

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

Vol. I. No. 21.]

JULY 6 1881.

[Price, Five Cents.

SCHUYLER & DUANE,
Importers and Dealers in Bicycles,
189 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

IMPORTERS OF THE CLUB AND SPECIAL CLUB BICYCLES.

Sole New York Agents for "THE HARVARD" "THE VALE," "SPECIAL TIMBERLAKE" and others.

NICKEL PLATING, PAINTING & REPAIRING.

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Orders taken for Singers Celebrated Machines.—The "British," "Royal" and "Imperial Challenge."

Suggestions to Bicyclers.

IT IS A MISTAKE to consider all English bicycles as the best.

IT IS A FACT that a less percentage of Columbia Bicycles break or come to repairs than of any other make.

IT IS A MISTAKE to regard all the latest modifications of English bicycles as improvements.

IT IS A FACT that many of them are trade catches, and are abandoned before a season is over.

IT IS A MISTAKE to infer that the Columbia Bicycle is always the same style of machine.

IT IS A FACT that the Columbia Bicycles are of several patterns and styles of finish, to suit the most fastidious.

IT IS A MISTAKE to imagine that English bicycles cannot be obtained through the Pope Manufacturing Company, who have always kept them in stock.

IT IS A FACT that the Columbias are the only bicycles that are warranted throughout by the manufacturers.

IT IS ALSO a fact that two-thirds of all the bicycles in use in this country are Columbias, made by the Pope Manufacturing Company.

IT IS A MISTAKE to suppose that either the Special or Standard Columbia is the same now that it was six months ago.

IT IS A FACT that constant efforts are made for improvement in every detail of their construction, and that every new lot shows corresponding results.

REMEMBER that the Columbia Ball Bearing is the best and neatest anti-friction bearing made.

REMEMBER that the Columbia Pedal, the Columbia Rim, and the Columbia Tires are now the best made.

REMEMBER that the Columbia nickel plating is the handsomest and most durable of any.

OBSERVE that the prices of Columbia Bicycles range from \$80 up to \$147 50.

OBSERVE that the Mustang is a cheaper grade for boys, in price from \$50 to \$65.

REFLECT that the Columbias offer choices of more value for less money than any other make of bicycles.

REFLECT that most of the older riders, and many whole clubs, are this season taking Columbias in preference to every other machine
EVERY rider should call and examine them in stock, or send a three-cent stamp to the Pope Manufacturing Company for a copy of their July catalogue, twenty-four pages, with full information and price-lists.

NOTICE that the principal offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company, makers of the Columbia bicycles, are at 597 to 601 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

CONTENTS

Advertisements.....	161-168
Bicycle Touring Club.....	163
Boston Notes and Notions.....	000
By Bicycle to Boston, 11.....	165
Coming Events.....	000
Correspondence.....	000
Editorial—The Wheel—Roads.....	164
Park Affairs.....	162
Pickings and Stealings.....	000
Rates and Terms.....	166
The Future of the Bicycle.....	166
Wheel Races.....	161-162

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

FRED JENKINS - - - - - Editor and Proprietor
JULIUS WILCOX Associate Editor.
Office of Publication, 75 Fulton Street.

PARK AFFAIRS.

THE ARREST.

Saturday having been appointed for testing the rights of bicyclers to ride through Central Park, shortly before 8 A. M., a tricycle was dispatched in an express wagon to the Sixth avenue entrance at 110th street, and Mr. H. H. Walker, of the Manhattan Bi. Club, rode up on a bicycle. At 8 o'clock Mr. W. M. Wright, Mr. Sam Conant Foster, of the Mercury Bi. Club, and Mr. J. Revell, of the *Courier*, entered a Landau at headquarters, 791 Fifth avenue, and drove through the Park, arriving at the rendezvous at 8:30, where they were met by Mr. Walker. The tricycle not having arrived, Mr. Foster, mounting a Union bicycle belonging to Mr. C. B. Culver, who was on hand, rode down 110th street in quest of the wagon, which shortly hove in sight. The momentous time for the start having arrived, Messrs. Wright and Foster mounted the tricycle, Mr. Walker stepped on to his machine, and the party rode slowly into the Park. Just as they entered the gate, Captain Beaty, of the Park Police, drove up in his buggy. On arriving about 150 yards inside the park they were ordered to stop by Park Policemen W. F. Carroll and Edward Burns, whereupon they dismounted, and were asked by Captain Beaty:

"Do you know that you are liable to arrest?"

"Yes, sir, but we insist on going through."

