

# THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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VOL. I.—NO. II.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1887.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## FOR THE SEASON OF 1887.

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THE

# COLUMBIA CATALOGUE

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Invented by Riders of Experience. The Only Absolutely Safe Wheel Against Headers Made. The Best and the Cheapest. Do Not Buy a Wheel Before You See The Springfield Roadster.

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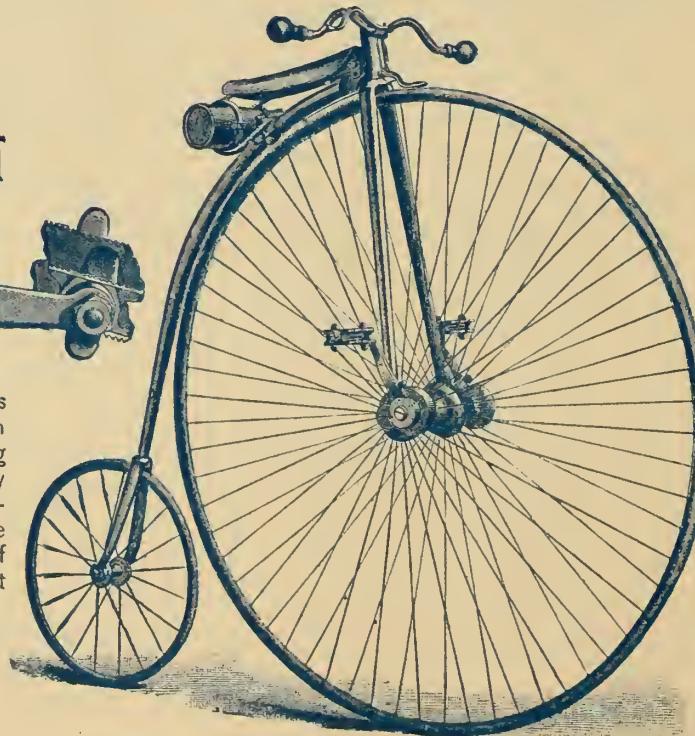
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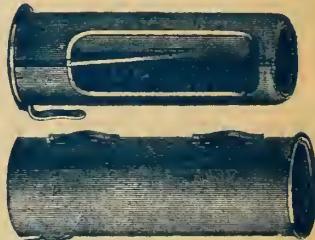
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## Fish Adjustable Saddle

Known to be the best.



## TOOL BAG,

As shown in the cut of the complete wheel. Made with separate compartments for oiler and wrench.

— THE —

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WILL BE APPRECIATED BY ALL

**AS A ROADSTER,**

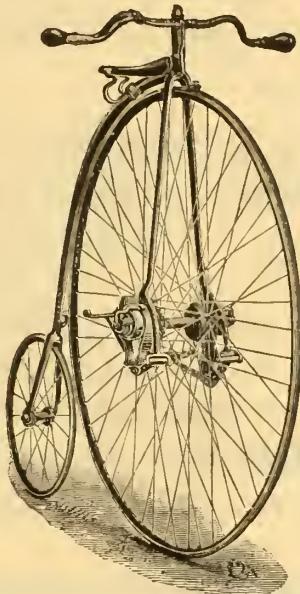
Because it is propelled by levers, giving a constant application of power so highly prized on sandy or muddy roads and in hill-climbing.

**FOR SAFETY,**

Because, the treadles being in the rear of the hub, there is an uplifting at the fulcrum in front, removing the danger of "taking a header."

**FOR CONVENIENCE,**

Because it can be run backwards, has the silent coasting ratchet, and any rider can tighten a loose spoke with a spoke-tightener or insert a new spoke. Extra spokes sent with each bicycle.



*Secured by United States Patents and Pending United States and Foreign Applications  
by the Inventor, Rev. HOMER A. KING, Springfield, Mass.*

**FOR INCREASE OF POWER,**

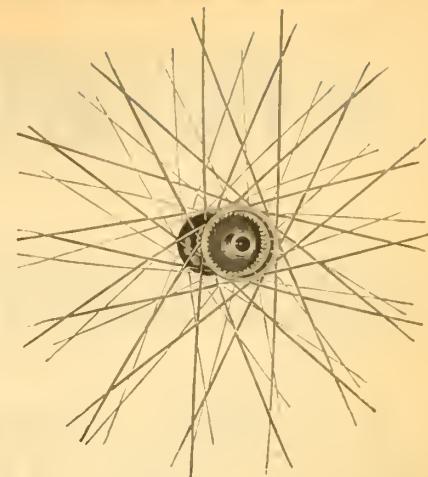
Because the new motor, utilizing the weight, and the natural position of the hands, enable the rider to greatly increase the pressure upon the pedals.

**FOR EASE OF RUNNING,**

Because the new adjustable anti-friction bearings run very easily, are very durable, and cannot roll together.

**FOR DURABILITY,**

The new hollow-felloe rim being very rigid, and the new tangent spokes interlaced make a very strong wheel.

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AND

**The Weekly Evangelist**

Have been united, and the consolidated paper is now issued monthly by THE EVANGELIST COMPANY, at Evangelist Building, 182 State Street, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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CONTAINS

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PROGRESS OF THE ART,  
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Bicycles may be partly or wholly paid for by soliciting subscribers. For many years we carried on a purchasing agency in New York, purchasing at wholesale prices from all the leading houses. We also supplied almost any article desired by any agent as a premium for sending us a club of subscribers, but we found it necessary to require agents to send us as many subscribers as they could obtain, and a fair remittance, and trust to us to purchase the article at a low price and credit them with any balance their due, or return it to them with the premium if they desired. We can furnish any premium offered by any other paper on as liberal terms as any one, but time is too valuable to make a trip to inquire the price of special articles, and afterwards another trip for the article, if the agent raises the club and does not change his mind as to the premium desired.

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*Sample copy of Paper sent free to any address. Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Premiums or liberal cash commission given. Write for terms. Address*

**ALBERT J. KING,**

51 Barclay Street, - NEW YORK.

**WHAT OTHERS SAY.**

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., August 12, 1886.

I have ridden a crank wheel for five years, and the past few months have ridden THE KING SAFETY BICYCLE on the track and over rough roads, through mud and sand, up hill and down. In ascending a hill the weight can be utilized as well as muscle, and in coasting down hill THE KING SAFETY beats all others. It runs more easily than the crank wheel, and is safe against headers, as the weight is always on one pedal in the rear of the hub. There is no machine more easy to mount and dismount. I have let many ride it, and they are all delighted with it.

CHARLES QUIMBY.

Mass., August 1, and called at the factory Monday and examined the cycles. We were not present, but wrote him soliciting an article, and received the following note:

DEAR BROTHER KING—I enclose you a bit on re-creation. I think you have a good machine. I have always ridden the crank wheel, but think yours will have more power and safety.

Yours truly, O. P. GIFFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 28, 1886.

After riding a crank wheel for three years, I have given it up, for fear of going over the handle-bars, and purchased a Star. Have also tried THE KING SAFETY BICYCLE, which I think fully as safe and good.

HARRY R. HITCHCOCK.

**PRICE LIST OF THE KING LIGHT ROADSTER BICYCLE.****ADJUSTABLE ANTI-FRICTION BEARINGS**

To Rear Wheel. To Both Wheels.

\$95.00 \$115.00

100.00 120.00

105.00 125.00

115.00 135.00

Enamel Finish, . . . . .  
One-fourth Nickel Finish, . . . . .  
One-half Nickel Finish, . . . . .  
Full Nickel Finish, . . . . .

One-fourth Nickel includes Saddle-Spring, Handle-Bars, Brake, and Head; One-half Nickel includes also the Spokes of the large wheel; Full Nickel includes all except the Rim.

**SPECIAL OFFER.—Ten per cent. Discount to any Clergyman.**

**AGENTS WANTED.**

**THE KING WHEEL COMPANY, 51 Barclay Street, NEW YORK.**

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"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," and the CUNARD CONVERTIBLE TANDEM is the most perfect form of Tandem.

A so-called "Convertible" Tandem, whose convertibility into a single Tricycle is not practical, is practically not a Convertible Tandem.

If a Tandem is in perfect balance as a double machine, how can its balance as a single Tricycle be maintained equally perfect unless adequate arrangements are made for equally distributing the wheel-load in both its single and double forms?

Which is a provision existing in no other Tandem than the

## CUNARD CONVERTIBLE TANDEM.

See advertisement opposite.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the proof of the superiority of the CUNARD CONVERTIBLE TANDEM is exemplified by the following Testimonial (among numerous others) from T. J. KIRKPATRICK, Esq., Vice-President of the League of American Wheelmen:—

D. ROGERS & CO., Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen—Respecting the CUNARD TANDEM, I have to say that it is beyond all question the best Tandem yet produced. Its compactness, ease of handling, light running, safety, and the ease with which it may be mounted or dismounted, by either a lady or gentleman, leaves nothing to be desired. Its folding handle-bar, and the fact that it can be quickly and readily taken through a common door, are features which make the machine a pleasure. I have owned other Tandems, but this is the only one that was worth house-room as a convertible machine. I find it a perfect machine, in perfect balance either as a single or a Tandem. I have sought carefully for some three years now for the best Tandem, and have given the matter a great deal of thought and attention; and if asked to-day to suggest an improvement in the design and arrangement of the CUNARD I would be free to say that as it is I believe it is as nearly perfect as this type of machine ever will be.

Respectfully,

T. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Springfield, Ohio, January 11, 1887.

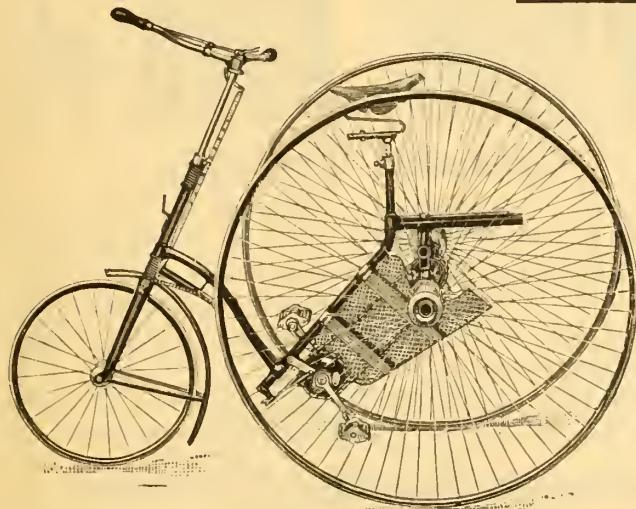
## D. ROGERS & CO.

SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS,

75 CLINTON AVENUE, - NEWARK, N. J.

CATALOGUES FREE.

# BICYCLES\*TRICYCLES\*TANDEMS\*SAFETIES



TANDEM CONVERTED INTO A SINGLE. WEIGHT EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED BETWEEN THE WHEELS. SHOWING PATENT SELF-LOCKING FOLDING HANDLE-BAR.

THE CUNARD FULL ROAD-STER, weight 38 pounds.

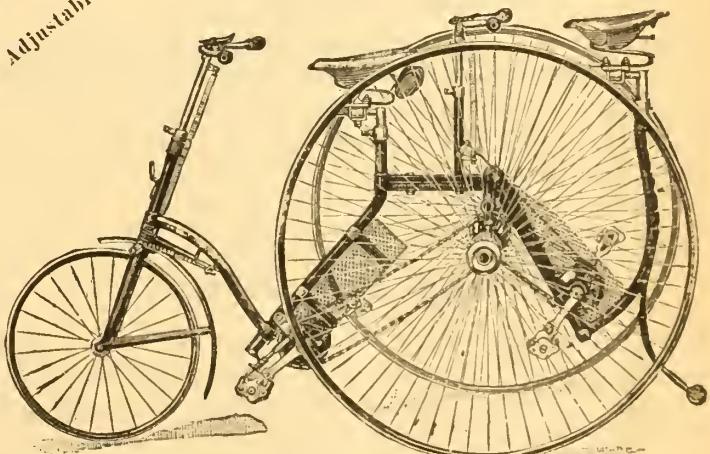
See Press Reports and Catalogues, which are free upon application.

“CUNARD”

Seats and Handle-Bars Adjustable.

Double Brake-Power.

The only Tandem whose wheel load is equally distributed in single and double forms. May be steered by either or both riders. Pronounced by press and public to be the most unique machine of its class.



TANDEM COMPLETE. SUFFICIENT WEIGHT UPON THE FRONT WHEEL TO PREVENT THE REAR RIDER AFFECTING THE STEERING.

THE LADY'S CRIPPER, with Folding Handle-Bar to admit of easy access to front saddle.

THE CUNARD SAFETY, has Automatic Steering.

THE CUNARD LIGHT ROAD-STER, weight 32 pounds.

THE CUNARD CONVERTIBLE TANDEM has Automatic Steering. May be ridden by two ladies. Reduces in width to 27 inches, for storage. Has Folding Handle-Bar for easy access to front seat.

**D. ROGERS & CO.**

SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS,

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- NEWARK, N. J.

Active and Responsible Agents Wanted. Send for List of Shop-Worn Machines which Must be Sold to accommodate Spring Stock.

# \* THE RUDGE \*

## FOR 1887.

### To the Reader.

Although it may be a trifle early, we take great pleasure in calling your attention in a general way to our plans and machines for 1887.

We have investigated every improvement that has appeared upon Bicycles and Tricycles, both in England and America, and have satisfied ourselves as to its value; and although the RUDGE machines for next year will not contain any very startling novelties, which are often used for advertising purposes, you can rest assured that we have not been negligent in our efforts to perfect them.

We have been in active correspondence during the last year with a large number of reliable, enthusiastic road riders in regard to improvements on the Rudge machines, and after a careful examination, we have decided to adopt those which we have thoroughly tried and can fully recommend.

### Rudge Light Roadster.

We are not quite prepared at present to lay before you the detailed specifications of the RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER for 1887, but when they are submitted to you, we feel you will at once say, "It stands at the head." We have spared no pains in any respect, and the old favorite comes forward this year better than ever. Be sure and see this machine before deciding on your mount for the year.

### Rudge Roadster.

We have entirely remodeled the American Rudge and improved it in many points. In consequence of the large number of cheaper machines, we have discarded the word American, and re-named it the RUDGE ROADSTER.

For a good, strong, reliable roadster, at a moderate price, we think it will lead all others, as it has done for the last three years. It is a machine that we can recommend as a reliable mount at a low price.

### Rudge Bicyclette.

We shall also place upon the market the RUDGE BICYCLETTE, the original safety bicycle of the Rover type. This was patented by Rudge & Co. in 1879, both in England and America, and all machines of this pattern are imitations of the original.

The many advantages that the BICYCLETTE possesses in point of safety, comfort, and speed, together with the many valuable specialties, which can be found only on this machine, will at once be appreciated by the large number of wheelmen and intended wheelmen, and as we predict a large sale for it for the coming year, orders should be booked for it early.

### Crescent Tricycle.

Owing to the enormous demand in England last year for the RUDGE CRESCENT TRICYCLE, we were unable to fill orders as we desired; but we have made arrangements this year to carry a large stock on hand. This tricycle contains all the essential points of the very latest improvements, being fitted with a large front wheel, bicycle-steering, and a long wheel base, and combines lightness, speed, and ease of running.

We shall carry it in two weights, one for gentlemen and one for ladies, and our new pattern contains many valuable points of special interest.

### Rudge Humber Tandem.

This popular Tandem is so well known that it needs no description. While we have not altered the main features, it may seem that the details have received our careful consideration, and many points have been altered with satisfactory results.

### Rudge Crescent Tandem.

To meet the general want for a tricycle that can be ridden by two ladies, or by a lady and gentleman, we introduce the RUDGE CRESCENT, feeling sure it will meet the demands of the riders.

It is of the Crippler form, with patent automatic bicycle-steering, and contains all the valuable features of Rudge & Co.'s experience.

With these popular machines, it will be seen that we cover all the ground, and we claim that no importer or manufacturer handles so extensive a line of Cycles as ourselves.

These machines are not experiments, but they had been given from one to three years' careful trial in England before we introduced them upon the American market, and the prestige which they have in England, combined with Rudge & Co.'s experience and skill in material and workmanship, leaves nothing to be desired, and we can with confidence recommend them to our agents and their customers.

All of these machines have been built under our manager's personal supervision; and we place them upon the market, knowing that our reputation is at stake, and we feel sure that you will appreciate our efforts, for it has always been our aim to suit the riders.

At present we are very busy in preparing our catalogue, which we propose to lay before you very early in the season, and trust that you will favor us with an order.

### Agency.

We have had numberless applications for the agency of the Rudge Bicycles and Tricycles from all over the United States, and we wish to say that we desire only to establish agencies in the bicycle centers, and desire only representatives who are willing to push the sale of our machines.

We invite correspondence on this subject.

**STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.**

152 Congress Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

---

THE

# 24-HOUR WORLD'S TANDEM RECORD

OF

250 MILES, 140 YARDS,

RIDDEN ON THE

# MARLBORO' TANDEM

BY A

LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS BY OVER THIRTY MILES.

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THE MARLBORO' ALWAYS CARRIES ITS LOAD WITHOUT BREAKING DOWN.

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THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO.

239 COLUMBUS AVENUE, = BOSTON, MASS.

# ROYAL MAIL !

\* The Most Complete and Improved Bicycle Ever Offered.\*

Best Road Record of 1885, 5,056 Miles on One Wheel,  
Won by ROYAL MAIL !

With the Greatest of Modern Improvements,

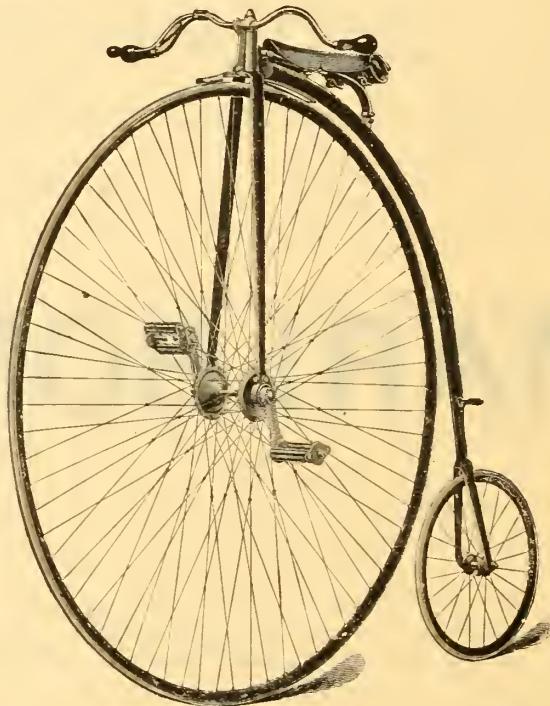
## TRIGWELL'S BALL-BEARING HEAD

1,000 Miles Without Oiling or Adjustment.  
Perfect Rigidity and Ease of Steering.  
In Use Over Three Years, With Great Approval.

Wheelmen are aware that ordinarily constant watching and tightening up of the Head is necessary, owing to the wearing of the cones by friction. In this Ball Head the cones move on the balls *smoothly*, without wear, and one adjustment serves a very long time— for months, in fact—and no loosening nor setting up is necessary. There being no friction, oiling is rarely needed. These Heads are made by the finest machinery, all perfectly alike and beautifully finished, every part mathematically true, and

**ALL PARTS INTERCHANGEABLE.**

Detachable Handle-Bars and Lillibridge Saddle.  
Best Warwick Rim and Cemented Tire.  
True Tangent Spokes, tied and wound SEVEN times,  
giving great rigidity and strength.



The ROYAL MAIL is too well known to need minute description. It has as a Light Roadster for the past four years been in the front rank, gained the prize for the greatest amount of road work in 1885, with 5,056 miles to the credit of one wheel, and has increased in popularity each year. We claim that no other in the market is of such first-class workmanship, and we think it is conceded to be the handsomest wheel in the market.

Having a small lot which came from the factory last fall, too late for sale, and hence carried through the winter, we offer these few, *and these only*, before the regular season opens and new lots arrive, to exchange for other wheels on very low terms—in fact, at such terms as we would not entertain after the season opens, in another month. This is the opportunity of the season to wheelmen desiring to exchange their old mounts for a *superb Light Roadster*.

We also have a very few machines in second-hand state, but as perfect as when new. Write at once, giving full particulars of your wheel. *We have but a few.*

**WILLIAM READ & SONS,**

107 Washington Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

# —THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1887.

NO. 11.

## The Wheelmen's Gazette.

### Terms of Subscription.

One Year, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	50 cents.
Six Months, by mail, post-paid,	- - - - -	25 cents.
Foreign Subscribers,	- - - - -	4 shillings.

HENRY E. DUCKER, - - - - - Editor and Manager.

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to same.

The trade supplied by the American News Co., New York.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

### THE CYCLING WORLD.

It would be too difficult a task to undertake an accurate description of the cycling world. It certainly exists. Of course no one will deny that the cycle has come to be pretty intimately connected with the *real* world—the world of the sum total of human affairs and interests. Indeed, so universally does the cycle now contribute to the necessities, pleasures, and money-making proclivities of mankind that it is easy to imagine future historians noting the introduction of bicycles and tricycles as marking a distinct chronological epoch in the world's history. But in a restricted sense there are a great many worlds. The cycling world is one of them. It is a world within a world. It may perhaps be called that portion of "the earth and its inhabitants, and their concerns," seen from a point of view which includes only such of the affairs and concerns of man as may be the direct consequences of his being a cyclist. The view comprehends man strictly as a cyclist, revealing very little of him as a member of the human family at large. The cycle as here seen is more of a shibboleth than a vehicle or carriage.

This *quasi* creation in many ways is beginning to be something of a miniature representation of the greater creation outside. In the way of politics and literature the resemblance is especially striking. Observe the cycling politician. Note him as he concerns himself with some problem of cycling economies or expediencies; easy and natural solutions present themselves, and he forecasts dire confusion, utter ruin, the setting awry of the whole cycling firmament should conclusions based upon other notions prevail, and he appeals in vain to facts or his imagination in attempting to disillusionize his opponent who thinks otherwise. The unscrupulous manipulation of the caucus is already conducted upon scientific principles; corruption in high places is not entirely unknown; party spirit burns and will not be quenched; parties out of power ruthlessly scrutinize the doings of rascals who should be turned out, and the timely setting forth of iniquity is heard from the rostrum, and read from the printed page. Burkes and Websters now and then arise imbued with all the instincts of statesmanship,—with intuitive capaci-

ties for affairs astonishing to the lesser souls of cycledom. Before their flashing eyes, and thundering invective, their remorseless analyzing and relentless persecuting, wrongdoers tremble and flee.

The varying attributes of the cycling editor are very like those of the editor whose quill is driven for the entertainment and benefit of the outer system of created things. It may likewise be said of him that the good that he accomplishes as well as the mischief that he works is out of all proportion to the number of him. His style is simple and pure, or vague and complex, and he is never unequal to an occasion. That he occasionally reaches tremendous conclusions by very thin logic goes without saying. This is self-evident and demands no proof. But this is for him rather than against him. Logic is not always at hand but conclusions are always necessary. Great reforms have originated from the conclusions of the cycling editor. His weekly or monthly mirror of events has become indispensable, and—we would modestly add—especially the monthly.

The boundaries of the cycling world are perhaps more distinctly defined than those of any other world from a "point of view." Would it not be better if this were not so? Is there not some danger that its engrossment in affairs of government, office holding, political privileges, its special literature, its performances of constitutions, rules, definitions as to who is which and which is what and what is not, shall cause it to forget that after all the very corner-stone of its cosmogony is the facilitation of the use of the wheel—not the *shibboleth*—on the face of that planet whereon is concentrated the whole of human material conveniences and interests? We sincerely advise the inhabitants of this cycling world of ours not to regard it too attentively as a world *sui generis*, but rather as a most useful department of the real world. Let us insist upon applying the same sort of reason to its affairs that we apply to the more important concerns of life, and never allow the place of reason to be usurped by whim. We have sometimes fancied that the authoress of a certain clever little book builded better than she knew when she named her book, "Wheels and Whims."

### ON CARTOONS.

In the December GAZETTE we published a cartoon under the title, "How it is suspected some of the Long Island road records were made," and without intending to tread upon any one's toes, we have unconsciously offended certain parties. Whether it is a case of the "Hit bird always flutters," we know not. It is well known, however, that there is a strife among the aforesaid wheelmen for records, genuine pure amateurs, the ribbon kind, and we had supposed that both they and their friends would and could appreciate a joke, but it seems not, so we will let them tell their own story, and our next cartoon will not

deal with Long Island wheelmen. We shall probably be obliged hereafter to follow *Puck* and confine our cartoons to the leading politicians of the day, although they may be out of place in a cycle paper. The following is the text:—

THE BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB,  
No. 112 St. Felix St.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 6, 1887.

*Mr. Henry E. Ducker, Editor the Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

DEAR SIR:—At a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, held at the club-house January 4, 1887, the following was adopted:—

Whereas, In the spring of 1886 the Brooklyn Bicycle Club offered a gold medal to the member making the best 24-hour road record, and

Whereas, The only bona fide attempts for a record on Long Island were made and supervised by persons identified with this club, and

Whereas, The said records were made strictly in accordance with certain prescribed club rules, were duly checked by proper and responsible persons, and were submitted, together with vouchers properly attested, to substantiate the claims; and after careful scrutiny were accepted by the officers of this club, and are true records, and

Whereas, In the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE of December, 1886, appeared a cartoon, entitled, "How it is suspected some of the Long Island road records were made," and

Whereas, The said cartoon is a direct imputation that the records are false, are without foundation of fact, and are the result of a conspiracy between the holders thereof and the parties appointed to authenticate the same, therefore be it

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to ascertain the reasons which prompted the editor of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE to publish the said cartoon, which is a direct libel upon this club and its members.

