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The Oshkosh (Wis.) Bi. Club has been disbanded by vote of the members.

Franch Gorrecht, of Lancaster county, Pa., has a road record of 14,000 miles.

The Troy "Weekly News" contains an excellent and original 'cycling column weekly.

The Ixion Club will hold its annual road race, distance 50 miles, on Decoration Day.

The lists of members added to the L. A. W. have greatly deteriorated in numbers of late.

A great deal of "kicking" has been done lately in the larger clubs, over the change in the League year.

Don't clean the oil hole of your bearings with your own tooth brush, always borrow some other fellow's.

C. A. Hazlett, of Portsmouth, has a road record of 18,000 miles for the past six years, an average of 3,000 per season.

It is said that L. D. Copeland, the inventor of the steam bicycle, will shortly exhibit the same in Eastern cities.

The Buffalo Club are preparing for the League meet in July, and will probably make it the most successful ever held.

The race meeting of the St. Louis Ramblers Bi. Club will be held May 23. Valuable prizes are offered for the many events.

The number of participants in the eastern division of the "Big Four," tour has been limited to 25; 17 are already enrolled.

W. D. Wilmot, now in San Francisco, has sent out photographs showing the very difficult positions he assumes in fancy riding.

Mr. H. R. Bryan, the Hudson River convoy B. F. T. was in town last Sunday. He reports considerable progress in wheeling matters.

The Citizens Club have had the good luck to secure W. S. Maltby for an exhibition of fancy riding at their race meeting April 17, 1885.

The Ixion Club issue a list of their members every month upon a card of convenient size. The officers and committees are also specified.

Vaseline mixed with St. Jacobs oil makes the best remedy for bruises received from headers that we know of. Experience was our teacher.

Mr. Wm. B. Youngman has been vindicated of the charge of professionalism appearing in the columns of the "Wheel and Globe," by the Racing Board.

Hal Greenwood gave an exhibition of fancy riding on a star, at St. Louis, last Friday, and successfully rode down a flight of steps built from the stage.

The one-half mile national championship has been placed with the Ohio division, and will be run for at their tournament July 20 and 21, at Springfield, O.

There will be a mile novices race, one mile and two miles scratch races at the race meeting of the Young America Cricket Club at Stenton, May 2, 1885.

The Danbury Wheel Club was organized in New Haven on March 5, from the ashes of the old 'Cycle Club. The organization will join the League in a body.

New Hampshire was the first State in which a division of the L. A. W. was formed. The Rockingham Bi. Club will be entitled to first place in the parade.

Prince and Morgan, who have been antagonistic for a long time, have at last become friends, and will hereafter travel together. Morgan will act as Prince's manager.

A good ride for a wheelman who wants renown as a tourist, is from New York to Tallahassee or Jacksonville, Florida. We believe it has never yet been attempted.

Harry Leeming has been discharged by the court on the charges of embezzlement brought against him by D. Rudge & Co. while Leeming was in America with Sellers.

"Wheeling" gives Karl Kron's book a boom in its latest issue. He should receive double the subscribers he already has from England, if wheelmen are as enthusiastic as is reported.

One of the Minneapolis papers has announced that the five-mile amateur contest at the race meeting of the Citizens Wheel Club, was run for a purse of \$50. Here is another case for the Racing Board.

Miss Annie Sylvester has at last, after long practice, succeeded in riding single wheel, with everything detached except pedals, handle-bar, and forks. She is the first female who ever accomplished this difficult feat.

The Kings County Wheelmen at their annual meeting, forty-two members present, voted to support the ticket headed by Edward F. Hill, of Peekskill, for chief consul for the New York State election of the L. A. W.

The membership in the Big Four Tour Association is limited to twenty-five from each division. The list is rapidly filling up, and there will be apparently no difficulty in reaching the limit. In fact the scramble for places has already begun.

Lost, strayed or stolen, a pair of nicked skates, on the evening of February 25. Won by Otis on a Facile, second and last man in one mile club race of K. C. W. tournament of that date. Wanted, information regarding whereabouts of same.

We have it from very reliable authority that the Toronto Wanderers have voted to withdraw in a body from the Canadian Wheelman's Association. As this is the largest single club its loss is very great. The Wanderers will probably join the League in a body shortly.

A new club was organized at the exposition roller rink, Minneapolis, on the 9th, L. E. Kittson being elected president, Capt. Chas. Parker first lieutenant, and J. H. Hurst secretary and treasurer. Twelve wheelmen were present. On the 10th the club gave a drill at the rink. The style of uniform has not yet been decided upon.

If a supply of "gall" makes a successful sheet, then indeed must the "Cycling Times," of London, be a pay-

ing publication. In its issue of March 3 it produces "He Was a Fixture," from the pen of "Georgius," originally published in THE WHEEL. The enterprising editor advertises the same, in his circulars, as a fragment, and all without a word of credit.

At the annual meeting of the Kings County Wheelmen held March 20, the retiring board of officers were re-elected, without exception, all but the vice-president and treasurer being elected unanimously. These two offices were won by small majorities amid some friendly excitement. The club is in an enviable, flourishing, and healthy condition, and quartered in their new club rooms at 159 Clymer street, which are fast approaching completion.

For the benefit of our many lady readers, we reproduce the following from Violet Lorne in "Wheel Life":

"Sailor hats of straw—perhaps the prettiest and most piquant style for summer wear—do not by any means suit every style. When it is becoming, it is irresistible; when it is not, like the little girl in the nursery ballad, "it is horrid." A shady straw hat, covered with white Indian muslin, is most comfortable wear for a cloudless still summer day, but, of course, is hardly suitable for touring."

And now the anonymous parties who circulated a ticket headed by J. R. Torrance some time ago have found that said ticket was defective, and have sent around another with this information: "If vote has been mailed, correct it immediately by sending the enclosed, strictly following the corresponding secretary's directions." Our Trojan friends should remember that the rule heretofore has been that a vote once cast can not be recalled. The indications are that the "Hill" ticket will be carried by a very large majority.

They met at a 'cycling dance. She was young and more than passing fair, and he loved her with all the ardor of his Oriental passions. He asked if she was fond of 'cycling and understood it, and she looked up and answered in her pretty prattling way, "Oh! yes, I love it, and understand all about it, and so does pa, for he is writing such a clever article on reverential bearing!" It was not until they had put leeches to his temples, and piled large slabs of Wenham Lake ice on his fevered brow, that a sad and mournful man grasped the idea that she would have said "differential gearing," had she only known how.

The "Bicycling News" says that the following is briefest poem on record:

Canto one.	Canto two.
Boy	Gun
Gun	Bust
Joy	Boy
Fun	Dust.

We contest the claim, however, and believe one of our contributors is entitled to the palm, producing in a moment of inspiration these lines:

"Little boy bought a wheel,"
"Little boy no more will 'feel.'"

"It's a singular thing," remarked our Charles, the other day, "that in every bicycle race I have ever known, one of the contestants was a mechanic." "Oh, pshaw! That's absurd!" exclaimed Dan, our sweeper. "Well," replied Charles, with the dignity necessary to our foreman, "one of them always forges ahead, and it takes a pretty good mechanic to forge a head don't it?" The swish of Dan's broom, the clicking of a hammer and the rasping of a file was the only reply, as the work was resumed.