"Do you know that you are violating an ordinance of the Park by so doing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say, are you going through?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; arrest them."

Mr. Foster asked Captain Beaty whether they could send the machines back by express and ride down to the arsenal in the carriage, and he having acquiesced, the party, consisting of the two policemen, Messrs. Walker, Wright and Foster, entered the carriage.

The *Courier* representative got on the box, and, preceded by Captain Beaty, the party drove through the Park out at Ninetieth street, where they were met by Counsellor Higgins, on Horseback, and Alderman Perley in a buggy. The arsenal reached, the prisoners were taken to Sergeant Flock, who, having entered the charge, temporarily placed them in durance vile in the gymnasium, where they amused themselves—Mr. Wright on the rings and Mr. Conant Foster practicing leaping.

It may be of interest to bicyclers to know that Messrs. Wright and Foster were entered on the charge sheet as single, aged respectively 26 and 28 years, and that Mr. Walker is a benedict and 33 years of age, all of which facts were elicited by Sergeant Flock. At 9:20 the party again entered the carriage in the custody of the policemen and drove down to the 57th street police station. The case was called at 9:40, before Judge Murray, who postponed it for a short time to await the arrival of Counsellor

Thompson. Upon his arrival the case was again brought up and, on the testimony of the policeman, the three 'cyclers were fined \$5 each, which they refused to pay on the ground of the ordinance being beyond the discretionary powers of the Park Commissioners. The records were consulted and the bicyclers thereupon committed to the care of Keepers Cuskley and Gover, who were instructed by the judge to make them as comfortable as possible, as it was a test case. They were detained in the station house for about one hour and a half, being courteously treated by the officials, while Counsellor Higgins went to get a writ of habeas corpus, so as to allow of their being released on parole. During the time they were absent the doctor paid them a visit and on learning the facts of the case was very affable, informing them that a lady, who made her appearance at this moment outside the gate, had some tracts to distribute. Mr. Walker said that all they desired was to make tracks. On Mr. Higgins' return the party were taken to the Tombs under custody of Keeper Gover, where he went through the usual introduction to Warden Finn. They were then taken to Judge Lawrence's private house on 33d street and released on parole.

The trial of the bicyclers was to have taken place on Tuesday at 11 o'clock, City wheelmen attended in force at Judge Lawrence's Chambers in the Supreme Court, and waited patiently for the case to be called. It was seven minutes to one before Judge Lawrence announced in stentorian tones, "Wright and two others against the Park Commissioners, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Whitney." Cycling expectation was instantly at its height, but at the request of Mr. Whiting, representing the Park side of the question, the case was adjourned till Friday, July 1st.

On that day the fraternity were again well represented, members of the Manhattan, Mercury, New York, Essex, Lennox, Kings County Wheelmen, and other clubs being in attendance. On the case being called, Mr. C. C. Higgins appeared for the petitioners and Assistant Corporation Counsel Arthur Berry for the Park Commissioners and the city. It was agreed, after a brief discussion between the counsel, that it would be necessary to take testimony on disputed questions of fact, and that a reference would be proper. The judge thereupon ordered a reference, and said he would hear argument on the 15th inst.

WHEEL RACES.

SECOND ANNUAL RACES OF CAPITAL BICYCLE CLUB.

The largest gathering of bicyclers and the most exciting race meeting ever held in the District of Columbia took place on Saturday June 18, the occasion being the Second Annual Races of the Capital Bicycle Club. Invitations to the prominent clubs resulted in the assembling of nearly 100 wheelmen at the headquarters of the club, the Arlington Club of Washington and the Baltimore Club sending large delegations. Previous to the races a parade was formed in two divisions, with Captain H. S. Owen, of the Capital Club, as commander, and Messrs. J. McK. Borden and F. F. Rawlings as division captains. The route was through the principal streets of the city and terminated at Iowa Circle, where the races took place in the presence of a crowd estimated at 10,000 persons.

THE RACES.

Iowa Circle is a park, surrounded by a circular concrete paved roadway, forming a four lap track 20 feet wide.

One mile, open to all amateurs. Prize, gold medal. 1. H. M. Schooley, C. Bi. C., 54 Royal Challenge, 3:14 1-8; 2. H. Stewart, A. Bi. C., 54 Columbia, 3:14 1-4; 3. J. McK. Borden, C. Bi. C., 55 Imp. Challenge, —

Quarter-mile dash for members of Capital Club only. Prizes, gold medal to first, silver to second. Flying start, and run singly. Record first annual races, 41 3-4. 1. George Cook, 54 Harvard, 43 1-4; 2. L. W. Seely, 55 Royal Challenge, 43 5-8; 3. A. M. Coyle, 54 Excelsior, 46 1-4.

