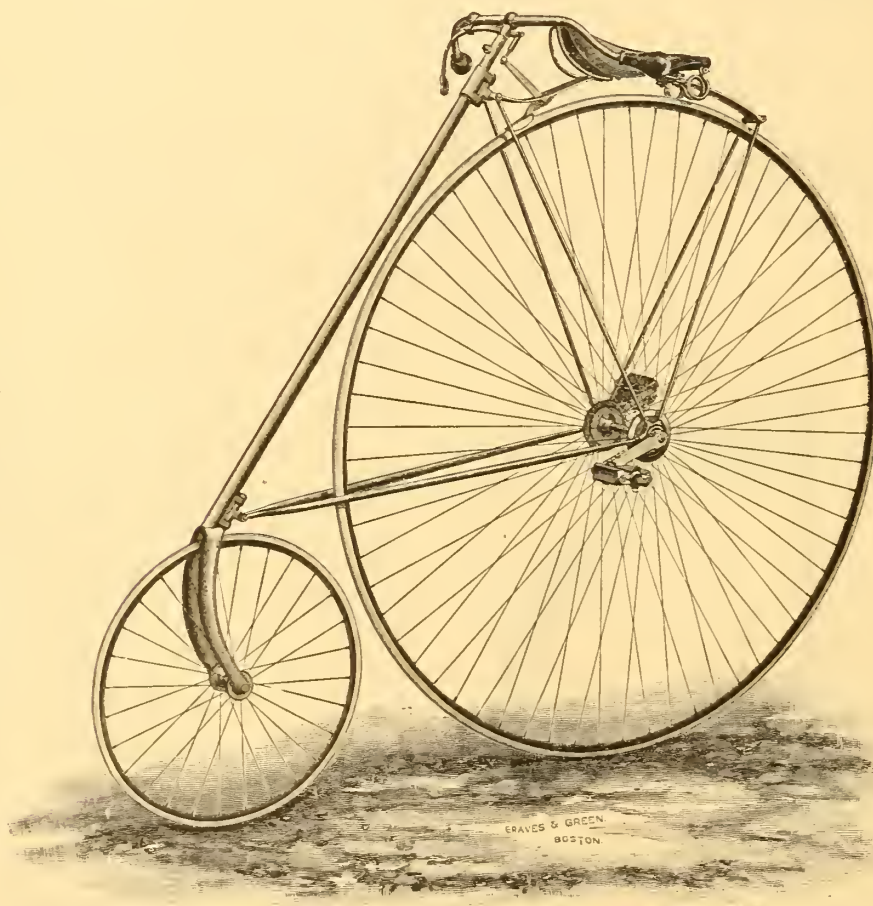
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### A QUADRICYCLE AMONG WOLVES.



IT WAS a snowy, blustering night in February. The wind whistled and moaned like an evil spirit around the cornices and windows of one of the newest and most comfortable club houses recently erected to the god cycle by his pious worshippers. Within all was light and warmth. To the janitor, who had made himself extremely comfortable before the open fire-place, in an easy chair, with the best cigar the club locker boasted, life had taken on a rosy hue, which, at the tormenting whir of the electric bell, quickly changed to a cerulean shade, and, grumbling to himself, he hastened to admit a coterie of daring spirits who had evidently thought it a pity that one man should monopolize so much comfort. For a time the click of billiard balls was heard as some surrounded the pool tables, while others killed time at cards, or glanced through the latest wheel literature, noticing how our brethren across the water never lose an opportunity to "slate" each other in the columns of their respective sheets. Later, pool lost its fascination, cards were voted stupid, papers were exhausted, and even the pages of Stevens' "X. M. Miles on a Bicycle" failed to charm its readers. At this juncture all seemed to fully realize the wisdom of the janitor's idea of comfort, and they gathered around the cozy fire-place and for a time conversation waned. Of the group the central figure was a good-looking, athletic young fellow, Grigsby by name, and whose fair hair and ruddy complexion indexed his English blood. He was from Montreal, a visiting wheelman, with stacks of introductory letters from mutual acquaintances, and had been made cordially welcome by his entertainers, the club going so far as to elect him an honorary member, no empty compliment. Grigsby was a great story-teller, and drew for materials on a wide and varied experience. From the fact of his romances had risen two factions among the members of the club, and it might be spoken of as divided into "Anti-Grigsby" and "Grigsby" parties. The first contented themselves with saying, good-naturedly enough, that if Grigsby cared to run, he could be unanimously elected to the proud position of "Club Liar," while his friends, admitting that the elastic fabric of truth was stretched a little, said that his stories were interesting, and his travels had no doubt given him opportunity "strange things for to see." For the sake of peace and comfort, let it be understood that all present marched under the standard of Grigsby. The hour was late, while the wind, as if tantalized by the sight of so much comfort, redoubled its howls and moans, and went on in a manner altogether unseemly and childish. At this moment Grigsby woke up from what appeared to be a brown study, saying: "Boys, those howls outside remind me of similar sounds heard last year among Canadian woods, and under much less pleasant circumstances," and he drew from a letter-case a well-worn photo and handed it around for inspection. The central figure represented a machine new to all the boys, and which might best be described as two Star bicycles of the same size, firmly braced from frame to frame at the top and near the hub, and the two steering-rods connected in the same way. Even the two small wheels appeared to be linked together inseparably. Luggage was swung between the two large wheels, and head-lamps fastened to the steering-rods. On each side of this combination stood

a wheelman in heavy riding dress, in one of which there was no difficulty in recognizing Grigsby, in spite of his wraps. The other, a jovial-looking fellow, plainly of French blood, Grigsby said was named Paul L'Estrange, and was his chum in all sports. On the picture was the stamp of a Montreal artist, known in connection with his fine work during the Winter Carnival.

"What do you call it?" said the boys, as with one voice.

"That is a Star quadricle," said Grigsby. "The first and only one ever in existence, and with an experience as unique as the picture."

"Tell us about it," said the chorus again, scenting a new experience, and sinking back with an added sense of comfort, while even the janitor ventured to quietly take a seat at a respectful distance in the background.

"Both the riders pictured there," said Grigsby, as he lighted a fresh cigar and took another look at the picture, as if praying for inspiration—his enemies would have said—"are very tickle wheelmen as regards mounts, and used to change about every season, much more to the benefit of Montreal importers than to ourselves. Last year our fancy was for American Stars, and Stars it was, both 51-inch wheels, with tangent spokes, hollow frame and lever, ball and roller bearings, silent ratebets, and whatever modern improvements and attachments that seemed good in our sight. It was rather late in the season when they got along; the price seemed high and duties rather steep, but I suppose we appreciated them all the more for that.

"All the touring that time admitted of was done that year, but no very long runs had been taken together till, late in November, L'Estrange proposed a trip down the Lower St. Lawrence, and wheeling from Quebec to Matane, where he had relatives anxious for a visit, and fishing and hunting were said to be fine. Weather for that time of year had been unusually clear and fine, and prospects for the trip seemed good, though some weather prophets that were perpetually croaking, prophesied snow, saying those fine days were nothing but 'weather breeders.' We simply laughed at such savants, made all our preparations, and in two days found ourselves on the road from Quebec to Matane, with 260 miles of wheeling in the near future. Where the road followed the beach it had been badly washed in '85, but since that time repaired, and was left in excellent shape by the fall rains. We covered the whole distance in four days without working very hard, and during that clear, cold weather, felt that life was indeed worth living. Though the leaves had fallen from nearly all the trees, scenery was fine, and the evergreen trees lent a good deal of color to the brown landscape. Of these same evergreens we had rather too much in one long stretch of forest on the third day of our trip down, as it reached five miles, and was said to be infested with wolves, of which there are many yet left in Lower Canada. We were both good riders, able to keep up a pace of ten miles an hour on good roads, and outdid ourselves in passing through that stretch of forest, though I suppose in the day-time there was no danger, as both were armed with revolvers. Nothing of note occurred on the down trip, and the only stretch of poor road we found was from Caconne to Trois Pistoles, 30 miles, and quite sandy. In the summer I think it would be almost impossible to pass it on bicycles. When we reached Matane the sky gave



us reason to think of the weather prophets, being covered with dark, threatening clouds, and there was a chill feeling in the air, very unfavorable to rain. You can imagine we would rather have seen a second deluge in that remote little place than a snow-storm. The kind-hearted habitants made us heartily welcome, and laid various plans for our amusement before us—all destined to go the way of many other plans—for, when we looked out the next morning, you may call me a liar if it wasn't snowing thick and fast, and that continued for three consecutive days, being over two feet on a level by that time, and communication only possible on snow-shoes. Fancy seeing your girl home on snow-shoes! My slight, very slight, grasp of the French language didn't prevent my having an excellent time, and attempting every figure of the dance. I tell you, boys, a whole volume could be written on the quaint and pleasing manners of the people in that region, but my story must touch on other topics. With all that was done for us, time went slowly, as there was little to do and less to read. Part of the time was passed in the shop of a clever jack-of-all-trades named Castell, who was a fair carpenter, good blacksmith, and even sometimes tried his hand at boat-building. Meeting more people than the other villagers, he had more command of English, wider ideas every way, and we found him an interesting fellow to talk to. On the fourth day the snow changed to rain, and that was followed by a very cold night, leaving a crust on the snow strong enough to bear up a yoke of oxen. The idea of wheeling to Quebec on this crust at once occurred to us, and, getting out the wheels, we tried them around the village, but found it would never do, as the little wheels were inclined to skid. Where the little wheel went the big one had to follow, and some falls that greatly amused the people followed that. Finally L'Estrange, who is an ingenious fellow and a fair mechanic, said to me, 'Grigsby, I've thought out a way to fasten those two wheels together so they will work on this crust, if we can only find the proper materials.' 'Come over to the shop,' said I, 'and perhaps we can find something there,' and over there we skidded. Would you believe it, we found, on overhauling the stock of iron, three pieces of weldless steel tubing, relics of the ambition of a young Canadian to construct for himself a velocipede, and which only increased the smith's stock of old iron. Under the direction of L'Estrange, these tubes were split at the ends with a fine saw, flattened out, and then heated and welded around the frames of our wheels and from one steering-rod to the other. Width of track did not matter so long as we had width enough of wheel base, as the surface on which we proposed to ride had no track and was perfectly smooth. The little wheels we connected by a light, but strong chain, to prevent their turning too much in opposite directions. This work occupied all of one day, and when, with fear, and trembling, we ventured out to try the result, it was found to work admirably. Mounting was managed as on a tandem bicycle, the first man getting on and starting the machine, and the second giving a push and mounting while in motion. We found our quadricycle, as we christened it, capable of good speed, able to climb hills of not too steep a grade, and that it would coast like a double ripper, as I believe you call your double sleds the boys in the States use. Naturally we were anxious to start the next day, but the good people talked us into prolonging our visit one more day, prophesying a thaw, predicting attacks of wolves made savagely hungry by the deep snowfall, etc. But this was all of no avail. Remaining there until the snow melted, or leaving our wheels and traveling to the nearest station, were neither to be seriously considered. Bearings were cleaned and oiled, every nut and bolt looked to, the bracings carefully tested, and our lamps filled with a mixture of fish-oil and kerosene, that burned well, but smelled far from fragrant. Both of us were warmly and heavily clad, as the photo shows you, rather too many wrappings for riding at great speed, but we thought best to be on the side of comfort. It was a Thursday morning when we finally got off and bade adieu to the whole assembled village, and the air was sharp and frosty. At first we felt a fear of breaking through the crust by one or both wheels, and so destroying the new frame, but that feeling gradually wore away, and we were able to look around, wondering at the great change in the aspect of the country. Everything was covered with an unbroken blanket of glistening white, save where the evergreens showed black and sombre against their new surroundings. We found a speed of from seven to ten miles an