When Dr. Beckwith was chosen chief consul of New York, his leading opponent was Dr. A. G. Coleman, and there was a difference of only seven votes between them. And now Dr. Coleman's friends are pressing him for the position. New York seems to be favored with good men for the chief consulship, and with a choice between Messrs. Torrance, Hill, and Tolman, they are sure to get a good man.—[Bi. World.]

Stuff and nonsense. When Dr. Beckwith was elected chief consul of New York State in 1883 he received 166 votes and A. G. Coleman 2. When he was re-elected in 1884, he received 254 votes and A. G. Coleman 15. The "World" should wake up.

President N. M. Beckwith has been looking up a League uniform with excellent results. A contract will be made to furnish a special cloth, which from the sample seen is guaranteed to wear like iron, and from the color is "dust proof." Official tailors will be appointed as soon as the cut is settled upon, and photographs will be prepared, so that individuals who prefer to have their uniforms made by their own tailor can do so. We advise all League members and clubs who think of a new uniform to wait until arrangements are perfected for what promises to be a very elegant riding suit. Cap and stockings will also be furnished. There is no reason why the League should not have as fine an outfit for its members as the C. T. C.

"My subscription list, this Monday noon," writes Karl Kron, March 23, "stands at 2,606, and, in spite of my expressed indifference about receiving any cash before 'X. M. Miles on a Bi.' is really in existence, no less than 64 of my supporters have handed in their little dollars in advance. On Thursday last I made a contract with the secretary of the Photo-Gravure Company, of 853 Broadway, to supply 5,000 heliotype's of my bull-dog's portrait, to face the title-page of the book, and if these prove to be as lifelike as the original ambrotype of the blessed animal (taken in 1858, 'when he was two and I was twelve'), I am sure that every shoulder-hitter and bartender in America will want to buy the volume simply for the sake of securing the picture."

A huge joke was played on some of the trustful members of the Ixion Club lately. Egan, the ex-president and Owl, was the perpetrator. About ten of the aforesaid members were sitting around the fire in the club room, when Egan came in with a sober face, and sat down. He suddenly said, "By the way, boys, how would you like to take in Tony Pastor's to-night. I have an order for a box signed by Tony, but I can't go, as I have an appointment." Of course the "boys" eagerly answered that it would suit them, such a luxury not being general. The order was procured after a good deal of unnecessary searching by the jokist, from his pocket-book, and submitted to the fellows who were going to take it in. Well, they went. We are now wondering if we shall attend Egan's funeral, for he probably met his victims last night.

St Louis correspondence: My prediction that the "Kangaroo" would grow quickly into favor, has been too quickly fulfilled. The Simmons Hardware Company sold all they got almost immediately, and are now taking orders ahead for stock to be here soon. The Boston agents for this wheel say that the demand for them is something quite unprecedented in their experience. They gave what they considered a liberal order for a new machine which had to be introduced to the American market, and their stock is altogether inadequate to the demand even thus early in the season. Tho "Kangaroo" is an exceedingly taking machine. It is not only safe and convenient, but very "speedy." Mr. Jack Rogers, tried it on the asphaltum last week, and Mr. Beckers, who is a very fast rider, following to see what sort of speed it made, found it impossible to overtake Rogers.

The race meet of the Scranton (Pa.) Bi. Club was held March 18. There was a good attendance, as the affair was worked up considerably before it came off. The entree of wheelmen was the initial event, about twenty-five appearing in line. The club drill of the Scranton Club then followed, and received a good deal of applause. The mile race for the rink championship was won by Harry Tincker in 3.59, and J. R. Schlager the mile tricycle in 4.30. J. R. Parrott, of the Scranton Club, gave an exhibition of fancy riding, which was received with favor by the audience. J. J. Van Nort and D. W. Scism were entered for the Kangaroo one-mile race, won by the former in 3.42. The half mile one leg race was captured by the same party. Harry Tincker was the winner of the two-mile race in 7.21. Parrott came out as the winner of the sixty yards slow race, in competition with D. W. Ivison. H. C. Wallace, on a bicycle, floored Willie De Munn on skates in about four minutes, though the time was not officially taken. A hop followed the races, under the management of J. F. Seigh, and ran off smoothly. The success of the entire affair was much due to the recently elected officers of the club, as follows: Geo. Sanderson, Jr., president; Geo. A. Jessup, vice-president; J. J. Van Nort, secretary; A. J. Kolp, captain; F. D. Watts, treasurer; B. P. Connolly, first lieutenant; Geo. B. Jermyn, second lieutenant; Harry Filmore, C. C. Conklin, buglers; J. R. Schlager, guide; D. Webster Scism, color-bearer; E. B. Sturges, club counsel.

THE ROADS AROUND NEW YORK.*

BY KARL KRON.

A very long and tiresome ascent, however, does confront the rider who starts northward from the creek by the old route, which was the only practicable one until the recent macadamization of Broadway at Mosholu. Turning sharply to the left when he leaves Kingsbridge, he will cross the railway tracks after about 40 rods of rough macadam, and then turn to the right, up the long hill of Riverdale avenue, whose top is a mile and a half from the bridge. If he can keep his saddle for the first thirty rods of the climb, he need not stop short of the summit (for the upper grades are gentler), and he may thence continue without dismount for two miles, to Mt. St. Vincent, though some of the intermediate slopes are steep enough to make the novice groan. On the descending grade of this hill, he should turn to the right into Valentine's lane, before described, if he wishes to reach the macadam of Broadway, and he may recognize the lane as forming the northern boundary of the grounds that slope downward from a large public building of red brick, upon the crest of the hill. Here the northward tourist sees the Hudson for the first time after leaving 155th street, and he also gets his first view of Yonkers. Instead of turning into the lane, he may keep straight on for a mile and a half, to the centre of the city, though the soft spots in the road will probably cause more than one dismount. The ancient Manor House, which serves as a city hall and which is one of the very few historic structures of America having a record of more than two centuries, stands here at the corner of Dock street, fronting on Warburton avenue, though this is simply a prolongation for a mile in a perfectly straight line, of the less straight Riverdale avenue, which crosses the outlet of the Sawmill river, just before reaching Dock street. From the end of the rideable sidewalk of Warburton avenue, which terminates abruptly in the northern outskirts of the town, one must walk up-hill for a half-mile through the woods to reach Broadway, passing a spring of good drinking water from this. I have never descended this hill to Warburton avenue, though I think it would have to be walked; but the views which may be had of the Hudson and the Palisades, when riding along the avenue, repay an occasional choice of this lower route by the river.

