

# THE WHEEL.

*A Journal of Bicycling.*

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Vol. I. No. 23.]

AUGUST 3, 1881.

[Price, Five Cents.]

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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 YALE," "SPECIAL TIMBERLAKE" and others.

NICKEL PLATING, PAINTING & REPAIRING.

"MULTUM IN PARVO" BAGS, CYCLOMETERS AND SUNDRIES.  
Orders taken for Singers Celebrated Machines.—The "British," "Royal" and "Imperial Challenge."

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## Suggestions to Bicyclers.

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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.

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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

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

## PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

Tourists in the Palace Car.—Frank and Fred.

We are afraid that Lazare is let loose again, judging from the tone of that article in the *Herald*.

The gentleman who took the curtains away from the Manhattan Club room will please bring them back for the benefit of members in town.

The Englishmen cannot understand Myers, and begin to talk of a professional in disguise. This latter course is so ridiculous as to need no comment, especially among those who have the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Bicyclers riding on the New York Central railroad are requested to refuse to pay any charge for their machines, and if the same is persisted in, to take the number of the conductor or baggage master and forward the same to Mr. Rawson Underhill, 23 New Street, New York City—*Courier*.

The prize competition promoted by the Pope Manufacturing Co., will make interesting work for the summer months, and will probably be closely contested. Undoubtedly among so many talented writers and skillful artists familiar with the wheel, some excellent productions will be the result.

At the Grocers' Annual Pic-nic held near Pittsburg, June 22, 1881, O. G. Brown won a half-mile Bicycle race, in 2 min. 25 sec. The track was over rough turf, which accounts for the poor time. There were four entries: O. G. Brown, Chas. Holmes, Thos. Wood, and Wm. Swagger. The winner was presented with a fine silver watch.

Wheelmen who have occasion to ship bicycles between here and Boston, will do well to avoid the "New Express Company," who demand the exorbitant price of \$4.35 on a crated bicycle, while the Adams and New York and Boston Despatch Companies are satisfied with \$1.50 on each machine. The "New" company formerly charged \$1.00, but lately made a decided "raise."

The State Board of Agriculture of Ohio has made arrangements for the first bicycle race on the largest scale ever held in the State, to take place 30 August, during the State Fair at Columbus. Competition will be open to amateurs only, and the affair will be under the immediate direction of the Columbus Bicycle Club, one of the largest organizations of the kind in the State.—*Ex.*

A number of prominent wheelmen assembled to see Col. A. A. Pope sail on the *City of Richmond* July 16th, and gave him a good send off. The Col. regretted that the (handle) bar was closed, or he would have been pleased to fork out a case. As we preferred open heads, we rolled down the gangway singing, "He's a jolly good fellow." He was accompanied by Mr. H. A. Overman, an inventor of a tricycle.

Mr. J. T. Joslin, Manhattan Bicycle Club, of Newburgh, N. Y., is the right man for L. A. W. consul. He was run into by a reckless driver of a horse and wagon, who sued him for being on the road with a bicycle; and as soon as he recovered from his injuries has prosecuted the incompetent and ill-natured wagoner, and will give the courts of New York another opportunity to enforce the rights of bicyclers on the highways.—*Bicycling World*.

Some of the American papers are discussing the desirability of providing in the Central Park at New York, roads for the special use of bicyclists, in the same manner as there are roads provided for the use of equestrians. The tone adopted by the general press is one decidedly favorable to the plan, and shows a marked contrast to the antagonistic manner in which any such schemes are met when propounded here for the comfort or convenience of English riders.—*The Cyclist*.

Probably there are few riders who have not in some way or other come across the handwriting of one who, in that sense at least, is one of the *best read* wheelmen in the country—we refer to ex-secretary Weston of the Bostons. The change in the handwriting and in the style which has been noticed by correspondents of his firm, is accounted for by the fact that his well known craft the schooner yacht "Mist" is again in commission, and "Jack Easy" is substituting for the English tour which business compelled him to forego, the pleasure of a well earned rest in cruising along the pleasant shores of New—instead of the smooth roads of old England.