hour could easily be made, as the wheels had a tendency to slip backward. It took us some little time, also, to get the knack of levering (why not levering as well as pedaling), with equal force, so the bracings would not be strained or bent, and at noon quite a long stop was necessary, as the crust thawed somewhat, and we couldn't afford to take any chances. Much curiosity was shown by the people where we stopped, and pity expressed by the kind-hearted, black-eyed Canadiennes. At such times I used to envy L'Estrange his facility of speaking French, and say unprintable things to myself regarding the jargon taught in our schools under that name, and which my accent did not help to make plain. St. Flavie, 43 miles, was made by dusk, and we found rather poor accommodations, fare consisting of salt pork, potatoes, coarse bread, and coffee that almost redeemed the rest. As an apology, they told us the deep snowfall had made game and fish alike scarce. On our second day a start was made before sunrise, as a moon promised to light the road at night, and we wanted to make 57 miles that day, and reach Trois Pistoles, where there was a railroad station, and if a thaw threatened we could take the cars for home. This day was much like the first in the early part, save that a longer halt was necessary to be made at noon, and it was about 4 o'clock before we got off again. Traveling that way on the crust is great fun, but I think a light tricycle would be safer and more comfortable on a long trip. One would feel less worry about breaking through the crust. A few miles along we met two trappers who were traveling on wooden skates or shoes, like the Norwegian skits, and in a mixture of bad French and worse English, which even L'Estrange couldn't well make out, they told us to look out for wolves on the mountains between St. Fabian and Trois Pistoles, advice that we scarcely stood in need of. Our road was totally unbroken, not a sign of travel to be seen, and the only way we could follow it was by occasional walls and fences, and the general lay of things. Riding along in that way, and no sound to be heard, would in time grow maddening, it seems to me. When Trois Pistoles was yet a long ways ahead it began to grow dark, but the moon gradually appeared above the Eastern hills, bringing up our spirits at the same time, and a good pace was set, with an eye out all the time for any stray wolves. Directly ahead of us was the long stretch of forest we had passed on our way down, and as we entered that a slight breeze, which always seems to be blowing in that kind of trees, swayed the overhanging boughs till, to our excited fancies, their shadows took on shapes like wolves, panthers, and a whole menagerie of wild beasts. When L'Estrange proposed lighting our lamps and turning them so the light would be thrown on these shadows, I raised no objections, and at the same time we got out our revolvers and saw they were ready for use. Further along, as we passed a little clearing, a genuine wolf was seen—no mistaking him in that bright moonlight—sneaking into the brush, and I thoughtlessly fired a shot at him, missing, of course. He then made off up the clearing at a long lope, occasionally turning his head with a short yelp, like a dog that is more frightened than hurt. This little incident did not tend to quiet down our nerves very much, and when, a little later, I heard what sounded to me like the long-drawn-out yelps of a pack of hounds, and remarked to L'Estrange on the lateness of the hour for hunting, I could see his face whiten, and he replied: 'Those are no hounds.' 'Do you mean wolves?' said I. 'Yes. We must ride for all we're worth, and perhaps have to depend on our revolvers to save us.' That was enough. We made those levers move rapidly without more talk, but kept hearing answering howls on all sides, and at length saw four or five dark shadows flitting along in the rear, evidently standing a little in fear of the lamps and a steed new to them, and waiting to be reinforced before attacking us. The woods grew thicker, and the road plainly took a rise here. We remembered the top of the ridge was about a half mile ahead, and from that the road sloped steadily down all the way to Trois Pistoles, say three miles. If we could only reach that in time, thought we, and prayers were mentally sent up that nothing break, and that we strike no place softened by the afternoon sun. Said L'Estrange: 'When they overtake us, do the shooting as long as your shots last, and I'll keep the machine straight. If they force us to get off, we must fight between the wheels as best we can.'

"On they came, plainly increased in number, and, our wheels making little noise, I could hear the patter of their feet on the



crust. Maddened by our flight, the prospect of getting away from them seemed pretty faint. I had my eye on a big fellow that led the pack, and, as he came alongside, with eyes and teeth glittering in the moonlight, and tongue hanging out, he made a vicious snap at my left leg. Crack! Crack! and he was stretched out at the mercy of his followers.

"Give it to them!" said L'Estrange. "We're nearly to the top of the ridge!"

"Well, this time I had no need of aiming, but every shot told, and four more lay on the crust, opening and shutting their mouths like steel traps.

"Luckily, at this moment we passed the ridge, and, as our wheels felt the incline, we began to gradually draw away from the rest of the pack. One rash wolf attempted to race after us, but was promptly stretched out like his brothers in distress, this time by a shot from L'Estrange, who had found time to ease up his grip on the handle-bars.

"Faster and faster we flew, and our speed must have been tremendous, but neither of us cared for that, or thought of putting on brakes. The cold air rushed past us as if a gale of wind were blowing, and when we finally tumbled rather than dismounted at Trois Pistoles at near the hour of midnight, our fingers and faces were both a little frost-bitten.

"After some pounding and yelling we roused the sleepy inmates of the hotel, and, strange to say, our sleep was haunted with no visions of wolves, but since that time I have frequently gone over the whole adventure in dreams.

"The next day the prophesied thaw set in in earnest, and we boarded the first through train for Montreal.

"Before turning over the quadricycle to the machine shop to be unbraced we had this photo taken. They say the machinist who tackled the job had a bad half day over it, for our work, though rough and clumsy-looking, was meant to hold."

Silence followed the conclusion of the story, broken by a long-drawn sigh of relief from the janitor, who had breathlessly followed Grigsby's adventure.

"What's the matter with you, Pete?" said one of the boys. "Did you think the wolves finally got him and made a late lunch?"

"No," said Grigsby, "this is no Russian wolf story, and no one was sacrificed to save his companion. Both of us were only too anxious to get out alive."

"Did you ever think of constructing such a machine for permanent use on the road?" asked one of the boys of a mechanical turn of mind.

"No," said Grigsby, "though if I were going to have one built, I can see where many improvements could be made, such as having the braces turn in ball and socket joints, to allow of more play, possibly divided in the middle by strong coil springs. I have no doubt the idea of such a quadricycle is practicable, but the man that builds it will have to wait a long time for as favorable a combination of circumstances as we had, before he can race against hungry wolves on Canadian crusts. He's welcome to my share of it." L. B. G.

### SAFETY VS. ORDINARY.

WITH regard to this question I do not think there are two opinions amongst those who really understand the ordinary, as to which is the safest machine. In my opinion the ordinary is not only the safest bicycle, but safer than any other class of machine. It requires more pluck and skill to ride, and those who attempt to ride it without these qualifications lose their heads and inevitably come to grief, and then blame the machine. There is certainly a good deal in a name, and this very fact often frightens men from touching the ordinary. The ordinary, in the first place, is of so simple a construction that there is nothing to get out of order, and is not nearly so liable as the safety to accidents arising from the machine itself breaking down. Then again, when accidents do happen, the rider falls clear of the machine, and nothing results so seriously as when the rider comes in contact with the machine.

We know that many serious accidents happen to the ordinary rider, but analyze them, and nearly all of them will be found to result from inexperience, recklessness or foolhardiness; and this has nothing to do with the class of machine, but with the class of riders. A youth of any ambition and pluck of course chooses the ordinary.

Why? Very often because he loves the very element of danger. He runs risks that an elder and more staid individual would never dream of, and comes to grief occasionally, accordingly. But the ordinary, ridden with caution, and with no attempt to do impossibilities, is the safest of all machines. The very perfection one has to arrive at to ride it at all well insure one's safety, and the skill required to master it thoroughly is an everlasting source of joy. The ease, however, with which a safety is mounted and ridden is a source of danger, not only to the rider, but to many other riders as well. Since the safety came into vogue there are more unskilled and inexperienced riders on the road than ever, and one has to ride very wary of them. The safety is more liable to accidents arising from its own inherent weakness. There are more parts to get out of order, and it is much more prone to slip. As regards comfort, again there is no comparison between the two machines. To be compelled to run viewless between the hedges, down amongst the dust and mud, your calves at the mercy of dogs, and your hands in one continual vibration, in my opinion cannot be compared with the rider of the ordinary, who flies above everything, commanding a view of the surrounding country, free, comparatively, from dust and mud, and able at pleasure to ride with or without his hands. The safety has but one advantage over the ordinary—it is a quicker hill climber.

Only those who have really mastered the ordinary know what a wealth of pleasure can be derived from it, and what a safe and beautiful machine it is. It is without doubt

A thing of beauty and a joy forever,  
Its loveliness increases, it will never  
Pass into nothingness.

Very few, again, know what can be done with it. It is the common notion, even among its own riders, that an ordinary-sized stone must throw the rider. This is a mistake. I myself never dismount for a short patch of newly-laid stones, and I have ridden up a curb four inches high, unintentionally in the dark. When riding in the dark, instead of the greater part of my weight being on the saddle, it is down at the center of the pedals, enabling me to drive over any obstacle likely to be met with on the road. Half the ordinary riders have their saddles too far back, throwing their weight on the hind wheel, which not only tends to creating a bicycle back and adds to the vibration, but considerable power is lost. The rational bicycle, in my opinion, is a decided mistake. There is no necessity for any rake, which only detracts from the perfectness of the machine as a machine; a very large hind wheel detracts from its beauty, and has no compensating advantages, and long cranks cause greater friction to the joints of and fatigue to the legs, and give only the slight advantage of ascending the hills a little quicker. An ordinary should have no brake; it is a delusion and a snare. No rider should ever require to stop quicker than back pedaling should enable him to. Then again, half the ordinary machines are too light for the road, and the rims of the driving wheel not being sufficiently wide to take a rubber tire thick enough to act as an anti-vibrator.

Whilst on the subject of cycling, let me call attention to the number of riders, and especially of the safety type of machine and of tri-cycles, who forego one of the first duties toward their brother cyclists, and omit to carry a light in the night time. This in the metropolitan area seems on the increase, and is a great source of danger to other riders, especially to those who carry a light. A man who rides at night time without a light is not only a mean man, and in all probability a lazy man, but must be deficient in common sense. The ostrich puts its head in the sand, and fancies because it cannot see it is not seen, and the rider at night time without a light seems to be, very often, devoid of sufficient brains to believe that because he can see he can also be seen. He little thinks he is running as great a risk as the cyclist whom he meets.

A. B. K.

SHE HAD HEARD OF HIM.—Mrs. Cumso (to her husband—John, do you know Mr. Smith, the bicycle rider?

Mr. Cumso—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Cumso—What kind of a man is he?

Mr. Cumso—A very good man, thoroughly trustworthy.

Mrs. Cumso—Is he? Why I heard young Robinson say that Smith was one of the fastest men he ever knew, and he ought to know, because he is a wheelman himself.

The best doctor in the world is bodily exercise.



## WHEN I'M AWHEEL.

When I'm awheel, I feel as gay as gay,  
Though "safety" riders tell me I go slow;  
Mine is a "Plodder" tricycle, you know—  
And that machine is out of date to-day!  
Still, the white honey-clover in the hay  
Pours me his essence, and the sweet winds blow  
Past me, to whisper honeysuckles grow  
Close in the hedge—they scent me on my way,

When I'm awheel!  
My only thought, I own, is not pure "speed;"  
I love to linger and look down the streams,  
And up the glens to where the coy sunbeams  
Make glad the hills; and well I love, indeed,  
A thymy bank! . . . Pleasure, not toil's my creed,  
When I'm awheel!

## THE BICYCLE LOCOMOTIVE.

HON. E. MOODY BOYNTON'S invention, the locomotive with a single driving-wheel, is nearing completion at the works of the Portland, (Me.), Company. Its boiler is shaped about the same as a common locomotive boiler, not differing much in length, but rather smaller in diameter than that of an ordinary locomotive. The boiler is of steel, and will carry 180 pounds pressure to the square inch. Its fire-box is deep, and the cab will be two stories high, the fireman occupying the lower and the engineer the upper story. It has two cylinders of the same shape, but a little smaller than the ordinary locomotive cylinders, located close together under the part of the boiler farthest from the cab. Then under the middle of the boiler is one giant, steel-tired driving-wheel. It is eight feet in diameter and was cast at the Portland Company's foundry last summer. The tire is deeply grooved and on either side of the driving-wheel is a crank, to take the place of the treadles of a common bicycle. The pistons of the cylinders are attached by means of a driving rod to these cranks, and by the power of steam the novel railway bicycle will be propelled, it is asserted, anywhere from one to two hundred miles an hour. It will cost from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, perhaps more, and will weigh, say, twenty-five tons. The cars will also be made to run on one rail and will be two stories, to correspond with the cab of the bicycle-locomotive, which will be some sixteen feet high. The track will be built thus: There will be a rail above as well as under the train. The upper rail will be supported by strong iron columns planted on either side of the lower rail, at a sufficient distance apart to allow the train space to pass between them. Grooved wheels of a small size as compared with the driving wheel, will be fixed to the tops of the cars and locomotives to run on the upper rail. In this way the train will be prevented from toppling over. It is believed by this arrangement the friction will be much less and, therefore, the train can be propelled faster and with less power. The machine was begun at Newburyport, Mass., but they found the undertaking too great for them and so the contract was given to the Portland, (Me.), locomotive works.

"Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling.—Shelley."

## BANKED CORNERS.

THE only difficulty in finding the extent to which corners should be banked depends on the uncertainty as to what precisely the racing cyclist requires. If he wishes the track laid at such an inclination that at what he may expect to be his usual speed a tricycle shall have no more tendency to overturn outwards, owing to his speed, than inwards, owing to the inclination of his machine—that is, if he wishes to exactly balance the effect of so-called centrifugal force by that of gravity—then there is no difficulty whatever. The question of the probable value of constants or the applicability of an empirical formula need not be considered, and the true result may be obtained with absolute certainty. I have, therefore, worked out, with a running explanation, the proper slope for the two radii of 165 and 140 feet, for a speed of twenty-five miles an hour.

If the racing cyclist does not want the slope to exactly counteract the effect of centrifugal force, but desires something else, it is for him to state his requirements, after which it may be possible to put them into numerical form.

Calling  $m$  the mass of machine and rider,  $v$  his velocity, and  $r$  the radius of curvature of the track, the centrifugal force in dynamical units is  $-m v^2 \div r$ .

$v = 25$  miles an hour  $= 36\frac{2}{3}$  feet a second.

$r = 165$  feet.

$\therefore$  centrifugal force  $= 8.148 \times m$ .

The weight of machine and rider is equal to  $32.18 \times m$ ; thus centrifugal force is equal to  $8.148 \div 32.18$ —that is,  $1 \div 3.95$ , or, practically, one-quarter of the weight.