Resolved, That the committee have full power to take such steps as are necessary to obtain a satisfactory explanation and retraction by the editor of the said WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

A copy of the letter sent to you on the above subject, by Mr. A. B. Barkman, president of this club, and your reply to the same, are both before us.

In your letter you say, "I fail to see how you can construe the cartoon in the December GAZETTE as casting any reflections on the Brooklyn Club, its members, or yourself and Mr. Hawkins." The title to the cartoon distinctly stipulates Long Island records. The preamble to the resolution above appended clearly shows that any reference whatever to the Long Island records must verge very close on to personality, as our club and our members are the only parties claiming or holding any such records. You will therefore doubtless admit that we have sufficient grounds upon which to construe the cartoon as casting reflections—and not pleasant ones, either—upon our club, its members in general, and Messrs. Barkman and Hawkins in particular.

You next say, "Certainly none was intended." We are pleased to have you admit this, and thank you for the sentiment, but if this be a fact, why was the cartoon allowed to be published over the title that designated it? Unquestionably somebody intended a reflection, and if the editor is not aware of the nature of the matter which is allowed to be published in the columns of his paper, who is?

You then say, "No persons were mentioned, and I fail to see how you can take the matter to heart." True, no names were mentioned, but the holders of Long Island records are so few, and are so well known locally, that it was entirely unnecessary to mention names for the purpose of fixing identity; and as to taking the matter to heart, it is not pleasant to be charged with prevarication in a journal of recognized standing and supposed truthfulness.

Your letter continues, "In another column I give you and Mr. Hawkins and the club due credit for your rides." The simultaneous appearance of the cartoon, and the account of Mr. Hawkins' recent ride, more closely identifies the personality of the matter and the more widely advertises its per-

sonality among those who perhaps, otherwise, would be unaware of whom it was intended to criticise.

You continue as follows: "Of course if you think the cartoon has injured any one, and as we had no one in view when the cartoon was published—" The Brooklyn Bicycle Club is not a racing club, and aspires to no particular fame in this line. We are, however, reckoned pretty hardy road riders, and as the performances in question were considered passably fair and creditable to the club, accounts of them were sent the cycling journals for publication. We have yet to be convinced that we are an association of liars, or that we are guilty of falsifying records for the mere sake of notoriety, and as the cartoon insinuates that we did indulge in this sort of thing, we feel that its publication has decidedly injured our reputation and good name. If, as you say, you had no one in view when you published the cartoon, will you please explain:

- 1st. What prompted the idea of the cartoon?
- 2d. Who had the cartoon prepared for publication?
- 3d. Who authorized its publication?
- 4th. Who chose its title, and what was the reason for selecting that particular title?

5th. Did the person who selected the title suppose that the public would infer that the records mentioned were made on Long Island, or in Kamtchatka?

Your sentence continues, "—we will gladly say so in our next issue, but we should be obliged to publish your letter to show what we are getting at." There was certainly some reason for the publication of the cartoon over the title used, and what we desire is a satisfactory explanation and retraction of so much of the title as refers to the Long Island records, and thereby casts a stigma on our club or upon any of its members.

There is nothing in the letter of Mr. Barkman, or in this, that we are not willing to have published.

You close by saying, "As it is now no one knows." We differ with you on this point, and think "a great many know," as the matter is common talk both in New York and this city, and no doubt has been given widespread notoriety by the remarks under "Notes from Brooklyn" in the last issue of the *Bulletin*.

As to the records themselves, all that was claimed was accomplished, and if you desire any particular information concerning any part of the performances, we will gladly supply you with the same.

It is not the custom of papers generally, and cycling papers particularly, to go to the trouble of preparing full page illustrations, at perhaps considerable expense, without having some object in view; and when such illustrations by reason of their composition or title are of a peculiarly personal character, reflecting very unfavorably upon organizations or individuals, it is very moderate to demand and expect that a full explanation and retraction will be as publicly made as was the affront, particularly when the responsible parties claim the same was unintentional.

We shall therefore expect to see such explanation and retraction in the coming number of your journal.

Awaiting your reply, we are

Respectfully yours,  
L. W. SLOCUM, Capt.,  
W. I. TICKNOR,  
Committee, Brooklyn Bicycle Club.

[With the publication of the above letter, comments are unnecessary.—EDITOR.]

#### LEAGUE UNIFORMS.

The question of the poor quality of the uniforms having arisen, and the *GAZETTE*'s articles on same coupled with the facts of President Beckwith's stopping the making of any more uniforms till the quality can be guaranteed, and the appointment of a committee by the board of officers to inquire as to the expediency of having a new and better one, have caused in League circles a good deal of comment, and nearly all with one verdict; that the League should have a better uniform for the money paid. It is not right for the League to appoint an official tailor, unless he will furnish as good a cloth and uniform at the same or less price than outsiders. Yet such has not been the case; we know of League officials high up in rank who as long ago as last August discarded the regulation uniform as worthless, and sought new and better ones elsewhere. As showing that League members have been paying more

for their uniforms than they would need pay elsewhere, we print the following from a reliable tailor, who offers to furnish for \$12 what the official tailors sell for \$15, and this is not a recent offer either but has been a standing offer the past season. Three dollars each on the number of uniforms made the past year means something. The following letter tells the story:—

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

In reply to article in *Bulletin*, I would state that I do furnish League suits for \$12, claiming that right as an American citizen.

As for the cloth, I guarantee it of better quality, and for color being fast we have yet to hear the first complaint. Quite a few of the League's officials are using our suits and their testimonials show with great satisfaction. As it is impossible for mill men to make every roll of cloth exactly alike, the slight variation in color is easily accounted for and is something that cannot be avoided where cloth is made in large quantities. Our garments are all custom made, not allowing piece or team work in their construction and we warrant color right and quality of the very best. For the contract price would be willing to furnish suits of a very high grade in every respect.

REUBEN A. PUNNETT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1887.

The above letter only confirms what we have known for over a year—that League members are paying dear for their uniforms. Now if Punnett can furnish the uniforms for \$12 what is their cost? We have taken some trouble to find out. To begin, the cloth is made by the Middlesex Mills of Lowell, and will be furnished the League at \$1.67 per yard, 6-4 wide. Allowing three yards to the suit, we have a cost for cloth of \$5.01 per suit. The cost of making depends on how they are made. Having visited some half dozen tailors, large and small, we find the cost varies from \$4 to \$6, which cost includes the trimmings, placing the buttons at fifty-five cents, Browning, King & Co.'s price, which a well known button maker assures us is half profit. In a small tailoring establishment where the journeyman tailor takes the suit from the cutter and makes same complete, the highest estimate cost was \$6, and in large establishments where work is done by the piece or team work, the cost is from \$4 to \$4.50. We will now take the estimates, and what is the result?

#### JOURNEYMAN WORK.

Cost of cloth,	\$5.01
Add 10 per cent. profit,	.50
Making, medium estimate,	.50
Add 25 per cent. profit,	1.35
Total,	\$12.26

The above gives us a better made suit than we have been having and shows a handsome profit for the manufacturer, and had the suit been sold to League members at \$12.50, the profit to manufacturers for the year, assuming that they have sold 2,900 suits the past year as has been reported, would be \$6,061—a handsome showing. But when we come to consider that they were sold at \$15, we have a profit of \$13,318, certainly all that could be asked by the League tailors for one year. Now as uniforms are generally made by the piece, we will take an estimate by that process:—

Cost of cloth,	\$5.01
Add 10 per cent. profit,	.50
Making, medium estimate,	.40
Add 25 per cent. profit,	1.05
Total,	\$10.76

This is a fair estimate, and one that will give the League a good suit of cloth of the same quality, made by the same mills as the League cloth, and leave a fair profit; or had the suits been furnished on the above basis a saving would have been made to League members of \$4.24 on each suit, or a total on the 2,900 suits of \$12,296, and if made by the above process there was a profit to

the manufacturers of \$5.79 per suit, or a grand total profit on the 2,900 suits of \$16,881. That our estimates are correct in every particular as to the cost of cloth, making, etc., is proved by the fact that one of the largest athletic outfitters in this country has offered to furnish us with all of the L. A. W. suits needed, meeting all the past requirements and guaranteeing them of a better quality, for \$10.80 per suit. We then are in a position to save every League member just \$4.20 on his uniform. Can we have the contract? If so, we shall have a nice little nest egg at the end of the season, for we shall not furnish them at cost, but expect to make a little for our trouble.

#### THE "L. A. W. BULLETIN."

The League, in the rôle of publisher, has proved itself a decided failure financially; not because it has not had a golden opportunity, but because the executive committee, or whoever managed the business affairs of the *Bulletin*, lacked the knowledge necessary to make it a success. Great surprise is manifested that the books of the *Bulletin* show a deficit of \$5,900; but to any one thoroughly conversant with the business, it is no more than might have been expected. Had the members of the executive committee watched the disbursements and the income of the *Bulletin* as carefully as they would have done their own private business, they would have found out long ago that there was something wrong in its affairs. As it is, they are guilty of negligence in not stopping the loss before the treasury was depleted and the League once more burdened with a debt.

An examination of the advertising rates shows a great lack of knowledge of the prices that should have been charged the past year, and the first step of the new secretary-editor has been to remedy this source of loss by doubling the charges for advertising space. There is nothing so conclusive as figures; therefore we give a few, which will show to our readers clearly a reason for the present financial state of the League organ. We, of course, have not the official figures, so will, in case of doubt, give the benefit of it to the *Bulletin*, and, first, will credit it with low figures in the cost of production.

To illustrate, we will take the case of a single advertiser, whose contract for one page for a year was \$500. It cost to produce that page,—what? Let us see: In 1886 there were issued 48,150 copies of the *Bulletin*, at a total cost of \$13,808.76. For every page of advertisement there must be a page of reading matter; therefore we must charge to that page the cost of production of two pages, or one leaf. Allowing that the paper weighs forty-five pounds to the ream, we find that it took 126 reams of paper, which, at eight cents a pound, cost \$453.60; the cost of composition of the fifty-two pages of reading matter and the advertisement cost \$260 more; the press work, at one dollar per thousand sheets, cost \$126; the binding—counting the one leaf's share of the full sheet—cost \$42; and the postage, at one cent per pound, cost \$56.70. Leaving out the wrapping, clerk hire, postage on correspondence, office rent, paid contributions, etc., a recapitulation shows the following results:—

Paper,	\$453.60
Composition,	260.00
Press work,	126.00
Binding,	42.00
Postage,	56.70
	\$938.30

We find that the League has been using the *Bulletin* for the benefit of its advertising patrons

by giving them \$938.30 for \$500. Is this business, gentlemen?

In view of the increased rates of advertising, we find that the *Bulletin*, if it succeeds in obtaining a page advertisement for every page of reading matter, will hold its own; otherwise it will run a trifle behind. Could this loss have been stopped? We claim that it could. Take the table of losses, as reported by Mr. Aaron:—

January,	\$294.82
February,	81.23
March,	272.92
April,	83.72
May,	none.
June,	274.87
July,	249.67
August,	166.10
September,	415.60
October,	513.25
November,	426.55
December,	762.74
Total,	\$3,871.47
Less May profit,	130.56
Net loss,	\$3,740.91

Showing an average loss per month of \$311.74. The year started off with a loss in January of \$294.82, and ended with a loss in December of \$762.41. And this is what is called intelligent management on the part of the League officers!

P. S. Since writing the above we have obtained the official figures, and we find that the cost to the League of the advertisements with the corresponding reading matter was

Per page,	\$1124.28
Postage,	56.70
Total,	\$1180.98

For this the L. A. W. received \$500. Truly the management has something to be proud of—its generosity to its advertising patrons. Our estimate is cast completely in the shade by the official figures. We leave it to our readers to draw their own conclusions.

#### L. A. W.

The League has just enjoyed the novelty of a first-class row—not caused by Fred Jenkins, Henry E. Ducker, or the much-vexed amateur question, either—but a genuine, internal row within the ring, so to speak, and the end is not yet. The League seems famous for rows, and we hope this last and most bitter one will be the final one. It is high time that the men composing the League should cease acting like quarrelsome boys, and settle down to their actual duties as League members and officers, for there is a grand future before them. But their methods must be changed. Petty jealousies must be set aside. Sectional issues relative to officeholding must cease to exist, and the best men, irrespective of location, elected to office—men of sound business principles, capable of conducting the League on a business basis.

The resignation of Mr. Aaron will be regretted by many; but, to our mind, Mr. Aaron long ago undertook to accomplish more than any one man is capable of. The offices of secretary and editor should be separated and held by two men, each one of whom would have all he could attend to. The election of Mr. Bassett to the post made vacant by Mr. Aaron's withdrawal is commendable, and will, we have every reason to believe, give general satisfaction to all L. A. W. members.

A grist of business was transacted at the two days' session, little of which concerns the outside public, reports of which L. A. W. members will find in their *Bulletin*. The League voted to hold its next meeting at St. Louis on May 21 and 22, and also determined that no officer shall be proxy

for another unless he be designated by name in the handwriting of the officer signing the proxy. For an organization to be a League club, it was decided to be necessary that the by-laws contain a clause making it obligatory for all active members of the club to be members of the League. A provision was made allowing clubs to be represented at the annual meetings by proxies. It was also voted that no action of any rival cycling organization upon the management of wheeling in this country be recognized by the League. Hereafter chief consuls will fill any vacancies which may occur on the board of representatives in their respective States. The secretary was instructed to prepare a League hand-book, to be sold to members for ten cents a copy. A committee was appointed to investigate certain charges relative to League uniforms which have appeared in the *Gazette*, and were supposed to reflect on President Beckwith. A few matters of minor importance were transacted, and the meeting adjourned to meet at St. Louis, May 21.

#### JOE GRANT'S NEW "BI."

BY T. W. E.

"Bill, have you heard the latest news  
That's floating round the town?  
I'll tell it as it may amuse,  
So here, my friend, sit down.  
You say, 'Don't keep me in suspense,'  
So I will not delay;  
You'll think with me it is 'immense'  
When I get under way.  
  
"Joe Grant, you know, he joined our club  
About two years ago;  
The way since then he's turned the 'hub'  
Has made each man feel slow!  
Then soon he took a partner in  
The rides and walks of life;  
A 'daisy' with some show of 'tin'  
Is Molly, his trim wife!  
Many a time we've wheeled with them  
Or seen them on the road;  
She rides a 'tri.,' a perfect gem,  
A beauty like its load.  
'Well, what's what's what's?' again you ask;  
I won't be very long;  
We'll light our pipes, omit the flask,  
I'm pledged against the 'strong'!  
  
"Well, Joe has got him a new 'bi'!  
Before I tell its name  
Some points about it I deservy  
Will give in word-list plain,  
It came a week ago to-day,  
But Joe was within call—  
The best of wheelmen then lost way  
To think or act at all!  
He felt so proud, it was brand-new,  
Far better than the old;  
He couldn't leave it out of view  
So choice it seemed of mold.  
At first he couldn't manage it—  
Sometimes will fail the best—  
But was rejoiced near by to sit,  
Still dared not yet molest.  
  
"'Full nickel'd' in the best of art  
He never has denied,  
And *nicks* take a heavy part,  
As weighty as his pride!  
Two 'lamps' at head,—but few have one,  
And that than these less bright,  
To guide it as it takes a run  
Ere long at morn or night.  
Such shapely, pretty 'hand-  
(H) l-bars' descriptive praise,  
No 'break' there, please to understand,  
Unfound by closest gaze!  
At times appearin' heavy 'tired'  
As roadster's strongest rim;  
Strange 'rattling spokes' so unadmired  
Then make most plain to him'  
The curved shape of his old machine  
Were't here would but deform,

And nerves of steel' that ~~never~~  
Here would detract all charm  
It has no 'rubbers'—not as yet  
I thought 't went' is quite grand,  
But still for luck it does not fret,  
Nor alone can it stand!

"Most points are new, but many like  
Joe's old and steadfast friend,  
The rollicking, swift roadway bike,  
And will be to the end.  
But you are anxious now I see  
To learn the wonder's name,  
Or kind, or pedigree,  
And I'll reveal the same.  
Another smoke before you go?  
"Twill help your time employ—  
The new 'bi's' name is after 'Joe,'  
There's nothing like their boy!"

#### STILL STRUGGLING WITH THE INDEXES.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

The West Springfield woods are full of Indexes, this winter, in spite of the deeply-drifted snows; and I am told that a similar phenomenon prevails in the forests of Washington Square. Until I force my way out of these woods, a decent regard for the old proverb forbids me to cry, "Hallo!" Hence I can now proclaim nothing more definite than the foot-note to the Stevens story, on p. 176, which says that my "X. M. Miles on a Bi." will be published in March or April.

Only a man who has battled with a full-grown and thoroughly vicious Index can realize how glad I feel at having conquered the worst of the lot that are needed as bait for 30,000 purchasers of my book. This single monster is an alphabetized list of 3,482 towns, whose page-references exceed 8,500, and it covers 23 solid pages of fine type. After about 400 hours' work had been put upon it, by other hands, the mere task of beating it into shape for the printer occupied me an entire week.

The last quarter of the "Index of chapter headlines" will be completed by two more days of writing, and will all be in type before this note is published. The "Index to all the family names in the book," and a dozen other special Indexes, are practically ready for the type-setter; but, as regards the General Index, I have thus far beaten up only a quarter of the 800 pages, in the endeavor to materialize it. The best I now hope for is to get the last line licked into shape by the last day of winter.

If I succeed in this, the binders ought to begin turning out their promised "200 books a day" at the middle of March. Anyhow, I feel fairly confident that boxes of books will be in the hands of some of my depositaries at the middle of April.

Wheelmen outside these 108 principal towns where such boxes are to be sent may have their names put on my "early mailing-list of the autograph edition," by sending \$1.50 in advance. As a receipt for every such remittance, I will forward a 45-page pamphlet, containing a specimen chapter and full history of the book. Cash orders arriving after publication-day will be acknowledged by postal-card, and will be filed to take their turn when subscribers' copies shall have been attended to.

I don't want to have any more of the original "dollar subscribers" send in their money until they see my advertisement of the actual issue of the book and the cost of mailing it. I release them all from every shadow of obligation towards me,—for I shall lose money on every copy I mail at the original price, unless the postage be added to it.

KARL KRON.

## THE STORY OF STEVENS.

## II. LIVERPOOL TO TEHERAN.\*

Stevens left Liverpool on Saturday, May 2, 1885, at 4 P. M., and was escorted by local riders, through several showers, to Warrington; he stopped at Stone for the night of the 3d, and rode on the 4th through Birmingham to Coventry (60 miles), in spite of continuous rain; reached Berkhamsted, his native place, on the 5th, and London on the 6th; whence (after a three days' halt, to attend the annual tricycling parade) he fared to Croydon, on the 9th, and through Brighton to Newhaven, on the 10th,—finishing thus “the first 300 miles he ever wheeled without a header.” Disembarking at Dieppe, next morning, his course lay through the Arques valley to Rouen and Elbeuf; thence, on the 12th, to Mantes, on the Seine; and on the 13th to Paris, at 2 P. M., where he rested the next two days. On the 16th, he went through Fontenoy and Provins to Sezanne, where “a heavy rain during the night rather improved the gravel surface,” so that on the 17th, starting at 8.30 A. M. and stopping one hour for dinner at Vitry le François (65 kil.), he “reached Bar le Duc at 5 P. M., a distance of 160 kilometers (about 100 miles), without any undue exertion. The forenoon's road was one of the most enjoyable stretches imaginable, most of the surface being as perfect as an asphalt boulevard, and the contour of the country somewhat resembling the swelling prairies of Iowa.” A storm of rain and hail enforced a halt during the 18th, at the village of Trouville, but on the 19th, in spite of bad weather, he reached Nancy, and on the 20th crossed into Germany (Lorraine), and spent the night at Pfalzburg. His French mileage was about 400, representing only six full riding days; for he “found the Normandy roads superior even to the English; those east of Paris not quite so good, but better than the roads around Boston. Through the Arques valley, there is not a loose stone or rut or depression anywhere; and at every cross-roads stands an iron post, giving distances in kilometers and yards to several of the nearest towns; while small stone posts along the roadside mark every 100 yards. The German roads possess the single merit of hardness, but generally make no pretense to smoothness; the idea, apparently, being to keep spreading plenty of loose flint-stones on the surface,—so that the wheelman must either follow the wheel-marks or pick his way along the edges. This is especially true of Bavaria. I was agreeably surprised to find the roads through Servia rank next to the French and English, though as they are mostly unmacadamized, my experience of them might not have been as enjoyable if wet weather had prevailed. The camel-paths across the level plains of Persia, being of hard gravel, are simply perfect for wheeling, as is shown by the fact that I covered the last 200 miles to Teheran, the capital, in three days; but that was incomparably the best

stretch east of Constantinople, and I had rather wheeled from Constantinople to London and back again, than from Ismidt to the Persian frontier. In Asia Minor and Koordistan, I found little else but mountains, and they were the steepest ones I ever climbed. The mule-paths and camel-trails which I followed there for nearly 1,000 miles, over a succession of mountain ranges and spurs, were immeasurably more difficult than anything experienced in the Rockies. Nevertheless, all through Angora (which poverty-stricken province boasts 450 miles of artificial wagon-road, thanks to the energy of the present mayor of its capital, Souleiman Efendi), I would prefer the bicycle to a horse.”

Constantinople was his first appointed stopping place, on account of the heat (July 2 to August 12), and he estimated his two months' mileage thither from Liverpool as about 2,750,—his longest halt having been at Vienna, for the first three days of summer. His itinerary from the Rhine was as follows: “May 20, good but hilly roads, through the rain, to Saverne; slippery descent into the Rhine valley at Marlenheim; cross the river at Strasburg; level and less muddy to Oberkirch; 21st, up the Rench valley, by well-nigh perfect road to Petersthal; then miles of steep trundling through the Black Forest, till I cross the line from Baden into Wurtemburg, at the summit, and have a smooth and gentle descent to Freudenstadt; 22d, rather hilly and stony, to Rothenburg; 23d, rain and mud, through Tubingen to Blaubeuren; 24th, down the Danube to Ulm, where I cross into Bavaria, and reach Augsburg at early evening, having covered 120 kilometers since 10 o'clock, spite of abundant loose stones; 25th, Munich, where I halt for the afternoon and next day; 27th, starting after a night's rain, through a waste of loose flints and mud-filled ruts, I take my first European header; find better roads along the Inn river to Alt Oetting; 28th, at Simbach, cross the Inn and enter Austria, whose upland roads thence to the valley of the Danube have less loose flints but are aggravatingly hilly; 29th, Strenburg; 30th, Neu Longbach; 31st, at noon, Vienna. June 4, have an Austrian escort to Pressburg, where cross into Hungary at noon, and find a fair proportion of side-paths to Altenburg,—dry weather having made the highway as unridable as a plowed field; 5th, down the Danube, through the level wheat-fields to Nezmely; 6th, through broiling hot weather, by rather smoother but hillier roads, to Budapest, where I am welcomed by the C. T. C. consul, L. D. Kostovitz, who introduced the first bicycle here, on his return from England, in the autumn of '79, though there are now 100 riders; 8th, to Duna Pentele, 75 miles; hot and dusty, but superior roads, fringed with mulberry trees, instead of the poplars, which were the crowning glory of the French landscape, and the abundant apple and pear trees which shaded the way in Germany; 9th, Szekard; 10th, Duna Szekeso,—where I halt half a day, as it is the home of Svetozar Egali, who is my companion from Budapest to Belgrade, and who wheeled in '84 from Montpellier, in France, through Italy, Styria and Croatia, to Budapest; 11th, Eszek, the capital of Slavonia, where rain stops us for a day, and causes much slow trundling through the mud, on the 13th, to Sarengrad; 14th, Peterwardein, on the border of Hungary, opposite Neusatz; 15th, over the Fruskagora mountains to Batainitz; 16th, early in the forenoon to Belgrade, the capital of Servia, where a bicycle club of thirty

forms the last cycling outpost towards the Orient; 18th, Grotzka, 25 kilometers, from 4 to 7.30 P. M.; 19th, Jagodina, 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.,—145 kilometers, in spite of the great heat, and much poor surface during the first 45 kilometers to Semendria, where I left the Danube which I had been following in a general way for a fortnight, and turned due south up the smaller Morava valley; 20th, Nisch, 5.30 A. M., to 6 P. M.,—120 kilometers of even better average riding than the day before; 21st, over the Balkans and through the Nissiva valley to Bela Palanka, 50 kilometers, where rain holds me over Sunday, while my companion from Belgrade (Douchan Popovitz, ‘the best rider in Servia’) hires a team to drag him back through the mud to Nisch; 23d, through the border towns of Pirot and Zaribrod, unto Bulgaria,—a country of mountains and plateaus,—to Sofia, its capital, 5 A. M. to 4.30 P. M., 110 kilometers, in spite of mud, hill climbing and rutty roads; 24th, helped by the wind, the same as yesterday, I manage to ride, along the worst road yet experienced in Europe, to Ichitman, in Roumelia, at 3 o'clock; 25th, through mud and rain, over the Kodja Balkans, then down the Maritza valley by decent macadam to a *mehana* beyond Tartar Bazardjik; 26th, a ride of two hours, on good surface, for breakfast at Philippopolis, the capital; then through showers and mud to Cauheme; 27th, fairly smooth but hilly roads to Hermouli, the last town of Roumelia, at 11 A. M.; then against a head-wind to Mustapha Pasha, the first town in Turkey proper, and through the rain towards Adrianople, until 10 P. M., I reach a dry spot and crawl under some prune bushes for the night; 28th, breakfast in Adrianople, on roast lamb, the first well-cooked bit of meat I've had since leaving Nisch; rain has fallen during every one of these eight days, but I suppose I should be glad of it, for unsufferable heat is the only other alternative in the Orient at this season; my road turns from the Maritza valley at Adrianople, and leads across the dreary undulations of the Adrianople plains—treeless and hilly grazing lands, traversed by small sloughs—to Eski Baba, where rain holds me during Sunday, 29th, and where my fourth *Outing* chapter is finished. My course for these last two days has led along an ancient and abandoned macadam, which gives occasional ridable stretches, where the traffic has worn down the weeds and thistles, and which offers a refuge from the mud-sloughs of the adjacent dirt road, though nearly every bridge and culvert has been destroyed; and during the next two days of rain and mud I complete the European section of my tour, and roll into Constantinople on the morning of July 2, for a six weeks' halt. ‘We fancy the rider looks a little fatigued,’ says the *Stamboul Journal*, ‘but his horse is in good condition.’