Five mile, for members of C. Bi. C. only. Prizes, gold medal to first, silver to second. Record, first annual races, 19:21. 1. J. McK. Borden, 55 Imperial Challenge, 18:42 3-4; 2. E. H. Fowler, 52 Yale, 18:45; 3. R. M. Smith, 54 Royal Challenge,

slipped saddle and withdrew; 4. F. S. Blanchard, 56 Columbia, withdrew; 5. A. M. Coyle, 54 Excelsior, withdrew.

One mile for boys on wooden machines. Flying start, silver medal to winner. 10 entries: 1. Robert Chapman, 36, 4:50; 2. Ross Broadhead, 40, 4:55; 3. Howard Seely, 36, —.

One mile, for members of C. B. C. only. Gold medal to first, silver to second. Record, annual races 1880, 3:25. 1. George Cook, 54 Harvard, 3:20 1-2; 2. L. W. Seely, 55 Royal Challenge, 3:20 3-4; 3. E. H. Fowler, 52 Yale, 3:34 1-4.

Three miles, open to all amateurs. Prize, gold medal. 1. Howell Stewart, A. B. C., 54 Columbia, 10:03-4; 2. H. M. Schooley, C. B. C., 54 Royal Challenge, —; 3. R. M. Smith, Smith, C. B. C., 54 Royal Challenge, —.

Time keepers—F. D. Owen, F. G. Collins, Max Hansmann. Referees—Geo. B. Welch, Jas. P. Stabler. Starter—Herbert S. Owen.

ELIZABETH ATHLETIC CLUB.

Bicyclers mustered in force at these sports, which took place on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock. Messrs. J. Frank Burrill and F. W. Fullerton of the Manhattan Bi. Club, and W. J. W. Roberts of the Staten Island Athletic Club, officiated as judges, while Joseph Lafon of the Manhattan Bi. Club efficiently filled the onerous position of referee.

The first race, half-mile heats, best three in five, for those who had never won a first prize, boasted of 11 entries, of which 10 appeared at the post, and to the surprise of those who witnessed the falls at the last meeting of this club they were started in one heat. We feel we can not too strongly condemn this style of racing, to allow of any reasonable safety there should not be more than four starters in a race on a track of the dimensions of the Elizabeth track. As it was the contestants were placed in two rows and we noticed at the start one rider in the rear row run into a gentleman who had started one of the front riders. Fast time can never be accomplished in this way, and for the future we would advise the committee to substitute preliminary heats, the winners of which would compete in the final.

The race resulted in Mr. A. C. Bedell, Essex Bi. Club, taking first prize, and Mr. H. O. Talmadge, Yonkers Bi. Club, second.

Mile Heats. Best 2 in 3. All not distanced to start in each heat. Distance post, 50 yards. Mr. W. M. Woodside, Manhattan Bi. Club, won easily by 60 yards, thus distancing his competitors and taking first prize. Time 3m. 41s.

After a considerable lapse of time the distanced competitors in the mile race appeared to ride for second prize. A capital race ensued. Wm. H. Austin and George Hooper, Kings Co. Wheelmen, alternately leading, until in the last lap Austin unfortunately lost his pedals and took a header, leaving Hooper an easy victor. Time, 4m. 11s.

BOSTON RACES.

NEW YORK TO THE FORE.

We are unable as the news reaches us at the moment of going to press to give our readers a full account of these races, and will content ourselves with giving the names of winners.

One mile amateur: Wm. M. Woodside, Manhattan Bi. Club, first. Time 4m 47-8s. Half-mile amateur: Wm. M. Woodside first. Time, 1m. 49 1-2s. Professional race, 2 miles: Prof. F. S. Rollinson, New York, first, time 8m. 3 1-4s; J. W. Wilson, Boston, second. Two mile amateur: W. M. Woodside first, time 7m. 56s. One mile tricycle race: Harry Percival, first, time 5m. 43 1-8s. Slow race: A. H. Baldwin.

During the races an entertaining exhibition was given on a raised platform by the celebrated Stirk family. The races were a great success, and were witnessed by an enormous concourse of spectators.

THE MEET IN PHILADELPHIA.