If, then, the track is banked so that the tangent of the slope is equal to  $\frac{1}{4}$ , or if the outside of the track is raised  $\frac{1}{4}$ , the width of the track in plan above the inside, then the machine and rider will tend to spill neither way, or a bicycle going round at the same speed will lean so as to be perpendicular to the track.

The corresponding figure for the sharper curve is  $1 \div 3.35$ . There is one disturbing factor not considered, but its value is so small in proportion that it is practically of no consequence. It is the gyroscopic action of the wheels to

resist a change of direction, or if that is forced upon them, to increase the tendency of the machine to overturn.

It will be seen that the slope found is rather steep, and it might feel uncomfortable to go round at a speed much less than that assumed. As the margin of safety depending on the width of the tricycle and the height of the center of gravity is pretty wide, it is probable that a less slope would be preferable. It will be noticed that the width of the machine does not enter into the question of finding the slope of equilibrium. It is only required when the factor of safety is to be found with a view to discover what limits of speed are safe on any particular track.

The small boy has many sports known only to himself. You may know that he is perfectly happy and mentally at rest when he steals a boat whose oars are locked up, and paddles around with a picket that fills his hands with splinters. But even then he is, perhaps, not so happy as when riding his brother's bicycle, several sizes too large for him.



GEORGE A. JESSUP.



## THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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Errors. We make them; so does everybody, but we will cheerfully correct any we may make if you will write us. Try to write good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write us anyway; do not complain to your friends and let it pass; we want an early opportunity to make right any injustice we may do.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

It may have escaped the attention of the unobservant that MDCCCLXXXIX has arrived.

Even the racer never knows what the home stretch is till he reclines in a hammock or easy chair.

"Are you a Christian, my young friend?" asked the preacher.

"I'm a professional racing man."

The shortest, but most impressive stump speech ever delivered is that made by the starter when he says "Go!" At least, that's what the racers tell us.

Stranger Wheelman—Can I strike an asphalt pavement in this direction?

Small Boy—Yes sir! Go up two blocks and take a header.

HE HAD PAID ONE.—First Wheelman—Ever see Buffalo Bill, Jim?

Second Wheelman—Ever seen a Buffalo bill? I should say I had! I stayed at a hotel there during the tournament last September, and the bill nearly paralyzed me.

You want to know the difference between an English and an American made bicycle, do you, Reginald. Well, ask any one who attended some of the fall tournaments last season, and we guarantee they'll tell you the difference, in most cases, was about a quarter of a mile.

Wheelman (to Country Landlord)—You may bring me another piece of that beefsteak, if you please.

Landlord—Like it, eh? Fine steak.

Wheelman—Not exactly. That first piece wasn't quite big enough to patch my rubber tire. I need just a little more.

"I understand Headerboy has grown quite wealthy of late," remarked the old member of the Whangdoodle Wheelers to the club captain.

"Yes he is making about \$50 a week now."

"Doing what? Why he can't even ride a wheel without falling off."

"That's just it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, he carries two or three accident insurance policies, rides a fifty-four-inch when he measures for a fifty, so he has only to ride and take headers, to combine pleasure with profit."

## MONTHLY SUMMARY.

FROM DECEMBER 15 TO JANUARY 15.

*Arkansas.* A bicycle tournament was held Dec. 25, at Hot Springs.

*California.* The Bay City Wheelmen held a grand bicycle tournament at San Francisco, Jan. 1, there being eight events, and about \$800 worth of prizes. San Francisco Bicycle Club held their annual banquet Jan. 1.

*Georgia.* A bicycle tournament was held in connection with the National Exposition, at Augusta, Dec. 13, the events resulting as follows: One mile, amateur race for the Southern championship and cup presented by the Columbia bicycle exhibit, of Boston, and two medals. First, L. A. Powers, Atlanta. Time, 4:01. Half-mile Southern championship, professional. First, J. H. Polhill. Time, 1:24. Two-mile amateur handicap, (gold and silver medals). First, L. A. Powers, Atlanta. Time, 8:06. Half-mile. W. J. Morgan vs. trotting horse "Shannon," owned by J. Griffin. Purse. Morgan first, in 1:20, by ten yards. One mile, championship of Augusta. Gold medal to first, silver to second. First, J. T. Henderson. Time, 4:06. One mile, exhibition race. Professional. First, J. H. Polhill. Time, 4:05. Second Heat Morgan vs. horse. Horse first, in 1:21, by five yards. One-quarter mile amateur race, for two silver medals presented by W. J. Weller. First, L. A. Powers, Atlanta. Time, 42 seconds. One-quarter mile match, without hands touching the bicycle. First, C. A. Bland. Time, 45 seconds.

*Illinois.* Pastime Cycling and Athletic Club held their athletic entertainment Jan. 12.

*Indiana.* W. H. Heberhart has been appointed local Consul for Madison, in Place of W. R. Alling, who has resigned.

*Missouri.* The United Wheelmen of Kansas City moved into their new quarters, at 1117 Broadway, Dec. 15.

*New York.* The Yonkers Bicycle Club held a run from their club house on the evening of Dec. 31, starting at five minutes to 12 o'clock, and wheeled the old year out and the new year in. Kings County Wheelmen gave a Christmas eve entertainment. The Troy Bicycle Club held a dance Dec. 27. Fort Schuyler Wheelmen, of Utica, held their fifth annual supper Dec. 21. The fifth social gathering of the Troy Bicycle Club was held Jan. 10. Cyclists' Union of Long Island, composed of members of the Kings County Wheelmen, Long Island Wheelmen, Brooklyn Bicycle Club, Universal Bicycling Club and Prospect Wheelmen, gave their first literary entertainment Dec. 17, at the Y. M. C. A. hall, in Brooklyn. The Prospect Harriers' two-mile bicycle handicap, decided at Washington Park, Brooklyn, Thanksgiving day, resulted as follows: H. C. King, handicap seventy-five yards, 8m; J. W. Bate, twenty yards, second; and J. W. Schoefer, scratch, third.

*Pennsylvania.* South End Wheelmen of Philadelphia celebrated their second anniversary Dec. 19 by holding a house warming in their new quarters, at 1726 South Broad street. The Tioga Bicycle Club gave a dinner at its club house Jan. 8.

*Vermont.* The Vermont Wheel Club of Brattleboro held its annual ball Jan. 15.

## FOREIGN.

*Australia.* Several races took place at the Oval, Melbourne, on Oct. 13, which are noteworthy for the fast time accomplished. The first event was a mile match between Tom Busst, winner of the ten-mile championship, and R. Davis, champion of South Australia. Busst won with ease. He also accomplished a remarkable performance in a three-mile handicap, for the S. A. Cyclists' Union Plate. The winner turned up in A. Brandenburg, who was in receipt of 480 yards, and who led Busst at the tape by two yards. Busst's time for the full distance, was 8m. 2½s., which is the fastest amateur time on record, although having been beaten by W. A. Rowe. On the 15th there was more racing at the same place, when J. W. H. Busst won at a mile in 2m. 30½s. Afterward E. Elliott rode a half mile, against time, in 1m. 13s. The track is of asphalt, three laps to a mile, and the timekeepers are stated to have been Union officials.

*England.* A mile was lately made at Buckden, by Whittaker, Oxborrow and Lee, on Phillips' tripletecycle in 2m. 18½s.

*France.* Race meet at Bordeaux Jan. 15.



## COMING EVENTS.

Jan. 16.—Lecture by Thomas Stevens at Indianapolis, Ind.

Jan. 19—Two-mile handicap, at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Jan. 25.—Albany Wheelmen's indoor tournament.

Jan. 25—Feb. 2.—Stanley Show at Crystal Palace, London, Eng.

Feb. 8.—Entertainment and reception of Manhattan Bicycle Club, at Lexington Avenue Opera House, New York City.

Feb. 20.—Annual meeting of the National Assembly, L. A. W., at New York.

## A WINTER RIDE.

HOWEVER much snowy cold and discomfort to a cyclist the above title may suggest, nevertheless there is a great pleasure and benefit to health in rides awheel during the winter, and one need not select the fairest weather and conditions neither.

We have had gloriously-exhilarating jaunts when the wind from ahead or one side was so much in evidence as to at times make it necessary to dismount for a few rods, then, with a turn in the road, everything was fair again, and "our ship sailed home from sea." Too many think that because the country roads are frozen they are unrideable for the cyclist, but given a safe wheel and a realizing sense of the good to the physical man that such an outing will do, he will be surprised at the pleasure he can get out of a spin in winter; and it should be made as near daily as possible.

He will delight in picking his way along crooked side-paths, among rocks and trees, where in the good weather season he would not think of going, because of passable wheeling in the road.

All this, of course, applies to ordinary New England roads, which are none too good at best, and which the scorcher and occasional rider carefully avoid; but your tourist who goes to see nature, and read her pages, gets more than paid for the trouble of walking over a few bad places where road and path have both been lost at the same time. He stops to note the play of light and shade on the hills, the moss pictures on rocks, the curve and color of the tree trunk that has been twisted and torn by the giants of the storm, and left to creak and groan on through life a cripple, a mere wreck of its former self. He notes the ebb and flow of the tides, and the coming and going of shipping on the Sound.

He is excusable if he loiters a little to indulge in sentiment or revel in the attractive things that his eye can find even on a winter's day, when, on the lee side of a hill that breaks the force of the wind that is almost too strong, for he knows that he will have to push harder when he makes the turn round yonder point.

Life is not made up of delightful coasts, smooth levels and October glories; we are apt to find a share of uphill work, rough levels and December gales, however we may strive to escape the unpleasant features of the pilgrimage.

There is something touching and pathetic in the silence of a winter landscape; a feeling as if nature was asleep; a general suspension of business. None of the sweet singers are to be seen and heard; no flighty, feathered midgets scold at you from wayside bush or tree because you have invaded their summer houses, and you look in vain for the wavering flight of butterflies, those bright bits of animated color that ever seem drifting on, and to have no abiding place. Yet there are pictures on every side, from the gradations of color on these mossy stones by the leaning bar-post to the browns and grays of the receding hills.

Now a crow leads some of his fellows across the sky of your picture, as if he thought a few black marks in it would be better than no life at all, and presently the harsh voices of blue jays come to you as you approach a cornfield where the noisy, improvident creatures are stealing the golden grains.

Then there are sights and sounds that greet you more pleasantly as you ride past the farmhouses and yards; the houses multiply, there is more stir and bustle as you wheel into town again, and you feel that you have turned some interesting pages. STAMSON.

"Now, there goes a man of grit," said McCorkle.

"What is his special claim in that regard?" asked Cumso. "Did he ever suppress a riot, umpire a base ball game, or referee a race?"

"He makes sand-paper"

## IS THIS A FISH STORY?

WE GIVE the following interview, taken from the *Philadelphia Press*, as it will probably be of interest to some of our readers. We refrain from commenting on it:

"Only thirty years of age, Mr. Eck," said the *Philadelphia Press* reporter, "and a white head of hair like that."

"My hair changed its color in a night, when I was fifteen years of age."

Of course that led to a request for the story of the cause, which Tom Eck told about as follows:

"Fifteen years ago I was living in Port Perry, in Canada, and one afternoon I went out on Lake Scugog with four other boys of about my age. We were in an ordinary rowing-boat, which was fitted with a mast and sail. The sail was not hanging right, and one of the boys was trying to put things ship-shape when he stepped on the gunwale, and over we went. We were then about a mile and half from shore, and it was a lonely part of the country there. I couldn't swim, and neither could some of the others, and so we stuck to the boat, but one of the boys, named Todd, was a splendid swimmer, but he was short-sighted. He had three coats on at the time, for it was late in September, and it is cold up there then. Todd said he would swim ashore, so we pointed him straight, and he went about a hundred yards, when he turned back and took off his coats and shoes without any help at all. We invited him to rest a little, but he wouldn't, and started off again. As I said, he was short-sighted, and I suppose never saw the shore, for he was within a few rods of it when he threw up his hands, screamed so that we could hear him, and went down. He was found afterward with his feet on the bottom and his hair floating on the top of the water.

"While Todd was swimming ashore we were having a hard time of it, as the boat kept turning over and over. One of us got on top, and, with a paddle, tried to make her move toward shore, but it was poor business with three hanging on and a mast dragging below. Once I got caught in the ropes as the boat turned, and I thought it was all up with me, but one boy got out his knife and cut the rope. Poor fellow! he was drowned. He held on to the opposite side of the boat and got gradually weaker and weaker till he sank. Then we fixed it by the one on my side going around the boat, and we clasped hands across the bottom. I became insensible an hour before we were rescued, and had to be held up by the other two.

"A girl going after the cows heard us shouting, but supposed we were out swimming. When her father came home at night she said something about boys swimming in the lake. He knew no one would be doing so at that time of year and hurried down to see what was the matter, and was soon rowing out for us. They lifted me in first, and then the one opposite me, and as soon as he was in the boat he became insensible. He came around in an hour, but it was eight hours before I opened my eyes. They told me a sailor, who had heard of the drowned boys, came to the house and knelt on my chest, then he breathed or blew down my throat, and kept this up till one of my eyelids twitched. After that they tucked me up in blankets, with sandbags and hot water bottles all around me. I was able next day to go to the store I worked at, and as soon as I got in and took my hat off one of the boys said: 'What is the matter with your hair?' I looked in the glass and found it had turned quite gray, and it soon became as white as it is now."