“Crossing the Bosporus into Asia Minor, at Ismidt, August 10, I reach Angora (220 miles by cyclometer) at 6 P. M. of the 16th, though the post service over the same route takes nine days, and the first half of it is simply mule-paths over mountains,—the worst I ever traversed; and I stop at the house of Mr. Henry Binns, an Englishman engaged in the mohair trade, as my only chance of getting a day's quiet, against the tremendous mobs of curious natives who besiege every *khan* where I put up, from the moment of my arrival until I leave the town, importuning me to *bin! bin!* (‘mount! mount!’) and offering to give me everything conceivable, except what I most need—rest. Here at Angora, it is promised that if

\* From advance sheets of Chapter XXX. in “Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle” (856 pages of 500,000 words, cloth bound, gilt top, heliotype frontispiece, price \$1.50), to be published in March or April by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington Square, New York City. Copies will also be kept on sale at the office of the Springfield Printing Company, where the volume is manufactured.

The first part of this narrative, describing the preliminary ride of 3,700 miles, from San Francisco to Boston (April 22 to August 4, 1884), covered pages 159-162 in last month's *GAZETTE*, whereof copies can still be supplied. See note from author, introducing third division of the story on p. 178.

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

Branch Houses,  
12 Warren Street, New York.  
291 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Factory,  
Hartford, Ct.

Albert A. Pope, President.  
Edward W. Pope, Treasurer.

Pope Manufacturing Company

Columbia Bicycles and Tricycles,

79 Franklin Street, corner of Rock,

Boston, Mass.,

February 8, 1887.

Mr. H. E. Ducker,

The Wheelmen's Gazette, Springfield, Mass.

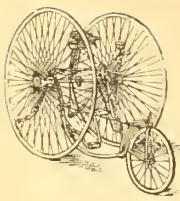
Dear Sir-- Please reserve for us six (6) extra pages in next issue  
of the Gazette.

It is opportune to here say that our advertising experience with  
your paper, which began with its first issue, has been entirely  
satisfactory,-- so much so that we shall probably never cease to lib-  
erally use its advertising pages.

Yours, &c.,

Albert A. Pope  
President.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.



A. W. GUMP,

(Successor to GUMP BROS.)



DEALER IN

New and Second-Hand Bicycles and Tricycles,

Guns and Sporting Goods.

Repairing and Nickel-Plating.

Dayton, Ohio, January 5, 1887.

The Wheelmen's Gazette,

Springfield, Mass.

Enclosed find draft in full for your statement of January 1 I have kept an account of replies received from my advertisement in all the cycling papers, and The Gazette takes the lead by considerable.

Wishing you a prosperous New Year, I remain,

Very respectfully,

A. W. GUMP.

a.m.

the crowds will give me a day's peace for letter writing, I will ride before them on the forenoon of departure, along a straight macadamized stretch of 600 yards, outside the town; and at 10.30 on the 18th, I find more than 2,000 people awaiting there to see 'the crazy Englishman on the Devil's carriage.' The body-guard of the governor, Sirri Pacha (who is present, with most of the government officials and the *élite* of the city), whip back the throngs to clear the course for me, and I wheel up and down this thrice, before starting on for Sivas (238 miles), a city of 50,000, where I halt a day and have an interview with the pasha, Halif Rifat, and with the American missionary, Rev. A. W. Hubbard. Between August 27 and September 3, I traverse the next 308 miles to Erzeroum, a daily average of 40 miles, in spite of bridgeless streams and precipitous mountain-trails, for in the valleys I often find stretches of road that would be creditable to a European country. Leaving Erzeroum on the 7th, I pass into Persia at a point beyond Khoi, and reach Tabreez (389 miles) on the 18th, doing the last 40 miles on macadam in half a day. This is a part of the great caravan route, and though there are no wheeled vehicles at all in Persia, the country is less mountainous than Asia Minor, and the camel-trails allow more riding than I expected. Tabreez is the site of ancient Tarsus, and on the way hither I pass close to the foot of Mt. Ararat, whose top is covered with snow. I halt in Tabreez two days, as there are several English-speaking residents with whom I can talk; and I find Europeans in charge of two telegraph stations which I encounter on the way to Teheran (376 miles), where I finish my touring for 1885 at noon of September 30. It seems a pity to be resting in October, the best month of the twelve for traveling in Central Asia, but as I could get no farther east than Herat this season, and might be overtaken by bad weather on the way, it is wisest to spend the winter here at the capital, where I can learn something of the roads and customs and languages of the dangerous countries to be traversed in '86 (for, though I am well past the half-way stage of my round-the-world route, the real difficulties of it are still ahead), and write my *Outing* articles in comfort. Between Bei Bazaar, where my cyclometer-pin broke, and Sivas, where I had it repaired again, the measurement of 300 miles is by Turkish post-hours; all the rest of the way it is by cyclometer, and the total from Constantinople to Teheran is 1,576 miles. As I make no advance at all on seven days of the fifty, this shows an average daily progress through Asia of almost 37 miles,—without allowing for the shorter halts. During the two months which I spent in crossing Europe, I carried no cyclometer, but I compute the distance as 2,750 miles; and as my all-day halts amounted to a fortnight, the forty-eight days when I did some riding show an average advance of 57½ miles. There were thus 91 riding days in the five months' journey from Liverpool to Teheran (4,326 miles), showing an average of more than 47½ miles a day. The bicycle, like myself, has had several narrow escapes, but is without a serious flaw to tell the story of what it has undergone, except that the rear tire is worn quite down to the rim. I haven't had occasion to so much as tighten a spoke; and as I haven't had time to polish the nickel plate, it naturally presents a slightly travel-stained appearance. This fifty-inch wheel, it is safe to say, has created more genuine interest, from Constantinople to Teheran,

than anything that ever went over the same route. Within a week after my arrival, even the Shah himself invited me to gratify his curiosity by displaying to him the capacities of the mechanism; and on the 8th of October (as detailed in *January Outing*) I wheeled in the presence of that monarch, along the 7½ miles of macadam which connects the city with the royal palace and gardens at Doshan Tepe. My early experiences in Koordistan and Persia have been strange and varied almost beyond belief, and my descriptions of them cannot fail to be far more novel and entertaining than anything I ever wrote about the tours across America and Europe." (Illustrated articles about Teheran, by S. G. W. Benjamin, late U. S. Minister to Persia, appear in the current *Century* and *Harper's*, January, 1886.)

The foregoing summary of Stevens's great journey, from San Francisco to Teheran, has been compiled by me, from several sources, at a cost of eight days' steady work (56 hours); and I have gladly given to it this great amount of time and space—just when both are very precious to me—not only because I think his adventure the most remarkable and interesting exploit ever accomplished by a bicycle, or ever likely to be accomplished, but because it appeals to me personally, as having a sort of kinship with my own desperate struggle to push this book around the world. Stevens was born the day before Christmas, the same as myself, though eight years later; he learned bicycling at the close of 1883, as the first step in his scheme, just when I was formulating the first prospectus of mine; he made the "impossible" passage from the Pacific to the Mississippi during the same early months of 1884 while I was capturing the "impossible" 1,000 subscribers that I called for as a preliminary guarantee of good faith,—both of us thereby simultaneously winning from the cycling world that sort of recognition which is always given to men whose acts show they mean what they say; he completed the second stage of his journey, by entering Constantinople, at the middle of 1885 (which few people seriously expected him to do), on almost the identical day when I registered my long-fought-for 3,000th subscription (which all well-informed observers had insisted was unattainable); he reached his winter's resting place, at the capital of Persia, just when I was compelled to give my overworked right arm a similar long rest, by learning to push the pen with my left; and now, at the opening of 1886, he realizes, as clearly as I do, that this third and decisive year is to be the most difficult of any, and that the obstacles overcome are almost insignificant in comparison to the barriers still separating us from our respective goals of success. Indeed, it would hardly be an abuse of words to carry the comparison even further, and say that I have remotely and imperceptibly and unwillingly done something similar to that which he has done directly and openly and boldly: staked life itself on the ability to "get there."

To a man like me, who has always accounted among the necessities of existence a fair amount of outdoor exercise, and the companionship of his friends, a long continued stretch of "solitary confinement at hard labor" bears a suggestion of deadliness about it, even when self-imposed; and, though I claim no credit for thus obeying that apparently inevitable law of the universe, which decrees that nothing important shall be accom-

plished here except by one who is willing to "sail as closely as possible to the wind" of his probable strength and vitality,—in other words, to push himself as near the brink of actual suicide as he believes can be done without tumbling over it,—I hope the comparison, which I point by alluding to that law, may at least help to clear Stevens, in the minds of some, from any appearance of being either reckless or foolhardy. He is as much of a man-of-business as I am, and he has the same motive and inspiration that I have for accomplishing the same result, though his "environment" enforces the use of methods which are much more spectacular and interesting—because more dangerous—than my own. We both believe that the most amusing place to enjoy a view of "life" is from the top of a bicycle, and we are both willing to make the needed sacrifices to earn enough money for indulging in that amusement. It is proper that he should have his pay ensured him in advance, because of the vastly greater peril that he undergoes; but I insist that such insurance does not make his motive a whit more "mercenary" than my own. If any supercilious persons are inclined to sneer at Stevens because his round-the-world bicycling is "an advertisement," I hope to be complimented by having them extend the sneer to cover me and my round-the-world book. This was designed simply as "an advertisement," —a more elaborate and painstaking advertisement of the power and permanence of cycling than any man's pen had previously attempted,—and if (instead of wearily drumming up "3,000 subscribers") I could have persuaded a single generous patron of the sport to have ensured my whole payment in advance, I should have thought myself much luckier than now, when the question of my receiving an adequate reward for two years' work actually rendered is a question of my still finding 30,000 individual patrons disposed to contribute their mites towards that result.

The insularity and littleness of the average British business-man's mind were never more perfectly shown than in the inability of "the trade" of England to grasp the idea that the success of the Stevens scheme would be "an advertisement" for each and every one of them. Instead, therefore, of "booming" it to the utmost, through the press, for their own business advantage, and getting some share of the credit as its ostensible supporters, they held aloof from it, and as far as possible ignored it, as if it were a dangerous Yankee trick for discrediting the manufacturers of England. I was glad to find, at our first interview, that Stevens himself had none of this narrowness of vision, but heartily accepted my own theory as to the essential "solidarity" (in distinction from rivalry) of our two schemes for the manufacture and sale of cycling literature. "The success of one must help rather than hinder the success of the other," I said to him then and still believe; and my strong sympathy for the man himself may perhaps render the story of his Oriental adventures more interesting to me than to those who never met him, or who have less enthusiasm than I for seeing the world a-wheelback; but I do not think I am controlled by any selfish or personal considerations when I urge every one of my readers to read his *Outing* sketches, and in due time to buy the book which is to be built from them. Such slight hints as have already been printed about the "wild times" he has had in penetrating Asia, are enough to stir the blood of the most sluggish with a keen desire to learn

the full details of them; and if any cyclers exist who regard his story with indifference, I can only say, as one of my earliest subscribers said of those who might fail to pledge me their support on the instant of reading the first prospectus of this book: "Their bicycles ought to be taken right away from them!"

Karl Kron's explanatory note to the editor of the *GAZETTE* (dated January 25, 1887) is as follows: "On this third anniversary of the day when the *Wheel* published my prospectus, and urged that the scheme for a 'great American road book' ought to be promptly supported by 1,000 subscriptions from the League, I send for your use the second part of the Stevens story. It was written and electrotyped thus, last January; and I should have dropped down in despair, then, if I could have foreseen that more than a year was destined to elapse before its publication. Though no one among the eleventh-hour admirers of the round-the-world bicycler can possibly rejoice as much as I do over his triumph, the fact of his 'getting there' seems somehow to intensify the dismay I feel over the slowness of my own adventure. My prediction that '86—the third and most difficult year of both schemes,—must also be the decisive year of both, has come true in his case only. In mine, the decision has been deferred for '87; and 'all previous troubles seem like child's play in comparison' with the labors just ahead of me for forcing that decision to be fortunate."

"The other one of my last January's predictions about Stevens has likewise come true: I mean the final remark of my sketch, as to the probable interest attaching to the full narrative of his seven weeks' Asiatic tour (1,576 miles), Constantinople to Teheran. This has run through eleven issues of *Outing* (March, '86, to January, '87), and has proved very attractive,—not only for wheelmen, but for lovers of travel and adventure in general. Even so authoritative a critic as the *Nation* has been pleased to commend it,—as the only feature rising above the magazine's dead-level of common-place,—while the Springfield *Republican*, alluding to the rumored death of Stevens in China, called him 'a writer of excellent quality, whom the literature of travel can ill-afford to spare.' As his experiences of '86 (in Persia, Afghanistan, Russia, India, China, and Japan,—whereof I now send you an abstract, covering two-and-a-half pages in my book) were even more extraordinary than his progress through Asia Minor in '85, the story of them in forthcoming issues of *Outing* can hardly fail to be of absorbing interest. His illustrated volume, 'Around the World on a Bicycle,' which will ultimately be produced to contain the completed series, has an extensive sale assured it in advance. A year ago, I said of it (remark quoted on p. 159 of January *GAZETTE*), that, if issued in its then fragmentary form, 'it would make a more readable book than any existing specimen of cycling literature'; and I now hazard little in expressing the belief that no such specimen which may be published in the future will ever equal it in readability.

"Not simply for his audacity in conceiving the journey, his courage and shrewdness in facing its dangers, and his physical endurance in surviving its hardships,—but also for his literary gift in so telling the tale as to compel the respectful attention of that outside world which still scoffs at the 'childishness' of bicycling,—does Thomas Stevens well deserve all the honors which can be accorded him by the 'world-on-wheels.' He deserves early deliverance, too, from the petty patronage of any publisher whose ignorance of American wheeling sentiment leads into such blunders as were thus reproved by the regular Boston correspondent of the *L. A. W. Bulletin* (Dec. 31, 1886, p. 630): 'The statements occasionally published by the editor of *Outing* are sufficiently nonsensical to make one feel positively fatigued. It is a fact that Colonel Pope furnished the needful to start Stevens on his way; and whatever success he attains will be largely due to the liberality of that gentleman. What objection can there be to having the truth known?' What greater contempt could be shown for the intelligence of wheelmen, I may further ask, than this assumption of ability to hoodwink them into believing that any credit for promoting the Stevens adventure attaches to the present owners of *Outing*? When Colonel Pope 'unloaded' that magazine upon them, last winter, he presumably arranged that they should carry out the contract with Stevens (who was then in Persia), as well as the other unexpired contracts; but he thereby gave them no right to detract one iota from the undivided praise due himself for sending a Columbia bicycle round the world. It is the first step which costs, and 'whatever a man does through others is his own act also.' Since I gave personal testimony to Colonel Pope, two years ago, that

my six months' intercourse with Stevens had convinced me of his being really a man to count on,—a man of the sort who doesn't know how to turn back,—so now I feel bound to testify that the full credit for this magnificent and historic advertisement (which in some measure helps every dealer who makes or sells bicycles,—not only in America but in the whole English-speaking world) attaches to Boston alone. New York cannot pretend to have so much as a shadow of a share in it.

"If any curious seeker for truth will turn back to page 293 in the *Bulletin* of October 23, 1885, he may discover how 'Hal' took to task another Boston man, the editor of the *Bi. World*, who wrote home from London depreciatingly of Stevens, as a sort of nondescript advertising dodger, and sympathizingly of the cold-shoulder shown him by the English cycling scribes, 'who considered him of no more social importance than the hand-bill one throws in the gutter.' Apt comparison was made by 'Hal' of the similar indifference of the English towards Stanley, the explorer, 'as a mere walking advertisement of the *New York Herald*,' until, by help of the *Herald's* money, he forced their mean eyes to open admiringly upon him as a credit to their country. I was so much pleased by the spirit of 'Hal's' remarks, that I at once wrote a two-column letter (*Bulletin*, Nov. 13, p. 332), declaring that, though the English makers, and the writers of their trade-papers, might all be small-minded enough, and short-sighted enough, to sneer at and helittle their countryman's daring attempt,—merely because a Yankee's money was behind it,—we Americans were none the less proud to consider Stevens one of ourselves, and to believe that his dozen years' experience in the free life of the West had done something to develop his manliness.

"Yet, almost at the very time of his greatest danger, in China, the owner of the *C. T. C. Gazette*—in printing the story of a tourist who said that the people in a remote town of France, where a bicycle had never before been seen, 'asked whether I was the man who was riding round the world' (Oct., '86, p. 414)—felt bound to sneer, by inserting an editorial foot-note, thus: 'Refers to Stevens, who is carrying out an advertising ride for the American journal, *Outing*.' A few weeks later, according to the official law-courts' record in the *London Times* of November 23 (the very day when Stevens began his delightful trip through Japan), Mr. Justice Wills rebuked this supercilious person for having indulged in 'the lowest and vulgarlest abuse of the worst form of journalism,'—after his confession in open court that he had committed literary forgery, by printing in his *Gazette* an abusive phrase of his own as if it were part of a letter to which an innocent contributor's signature was attached. This scandal has been tolerably well-advertised already, and it must cause the ultimate break-up of the 'C. T. C.', unless the '21,000 members' discover some means of superseding their autocratic ruler by a man of common honesty. Comparing the 'advertising' which he has thus won in the cycling world with the 'advertising' which Stevens has won, I am free to express a preference for the latter.

"Ticknor & Co., of Boston, have lately issued an illustrated octavo, 'Persia and the Persians,' by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. Minister at Teheran, which may be read with profit by those who wish to know about the city where Stevens stayed five months (Oct., '85, to Feb., '86), preparing for the third and most desperate stage of his journey. The facts for the short sketch of this, which I managed to crowd into pages 570-572 (at the end of Chapter XXXII., containing 'British and Colonial Records'), have all been previously given by the press, in fragmentary form, during the last nine months; but the sketch first weaves them together as a connected story. It thus, in some measure, has the effect of novelty, and it at least serves to show that when the famous bicycler shall himself tell the wondrous tale in full, his words will need no push from the *Outing* people to command the world-wide attention of wheelmen."

### III. TEHERAN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

"Starting out from Teheran, March 10, with summer helmet and low shoes, I reached Meshed on the 30th, through two feet of snow,—after an almost continuous struggle with the elements, which made all troubles of the previous 8,000 miles seem like child's play in comparison. The route would be fairly agreeable in pleasant weather, for much good wheeling surface would be found, and no difficult mountains, but in March, Khorassan is a fearful country. After a rain storm, streams of liquid mud come down from the mountains and

spread over the plain, forming an almost impassable barrier to a cycler. I have forded as many as 50 streams in a day; and the wind blows worse than it does in Wyoming or Nebraska. The changes in temperature are also sudden and violent. On March 28, when 45 miles from Meshed, I got caught in a blizzard that would do credit to Minnesota. In the midst of it, I fell down in a stream, dropped the bicycle and wetted everything. With clothes frozen stiff, hands numb, one finger slightly frost-bitten, and the blizzard at its worst, I had to wade through snow-drifts, ford other streams, and toil on over the desolate mountains for miles, before even the meanest shelter was finally reached. Next morning, it was barely possible to struggle ahead, along the single trail broken by pack-animals through two feet of snow; but by noon the sun grew uncomfortably hot, making ankle-deep mud and slush, through which I trundled the bicycle for 14 miles." On March 8, the Russian minister at Teheran had assured Stevens that no official obstacles should hinder his passage through Siberia; and he therefore intended to steer for Irkutsk, and thence—if the south route for Pekin seemed utterly impracticable—reach the Pacific by way of the Amoor valley. Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, Tashkent, and Tomsk were intermediate places which he had planned to touch at during this "journey of 6,000 miles over camel-paths and desert wastes"; but, even before he got to Meshed, the Russian authorities sent a messenger to notify him that he could not pass beyond their frontier. So, after a week's delay, he turned south, in a vain attempt to reach India. His itinerary for the next 2½ months was mailed to me from Constantinople, June 16, and I quote as follows: "April 7, Meshed to Sherifabad, hilly; 8th, mostly hilly, with some excellent going, to wayside caravansary; 9th, Torbet-i-Haiderie, mountainous; 10th, splendid wheeling, benighted in desert; 11th, Kaklu, some sand, some good gravel; 12th, Nukhab, bad mountains; 13th, small hamlet, average fair wheeling; 14th, Birjand, 300 miles from Meshed, good wheeling; 15th, Ali-abad (guest of Ameer of Seistan); 16th, Darmian, bad mountains; 17th, Tabbas, across a plain, fairly rideable; 18th, mountainous journey to huts on edge of the desert; 19th, enter Afghanistan and camp out on Dashti-na-oomed ('Desert of Despair'); 20th, nomad camp, half the wheeling fair, much of it rough; 21st, bad sandhills after leaving camp, reach a village near Harud; 22d, Ghalikue, irrigating ditches and cultivated land; 23d, nomad camp, good wheeling on gravel plain; 24th, Farrah, about 200 miles from Birjand." Here the governor of Farrah arrested him, and sent him back, under escort of Afghans, to Herat, 160 miles, 25th to 30th. For half this distance, to Subgowan, on the 27th, he found most of the wheeling fairly good, though rather flinty; but for the final 80 miles thence to Herat he and the bicycle were carried on horses, and eleven spokes were broken from the front wheel by an attempt of the carrying horse to roll upon it. Having six extra spokes, he managed to partly repair the damage, and he used the machine in this shape for the next 680 miles to the Caspian sea. During nine days' delay at Herat, he wrote to Col. Ridgway, of the British Boundary Commission, asking his intercession for a permit to cross the few hundred miles between that place and India; but Col. Ridgway's only answer was to instruct the governor of Herat that he be escorted back into Persia. So May 10, he resumed the backward journey, by a road about one-half rideable, to

a village whose name his Afghan guard refused to tell; on 11th, to a "water umbar," with very little wheeling; on 12th, by bad road to camp in Herirud jungle; and on the 13th, by fair riding, to Kariez, 100 miles from Herat. Here the Afghans released him after 19 days' arrest; and on 14th, he kept on alone, through Persia, to nomad camp; on 15th, to Furriman, and on 16th, to Meshed, at 1 P.M.,—thus covering 160 miles of good road in 2½ days, and completing a vain circuit of about 920 miles, which began April 7, at Meshed. "The next 300 miles to Sharood offered a fair road the whole distance and no bad mountains, so that I reached Sharood in 8 days,—the nightly halts being as follows: May 19, caravansary; 20th, village near Nishapoore; 21st, Lafaram; 22d, water umbar; 23d, Mazinan; 24th, camped out near caravansary; 25th, camped out. From Sharood to Bunder Guz, the port on Caspian sea where I embarked June 4, was a 4 days' journey of 120 miles,—the first part of it by fearful trail over the mountains, with mule carrying the wheel, to Asterabad, May 28-30; and on the 31st, I reached Bunder Guz. The rest of my route is shown thus: June 6, Baku; 7th, Tiflis; 8th, Batoum; 15th, Constantinople." *Outing* for September (p. 671) printed a letter dated at Constantinople, June 24, from Ernest Raleigh, who describes himself as "an unhappy and discomfited tourist, forbidden to travel anywhere beyond Meshed," and says he "therefore traveled back with Stevens, from Meshed to the Caspian, whence, after many days, we finally turned up at Constantinople." He declares that the pushing of a bicycle across Afghanistan to Farrah—"including a clear 120 miles of howling wilderness which no European had heretofore traversed in its entirety"—was "one of the most adventurous feats of modern times"; and he speaks with sarcasm of the "strained diplomacy" which caused Stevens to be turned back when he had thus "penetrated to within 370 miles of the British outposts."