Nature could not have been more propitious than she was yesterday afternoon, and if the second meet of bicycle clubs in

Fairmount Park had been better managed, evening would have found the three thousand people who assembled at the Exposition Building to see the riding, much better satisfied than they were. The marshals of the day were not numerous enough to keep the crowd back, and consequently only about one half of the spectators saw any of the evolutions of the riders. The turnout of bicyclists, attached and unattached, was larger than anyone expected, and the exhibition of fancy riding or contortion acts on the treacherous bicycle was excellent. Over one hundred members of the Philadelphia, Germantown, Pegasus and Centaur Clubs appeared on wheels in the parade. J. E. Le Conte, of the Pegasus Club, was the commander, and the marshals were: G. D. Gideon, Germantown Club; H. A. Blakiston, Philadelphia Club, and R. G. Le Conte, Pegasus Club. The parade was to have begun at 4:30 o'clock, but it was after 5 before the wheelmen got into line. Among the most expert riders present were F. W. Corse, H. Dennison, J. O. Pennell, Dr. Weightmann, Caleb Roberts, Dr. Muehler, H. B. Hart, D. Mears, D. Kelly, C. F. Cope, G. C. Thomas, C. M. Hudders, G. N. Osbourn, J. I. Miller, John Ferguson, Samuel Lewis, J. Gibson, H. Longstreth, Z. B. Fox, Charles N. Mason, D. V. Potter, M. R. Maxwell, J. S. Mowbrey, H. A. Blakiston, G. D. Gideon, W. E. Montelius, T. K. Longstreth, Dillwyn Wistar, Edward King, J. E. Le Conte, T. B. Lukens, James Freidly, C. F. Cope, Alexander B. Bowen and W. R. Tucker. After circling around the Main Building two or three times for the edification of those who got near enough to see them, the riders dismounted and by their united efforts opened a small circle of space in the crowd. In this circle two riding matches for gold medals were contested. The gentlemen who contested for the prize for fancy riding were C. Frederick Cope and Daniel Mears, of the Pegasus Club, and George Wilder, who rode an American Star bicycle, with the small wheel in front. After each of the riders had taken a "header" or two and enjoyed numerous falls the prize was awarded to Mr. Cope. This exhibition was very interesting and the crowd applauded the contestants right heartily. The starters in the slow race were Frederick Corse, of the Germantown Club, and C. F. Cope, and D. Mears, of the Pegasus Club. Cope carried off the prize—a gold medal. After the races the wheelmen formed in line and rode to Bryn Mawr, where they enjoyed an excellent supper.—*Times*.



THE BICYCLE TOURING CLUB, as the International Organization of Wheelmen amateurs, occupies, in relation to kindred sports, a similar position to that of Freemasonry to other kindred societies. Wherever the "wheel" rolls, the B. T. C. is represented, and it desires to enlarge its membership and perfect its organization in all countries throughout the world where the fraternizing influences of the bicycle are being developed.

To this end it invites the co-operation of the Wheelmen of America, and extends to them a cordial invitation to add theirs to the list of over four thousand names at present on its roll of membership.

The annual fee is two shillings and sixpence (about 62 1-2 cents), and there is no initiation fee except the cost of the Club Badge of silver which is six shillings and sixpence (say \$1 62 1-2 cents).

Until arrangements for the appointment of State consuls are perfected, applications for membership should be sent to the Chief Consul direct, who will forward same to the executive in England.

Applications for membership should be accompanied by a P. O. O. for \$2 50, (which will cover the cost of International P. O. O., of silver badge, and of membership ticket), and should be endorsed by some member of the B. T. C.

FRANK W. WESTON,

Chief Consul, U. S. A.

Sagin Hill, Dorchester,

Boston, Mass.

Messrs. Schuyler & Duane, 189 Broadway, importers and dealers in bicycles, wish to inform the public, that they have dispensed with the services of their former salesman, Mr. F. S. Rollinson.

Vol. 1.]

THE WHEEL

[No. 21

THE WHEEL.—It is the intention of the managers to make THE WHEEL a lively and interesting paper. To present to its readers all matters of interest in connection with bicycling. Accounts of Club meetings, races, tours, excursions and runs will find place in our columns, together with personal items, the latest inventions and improvements, and other subjects of interest to bicyclers and their friends. Correspondence is invited, and we will be pleased to acknowledge any news items, clippings or suggestions which will assist us to make our paper as attractive as possible. Contributors and correspondents are requested to send their favors to *The Editor of THE WHEEL, 75 Fulton Street, New York.* To give their full names and addresses, though not for publication unless desired. Also to notice that we go to press the Saturday preceeding the date of publication. We refer our readers to another column for our terms of subscription and rates of advertising.

ROADS.