The timid horsemen still continue to give testimony before the Referee, according to the daily papers, and the *Times* says "the celebrated bicycle case promises to become as noteworthy a legal proceeding as the Tichborne case or the Beecher trial, and to occupy fully as much time," and also adds; "Counselor Wetmore, while proceedings lagged, made a crayon drawing, illustrating the Park Commissioners' evident idea of a bicycle rider. The bicyclist was going calmly through the park, and all around him were horses standing on their heads, others running away, men and women knocked down, and children run over. The bicyclist carried a knife and a revolver, determined to kill all he could not run over." The case comes up for final argument on Friday, August 5th.

The bicycle races to be given by the New Jersey Agricultural Society at Waverly, N. J., are to be managed by a committee selected from the various clubs in the vicinity. The following gentlemen have consented to serve: Walter J. Knight, Essex Bi. C. (chairman); Fred. Jenkins Editor THE WHEEL (secretary); C. K. Munroe, New York Bi. C.; Jos. Lafon, Essex Bi. C.; Chas. W. Minor, Manhattan Bi. C.; Wm. M. Wright, Mercury Bi. C., and G. R. Bidwell. This gives a representative to each of the New York clubs and two to the New Jersey club. A meeting was held at E. I. Horsman's, 80 and 82 William street on Saturday, and a programme was drawn up which we publish in the column of coming events. A general invitation to wheelmen is extended, and arrangements will be made for the transportation of wheels to the grounds, which are within thirty minutes ride of New York. The prizes will consist of orders on some reliable jeweler, to be chosen by the committee, and the winner can select any article, to the full value of the certificate, according to his own taste. A new six lap track is being built and will be in good condition the day of the race. As the races are three days previous to the championship games it is expected that they will attract the attention of racing men who will be in the city about that time. Further details will be announced at an early period.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Editor Wheel, Dear Sir:—Have read your paper eagerly from the start, but have yet to see a letter from Pittsburg. Do you imagine there are no wheels here—no club? We have both plenty of riders and a club, which in its blue helmets and stockings, and seal-brown coats and shorts, makes as good an appearance as any in the land. We are all gentlemen and officers.—Yes sir, officers. From the Captain down to the director, each man



knows his place and keeps it, thereby avoiding all dissensions.

On the 4th we had the pleasure of a thirty miles' run along the bank of the Monongehela river to McKeesport and back. This is a small town of fifteen or twenty thousand people, made, or at least greatly aided by the National Tube Works Co., where are made the back-bones of many of our American bicycles. The town expects to have a club before the summer is over. Found the road, although a continuous up and down hill, as good as any in this hilly country. We rode at about a seven mile gait over the twenty miles of country road we had to traverse. The balance is vulcanite pavement, which runs far into the country in various directions from central Pittsburg. We have long distances of excellent pavement, and if tourists can but overcome the out-lying hills they will find Pittsburg well worth wheeling.

Not a great while ago my L.A.W. ticket, entitling me to all the privileges of a member in full standing in that honorable company, was received. It is very beautiful, being printed in colors and adorned with myriad lines, the machine for making which, the funny man of our club says, took a genius a life-time to make, and which no scalawag can spare the time to counterfeit. It bears the names of three distinguished persons, the most distinguished occupying, very properly, the centre. He is the only one I have met. Now I had seen these things before. While traveling on the R. R. cars, had seen Members of Legislature show just such cards to the conductor—which seemed to insure them not only a free passage, but the friendship of that exalted officer as well. I laid the matter before our Captain, who thought the ticket good on any R.R. in the U.S., but was doubtful about Canada. Said I would try Canada next year and let him know.

Last week, being on one of our principal roads, I determined to try it. With a most statesmanlike expression of countenance I handed Mr. Conductor the ticket. He stood looking at it quite a little spell.

"What's this?"

"That! Why that's my ticket."

"I see, but it's N.G."

"Yes, it's an annual, don't keep it."

"My friend, you'll have to pay your fare."

"No! That's pronounced good over every R.R. in the country."