Thus, the middle of June, '86, found Stevens again on the edge of Europe, at the same city which he first reached July 2, '85, and from which he had sailed 75 miles to Isnidt, August 10, to begin the stretch, of 1,576 miles ending at Teheran, September 30. During the three months of his return wanderings between Teheran and Constantinople, he seems to have pushed the bicycle nearly 2,000 miles. On July 3, '86, he wrote from Suez: "I expect the steamer, on which I take passage to India, to arrive here to-morrow or next day. The monsoon season will be in full swing when I reach Kurrachee, but I don't know yet whether it will delay my start across India." Writing from Kurrachee July 26, he said he was in good health and was about to start on a good road straight for Calcutta; and he announced his arrival there, in letter of September 14, thus: "My tour has been accomplished in the season when all Europeans who can possibly escape from business are up in the hill stations, and when exposure and much exertion are considered highly indiscreet. I have, however, escaped with only one slight attack of fever, which laid me up for a couple of days at Benares. This is worthy of mention only as being the first occasion on the entire journey that I have had anything approaching a day's illness, or even a day's indisposition. Altogether, it is regarded as remarkable by the English in Calcutta that I have traversed 1,400 miles of Indian road on a bicycle at this season of the year and escaped with only one slight attack of fever. The weather has been very

trying and fever-inducing. All through Lower Bengal the clouds were hovering near the tree tops; when it wasn't pouring rain it was drizzling, and the roads were shallow streams. What with the profuse perspiration, the rain and the excessively humid atmosphere, a dry thread of clothing was entirely out of the question. I passed through districts where the natives were dying at a fearful rate, with a peculiarly malignant type of fever. My own immunity from serious illness I credit to the daily exercise. It must be this, because, from sheer necessity I have daily drank indifferent water, slept in damp clothes, and committed various other indiscretions inseparable from a bicycle tour through India in August and September. Notwithstanding these discomforts and drawbacks, there has been all along a genuine element of pleasure and satisfaction in the splendidly-metalled roads, smooth for the most part as an asphalt pavement, as well as in the many interesting objects and equally interesting people, so different from any other country. From Lahore to Sasseraw, a distance of about 1,000 miles, the road may truthfully be described as the finest in the world. It is perfectly level, metaled with *kunkah*, which makes a smooth, cement-like surface, and for a good portion of the way it is no exaggeration to call it an avenue. Through the Bengal hills it is less level, and is metaled with rock; the drenching monsoon rains have washed away the earth, and left the surface rough and trying on a wheel. My stay in Calcutta will be but three or four days, as I am anxious to push on to China and avoid the possibility of being overtaken there by winter."

The same page of *L. A. W. Bulletin* which printed the foregoing letter (Nov. 5, '86, p. 477) also quoted a longer one from "A. W." a correspondent of *Wheeling*, who talked with Stevens at Allahabad, August 29-31,—after he had passed through Umballa, Delhi, Agra, and Cawnpore. At 6 A. M. of the 31st, "A. W." and another cycler wheeled out with him to the Ganges and saw him well started by boat across the broad river, to take the road for Benares. "A. W." says: "It was perhaps lucky that he was turned back in Afghanistan, because, if he had been allowed to continue his ride, the chances were in favor of his being stuck by the Afghans for his machine and revolver; or he might have succumbed to the heat of the Indian sun, as he would have arrived here early in June, and the hardships he would have been compelled to go through must have been terrible. Indeed, the actual hardships which he has had to contend with here are what very few Europeans would care to try, even in the cold season. But, in spite of bad food (and very little of that, at times), wet clothes, mosquitoes, ants, jackals, dogs and other disagreeables too numerous to mention, he keeps his health and spirits and is gaining in muscle considerably." His experiences in China were the most difficult and dangerous of all. Leaving Canton, October 14, he reached the British consulate at Kiukiang, November 14; thence by steamship reached Shanghai on 18th, and Nagasaki (Japan) on 21st. "For four days out from Canton, there were no roads but an intricate maze of tracks through the rice-fields. Then even these paths stopped and left nothing but the Pe-Kang river and the rocky mountains sloping to its edge. Four days' poling, rowing and towing, to Chao-choo-foo, and four more with coolies carrying the bicycle, brought me over the Meeling pass, into the prov-

ince of Kiang-tse. Its paths were better than those of Quang-tung, and I wheeled my way down to Kin-gan-foo. Here the mob would have killed me, except for the two soldiers appointed by the authorities of the previous city, Ta-ho, to escort me within the gates of the chief magistrate. After midnight, when he had succeeded in dispersing the rioters, I was spirited away in a boat, under guard of six soldiers. Thenceforth the authorities never allowed me to wheel, but passed me on down stream by boat, from town to town, to Wu-ching, where, by much persuasion, I obtained leave to take a short cut across country to Kiukiang, but still with an escort." In Japan, however, where the native journals had heralded his advent, "officials and people vied with each other in paying him attention" so that his tour (Nov. 23 to Dec. 17) "seemed, in comparison, like a sort of progress through paradise." Sailing from Yokohama, December 22, he reached San Francisco, January 7, '87, and was very warmly welcomed.

#### THE WHEEL.

OPINION OF COL. POPE UPON AMERICAN CYCLING. INCREASE OF THE USE OF THE CYCLE AMONG ALL CLASSES. HOW A WANT LONG FELT BY THE LADIES HAS BEEN MET.

Next season almost definitely promises to be the most interesting and profitable in the history of American cycle trade. Things have become thoroughly settled, and the bicycle business to-day is recognized as one of the growing industries. At this point the retrospect of the past and the prospectus of the future come nicely into place. Boston holds the distinction of possessing the largest cycle house in existence. In his commodious office, at 597 Washington street, was found its head and organizer, Col. Albert A. Pope.

"Well, colonel," said the *Herald* reporter, "what can you say for publication about the rise of the bicycle business—a sort of evolutionary statement?"

"The question you have asked me is one which would involve such a large amount of answering that it would be impossible really to give you the statement you ask, though it is comparatively easy to offer to the public through your columns, at your request, a short résumé of this industry, that, commencing perhaps with the most unfortunate surroundings and ominous prophecies, has developed into by far the most successful of its kind in the United States. It is pretty generally known, at least among those associated with cycling, that at our factory the Columbia machine was started in 1878, and the first year's put-out was not only numerically insignificant, but, as compared with the products of the factory to-day, were crude and rough specimens of mechanical art. However, they satisfactorily fulfilled the requirements of the cyclist of those times, and the industry being in the minds of many purely an experiment, the comparative success was even more than, as a venture of industry, had been hoped for and anticipated."

"I suppose, colonel, that at about this period you found the universal opinion of cyclists was in favor of machines of foreign manufacture?"

"To a certain extent you are correct in your surmise. England was unquestionably the

BIRTHPLACE OF THE INDUSTRY, and we have no wish to take this one remaining laurel from the brow of the alma mater of cycling. The geographical conditions prevailing in Great

Britain were such as to inspire enthusiasm in the breasts of those who, early in the history of the art, became devotees of this means of progression. Great Britain has deservedly held a high place in mechanical industries, and the attention of numerous capitalists in that favored isle of cycling was directed to the manufacture of wheels, they perceiving a large demand for that class of manufacturers."

"Do you think that the bicycle tournaments, the racing tracks, and record breaking have been of material benefit to the increase of the cycling industry?"

"Undoubtedly to a certain extent records held on machines, races won, and the result to be obtained by good men on good wheels are always an advertisement. There is a certain class of young men in the Anglo-Saxon family who are devotedly attached to athletic exercises, and whatever particular branch they take up will be an incentive for some one to excel his companions. Racing, pure and simple, in its more attractive and honest forms, unfortunately has become a thing of the past. Men were paid, subsidized, in the employment of my company. Considerable difference of opinion has existed as to whether any concern is justified in doing this. This team successfully accomplished what we intended they should accomplish, achieving results which have been satisfactory alike to the industry, to our nationality, and to our corporation. In the light of results achieved, the racing track and tournament have been a success and have been instrumental in booming the sport."

"It was noticeable that at the last Springfield tournament the attendance was considerably less than at any of the previous ones. How do you explain this?"

"It is comparatively easy to explain that. The enthusiasm has

#### IN NOWISE DECREASED,

but the opportunities have been greatly increased of viewing races in various parts of the country. Two years ago Springfield was, perhaps, the only valuable race track in the country. To-day Hartford, Lynn, Roseville, Brockton, Pittsfield, and a variety too numerous to mention have sprung up to contest the supremacy. At each of these places, a race meeting has been held, and to this undoubtedly is to be attributed the indisputable falling off at any one race."

"From your opportunities for judging, what class of men are the most enthusiastic wheelmen?"

"The cycling fever is no respecter of persons. Young and old, grave and gay, men and women, all render their quota to that class known as the cycling public. Of course, the greater amount of enthusiasm is found in the younger men. I say 'found,' simply because they are loud in their expressions concerning its existence, but from the steady, reliable perseverance of those who have passed over the arch of life it is perfectly evident that the younger cyclists by no means enjoy the exclusive monopoly of enthusiasm; indeed, some of the most thorough-going disciples of cycling are to be found not only in the rank and file, but in the advance guard of all the learned professions. Among my acquaintances as cyclists I can speak of Rev. George F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., Henry Bently, of Philadelphia, Prof. Williams, of Brown University, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. J. H. Watson, Hartford, Ct., Prof. Hitchcock, of Amherst, and numerous others."

"And the ladies?"

"Ah, yes! the ladies. Bless their hearts, they throw all the enthusiasm of their gentle nature into this sport, and become the most prominent and successful of evangelists in propagating this gospel of health. There are probably more lady riders in Boston than in any other city in the United States, and the two most successful 'runs' among lady riders have been carried out by the clubs of Boston. Women are so tied down, and conventionalities demand so many restrictions respecting their action, that the introduction of cycling has come as a boon to many of them."

#### THE FIRST WOMAN WHO APPEARED

on the streets as a tricyclist undoubtedly must have been a martyr to her love of the sport, and Madame Grundy was not at all complimentary in her criticisms regarding the action of the very 'bold and impudent persons' who were so far forgetful of the decencies of ordinary life as to actually court the healthful breezes and freer circulation likely to be derived from the moderate and sensible use of the tricycle. However, Dame Grundy, like lots of others who are poorly informed, is apt to be conservative, and I am glad to say that a complete revolution has taken place in that estimable lady's mind in so far as regards the use of the tricycle for women. The demands of the sex have proved so strong upon us, as manufacturers, that, while during the past season we were only building single tricycles for their use, we shall in '87 place upon the market a tandem tricycle, built with special regard to the requirements of our fair sisters. Indeed, I look forward to many delightful little jaunts with ladies of my acquaintance, whose anticipation of the joys of next season possibly exceeds my own."

"Speaking of next season, colonel, what appear to be the prospects?"

"The prospects have never been so good in the history of the business. One of our people who has returned from an extended visit to the West has discovered that stocks of machines are very low, agents hopeful, and budding cyclists numerous. We anticipate the heaviest season we have ever known, and we attribute this in a great degree to the fact that the bicycle has long ceased to be considered a toy among the many, and has entered now largely into the lists of necessities."

"Then you mean to infer that the bicycle should now be classed as a vehicle requisite to the comfort and necessities of mankind?"

"Why, certainly. The average purchaser of the machine to-day purchases not only with due regard for the healthful benefit likely to be received from its use, but from the fact that he can utilize it as a vehicle and means of progression to do the duty of a horse at half the cost. We find that the bicycle enters into the requirements of

#### ALL CLASSES AND CONDITIONS

of men. They are utilized in many districts for the telegraph service. Newspapers send their reports from place to place on them; the postal service is already demanding their use; gentlemen ride from business to their homes, and in some districts parcels are delivered and tools carried by workmen upon the vehicle that a few years ago was considered simply as a dangerous toy to be used by mad-headed boys."

"Regarding next season's manufacture, it would perhaps be interesting to state if you are likely to put any new machines on the market." The colonel smiled mysteriously.

"Whatever the requirements of the cycling public may be, you will find they have been carefully considered and in many cases anticipated by our concern. We shall put new machines on the market next year, embodying all that experience has taught us is requisite to the perfect road machine, and, while we shall be careful of objectionable innovations, due regard in all cases will be paid to recent inventions which practical test induces us to believe will be of service to would-be cyclers. The present conditions and extent of the business are now of such magnitude that the utmost care must be exercised in changing styles, patterns, or principles. We have but one object in view, an object which we believe in the past we have attained, and which we hope to hold during the coming season, that object being the production of a machine upon which ability, enlarged experience, and capital will combine to produce a result in every way adequate to the demands."

"I have heard rumors about a new Columbia tandem, and what is called a handle-bar steering tricycle. Are such likely to be realized in fact next season?"

"Yes, we shall place on the market a handle-bar steering tricycle of the most approved type; a tandem tricycle which will embrace all the tried systems of the past season with many improvements which our riders and our mechanics suggest."—*Boston Herald.*

#### WORLD BICYCLE RECORDS.

So frequent have been the changes in the records both at home and abroad, that the ordinary reader is confused and perplexed in an attempt to discover what are actually the quickest times certain distances have been traversed by cycle, irrespective of country or class. In order to afford a handy guide to this interesting subject, the following table of bicycle records has been specially compiled for the *Cycling Budget*:

Miles.	Time.	Rider.	Date.
H.	M.	S.	
1	35		Nov. 5, 1886
1	12		Oct. 27, 1886
1	50		Oct. 22, 1886
2	29		Oct. 22, 1886
5	11		Oct. 14, 1886
7	48		Oct. 14, 1886
10	41		Oct. 25, 1886
13	23	Springfield, Mass.,	Oct. 25, 1886
27	76	United States,	Oct. 25, 1886
41	41	racing track (half a mile to the lap).	Oct. 25, 1886
54	25		Oct. 25, 1886
59	46		Oct. 25, 1886
14	23		Oct. 9, 1886
26	95	Frank F. Ives,	Oct. 9, 1886
0	17	on the	Oct. 9, 1886
33	54	Springfield track.	Oct. 9, 1886
17	20		Oct. 9, 1886
3	17		July 27, 1883
4	3	F. R. Fry, on the	July 27, 1883
38	32	Crystal Palace (London) track.	July 27, 1883
5	15		July 27, 1883
59	58		July 27, 1883
10	24	A. A. McCurdy, on	Nov. 5, 1886
14	35	a 50-mile circuit of	Nov. 6, 1886
18	58	road near Boston, U.	Nov. 6, 1886
23	38	S. A.	Nov. 6, 1886

Until about three years ago our American cousins were rather slow travelers on wheels, owing to the inferior machines then in use; but as soon as riders grew more experienced, and had suitable machines and prepared paths, they, with national impetuosity, rushed ahead, and soon left the once wonderful British records far in the rear. It was only this "fall" (the American autumn) the riders developed such marvelous speed over the longer distances, and, although the likelihood of such a feat was at first derided in this country, over twenty-two miles were ridden in the hour. It is worthy of note that all the above records were made in "time trials," and not in actual races.—*Cycling Budget.*

# Tenth \* Annual \* Greeting \*

## POPE MFG. CO.

The last year of our first decade in the business of making COLUMBIA BICYCLES and TRICYCLES finds us in a position from which we look back with much pardonable pride and gratification to a remarkable record of business development and mechanical advance; and from this forward to the further success which is ensured to us by the confidence of the public in our methods, and our knowledge of what is best calculated to meet their wants and afford them the greatest satisfaction at all times.

A glance over the ten years from 1877 to 1887 shows a growth of the body of American wheelmen from a few dozen to tens of thousands, with hundreds of clubs and many thousands of dollars invested in permanent houses; and we take no little satisfaction in the part we have contributed to this complete establishment of what is unquestionably the most admirable and beneficial recreation that has found a place in the pursuits of our countrymen.

We have at all times aimed to provide riders with the most perfect machines that the state of the art, as shaped by constantly gathered experience, and the best skill in anticipating requirements, has permitted,—and the progress from the STANDARD COLUMBIA in its earliest form, to the perfected COLUMBIAS of to-day, has been marked by successive stages of steady development, each presenting special improvements on features already in use, as well as introducing new ideas. These have been both in the way of changes in essential parts and equipment, and in the methods and processes of construction; and they have served not only to improve our own machines, but as examples as well and a stimulation to other makers, here and abroad. Interchangeability of parts, one of the essential characteristics of COLUMBIAS, was, so far as its application to bicycle manufacture is concerned, first adopted and carried to perfection by us, and its importance has been so thoroughly recognized by wheelmen that it has of necessity been applied, to more or less extent, in the making of other bicycles. This is but one example of our contributions to the art of cycle construction.

It has been, too, a matter of satisfaction to us to have been able, by gathering together the numerous essential patents and rights, to establish such moderate and uniform royalties as have made it possible for many varieties of machines to be placed upon the market at one time and another, offering riders a sufficiently wide choice; though not the least source of gratification in this connection is in the fact that, having this choice, the majority of those riding high-grade machines have chosen and now ride COLUMBIAS.

Many considerations, too patent to require special amplification here, go to show the high favor in which COLUMBIAS are and always have been held by reason of their superiority in design and construction, and we wish simply to call attention to their unsurpassed record, in presenting to our old patrons, as well as those about to become purchasers, the list of our machines for 1887.

This covers the fullest line of machines yet offered, each specially adapted for its particular purpose; and the wheelman whose wants cannot here be met, must, indeed, be hard to suit. It will please us to have all interested acquaint themselves still more closely with both our new machines and our established ones now improved, either by a visit to us at our new and more conveniently arranged establishment in Boston, or at either of our Branch Houses, or at any of our largest agencies where a full line is to be found.

We present for its sixth season the EXPERT COLUMBIA, the sale of which has already reached a higher total than any other in America, and for which there is likely to be a greater demand than ever this year, under a reaction from an unwise tendency for a few seasons past towards too light machines for road use, and touring in particular; and for its third season, reduced \$5 in price, the COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER, whose popularity and reputation

for elegance and ease of running, and thorough reliability under all conditions to which any light roadster can justly be submitted, have become well established. These unequalled machines are considerably enhanced in value by the addition of our improvements for 1887.

The old reliable STANDARD COLUMBIA, which has honorably performed more hard service than any other bicycle in the world; the COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE, the only really successful machine to-day embodying the two-track feature, which is of special importance on some kinds of roads, and our smaller LADIES' machine of the same pattern, are again offered without material change, and the COLUMBIA SAFETY and SEMI-ROADSTER,—each of which has gained for itself a good place in the opinion of its riders,—and the COLUMBIA RACER, with its fresh laurels won in 1886.

**NEW MACHINES AND EQUIPMENTS.**—The appearance of our new COLUMBIA TANDEM will be hailed with very much interest by the rapidly increasing number of wheelmen and women who look to this class of machine as affording the most enjoyment and convenience of any. Constructed with a view to every requirement and advantage, our TANDEM is sure to please.

The improved COLUMBIA RACING TRICYCLE is shown and described for the first time.

A new "single" COLUMBIA TRICYCLE, virtually a light roadster, and fulfilling all the conditions expected in the highest-grade machine, will be placed upon the market early in the riding season. It will be an automatic handle-bar steerer, capable of use by gentleman or lady, and its appearance will be awaited by those desiring the finest tricycle of the season.

In new equipments we present our "double-grip" handle, of the complete success of which there can be no question; the improved Kirkpatrick saddle, and our new Knous crank.

Our spade-handles we are able to put out this year at much reduced prices, either on new machines, or taken separately.

**DIRECT SPOKES** and **SOLID CRESCENT FELLOES** are used in the EXPERT COLUMBIA, where special durability is more desirable than special lightness. This construction affords, within proper limits, greatest elasticity for the amount of material, and so the most strength consistent with satisfactory use. It is the longest-lived, and the most readily repaired when occasion demands.

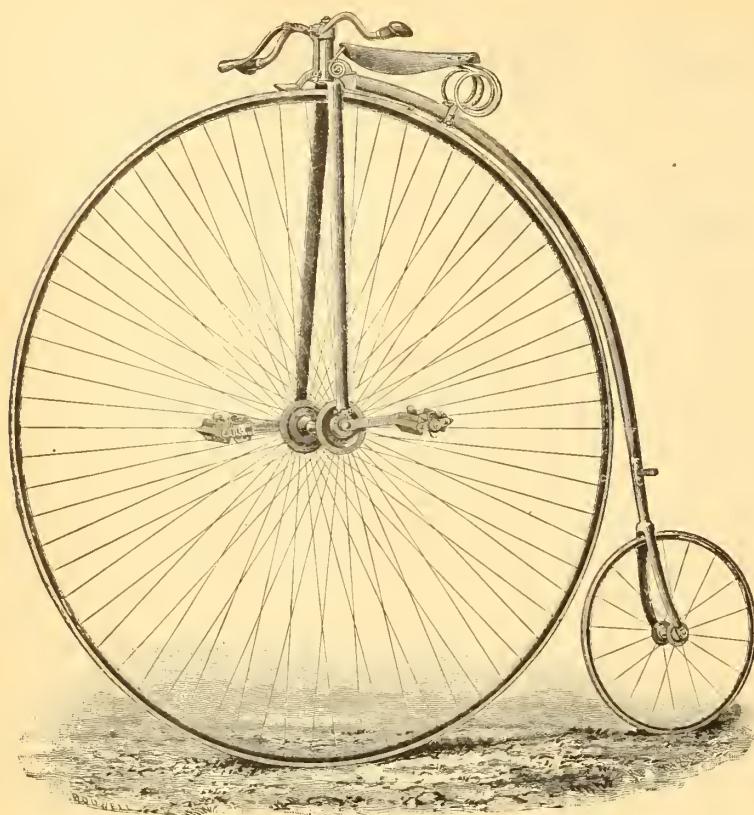
**RESULTANT SPOKES** and **HOLLOW FELLOES** are used in the COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER, where special lightness in a road machine is wanted. In this construction weight is differently distributed and economized, and a proper mean is preserved, by drawing the spokes at the "resultant" angle, between too great elasticity and over-rigidity, which latter makes a wheel harder in riding and the spokes more liable to snap.

**FULL TANGENT SPOKES** and **HOLLOW FELLOES** are used in the COLUMBIA RACERS, where the greatest saving of weight and the utmost rigidity are necessary, and absolutely no elasticity of the wheel can be permitted.

In all cases where we have closely adhered to these rules of construction, our wheels have proved the best for their purposes.

We use the CEMENT PROCESS for putting in our tires, because our experience shows this to be the most satisfactory in the long run,—though we will, when specially desired to, put them in by the chemical process. We do not advise this, for while it is very secure at first it cannot be so conveniently renewed by the rider when for any reason this becomes necessary.

While from the state of the case our knowledge of what is most desirable in the making of a bicycle or tricycle is naturally better than that of any who have devoted themselves less earnestly and extensively to it, much has of necessity been gained by us from the experience of individual riders, and we shall at all times be pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from any who are interested.



## EXPERT COLUMBIA.

**Price \$125** for a 50-inch, D or E Finish, with Ball-Bearings all around, Columbia "Double-Grip" Ball-Pedals, "Double-Grip" Handles, Kirkpatrick Saddle, and One-Piece Hollow Cow-Horn Handle-Bar.

With Columbia "Double-Grip" Parallel-Pedals, **\$120.**

Additional for Finish A or C, \$10.

Difference of \$2.50 for each 2 inches in size up or down.

The EXPERT is put out for its sixth year with its world-wide reputation for staunchness, durability, ease of running, and beauty of lines and finish, holding it easily first among all medium-weight machines, and with the noteworthy distinction of being the only bicycle which has ever passed to this stage of its history with constantly increasing favor and sales.

It is constructed with full inch front and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch rear tires, solid crescent felloes, and direct spokes of No. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  wire, with both ends enlarged. The perch and front forks are of patent seamless-steel tubing, the former 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, and of circular section; the latter of elliptical cross-section, 1 $\frac{5}{8}$  inches by  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch. The cranks are made under our Knous improvement, affording an adjustable throw of 5, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  or 6 inches—or, when extra long cranks are ordered, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

Spade handles will be substituted for the regular "Double-Grip," when desired, at \$2.50 extra.

## \* COLUMBIA BICYCLES \*

### COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER.

**Price \$130** for a 51-inch, K Finish, with Ball-Bearings all around, Columbia "Double-Grip" Ball-Pedals, "Double-Grip" Handles, Kirkpatrick Saddle, and One-Piece Hollow Cow-Horn Handle-Bar.

With Columbia "Double-Grip" Parallel-Pedals, **\$125.**

Additional for Finish H or I, \$10.

Difference of \$2.50 for each 2 inches in size up or down.

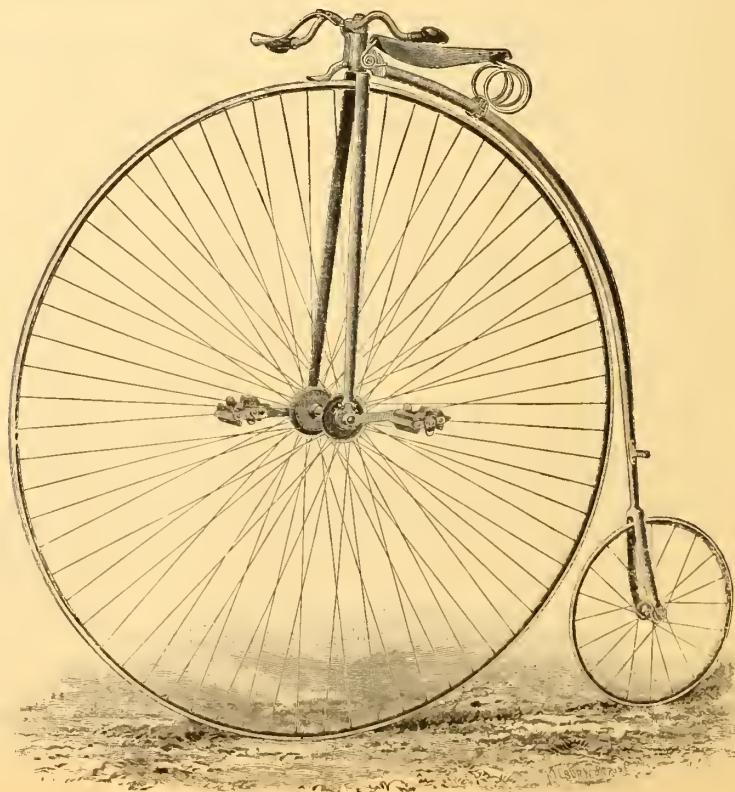
The COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER is a genuine light-weight bicycle, about ten pounds lighter than the EXPERT. We put it out for its third season with its reputation already acquired for elegance, ease of running, and strength, and are justified in claiming for it the first place among all machines of its class in the world.