Telegraph Supt.—Here, boy, is a bicycle that I want you to ride in delivering your messages.

Messenger Boy—Can't I have a few days to go to riding school before I begin?

Supt.—Why? Don't you know how to ride?

Messenger—Yes, I know how to ride all right, but I wanted to learn how to do the stand still.

AT THE BEANLY'S RECEPTION.—"Would you like to have our host introduce you to Howell? I see he is in the next room."

"Yes, I would like to shake with the man who done up Billy Rowe."

Mr. R. Phillip Gormully and wife started on a Southern trip Dec. 8.



## CYCLING WAY DOWN SOUTH.

THOUGH I don't think the statement has been made before, and no doubt some of my readers will think it rather late in the day to bring forward such ideas, nevertheless, I venture to remark that when cycling was first introduced into this country, it took a much stronger grip on this part of the Union, or, rather, this part of the Union took a much stronger grip on cycling than did the sport-loving people of any other part of the States.

It was when that half-score of years, which is numbered among the seventies, had passed the first half of their life, and the earthquake of '76 had shaken the people of this section up into a little life, that some enterprising Yankee arrived in town and rolled a queer-looking machine from the depot to the hotel, followed by a crowd of irrepressible small boys, both black and white, who were too mystified to greet him and his with the cries of laughter and derision that was almost sure to meet anyone who was likely to produce anything out of the usual line of life. Next day the afore-said Yankee visited a number of business men in the city, and, as a result of his talk with them, a number of his apparatuses were invested in, and a hall rented and fitted up in which to ride them.

It was nothing more than the old style velocipede of two wheels, with cranks, and blocks of iron for pedals on the front wheel, by which to propel the vehicle, which weighed about four times the amount of the delicate light roadster of to-day. The roller skate craze, which swept over the country like a tidal wave some seasons ago, was thought to be wonderful, but, comparatively speaking, it by no means excelled that in which the old "boneshakers" played such a prominent part. The rink in this city was crowded night after night to see the sport of the men and boys as they tried to ride the wheels around the room. The managers offered a prize to the one who would make the complete circuit of the building without falling, and it was a long time before the prize was won, but in time the majority learned to ride very well, and then the fun of seeing them fall also fell, and the attendance at the rink fell with alarming rapidity.

"Every dog has his day," and the sun of that day is as sure to sink and leave things in darkness as it is on any other. And so it was with the velocipede craze. It had its day. Its sun set, leaving it in darkness, except for the old broken machines out in the back yard. The dim light coming from them only tells of what had been, and might be said to represent the moon.

But a few of those who had learned to ride saw what a boon there really was in the sport, and several old Standard Columbias were ordered from Col. Pope, who was just putting his wares upon the market. These were ridden, ridden, sold and resold times innumerable, until they were laid away for future reference, though by no means through inability. Later, wheels of lighter and superior make were imported from across the water, and a number of Ridges and Royal Mails found their way down here, followed by those later and improved Columbias and Victors of home manufacture.

These new wheels found, as a class, a new set of riders. Those of the past who it had fallen to their lot to be afflicted with the first attempts at cycles manufactured in this country could hardly ever be persuaded to try one of the later wheels after succeeding in getting rid of his first purchase, and, as a result, the new wheels were ridden by new riders, few of whom had had the experience of those who said they had had enough. In this city of thirty-five thousand people, with a goodly number of wheelmen, there is but one who was riding six years ago, and is as great a practical admirer of the sport as those who have learned and purchased wheels of later make.

But here in Georgia there are more wheelmen than in any other Southern State, and the numbers increase every day. The first race meet held in the State was given under the auspices of the State Agricultural Society, at Macon, in the fall of '86. This was largely attended, and in 1887 the Piedmont Exposition Co., of Atlanta, gave three days races, but they were not so much of a success, though Rowe, Crocker, and a number of other prominent Northern professionals were present. Last year there were two race meets in the State; one at Columbus, when the Chattahoochee Exposition was holding forth, and the other at Augusta, during the National Exposition, in December. The latter was in charge of "Senator" Morgan, and I expect the editor will add, "strange to say, it was

quite a success."

Of the different cities East of New Orleans, Atlanta is undoubtedly the cycling center, while Macon follows close on the heels of the capital city. In Atlanta there are nearly two hundred wheels in use, while they have a club of not quite so many members. One agent there sold \$5,000 worth of wheels, but as a large number of his purchasers wish to return them now, on account of various defects, the make will not be mentioned.

J. H. Nunnally will lead the crowd in sales the coming season, as he has a complete stock of Columbias, and it is found these wheels stand the Belgran Block better than any other wheel, and, as the entire city is paved with this, nothing else is desirable.

Savannah, Augusta and Columbus follow the above named places, in the order named, both as regards numbers and class of roads.

At the Augusta Exposition the Pope Company had an elegant display of their goods, among the novelties being the wheel ridden by Thomas Stevens around the world, the first bicycle ever made, and several others. I understand the display is identically the same as was made at Buffalo last fall. Mr. Lester E. Hickok, manager in charge, made several trips to Macon, and pronounced the roads about here as fine as any of those in the vicinity of Boston, and "Senator" Morgan says there are not many on the other side which excel them. Mr. Hickok was especially struck with the scenery, and, as viewed from a Columbia tandem, it is indeed grand.

I have an idea that about now the wheelman of the North is soaking the bright parts of his wheel in vaseline, and wrapping it in woolen goods, ready to store it away for winter, provided he has not already performed that sad duty. Down here in God's country the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and the orange blossoms grow year in and year out. Here we buy a wheel and it is used until its worn out, if that time ever comes. There you use it four or six months, and then lay it away for a like time. Oh, young man, let me say unto you, "buy a bicycle, come South, and grow up with the country."

Don't be afraid. We'll let you vote to your heart's content. We are not cannibals, who eat up the good missionaries who are sent among us. Neither, (with the accent on the "i") do we rob men of their bicycles, and use the wheels on machinery, as we have been charged. But we wear clothes, have police who own the town they live in, and have magistrates who are the proprietors of the world, just as I understand you good people do up in Indiana and Ohio, and your other Northern States.

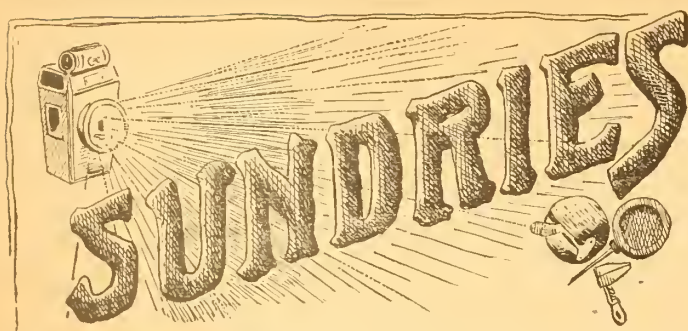
Maybe dear old Johnnie Sherman will tell you different, but when he came through here there was only one thing the people wanted with him, and that was to shoot him, so if he got wrong impressions I don't suppose he was to blame. And then again, Ben Butler roved around down here some, and if you folks had to eat your soup with a fork, I guess you would let us hear from you on the subject occasionally, too. I am glad we did not have bicycles then, or I am afraid Ben might have taken off that part just in front of the head known as the brake spoon. Some of your Northern papers object to our Southern journals publishing tales and incidents of the war. They say that it keeps the remembrance of the dark and bloody struggle in the minds of the people, and yet, at the same time, they are waving the bloody shirt until its tail is almost torn into shreds.

Not long since I noticed in an issue of the *Philadelphia News* a reference to Macon as "that dirty little cracker village," and if you will show me a place of thirty-five thousand inhabitants North of the Mason and Dixon line, that has more enterprise, thrift and energy to present to the eye of the visitor than Macon, I'll furnish cigars for the great editor of the *News*, who sits in his easy chair and compares the works of other people with those of whom he knows nothing or of their doings. The greatest argument that can be raised in favor of this section of the country is you never saw a man come here and go away without words of praise in his mouth.

If any of my Northern brothers, and riders of the wheel, especially, contemplate coming to Macon, or even Georgia, and think I could give them information that would be of any service to them, only drop me a line, and it will give me great pleasure to do so.

CHARLES ALEXANDER PERSONS, Macon, Ga.





Bay City Wheelmen of San Francisco held their annual election of officers Dec. 17.

\*\*\*

George Gould is very fond of bicycle riding, a fancy he probably inherited from his father's habit of making things go round in Wall street, rarely ever taking a header.

\*\*\*

The St. Louis Wheel Company has removed to 311 North Fourteenth Street, where they will occupy two floors. They have also leased rooms for a riding school.

\*\*\*

Since an experiment has shown that a tortoise can run a mile in four hours, Jack Prince is trying to get up a race between a tortoise and a telegraph messenger boy. He will of course bet on the tortoise.

\*\*\*

The champions of France for the year past are as follows: Mons. Chereau, bicycle, champion for 10 kilometres; Mons. Charles Terrou, bicycle, 100 kilometres; Mons. Henry Fol, tricycle, 50 kilometres, and Mons. Louis Cottureau, tricycle, 5 kilometres.

\*\*\*

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than pay the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend;  
God never made His work for man to mend."

*Dryden.*

\*\*\*

We are pleased to note that, owing to the greatly increased amount of trade, which has fallen to their lot, Messrs. J. K. Starley & Co., of Coventry, Eng., have found it necessary to extend their premises, and to do this are building a new paint show-rooms, and commodious offices.

\*\*\*

"Since her defeat Belva Lockwood spends most of her time reading novels and knitting socks."—*Exchange*. Since the late Rowe-Temple fake, it is understood that "Senator" Morgan spends most of his time reading the newspapers, not cycle papers, however, and knitting his brows.

\*\*\*

"I'd like to get an Overman lamp," said a wheelman to an Indianapolis bicycle dealer.

"Very sorry, but they are just out," said the dealer.

"Just out! I thought those Serrell ventilated lamps don't go out."

"They don't go out; not in that way, at least, but they go out of stock mighty quick."

\*\*\*

Here is a cycling puzzle sent by a correspondent of *Le Veloce-Sport*. Two cycles started at the same speed and of the same weight (machine and rider), are furnished with exactly identical brakes, on which are impressed, at a given moment, exactly the same amount of power; in a word, all things are equal. There is only this difference, that the wheel on which the brake is applied in each machine differs in diameter. Which cycle will be most promptly stopped?

\*\*\*

Have you an aquiline nose? If so, congratulate yourself. According to a recent writer, an aquiline nose signifies strength, endurance and staying power. We know a man, "terribly arched and aquiline his nose," who should smile a "you cannot compete with us" sort of a smile when he reads this. Some of his club-mates—hardy Bath Road men are they—have likewise really phenomenal noses, and "strength, endurance, and staying power" are their acknowledged characteristics.

A new use for the cycle has just been discovered in England. A special machine called an eight-in-hand was built for the use of a party of blind students from the Royal Normal Blind College, who were about starting on a tour through the country. The machine consisted of four tandems joined together, and carried seven blind young men, the steersman, of course, being able to see. Derby and Dunstable were the destinations, and it has proved a most enjoyable outing for the unfortunates deprived of sight.

\*\*\*

First Wheelman—Let me congratulate you, old fellow.

Second Wheelman (surprised)—Why?

F. W.—Oh, I heard about your good luck.

S. W. (more surprised)—Good luck! What good luck?

F. W.—Oh, you needn't pretend its nothing. I heard you'd struck gas.

S. W. (sadly)—You must have misunderstood. I only hit "Senator" Morgan in the mouth.

\*\*\*

Overheard at the Colliseum, Omaha, during the recent bicycle *vs.* horse race:

What does Mr. Eck do with all the bouquets sent him?" inquired a young lady spectator yesterday afternoon.

"Do wid 'em?" growled the humble track-sweeper addressed. "Dunno zactly wotho does wid em, but I saw one of Beardsley's men feed a broncho on violets this morning."

And for some reason the fair interrogator tossed her head and glared angrily at the ravishing Thomas W. Eck when he next swept past her.

\*\*\*

The benefit of cycling for women as well as men had, we thought, become universally recognized. But we were mistaken. An eminent physician, Dr. William F. Hutchinson, has, according to an American exchange, given the following opinion on the subject: "After watching results in cycling in several cases, I am satisfied that it is not fitted for women. The peculiar motion produces rhythmic contractions of the abdominal and pelvic muscles that act unfavorably upon organs to which they are attached, resembling the effect of steady work upon a sewing machine. American roads act as so potent a hindrance to widespread tandem riding that it is scarcely likely to demand much medical attention. Nor does the nervous temperament of our women favor its increase. It is too slow, demands too much labor, and lacks the stimulus of accessibility, besides needing a companion. It will not become general." Notwithstanding the "eminent physician's" opinion, we shall not expect every woman who has discovered in cycling a source of health and pleasure to immediately give it up.