"Who's that?" (Pointing to the ticket.)

"That's me. I don't travel on other people's passes."

"Nonsense, I mean that name in the corner."

"Don't you know that name? That's one of the first names of Philadelphia—of the country sir."

"Don't care who he is—we don't know him here, and you pay your fare or get off the train."

I yielded—paid my money, and have since been trying to make out the use of that L.A.W. ticket. Will you please, through your columns, help me and others out of this question?

Respectfully, T. L. O.

#### BOSTON NOTES AND NOTIONS.

After running my Excelsior Cyclometer about 400 miles with satisfaction, I took it off on account of rust forming on the axle under it. Clearing that away, some tallow was put on the axle and the parts in contact before replacing the "sleeve." I find that the set-screw holds it in position firmly enough if well driven in, in spite of the grease, and the latter will doubtless prevent rust. Another point quite essential is to bring the edges of the sleeve tightly together in screwing it on, as a hair's breadth there may cause it to bind as it turns in the box. In using one of these cyclometers any tendency of it to rotate with the axle may be traced to that cause rather than to a lack of oil there, where very little is needed.

The trip of the Boston Club of Gloucester by steamer on the 9th inst., and return by the wheel next day, is the chief incident with us lately. Just such a night—nearly full moon—on Sept. 15th of last year I was at Gloucester with a joint-club party and visitors from New York, Baltimore, etc., who wheeled it both ways on that occasion. The roads were then very wet, and this time were very dry and quite as bad for the first few miles. Indeed, though the harbor of Gloucester is picturesque, its girls

lively, talkative and walkative, and its boys exceedingly numerous, its roads are poor. There are some fifteen in the town, but they say they do not ride much. The account by our acting lieutenant who reports the jaunt in the *World* is remarkable for making no mention of the heat, and I recollect that he was expostulated with for retaining all to himself at mid-day the sleek, dry, unflushed aspect that the rest of us shared on starting. Is the gentleman a salamander? In fact the day was the very warmest of the season up to date. Mr. Ch-rch-ll remarked, in my hearing, that it was hot enough to melt the screw off a brass monkey-wrench—though I may not have caught the exact words as he spurted by us. The trip might have been called a "race" in 3 heats (about 85° in the shade)—from the start to Beverly and a sea-bath, then to Lynn and dinner, and thence to Boston *via* Cambridge, etc. The torrid rays, though tempered by a fresh breeze, were too much for me—in our dark suit and close cap—toward the last; so I left the route near Malden, struck across to the coast at Revere Beach, and took a train for the city. My wheel registered 33 miles for the run, about 4 miles less than the rest made. I missed seeing the "scrimmage" they had from illegal riding on the sidewalk and improper interference therewith. I am told that Jack Easy and the "Masher," (vulgar but ominous name) conducted the controversy with the rash man.

It would be a great loss all round were I to omit sending the poem read to us by Lord Boyrun on the rear piazza of the "pavilion" by moonlight, and to the time of the rock-beating billows. I have cut it down to about fifty lines:—

The fame of Boneshaker is past and gone,  
Over two sections of the rolling globe;  
Cycles are rushed, and England—

[We must "dock" this more effectually, and 'tis a wonder you did not launch the whole of it on us.—Ed.]

May I offer also some tamer lines of my own (more or less) written after our supper on the coast? In spite of the lobster being "brain food," it suggested and produced this:—

Fish is a lobster of such frightful mien,  
To be berated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen red, soft, divested of its shell,  
We season first, then eat and like it well.

The inversion in the first line is not nearly so severe a one as when the author of *Hudibras* says, "the hollow tree in the owl"—merely for the rhyme's sake. I hope the Editor will not make any derogatory remarks on the above in public.

The letter from this city in *The Cyclist* of June 15th contains some strangely wild assertions. The writer says: "Numbering only 6000 or 8000 men (!!) the league turn out was a remarkable success," etc. We will not directly deny that "the procession moved with remarkable precision and order," and will take his word for it that there was a rider present from Arizona—but what a whopper when he says that territory is "2000 miles farther off than your own city of Coventry"! The remotest corner of Arizona, by the map, is several hundred miles nearer to Boston than is San Francisco, which is 3500, and England is at least as far as that. I can't suppose that the "H," so enormously wrong with his thousands of men and miles is he whom we know so well as a writer in several of the papers.

