

THE WHEEL

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WHEEL GOSSIP.

This month begins the tournaments.

Berkshire County races yesterday.

Ohio Division races next Monday.

Buffalo races, on Wednesday, August 27th.

Then the Hartford races, followed by the Ramblers of Boston, Philadelphia, Germantown, and Pennsylvania, etc., etc.

Lively work all around, and no doubt the records will be wiped out of sight, and good substantial performances substituted.

The August meeting of a local club was the shortest on record, consuming fifteen minutes, and only fifteen members present. The vacant machine racks tell the tale, and their owners are improving their opportunity for riding at the seashore and elsewhere.

The "Owl" has caught the infection, and is sharpening his pen where the hum of the mosquito and sand fly preclude riding. He will resume his perch on the handle bar of THE WHEEL at an early date.

Found, a Cyclist Touring Club badge. Owner can have same by proving property and sending fifty cents expenses to W. A. Bryant, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

It is said that an enterprising man at Martha's Vineyard, has cleared upwards of \$5,000, renting tricycles at the rate of 50 cents an hour.

In this country, where the manufacturer of machines is restricted to a considerable extent, the wheel journals are compelled to rely on their subscription lists in a great measure for support. Perhaps some who receive a copy with a subscription blank, will see the force of this statement, and return the same properly filled out.

Mr. Geo. D. Gideon, the ex-champion has had his household recently brightened by the addition of a young wheelman, an eight pounder.

"Karl Kron" in a recent article says: "When I ask a man for a subscription, the fact that I shall be directly benefited by getting a dollar from him, is so obtrusive as to make him distrustful of any logic which proves that he will be indirectly benefited far more than a dollar's worth by pledging it to me. The suspicious frame of mind which a man habitually entertains about the good intentions of another, who proposes to lighten his pocket-book, often blinds him to his own true interests."

The *Cyclist* says that The American "Star," on which Frazier has been riding so well at Philadelphia, weighs 53 lbs., and is fitted with parallel bearings. When the

makers of this machine can get a racer down to 30 lbs. or thereabouts, it will prove a formidable rival on the path to the crank machines. Weight is a terrible handicap to a man in a speed contest.

Rumor says that Charlie Palmer and Sutton both intend going to Springfield, so Birmingham will be pretty well represented, and by men who, if they're in anything like the form they have exhibited, will take a lot of beating. Moore said, when he came back from America, that Hendee, if properly trained, would make a name for himself, and since then he has shown that the 1882 champion wasn't far out. Moore managed to beat him at all points in the States, and it will be an interesting contest between Moore's old rival and our Aston men as to which is the superior.—*Wheeling*.

The total number of members in the 'Cyclist Touring Club, as published in the August *Gazette*, amounts to 15,681.

The American rider, well known to last year's Harrogatians as Mr. Joe Pennell, and among his more familiar friends by the more homely "Joe," has returned again from the States, bringing with him a partner to share his joys and sorrows. The artistic tour he came over last year to illustrate will appear in the September issue of *The Century* (*Scribner's Magazine*), to which we are looking forward with pleasure. London will in future be the permanent home of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, and, as the lady is as gifted with her pen and her tricycle as her better half (is this right, we wonder?) is with his pencil and his two-wheeler, many treats for the cycling public are, we believe, in store.—*C. T. C. Gazette*.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

THE ENTERPRISING MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION TO HAVE A REUNION AND THE RAMBLERS A TOURNAMENT THE SAME DAY—BURNHAM WINS THE TRICYCLE RACE AND BREAKS THE RECORD—STEVENS VS. YOUNG—CUNNINGHAM VS. CUSTOM HOUSE

Boston, August 13, 1884.—Chief Consul Currier is evidently not going to allow the grass to grow under his feet, but intends proving to wheelmen throughout the State that the League is of some consequence, and to this end has arranged for a meet of Massachusetts wheelmen, to occur on September 5. The meet or reunion is not to be restricted to League members, but all cyclists are invited to attend. It will not interfere with the annual meet of the Division, which is to occur during October, when an extended run will be made.

The programme of the meet on September 5 has not yet been announced, but is understood to include a parade through the streets of the city in the morning, then a short run

through the suburbs, and afterward a picnic lunch in some grove. The committee appointed to make arrangements for the meet consists of Abbott Bassett as chairman, W. B. Everett, of the Boston Club, E. W. Pope and H. W. Williams, of the Massachusetts Club, E. G. Whitney and C. S. Howard, of the Ramblers. With the great number of wheelmen around Boston, club members as well as unattached, it would not be surprising if the number participating would equal that of any national meet. The meet not being restricted to League members, will, of course, add much to its size. Of the local clubs it is expected that the Massachusetts will be represented by nearly 100 men, the Ramblers by forty or fifty, and the Boston Club will no doubt have a goodly number in line.