Its thorough use by hundreds of riders during the past two seasons has satisfactorily demonstrated the fact that it will stand as much as any "tangent spoke" machine on the market, while it is lighter than most.

The felloes,  $\frac{7}{8}$  inch front and  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch rear, are of the best imported patent cold-drawn seamless-steel tube, rolled into hollow crescent form by our own improved method, and are the strongest and most rigid made.

The spokes are headed at the hub, and drawn over the curved secondary flanges so as to be nowhere weakened by bending; they are set at an angle, with one crossing where they are held by a fine wrapping, and are held in the felloe by a neat sleeve-nut extending well over the spoke and strengthening it.

In other details of construction it resembles the EXPERT, though lighter, and its equipment is the same.



## STANDARD COLUMBIA.

**Price \$90** for a 50-inch, G Finish, with Ball-Bearings to Front Wheel.

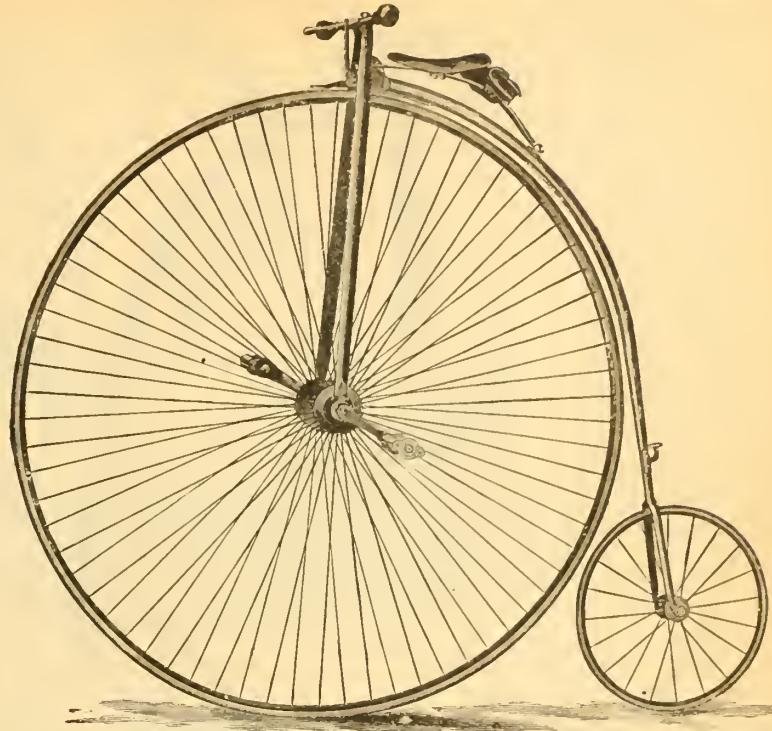
**With Parallel Bearings to Front Wheel, \$85.**

Additional for Finish F, \$10; for Finish B, \$15.

Difference of \$2.50 for each 2 inches in size up or down—except difference of \$7.50 between 46- and 48-inch sizes.

The STANDARD COLUMBIA is a stanch and reliable machine for beginners, and for all-around road use. It was designed to meet the want, still widely felt, of a substantial, first-class road machine, at a moderate price. We present it for this season again upon its merits and popularity already acquired. Although, by constant improvements, the expense of manufacture has largely increased, we offer it now at prices lower than before.

**EXTRAS.**—We furnish *with new* machines when ordered, in place of the regular parts: Columbia "Double-Grip" Ball-Pedals (nickled) on Finish G, \$5; on Finish B or F, \$4. Standard Dropped Handle-Bars, with Dropped Brake-Lever, \$2.50.



## \* COLUMBIA BICYCLES \*

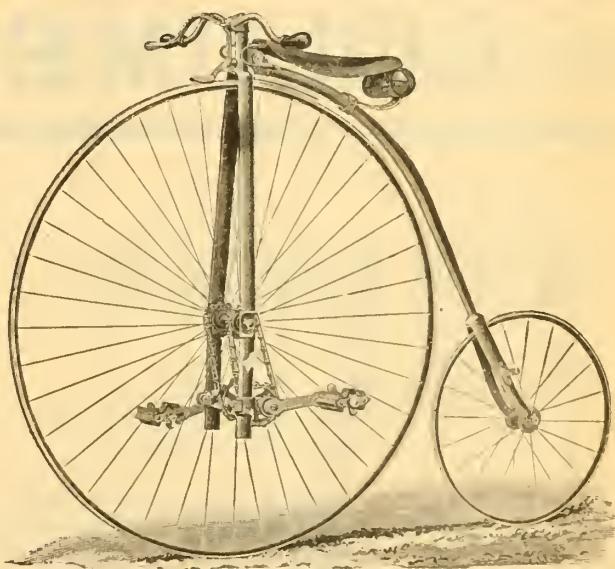


## COLUMBIA SEMI-ROADSTER.

**Price \$85** for a 46-inch, Finish D, with Cow-Horn Handle-Bars and Kirkpatrick Saddle.

The COLUMBIA SEMI-ROADSTER is a high-grade, moderate-priced bicycle for the use of boys, and even for light men of small stature. In designing and making it, our aim has been to reach a high degree of excellence in durability, simplicity, elegance, and all other points which go to make up a first-class machine for its purpose.

While 46 spokes are sufficient for the front wheels from 42 to 46 inches in diameter, we put 52 in both the 48- and 50-inch wheels, and when specially ordered, for riders weighing a hundred pounds or over, we fit the front wheel of the two larger sizes with  $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch felloes, at an extra charge of \$5.



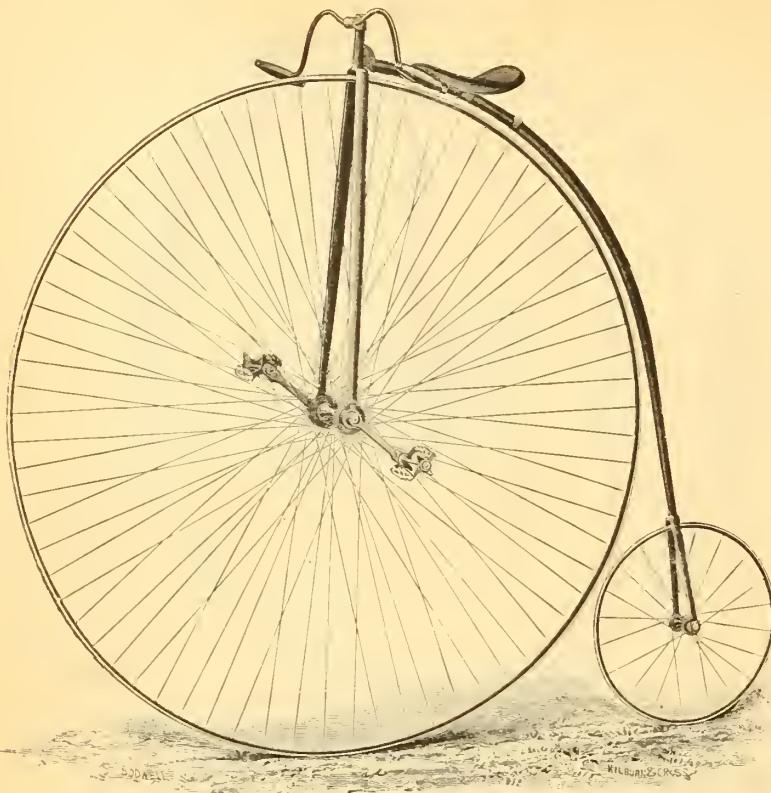
## COLUMBIA SAFETY.

**Price \$140**, Ball-Bearings all around, Columbia "Double-Grip" Ball-Pedals, Kirkpatrick Saddle, and One-Piece Hollow Cow-Horn Handle-Bar.

**With Columbia "Double-Grip" Parallel-Pedals, \$135.**

For our COLUMBIA SAFETY, or dwarf bicycle, we have adopted the front crank and chain-driving gear pattern, as embracing the greatest advantages in construction, general effectiveness, and appearance. It affords ample strength, with comparative lightness, an economy of power to be expended in driving, ease of control, and simple and effectual means of adjustment for different riders. In most points it presents the simple and excellent principles used in the EXPERT, and COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER.

The SAFETY is made in two sizes: with 38-inch front wheel, geared as a 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch driver, and 42-inch, geared as a 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch.



## COLUMBIA RACER.

Price, complete, \$140.

Weight of 55-inch, 22½ pounds.

The phenomenal success of the COLUMBIA RACER in its first two seasons has been far greater than that ever achieved by any other racer, and has served to advance the good reputation of COLUMBIAS. It is a fact, standing without precedent in the history of bicycle racing, that the large number of COLUMBIA RACERS in use during 1886 went through the season without a single breakdown on the track. And this is the more remarkable when it is considered that its riders secured new world's records for from one-quarter to twenty-four miles inclusive: the mile having been accomplished in 2.29½, and the astonishing record of twenty-two miles, one hundred and fifty yards within the hour. Such achievements testify not only to the skill and endurance of the rider, but to the perfection of construction in the machine.

In the construction of the wheel, we have introduced our seamless-steel hollow felloe, of great strength and rigidity, and have adopted a new arrangement of the spokes, "full-tangent," which affords peculiar advantages for an extremely light wheel, in admitting of the use of a small and thin hub-flange and a greater number of smaller spokes than could otherwise be used to advantage.

## ★ COLUMBIA RACERS ★

### COLUMBIA RACING TRICYCLE.

Price, complete, \$180.

Weight, all on, 38½ pounds.

THE COLUMBIA RACING TRICYCLE, as put upon the track for the first time in its improved form in the racing season of 1886, presents more advantages than have yet been seen in any other machine of its class, all of which are appreciated by tricycle racing men. Already it stands accredited with the world's professional records from one to ten miles inclusive, and first place in every important race in which it was entered during the season; and the favor it has met with insures its being ridden to greater successes in the future.

In its construction the essential elements of lightness, strength and rigidity have been kept well in view, and have been successfully attained.

The driving-wheels are constructed with light seamless-steel hollow felloes and full-tangent spokes, which are appropriate for racing-machines where absolutely no elasticity is desirable, and they are 38 inches in diameter, with  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tires. The steering wheel is 20 inches in diameter.





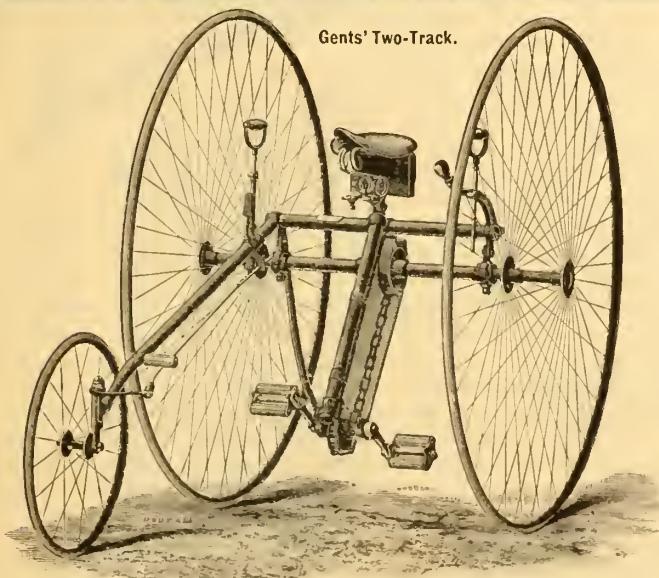
COLUMBIA TANDEM.

**Price, with "Double-Grip" Ball-Pedals, \$250. With "Double-Grip" Parallel-Pedals, \$240.  
Weight, 120 pounds.**

In designing our COLUMBIA TANDEM, we have aimed at combining all the features presented by previous types which the experience of riders has shown to be desirable and consistent with strength, safety, and ease of action, and, with these, such improvements and new ideas as the ingenuity of our inventors could devise for the perfecting of a double machine. The result is seen in a front-wheel handle-bar steerer, which two ladies can ride if desirable, capable of being steered and controlled by brake from either seat, and readily convertible into a handle-bar steering "single"; in appearance graceful and well-proportioned, in construction as nearly perfect as long experience in cycle building can make it, and, withal, as light as a roadster tandem can reasonably be expected to be.

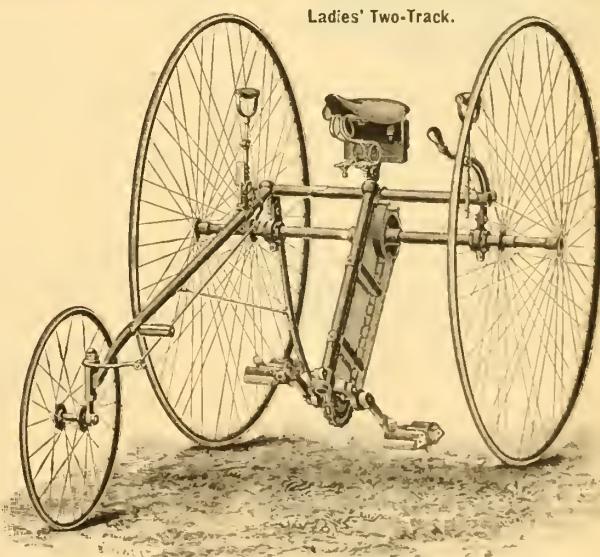
The wheels are proportioned for strength, steadiness in running, and the taking up of vibration as much as possible. The drivers are 40 inches in diameter, with 1-inch tires, the steerer 26 inches, with  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tire. The double axle, a most important part of a tandem, is made particularly strong, and the frame is well braced.

## \*COLUMBIA TRICYCLES\*



Gents' Two-Track.

Ladies' Two-Track.



## COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLES.

**Price, with "Double-Grip" Ball-Pedals, \$165. With "Double-Grip" Parallel-Pedals, \$160.**

The COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLES present many points of interest, and of superiority over other patterns of tricycles for all around use on American roads.

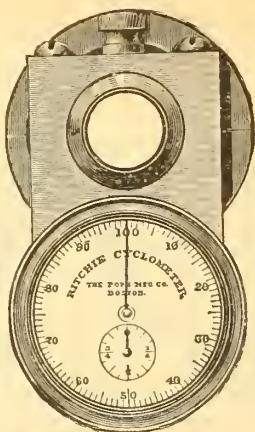
The two-track feature, though not broadly new, has been embodied with improvements in this machine so as to give equal steadiness of running and the stability of front-steering, with the added advantages of an open front for safety, but two lines of resistance to the wheels to watch and overcome, and greater convenience in handling, and particularly in passing through an ordinary door.

The larger machine has 48-inch and 22-inch wheels with direct spokes and solid crescent felloes; the Ladies' Tricycle, 44-inch and 18-inch, full tangent spokes and seamless hollow felloes. The means of adjustment for riders of different reach are ample.

## RITCHIE MAGNETIC CYCLOMETER

Has given complete satisfaction in its working. It has always run accurately under longer and more thoroughly practical tests than have been given to other Cyclometers.

Plain bronze finish, \$12; nickel-plated, \$12.50.



For wood, metal, or stone; self-drying in half an hour; very tough, easily applied, and durable; gives a fine jet black luster. The contents of one bottle will cover a bicycle.

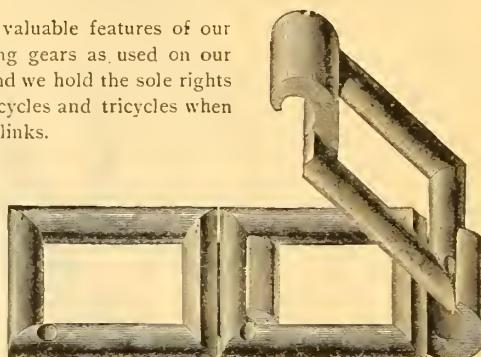
Price, per bottle, 75 cents. Put up for the trade in boxes containing one dozen bottles.



## EWART DETACHABLE-LINK CHAIN

Is one of the most valuable features of our crank and chain driving gears as used on our Tricycles and Safety, and we hold the sole rights for its application to bicycles and tricycles when made with drop-forged links.

The accompanying cut illustrates the method of taking it apart, and it will be seen that any link may be taken out or replaced instantly, when sufficient slack is given to the chain to bring two links around to a right angle with each other; while, until this position of the links is reached, they cannot come apart. The links are made under our own improved process, are drop-forged, case-hardened on the bearing-ends, and constitute the lightest and most satisfactory chain for its purpose; while the fact that under regular tests it bears a strain of 2,000 pounds before breaking, sufficiently demonstrates its strength.



## \* COLUMBIA SPECIALTIES \*

### KNOUS ADJUSTABLE SADDLE



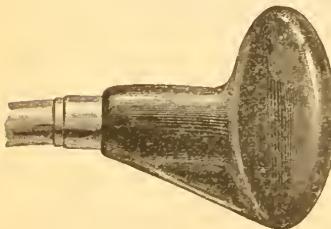
Presents several important improvements in construction which make it very light, strong, elastic, and easily adjustable. The frame consists of two light

but amply strong sections of flat spring steel, the one attached firmly to the cantle to which the flexible leather top is riveted at the back, and then bent below at a right angle to form an adjusting joint with the other section, which, extending the length of the saddle, has the leather riveted to it at its forward end.

The adjustment between the sections of the frame, and by which the proper tension of the seat is preserved, is positively governed by the square-headed set-screw appearing in the cut passing freely through the bent-up end of the lower section and into a threaded hole in the upper, with its reinforcing block beyond.

Price, with никeled straps, \$4.

### DOUBLE-GRIP HANDLES.

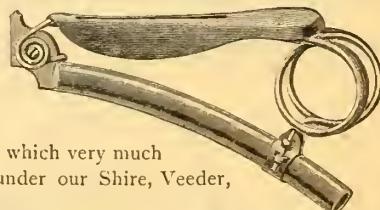


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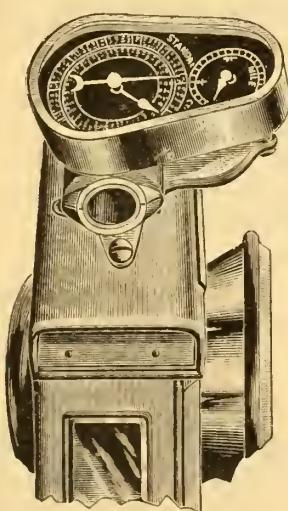
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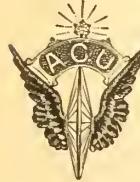
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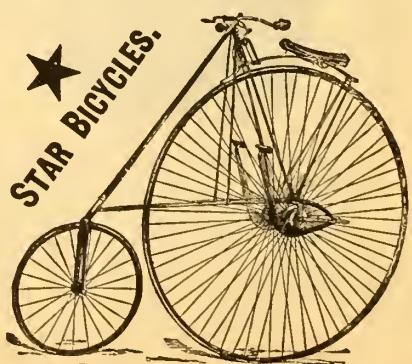
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## FROM BOSTON TO QUINIPPI.

**T**WO persons made up the party. Proverbially sure of company, they certainly did not lack variety, for they were master and student; the one wiry, gaunt, gray-haired, and weary with nine months' devotion to verbs, values of *x*, lines and angles; the other, breathing yet the incense of graduation, had the curling whisker, the light foot, the liquid eyes that go with twenty-three.

Departing from the "paradise of wheelmen," they took ship at Baltimore. A bevy of Yankee schoolma'ms going aboard, as well as their own sensations, proved that "school's out." This was the remark of the master; possibly he overlooked another fact which the student mentioned with some enthusiasm—that the passenger list would also include certain blithe, rosy-cheeked school-girls whom he indicated as they tripped gayly up the gang-plank. Both noted, moreover, that a senator, rigidly erect, was to lend dignity to the company, while a rotund, rubicund commodore would add form and color.

It was the flower of the year, the middle of June, warm, bland, and odorous. The good ship *Chatham* ploughed steadily through seas of lake-like calmness. These influences impressed themselves upon all; the stately senator unbent in talk with a bright young girl; the master ceased to bother about the contents of frustums, but took kindly to the contents of "Kenelm Chillingly," or to a quiet chat with the most approachable of the school-mistresses; while the student, in ways easier for him to execute than for the master to explain, speedily became acquainted with all the most attractive persons on board, and, during the toil and sweat of the following days, in dismounts by hot, sandy roadsides, he was more than once known to assert that there are moments less pleasant than those spent in hanging over the bows of a swiftly moving boat watching the arrowy flight of a school of porpoise, with a fair, responsive face close to your own.

A morning or two later, under the shadow of Boston state house, the tourists bought each a yard of gray silesia, tough, thin, and flexible. Tightly rolled, it held the luggage of each—a tooth-brush, a suit of balbriggan underclothing, and a pair of long stockings—other "clean bibs and tuckers" being committed to the express company. This bundle, placed lengthwise on the long "Star" spring, exactly fitted the space between saddle and head. Behind the saddle lay the tool-bag, also fitting accurately, both ways. No steed was ever so lightly and tightly loaded.

Just as they were ready to mount, on Beacon Hill, a shower came up, which presently deepened to a steady pour. At the end of two hours the pavements were heavy with the slimy, viscid stickiness that well-kneaded city mud assumes.

Nantasket had been put down as the first objective, while an abandonment of the programme on the first day out had not been put down; so they started in the still falling rain, picking their way slowly over the slippery streets, devoutly hoping that "the fust was the wust" of the tour.

Out of the city the rain ceased, the sun shone out hotly, drying the paths, and they sped away at a pace that made the ginger ale and crackers of Quincy most welcome.

Three o'clock found them skirting Jerusalem Lake, near which they presently dismounted at

the hospitable gates of a friend who, though not a member of the order, yet possessed intuitive knowledge of wheelmen's wants. He led them to rooms airy with the breath of the sea. He there had liquids appropriate for cleansing the outer and cooling the inner man. As soon as they were further refreshed by a change from the saddle bundles and a fraternal, stand-up dusting of one another's riding gear, he seated them in a phaeton with feminine company very much to their mind, and slowly as the evening shadows descended, unrolled before them the beauties of sea, cliff, and island that skirt the famous road to Cohasset.

The next evening one of Boston's most notable and stalwart wheelmen with his young wife before him on a "Club tandem," escorted them through Longwood, the Reservoir, and other attractive suburbs. Their kindness was marred by but one act; they insisted upon an almost unconditional surrender to the unconquerable length of Corey Hill. Darkness had quite set in when adieux were spoken on the farther side of Waltham. The moon rose before long and by its fitful light the tourists rode into storied Lexington.

The five miles between Lexington and Woburn, done in thirty minutes, marked the beginning of the next day's ride; dinner with four bright lady friends on the elm-fringed border of the lake at Wakefield made its nooning; and at its close the beauties of Nahant lay before their enchanted eyes.

The writer dwells not upon these places, nor upon many a pleasant incident that befell between and at them, nor upon the next day's spin, which found the rovers at Natick; for they considered Natick the real starting-place. They had not come from gliding through the enameled streets of the capital merely to roll over the polished highways of the Hub. Familiar with the horrible Virginia roads that had defeated so many gallant armies, they fancied New England had few that could dismay them, and so had boldly planned to ride from Boston to—Quinipi.

The first stage was to be to Providence. In the course of it they learned two valuable lessons in wheeling; the first, moth-eaten with age, that the shortest way across is frequently the longest way around; the second, no doubt discovered by the first touring wheelman, that ordinary road maps are worse than useless for wheelmen unless annotated by wheelmen. Without such annotations the nearest farmer or liveryman is a better guide than any map.

For lack of this wisdom they took what seemed the shortest route, by way of South Natick and Dover, instead of following the better traveled road by Sherborn. A mile beyond South Natick the road narrowed, its sandy bed mixed with stones large and small. Collars pocketed, coats shed, the student went at it with a rush, the master slow and steady—but no sort of tactics could wholly beat that road; "ridable" it was, but only by toilsome stretches between many a forced dismount.



"SAND."

Nearing Dover it improved and they ran through that hamlet with visions of smooth paths and a coasting country beyond. Vain hopes! a long succession of stony, sandy hills and dales rose and fell before them, mocking skill and courage, forcing the admission that shank's mare was (sometimes) the better horse. The fervor of a hot sun was redoubled by reflection from the sand, and scant relief had they save an occasional bit of good path, many resorts to the old oaken bucket, which, thank heaven, still hangs by New England roadsides, a passing of the word with some wide-eyed farm wife or maid, until, all unexpectant, they came suddenly upon a broad, smooth ribbon of excellent road winding through the woods—a wheelman's oasis in a wheelman's desert.