I see that that cousin Bates of Detroit has made a raid lately among the familiar proverbs, and given some bicycle versions. This one,— "There is many a slip 'twixt the saddle and the hip," is not new; see *Bicycling World*, vol. 2, p. 120. "P(oor)ride goeth before a fall" is one I have so often illustrated in person that I ought to have been the first to express it.

In a late issue of the same paper a writer in Milwaukee says:—"One who can climb a long angle of 48 degrees and still have breath to blow a bugle is worthy of praise;" and he names three men "who did it every time." If "Barkhausen" mentioned is a misprint for Munchausen, we should know how to take it—or perhaps the degrees were measured by a thermometer.

A recent paper says of Mr. Labouchere, an eminent member of the House of Commons, "He has not attained the proficiency of Lord Sherbrooke on the bicycle, but at one time seriously betook himself to the tricycle as a means of exercise or amusement." Another paper advertises from Pittsfield, N. H.:—"Wanted—A few spinners on *ring frames*." This seems to be a chance for able young bicyclers out of a job.

JUVENIS.



Vol. I.]

THE WHEEL

[No. 23]

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.

## A BONANZA AT LAST.

Birds in their little nests agree—if the nest is large enough to hold them, which is not always the fact. Our antediluvian friends, the Happy Four of the Park Commission, agree so well that they have only one wrangle a week; by a coincidence, they have only one meeting a week. That they do not fall upon one another's necks and kiss when they meet unofficially, and that they are not models of courtesy in every private walk and moment, we are far from affirming; criticism of them extends no further than their official capacity—i.e., incapacity—for they obey the mysterious law which makes even a sensible and reasonable private citizen lay aside what most commends the man, as soon as he dons his "official" robes.

The *Herald* professes inability to understand why these officials object to the wheel in the park, unless by using it we could all get around the park much better and could then discover what a mess they have made of it. Perhaps. But it is the nature of obstructions to obstruct; if stones did not lie in the way, and if they were not so immovable as to hurt us when we "stub" our toes on them, we might pass along without knowing that the stones were there. Riverside Park was obstructed for quite a while after completion, because not officially opened; but it was unofficially and effectually opened one night nevertheless. To do effective work quietly and promote the public business in charge is somehow not in the line of Commissions; a desire to attract attention and magnify importance may perhaps be suspected, and what is known among worldlings as "pure cussedness" may even possess the bosom of a Commissioner.

Our antique friends of the Park are doing as well as could be expected, considering the size of the *mus* (or muss, we won't be particular) of which they are in the pangs of maternity. They have advertised for thrilling narratives, and have heard them until they hardly dare go to bed; but the shops where the bicyclists—observe the similarity of the word to nihilists—try their paint, scalping knives and dynamite, and the lairs where they meet to secretly plot their nefarious designs against the public peace, have not yet been discovered—the oath of allegiance sworn upon the clubs they are accustomed to use is too frightful. The Park matrons have got through with the people who have seen the most sedate horses, which nothing else in the world could ever disturb, actually go on the sidewalk at sight of a bicycle. There are thousands yet to be heard, who would have been killed outright, if they had only owned horses, and if those horses had met bicycles, and if then they had only run away. There are others, who are frightened to think of what might happen if they should ever own a horse and that horse

should meet a bicycle, and then should run, and should kill the baby which by that time they might have. Evidently, the Park case is not half heard yet, but as the advertising for bicycle victims has been suspended—possibly because the appropriations are exhausted—the "cloud of witnesses" did not last.

The deacon's boys, tired of the very long family prayers, quietly slipped out of doors into the backyard, and conversed softly among themselves—possibly about Sunday school texts to be recited that day. One slipped in to reconnoitre and report progress, and came back, hopeful, whispering. "dad's gittin' along nicely—he's got down to the heathen now, so amen ain't far off."