\*\*\*

A cycling story without a mad ride in pursuit of some dark villain, or to procure medical aid, has seldom been written. Rapidity of motion on some errand of heroism or humanity is the one great dramatic use to which the cycle is put by fiction writers, and just lately two or three gentlemen have been at it in the columns of *Rare Bits*. NEARLY A TRAGEDY, by J. B. T., is more or less credible, seeing that it tells how a man who possessed a cycle, and could ride it, brought medical assistance to his father, who had met with a serious accident; but another yarn, entitled, BLACK DONALD, in another issue of the above-named weekly, is rather more difficult to credit. Black Donald appears to have been a notorious villain in a wild part of Scotland, and, being captured by the police, managed to escape from the toils by means of a horse and trap which stood conveniently ready to his hand. The cyclist hero of the tale effected his re-capture after a nine miles chase as follows: "I was then only about a hundred yards from him and I spurted furiously down the hill. The silent movement of the bicycle stood me in good stead, and Black Donald had no idea that he was pursued. Ten yards! I gave one last effort, threw my legs over the handles, and steered straight for the back of the gig. The shock with which my bicycle struck was dreadful—(possibly), but I was pitched clear inside the vehicle. Thus far successful, it was clearly the work of a moment to handcuff the fugitive, threaten him with a penknife, and tote him back to durance vile." The author further tells us that, though married and settled, he still has "a sort of veneration for his old bicycle." Our only surprise was that there was anything left of it to venerate.



## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Nye & Riley's Railway Guide*, by Edgar W. Nye and James Whitcomb Riley. Deaborn Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

*Thinks*, by Bill Nye, Deaborn Publishing Co., Chicago.

*The Steel Horse, or The Rambles of a Bicyele*, by Harry Castlemon. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Lippincott's* for February will contain A TRANSACTION IN HEARTS, by Edgar Saltus.

The new edition of the Pennsylvania Division Road Book will be issued about the end of February.

*Belford's Magazine* for January contains the complete novel THE LION'S SHARE, by Mrs. Clark Waring.

*Sport & Play* issues an elegant Christmas annual, and, in connection with it, sends us a large lithograph sporting calendar for 1889.

The Christmas *Dixie* is a marvel of typographical excellence. It is excellently gotten up, and we congratulate our Southern cotemporary on its success.

The January *St. Nicholas* is as bright and entertaining as usual. James Whitcomb Riley, Mrs. Burnett, Edmund Alton and other well-known writers being represented.

One of the brightest weeklies on our exchange list is *Once a Week*. Every issue is filled with interesting reading and illustrations and we predict a very bright future for Mr. Collier's protegee.

The Columbia Calendar for 1889, while following the lines of its predecessors, is, if anything, a little nearer perfection. The leaves, instead of being pasted down, are stitched, and the stand is finished in gold.

*Wide Awake* for December contains the opening chapters of a serial by J. T. Trowbridge, entitled, THE ADVENTURES OF DAVID VANE AND DAVID CRANE, and its usual attractive budget of miscellaneous matter.

The Christmas number of *America* was, from a literary standpoint, a very brilliant issue. The contributions were almost wholly from Chicago writers and shows that the East has not a monopoly on literary men.

BILL NYE'S THINKS is a small paper-bound volume of convenient size for carrying in the pocket. It contains nearly thirty sketches, all in Mr. Nye's charmingly unique vein, and is well worth the 25 cents asked for it.

NYE & RILEY'S RAILWAY GUIDE is a volume made up of some of the best works of these two gentlemen. Everything in it is humorous in a way peculiar to these literary geniuses. No better volume of a similar character has appeared in a long time.

The *Referee Annual* appeared about two weeks after the date published, and, we are sorry to say, was not a glaring success, as we had anticipated. None of the numerous illustrations were new, and very little of the reading matter, as the greater part of it was "plate matter."

The *Century* for January contains the first of the long-promised articles, by Charles DeKay, on Ireland, and, among a great deal of other interesting reading, short stories are given an important part, Geo. H. Jessup contributing AN OLD MAN FROM THE OLD COUNTRY, which is excellently written, and is illustrated by Kemble.

Cycling has at last attracted the attention of the writers of juvenile literature. The STEEL HORSE is a very fair specimen. It is from the well-known pen of Harry Castlemon, and every boy, we may say, has read his books. While it abounds in impossible incidents and adventures, it is interesting, and will no doubt delight many readers.

Mr. Kummey, of Cambridge, England, gives the following formula for diet during a period of training:

Breakfast—Porridge and milk, cup of cocoa or coffee, occasionally an egg, bread and marmalade. If going to ride all day on the road, and without the prospect of lunch, an omelet or curried eggs as well.

Lunch—Bread and marmalade or jam, plenty of fruit—dates, figs, apples, bananas, etc.

Dinner—Two vegetable dishes, milk, pudding and fruit.

Later in the evening a cup of cocoa or tea and a biscuit.

## BETTER STREETS AND ROADS.

THE Baltimore bicyclers who successfully managed the meeting of wheelmen in this city in the early summer, have turned their attention to the improvement of the city highways. The subject was originally started with a few of the Maryland Division of the L. A. W., and has extended to a greater degree than they even hoped it would. To-day they have an association of one thousand members, and expect to increase it to five thousand. The association is not confined to bicyclers, but has for members any and all citizens who take an interest in the highways. Mr. Charles R. Eisenbrant is chairman of the central committee.

The city is divided into wards, and a sub-association is being formed in each ward. These sub-associations will each have a headquarters from which the work will be directed. A number of petitions will be carried through the wards by members for signatures. The first petition is one to the city council praying for the repeal of the existing ordinance in regard to the repaving of the streets. At the top of the petition is a copy of the ordinance as it at present exists, and under it is the one desired, which relieves property-holders from any direct costs, and provides for the expenses of repaving by charging it to the city. The association say they will produce such an array of signatures as will command the attention of the city officials.

They claim that while their work will redound to their own comfort, if successful, it will likewise benefit the city and everyone who travels about it. They claim it is most difficult to get the property-holders to sign a petition looking to any improvements in the streets so long as they are directly responsible for a portion of the expenses. If the ordinance is repealed, they next propose to turn their combined attention toward the abolishment of cobblestones wherever new paving is done.

The next move of the association will be to wage a red-hot war on the roads throughout the State, especially the roads out of condition where toll is charged. The wheelmen have done much in the way of improving roads in other States, and the encouragement which they are meeting in Baltimore bids fair for success here. There are about three thousand cyclers in Baltimore, and, when joined, as they expect to be, by the owners of vehicles and others interested, they will prove quite a factor.—*Baltimore Sun*.

## ANOTHER "AROUND THE WORLD BICYCLER."

A BICYCLER rival of Thomas Stevens is Mr. Hugh Callan, a Glasgow clergyman, who, after wheeling from Paris, entered Constantinople on Oct. 1. His route lay over France, into Alsace by Belfort, along the Rhine from Basle to Constance, up the Aarburg Pass to Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, through Carinthia by Villach, and Carniola by Laibach, through Croatia by Agram, and down by the Save to Semlin and Belgrade. From Belgrade he rode down Serbia to Nisch, over the mountains to Pirot, thence into Bulgaria, through the Dragoman Pass to Sophia, over Trajan's Pass to Philipopolis, and by Adrianople and Silivria into Stamboul. In all about 1,830 miles. He caught the fever in Serbia and lay ill of it a week in Sophia. His intention is to prolong his journey on through Asia Minor into Syria and Palestine as far as Jerusalem.

## THE CYCLE VS. HORSE RACE.

COMMENCING Dec. 10 there was held at the Coliseum, in Omaha, a six-day cycle vs. horse race, John Prince and Tom Eck being the cyclers, and Marve Beardsley the horseman. The former won with a score of 674 miles to their credit against 667.

"Did the chief events of your past life pass rapidly before your eyes in quick panoramic succession during those few seconds of uncertainty?" inquired one rider—a great believer in fiction—of another, as a big collier dashed up to the wheel of an ordinary, and missed heavily upsetting its rider by eights of inches. "No," was the reply, "I was far too much occupied with my movements during the next twenty seconds to think of the past at all."—*Bicycling News*.

An international cycle show is to take place at Leipzig, Germany, in February.





List of patents issued upon bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes and attachments from Dec. 11 to and including Dec. 25, 1888, as compiled by Jos. A. Minturn Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, rooms 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33 Old Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Copies of any U. S. patent furnished at twenty-five cents each, by the above firm, whom we cheerfully endorse.

### NEW AMERICAN PATENTS.

- 394,287. Dec. 11. T. O'Brien, New York. Tricycle.  
 394,409. Dec. 11. P. A. Snider, Jersey City, assignor to Peck & Snow, Cleveland, O. Ice velocipede.  
 394,429. Dec. 11. C. Yinget, Annville, Pa. Tricycle.  
 394,470. J. Dufraine, Bucyrus, O. Treadle.  
 394,626. Dec. 18. J. H. Whitney, Brooklyn, N. Y. Treadle.  
 394,890. Dec. 18. G. Staeber, Mugeln, Germany. Velocipede.  
 396,147. Dec. 35. T. B. Jeffery, Ravenswood, Ill. Velocipede.

### NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

- 16,684. Nov. 16. Harry Lucas, London, for improvements in and relating to velocipede lamps.  
 16,685. Nov. 16. Walter James Cocks, London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.  
 16,686. Nov. 16. W. J. Cocks, London, for improvements in and relating to the bearings of axles, shafts and the like.  
 16,700. Nov. 17. A. Von Wedell, London, for improvements in bicycles.  
 16,709. Nov. 17. John Arthur Harrison, Birmingham, for an improved saddle for bicycles and tricycles.  
 16,736. Nov. 17. William Hillman, London, for improvements in the construction of the frames of safety bicycles.  
 16,801. Nov. 19. Henry Sims, Finsbury Park, for the improvement of bicycle and tricycle saddles.  
 16,891. Nov. 20. J. R. Hamilton, London, for improvements in and relating to home-trainers or exercising apparatus analogous to cycle riding.  
 16,989. Nov. 22. E. H. Francis, Regent's Park, for water cycling, or traveling on water in similar manner to bicycling on roads.  
 17,146. Nov. 26. Charles Phillips, for a mechanical improvement for driving tricycles by manual power.  
 17,274. Nov. 28. Henry Charles Tucker, for improvements in bicycles and other velocipedes.  
 17,316. Nov. 28. Frank Boulton Hill and William Edward Hutchinson, for an improved toy bicycle hoop.  
 17,358. Nov. 29. Alfred Whitehouse, for improvement in bicycles.  
 17,408. Nov. 29. Frank Southard, for improvements relating to the pedal cranks of velocipedes.  
 17,436. Nov. 30. William Reynolds, jr., London, for improvements in velocipede horses.  
 17,438. Nov. 30. John Major Coleman and Edward Hayling Coleman, Wolverhampton, for an improved frame for bicycles or other velocipedes.  
 17,443. Nov. 30. John Thomas Moore, Macclesfield, for improvements in velocipedes.  
 17,462. Nov. 30. Charles Henry Brampton, for improvements in driving-chains for velocipedes and other similar purposes, and in the mode of manufacturing the same.  
 17,484. Nov. 30. Thomas Richard Devereux Bingham, London, for improvements in or connected with velocipedes.  
 17,524. Dec. 1. Jan August Hems, for an improved brake device for the rear wheel of bicycles.  
 17,529. Dec. 1. Walter John Lloyd and William Priest, trading as the Quadrant Tricycle Company, Middlesex, for improvements in wheels for velocipedes and road carriages.

17,618. Dec. 3. Walter Chatwood Burton, Lancashire, for improvements in jacks or apparatus for insuring differential motion on slubbing intermediate roving frames and velocipedes.

17,768. Dec. 5. Robert Perkins and James Henry Woodley, London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

17,936. Dec. 7. Nicholas Twigge, sr., and Nicholas Twigge, jr., London, for improvements in pedals for velocipedes.

17,963. Dec. 8. Henry Salsbury, London, for means of appliances for giving back reflection of light from lamps of bicycles, tricycles, and like vehicles.

17,979. Dec. 10. Henry Campion, Birmingham, for an improved spring upon which the saddle is placed for velocipedes.

18,098. Dec. 11. Francis Wright Pool, London, for improvements in tricycles.

18,126. Dec. 15. Charles Albert Miller and Frederick John Miller, Birmingham, for improvements in velocipede and other lamps.

### CLUB ELECTIONS.

*Capital Bicycle Club, of Washington, D. C.*—President, Edson B. Olds; Vice-president, G. F. Johnson; Treasurer, J. E. Leaming; Corresponding Secretary, A. P. Smith; Recording Secretary, L. D. Wilson; Captain, H. S. Owen.

*Columbia Bicycle Club, of North Attleboro, Mass.*—President, F. J. Mills; Vice-president, W. F. Swift; Secretary, T. E. Bell; Treasurer, C. F. Kurtz; Executive Committee, F. J. Mills, T. E. Bell, C. F. Kurtz, S. E. Lamphrey and J. Platner.

*Genesee Bicycle Club, of Genesee, N. Y.*—President, Gordon S. Montgomery; Vice-president, M. F. Shafer; Secretary, Henry Goetzman; Treasurer, F. H. Cross; Property Clerk, J. Oettinger; Executive Committee, H. B. Rapalje, N. J. Montgomery, C. S. Connolly; Captain, M. F. Shafer; Road Committee, Robert Thomson.

*Long Island Cyclists' Union, of Brooklyn, N. Y.*—President, E. K. Austen, Kings County Wheelmen; Vice-president, G. W. Mahy, Long Island Wheelmen; Secretary, B. M. Cole, Brooklyn Bicycle Club; Treasurer, W. J. Firm, Brooklyn Bicycle Club.