It was high noon when, after a swift run upon this road, they arrived at Walpole; having been nearly four hours getting over fifteen miles. The master would have pushed on six miles to Wrentham, but the student was all for a rub, rations, and rest. Both were well content when they found their stopping-place, for it proved that other paradise of wheelmen—an inn, cool, clean, quiet, drowsy, embowered in trees, bespread with ham-



"SMELL UV' EM!"

mocks—so irresistible that the good bi.'s leaned idly against its walls the livelong afternoon, while their riders enjoyed the three t's to the full.

Six o'clock, however, saw them rolling regretfully from that cozy inn-yard. A mile beyond the village lay another stretch, not a whit easier to wrestle with than that of the morning. No stones here, but fine, deep, yielding sand, in which cart-track and hoof-track left but a line and a dimple, speedily fading out—a road to quickly turn the stoutest rider that ever crossed spring into a mere trundler.

Moreover, it led at intervals through tamarack swamps that swarmed with mosquitoes; none of the buzzing little annoyances of the city, but big, able, greedy, gray-backed savages, such as one finds only in swamps, and, 'tis said, in Jersey. These secured bloody toll at every foot, for one or both hands being fettered to the machine by the necessity of guiding it, laid open both face and hands to their venomous thrusts.

Dusk at Wrentham, and still eighteen miles from the goal. Defeat was bitter, but so was the thought of wading through more sand, while the sense of nearness to a souse, supper, and sleep, was very sweet, so sweet that the programme was broken for the only time during the tour.

An ancient private house, which was the only inn, seemed most inviting as they rode up under the primeval elms that sheltered it. A supper of bread and milk—a royal feast for tired men—a chat under the elms, and the day ended in one of those roomy chambers that every Yankee-bred boy remembers, with its old-fashioned furniture, its ample, snowy beds, and everywhere its spotless tidiness.

Passing out of the village at eight next morning they left the saddles on a narrow path to make room for a little girl who was proudly carrying a large bouquet, mostly of wild flowers.

"What fine flowers you have there, my dear," said the master, admiring the bearer as well as her burden. She blushed, hesitated, but, recovering herself, stepped forward, holding the flowers aloft to each rider in turn and saying :

"Smell uv'em!"

It proved an omen; the road was so good that at eleven, an incredibly short time it seemed after the slow toil of yesterday, Attleboro and Pawtucket had been passed, and Providence was in sight.

Yet they were not to enter it unchallenged. Pawtucket avenue is wide, unpaved, an up-grade toward Providence, with a good path on one side. There had been no rain for three weeks, and the dust was inches deep, numberless teams stirred it up and a stiff headwind dashed it in teeth and eyes; for more than a mile they could barely stick on, steering by glimpses. The pavement finally gained, they did two things with the utmost unanimity—burst out laughing at one another's grimy phizzes and raiment, and rode off at their best pace in search of baths and barbers.

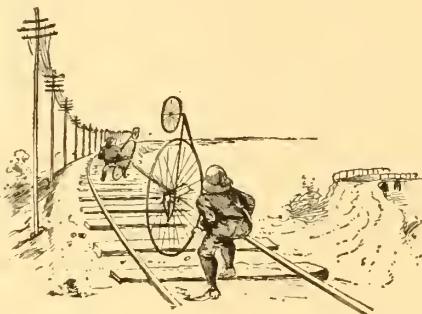


THE GATE OF PROVIDENCE.

They came forth rejuvenated. The generous walls of friends received and kept them until four o'clock, when the friends kindly drove ahead to and over the Seekonk, by a route that shunned the hills—for there are not a few in Providence that out-grade old Corey itself.

After leaving the four corners, a mile beyond the city, they came upon the best road yet seen,

elastic, but smooth and even, with beautiful views of the bay on either hand. It called for a racing gait, maintained to Barrington, but checked there by the information that a bridge was down just beyond, that the only way to cross was to walk a mile on the railroad track. Tough news this, after so delightful a spin, but there was no help for it, and coats were stripped off preparatory to slaying this new lion in the path. Bumping, jolting, pitching along, the tramp of the Seventh regiment from Annapolis came to mind, and Winthrop's "O Gottschalk! what a march we then began to play with our heels and toes on the ties!"



A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

Still on a good road, Warren and Bristol soon lay behind, and they passed out the long promontory to the lighthouse opposite Bristol Ferry. The strait here is a mile wide; darkness had just set in, and a stiff wind blew up the bay, raising white caps; yet the light-keeper said he would take them over at their own risk for the enormous price of twenty-five cents each. His little row-boat was on the *Galatea* principle, narrow, but deep. When the machines had been tied on, one fore, one aft, there was just room left for the oarsman, but not an inch for the passengers—their only resource being to lie down under the wheels with barely their heads rising above the thwarts at opposite corners; and when the boat tipped sharply, which was all the time, or a bucket of spray dashed over them, which was not seldom, the fancy would arise that they were going to the bottom like lobsters in a pot.

Fortunate as they had been in hostleries, this at Bristol Ferry proved the peer of any. Little Dorrit's companion never imagined such cream, such strawberries, such "chicking." Here they lingered a Sunday and a Monday—resting, feasting, letter-writing, swimming in the warm waters of the bay—it truly seemed that they had found one of the isles of the blest in little Rhody.

Bright and early Tuesday morning, leaving a wild rose wet with dew at each lady guest's plate, they mounted for Newport. The road, ordinarily very good, was heavy from copious rains, but in two hours they made the twelve miles to Newport.

Its streets seemed made for bicycling; they are all of macadam, with no abrupt gutters, and low curbs, so that one can get many a sly spin upon the perfect walks in out-of-the-way localities.

After a little refreshment at the Ocean House, they rode out Bellevue avenue to the upper beach. Oddly enough, the only accident met with on the tour by either happened on this perfect road; the student, wrapped in the beauty of a vine-wreathed casement (he declares he saw no breathing attraction behind it), rode square into a projecting curb while going at a good pace. Thanks to his "Star," he escaped with a bruised palm.

From the beach to the northern end of the cliff walk—is there a fairer scene in all the world? The long trend of rocky shore beaten by the sea; the broad rolling sweeps of emerald turf running back from the brink, broken only by the winding path until they meet the walls of baronial houses upon which art and wealth have done their utmost—all is to the eye a glimpse of heaven upon earth.

The descent to the lower beach forms a splendid coast. The riders ran down it, took a dip and studied the other dippers. The day was cool and breezy, the water many degrees colder than up the bay, but they noted one handsome young couple who remained beyond the first line of breakers more than forty minutes, impervious to the cold, oblivious to everything but themselves. As for the wheelmen the return climb proved a grateful warmer-up.

In the quaint, vine-clad Casino—most attractive of pleasure places—they considered the next move. Their first plan had been to run straight along the Connecticut shore; but the best riders they met assured them that their ride "would prove a walking match," that they "wouldn't be able to ride one mile in ten," etc. All their courage had not oozed out in Wrentham sands, but, not to be quixotic, they decided to take the boat and rail to New London. There, between five and six, mounting on the Belgian pavement in the street above the depot, they passed over the hill westward, taking the first turn to the left beyond it. The hills were many and steep, with deep sand on both inclines, hedged with laurel copses in cheerful bloom. Riding and walking in about equal parts, it was nearly dark when they came to Niantic, or East Lyme, to a little summer hotel, all painted and whitewashed and waiting its crowd.

From this point to Branford the roads are generally ridable, though not with much speed or comfort; there are, however, many good paths, the sidewalks first dwindling into foot-paths, then into sheep tracks; sometimes the villages are so near together that the tracks almost join.

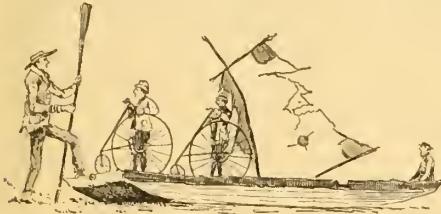


"AT YOUR OWN RISK."

Pushing nine miles against a headwind next morning they came to the Connecticut, about half a mile wide, at Old Lyme. By that time the wind blew a gale dead from the west, and they found the only means of crossing to be a small, creaking, worn-out flat-boat, with a rag of old sail geared to the stump of a mast. Its crew were a rare pair—the skipper, a tall, gaunt, slab-sided, powerful Yankee, with a stentorian voice whose every exercise betrayed an enormous quid of tobacco rolling within his cavernous jaws; to him appeared as assistant a weazened little bit of an Irishman, who hopped about the deck like a cock-sparrow when the voice of the stentor smote him, grasping now a rope's end, now an oar, in comical ignorance of what he was to do or not do. After thrice-repeated efforts to work out into the stream, and being as often blown back into the

cove of the landing, they finally succeeded, and gained the other side by numerous tacks. Then the master and student stood up, each with hand in pocket, grasping each his "cart-wheel" dollar as the least that would be demanded for so much toil and danger. You could have swept them both overboard with one feather when the stentor approached and in the mildest mannered way asked for "six cents apiece."

Saybrook and Westbrook are good types of the old New England village, their streets overhung with elms and bordered with roomy, ancient houses, birthplaces, no doubt, of many a noble boy and girl. Clinton has more of a modern air, the result of money left by summer boarders. Here the riders dined, while a small crowd gathered to see the "Stars."



"SIX CENTS APIECE."

Riding rapidly through Madison, the middle of the afternoon saw them on Guilford common, one of the finest bits of village scenery that can be found, lovely by Nature, and lovelier from being left to her own kindly hands. A little to the east is the grave of that tender rhymer, Fitz Greene Halleck. The wheelmen wondered if under one of the many mounds about them lay the form of that village belle whose careless request for a rhyme drew from him so musical a response, whose charms he told so well in so few words:—

"Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks; the green  
And growing leaves of seventeen  
Are 'round her; and, half hid, half seen,  
A violet flower,  
Nursed by the virtues she hath been  
From childhood's hour."

An excellent path leads out a couple of miles to the Point, where, after an absence of fifteen years, the master found genial "Jim" Hunt still reigning in his hostelry, famous for quiet and good cheer.

The village barber exhausted his art upon the travelers next morning, and they needed all the bracing up it could confer for the sandy two-mile climb up Moosehill. In Branford, five miles beyond, were the bags, last seen at Bristol Ferry. After some coaxing the agent locked the riders in the freight house, amid whose odoriferous surroundings they completed the toilet begun by the Guilford barber.

This was their shortest day's ride, for they immediately ran out to Indian Neck, and found it so inviting that they lingered through the day and night. The shore here forms a beautiful crescent, green, tree clad, dotted with picturesque summer houses, half shut in from the ruder seas by groups of little islands, on whose farther sides the deep water bathing is an inspiration.

The idea of a good road in the Nutmeg State has been long since abandoned. Imagine then their pleasure when, having climbed the sharp, mile-long hill out of Branford on a good surface, they came to a magnificent coast, fully half as long, sweeping around one side of Lake Saltonstall. It was red clay, beaten smooth, but still elastic,

and without a pebble. As soon as they could trust their eyes they let go brakes and shot off upon one of those flights of which skaters and tobogganers may have an inkling, but only eagles and riders of the Star can realize. The road remained excellent to the Elm City. Scarcely dismounting there, they rode on to West Haven. The day had grown very warm, and the eager German host at the inn where they dropped from the saddles surrounded them with so many seductions of sea baths, shore dinners, and swinging chairs, that they were content to idle the day away comparing notes.

The cyclometers showed 270 miles covered in 48 hours riding time, all stops except noonings included. They had passed through 52 towns or villages. Head-winds had assailed them on all days but one, otherwise the weather was perfect—no better season could be chosen for touring in New England than the last two weeks in June; the roads are as settled as such roads ever will be; mosquitoes and other vermin are unhatched (except in Wrentham swamps); the hotels have received their last superlative polish for the summer, and riders, as first guests, can get the pick of everything. The constant change of scene, activity in the open air, and unshackled freedom of movement left them at the end tenser in muscle, firmer in nerve, calmer in head and heart.

At evening they rolled back to town, shook hands, and parted, with such feelings as tried comrades have—their ride was over. But where was Quinipi? Not far away—a cozy nook of coast where warm friends, pleasant views, and royal baths conspired to make such a goal as they hope all cyclers may often reach.

D.

Ducker's last number quite made a friend of us. We confess that the comments of Chief Consul Shields, which, by the way, the League *Bulletin* commended to the notice of its ten thousand readers, were not of the gentlest when they dealt with the A. C. U. and the Springfield meet. We did not expect to escape without a few splashes of ink from Mr. Ducker's pen. It was pleasing to note the mild way in which he disposed of the subject. He quoted the paragraph wherein Mr. Shields praised the Springfield track and urged his New Orleans cycling friends to build such a one as an encouragement to Southern racing. And all Ducker said, and it is greatly to his credit, was that he hoped there would be six such tracks in the South. Perhaps this is a good omen for Mr. Ducker. Perhaps he who raised the spirit of opposition will crush it. Perhaps he has seen that it is better for brethren to dwell together in unity, and will bring back that Union, which is dissension, into that League, which is strength. There is room enough for enterprise, energy, and spirit in the body to which they properly belong. But whether he acts the prodigal son, and returns, or remains a rebellious spirit outside the gates, for the kind words he has spoken to the South—many thanks.—*Bicycle South.*

• • •

Springfield is happy and Rockwell winks with pleasure. The President has signed the bill appropriating \$150,000 for a public building there, and already an animated discussion is under way as to where it shall be located. Leave it to Ducker. The tournament is a national institution already, and the bike boys will want a floor or two in the new building.—*Palmer Journal.*

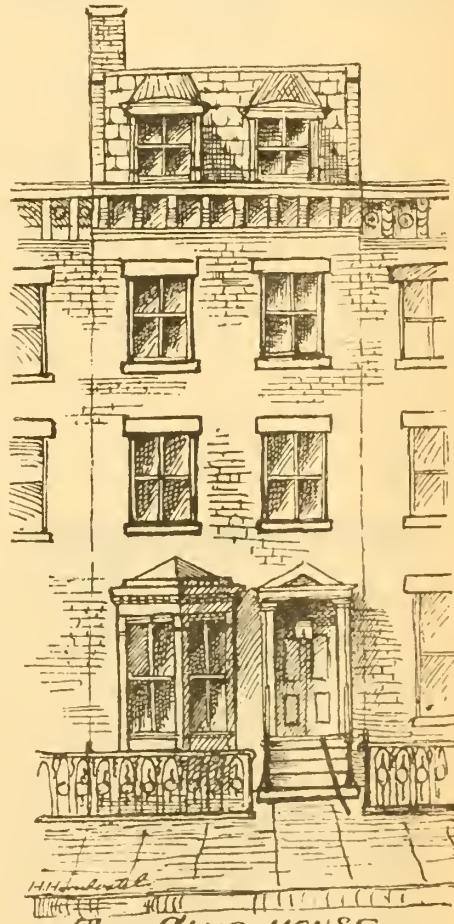
## BROOKLYN

### HER CLUBS AND CLUB-HOUSES.



O give the cycling public an idea of our clubs and their abodes, I have resolved to give a description of them to the best of my ability, and will discontinue my regular "Brooklyn Notes" until the advent of spring. In order to make the description interesting I will not rush too deeply into details, but will simply give a brief account thereof.

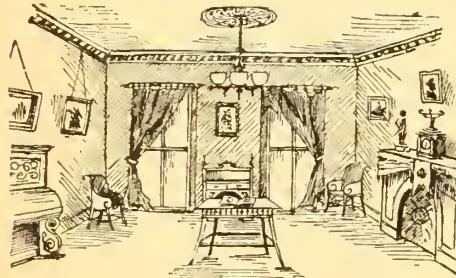
As the Brooklyn Bicycle Club is the oldest and most active organization in the city, I will undertake to describe it first. Early in November, 1878, the first bicycle was brought to Brooklyn. Its owner was Mr. Chas. G. Koop (now deceased), who rode along the streets and through the park during most of his leisure time. Although he



*THE CLUB-HOUSE*

was laughed at, and was compelled to stand many sarcastic remarks passed upon him, to say nothing of the manner in which the young "hoodlums" expressed their approbation of his agility by bestowing upon him showers of sticks and stones, he passed over these difficulties good-naturedly. A few months later Mr. W. F. Gullen took to the sport, and as a natural consequence became acquainted with Mr. Koop. While these two gentlemen were wheeling through the park in 1879, they formed the acquaintance of Messrs. Daniels, Maxwell, Barker, and Muir, and on Saturday afternoon, June 21, 1879, the Brooklyn Bicycle Club was organized by a field meet in a small rustic house on the border of the large lake near the

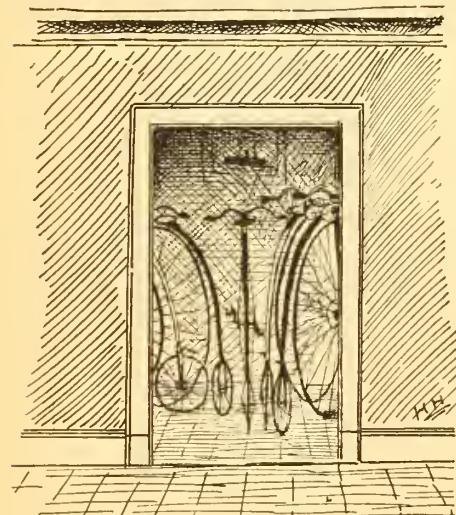
boulevard entrance in Prospect Park. At the third meeting held three months later, four new names were added to its list of members. Then followed a period of prosperity, succeeded by one of struggling to sustain an existence. But reaction came at last, new blood and life brought renewed vigor and enthusiasm, and since that time the Brooklyn Bicycle Club has grown in strength and importance and maintained its high rank and standing among the oldest and most prominent clubs of the country. They hired club rooms at 366 Livingston street, near Flatbush avenue, which were then attractively furnished and were also an



THE PARLOR.

inducement for outsiders to join the club. But, as is usually the case with an enterprising club, they found themselves outgrowing their quarters and becoming uncomfortably crowded. They realized their situation, but instead of acting hastily or imprudently, they deliberately talked over their plans for a more elaborate and extensive club-house, and the result was the hiring of a large house on St. Felix street, which they are occupying at the present time. The dimensions of the house are 25x60. They have three floors and also a restaurant.

Upon entering the house we pass through a hall at the end of which a staircase leads up to the next floor, at the same time glancing to our left we obtain a peep at the wheel room. The



THE WHEEL ROOM.

wheels are arranged neatly along the wall, while an ice-water stand adorns the front of the room. The pictures of several ocean steamships are also conspicuous and serve to make the room more attractive, though what connection they have with cycling, or with a bicycle club-house, is beyond my comprehension. I forgot to mention that the wheel room is really two rooms connected by a small passage-way. On account of the limited accommodations which one room

would afford to members desiring to leave their machines in the club-house, it was necessary to use the back room for wheels also. Ascending the flight of stairs we find ourselves looking into the parlor. This is as cozy a room as the most exacting wheelman would desire, while the furniture and ornaments display good taste and common sense. On the opposite side of the hall is the meeting room. In the center of this room stands a large square desk, upon which we find all the latest cycling publications and sporting magazines. Photographs of wheelmen in groups are well distributed along the walls, and a life-size portrait of ex-president Kellum, which catches the eye of the visitor at once, is worthy of especial notice. Climbing the stairs to the next floor, we find ourselves facing the pool room, which is well fitted up to suit the conveniences of the lovers of the game, while on the opposite side of the hall we behold two small rooms. Upon entering the first we find it to be a well equipped bath room, with hot and cold water, which will, no doubt, be highly appreciated next summer by riders coming in from a day's tour over hot and dusty roads. A door-way connects the bath room with the locker room. This is a plain room furnished with as many lockers as space will permit. It will very likely be altered slightly during the coming season, to meet the requirements of those who have not been fortunate enough to secure one of the few lockers which exist at present.

With a membership steadily increasing, the Brooklyn Bicycle Club looks forward to a year of success, and before another year has passed it will be no surprise if the membership reaches 100 or even more. The present officers of the club are: President, Albert B. Barkman; vice-president, Isaac B. Potter; secretary, Hermann H. Koop, Jr.; treasurer, Howard E. Raymond; captain, L. W. Slocum; first lieutenant, Frank B. Jones; second lieutenant, Howard Spelman; surgeon, Dr. A. C. Brush; color bearer, William R. Snedeker; bugler, Benj. J. Kellum, Jr.

In concluding I wish to thank Messrs. Raymond, Vail, and Snedeker for their kindness in assisting me by giving such information as I have desired, and I am also indebted to Mr. Barkman, for extracts from his road-book. The courtesy with which the Brooklyn Bicycle Club receives visitors, and the generous way of showing to them everything from top to bottom, is an example which every club should follow. J. W. S.

The programme for the annual L. A. W. meet at St. Louis is outlined as follows: First day, Friday, May 20, 9 A. M., board of officers meeting; 11 A. M., general business meeting; 4 P. M., leave on steamer down Missouri river to Montezuma, at which resort take supper; after supper re-embark for trip farther down the river. Steamer is provided with a large ball-room, and the night will be spent on board. Grand League ball. Return to St. Louis before morning. Second day, Saturday, May 21, parade at 10.30 A. M.; wheel to Forest Park and other resorts. After dinner, League races; afternoon, tour to St. Louis resorts; banquet at 7 P. M. Leave St. Louis at 12 midnight on special steamer, arriving in the morning at Clarksville. Leave at 10.30 for a tour of 20 miles over the famous Clarksville belt road, returning to St. Louis in the evening by steamer or rail. Next day, road race over Clarksville road, dinner, and return to St. Louis.

#### JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



OLD a bomb-shell have burst among cyclers in Philadelphia it could hardly have caused more of a sensation than did the news from New York after the late meeting of the L. A. W. Board in that city. When the newspaper reports appeared with the eye-catching headings of "War among Wheelmen," "A row among Wheelmen," etc., the members of the L. A. W. in Philadelphia were rudely awakened from an innocent and child-like belief in the good and great qualities of humanity as they supposed them to exist in the men in high places in the L. A. W. For some little time it was a study to watch how the news of the New York Racket—for by this name will we send this L. A. W. episode down into history—was received by different parties. Among the special friends of ex-Secretary-Editor Aaron there was, of course, a universal and a most natural scouting of any idea of willful dishonesty or carelessness on his part, and a freely expressed opinion that there was more behind than what was before the curtain of publicity. Among the ex-secretary-editor's acquaintances—and their number among the cyclers of the locality is legion—the same disposition to doubt anything wrong of him was also almost universally observable, and among those who did not know him personally, or who had heard but little of him, the disposition, while savoring of a desire for inquiry, was still in the main favorably disposed towards his side of the case. Speaking in round numbers, however, nobody knew exactly what to make of the intelligence which came in, that the ex-secretary-editor had been charged with malfeasance in office, that the votes of almost the whole representation of Pennsylvania had been thrown out, and that the State was practically voiceless in the affairs transacted at the Board meeting. To say the League members throughout the city were surprised would be but to faintly convey an idea of how they felt over the matter. Surprise, extreme surprise, was no doubt the first feeling experienced, and then this feeling began to give place to that of anger at what they commenced to realize was an unjustifiable attack on the Pennsylvania division. From the story told by those Pennsylvania division members who were present at the meeting, it would appear that the whole programme had been fixed beforehand by a certain clique of Boston-New York politicians who were desirous of keeping in a certain portion of the East the rule of the League, fearing that if the directing of League politics should lie much longer in the hands of the only State which, up to the present has shown purely disinterested and unselfish work for the League, that it would, in pursuance of its policy of "the League first," and backed by its active Southern allies, throw into the hands of the stirring West a portion of the power in the running of League affairs, which ought rightfully to be the share of that part of the country. But I had better not run off into dissertations upon motives, or springs of action, the proper reading of which can only be accomplished in the future, when the full light of what at present is the unrevealed, will have been spread over the acts and causes of to-day, which may perchance be productive of effects greater than we now look for. I will, therefore, give but

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.



**RUDGE**  
BICYCLES  
AND  
TRICYCLES

— SOLE U.S. AGENTS.—  
**STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.**  
Nos. 152 to 158 Congress St. BOSTON, MASS.



Boston, Mass., — January 29, 1887.

Mr. H. E. Ducker,

Springfield, Mass.

Dear Sir : -- We beg to enclose you check for the amount of your monthly statement received to-day; also contract signed for 1887. We believe it is principally through The Wheelmen's Gazette that the Rudge machines have attained their popularity.

Wishing you success for the coming year, we remain,

Yours very truly,

STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.

H. D. Barry

# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

T. A. McDONALD & CO.  
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF

"THE BOOK-KEEPER'S DELIGHT,"  
POSTAGE-STAMP STICKER, ENVELOPE SEALER, PAPER WEIGHT,  
AND FINGER DAMPENER, COMBINED.

New Albany, Ind., September 13, 1886.

The Wheelmen's Gazette, Springfield, Mass.

The 100 copies of the Gazette containing our advertisement of "The Book-Keeper's Delight" reached us this morning; and we have to say, in reply, that the advertisement seems to have caught the eye of the people so readily that several orders and letters of inquiry had reached us through the mails before the copies arrived. We can heartily recommend the Gazette as a good advertising medium. We know nothing of the extent of your circulation, but the communications we have received from different parts of the United States evidently prove that the Gazette has no small number of readers. Two of your subscribers from the far West--Ogden, Utah--Mr. Funge and Mr. Griffin--ordered our combination. We are fully satisfied that "The Book-Keeper's Delight" is what all clerks and book-keepers want.