In England, as nearly everybody knows, it pays to manufacture the bicycle and tricycle, to ride them, and to publish journals in their interest. The *Cyclist*, for example, still lacking several months of being a two-year-old, is much fatter than journalistic infants of that age often are. A year ago, it had eight pages of "ad's;" now, it has sixteen. Comparisons are—a great many things; it is only as illustrating how different a basis the wheel now is on in England from its American basis, that the fatness of our excellent and distant neighbor, rotund with *L. S. D.*, is referred to.

In England, however, it is not alone the publisher who is joyous; the maker, the dealer, and the user rejoice together. Only the youth or adult who lacks physical ability or disposition, or has no money at all, lacks a wheel to carry him; the article is supplied to suit all purses—and, it might be added, all degrees of knowledge and judgment on the subject, for the range of quality takes in some of the vilest wheels that ever rolled. If he cannot buy, he must be poor indeed; and if ready money is scarce, he can pay by installments. The wheel is literally everybody's vehicle. It is the servant of all classes. Saturday to Monday "takes it in;" the tourist uses it; the mechanic goes on it to and from his day's work, carrying his kit of tools; all ages have it, from that of the ante-breeches and frock age to the last age which allows use of any members; the postman to an increasing extent, and the "cop" and the fireman somewhat, do their duty with it; the sheriff and the dun chase with it the hapless culprit and the debtor who are running away on it; the physician and the clergyman have already adopted it as an improvement on the horse; *femina* borrows from it an attractiveness while lending one to it; the crushed youth rides on it with his sister, or, with some other fellow's sister, proves to her how strong he is to take the heavy end of all life's labors and steer clear of all its bumps; soberer couples, longer used to their own companionship, jog along comfortably on it; Father Time races with it, often getting beaten—but the list would spin out interminably before it would be complete. Nobody can look carefully at the extent of the trade in England without perceiving that the wheel is there for an indefinite time—probably for all time, as far as can be foreseen.

The remark above, about the comparative basis of the wheel there and here, used an unstudied word but one suggestive of the whole case. The wheel abroad is on a sound basis of good roads, extending all over the tight little island; they are the growth of centuries, constructed for permanence, and so everywhere that is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one might

mount at any spot in England and ride to any other without dismounting. There, it is true, the wheel is over ten years old; in America, it is not yet four in any real sense, and might be called hardly three. During this time, it has made most remarkable and encouraging progress, especially as it had to overcome the prejudice left by the ridiculous old "bone-shaker" failure. It is far from our intention to draw any discouragement from the contrast, or to intimate that the wheel has attained its growth here, or to treat the case in any respect as concluded. The intention goes no further than a survey of the conditions, and the desire to start the process of removing existing obstacles to the rolling of the wheel, by the first step of mapping those difficulties out. One of them—the fact that there are so many cobble-stones borne about on the shoulders of professedly living men as well as lying in city streets, and that the horse is so commonly (more's the pity) driven by that less worthy animal which speaks through his nose—has been already discussed in these columns; a more serious one is the lack of good roads.

Nobody will dispute that we have in this country enough men, and enough physical vigor, and enough enjoyment of what is rationally enjoyable and useful, and money enough, and all else needful, to make the country a new world indeed for the wheel and a bigger one than it now has. Some believe there are now 8,000 bicycles in the country; suppose there are and that there are 200,000 in Great Britain; this country surely has the capacity for thrice as many as that. As an implement of amateur athletics and exercise and as a club centre, the wheel has its place, but if it is confined to the largest cities and to a restricted use as such implement it cannot attain a very important place here and perhaps may not retain any place permanently. Have we got now, for any reason or reasons, merely a revived and vastly improved toy, or have we a really practical vehicle? The vehicle may be itself all right, as it is conceded to be, but have we the conditions for it; is this country ready to be possessed and retained by it?

This subject of roads is one at which the writer hereof has already hammered somewhat, because it has seemed to him that in it is involved the future of the wheel in America. Without rideable roads—as if, let us suppose, this country were "cobbled" over every foot of its available surface—the wheel would be as much out of place as the finest fishing tackle in a dry horse-trough. One *can* ride over cobble, just as he can hop on one foot or possibly (by practice) could stand on it in competition with any other goose; but who on earth would, or wants to? Who wants to walk a mile to borrow a horse to ride a quarter of a mile? Nothing is more aggravating than the possession of a bicycle where it can't be used, just as no sick baby was more plaguesome than the machine when the rider (as Sir Boyle Roche would have said, had he the opportunity), must walk, and not only that but must carry his horse. Cobble and the worst roads are really not fit for horses, but the horse has a reserve strength to bang along with, and four wheels allow a division of the weight and a multiplication of springs. We may tax the resources of steel and rubber to the last, yet the weight on the steel steed must be concentrated on one wheel and cannot have a system of crossed springs. The laws of construction will forever keep the wheel we love dependent upon the character of the surface it has to traverse.