Progress may be reported—our respected relics have also got down to the heathen. They are among the livery stable keepers and the other "horsey" men, and now they have struck a veritable bonanza of richness. There is an army of them, in some respects resembling the army in Flanders; and there is not a mother's son of them—for even the roughest and least manly of them was born of woman, although that might not be suspected—who is not satisfied of the utter abominableness of bicycles. Their unanimity is as unanimous on the subject as their emphasis and their hatred of "them things" are hearty. Demetrius and his fellows, long ago, saw their craft in danger and were indignant that an itinerant preacher called Paul should be allowed to disturb the important trade of silversmithy. Our horsey fellow citizens have a grievance. Some of them have been harmed already. Some customers who once hired horses have stopped doing so since they took to riding them things. Half-drunk gentlemen who hire teams may feel it necessary to run down them things, which is a little risky; incompetent persons may have one less chance of getting back without a smash, if they meet them things. Our stable friends are provoked into cursing the riders them things, when they meet them on the road, and their unstable tempers receive injury. They conceive it an outrage to permit the use of the only thing which ever frightens a trained horse. They have not time to break their horses to them things, even if it were safe to try it; besides, the easiest way is to abolish the things.

The jury have agreed; in fact, they found a verdict before they went into the box. It might therefore seem a waste of time to go on polling them; but there is a shrewd purpose in working the bonanza; while the case is pending, of course no more nihilists will break into the sacred horse paddock. While the testimony is being taken, of course the case progresses in no other respect; while the horsey men are telling their story, of course the case remains open. At the rate of half a dozen of them a week, the line of horsey men will keep them things out of the Park until it becomes so ruinous that only antiquaries will care to go in. This bonanza of hindrance will therefore prove inexhaustible.

J. W.

HARMAR, O., July 21st, 1881.

Raining this morning; can't ride, therefore I write. A day or two before "that day" I rode my machine down to Frankfort, had it crated and left it with the Express Co. to ship to me in case I sent for it. I found such fine streets here for bicycling that I telegraphed for my machine last Saturday and got it Monday evening or rather Tuesday morning. I was almost as glad to see it as I was the first time it came, and I was not long in taking it from the crate and mounting it. I found the streets were mostly fine gravel, rather loose in the middle of the street proper, but very fine and smooth along the sides; and occasionally you find a fine gravel path, free from pedestrians in this



quaint old town, and then don't I fly? They have a lovely little park along the river bank, that is little frequented except at evening, and the paths are hard, smooth and straight. Once in a while I run across a cinder path, again a smooth clay street, and all level; in fact Manitta and Harmar, situated on opposite sides of the Muskingum where it empties into the Ohio, furnish as fine riding for bicyclers as they will find anywhere, considering there are no pikes around here.

Pearly and Will Glines and a friend of theirs, from Norwalk, Conn., were here a short time ago and introduced the natives to the modern bicycle, so I do not have many remarks from the small boy. Every one I see tells me they rode fine machines, "silver plated," but they do not remember the name; the way they tell me lets me know that they do not think my machine is so very fine, just because mine is not nickelled. Nickel plating, however, like other kinds of beauty, is only skin deep, and, as one of our firms says about paint, covers a multitude of sins. My advice to any intending purchaser is to buy your machine "all bright," first, or inspect it at the works, and then when you are assured of the soundness of its material, have it plated.

I find those riders I have met are mostly down on ball bearings for back wheel. Suppose some of your readers that have tried both cones and balls give us their experience and opinions.

By the way I have been informed that our Cincinnati brother wheelmen have regained the use of the avenue that they were ruled off of some time ago.

CAPT. C. W. F.

Bicycles indeed!! I am jealous of "ours," already; eight-tenths of his time on the wheel, and two-tenths with

Mrs. C. W. F.

## COMING EVENTS

September 5.—New England Fair.—Bicycle races at 2:30 P.M. open to amateurs only, at Worcester, Mass., Tuesday, 6 September, 1881. The committee offer the following prizes:

First Race.—Distance two miles. First prize, gold medal, valued at \$50; second prize, silver medal, valued at \$20; third prize, bronze.