The route from the centre of Yonkers, through Nepperhan avenue, northeastward, is a smoothly macadamized one as far as the first road which crosses it beyond the aqueduct arch. The tourist should follow this road down to the right, for one block, to the cemetery, where he will turn left up the Sawmill river road. On the 17th of December, 1884, my first dismount on my first trial of this route was caused by a hill which is three miles and a half from the Getty House; but I did much walking on the three miles between that hill and Ashford (where I struck the macadam leading back to Broadway at Dobbs Ferry), though, at a more favorable season, I presume the whole circuit might be covered, in either direction, without a stop. The tour between these parallel and heavily wooded range of hills must surely be a very pleasant one to take in spring or early summer, and the Tuckahoe road leading eastward across Central avenue,

to the village of that name, and Yonkers avenue leading similarly to Mt. Vernon, both seemed smooth enough to tempt me to explore them, on the day I have mentioned, in spite of the warning snow-flakes. I have been assured that fairly rideable roads connect both Tuckahoe and Mt. Vernon, with the east-side thoroughfare along the Sound, which I have already described, and I have no doubt that there are many other routes well worth exploring in this terminal triangle of Westchester county, whose base line I have drawn at the road connecting Port Chester with Tarrytown. Nevertheless the famous macadamized turnpike, parallel to the shore of the river, which forms the west side of this triangle, will always make the strongest appeal to the bicyclist at the outset of his touring in the metropolitan district. Alongside it stand the country castles of our merchant princes, the rural palaces of our railroad barons, and the more modest mansions of other wealthy people who are wise enough to understand that no amount of architectural magnificence can avail to "found a permanent family residence in America" or to prevent un sentimental heirs from knocking it down with an auctioneer's hammer as soon as the opulent originator has been safely stowed away under the sod. The first notable roadside residence, which the tourist northward from Yonkers may be presumed to have some curiosity about, is less than a mile above the place where the cross-road from the terminus of Warburton avenue joins Broadway, and it comes into full view, standing on a knoll to the west, as the rider twists around the crest of a short hill, and enters the straight, sloping stretch which it faces upon. Its name "Greystone" describes the material of this long-fronted, angular "bachelor's hall" belonging to the man who has a unique place in history because he is the only one ever elected to the Presidency of the United States, during our century under the Constitution, who failed to be President, in fact. Half a mile above the churches in Irvington, at the first crossroad, if one turns toward the river a similar distance, he may reach "Sunnyside," the former residence of Washington Irving, and "Lyndehurst," Jay Gould's castellated mansion of white limestone, is next but one to the north of "Sunnyside." About half way between Irvington and Dobbs Ferry, or somewhat nearer the latter, on the eastern slope, stands the house of Cyrus W. Field, who is popularly ranked with the owners of "Lyndehurst" and "Greystone" as having amassed millions by "developing" the elevated railway of the city; but who deserves a higher rank than they in the world of wheeling, by reason of his having caused that mile of smooth macadamized roadway to be built from Ashford station to the Hudson.

Instead of ascending the Riverdale hill to the right, after crossing the railroad tracks west of Kingsbridge, I once explored the region to the left (Dec. 18, 1883,) when a thin film of frozen snow covered the road, which might prove fairly good in summer. It winds along close to the railway, crossing it twice by bridges, (near the point of the Wagner train accident, whose horrors were then fresh in public memory,) and ends in a little less than a mile, at Spuyten Duyvil station. From here, a venturesome tourist might possibly scramble across the tier of the railroad bridge, and up the heights to the road which leads to

Tubby Hook; but I preferred to turn about and ascend a long hill, by a winding road through the woods, mostly rideable, in spite of the snow, until I entered Riverdale avenue at a little less than a mile above the railroad crossing. The distance from the station to the point of entering the avenue was a mile and a half, and the entire circuit thus amounted to about three miles and a quarter. A barn-like structure devoted to the sale of "wood and coal, hay and oats" stands at the point on the avenue where the road for Spuyten Duyvil, branches off through the woods. Between this point and Mt. St. Vincent there are two smooth roads which branch westward to the river, and connect with each other at the station and settlement called Riverdale; and a detour way will be made through them, for the sake of the view. The map shows a road extending from this station, for about three-quarters of a mile, parallel to Riverdale avenue, until it joins the same at Mt. St. Vincent, and it probably offers good riding, though I have never chanced to make exploration there.

Tarrytown lies on a certain famous twelve-mile stretch of the Hudson which is called the Tappan sea, because it has a breadth of more than two miles for nearly all that distance. The voyage by ferry to Nyack, which lies directly opposite on the west shore, is therefore, a not insignificant one, and the smooth road southward along side that shore to Piermont offers as pleasant a three-mile spin as a wheelman's heart can wish for. Thence he must turn inland to Sparkill (1½ m.), Tappan (1½ m.), Closter (4 m.), Tenafly (4 m.) and Englewood (2½ m.), and be content to do most of his riding—and a good deal of walking—on the side-paths of rather sandy and hilly roads. It took me four hours to cover the thirteen miles, on the 26th of May, 1882, when the track was probably in average condition; though the bright spring weather made even slow progress a pleasure (if indeed, it did not invite me to be slow), and I stopped a good while to stare at the sunken-roofed store house near the hotel in Tappan, where the luckless Major Andre was jailed, a century ago, before being executed on the adjacent eminence, which has since carried the name of Gallows hill, and which must reach pretty close to the State line of New Jersey. A macadamized road connects Englewood with Fort Lee (5 m.), whence ferryboat may be taken across to 130th street, just a short distance from the Boulevard. I have tried this route in the opposite direction only. Walking up-hill for a half-mile from the dock, (though most or all of this might be ridden,) I mounted at the fork in the road, and went without stop for two miles, to a point beyond the great Palisade Hotel, since burned—whence a broad roadway stretches in a straight line to Englewood (2½ m.). The last half of this may be coasted continuously, but I should think the ascent could hardly be made without stop.

The obstacle which forces the tourist coming down the west side of the Hudson to turn inland at Piermont is the Palisades, "which is a name applied to a long, perpendicular, apparently columnar wall, that extends in an unbroken line thither from Fort Lee (20 m.), rising directly from the water's edge. This wall is nearly uniform in altitude for the greater part of the distance, though it varies from 300 to 500 feet in height;

but it is narrow, being in some places not more than three-quarters of a mile wide. Its top is singularly even, affording a long, narrow table-land, upon which there is a scant growth of trees. The air is salubrious, and the prospects are superb,—the opposite low verdant shore, for a long distance to the north, affording a charming picture." (Appleton's Dictionary of New York, p. 166.) From the site of the burned hotel, a dirt road extends northward through the woods of this remarkable ridge to Alpine (5 m.) opposite Yonkers, which may be reached by ferry, and perhaps the path is prolonged even to Piermont; but I presume that the bicyclist who tried it would do more walking than riding. The descent to Fort Lee had better not be coasted in summer time, on account of the crowds which frequent the hotel there. Southward from Fort Lee one may ride along the shore without stop for nearly two miles, when he may turn up the hill at Edgewater, or he may continue along it for another mile to Shady Side, where he has a second chance to ascend, or he may ride still another two miles to Weehawken, and there walk up the hill. This is opposite 59th street, though the ferryboat runs to 42d street, and Fort Lee is opposite 155th street, though its ferry, in like manner, lands the passenger a half-mile lower down. By good luck, the five miles may be ridden in either direction without stop; but the last half of the road has little to recommend it, and as its surface and surroundings increase in badness the nearer one gets to Weehawken, the southward bound traveler would do well to climb the hill either at Edgewater or Shady Side.