Is it therefore to be for us Americans "so near and yet so far?" This is a subject of consequence not only to every wheelman who cares for the spread of the wheel, but to every rider

who takes no concern beyond keeping and using his wheel, as he does his hat, and lets the wheel world outside of himself wag for itself. Too large a number of the "unattached," it is to be feared, are of this class, but union is strength, and they have an interest (as well as the most wide-awake of wheel propagandists) in smoothing its way. What are we going to do about it?

Only one thing, of course. Since we cannot conform the wheel to the roads, much more than it already is, we must tackle the other side of the case, and conform the roads to the wheel. If we have not good roads now, we must *make* them—we MUST do it.

This must be done by making more of ourselves, in numbers, position, and influence. Were the majority wheelmen, how long would the beastly—no, the not beastly, the humanly—bad roads be tolerated? How long would the broad difference between a road that really carries you over with "safety, speed and comfort," and one that can be got over without breaking either neck or harness, be unknown, and how long would the economical value of good roads remain unrecognized? Not long, surely.

We must, therefore, come together, at least for this common end, and stay together. Let Jack Horner take his pie to the corner, and put his thumb in by himself, but let him not do so with the wheel. The first step is, to find out the dimensions and character of the problem. The *facts* about the roads in this country are wanted, and we call for this information distinctly and as loudly as we know how. We appeal to wheelmen in every part of it not to wait for somebody else, but to send this information, in a compact, trustworthy and available shape. It is not enough to characterize roads in a given section as "good," "fair," or the like; their character and construction should also be stated. The country is so big that no one person can have personal knowledge of very much of it, and as that is the kind of knowledge wanted, the co-operation of many is required. From Halifax to San Antonio, from Boston (about which we all know) to San Francisco; and from all the places that lie between, the facts are wanted. Bear in mind that this article is not written to magnify difficulties, or to assume them, or to beg the question pro or con; but to further discovery of the actual facts.

Now then, ALL TOGETHER!

J. W.

BY BICYCLE TO BOSTON.

A TRIP OF 1,030 MILES, FROM LIMA, OHIO, TO BOSTON, MASS.,
ON BICYCLES.

II.

[Continued from page 158.]

The Tiffin suburbs were reached at dark. I dismounted and lighted my head-lamp. Seen from the sidewalk, the bright light thrown in front, and the red side lights, followed by the shadowy form of bicycle and rider, gliding rapidly and noiselessly along the street, made a novel display, and we entered the city with considerable eclat. Now Bob had some relations in Tiffin, whom he had not seen for many long years, and it was, no doubt, with elevated feelings, that he pictured to himself, the surprise and pleasure of aforesaid relations, and how proud their reception of so renowned a bicyclist would be, et cetera. Hence Bob must needs hunt up his unoffending relatives' place of business and make himself known. With this intent he rode up the main street to where his kinsman held forth and disappeared inside the store, leaving me to deal with a crowd possessed of an insatiable propensity for asking questions. Bob was gone five minutes—ten minutes—fifteen minutes; then he came back

rather mad. The mob retreated and Bob led the way to the hotel. I failed to fathom the mystery for some time. Finally Bob explained: "They thought I was a tramp—an impostor! Had to show private correspondence and recite synopsis of family history, before my own uncle would acknowledge me, and then it came awful hard." Bob was inclined to be indignant. I tried to reason with him and he was indignant at that. I couldn't imagine what Bob had to get mad about. I didn't blame his uncle. If Bob could see a family resemblance it was no reason why his uncle should. I was always surprised that his uncle acknowledged him at all.

The next day about eleven o'clock, after a few races up and down the streets, we turned east from Tiffin and rolled off toward Clyde. We were evidently objects of public interest. The travelers we passed on the road would stop, with mouths open and gaze after us, and women and children at the farm houses would run to the window or gate, as soon as we were known to be in the neighborhood. We stopped once before a fine house, and asked a lady, working with the flowers, if we could get a drink of milk. After mature deliberations we were told we could. We were viewed by two pretty young ladies—it was a problem to Bob to tell which was the prettiest. We wanted an excuse to stay awhile, but the young ladies were anxious to see how fast we could ride from their gate to the bottom of the hill, that it was evidently time to go. We mounted and did our best to "make a spread" in going down the hill, with such success, that, as Bob said, "Blaine spread himself on the ground."