Second Race.—Distance one mile. First prize, gold medal, valued at \$40; second prize, silver medal, valued at \$15; third prize bronze.

Third Race.—Distance one half mile. First prize, gold medal, valued at \$30; second prize, silver medal, valued at \$10; third prize, bronze. Best two in three heats.

Entries Free, and should be made with Edward F. Tolman, 424 Main street, Worcester, Mass., by 5 September. The track will be in good order, and ample provision made for the convenience of wheelmen. S. Salisbury, Jr., J. L. Ellsworth, G. C. Rice, New England Fair Committee.

September 7.—Entries close for three mile bicycle race at joint meeting of New York and Manhattan Athletic Club, Mott Haven, N. Y., 17 September, at 3:30 P. M. Fee, 50 cents to Secretary of Games, box 3,101, New York.

September 14.—New Jersey State Fair.—Bicycle races at 3 P.M., at Waverly, N. J., Wednesday, 21 September, 1881. The following events are on the programme:

First Race.—One mile. Championship of New Jersey. Open to residents of New Jersey only. First prize, gold medal; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10.

Second Race.—Two miles. First prize, value \$30; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10.

Third Race.—One mile, (handicap), 100 yards limit. First prize, value \$30; second prize, value \$20; third prize, value \$10.

Fourth Race.—One-half mile dash, best two in three heats, distance post at 50 yards. First prize, value \$25; second prize, value \$15; third prize, value \$10.

A silk banner valued at \$25 will be given to the club presenting the best general appearance and most proficient in road drill. Open to all. Not less than nine men in full uniform allowed to compete.

These races, with the exception of the first, are open to all amateurs. The committee reserve the right to reject any entries. Fee \$1.00 for each event. Entries close 14 September, and

should be sent to Fred. Jenkins, secretary, 75 Fulton street, New York.

September 15.—Entries close for two mile bicycle race at the grounds of the New York Athletic Club (championship games) September 24th, at 10 A. M. and 1:10 P. M. Fee \$2, to Secretary National Association of Amateur Athletics, P. O. box 3,478, New York.

## LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

### A BICYCLE PRIZE COMPETITION.

The Pope Manufacturing Company make the following offer of prizes for the best article on the uses of the bicycle, and for the best series of sketches of bicycling, under the following conditions:

#### CONDITIONS FOR PAPERS.

1. The article is to be written on one side of the paper, not less than 4,000 words nor more than 8,000 words in length.

2. The article drawing the prize to be the property of the Pope Manufacturing Company, and delivered to them by the judges without further payment; the others to be returned to the writers if the writers so request and forward the necessary amount of postage.

3. Each article is to be signed by an assumed name and accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the assumed name on the outside, and containing the real name and address of the writer on the inside, which will not be opened until prizes are awarded.

4. The articles are to be sent to Mr. W. E. Gilman, editor of the *Bicycling World*, 40 Water street, Boston, Mass., on or before 15 September, 1881.

5. Truthfulness of matter and dignity of treatment are qualities to be considered as well as literary excellence.

6. Awards are to be signed by all the judges. The judges are to fill any vacancy in the board, and are to render their decision on or before 1 October, 1881.

#### CONDITIONS FOR SKETCHES.

The competition for sketches is subject to the same conditions as above mentioned, except:—

1. The sketches must be original and appropriate to bicycling, but may be of any style or any material, and are to be suitable for wood engravings.

2. The sketches shall not be less than four, nor more than eight in number.

3. Sketches to be four by six inches, and mounted on cardboard eight by twelve inches, and to be marked on the back by an assumed name, while the real name and address of the artist are to be enclosed in an envelope, and forwarded as before suggested.

#### THE PRIZES.

The prize for each of the foregoing competitions is to be a full nickelled ball-bearing Columbia bicycle of any size and style, made by the Pope Manufacturing Company, to suit the choice of the winner.