*Long Island Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N. Y.* President, Geo. W. Mabie; Vice-President, Dr. L. G. Wilder; Recording Secretary, J. R. Davies; Corresponding Secretary, F. E. Bogert; Treasurer, L. F. Ballard; Assistant Treasurer, O. E. Parker; Trustees, W. J. Clark, and W. S. Hawkhurst.

*Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, of Philadelphia, Pa.*—President, George T. Laing; Vice-president, W. W. Johnson; Treasurer, John B. Young; Secretary, Lee R. McKinstry; Assistant Secretary, W. S. Harper; Captain, William D. Supplee.

*The San Francisco, (Cal.) Bicycle Club.*—President, George J. Hobs; Vice-president, Charles A. McDonald; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles P. Fonda; Captain, F. J. H. Manning; First Lieutenant, W. H. Rodes; Second Lieutenant, E. L. Favor; Bugler, B. C. Austin, jr.; Club Committee, Dr. J. M. Curragh and Frank H. Royce.

*United Wheelmen, of Kansas City, Mo.*—President, L. S. C. Ladish; Vice-president, S. B. Winram, jr.; Secretary, John C. Egleston; Treasurer, D. F. Boyd; Captain, Charles B. Ellis; First Lieutenant, T. E. Glavin; Second Lieutenant, Walter M. Jaccard; Quartermaster, Fred D. Moseley; Bugler, Dr. G. L. Henderson; Board of Directors, President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, Messrs. G. L. Henderson, R. M. Seibel, F. A. Coburn, P. H. Kent and George W. Curtis.

A professional cyclist sends us the following little satire: Scene, Great North Road. Record Smasher and Friendly Pacemaker, swinging along at a twenty-an-hour bat. Sudden collapse of pacemaker's machine; rider terribly injured. Record Smasher rushes off to Ivy Hotel for a bottle of brandy, pays for it out of his own pocket. Returns to friend and offers him a drink. Pacemaker firmly refuses, and with his last breath says, "I die a pure amateur."—*Wheeling.*

Title page and index for Vol. 3 of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is now ready for delivery, and will be sent free to every one sending a stamp for postage.



## NEW WHEELS FOR 1889.

THE year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine will not be behind former ones in regard to new wheels. Every manufacturer has announced at least one new wheel, and improvements on nearly all of last year's.

Several new manufacturing concerns have started up. Prominent among them are the

EAGLE BICYCLE MFG. CO.,

of Stamford, Conn. They will confine themselves exclusively to manufacturing the Eagle bicycle, out of which appears on this page. It is really a novelty in the wheel line, and the manufacturers claim for it the combined advantages of safety and ordinary.

Another newcomer is the

STERLING CYCLE CO.,

of Newton, Mass., who announce a safety bicycle and quadricycle. The peculiarity of these wheels is that they are made partially of wood. All the framework is made of steel, however, and Mr. Elliot, the inventor, claims that the combination makes a better cycle than one made entirely of steel.

Indianapolis will this year have a bicycle manufacturing establishment, the

INDIANA BICYCLE MFG. CO.

having been started last fall. This firm will manufacture only safeties, one style for boys and two for adult riders, a high grade and a cheap one.

THE WHITE CYCLE CO.,

of Boston, announces a full line of White Flyer cycles, but we were unable to obtain particulars in time for this issue.

A ladies' bicycle and tandem bicycle is announced by the

SMITH NATIONAL CYCLE MFG. CO.,

of Washington, D. C. A few of these wheels were placed on the market last year, but the manufacturers could not begin to fill the demand. With better facilities this year they are prepared to turn out a large quantity of their wheels.

THE WARWICK CYCLE MFG. CO.,

of Springfield, Mass., which was organized about a year ago, is now ready with an ordinary, safety, and ladies' bicycle for this year's trade. This line of cycles contain many marked improvements over the average wheel, and cannot fail to make themselves popular, as they deserve.

The first tandem manufactured in this country is introduced by the

POPE MFG. CO.,

of Boston, and, from the illustration we have seen of it, we think it cannot fail to be a success. This firm has not yet announced whether they will bring out any other new wheel or not, though it is very probable their line will include a ladies' bicycle.

THE GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,

of Chicago, Ills., as usual, are well up with the times, and will bring out a juvenile safety and a ladies' bicycle. This latter is the well-known Rambler, with an open front. This firm has a new drop forged steel chain, of their own invention, which is very strong and perfectly noiseless, and a great improvement over the old style

chain. This will be used on all their safeties. In their line of ordinarys and tri-cycles no improvements will be made over last season.

THE H. B. SMITH MFG. CO.,

of Smithville, N. J., will make a special run on their pony Star, and the outlook for a very favorable season is excellent.

A safety on the Springfield Roadster pattern is introduced by the

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE MFG. CO.,

of Boston, Mass., and called the "Volant." In our estimation this new wheel will be more popular with riders than last year's pattern, and that is saying a good deal.

The other manufacturers have as yet made no announcements for this year. They will, in all probability have numerous improvements to offer by the time the season is fairly open.

## ROWING ON DRY LAND.

ONE of the most unique affairs that ever rested on wheels is the

new road sculler, rowing tri-cycle. It is at the same time one of the most valuable to oarsmen who live in the North, as it enables them to keep in training during the winter months.

It rests on three wheels like a tri-cycle, and is propelled, so far as the muscular exertion is concerned, like a boat, only the rider faces forward. An experienced rider can row himself a mile in 2:30 on a good, hard road.

The machine consists of a light iron frame, the rear end of which rests upon an axle, which is bent so that the line of support is below the center of the wheels. The forward end terminates in a fork, in which the single forward wheel plays. This part is not unlike the arrangement of the forward wheel of the bicycle, only on a much smaller scale. The two main wheels are 40 inches in diameter, and the forward one, which is the steering wheel, is 20 inches.

The rear half of the frame supports a Davis sliding seat, exactly the thing which all scullers now use. Close to the forward end are the foot rests, in which the rider places his foot, just as a sculler does in his boat. These foot rests serve another purpose, as by them the rider steers the machine. Two little levers reach from the toes of the foot rests to the fork which encloses the forward wheel, and by pressing forward either foot the rider turns the steering wheel to the right or left as he may desire.

To propel the machine the sculler takes his place just as he would in a shell, and grasps the handles, which, by means of an eighth-inch wire cable, turn the wheels. The progress, Wallace Ross says, is just like rowing. The machine will turn around almost in its own length. A brake in a convenient place will stop it within a short space.

Our advice to every wheelman is to invest about 25 cents in postal cards, and send to every manufacturer for his catalog. You will thus keep yourself posted, and, if you desire to get yourself a new mount, can make an intelligent selection.

Be sure and send for a title page and index for Vol. 3 of the GAZETTE.





## ODDS AND ENDS.

A backward spring often saves an early fall.

One thousand wheels will be seen at the Stanley Show.

Cleveland wheelmen are already talking of giving a race meeting next summer.

The *Clipper* prints an excellent likeness of W. S. Maltby in its issue of Jan. 5.

A riddle by an European cotemporary—What is the coldest sort of a wheel?—A 'igh cycle.

Westward the march of wheel empire wends its way. In manufacture and in achievements the American cycling world is quietly forging ahead.

The friends of Chief Consul Hayes, and the members of the Cambridge Club, to which he belongs, gave him a farewell dinner on Dec. 22, at Young's Hotel.

An inventive New Hampshire barber, who is also a wheelman, has invented a saddle, the novel feature about which is that the cushion is formed by means of compressed air.

A bicycle made by Thomas Humber forty years ago, is now on exhibition in a London shop window. It has a 40-inch driving-wheel, a 20-inch rear wheel, with 1½-inch rubber tires.

Book Agent—I would like to show you the very latest English cyclopedia.

Old Farmer—No, sir; I could never learn to ride one at my time of life.

Tennessee officials are busily at work getting out a road book for the State. Already the new Division has a Committee on Highways, and the work for cycling thus happily started bids fair to go on and prosper.

A good many wheelmen affirm confidentially that they will take a trip across the country as early in the spring as roads and weather will allow. It remains to be seen whether or not the scheme will materialize.

Copies of Vol. 3 of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, beautifully bound in cloth and stamped with gold are now ready for delivery. This volume has a complete index. Orders should be sent in at once, accompanied by \$1.50, the price per copy.

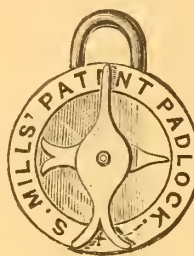
It is commencing to be recognized now more than ever that woolen underwear is the best kind for cyclers, and, for the matter of that, for all athletes to use. A complete suit of woolen underclothing will be found to be the best guarantee of health, after the bicycle itself, that the cyclist can be possessed of.

George Kennan, the journalist and author, lives in a quaint and modest little house in Washington, D. C. He is forty-three years old, and has a long, thin face; his mouth is concealed by a heavy mustache; his eyes are large and dark, and his figure is spare. Mr. Kennan keeps himself in condition by a daily spin of ten miles on his bicycle.

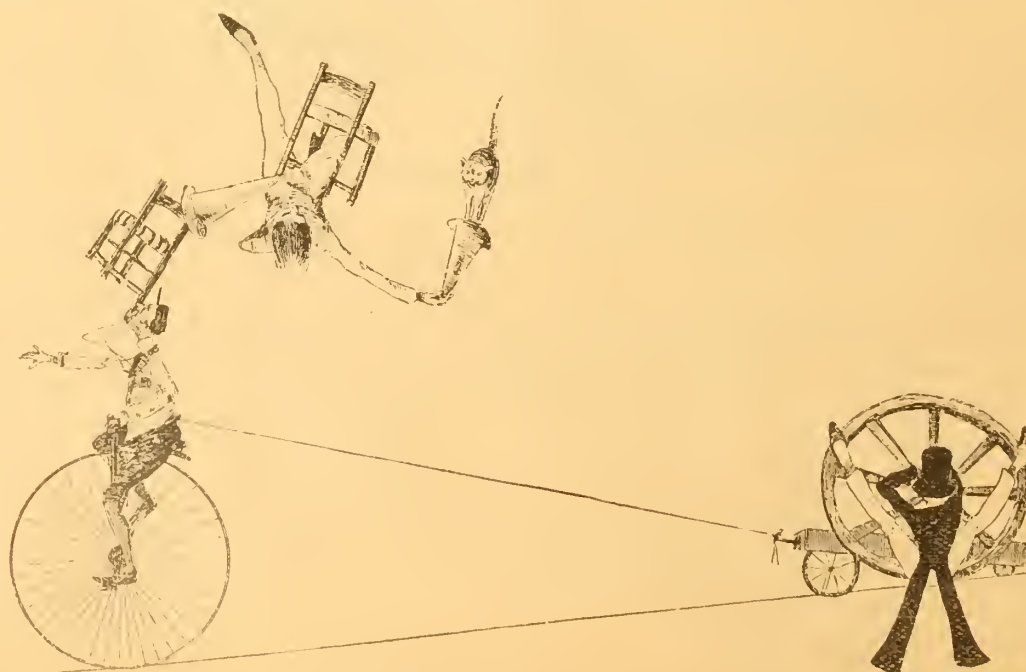
Two Melbourne cyclers, G. W. Burston and H. R. Stokes, were dined by their club last week, before their departure on a tour around the world. They will ride to Wodonga and on to Bathurst, New South Wales, and from thence to Sydney. After this they purpose taking steamer to Calcutta, and making a ten weeks' tour of India, thence to Sicily, Italy, and all over the Continent, etc.

Rev. Hugh Cullan, of Glasgow, created a sensation at Jerusalem, recently, by entering the gates of the city of David on a bicycle. It was the first machine of the kind that the inhabitants had ever seen, and the streets were thronged with people drawn by the novel sight. Mr. Cullan traveled from Paris to Constantinople, then crossed Asia Minor to Alexandretta, where he was obliged to take steamer, as there were no roads.

## A NOVELTY IN LOCKS.



ONE of the most unique, and at the same time perfect, bicycle locks on the market to-day is Mr. S. Mills' patent dial lock. It is as hard to open by anyone not knowing the combination as a regular burglar-proof safe. We have tried one for some time, and can pronounce them infallible. Every rider who wishes a lock that is reliable and will not get out of order, and also cannot be rendered useless by losing the key, should read Mr. Mills' advertisement on another page, and send for one. A record is kept of every lock made, and if, at any time, the combination is forgotten, you have only to drop a postal card to the manufacturer, who will at once send it to you. \*\*



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

TO SEE THE NEXT TIME WE ATTEND THE CIRCUS.



## A BICYCLE TRIP TO MOUNT HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA.

BY JOSEPH J. BLISS.

*In Two Parts.*



ALL THE world has heard of Mount Hamilton, that is, the civilized world. The fame of the wonderful telescope and other astronomical appliances which have been planted in the observatory at the summit of this mountain through the munificence of the late philanthropist, James Lisk, has ere now reached all civilized nations.

It is only some of the favored few, however, who may have the pleasure of making the delightful journey up to this grandest and most magnificently equipped of all astronomical stations, for the great majority are too far removed, and even among those living comparatively near, only a very small proportion have yet witnessed the wonderful scientific appliances in the substantial buildings on the crest of the mountain, and gazed upon the beautiful scene offered therefrom.