After a few miles ride, we reached a pleasant summer resort known as Green Springs, on the L. S. & M. S. railroad. Green Spring is found in a beautiful wooded ravine, flowing up from the bottom of a small lake. The bottom of this lake and its outlet is covered with a peculiarly beautiful green vegetable growth, imparting to the water, by reflection of the light, a clear green color, hence the name. The water is of the white sulphur order and is utilized by the proprietors of a spacious hotel near the spring, to extort about \$15 a week out of the afflicted guests.

As we were riding leisurely along toward Clyde, we saw approaching, a carriage drawn by one horse, containing one man and two ladies. When some thousand yards (as accurately as I can remember) distant, the lordly driver of the vehicle shouted out "Git off this road! You've got no right comin' around here with them things, scarin' horses—D'ye hear me! Git off'n that!" We obeyed his lordship's mandate, and thinking his horse was probably a wild young colt, I walked forward with the intention of leading the factious animal past the objects of his fright.

"Why didn't you git off'n that when I told you to?" demanded our magnate.

"You might have been a little more civil with your tongue." was our now indignant rejoinder.

"Don't care—you've got no right to run them things on this road."

A glance at the *colt* at this moment, showed instead, an old blind horse. This was sufficient. We mounted our bicycles and rode on, without further regard for the ravings of our magnate or the threatened lashings with his carriage whip.

Another adventure with a blind horse occurred sometime before. We were just leaving West Cairo and having more or less frightened several passing teams, on seeing a buggy approaching containing two pretty young ladies, I insisted upon dismounting, for fear of frightening the animal the ladies were driving and bringing all kinds of evil upon the fair occupants of the vehicle. A dismount was made, accordingly, at some distance, and posed in the most picturesque attitude, we waited. The horse came on very slowly, so that Bob began to grumble at having got off so soon. Finally, the carriage passed by, and a burst of laughter from Bob, caused me to turn round. "The joke's on you; that horse was blind." Bob never could get over that. I have a splendid memory for such things, but he seemed to be afraid I would forget about it, and generally took the opportunity when there was a crowd around, to bring up the blind horse and pretty girls. We soon ceased to dismount however, as we found that care was all that was necessary, and in 1,500 miles of riding during the autumn of 1880, I never saw a horse badly frightened from a bicycle.

We rode through Clyde—a town remarkable, mainly for the fine macadamized roads radiating from it and started eastward for Belleville. A short distance out of town we overtook a gentleman driving two fine horses, who was immediately anxious for a race. We led him at a round pace for some three miles, when he drew up near his residence, declared himself beaten and sent his son to show us into his peach orchard. The orchard contained some of the finest peaches Ohio ever produced, we can assert, and for half an hour we regaled ourselves. If I had been in a condition to be impressed, I would certainly have been shocked with the quantity of fruit Bob annihilated. As it was, I was somewhat startled, when he with difficulty accomplished lifting himself into the saddle.

We rode rapidly through Bellevue and reached Monroeville sometime after dark. We had intended to spend Sunday here, but our decision changed, and about four o'clock Sunday afternoon, we started for Norwalk, five miles distant. Just outside of Monroeville was a steep hill which many doubted our ability to ride up. Up it we went however, with ease, then following along a comparatively level road, we found ourselves, in a short time, upon the summit of a veni-circular, or horseshoe shaped bluff, the inner slope of which dropped down in series of regular steps to a level meadow below, forming a perfect natural amphitheatre. We reached the outskirts of Norwalk about five o'clock. Norwalk is one of the prettiest of Ohio towns. One of the peculiarities of this and surrounding towns, is the sidewalks, which instead of being paved, are made of well beaten gravel and well protected with shade trees. We took refuge from the hot sun under the shade of these trees, and dashed along the smooth walk at a speed of twelve miles an hour. As we turned a sharp corner, two young ladies were discovered leisurely walking arm in arm ahead of us. On the hard gravel, our wheels were perfectly noiseless and the fair pedestrians were in blissful ignorance of any danger. A shout of warning and they turned around. An instant of bewilderment—then with a succession of heart-splitting shrieks that almost destroyed our equilibrium, one sprang behind a tree, while the other hugged up to the pickings of the fence as if it were her partner in a waltz. Our bicycles whirled past and we all breathed easier. Soon even Bob recovered himself enough to intimate that he would have liked to have been in the place of that fence for the time being.