*This is to be reprinted as a part of the eighth chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (12mo, 400 pages, gilt-top, heliotype frontispiece), to be published by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York, in June next, or as soon as 3,000 subscribers are pledged at \$1 each. The price of the volume for subsequent purchasers will be \$1.50. The canvass was begun in THE WHEEL of January 25, 1884, and the number of subscriptions now enrolled is 2,615, representing upwards of 600 different towns. The first part of Chapter VIII. (descriptive of the roads on Manhattan Island and of the east side routes from Harlem river to Port Chester) will appear in next month's issue of the "Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette." THE WHEEL of March 13 also printed a four-column extract from the same chapter.

WESTERN TOOTS IN RE "THE PROFESSION."

WASHINGTON, D. C., CINCINNATI, O., CHICAGO, ILLS., AND GALVESTON, TEX., PAPERS
PLEASE COPY.

There was once a great blower called "Spokes,"
Who considered all amateurs mokes;
But he tackled a "greaser,"
With his epithet teaser,
And travels no more on his looks.

A swaggering Prince, on his muscle,
Told a Galveston cow-boy to hustle,
And beat him with horses,
Which were full of ex-does—
The "boy" made him get up and dustle.

Armando and Eck, pride of the profession,
Once attempted to cut,
And join the procession
To Havana,

But,
On the earnest appeal,
Of mine host and his bill,
Decided to skip to Savannah.

Willy, Wolly Woodside,
So innocent and free,
Squarest of the bleeders—
The dear fraternity;
Once raced and broke the record,
On a windy city track,
Though the papers wouldn't have it,
And wished he'd broke his back.

NORR.

MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB.

THIRD ANNUAL DINNER.

When forty odd members of the Maryland get together the happenings are very sure to make the occasion memorable, and the third annual banquet lately held at the Carrollton Hotel was not an exception.

The menu embraced all the world-famed delicacies of the Maryland larder, with the accompanying French titled dishes indigenous to the balance of our country.

I do hope the blessed day is nearing when an English speaking man can sit down to the table in a hotel in an English speaking country and select his meal from an English reading bill of fare.

I have often thought those French phrases are used to disguise the miserable cooking. When a person orders spring lamb and the waiter brings him a dish labelled "la fille de monsieur muttong," he silently eats it, and thinks his taste is out of sorts. But it is usually monsieur, the goat himself, he is eating and not his offspring. And when they bring him something called "Pot pourri de vœuf," etc., etc., he grins and bears it. If he knew he was eating the national dish of hash and — poor hash at that, do you think he would play martyr? Probably I am not pat on the French expressions. I don't care to be. When I have a card thrust to me I ignore it and tell the waiter I want hash, or pork and beans, or beef or hominy and duck, according to the state of my finances. I have wandered away from my subject, but I have ventilated a long stifled grievance and feel easier and trust some hotel keepers I know will read it. At the conclusion of the eatables the warm, invigorating coffee was brought on, and its genial influence was soon perceptible through the cigar smoke. After a few moments of general conversation, toast-master S. T. Clark rapped for order, and in his usual graceful way announced the regular toasts, which were: "The Maryland Bicycle Club," Captain E. R. Jones; "The L. A. W.," Chief Consul James Thompson; "The Club Kicker," Treasurer E. P. Hayden; "The C. T. C.," City Consul William Spurgeon; "The Tourist," B. B. Lynch; "The Press," Oscar Wolff; "Our Absent Members," Secretary A. C. Kenly.

After the regular toasts impromptu responses were made by various gentlemen. Our captain, in responding to his toast, ormed our line at the starting point of the club's career, and giving the signal to mount we wheeled over the old remembered road. Acting as our guide, he pointed out the landmarks of our history. Behold us as we start, a little band of thirteen, way up in the desolate mountain regions of poverty. The word is given to mount and forward. The grades are steep, the road is rough, but we falter not, though the pulling is hard. Some drop by the way, but others come to take their place. Onward we move, our number always increasing. Finally the last ridge is surmounted, and now we go coasting down the smooth road, in and through the smiling valley of prosperity. A club that is proud of its name, and whose success is due not to the work of a few individuals, but the efforts of a united whole.

The Chief Consul said relative to his toast: "Order was nature's first law, and the L. A. W. is America's first or-

der—of bicyclists." His remarks were quite interesting, and his peroration, a witty play on the names of the club's members, was the hit of the evening. Our treasurer remarked that he was afraid to say anything about kickers, for fear of being personal, as our club for originality of kickers and kickers of all kinds was, in the captain's language, unsurpassed by none. We had kickers who kicked because they couldn't help it. Kickers who kicked because they couldn't do anything else. Kickers who kicked because they were afraid if they did not some one else would, and he said: "There was a kicker got full of licker out on an all-night spree. And the kicker got sicker and sicker, and soon a dead kicker was he." Mr. Lynch told some amusing anecdotes about touring, and finished his remarks by reciting an original poem:

"With breeches short,
A piece of court
Plaster in his pocket
Adown the valley
Did the byker sally
As the sun rose like a rocket.

"His eye was bright,
So was the sky;
The sky was blue,
So was his eye.
His cheeks were red,
So was his head.
Both were considerably redder
After he'd taken a header."

There's a third verse, but we won't inflict it on you.

Owing to illness in his family, Mr. Spurgeon was absent, and his toast was drunk in silence.

Then that fellow Kenly stood up to respond to his, and said some trash, of which the following are extracts: "Tis said absence makes the heart grow fonder. . . . Ah, gentlemen, the heart does grow much fonder of a great many in their absence, and the absentee the absence, the fonder the fond. . . . To be absent is to be missed. To miss is to be absent. Tho' the absent miss is not necessarily the miss absent, but she may be the miss, who having lost one chance still had hopes, and conjugated the verb miss as follows: Lady, present miss; regretfully, past, missed; hopefully, but future Mrs. . . . Let us drink to our absent members. As we see them not here in the flesh, let look for them in the spirits."

I don't believe that last sentence is original, but we all looked, and somehow we must have seen them, for when I looked up I saw double the number present. Probably I haven't written exactly what they said, but it is just as good as what they did say. In the absence of Mr. Wolff, I, the lamb, was called on to respond to his toast, "The Press." There was a phenomenal outburst of silence when I arose. But Henry Clay was never more equal to the occasion. "Gentlemen," I began, smiling benignly on all, "I am sorry the Wolff is absent, so we both cannot lie here together. But—" Just then somebody opened a jug of lemonade, and—and—and— Well, you know what a treacherous drink lemonade is.

SECRETARY.

A CHALLENGE TO CANARY.

EDITOR OF THE WHEEL: I hereby challenge D. J. Canary or any unicyclist in the world to ride a trick and fancy contest for \$100 a side, each contestant to select a judge and they to provide a referee, whose decision shall

be final. This challenge will be open for thirty days from date. Yours respectfully,
WILL S. MALTBY,
252 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
March 25, 1885.