#### JUDGES.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Rev. H. D. Weston, and Mr. W. F. Halsall.

### BY BICYCLE TO BOSTON.

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

#### III.

[Continued from page 166.]

We left the city of Norwalk about ten o'clock, and wheeled off for Oberlin. Hardly nine miles had been run before the repaired axle twisted in two and my riding was done. This compelled me to take the cars at Wakeman and ride into Cleveland, leaving Bob to finish the ride to that city alone. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and most of Friday were occupied in repairing the damage done by the botch machinist of Norwalk. Meantime, Bob, whom I had left at Wake-



man, reached the Forest City House, where I had registered, after some hard riding over plank road, at noon Tuesday. Becoming tired of waiting for me, he started on alone on Thursday morning, agreeing to wait for me at Buffalo.

On Friday, as soon as my bicycle was repaired, I started out of the city by way of Euclid avenue. Cleveland has just reason to be proud of this beautiful street. What at this time I particularly admired, however, was the pavement, over which I could ride at a rapid rate. Although over ten miles in length, this street came to an end, and left me, in place of the fine pavement, a miserable, worn-out, so-called plank road, but more justly resembling a corduroy. I tumbled along on this string of sticks until, on reaching a toll-gate, a rain storm induced me to take refuge in the gate-keeper's lodge. This was the first of a series of storms which were distributed regularly throughout the week, one occurring every day I traveled, between Cleveland and Buffalo.

After the storm, I left the turnpike and repaired to the L. S. & M. S. railroad. Between the double tracks, there is a space of about four feet paved with hard packed cinders, and on this smooth, solid path, my bicycle rolled along with ease, the only drawback to its perfection being the frequent dismounts the cattle guards necessitated. For the rest of the day, with utter indifference to the muddy roads, "Rosinante" accomplished the regulation six miles an hour. I reached Willoughby about five o'clock, and found the little burg in a lively state of excitement. As it was only nine miles from Mentor, Gen. Garfield's home, the presidential campaign was already inaugurated and on this particular night a Republican "rally" was to take place. After supper I entered a barber shop and took a seat in the barber's chair. Shortly after, three or four customers entered and took seats to await their turns. The barber, an important looking colored man, seemed suddenly very uneasy, and made frequent pauses in his work to peer out the door. At last as a burst of music from the brass band came from the direction of the town hall, the barber turned and impressively remarked to the waiting array. "Gentlemen, can't shave you dis evening, unless you come round after the speakin'. Can't miss the Garfield meeting."

It had always been our custom to put our weapons of war and our valuables under the pillow on retiring at night. Bob carried the valuables and I carried the weapons. Notwithstanding that Bob and the valuables were now two days travel in advance of me, I adhered to the custom and stowed away the weapons. The next morning, bright and early, I was off for Mentor, leaving my famous shooter snugly covered with the pillow. The loss was not discovered, until late in the afternoon I wanted to practice on a dog. I dismounted and fished in the "Multum" for the revolver, while the dog stupidly ignorant of my design to puncture his left eye with a bullet, stood off about a hundred yards and barked defiantly. The fishing failed to find the weapon—the revolver was gone. The dog's eye was saved.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, when I rode into Mentor, a pretty town, remarkable for streets intersecting at right angles, and for producing the present president. It was my intention to call on Gen. Garfield, hence, I rode into Mentor searching along each side of the street for his residence. I reached the centre of the town without finding it, and on inquiry, found that he lived in a big house and not in a "modest, unpretending structure"—as I had supposed—in the outskirts of the town, a mile back. I felt "almost persuaded" to go on when I thought of the extra two miles I would have to travel to obtain an interview, but finally turned back. Now at this moment I began seriously to doubt about my usual riding costume being a regulation rig for private receptions. Accordingly in a convenient fence corner, I donned a linen collar, coat and vest, and modified my previous toilet in a few minor particulars. While engaged with the collar, a young man came along carrying a large canvas sack, somewhat resembling a mail sack. He proved to be some member of Gen. Garfield's household, carrying home the General's morning mail. The matter in the sack was evidently composed of newspapers, contributed, perhaps, by Ohio editors anxious to have Garfield see their little articles.