The next morning I discovered that in some way the axle of the driving wheel in my bicycle had been slightly bent so that the wear in the bearing came all on one part of the spindle. The job of turning the axle, I entrusted to a so-called machinist, named Wm. B. Lyke. Lyke, who proved to be a tinkering ignoramus, undertook to true the 7-8 steel shaft by placing it upon the steel bed of a planer and hammering it *cold*, and the result was he broke the axle nearly in two. Seeing the damage done, he drilled a quarter-inch hole in the end of the axle and drove in a smooth steel plug, and then when I departed, this brazen faced tinker charged me fifty cents.

[To be Continued.]

THE FUTURE OF THE BICYCLE.

BY JULIUS WILCOX.

The bicycle has suffered somewhat from injudicious advocacy and headlong praise. It does not (as one dealer advertises) "move under the rider almost by volition and with hardly any expenditure of muscular effort at all;" it does not put at naught time and distance on common roads; it will not bring steam into disuse for passenger travel and make every man his own locomotive; it will not even turn the horse out to grass; it does not roll without any jars and bumps whatever; it is not perfectly noiseless; it is not utterly free from habits of fracture and internal disorders; and many of the things said of it are romances. On sufficiently good surfaces it moves almost literally without effort until the rider is tired; but on rough or soft roads, and with strong winds ahead, a decided effort is required to propel it. Its one wheel also conveys the jars of stones and ruts very directly to the body, and the only remedy is "getting used to it." The art of managing the vehicle is not the difficult thing it looks, but everybody must train up to it.

Upon the condition of practice and fairly good roads the bi-

cycle is a practicable and practical vehicle. Its apparent paradox of balancing is in strict obedience to, not defiance of, the law of gravitation, and when once the vertical line from the centre of gravity gets outside the base nothing topples over more readily; riding it, exactly like walking, is simply an alternate falling and recovering. Its superior efficiency as compared with walking is also strictly under physical laws. It converts reciprocal into rotary motion. In walking the weight of the body is actually lifted at every step; on the bicycle the body is permanently supported by the saddle, and the force expended in lifting is all saved. The movement in walking is continuous only in one sense, being broken every time the foot strikes the ground; the wheel, on the contrary, has an uninterrupted motion. The machine has to be carried up grade as well as the body, but on the down grade both are borne without exertion, whereas grades are no advantage whatever to the walker. The special heat and fatigue of the feet, noticeable most in warm weather, are also avoided, and the swifter motion produces a little breeze for cooling. A stride of one complete movement of the foot per second is brisk walking; the same movement on the wheel propels it about nine miles per hour. Seven miles an hour, or at least double a good walk, are rather slow; eight to ten are not difficult when the conditions are not severe, and the bicycle multiplies the speed of walking three times with a less expenditure of power.

Upon this fair and exact statement of its capabilities the bicycle can stand, and its development in use is not mysterious. Naturally, it is taken up first by young men, but it is an error to assume it only an instrument for amateur athletics. In this country, as in England, its home, as the bicycle becomes better known, it is utilized by the elders as soon as its powers are recognized. In and around Boston, where it is best known, the young no longer have it exclusively, and this is becoming true in other localities. At first, the riding is itself the end sought, and the satisfactions and physical benefits therefrom are ample justification for seeking that end. But the strictest utility is reached when, having to go somewhere, one chooses the bicycle as the efficient instrument for going. This practical use grows naturally after the fact is known that the pedal propulsion can be so effectively turned into rotary movement in this way. That good roads are so essential is probably no disadvantage, and no retardation of bicycle using beyond what is expedient to prevent its being overdone. On the contrary, the influence of the bicycle upon road construction is growing, as young men who learn its use take their places in active life, and an educational force on this subject is greatly needed. It is sometimes said that "that thing" will answer for very smooth roads; but there is no real obstacle, except ignorance, in the way of having all roads good. The majority do not know what a good road is, and their horses—who do know and could explain the differences in roads—are debarred from speaking. Experimental knowledge, procured by becoming at once rider and horse, will gradually dispell this ignorance and make advocates of the sound economy which demands good roads. To do this will be one of the most valuable offices of the bicycle in America.—*New York Times*.

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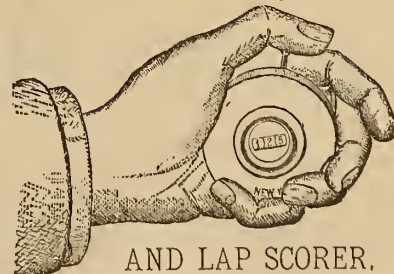
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