THE SECRETARY'S LAMENT.

DEDICATED TO THE BROTHERHOOD.

Give heed, brothers of the pen, and listen to me. Unfortunate fraternity give ear, while I relate my woes.

Yours are identical! By all that's fussy and wrong-headed, yours are the same as mine, so lend me your attention for a few moments and I will awake a responsive chord in your sensitive breasts.

Tell me, oh, frater, is there any man in your club who habitually opposes every motion made before your meetings, to your hopeless and intense exasperation! There is in mine; answer me, is there not a breeder of discord in your club, who threatens to resign at each meeting because his league ticket hasn't come, or his gazette is addressed wrong?

Such an one lives to pester me, and, good friend, is there not still another who infests your privacy with an everlasting appeal for a certain number of THE WHEEL, which you know in your guilty conscience you built the fire with? You can always find every number but that certain one, and he holds you personally responsible for it. Is it not so?

Then also there is the man who is learning upon that abomination of peaceable citizens, the bugle. Oh, the headaches you have, after listening for four straight hours to the amateur athlete who starts from the scratch to master that instrument. Oh, the muddle you make of your annual report while this ambitious youth practises; and what deep blessings you pour upon his head in an undertone. And have you not implored him to stop, hid the bugle, smashed the mouth-piece, knocked the eternal spots out of him himself with a paper weight or an old cyclometer, all to no avail? Have even locked both our bugles up, and swallowed the key; but he came right up to time with a brand new one bought for the emergency.

Such persistence is worthy of a better cause. Every man in our club has a burning desire to play the bugle but me, and I have offered no less than 176 resolutions forbidding its use by members inside the corporation line, which were all ignominiously defeated but one.

That was laid on the table, and there it lays. It is likely that it will never be raised from its reclining position. I spent a whole meeting night trying to raise it, but the pressure was too great.

They say the pressure on the base of the Washington Monument is sixteen tons to the foot, but I think I have found even a greater pressure than that on this anti-bugle resolution. A hydraulic jack wouldn't move it. Friends and secretaries, is this not your experience?

Now again, there is the man who is "stuck" on a particular style of machine, of which it has been your misfortune to get a catalogue; and when you come around to meeting, that catalogue is on the table as usual, showing marks of closest study, and you put that catalogue up, in the innocence of your heart, so that the members may get a chance to see the other wheel publications.

Then this member with the hobby for a while comes and asks you for that catalogue. You may lie to him, and tell him you don't know where it is, but as sure as fate he will drag down

the hateful thing and leave it on the table again. You are on the committee which has supervision of the club rooms, and you come around next day to put things in order. You put that book away, come around next day and there it is on the table once more. You will bribe the club valet to remove it, and he will remove a lot of precious amendments to the constitution instead, which are lying over, stacking up that old catalogue with the greatest nicety right in full view. You may cry quits then, and tack it down where everybody can see it, but it is not likely that you will rest.

Another nuisance which tries your patience when you are taking careful minutes during a meeting, is the member who persists in talking. He never knows what is going on, and takes the attention of everybody from the work. He "sasses" the President. He "guys" the Captain unmercifully, and only on the appointment of a sergeant-at-arms will he keep still. Brethren, bear up my testimony, you know it is so. Well, then, there is another fossil sometimes found at club meetings, and he is the man who never says a word during the whole session; he finds a secluded corner, backs his chair up to it, and there he sits. He won't even say aye, much less no, on a question, and when a ballot is taken, a committee must be appointed to compel him to vote. He gives the poor secretary the fan-tods because the latter thinks he has some gigantic scheme on hand which he will spring unexpectedly, and prolong the order of business past midnight. However, he is harmless, because he doesn't generally know enough to make any trouble. Look at the inquisitive man. He is a daisy. Justifiable homicide is nowhere when he is around. Why, it would be delight unbounded to slaughter him, I think. He wants to see everything that the club has got, and if there is anything that don't happen to be where it was last time he raises a great big kick. I know a secretary who keeps a revolver in his desk for the benefit of this party, and he will use it some day. He criticizes the actions of the club officers in a snarling way and ventures to assert that if he was captain, or if he was so and so, things wouldn't be done that way.

That is the reason he is never made an officer. Altogether I think the poor hard working secretaries are the most abused of mankind. They say a good secretary makes a good club, and I believe it is so, but I will wager that few secretaries seek a second term. Why is it that there are so many pro tempore secretaries? I believe it to be because the elect have become disgusted with their places and find other engagements on meeting nights. Clubs beware, there is to be a Secretaries League Organization soon, and then the growlers, and grumblers, the fussers and fumers will have to shut up or get in a club where they don't have records to keep and work to do. My club is free from kickers, but it makes it up in buglers. Buglers are nearly as bad as kickers. I think I would rather argue with a kicker than with a bugler, although the bugler never talks about you behind your back; he merely blows. There is a club of kickers being organized in our town.

Its constitution reads as follows:
"We, the wheelmen of Spokington, do make and proclaim the following rules for any body's government but our own:
"Article 1. The name of this society shall be the Kicker's Club of Spokington.

"Art. 2. The objects of this association are nothing in particular, except riding on pavements, keeping out of the League, promoting an unfavorable interest in bicycling and exalting the name of its founders.

"Art. 3. The membership of this club shall be confined to ungentlemanly kickers over steen years of age, and shall be limited to three, that being all the wheelmen in Spokington who can ride a wheel and drink mountain dew at once.

"Art. 4. The officers of this club shall be all the members, and their duties will be to oppose legitimate wheeling and anything else that they can find to kick on."

The balance of this remarkable document was lost in a melee at our club room occasioned by the rush when the first four articles were read. I would hate to be the secretary of that club.

Apropos of rules, here is a set of club room regulations which I offered and which, do you think, this outrageous club of which I am secretary refused to accept, by an overwhelming vote:

"1. No dudes allowed during meetings.

"2. Wheel papers will be locked up while club is in session.

"3. Members bringing dogs will please not allow them in the wheel room on account of the club cat, which has an aversion for them.

"4. Cigarettes are positively contraband; any member found with them in his possession will be fired. No smoking of any kind allowed during meetings.

"5. Two hours before meeting time the janitor will take the club bugles down to the corner drug store and request the proprietor to lock them in his bugler-proof safe.

"6. Any member caught with a bugle in his possession will be suspended, fined admonished, slugged, or thrown out the window, at the discretion of the secretary.

"7. On returning from a run, any member caught lying about his record will be thumped.

"9. The general rules of conduct will be governed by the revised criminal statutes of the State of Kentucky."

I think it is a frightfully narrow minded club that would not adopt a simple little code of rules like that.

But they would not. I think that the reason of it was that each member is too fond of blowing his own horn. But I have been blowing mine too long now, and will accordingly give my brethren a rest. I won't take back a single thing that I said about the thorny path of the secretary, either.

NORB.

FROM THE CLUBS.