In San Francisco, some seventy-five miles distant, the multitude, as yet, only know of the great observatory by hearsay, or by what they have read. Among wheelmen, however, the proportion of real eye-witnesses is probably large. To them a round trip journey of one hundred and fifty miles is comparatively a small affair, both in regard to time and money, provided they be given good roads for the distance. I know that numerous wheelmen have made the trip, and at times in good-sized parties. The journey, however, I presume, has usually taken two days or more, with those wheelmen who live in California's metropolis, as one hundred and fifty miles is a little too much for the average wheelman to make in one day,

### MAP



especially when fifty thereof are mountain riding. With the wheelmen of San Jose, situated near the foot of the mountain, this is, I presume, one of their favorite rides, although it is by no means an easy one.

I have not yet seen any account of a wheelman's trip to the summit, neither have I seen any very detailed or extensive accounts of the journey made by tourists of any other description.

I propose to give a description of the ride from a wheelman's point of view, as made by myself from San Francisco, or rather from one of San Francisco's suburbs just across the bay, and return, in the somewhat unusually short space of time allowed between the hours after business on Saturday afternoon was concluded, and the time for going to work again at the beginning of the next week.

That is to say, I made the trip from my home in Alameda and return thereto, one hundred and thirty miles, on my 54 inch New Mail, on a Saturday evening and the following Sunday, and without losing my accustomed night's sleep. It was therefore not necessary to take any unaccustomed holiday for the trip, and the practicability of its being made by San Francisco wheelmen who are confined to business throughout the week days, without absenting themselves from any of their duties, is thus demonstrated.

I had been thinking for some little time of making this trip, and had broached the subject to one or two wheelmen, but had not found anyone who desired to go with me, so I concluded to start alone after finishing my office work on Saturday, April 21, 1888.

Our city offices usually close earlier on Saturdays than on other week days, and I was enabled to get from San Francisco across the bay, so as to leave my home in Alameda at half past 4 o'clock in the afternoon. There was some opposition when I announced my intention of going to San Jose that evening. My wife said I was not looking well. In truth I was not feeling as well as usual, but I had great faith that a good long ride on my wheel would make me feel better.

The weather was all that could be desired, the usual sunshiny, cool afternoon of the region surrounding the Bay of San Francisco, with a slight breeze from the ocean, and this I knew would be in my favor. To have the wind in his favor is no small item to a wheelman. The horseman, or rider in a vehicle drawn by horses, or the pedestrian, pays but little heed to a gentle wind. I fancy, unless the wind is unusually strong, the horse-driver scarcely even gives it a thought whether it be favorable or otherwise. Probably the animal that does the work thinks more on the subject, if it thinks at all. The wheelman does his own work, and his senses are keenly alive and observant, not only to the state of the wind, but, I think, also upon other subjects. I will venture the ascertion that the wheelman who has once ridden over a given stretch of fifty miles of road can give more accurate information in regard to its grade, material, condition, etc., than the average horseman can after riding over it a number of times.

From Alameda to San Leandro, the next town on my route, there is a fine, wide drive-way of graveled surface, usually in excellent condition at all times. In summer it is sprinkled frequently. On this afternoon, however, it was not in as good condition as usual, being quite dusty. I presume the time for sprinkling had not yet arrived, and there had been an unusual absence of rain for the time of year.

After reaching San Leandro there is an excellent piece of road for the three and a half miles to San Lorenzo, which the wheelman can travel comfortably in fifteen minutes, and it must have been about here that the idea struck me of seeing whether the roads were in good enough condition to ride the whole distance from Alameda to San Jose (forty-one miles), without a dismount. I intended to stop about midway, at Centerville, for supper, when, of course, a dismount would be necessary, but if this was the only one made, the trip would be practically rideable without any.

It is only the condition of the road on this route the wheelman has to consider in a matter of this kind; the grade offers no obstacle, being continuously level, and I fancy that but few continuous rides of one hundred miles, that are in better condition, and of more uniformly level grade than the route around the Bay of San Francisco, can be found in the United States. An expert wheelman, with sufficient enduring qualities, can ride the whole one hundred miles without a single dismount, at certain times in the year, before sand and dust get to be too deep.

The charming little village of San Lorenzo, embowered in magnificent fruit orchards, was passed at 5:30, just one hour for the first ten miles from the start. In one of the orchards on the way-side—probably as handsome a one as can be seen anywhere—I noticed a pretentious residence in course of construction, to take the place of the more humble cottage which had heretofore served the owners. The building, I thought, would cost upward of \$10,000, and indicated that money was to be made from a properly managed orchard. The road between San Lorenzo and Alvarado, about seven miles, is not of the best, and there is one mile of very rough plank bridge over the marsh, but I jogged along over all of it in something like fifty minutes, without any stops.



After reaching Alvarado there are two or three short bridges, tolerably smooth, and a railroad track to be crossed, and then comes a delightfully smooth, well-graded piece of road for nearly five miles, to Centerville. That this piece of road is good may be inferred from the fact that I have ridden the five miles in about twenty minutes; doubtless it has been ridden in less time, but I am not a very fast rider. A large portion of the road is shaded by a pleasing variety of spreading trees, and on either side are orchards and comfortable-looking dwellings.

At Centerville I made my first dismount, at 6:55, for supper, at the Lewis Hotel, a delightfully quiet house, shaded by large trees, and over the porches of which roses are growing in great profusion. A lady has the complete management of the house, and a nice meal is given here at the moderate cost of twenty-five cents. The cost is so small for the meal furnished that I almost hesitated whether to stop, in view of the fact that it was already past supper time, and it seemed like imposition to put the landlady to the trouble of preparing a meal specially for one person. She assured me, however, that I need not trouble myself about that; she would do as well as she could.

After exactly half an hour's delay I remounted my machine. The daylight had passed, but the few remaining minutes of twilight were probably better than the moonlight later on would afford. A bright moon, however, enabled me to travel at a lively rate over the graveled road, which was in good order. Some portions were in excellent condition, and the cool evening air and light breeze at my back made it an easy and pleasureable job to wheel the eleven miles running to waste, and the water in the trough was becoming stagnant to Milpitas within the hour, notwithstanding the fact that about two miles of the distance are over a somewhat roughly macadamized road; the remainder, however, is of fine gravel, through the surface of which no large stones protrude, and over which it is a wheelman's delight to ride. What is considered a good macadamized road for heavy teams is not always the most suitable for the bicycle.

I now felt refreshed by the thirty odd miles of riding, and the languid feeling which had been upon me before the start had entirely passed away. I do not know of any medicine that will dispel the headaches and other ills induced by continuous hard in-door work, like the invigorating motion of the bicycle. All out-door sports are good for the over-worked city clerk or tradesman, but none will, I think, be so speedy in its good effects as the wheel, every instant spent on which is a delight to the senses in various ways. The birds, with their musical notes, contribute to the sense of hearing; the ever shifting scenery to that of seeing; the wild flowers of the roadside, the newly-mown hay, and the blossoms of trees to the sense of smell; the sense of feeling is certainly administered to in the accelerated motion of the blood through all the veins of the body by reason of the pleasureable exercise of the muscles, to say nothing of the keen sense of enjoyment one naturally experiences in rapid motion of any kind when not accompanied with undue effort; and lastly, the sense of tasting comes in for its full share of enjoyment, for during no other kind of out-door sport do I remember that water, obtained from convenient creeks or springs, ever tasted so good, and numerous opportunities are usually offered during the course of a long ride for the quenching of the thirst at nature's reservoirs, or at way-side houses, farms or saloons; and then how one enjoys a good substantial meal at the end of the day's run. It is not necessary, as with the rod or gun, to trudge away a large part of the intended holiday, or hire a conveyance to take one to the desired spot, before the sport is to commence. In wheeling the sport commences the moment the machine is mounted, and never ceases till the run is over, or till one is tired out.

On I kept in the bright moonlight, mile after mile, without dismount or desire to stop, feeling a keen enjoyment in the motion, without any of the discomforts at times experienced during the day from too great heat and consequent perspiration and thirst. The little towns which I passed through looked bright and business-like, by reason of the lights shining from stores, saloons and residences, and I thought they generally presented a more lively appearance than is usual with them at midday.

As I neared San Jose, a town of some 20,000 inhabitants, I expected to see some evidences, from the distance, that I was approaching a center of population, in the illumined appearance of the

sky and other signs usually noticeable as one approaches a city at night. I had not before been in San Jose except by daylight. So far as I could distinguish, however, there was no more evidence of a populous center as I approached the town, than had been elsewhere, peapance on a dark night, were not lighted. The business streets, however, looked very bright when they were at length reached.

I reached the Pacific hotel, where I proposed to stay for the night, at 9:30, after just 4½ hours riding time for the forty-one miles, and practically without dismount. Before retiring I took a stroll around the city and partook of some of the celebrated Fredericksburg beer and a sandwich, for, although I had previously partaken of my usual number of meals, a bicycle ride seems to give one an inclination to eat at every opportunity that offers.

I should have liked to have started on my journey at 5 o'clock the next morning, but it was necessary, in order to get breakfast, that I defer the start until 7.

On this occasion I did not feel like leaving breakfastless, as is customary with me, as I had doubts if I could obtain any meal from the time of leaving San Jose until the return. I therefore ate as much as possible for breakfast, at which time my appetite is not usually good.

Starting at 7 o'clock in the cool air of the cloudy morning, I sped along over the smooth, wide surface of the Alum-rock road, past pleasant-looking cottages and gardens, and past the green fields where the booming real estate agents have staked off streets and lots and labeled them with their signs; past orchards and vineyards looking beautiful in their spring foliage; along the level road, with perhaps a faint suspicion about the muscles of the legs that the grade, apparently level to the eyesight, was in reality a trifle up hill, out toward the mountains. It is my impression that as one journeys directly toward the foot of a big hill or mountain which rises at all abruptly from the plain, that the surface of the plain which may be, and usually is, in reality, of very gentle upward grade, seems to the eye by contrast with the steep upward slopes of the mountain further on, to be of a gentle downward grade. There is no such thing, however, as deceiving a wheelman, to any great extent, upon the subject of grade.

I noticed, at points I had passed, that the San Josean takes pride in his near connection with the observatory, as evidenced by the names given their saloons, etc. One new and pretentious-looking way-side house is named "The Telescope," another "The Observatory," and so on. Along the road I saw other names connected with the mountain or the observatory.

At length an avenue lined with a quadruple row of fine trees is reached, and from this time forward there was no room for the least kind of a doubt, on the part of any of the senses, but that the grade was upward. For nearly a mile, probably, the grade was so gentle, apparently, that a wheelman would be ashamed to be seen walking, yet I felt that a slight pause, for the purpose of examining my watch and cyclometer record of the distance, was welcome when I reached the Junction house. The first five miles had been traveled in about forty minutes, but now the mountains were to begin.

At the Junction the road for Mount Hamilton branches to the right, and just at the intersection of the two roads I notice the quarry from which the gravel is taken for making them. The material seems to be excellent, and may well be classed among the other advantages with which San Jose is favored. The roads, after being leveled, are faced with this fine, durable gravel, cut from the hill side. The roads leading from San Jose in all directions are generally in good condition, partly owing to the good quality of the materials used, and partly because in dry weather they are occasionally sprinkled.

The road toward Mount Hamilton, after leaving the Junction, was of uniform grade, and I was soon lost in admiration at the skill of the engineers who can construct such roads over high mountains without ever allowing them to depart from the same established grade. The surface of the road was all that a wheelman would desire, and the grade was not so steep but it was possible to ride it, but the amount of exertion required was too great to permit riding for any great distance at a time. A few hundred yards was all I cared for, although I have heard wheelmen talk as though it was all riding going toward the observatory until Smith's creek was reached, that is to say, three-fourths of the distance. I probably



and one could, when close to the city, easily imagine himself in the most rural and secluded neighborhood. The bright moon rendered street lamps unnecessary, and the numerous lofty electric-light masts, which would, I fancy, give San Jose quite an imposing appearance, walked three-fourths of the first four miles of mountain. The walking was, however, enjoyable. The tedium of moving up the gradually inclined plane was relieved by the shifting scenery along the roadway, the beauty of the varied mountain views and the charming pictures of the valleys, the faint odors of the wild blossoms and the exhilarating atmosphere.

A slight fog still obscured the sun and kept the air cool. Below me extends the beautiful Santa Clara valley, with the growing city of San Jose in the foreground, toward which all the roads lead, Santa Clara, Mountain View and other towns beyond. Immediately below me the foothills are covered with promising young orchards and vineyards. During the recent excitement in real estate, several large tracts of land in these foothills changed hands, and the change has been a beneficial one. The purchasers are laying out acres of orchards and vineyards and making perfect gardens of the undulating hills. Some of the oldest orchards are about five years old, and it is stated that the yield from the vines is from \$100 to \$200 per year per acre. There are yet large tracts of undivided land which will sooner or later leave the hands of the few large owners, and residences and small orchards will spring up till the growing city will extend its feelers to the very base of Mount Hamilton.