Yours truly,

T. A. McDONALD & CO.

DICTATED

20

## LATER RETURNS.

T. A. McDONALD & CO.  
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF

"THE BOOK-KEEPER'S DELIGHT,"  
POSTAGE-STAMP STICKER, ENVELOPE SEALER, PAPER WEIGHT,  
AND FINGER DAMPENER, COMBINED.

New Albany, Ind., November 12, 1886.

The Wheelmen's Gazette,

Springfield, Mass.

The orders for "The Book-Keeper's Delight" are coming in rapidly --thirteen today, all mentioning the ad. in The Wheelmen's Gazette. We forwarded you one dozen sets by Adams Express the 8th. Will send another lot this week.

Respectfully,

*T. A. McDonald & Co.*

a few facts connected with this upheaval in the League which followed the first burst of the storm that astounded Pennsylvanians generally. The expression of opinion throughout L. A. W. circles in Philadelphia after the first feeling of surprise passed off was one that could not very well be ignored. It said unmistakably, "we want to know more about this matter; the members of the Keystone State division are not a parcel of boys to be bluffed by ward politician-like gerrymandering, or brow-beaten by official power despotically used, into believing that such and such is the case, because so and so says that it is so." Now with all due respect to the official Board of the L. A. W., I would wish this to be put on record: that from all I could gather, the members of the Pennsylvania div.—and the Pennsylvania division, judging by its past history, is no slouch of a division—some few days after the late Board meeting got into their heads the following idea: That the League board of officers, judging from the result of their meeting in New York, were an exceedingly bright lot of legislators, for practically asking an educated and thinking body of nineteenth century born and bred Pennsylvanians to believe that such and such is the case, because so and so says that it is so. What an historic sentence this would make in the annals of the League. And yet by ruling that the stenographic report of this Board meeting should not appear in the official organ, as the stenographic reports of all other such meetings had appeared, the officers directly asked a body of thinking men to accept as fact, without showing proof, a grave charge against one of their number. The Pennsylvania division, then, is entitled to pardon, if it did think that the League Board had acted in a curious manner, both with respect to Mr. Eugene M. Aaron and Mr. John Wells, as well as with respect to the treatment of Pennsylvanians generally. Well, under the circumstances, what was to be done? If the board of officers were content to let the matter rest, the division could not very well do so. If Mr. Aaron and Mr. Wells had been treated unfairly, if they had been convicted of offenses of which they were guiltless, if they denied charges preferred against them, which they did do, it was clearly the duty of the division to stand by them and see that they had fair play. Mr. Frank Read, one of the most active wheelmen in the division, voiced the sentiments of his fellow-members when he led a movement which resulted in a meeting at his own office first, followed by another one at the Philadelphia Bicycle Club's quarters, which meetings resulted in the strengthening of the belief in the minds of Pennsylvania division members that there was but little doubt that "Pennsylvania" had received on one cheek something which no teaching of Christian doctrine could induce her to turn round the other to receive. If the League Board, or whatever portion of it worked the charge up, could prove their allegations against Pennsylvania division members, then the Pennsylvania division could and would do nothing that was not right; but it was utterly preposterous to imagine that the Pennsylvania division would believe such and such was the case because so and so said that it was so. The meeting held at the Philadelphia Bicycle Club's headquarters on the evening of Tuesday, February 1, was in many respects a remarkable one. The notice sent out read to members of the Pennsylvania division, and in response to the summons, over one hundred members of the division, with some members

of the New Jersey division, assembled in the large meeting-room of the Philadelphia, and held what was perhaps the most remarkable cycling conclave ever held in Philadelphia. The committee appointed to get what information they could with respect to what Messrs. Aaron and Wells had to say, presented a favorable report respecting their case. The outcome of the meeting was decidedly reassuring to the members of the division. It was shown that if Mr. Aaron had been back in his accounts, whatever remissness there may have been on his part, the League did not suffer by it, and indeed the fact that at the outset the League was in debt to its secretary-editor would tell a great deal in his favor. The action of the League officials in refusing to print, or rather ordering the report of the meeting in New York not to be fully printed, had a significance which told only in favor of Pennsylvania's side of the case, and the further action of the Board in repealing the rule in the regulations of the League, providing for the right of appeal, also told heavily in favor of the ex-secretary-editor's case. Mr. Abbot Bassett, the new secretary-editor, was present at the meeting, and started out in a rather confident manner, evidently thinking that, representing the party which did the job in New York, he had plenty of backing, and that the Pennsylvanians were cornered all round. But before the evening was over he found that, unlike his Boston-New York syndicate, the Pennsylvania division demanded that everything should be shown up. If Messrs. Aaron, Wells, and other of their division members were guilty of any misdemeanors or short-comings, they demanded that such should be proved to the satisfaction of all parties. If they were not to blame, then something should be done to right them, and something in the way of amends made for what was a high-handed and reprehensible method of procedure on the part of certain officials of the League. The right of appeal the division claimed that it had. Mr. Bassett seemed to think that as the Board, in view of the probable desire of the division to know the ins and outs of the affair, had repealed the rule relating to this matter, the division had no say, but his confidence on this head was rudely shaken when it was advanced in argument, that the repealing of this rule, being subsequent to the events under discussion, and regarding which an explanation was asked, the striking of it from the rules and regulations did not affect in the least the case of what had occurred at the meeting prior to its disappearance from the governmental policy and formulae under which the said meeting was conducted, and under which said events and actions demanding inquiry took place. And so the case stands; the Pennsylvania division has appealed to the president of the L. A. W.; if he refuses to grant them full satisfaction, then the division will appeal for justice to the League at large, and till then we will know nothing more. All we know now is that such and such is the case, because so and so says that it is so.

The prevailing sentiment here is of course one of sympathy for Mr. Aaron, and yet as far as I can learn it is not a blind sympathy born only of sentiment, but it seems to be based on the conviction that his honesty of motive and action are above questioning. As he admitted himself, his accounts may have been somewhat mixed, owing to a variety of causes, the League owing him money at one time to a considerable extent, and afterwards when the rush of work came, he owing

the League money, in consequence of what he straightforwardly allows was not the best manner of keeping the books. His force at the L. A. W. office prior to the time when his health began to fail, and in consequence his work to pile up without much chance of his being able to cope with it, was altogether too small to handle the volume of business that was the outcome of the large and rapidly increasing membership. It was not until the League officials saw the necessity of granting extra help that the secretary-editor commenced to find where he was, and as soon as he found that any discrepancy existed in his accounts just so soon did he take measures to have any errors which might exist corrected. An expert accountant was employed at his request, and everything made perfectly straight. From the whole bearing of the case as given in the newspapers, and from the actions of the League Board itself, from the evident desire to close out the Pennsylvania delegates from taking any part in the meeting at which the effort was made to throw odium on the work of the most earnest and loyal of all League workers, and from the cutting out of the League rules of the one referring to the right of appeal, it would appear that the party opposing Mr. Aaron and endeavoring to throw on his shoulders the stigma of dishonesty had but small grounds for acting as they did, and, further, such action of striking out from the League rules this special one referring to the right of appeal, showed that they knew they stood on anything but firm ground. No blame can be attached to the Pennsylvania division for desiring a full and clear statement of all that occurred at this much talked-of meeting in New York. It is due to the honor of the division, it is due to the honor of the division officers, it is due to the honor of the League at large, to know the reason why ring rule should enforce on members the acceptance as a fact that such and such is the case, because so and so says that it is so.

The Pennsylvania Bicycle Club has been more active for the past month or so in a social sense than for some time previously. Several enjoyable social evenings have been indulged in by the members, who with musical and kindred tastes to cater for have found much pleasure in meeting together and having a generally good time. The unusually severe weather even for winter time in Philadelphia which we have been lately experiencing, has had the effect of keeping back the work on the new club-house which "Pennsy" is looking forward to completing early in the summer. The plan of this, the second cycling club-house which will be a feature of the "Quaker City," is radically different to that of the lately erected Philadelphia, Bicycle Club domicile. The latter has magnificent large rooms, and few of them; the Pennsylvania Club house I understand will have a number of rooms, and necessarily they will be of smaller dimensions than those of the Philadelphia, which rooms might very appropriately give to this latter building the cognomen of the Cycling Club house of Magnificent Distances. The idea of the Philadelphias' house is simply this: The cellar or basement story is devoted to the storage of machines, and covers the entire floor space inclosed between the four walls. The second story has the meeting room, also, it may be said, covering the entire floor space between the four walls, with the exception of a couple of small rooms back. On the third story are dressing rooms, bath rooms, etc., and on the fourth story is the

gymnasium, which also runs the entire length and breadth of the building, with the exception of, if I remember rightly, one room at the rear of the building that forms part of the janitor's apartments. So, therefore, the idea of the edifice is simply four great rooms built one over the other. This in many respects is a good plan.

In the machine room of the Philadelphia Club house on the occasion of my visit, I was much impressed with the number of tricycles around, and especially with the number of tandem machines, all owned by members. I counted seven or eight tandems among over a dozen tricycles of all descriptions. This looks well for the coming year, and the wealth of double seated machines among the members of this club, together with the special arrangements they have made for the convenience of members of the fair sex, points to a probable growth of cycling as a pastime among the fair ones of the Quaker City.

Mr. Abbot Bassett paid quite a lengthy visit to Philadelphia after his election to the position of secretary-editor. Of course his mission here was to take away from Philadelphia, what really Philadelphia pluck, energy, courage, and foresight had given to the League, viz.: the best and most thorough official organ that it ever possessed. Having left the happy neutral ground of Pennsylvania, we will see how the *L. A. W. Bulletin* fares under the auspices, and in the territory that fathered and sheltered the bickerings and scandals that were of old the bane of all the former *L. A. W.* official organs. By the time the next jottings take the trip over the three rivers, we will all be wiser *L. A. W.* members than we now are.

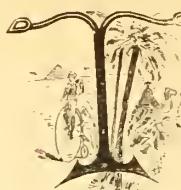
CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, February 2, '87.

There are many who can remember the outcry that went up throughout "Nancydom" at the exhibition of unclothed limbs by our racing men several years since. The culmination of this prudery was at Springfield, where Hendee set the example of appearing in black tights entirely covering all of his limbs. The fashion was immediately taken up by the lesser lights, and we were soon treated with a surfeit of sable-clad cyclists upon our racing tracks who looked more like scarecrows than athletes. The reaction has now set in, and the racing suit each day grows nearer what it should be, *i. e.*, less like a ballet dancer's and more like an athlete's. As an example of the public feeling in this matter, the recent Greek comedy at the Academy of Music was striking. The largest and most fashionable audience the building had ever held sat and watched the Greek comedy and language torn to pieces by ambitious collegians, whose costume was condensed into an abbreviated toga and sandals, legs, arms and chest bare, uncovered. Not a lady fainted at this display of masculine anatomy, and none thought it disgusting. The "old women" in cycling who want to put it in swaddling clothes might read a lesson from this.—EGAN in *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

Does this boasting of big circulations, calling each other everything but liars, making ridiculous comparisons, etc., betoken smartness on the part of these editors who seem to delight in such silly, nonsensical, puerile pastime? Does it raise them a notch higher in the estimation of their readers?—*Star Advocate*. Is this intended as a rebuke to the *L. A. W. Bulletin*?

## FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



THE winter, up to the present, has been exceptionally unfavorable for cycling, and the hardiest of riders have enjoyed but scanty opportunities to keep the wheel rolling. Christmas day was bright and cold, and the hard-frozen roads afforded good riding; but on the following evening the whole country was subjected to one of the most furious snow storms ever known, and from then until now the snow has lain on the ground more or less thickly, varying from a few inches to eight and ten feet in depth. It is said to be an ill wind that blows nobody good, but in the case of this Boxing Day storm the only class of people to reap a harvest seem to be the telegraph and telephone maintenance men, who have had to replace almost every yard of overhead wire. Consequently there has been no practical cycling to chronicle.

The usual round of Cinderella dances, smoking-concerts, and club general meetings proceeds monotonously, and the only items of interest of late have been the approaching annual Stanley Show, and the parlous plight in which the N. C. U. executive find themselves.

Too much attention has been devoted to the racing-path, for a long time past, by our Union, to the detriment of the interests of the great road-riding majority; and what with the widespread discontent occasioned in the rank and file of clubs by this circumstance, complicated by fierce contention between the apostles of pure amateurism on the one side, and subsidized amateurism on the other, although the question is so involved that it is difficult to classify the different parties correctly, one thing is certain; the wheel world here is utterly sick of the dispute, and probably not one subscriber out of every hundred, of our papers, reads the screeds devoted to it.

The next council meeting, to be held February 3, will be a stormy one, although the abolition motion will not be brought up for decision. The chief items of practical effect upon the agenda are propositions to institute tandem tricycle championships, and a dwarf bicycle championship; to prohibit the acceptance of any record made in a trial against time; and to rescind the sentences of the suspensions passed upon makers' amateurs.

The Stanley show opens at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, to-morrow week, and will undoubtedly be the largest display of cycles ever held. There are already signs that there will be no diminution of the number of novelties exhibited, dwarf bicycles, tandems, and convertible bi-tricycles being the most fashionable.

"FAED."

LONDON, Jan. 19, 1887.

"I am going to ride this year," said Chief Consul Rogers yesterday. Are you surprised at this remark? It is a fact, though, that a number of the old pioneers and men who have been connected with all important events within the last year, have, in many instances, not mounted a wheel for a twelvemonth. "Too much tournament" is one of the principal causes, but it is hoped that the old timers will wake up this year and appear on the road again.—*Wheelmen's Record*. That hits our case exactly. We mean to be a wheelman this year as never before.

## News Notes.

Mr. H. D. Corey has been elected secretary of the Wheel Board of Trade.

Double steering will be one of the specialties of the Rudge Crescent tandem for 1887.

George R. Bidwell recently sold Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt a 54-inch Rudge light roadster.

The patient waiter loses nothing. Who knows but what it may be our turn next. Ahem!

John P. Lovell's Sons, of Boston, will handle the Springfield Roadsters for New England.

Colonel Pope and A. H. Overman are hard-working members of the Gymnasium Association.

In days gone by, Mr. Aaron has sat upon us hard, and, in the present trouble, we return good for evil.

The King Wheel Company have placed an order with a Bridgeport, Ct., firm for 1,000 of their wheels.

The Fort Wayne Bicycle Club's concert and ball on Monday evening, January 10, was a grand success.

In the line of former punishment, why is it Ducker is not sentenced to banishment from America?

George M. Hendee is on a Southern tour in the interest of the Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Company.

The New York *Clipper* almanac for 1887 has been received, and is up to its usual standard of excellence.

The long looked-for, long hoped-for, has turned up, and it is now Abbot Bassett, secretary-editor of *L. A. W.*

The Pope Manufacturing Company is now located in its new building, corner of Franklin and Arch streets, Boston.

The sign of the Pope Manufacturing Company, at its new building on Franklin street, is one of the largest in Boston.

We welcome to our fold the subscribers to the *Cycle*, which we have decided to discontinue, and will send the *GAZETTE* in its stead.

"Jottings from beyond the Three Rivers" is mighty interesting reading this time, and shows the other side of Mr. Aaron's case.

W. S. Maltby and Fred Rollinson write in glowing terms of the treatment they are receiving at the hands of Melbourne wheelmen.

Mr. A. H. Overman, of Victor fame, is in Europe. He will be present at the Stanley show, and have some of his machines on exhibition there.

Patience on a monument smiling at grief is well illustrated in Secretary-Editor Bassett's case. He is now smiling at grief in the City of Brotherly Love.

R. Howell, the English champion, intends to do considerable racing on the Rudge bicyclette the coming season. He believes it is faster than the ordinary.

The New South Wales Cycling Union decided by a vote of 32 to 11 that the "makers' amateur" and the agent shall continue to rank as *bona fide* amateurs.

The Oregon Bicycle Club have drawn up a bill to repeal the Oregon 100 yards dismount law, and it has been introduced into both houses of the legislature.

Spade handles, long cranks, full front forks, and a new patent combination spring and saddle, are among the specifications of the Rudge light roadster for 1887.

Now is the time to see about exchanging your old wheel for a new one, or to buy a second-hand one, and the man to write to is A. W. Gump, Dayton, Ohio. Fact.

The *American Wheelman*, who gave last year one of the most successful road races ever held, will give the 100-mile road race during the L. A. W. meet in St. Louis.

Reform seems to be the watchword of the L. A. W., and members are coming to realize that business men are what the League wants at its head, instead of professional men.

W. T. Fleming, of Philadelphia, has ridden 5,410 miles the past season, while in 1885 he rode 5,514, making a grand total of 10,924 miles in two years, most all made touring.

If the League officers listened to the words of far-seeing business men at Washington, Buffalo, and New York meetings, all of the late unpleasantness would have been avoided.

Two thousand four hundred and eighty-nine bicycles entered Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, last year, and it is estimated that 21,489 entered at the gates where records are not kept.

Send ten one-cent stamps to Arthur Munson, Stamford, Ct., for an instructive little pamphlet entitled "Care and Repair," containing many useful hints on the care and repair of cycles.

Those who want to get those excellent tandems, the Cunard, and wait till spring before ordering, will get sadly "left." Messrs. D. Rogers & Co. inform us that orders are pouring in on them rapidly.

Jenkins and Ducker had cause to smile at the result of the New York meeting, for with all of their faults their trouble with the League was small in comparison with that experienced at the last meeting.

Dr. W. G. Kendall has resigned his position as marshal of the eastern division of the L. A. W. touring department. His resignation will be received with regret, and it will be difficult to find a fitting successor.

The King Wheel Company have dropped the name Springfield from their wheel in favor of the Springfield Roadster, manufactured by the Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Company, of 19 Pearl street, Boston, Mass.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has not discontinued its repair shop at the Boston office, as reported. Wheelmen, however, are requested to send their machines to the factory at Hartford if in need of more than slight repairs.

At the 12-hour bicycle race, held in the roller skating rink, Faribault, Minn., between A. M. Tenney and Fred Straub, on Saturday, January 29, Fred Straub won by one lap. Both men rode the twelve hours without a dismount.

We present in this issue a brief synopsis of the Pope Manufacturing Co.'s Catalogue, illustrating the principal features of this year's wheels. For further particulars, address Pope Manufacturing Co., who will mail free their new 48-page catalogue.

W. J. Morgan's ride of 236 miles without dismounting stamps him as one of the greatest long distance riders the world has ever seen. The

previous best record was that of Harry Higham, who, in 1880, rode 230 miles, 469 yards.

Mrs. L. H. Porter, of East Orange, N. J., has ridden 2,305 miles,—634 on a tricycle, 1,671 on a tandem,—in 192 riding days. Mrs. J. W. Smith, of the same place, has ridden 2,643½ miles,—2,228½ with her husband on a tandem, 415 miles on a tricycle.

The international tournament projected and carried out last May by F. Cathcart in London, England, will be repeated this year on a larger scale during the great jubilee week in honor of the Queen, and the probable dates are June 23, 24, and 25.

The Springfield Bicycle Manufacturing Company made a bold bid for business in securing G. M. Hendee to ride for them next season. It is not yet known if George will ride the Springfield on the track or devote his attention to the selling of the machine.

The A. C. U. has suggested to the L. A. W. the appointment of a committee to consider the expediency of a change in the amateur rule, and the L. A. W., with its dog-in-the-manger greed, will neither take control of racing nor sanction others to do so.

The annual five-mile championship race of the St. John (N. B.) Bicycle Club took place over a course on the Marsh road, October 13. E. H. Turnbull and H. C. Page were the only contestants. The latter was an easy winner in 20.50½. The wind was rather strong at the time.

The greatest surprise to us has been the way our subscription list has grown in the Middle and Western States. Almost half our list is west of New York city.—*The Bicycle*. That is our case. Ohio heads the list of GAZETTE subscribers with something over 700, and Pennsylvania comes next.

The Springfield Bicycle Club will repeat its excellent minstrel entertainment in this city Feb. 22 and 23, for the benefit of the Women's Christian Association. The club has given this entertainment four times already to crowded houses, and the verdict of the public is, "There is none better."

The *Wheelmen's Record* is a new acquisition to bicycle journalism from Indianapolis, Ind., and is worthy of success. It is edited and illustrated by P. C. Darrow, whose excellent account of the "Hub to Hoosierdom" was printed in the GAZETTE. The paper follows in the wake of the GAZETTE as regards typography and a different colored cover weekly.

Thomas Stevens, the famous "round-the-world" bicyclist, was tendered a reception at the Esmond hotel, Cortland, Or., by the Oregon Bicycle Club, on Saturday, January 26. Dr. B. E. Miller, after a neat speech, informing Mr. Stevens that he had been made an honorary member of the club, presented him with a small gold badge on behalf of the club. Mr. Stevens left at 3 p. m. over the Northern for Minneapolis.

The H. B. Smith Machine Company has been experimenting with the various sizes of front steering wheels, and finds that when too large they are unwieldy, and have determined the following sizes to be about right, and the machines of 1887 will be so proportioned: Twenty-one-inch front wheel for 42-inch Pony Star; 22-inch front wheel for 45 and 48 inch Star bicycle; 23-inch front wheel for 51-inch Star bicycle; 24-inch front wheel for 54-inch Star bicycle.

We have received from Messrs. Stoddard, Loveling & Co. a photograph of their principal bicycle salesroom in Boston. It shows to a good advantage some 300 Rudge bicycles and tricycles. At one end of the room the offices are situated, while the whole building is fitted with every modern convenience for doing business. The photograph makes an excellent picture to hang in any club room, and no doubt could be had from them if applied for by the secretary.

"It is to be hoped," says the *Bicycling World*, "that some of our fast riders will go over to the international tournament to be held at Alexandra Park, London, May 20 to 22. It's a pity if there is not enough pride in America to send to England a good man, and that our best man is unwilling to go. The eye of cycledom is looking towards you, W. A. Rowe. For the honor of American wheelmen, we appeal to you. Say you will go, and the money will be forthcoming." Who will be the first to start a party over?

Rolfe, the Australian champion, and James, the English cyclist, have been matched to ride one, three, and five miles for £100 a side and the championship of Australia, the winner of two events to take the stakes and be declared champion. The match was to be decided on the Newcastle track on January 8. Rolfe was desirous of including a twenty-mile race; but this could not be agreed upon, although James states that he will make a separate match at that distance. Wood also expressed his willingness to accommodate Rolfe at that distance.

Dan Canary has been giving performances in Paris, and has had some funny experiences from not understanding the French language. A story is told that, after doing his bicycle and unicycle riding performance on the stage, he called, or rather beckoned, to the supers to bring on the tables and chairs upon which he places his bicycle and balances on it. One of the supers, not understanding him, came on the stage, and Canary, not being able to explain, had to gesticulate, and the audience "tumbling" to the position Canary was placed in, it brought the house down.

On the night of February 21, the night before Mardi Gras, the Louisiana Division L. A. W. propose to give a lantern parade, on which occasion the New Orleans Bicycle Club will throw open the doors of its new club-house, inviting those participating in the parade to be present. We are requested to extend to the members of the L. A. W. in Massachusetts a cordial invitation to participate in the parade, and any riders visiting that city during the carnival are requested to bring their wheels with them. The Vonderbank Hotel is the L. A. W. hotel in New Orleans.

One of the most marvelous performances of last year was the 10,002 miles ridden by Emerson Burt, a fifteen-year-old lad of Westfield, Mass., in competition for the gold cyclometer offered by J. A. Lakin & Co. His mount was a 42-inch American Ideal bicycle, 1885 pattern, and a valuable testimonial to the enduring qualities, as well as its capacity, was this wonderful ride. Its manufacturers, the Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company, presented the little fellow with a 46-inch Ideal, 1887 pattern, with ball bearings all over, as soon as they heard of the performance. The American Ideal is regarded as the standard boys' bicycle.

J. A. Lakin & Co. offer three special prizes for 1887 of gold-plated cyclometers, valued at \$25

each, to the wheelmen riding the greatest number of miles on a wheel on which is used the standard cyclometers,—one going to the wheelman of New England, one to the wheelman of the Pacific slope, and the third to the wheelman outside the above territory. The following are the rules that must be observed by contestants: 1st, no rider will be allowed to compete who has won a Lakin prize in any former year; 2d, any wheelman entering for one of the three prizes shall forward a written statement, sworn to and signed by two witnesses, giving the reading of the cyclometer at the time of starting, also giving the number of his instrument and size of wheel, and stating which prize he wishes to enter for; 3d, any wheelman entering for one of these prizes will not be allowed to ride his wheel in any hall or rink (all records must be made out of doors); 4th, a statement must be sent to the office of J. A. Lakin & Co. the first of each month, giving the reading of the cyclometer and the number of miles ridden up to that date (these are kept confidentially till the season is over); 5th, proof required from those entering records for the prize will be an affidavit setting forth the number of miles made on a wheel, also to be signed by three witnesses who are knowing to the facts; 6th, the season for riding will close December 1, 1887, and all letters containing records must bear mail marks of dates not later than December 5, 1887. Prizes will be awarded December 20 by a committee appointed for that purpose. The racing board require that all records must be made by cyclometers that are certified to by the makers, who will furnish certificates of accuracy with all instruments made by them on application.

#### STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

The January thaw found us like storm-tossed mariners, inasmuch as we were glad to see bare ground again. The late long frozen unpleasantness has been really an ice 'ore'!

So Mr. Cycle has been "Reading, and Ketches up the Solitary Club," in the *Bulletin*. We intended working in a quotation to the effect that "much Reading hath made thee mad!" but have thought better of it, as his anger is no doubt caused solely by the fleecy whiteness, and the everlasting hills in his section of the country. We kind o' yearn for an exploration tour Reading-wards, in the month of roses, unless "Cycling," in truthful description of the lay o' the land, gets in so many hills as to discourage "Our Club" from going.