CITIZENS.—At the annual meeting of this club on Monday, March 16, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, *Rev. Thos. McKee Brown; vice-president, *Fred G. Bourne; secretary, *Knight L. Clapp, 280 Broadway; treasurer, Wm. C. Frazee, captain, Simeon Ford; first lieutenant, Thos. C. Smith; second lieutenant, Harwood R. Pool; surgeon, Dr. J. S. Aitken, 359 West 30th street; first color bearer, Geo. A. Paillard; second color bearer, *Wm. H. McCormack; first bugler, E. A. Hoffman, jr.; second bugler, F. C. Thomas; board of trustees, *Rev. Thos. McKee Brown, *Fred G. Bourne, *Knight L. Clapp, *John C. Gulick, *W. H. Book, *Richard Nelson, and Dr. N. Malon Beckwith.

The resignations of M. E. Graves, now residing in Saint Paul, Minn., and Charles H. Schmidt were accepted.

After the meeting a collation was served in the commodious wheel room.

*Re-elected.

KINGS COUNTY WHEELMEN.—The fourth annual meeting of the K. C. W. was held at the new club house, 159 Clymer street, when the following officers were re-elected: Robt. F. Hibson, president; Thos. B. Hegeman, vice-president; A. C. D. Loucks, secretary; E. Pettus, captain; Chas. Schwalbach treasurer; E. F. Fisk, first lieutenant; F. N. Fenstermaker, second lieutenant; J. H. Long, color bearer; E. Johnson, bugler; Mr. F. H. Douglass was re-elected to the board of trustees to serve four years. It was unanimously resolved to support for chief consul and representative, New York State Division, L. A. W., the ticket headed by Mr. E. F. Hill, of Peekskill, N. Y. and requests such action be published in the THE WHEEL and L. A. W. "Gazette." By giving the foregoing space in your column you will confer a favor on the K. C. W. and oblige,

Yours fraternally,
A. C. D. LOUCKS, Secretary.

RANDOLPH, N. Y.—At the annual meeting of the Randolph Bicycle Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Wm. L. Rathbone; vice-president, Crowley Wentworth; treasurer, Frank L. Seager; secretary, Percy C. Adams; captain, O. M. Jeffers; first lieutenant, Chas. C. Thompson; second lieutenant, F. H. Fisher; \$5.00 was voted to Bartholdi Statue Pedestal Fund, and transmitted to the N. Y. "Daily World." By unanimous vote, that part of our constitution which requires every member of our club to join the L. A. W. was stricken out (and with a very willing "strick," too). Too much racing, protests, records, etc., for us.

Respectfully,
PERCY C. ADAMS, Secretary.

HUB HAPPENINGS.

As far as the League affairs are concerned, Boston has taken a seat way back, and Springfield has come to the front. League affairs in Boston are indeed in a sorry plight; if the Massachusetts Club withdraws, which is very probable, the League will not have twenty-five members in the city. Fortunately, however, the League is not dependent upon Boston for its existence, and would no doubt continue to flourish and prosper if it had not a single member in Yankee land. Still it will not do the League any harm to have members in Boston, in fact, it is worth a little exertion to get them. In order to retain its present members, let alone securing new ones, it will be absolutely necessary that the rule now under consideration requiring members to pay a full year's dues for a six months membership be amended before it is adopted. I have received several letters from members of the Board of Officers stating that in their opinion there was no need of a change, and that it was very small business for any one to make such a fuss about a petty fifty cents. A single half dollar, it is true, is not much, but when multiplied several hundred times it is a good big sum, much larger than most clubs are willing to pay, without reiev

ing something in return. In this instance they receive absolutely nothing.

With clubs where the members are individually required to pay the League dues the expense will of course not be felt so heavily; but it will, nevertheless, occasion an immense amount of fault finding and grumbling, and withal give the club much difficulty in collecting the dues. I have had some experience myself in collecting League dues from club members, and know the amount of work and persuasion required. Perhaps it is not so difficult in other States. For the sake of club treasurers I sincerely hope that it is not. For my part I cannot see that the officers have any constitutional right to require this extra half dollar, for the League's constitution states that the annual dues shall be one dollar. Perhaps the officers can make six months an annual, but in doing so they are likely to "get themselves disliked," and give the League much cause to regret their action. But to return to the matter of Springfield getting ahead of Boston.

Boston having declined to put a ticket for State officers in the field, the Springfield club took the affair in hand and nominated a ticket with President Ducker at its head. The ticket has been made public, but I understand that some of the nominees have declined to serve and that a few changes are to be made. Ducker, however, still remains at the head, and his club is making preparations to have the ticket elected on a big vote. All things considered Ducker is probably the best man that could be chosen. There are, I know, some who object to him personally, but he is such an energetic worker that he is sure to give League affairs a lively shaking up in this State, something which they sadly need. I should have liked to have some Boston man chief consul, but there is no one here suited for the position that would accept it, and consequently we must be content to let Springfield have all the honors that may accrue from possessing the chief consulship.

The chief event of the coming week, or for that matter of the coming season thus far, will be the formal opening of the new house of the Massachusetts Club next Wednesday evening. Some 500 invitations have been sent to wheelmen in Boston and suburban towns, and a big crowd is expected. The whole house will be thrown open for inspection, and everything shown to the best advantage. All the comforts and luxuries of the house thus displayed are sure to result in a large number of names being proposed for membership at the next club meeting. The membership of the club at present is, I believe, something more than 200, but it is expected that 300 will be enrolled before the riding season is fairly opened. Following soon after the wheelmen's reception Wednesday evening will be a reception for the lady friends of the members. Next week I will send you a full account of the reception, together with a description of the new house and its furnishings.

To all outward appearances the Boston Club has calmly watched the progress of the Massachusetts Club without a thought that its old rival was getting ahead of it at all; but I think that if the truth were known the members have felt anything but undisturbed at the

long strides taken by the "old milk organization," and not a few rumors are floating around as to what they—the Bostons—will do in the near future. It would have been thought very absurd a couple of years since to suggest that the Massachusetts Club would ever go ahead of the Bostons in a social or club house way; but last winter the Massachusetts Club awoke from its sleep of old fogysm, and became aware of the fact that to sustain its reputation as an active 'cycling organization it was not necessary that its members refrain from all pleasures other than those of the wheel, and have their club house as drearily uncomfortable as possible. How beneficial this awakening has been to the club we all know. The Bostons are not yet ready to say what they intend doing in the club house line, but show that there is to be an increased interest taken in active 'cycling by the following list of road runs and races already planned for by Captain Harrison: Fast day, April 2, run to South Natick and return; Memorial day, May 30, tally-ho coach run to Wellesley; June 17, 'cycle picnic in the woods at Readville; June 28, clam-bake at Downer's Landing; August 1, tricycle road race, from South Natick to Boston, over the same course as last year. Special prizes will be given for tandem tricycles. September 5, tally-ho coach run along the North shore; September 19, tally-ho coach run to Lake Massapoag; October 3, 100-mile road race. Instead of starting from South Natick, as has been the case in former years, the start will be made from the club house, thence to South Natick, and then over substantially the same course as last year. It has been suggested that a route less hilly could be found, but Captain Harrison has decided to retain the old route, as he considers that a road race should be a test of a rider's capabilities on all kinds of roads. The route will be carefully measured and permanent guide and distance boards put up, special club runs being made for that purpose.