A short distance up the road I came to a trough into which a trickling stream of water is led through a pipe, or should have been, but as some vandal had knocked the pipe down, the supply was nant. Here I paused for a drink from the end of the pipe, which I then replaced to the trough, and while so engaged a bright-looking boy came along and very politely wished me good morning. As he appeared to be communicative I walked with him a short distance towards his home farther up. I learned from him that the present upward grade continued two or three miles farther, then there was some down grade; not as far as Smith's creek, however; there was another up-hill climb and another down grade before that was reached. The road was generally good to Smith's creek; beyond that he didn't know how it was. To my inquiry as to whether many bicycles passed along the road, he said, "O, yes," he saw one rider yesterday who proposed to go clear up to Mount Hamilton, but it was late in the day when he passed, and he guessed he was going to stop over night at Smith's creek. One day he saw a whole lot of them pass, and among them a little bit of a wheel. Yes, they all walked up the portion of the road we were then traveling, but most of them rode going down, but sometimes they came near running into teams and had some bad falls. The only objection he could see to the bicycle was a habit the little wheel had of flying up in the air sometimes and sending the rider sprawling over the handle-bars.

The remarks of this boy showed that he was in the habit of observing and thinking. I may as well say here that the information I got from him as to distances, the condition of the road, etc., I found to be very accurate. I have noticed that boys usually can give more definite information concerning the roads with which they are familiar, than do many of their elders. The ideas of the grown people, so far as they pertain to roads, seem to be gauged entirely from a horse point of view, without any thought whatever that a good horse road may not always be good for some other kind of traffic.

It was a little comforting to find that I was not the only wheelman who walked on this grade. Wheelmen with ordinaries, safeties and tricycles, it appeared, were accustomed to walk it. Then there was the cheering prospect of much down grade riding on the return. A little farther ahead the usual continual winding and turning of the road was changed for a straighter stretch for a good distance along the side of the mountain, till apparently it reached the summit, and the apparent gentleness of the grade induced me to make another mount. I found the riding here comparatively easy and indulged in a good, brisk pace for upwards of a mile, when the Grand View House was reached.

There was a water-trough here, and a goblet conveniently placed by the side of a faucet, so I stopped again for a drink. The house is rightly named, for the view therefrom is superb, and it is about the

last opportunity for a look at the Santa Clara valley, for the road here leads over the summit of the first mountain. The foothills and hundreds of acres of orchards and vineyards in the foreground, all beautifully green in their spring verdure.

The city of San Jose, eight or ten miles in the distance, with a network of roads leading thereto from all directions, showing plainly, by reason of the strong contrast between the light color of the dry gravel and the dark hues of trees, grass, and ploughed land. Further off to the right, the Bay of San Francisco, which could be discerned from its head at Alviso, up to San Francisco, some fifty odd miles distant, with several small towns dotted here and there over the level country on either side. Owing to the distance I could hardly determine the names of the several towns which were in sight. Slightly to the left, at a distance of some twenty miles, is the town of Los Gatos, the whole of the intervening distance dotted with magnificent orchards, farms and vineyards, and beyond, the lofty Santa Cruz mountains, the tops of which were yet enveloped in a bank of clouds.

I found that it was now nearly 9 o'clock, and that I had made but ten miles since the start at 7 from San Jose. I mounted my machine again and indulge in a delightful spin down a gentle grade on the excellent road, for a short distance, then there is an upward tendency again, and the road is in much poorer condition.

Here I meet a stage coach, which causes me to dismount, and I then proceed on foot for a little distance till I round the hill, and I get the first view of the observatory at the summit of Mount Hamilton. The buildings, which were perhaps seven or eight miles distant in a direct line, but upwards of fourteen as measured by the windings of the road, looked small in the distance, but were easily recognizable from the illustrations I had before seen of them. The windings of the road near the summit could be faintly seen at this distance, and plainly told me I must continue on the move if I was to reach there and return the remaining seventy-five miles to my home on this day, so I walked steadily along over the remaining portion of the rough, upward grade of the hill I was then surmounting.

*To be concluded.*

## AN IMPORTANT BICYCLE INVENTION.

MR. ARTHUR J. READIO, of Pawtucket, R. I., has just completed a most important and valuable invention to be applied to bicycles, tricycles, etc., and it is believed it will come into very general use. The article is called a "clutch." As is well known by all who use the bicycle, the steering head of most machines, particularly that of the safety type of bicycle, is very sensitive, and, although the rider be an expert he can remove but one hand at a time from the handle-bars, and that not with perfect safety. This "clutch" allows him to remove both hands, and the machine will still keep on its straight course. The "clutch" is arranged with springs that when going over a stone or other obstacle while running, and not using the hands, it rectifies itself and keeps the course the rider directs, for with a slight pull one way or the other it keeps the course directed. The experienced rider does not have to use his hands any more than on the ordinary style bicycle.

In coasting it is a great convenience, as a slight pressure with the boot on the coasting bars steers it one way or the other, and when the machine gets straightened it will keep so. With the "clutch" on, the rider is enabled to steer on an ordinary road from one side to the other, and when turning a sharp corner the "clutch" can be thrown off in an instant, or replaced, and the machine brought up to a straight course again. It makes the machine much easier to mount, either a still or moving mount. In learning to ride, it is a great help, as it always keeps a straight course, if not otherwise directed, so that balancing is all that is required. The "clutch" is put on and thrown off by a similar lever to the brake, being on the opposite parallel bar to the brake lever. The whole of the appliance is simple in construction, is nickel-plated, and adds greatly to the looks of the machine.

When it comes to getting a move on it, electricity just about yanks the bun; 288,000 miles per second is just a nice road gait for it.



## THE LAST OF THE NEW YEAR'S CALLERS.

*The Story of an Old Man, an Old Man's Friendship and  
a New Card Basket.*

The door is shut—I think the fine old face  
Trembles a little round the under lip—  
His look is wistful—Can it be the place  
Where, at his knock, the bolt was quick to slip,  
(It had a knocker then,) when bravely decked,  
He took of New Year's, with his lowest bow,  
His glass of egg-nog, white and nutmeg flecked,  
From her who is—where is the young bride now?

O Greenwood answer! Through your ample gate  
There went a hearse, these many years ago;  
And often by a grave—more oft of late—  
Stands an old gentleman, with hair like snow.  
Two graves he stands by, truly; for the friend  
Who won her, long has lain beside his wife;  
And their old comrade, waiting for the end,  
Remembers what they were to him in life.

And now he stands before the old time door,  
A little gladdened in his lonely heart  
To give of love, for those that are no more  
To those that live to-day a generous part.  
Aye, she has gone, sweet, loyal, brave and gay—  
But then her daughter's gown and wed the while;  
And the old custom lingers: New Year's Day  
Will not she greet him with her mother's smile?

*But things are changed, ah, changed, you see*

*We keep no New Year's now, not we—*

*It's an old-time day,*

*And an old-time way,*

*And an old-time fashion we've chosen to cut—*

*And the dear old man*

*May wait as he can*

*In front of the old-time door that's SHUT.*

H. C. BUNNER



## MIDWINTER MUSINGS.

When wheelmen gather where the light  
From blazing logs, burns red and bright,  
Come memories born of Summer days,  
Spent joyous underneath the rays  
Of the great sun, that loves to make  
The honest cyclist, trusting, take  
The health and strength that ever lies  
In Nature's earthly paradise.

This paradise exists not, where  
The walls of brick and mortar rear  
The mighty monuments of man,  
That mark the brief uncertain span  
Of years, which granted to each one,  
Measure the race each has to run.  
Not in the maze of city strife  
Exists this Heaven of earthly life.

Where stretch the fields of richest green,  
Where wide a wealth of woods are seen,  
Where lakelets in sweet valleys sleep,  
Where shadows o'er the hill-sides creep,  
Where rivers run and breezes blow,  
Untainted by the heated glow  
Of man's mad strife, for that which lies  
Not in this earthly paradise;  
There where no care the soul annoys,  
Bloom Summer flowers for winter joys;  
And round the log fire's ruddy blaze,  
The cyclist dreams of Summer days.

CHRIS WHEELER,

## A MOONLIGHT RIDE IN NOVEMBER.

Forth into the quiet night  
I lead my noiseless steed.  
The streets deserted; half in light,  
Half darkness, East and West, in parallel,  
From overshadowing houses,  
From out the shade into the light we glide.

*"Men love darkness rather than light,  
Because their deeds are evil."*

Not so, my true and trusty friend,  
Not so of us. We venture forth  
When all is peace and quiet,  
Together to enjoy, what many often pass  
Unheeded by—God's own pure moonlight.  
Giver of every good and perfect gift,  
His to bestow, the bright pure light,  
And His to bestow, the power to enjoy.

The day is past; the hum of traffic o'er;  
The shop is closed; the tired workman  
To his home has hied him, where,  
On bosom of his family, he spends  
The long and quiet evenings in peace.

The air is fresh and crisp and cool;  
And, as we draw full inspiration,  
The buoyant blood goes bounding to the surface;  
The muscles swell and put forth all their pride  
In energetic action. Then takes it up  
My gallant steed, and forward speeds  
In joyous sympathy.

I talk to it,  
As does the Arab to his steed,  
"My pet—my good true trike,  
Full many a mile, up hill and down  
We two have sped together, and never yet  
Hast failed, my good and true."

Light and graceful to the eye, though seeming fragile:  
But all the concentrated strength  
Of finest tempered steel is there.  
Collapse? I laugh to scorn—  
At fullest speed we fly exultantly;  
For well I know that all the strains  
And twists of our uncharitable roads  
One bolt, one spoke from its allotted place,  
Can not unloose. Onward we go.

A solitary dog bays at the moon.  
Well let him bay; or, I mistake, perhaps;  
He may desire in his provoking way,  
To challenge Sirius, who looks coldly down  
From the far-distant southern sky.  
It matters not, for all the quiet world is ours;  
Ev'n the ubiquitous policeman, who should start  
To check us, if too fast we run, is missing.  
How wondrous kind! How most considerate!

And now 'tis late—'tis time to turn about  
And hie us to our home. The road is dry,  
And frozen hard, and worn down smooth by passing wheels.  
We run—we fly—and for our speed,  
We might, perhaps, be stigmatized as scorchers, but  
On such cold nights as this, we do not scorch.

Our homeward route leads by the house  
Of "The Philosopher"; and much to my surprise,  
I see his white-capped head protruding  
From out his casement. He hails us, and we stop  
To speak a word. He too is revelling  
In the bright moonlight. One sage remark of his  
I will repeat, and here it is:

*"The Moon is a cyclist, and so is the Sun,  
And their tour through immensity, long since begun."*

That settled it. For me I think 'tis true,  
The Moon's a cyclist, and the Sun,—don't you?  
And what is more—whatever's true is right,  
And I have had my ride. So now—Good night.

Lancaster, Pa.,  
Nov., 1888.

TENTOONE.





**SECOND-HAND WHEELS**

Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Send for Second-hand List and our large illustrated catalog of Wheels and Accessories, with full particulars of our terms of easy payments. Of interest to every actual or prospective wheelman. Liberal discounts to agents on second-hand wheels. Prices on all wheels guaranteed as low as the lowest.



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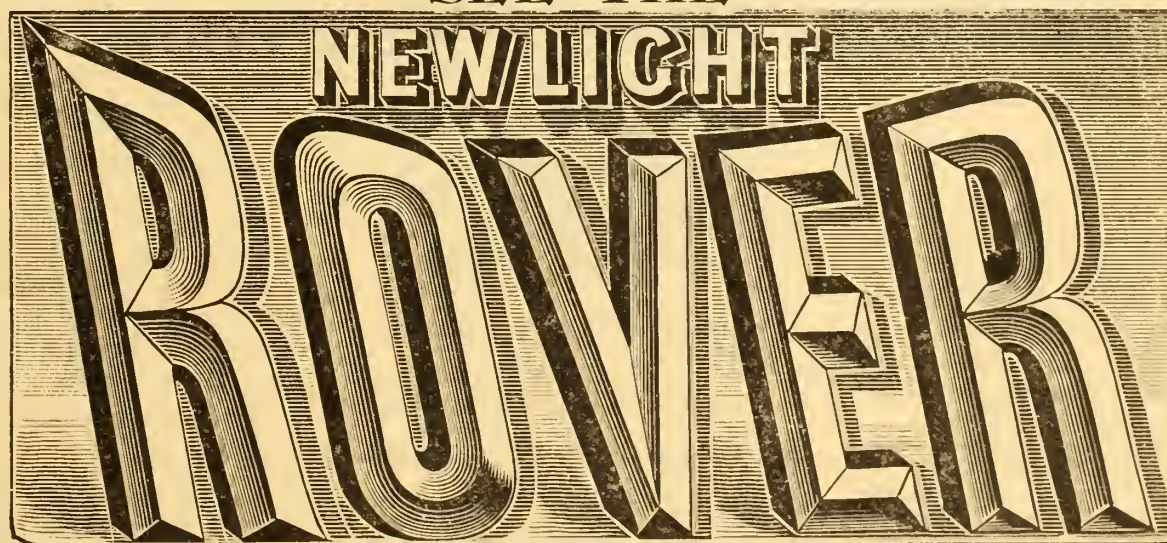
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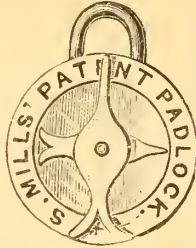
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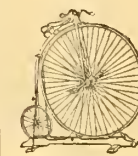
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