Gen. Garfield met me on the verandah and was evidently glad to see me—at least he said something to that effect. Controlling himself in an admirable manner, however, he commenced a conversation about bicycles and after discussing this interesting subject from various standpoints remarked that if it was all the same to me, he would go back and finish his breakfast. I said it was all the same, and he went.

Gen. Garfield's house was evidently a new one. The building had that indescribable new look one always notices just after a house has been completed. In the rear of the house were three red buildings, which I surmised were barns. To the east of his house—which stands in the western edge of Mentor, on the north side of the street was a fine kitchen garden, bordered with a row of dahlias and filled with cabbages, turnips, peas, beets and weeds—as near as I can remember. The front gate was made of wood, held shut by the well known contrivance of a chain weighted with some pieces of scrap iron. Having thus described the main objects of interest I pass on to Painesville, which I entered about ten o'clock. The gravel sidewalk being broad and very smooth, I rode along at 2:40 speed. As a natural thing, there happened to be, at the intersection of streets, a gutter across the path, into which the bicycle unhesitatingly plunged. I immediately took a "header" into the side of an iron fence, with force, quantum sufficit, to damage the fence, snap in two the break lever on my bicycle, and nearly crack my neck. Late in the afternoon, near Geneva, the rain forced me to quarter with a farmer. My bill, the next morning was six cents.

As early as possible, I was off toward Ashtabula, keeping along the "South Ridge" and "Middle Ridge" roads. These three roads follow the summits of three gravel ridges running parallel with the Lake Erie Shore. The North Ridge, more of gravel formation, and all three, in most places, resemble nothing more than an enormous railroad "fill."

I rode into Ashtabula in the midst of a shower, and after a short pause, kept on down into the valley of Ashtabula creek. The east side of this creek valley is bounded by an abrupt limestone cliff, of probably eighty feet altitude, at the base of which the creek flows. Over this precipice and into the creek, the train plung'd, in the Ashtabula disaster on the L. S. & M. S. railroad, four years ago.

Conneaut—the last Ohio town—I passed through early in the afternoon, in a short time reaching the State line—the "Penn line" as it is called in Western reserve vernacular. There are many peculiarities about the inhabitants of this Western Reserve section. To obtain a glass of milk at many farm houses is next to impossible. In front of each dwelling along the road one sees a large galvanized iron milk can or more properly reservoir. Into this, after each milking, the milk is emptied and at stated times it is replaced by an empty can and the full one carried away to the cheese factory. These milk tanks—as far as I observed—stood out in all sorts of weather, rain or shine, and when the sun did shine, it was at the rate of about 110°, on an average. I never much wondered that cheese made from this milk was considered of high rank. Another matter which was related to me, but which did not come under my observation, was in regard to the Western Reserve counties back from the lake. Through each township run four straight through roads—one due north and south, a second due east and west, the third and fourth crossing the township diagonally, from northeast to southwest, and northwest to southeast, the centre of the township being the common point of intersection. In whatever direction the roads run, they were fine riding and the bicycle whirled forward silently and rapidly, to the astonishment of everything I passed. Sometimes we would pass a farmhouse stocked with a well-assorted family—some 'urchin would see us, and after a minute of open-mouthed astonishment, give vent to a few yells of "Mam, look 'ere!" which would immediately bring from one to three dozen into the road behind us, and there they would stand gazing after us as long as we were within reach of the unaided vision. Then when a town was reached and a stop made, a crowd would gather instantaneously. Those who couldn't get near us would ask questions while the nearer morals would be investigating the machine.

[To be Continued.]



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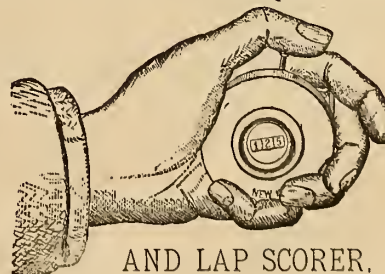
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