"What is the best route from New York to your place, Cycle?"

Two of our space annihilators are already working up tours to Boston, Washington, the Oranges, etc., and are laying in a heavy stock of lubricating oil so their wheels will be on good behavior "when the witching days are here."

The Solitary Club's record for winter riding is about the same as last winter to February 1—as it—they, [he!]—has missed but nine days, averaging eight miles daily; the regular trip to business and return includes common country roads, cinder path on railroad, and sidewalks and streets in town—the last often being more wretchedly bad than the first. Nothing but snow and blizzards stop the Facile.

Old cycles are being made to look as much better than new as their owner's skill and consciences will allow of, preparatory to another season's struggle in the hands of prospective and expectant novices. Might the good work go on!!

From present indications, many of our sedate and solid business men, seeing the pleasure and profit of cycling enjoyed by some of their neighbors who have got a year ahead of them, will this season join the great and growing throng who are in nearly every case ready to testify to the superiority of wheeling over any other pastime yet known. "The business use the wheel can be put to is a strong card in its favor with the aforementioned."

Our Dutch apprentice boy says that of a Monday morning he resembles a broken pocket knife, inasmuch as "he feels a little blayed out." He is "geeping gombany," which explains his Monday morning lassitude. He is investigating tandems.

At last our street cars are about in running order, and some one is trying to awaken in the dear public an interest in street paving, by way of a series of articles on the subject, in our leading local paper, and "us, the people, are hopeful that good may result from them." "STAMSON."

#### Correspondence.

*Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:*—

In my November letter to the *GAZETTE*, I gave you a few items in regard to cycling in this place. I will now relate an adventure which befell me last summer. It was in the month of August, up in Androscoggin county. I was riding along over a piece of excellent road, when, at a turn in the road, I was brought face to face with a yoke of steers hitched to a pair of wheels (not bicycle wheels). It is very evident that those steers had never seen a bicycle before, for in an instant they became considerably excited and elevating their tails to an angle of forty-five degrees they darted out of the road through the fence and into a short growth of birch bushes. The ground being quite rough, the way those wheels bounced around may be more readily imagined than described. The driver, who by the way was sitting astride the tongue, could only hold on and frantically shout, "Whoa! hi!!!"

I did not stop to see how he came out, because he was bigger than I am and I didn't think it would be safe to do so. The last I heard of them, was a violent crashing in the bushes accompanied by considerable profanity.

I would like to suggest to the readers of the *GAZETTE* that if they would publish their experience with the different styles of cyclometers which are in the market, they would receive the thanks of a large number of cyclists, especially of the new riders.

HERBERT D. PENNEY.

NEW GLOUCESTER, ME., February 1, 1887.

#### THOMAS STEVENS'S PLANS.

The editor of *Outing* has received the following communication from the returned wheelman, which will explain to his friends his movements after reaching Chicago:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 18, 1887.

I shall leave here Saturday, January 22, traveling east via Portland, St. Paul, and Minneapolis to Chicago. Upon my arrival at Chicago, I want everybody to consider me as blotted out of existence for the brief space of a week, whilst I scurry off down into the backwoods of Missouri to pay my respects to a certain old lady who has shed silent tears on the pages of the *Outing* magazine as she has read there of dangers and difficulties about my path; and who has prayed as regularly for my safe return, as ever faithful Mussulman prostrates himself towards Mecca. After that, I shall take pleasure in endeavoring to show my great appreciation of the kindly welcome I hear awaits me at the hands of my fellow wheelmen.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,

(Signed)

THOMAS STEVENS.

#### Among the Clubs.

THE BROOKLYN BICYCLE CLUB offers the following as a resume of its work for 1886: Total membership, 65, classified as follows: Active, 55; associate, 5; veteran, 3, and honorary, 2. The maximum duration of membership was seven years and seven months; the minimum, one month. The total period of membership was one hundred and nine years and eight months, and the average duration, one year and ten months. The maximum age was 34 years, the minimum, 18; sum total of all the ages, 1,469 years, and the average, 22½ years. The maximum height was 6 feet 3 inches, the minimum, 5 feet 4 inches; the sum total of all heights was 365 feet 4 inches, and the average, 5 feet 8 inches. The heaviest man weighed 195 pounds, lightest, 122 pounds; total weight was 9,244 pounds, and their average weight, 142 pounds. In all of the above, 65 men reported. Their mileage in 1886, with but 45 men reporting, was: maximum, 8,086; minimum, 100. Total mileage of all reporting, 55,743 miles. The number of wheels, 54, classified as follows: Expert, 24; Victor, 12; American Club, 5; Rudge Light Roadster, 3; Columbia Light Roadster, 3; British Challenge, 1; Yale, 1; Apollo, 1; Pilot, 1; Spalding, 1; unknown makes, 3. The largest wheel was 60 inches, and the smallest, 48, the average being 53 inches. The largest individual records were: A. B. Barkman, 8,086 miles; F. B. Hawkins, 4,751; Elmer Skinner, 4,000; Dr. Brush and E. Williams, each 3,000; W. Slocum, 2,556; A. S. Haviland, 2,500; Martin R. Winchell, and J. R. Nafis, each 2,000; F. B. Jones, 1,800; and H. J. Kellum and G. E. D. Todd, each 1,500. Besides these, Messrs. Bancroft, Meeteer, Adams, Wheeler, Cole, Spelman, and Wheeler, each scored 1,000 miles or over.

#### CLUB ELECTIONS.

ALLEGHENY (Pa.) CYCLERS—President, Dr. G. W. Beane; secretary-treasurer, W. C. Coffin, Jr.; corresponding secretary, W. O. McConnell; captain, W. D. Bunker; first lieutenant, Hugh Fleming, Jr.; second lieutenant, J. F. Gray; color bearers, F. A. Minnemyer and C. E. Minnemyer; guide, F. T. Hoover; bugler, J. K. Ewing; surgeon, Dr. G. W. Beane.

ATLANTA (Ga.) WHEELMEN—President, R. L. Cooney; secretary-treasurer, E. P. Chalfant; captain, D. B. Osborne; bugler, C. H. Freyer.

BAY CITY WHEELMEN (San Francisco, Cal.)—President, C. C. Moore; vice-president, W. W. Whitson; secretary, E. Fehrbach; treasurer, Robert M. Welch; captain, W. Meeker; first lieutenant, F. V. James; second lieutenant, Percy C. Haslett.

BOSCOBEL BICYCLE CLUB (Lynn, Mass.)—President, Robert J. Heron; vice-president, Philip McCarty; secretary, William L. Lewis; treasurer, Henry Forsythe; captain, Edward Truesdale; first lieutenant, Geo. A. Lesson; second lieutenant, Joseph Rowley; color bearer, Thomas Stevens; bugler, E. A. Packard; club committee, Thomas Stevens, S. Steele, P. McCarty.

BOSTON (Mass.) BICYCLE CLUB—President, E. C. Hodges; secretary, E. W. Hodgkins; treasurer, C. W. Fourdrinier; captain, E. G. Whitney; first lieutenant, Theo. Rothe; second lieutenant, W. E. Jones; club committee: active representative, C. P. Donohoe; associate, H. H. Gage, W. W. Keith, W. F. Crafts, J. R. Chadwick.

**BUFFALO (N. Y.) RAMBLERS**—President, John S. Kellner; vice-president, Emmet S. Wade; secretary, Louis Bruch; financial secretary, C. G. Wanenmacher; treasurer, George C. Laub; captain, William L. Fuchs; club committee, the officers named, with Howard B. Root, C. G. Glanz, Fred A. Barnes, and C. W. Holland.

**CENTURY WHEELMEN** (Philadelphia, Pa.)—President, Kirk Brown; vice-president, Frank Read; secretary, H. W. Brown; treasurer, A. G. McGlathery; captain, A. D. Pedrick; board of directors, Thomas Ilare, Wallace Mayhew, J. C. Eastlake, R. C. Swayne.

**CHEYENNE (Wyo.) BICYCLE CLUB**—President, E. T. Duffy; vice-president, F. S. Hebard; secretary, Fred. Bond; treasurer, J. J. Nairn; captain, J. A. Baxter; lieutenant, W. R. Swan.

**CHICAGO (Ill.) BICYCLE CLUB**—President, R. Philip Gormully; vice-president, John C. Ellis; captain, Fred A. Ingalls; secretary-treasurer, R. J. Schmitt; quartermaster, Samuel B. Wright.

**COLUMBIA BICYCLE CLUB** (Attleboro, Mass.)—President, O. W. Clifford; vice-president, H. A. Hall; secretary, W. A. Block; treasurer, C. F. Kurtz; captain, Fred L. Goilon; first lieutenant, Ray Randell; second lieutenant, Will Swift; bugler, Geo. L. Shepardson; executive committee, John Plattner and F. E. Bell.

**CRAWFORDSVILLE (Ind.) RAMBLERS**—President, W. H. Pontious; vice-president, H. F. Hutton; secretary-treasurer, T. Rass; captain, F. B. Nicholson; lieutenant, H. T. Coons; bugler, Mort. Insley; club committee, Mort. Keegan, L. E. Cumberland, F. E. Eastlack, Mort. Insley, H. F. Koons.

**GENESEE BICYCLE CLUB** (Rochester, N. Y.)—President, A. B. Rapalje; vice-president, C. J. Conolly; secretary, C. J. Lund; treasurer, W. W. Kenfield; captain, M. F. Shafer; property clerk, B. Van Zant; executive committee, J. W. Pitt, G. S. Montgomery, Henry Goetzman, Jr.

**GREENFIELD (Mass.) WHEEL CLUB**—President, F. R. Hollister; captain, G. H. Wright; secretary-treasurer, F. A. Smith; first lieutenant, H. E. Ames; second lieutenant, R. S. Bascom; standard bearer, C. H. Field; bugler, F. L. Gaines; executive committee, G. H. Wright, F. A. Smith, F. A. Gaines.

**HUDSON (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB**—President, H. J. Baringer; vice-president, R. W. E. Sans; secretary and treasurer, Geo. E. Swift; captain, H. P. Bryan.

**IXION BICYCLE CLUB** (New York)—President, Frank A. Egan; vice-president, S. L. Hall; corresponding and recording secretary, F. I. Stott; treasurer, C. A. Dunn; captain, M. G. Peoli; first lieutenant, A. T. Pringle; second lieutenant, I. M. Shaw.

**KANSAS CITY (Mo.) WHEELMEN**—President, J. A. DeTar; secretary, Wm. Exley; treasurer, A. M. Windolph; captain, G. L. Henderson; first lieutenant, Henry Ashcroft; second lieutenant, R. B. Hall; color bearer, J. Wilfley; club committee, J. A. DeTar, A. M. Windolph, G. L. Henderson, J. Wilfley, and Frank White; house committee, Wm. Exley, J. C. Higdon.

**LANCASTER (Pa.) CYCLE TOURING CLUB**—President, John A. Burger; vice-president, Geo. F. Kahler; secretary-treasurer, C. H. Obreiter; captain, S. B. Downey; lieutenant, D. S. Smith; bugler, Geo. F. Kahler; color bearer, John A. Burger.

**LYNN (Mass.) CYCLE CLUB TRACK ASSOCIATION**—President, Emerson G. Gordon; vice-president, W. W. Stall; treasurer, William Forsyth; secretary, William A. Bond; directors, J. Harry Shurman, George E. Porter, Emerson G. Gordon, Charles E. Blake, W. W. Stall, John F. Flynn, S. S. Merrill, William A. Bond, N. Fred Neal; auditing committee, Emerson G. Gordon, Charles E. Blake, and William Wheeler.

**MANCHESTER (N. H.) BICYCLE CLUB**—President, F. O. Moulton; secretary, Chas. H. Fish; treasurer, C. E. Temple; captain, H. M. Bennett; lieutenants, J. E. Newton, D. E. Price; bugler, W. J. Price; color bearer, C. D. Palmer.

**MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB** (Boston, Mass.)—President, Arthur E. Pattison; vice-president, A. Douglass Salkeld; secretary, Wm. M. Farrington; treasurer, Wm. H. Minot; librarian, D. W. Colbath; club committee, C. B. Goldthwait, Ernest R. Benson, F. Alcott Pratt, Chas. Richards Dodge, Frederick Lane, F. W. Heymer; captain, Alonzo D. Peck, Jr.; first lieutenant, James M. Burr; second lieutenant, W. A. Shockley; tricycle captain, John E. Farrington; tricycle lieutenant, Dr. W. D. Ball; buglers, first, E. R. Benson; second, F. W. Perry; color bearers, first, W. H. Minot; second, C. D. Cobb.

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**YONKERS (N. Y.) BICYCLE CLUB**—President, Ed. A. Oliver; secretary and treasurer, Ed. E. Thorne; captain, Wm. H. Ulrich.

## The Trade.

### PATENTS.

List of patents granted for devices of interest to wheelmen, for the month ending Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1887, compiled from the Official Records of the United States Patent Office, expressly for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, patent law office, No. 607, 7th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be had.

No. 354,535, December 21, 1886, A. A. Carter, of Newark, N. J., bicycle.

No. 354,642, December 21, 1886, C. Linley and J. Biggs, of Southwark, County of Surrey, assignor of one-half to G. G. Tandy, of Cedar Road, Clapham, County of Surrey, England, velocipede.

No. 354,649, December 21, 1886, L. F. Mohr, of Howard Center, Iowa, velocipede.

No. 354,656, December 21, 1886, G. W. Rodecap, of Middletown, Ia., velocipede.

No. 354,840, December 21, 1886, H. M. Pope, of Hartford, Ct., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., of same place, velocipede.

No. 354,907, December 28, 1886, T. B. Jeffery, of Chicago, Ill., velocipede saddle.

No. 355,038, December 28, 1886, O. Unzicker, Chicago, Ill., assignor to A. Schweninger, of same place, velocipede.

No. 355,253, December 28, 1886, A. Burgess, of Coventry, County of Warwick, England, assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Ct., velocipede.

No. 355,321, January 4, 1887, T. B. Jeffery, Chicago, Ill., velocipede.

No. 355,324, January 4, 1887, C. Kramer, of Albany, N. Y., velocipede.

No. 355,375, January 4, 1887, F. W. Brown, Albany, N. Y., bicycle.

No. 355,672, January 4, 1887, W. F. Wuterich, of Meriden, Ct., assignor of one-half to John H. Bario, of same place, velocipede.

No. 355,710, January 11, 1887, A. P. Merrill, of Fall River, Mass., wheel for velocipedes.

No. 356,028, January 11, 1887, N. Brown, of Emporia, Kan., swing bicycle.

No. 355,095, January 19, 1887, C. A. Bouck, of New Carlisle, O., bicycle.

No. 356,112, January 18, 1887, W. La Fayette, of Newark, N. J., lantern supporting arm for bicycles.

List of new English cycle patents specially compiled for THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, by Messrs. Hughes, Eli & Hughes, patent agents and engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., England, of whom copies and information may be obtained.

No. 15,690, The Coventry Cycle Company limited and S. Gorton, of Birmingham, for improved means of attaching steering handle-bars to bicycles and certain other velocipedes.

No. 15,752, J. Drayton, of Taunton, for a new or improved safety apparatus to be applied to velocipedes and similar machines.

No. 15,931, H. J. Lawson, of Warwickshire, for improvements in the construction of velocipedes.

No. 16,060, R. U. Martyn and G. Jewell, of Cornwall, for a new form of bicycle handles.

No. 16,064, S. Vale, of Walsall, for an improvement in bicycles or tricycles.

No. 16,140, A. Easthope, of London, for improvements in and relating to velocipedes.

No. 16,191, F. Week, of London, for improvements in bicycles.

No. 16,192, J. R. C. Taunton, of London, for improvements in and relating to bicycles.

No. 16,195, J. Green, of London, for an improved construction of bicycles.

No. 16,340, W. Bown, of London, for improvements in the means for securing spokes to rims of velocipedes.

No. 16,399, H. Kearsley, of London, for improvements in tires for wheels of velocipedes and other vehicles.

No. 16,404, W. T. Shaw, W. Lydenham, and A. Lydenham, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 16,482, E. H. Hodgkinson, of London, for improvements in tricycles, bicycles, and other velocipedes.

No. 16,554, J. Brookes, H. J. Brookes, and R. Green, of Birmingham, for improved lock for securing bicycles.

No. 16,575, J. Chorby, of Birmingham, for improvements in bicycles and tricycles.

No. 16,584, Sterling Elliott, of United States of America, for improved wheel for velocipedes.

No. 16,611, E. Edwards, of London, for improvements in bicycles.

No. 16,679, J. Brookes, H. J. Brookes, and R. Green, of Birmingham, for improved brake for velocipedes.

No. 16,711, C. Crawford Anderson, of London, for improvement in tricycles.

No. 16,717, G. Singer, of London, for improvements in carrier tricycles.

No. 16,751, C. A. E. T. Palmer, of London, for improvements in bicycles.

No. 16,771, W. Smith, of London, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 16,806, C. Radensky, of Austria, for improvements in velocipedes.

No. 16,948, J. Hudson, of Birmingham, for improvements in rims or tires of bicycles or tricycles.

No. 16,952, C. A. Miller and F. J. Miller, of Birmingham, for improvements in lamps for velocipedes.

#### LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTY.

W. M. WOODSIDE'S TRIALS WHILE COURTING A CERTAIN MISS—A CHOICE BETWEEN AN ANGRY PA, BULL DOGS, OR FREEZING TO DEATH.

W. M. Woodside, favorably known in shoe town, turned up here smiling, with silk tile and seal-skin coat on Monday the 14th, and had time to say "just from the only Lynn," and vanished up a side street to inspect some city lots he had invested in last winter, out of his racing earnings. Woodside is undoubtedly the wealthiest, and at the same time the most honorable, professional cyclist in the world. This worldly wealth consists of property here valued at \$6,000, and some \$4,000 more in Dakota, all in real estate. He is also down in the will of the Woodside estate (his father), Dunduan house, Coleraine, Ire., for about \$60,000 more in real estate and cash. Besides he has a very snug bank account. The question naturally arises, why does he stick so closely to the track and wheel? I can solve the question. He is dead stuck on racing, but says he expects in his European racing trip to meet Howell for the world's championship, and sundry other professionals. It will be his last efforts on the wheel he loves so well, and has no need to propel so furiously.

This reminds me of a little affair which happened to his six-foot nibs last winter, which may have proved disastrous to his future welfare, and at the same time given him solemn warning not to go fooling around Nicollet Island, when the moon shines, and the papa is away from home. It seems the genial Irish-American's advent in Minneapolis was the signal for a general flutter among the gay young maidens of the "Flour City," and the American champion's studio was the holder of many daintily perfumed missives filled with burning admiration—shall I say love for the sixty such bicycle manipulators?—containing also many petitions for locks of hair, autographs, kisses, and "sich." Well, "Woody" was dismayed, as any bashful cyeler would naturally be, and to make things satisfactory he promised to marry them all, I mean promised to accommodate them all, thinking that was the best way out of the difficulty.

When the gleaming, glorious moon rose over Nicollet Island, one evening in October, a foreign looking chap could be observed carefully surveying a brown-stone mansion, being the invited guest of a charming young miss of sweet seventeen, whose papa had stated a few days previous that he intended making a journey by sleigh a long distance into the country the same evening chosen by the lady to invite her adored. The foreigner—whom I need hardly say was Erin's champion—knocked timidly at first on the huge brass knocker with the family coat-of-arms, or shoulders, thereon. Becoming bolder, he knocked harder, and a vision of loveliness floated to open the door, and with much warmth invited her visitor to the parlor. The pa had started to the country and everything looked serene for the success of the visit, which went on swimmingly until nine o'clock, when the two bull dogs in the kitchen, that were chained to a table, gave a pronounced howl and began to bark furiously. All at once the pa's voice was heard swearing lustily at them to keep quiet. "Oh, my papa has returned," said the miss, excitedly, "and he has repeatedly warned me not to invite young men to our house! What can you do?"

Sizing up the situation, the record-breaker made a decidedly quick break for the front door, while the pa was coming in through the back kitchen,

knocking sundry chairs over, and growling at the bull pups, he having left the sleigh in the yard. "Woody's" break for the door, however, was a failure, for the combination lock resisted his earnest efforts to open the door. Here was a fix, the pa and the bull pups at one end of the house, and he at the other. The young lady, of course, thought her visitor had left, and was congratulating herself on the escape from her pa's anger. In the mean time the visitor was vainly endeavoring with almost frozen fingers (for the night was a bitterly cold one) to open the defiant lock.

It seems a violent blizzard, common in winter to this region, had sprung up before the head of the household had proceeded far into the country, and knowing the severity and probably fatal results of his trip if he continued, a return home was voted by himself and the anxious ma, who accompanied him—hence the surprise party. In the mean time let us return to the gentleman at the door, who was wrestling mightily, catch-as-catch-can, with the door-lock, and who had in the mean time got on to the fact that the hat and coat rack was in close proximity to the door he was vainly endeavoring to open. Here's a go, thought he, his teeth chattering from fear and the cold. The old man will come out to hang up his hat and coat and just about take me for a burglar, and either kill me on the spot or turn the aforesaid bull purps on me. Cold drops of perspiration trickled down his back and face as he thought of the evidently approaching termination of a useful and well-spent life. The old man did not come out, but, instead, the fair one came and hung up her pa's apparel, and came near enough for the prisoner to touch her, which he was afraid to do, fearing, as he said, she might have screamed, and then I should get killed sure. The darkness of the hall-way saved him, and he had the pleasure of knowing she did not see him, and presently heard her kiss pa good night, and slip aloft.

Presently all was still and the operations on the doors commenced with renewed vigor, and for a while he thought the game was up, when, all at once, the obstinate bolt gave way and he was free. All at once a new danger confronted him. The moon was shining brightly, and he heard the measured tread of a policeman on his beat. Now, said he to himself, he will just about take me for a crook and capture me, if he sees me leaving this place at such an hour—one o'clock in the morning, boy. He waited until the sound of the footsteps was lost in the distance, when he made a spurt, leaving the door wide open, and crossing the snowy lawn, he made the fastest time on foot of his life, arriving in the city a much frightened but at the same time relieved bicycle rider.

The papers next day told a thrilling account as to how bold burglars had entered the dwelling of —, Esq., and were evidently frightened away by the thoroughbred bull dogs, which safely guard the house. "Woody" smiled, but vowed a solemn oath never to go out sparkling again in Minneapolis. This is a true story and "won't be continued."—W. J. MORGAN in *Lynn Bee*.

Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. have lately received some elegant colored show cards of the Rudge machines. On it there are five pictures by George Moore, who is recognized to be the finest artist in the world for cycle drawings, and each machine is represented in a very attractive sketch. It will be sent to their agents, and will make a handsome picture to hang in a bicycle club-room.

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FOR SALE—52-inch Standard Columbia, nickelized, cheap. Leader's band instrument will be taken as part payment. EARL McELWAIN, BELFAST, Clermont County, OHIO.

FOR SALE—54-inch Expert, full-nickelized, with King of the Road Lamp and other sundries, all in excellent condition; price \$75; wish to buy a larger wheel. Address W. H. SLACK, MARRIETTA, OHIO.

FOR SALE—Extra Special Facile, 48-inch, with low Victor saddle, so that any one who rides a 50-inch ordinary can ride this machine; extra light, with laced spokes, and perfectly stiff and strong; has not been ridden 500 miles, and is in as good condition 'n-day as when it left the shop; it is a very graceful and very well made machine, and the reputation of the Facile as a roadster and safety machine is well known; this wheel cost \$145 last July; price \$115 cash. Address BOX 286, STAMFORD, CT.

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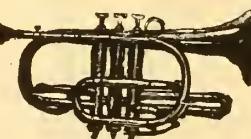
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**GOOD AGENTS WANTED.**

1887

# ANNOUNCEMENT

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We beg to inform our agents and the public that our line of cycles for 1887 will consist of the following machines, and that our spring catalogue is now in press. Further particulars will be announced in the cycling press later on. Those desiring agencies are advised to apply at once. We are already booking orders for spring delivery.

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Built on the lines of the "Ivel," but constructed especially for American roads. It contains several improvements, and, like all of our machines, is *thoroughly interchangeable*. This Safety may be ridden with hands off the steering-bar.

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For gentlemen only. For the first time especially built for American roads, of greater strength, and with several improvements. A roadster of this make has a record of 2m. 38s. for one mile on the road.

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With the Quadrant principle of steering, the device which has made the Quadrant Tricycle so famous.

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Weight of 50-inch, 36 pounds. With all the points of excellence which made the New-Rapid Full Roadster so popular in 1886.

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Weight of 55-inch, 22½ pounds. These Racers won and were placed in more races in England during 1886 than any other make.

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Built especially for ladies. Bicycle steering, etc. This machine is a revelation in the art of tricycle building.

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With bicycle steering fore and aft, and proper distribution of wheel-load.

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4 We own the Largest Cycle Plant in this country, and paying no profits to contractors we are able to sell our products at manufacturers' prices.

5 Our machines are made for road riding, and hold all of the important world's road and long-distance records.

6 We believe that records made on a frail and delicately-constructed wheel show no superiority in a roadster.

7 If we thought they did we should have made a racer long ago, though we never have.

8 If a new mount is wanted, just have a glance at our line for 1887, which are strictly original in vital points and not reproductions of foreign ideas.

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