The "Bicycling World" says that our friend Joe Dean knows nothing about the tandem bicycle race which I referred to last week as having been arranged at a recent chop supper of the Boston Club, and in which I said he was entered. I was indeed surprised to learn this, but was still more astonished when I was told yesterday that Dean was not the only one directly interested who did not know about the race, but that several who had been most prominent at the supper in planning the race had no recollection whatever of the affair. Strange, isn't it?

POINTS.

The o. g. is growing interesting. A last expiring effort.

THE WHEEL's special April number is looked for with interest here.

Racing Board Bassett is to be Chelsea's L. A. W. representative. Good.

There is a man in Boston who wants the secretaryship of the L. A. W. very badly.

It is rumored that W. B. Everett is to resign his position as treasurer of the Boston Club.

A. McDougall, a prominent wheelman of Pittston, Pa., will reside in Boston for the next two years.

The \$1,500 Columbia prize cup will be run for at the next tournament of the Yale College Bicycle Club. Hunter will be on hand.

The Harvard College Club held a "smoker" last week. Nothing like a "smoker" to put one's lungs in condition for path work.

All the local clubs are planning for runs Fast day, and if the roads are in a respectable condition there will probably be a large turn out.

H. D. Corey is to ride a Rudge Safety on the "Big Four" tour, and will probably scoop the 100-mile race for which Burley B. Ayers offers a gold medal.

Any one that will get up a patent-duplex-self-acting professional reinstater will receive the prayers and grateful thanks of the League Racing Board.

The professionals, Neilson and Young, are panting to have a go at one another on the path. When they do meet no records need fear they will be lowered.

Geo. Hutchinson, who bills himself as champion of Canada, was in Boston last week. He has secured a two weeks engagement at the Brooklyn roller-skating rink.

Members of the Brockton City Club's drill squad could not resist the temptation to accept money for their drills, and have consequently entered the professional ranks. Too bad.

The projectors of the proposed new 'cycle club at the Boston Highlands think the present state of the weather too chilly to organize, and will accordingly wait until the violets bloom again.

President Ducker of the Springfield Club was in town Saturday. He says that his club is to give a preliminary tournament on May 30, at which time he thinks some records will be brought down. Doubt it.

The pool and billiard tournaments at the Boston Bicycle Club house will begin in a few days and will continue for a month. Some seventeen entries have been received for each tournament. The prizes in each will be a handsomely-mounted cue for first, and a silver cup for second.

Several members of the Massachusetts Club have formed a private organization which is to be known as the "Breaking-up Club." The members start out every afternoon with the avowed intention of breaking themselves up, and any one else that they may meet on the road, who is foolish enough to race with them. Applications for the club surgeon are now in order.

WHEELS AT SPRINGFIELD.

At a meeting of the tournament committee of the Springfield Bicycle Club, held last Tuesday evening, the programme of the September tournament was completed, making a number of changes in the rough draft recently published:

SEPTEMBER 8—FIRST DAY.

One mile—Professional; handicap.
Ten mile—Amateur; bicycle. Championship of United States.
One mile—Amateur; tricycle.
Three miles—Amateur; tricycle tandem.
Five miles—Professional; Safety bicycle; wheels not over 40 inches.
Half mile—Amateur; dash; bicycle. Open.
One mile—Amateur; bicycle. Class. 3.10.

Three miles—Amateur; bicycle. Open.
Three miles—Professional; bicycle. Record.
Five miles—Amateur; bicycle. Record.

SEPTEMBER 9—SECOND DAY.

One mile—Amateur; bicycle; Open.
One mile—Professional; bicycle; Sweepstake championship of the world. Purse of \$500; entrance fee \$100.
Three miles—Amateur; Safety bicycle; wheels not over forty inches.
Half mile—Amateur; bicycle. 1.30 Class.
Three miles—Amateur; bicycle. Record.
Ten miles—Professional; bicycle. Open.
Five miles—Amateur; tricycle. Record.
One mile—Amateur; tricycle tandem.
Five miles—Amateur; bicycle. 16 minute class.
Three miles—Amateur; bicycle. Handicap.

SEPTEMBER 10—THIRD DAY.

One mile—Professional; Safety bicycle; wheels not over 40 inches.
Ten miles—Amateur; bicycle. Record.
Five miles—Amateur; tricycle tandem.
Three miles—Professional; bicycle. Open.
One mile—Amateur; Safety bicycle; wheels not over 40 inches.
Three miles—Amateur; bicycle. 9.10 class.
Three miles—Amateur; tricycle. Record.
One mile—Amateur; bicycle. Handicap.
Five miles—Professional; bicycle. Handicap.
One mile—Amateur; bicycle. Consolation.

ROLLER SKATING.

[Correspondence solicited from skating rinks throughout the country. Short items about covering a postal card will be of the greatest interest.]

To read the 'cycling press throughout the land would be to convince one that the League should devote its whole attention to allowing its members to become professionals in roller-skating and yet remain amateurs in 'cycling. This idea is something similar to getting an individual who would be black one day and white another.

League members who find it impossible to resist the seductive influence of the rollers, should, to protect themselves against loss of amateurship, organize district or State polo leagues, and by adopting either the League or N. A. A. A. definition of an amateur, blot out their past errors, if any, and start on a new and clean basis. Both the League and N. A. A. A. admit of such associations adopted amateur laws being retroactive, that is that when one organizes and joins same any prior deviations from the amateur law are eliminated, and only subsequent ones become criminal.

A large rink, open to the public, is shortly to be constructed in Central Park, where during the day and evening children and others may free of charge for the use thereof, avail themselves of all the pleasures of the roller, free from any of the baneful influences of rinks.

Rink managers and proprietors, viewing with alarm the furore being raised against them from pulpit and legislative hall, have called a meeting at Chicago to form a protective and defensive league, and to intelligently and unitedly oppose any unjust discrimination against themselves. This is what should have been done some time since, and will prove as beneficial to themselves as to the pastime they represent.

Managers are in a large degree responsible for the frequent and constantly increasing breakage of the amateur law. They always look upon anything that attracts patronage in the light of an attraction, and bill and pay for same on that principle, refusing to recognize any conscientious scruples that an amateur may have to the contrary.

Mr. Donovan, who won the recent six day race at Madison Square Garden,

and who signs himself as "Willie," has become one of the new skating rink attractions, being trotted around as a kind of skating Jno. L. Sullivan of rinkdom.

Great gosh! has it come to this! even Raphael has become a roller skater. So at least I see by a recent advertisement. This one is, however, named William, so I infer that it is not the great painter of same name.

Crawford Mason, who under the nom de plume of Speedwell, has become famous throughout the country through bicycle exhibitions at rinks, was lately presented at Binghamton with a magnificent gold watch and chain by his admirers.

The Chinese claim the invention of roller skates as they do everything else in the world. Perhaps they did, but when one of the latter day descendants of Confucius gets rollers "allege samee as Mellican man," and after trying to kick in the blue dome of heaven, finally treads on his own pigtail, and has to be dragged off the floor, the claim that he is one of the descendants of the inventor does not seem to be a very probable one.

A young married couple in Ohio sold their stove to purchase roller skates. Their argument was that they could do without eating but they must skate.

Mr. W. D. Wilmot, who is par excellence as an exhibition rider in the various rinks from Maine to Mexico, has just issued a magnificent collection of photos of himself exemplifying over twenty-three of his various difficult feats upon the machine.

Rink exhibitions are responsible for a large number of trick riders upon the Star, and it seems strange that in performing same they should most all overlook one of the chief attractions for a rink audience, viz., polo, and not give them polo while mounted upon the wheel, which is always an exciting and interesting display of the abilities of the riders and the wheel, and will with an average rink audience meet with more approval than the most difficult feats usually do.

By actual count there are 10,000 rinks in America that bear the name of Casino, and yet there is not one among them that will confess to being the "little casino."

Over \$1,250,000 capital is employed in the manufacture of roller skates, and appurtenances thereto with a result of 5,000 pair of skates per day. Yet this is the industry, that scared legislative cranks and others would throttle in its infancy.

The Olympian rink employs lady teachers for lady beginners, and since the introduction of this novelty every gentleman who frequents there has suddenly discovered that he can't skate, and must have a teacher, and that teacher must be a lady one.

An enterprising druggist distributes free rink tickets to all his patrons, and in consequence of his scheme, is fast growing rich from the sale of arnica and court plaster.

At the forthcoming six day contest on rollers between Skinner and Donovan for \$1,000 a side, and sweepstakes of \$100, open to all, the winner is to take

70 per cent. of the receipts, the second man 20 per cent., and the third man 10 per cent. of the stakes. The gate receipts, after expenses are paid, to be divided as follows: First man, 50 per cent.; second, 20; third, 12. No contestant making less than 900 miles is to share in the gate receipts.

Ministerial fanatics throughout the country seeking notoriety are assailing roller-skating. It seems to me that some minister might get publicity of a more creditable kind by upholding rinking, and besides it is ever so much easier to go with instead of against the tide.

Nilsson Hall, an annex to the Academy of Music, has been taken by a skating rink of 300 members, and will be run and used by them for their sole and exclusive use. This idea is an excellent one for such aristocrats as find fault with the democratic assemblages who frequent the ordinary public rink, but the attendant cost will probably not admit of its becoming copied to any extent.

Western managers are trying the plan of charging admissions only and furnishing skates free.

The Barney & Berry Roller Skates.



UNEXCELLED IN DESIGN,
UNSURPASSED IN CONSTRUCTION,
UNEQUALLED IN MERIT,
UNRIVALLED IN EASE OF OPERATION.

Among the leading advantages of Nos. "M," "J," "O," and "P" of the Barney & Berry Roller Skates may be mentioned.

1st. The oil well, an opening in journal extending to axle, which supplies the axle, wheels and journal bearing with oil.

2d. The use of steel springs in place of rubber, as the latter, both from use and effects of oil, varies in its elasticity, and when one worn-out rubber is removed to secure perfect action it necessitates the renewal of all rubbers on both skates, while springs do not require this and retain the same amount of elasticity.

3rd. Owing to simplicity of construction these skates are the lightest, the lowest, and run the easiest of any roller skate in the market.

4th. The Barney and Berry roller skate is noiseless as compared with other skates.

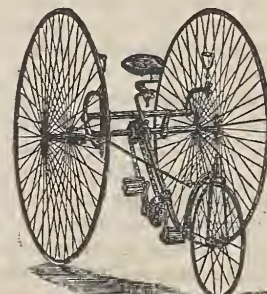
5th. The centre of action coming on the axis and angle of trucks being slight, skating on the Barney and Berry Roller Skate is similar to ice skating and position or inclination of body the same, without the bending of ankle as attended with skates whose trucks have considerable angle and whose centre of action is on one side of the axis.

THE RUDGE BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES,



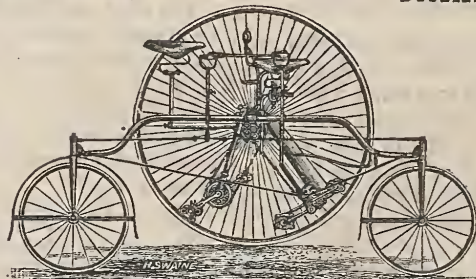
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STRONG,
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EASY RUNNING.



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SECOND ANNUAL RACE MEETING

OF THE

Citizens Bicycle Club,

AT THE

KNICKERBOCKER

ROLLER SKATING

RINK,

AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 63d St. and 3d Ave.

FRIDAY EVENING,

APRIL 17, 1885,

AT A QUARTER TO EIGHT.

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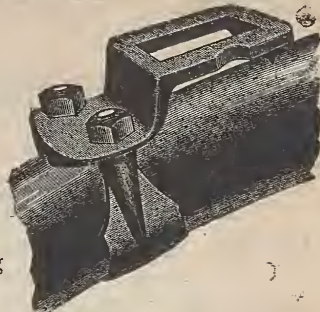


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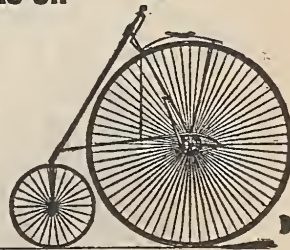
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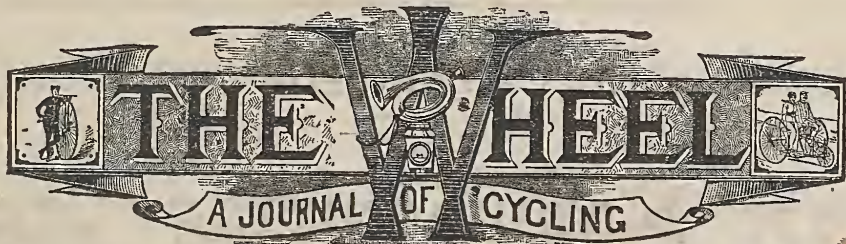
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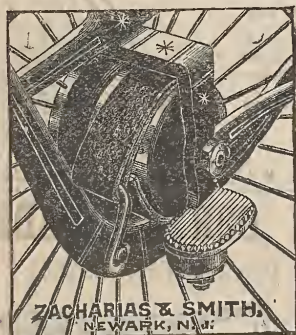
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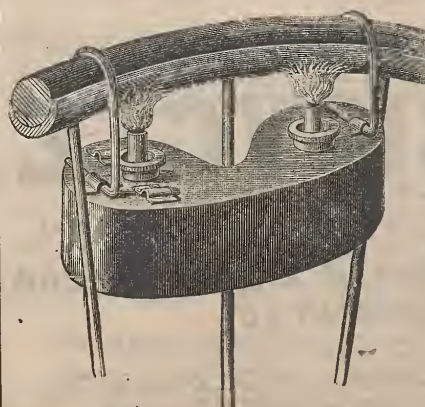
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