The parade will be under the command of Chief Consul Currier, who will act as marshal, and, it is reported, will have as his staff Colonel Pope, C. E. Pratt, J. S. Dean, E. C. Hodges, and H. E. Ducker. I think it exceedingly doubtful, though, that these gentlemen could be brought together in any such capacity.

For the entertainment of the wheelmen during the afternoon the Boston Ramblers Club have arranged an attractive programme of races, to occur on the Union Grounds, beginning at 3 o'clock and finishing at an early hour, so as to cause no inconvenience to out-of-town wheelmen who may wish to return home that evening. The committee appointed to make arrangements consists of Charles S. Howard, A. D. Peck, Jr., and C. S. Whitney. As there will be such a large number of wheelmen in the city on that day, the Ramblers have every reason to hope that the meeting will prove a success. The programme will consist of a one-half mile, best two in three heats; a one mile, best two in three heats, and a two mile, best two in three heats, open to all amateurs; a one mile race, open only to amateurs who have never beaten 3.25; and a five-mile race for the championship of the Boston Ramblers Club. The championship is now held by R. F. Stahl, but there are several other members of the club who are anxious for that honor, and a close contest is likely to be the result. There will be two prizes for each event, consisting of valuable gold and silver medals. The large number of wheelmen in the city on the day of the races will ensure the attendance of all the most noted fliers, and some most exciting contests may be looked for. The entrance fee is \$1, and the entries close September 2, with Charles S. Howard, P. O. box 1,826, Boston.

The Boston Bicycle Club held their second annual tricycle road race last Monday morn-

ing, the course being from South Natick to Boston. The race did not prove as interesting as it would have had there been some one in the race capable of pushing Burnham for first place, and had a variety of makes of machines been used, so that their comparative merits might have been shown. The race, however, shows what a great improvement has been made in tricycle riding during the past year, and therefore an extended account of the race will doubtless prove of interest to readers of THE WHEEL.

The contestants, together with their friends and trainers, rode to South Natick the evening previous, and remained over night at Bailey's Hotel, so as to be on hand for an early start the next morning. At 5.45 o'clock the men drew the positions in which they were to start, Abbott Bassett, of the Boston Club, securing first; F. Morris, Boston Club, second; J. S. Dean, Boston Club, third, and Edward P. Burnham, Newton Bicycle Club, fourth. The starter and judge, and also several of the competitors, had set their watches the night before so they would run together, and thus secure the exact time made by the rider. The judges were E. C. Hodges and Willis Farrington, and the starter A. Bailey. Mr. Farrington remained in Boston, at the club house, where the men were to finish. Mr. Hodges went out to South Natick, but fifteen minutes before the starting time drove toward Boston in a carriage.

Promptly at 6 o'clock the starter sent Bassett off, who, setting up a good pace, was soon out of sight. The others followed in the order drawn at intervals of three minutes, so that there might be no confusion along the road. Burnham was the last to start, and as soon as he received the word made his machine move off at a rate promising well for the first prize. He was accompanied by Mr. Converse, of Newton, who rode ahead on horseback and kept the way clear.

The route was over the main road to the great sign boards in Newton, thence by Beacon street, through Newton Centre, between the basins to Chestnut Hill reservoir, and out by the main entrance on to Chestnut Hill avenue to Brighton, then over Cambridge street, Brighton avenue, and the mill dam to West Chester Park, Commonwealth avenue, Arlington street, and Boylston street to the Boston Bicycle Club house, in front of which the race was to end. There are one or two rather steep hills on the route, but the roads are excellent all the way, and it would be a difficult matter to find a better straightaway seventeen-mile course.

When Burnham started he kept up such a lively pace that at Wellesley he passed Dean, who had started third, and in fifteen minutes more flew by Bassett, at the railroad crossing

in Newton Lower Falls. At Newton he caught Morris, who had started six minutes before him. He was now far ahead of all his competitors, but he still kept up a good pace. He reached Chestnut Hill reservoir in fifty minutes from the time of starting, and here came up with Mr. Hodges and his team. In twenty-four minutes he arrived at the club house, having covered the seventeen miles in the remarkably fast time of 1 hour 14 minutes 40 seconds.

Morris, who was the second one to start, finished second in 1 hour 31 minutes 10 seconds. After passing Bassett at Wellesley he made the best of the run alone.

Bassett came in third in 1 hour 50 minutes 10 seconds. He was the first man to start, and had the satisfaction of being passed in succession by all the others excepting Dean.

Dean would have made much better time had it not been for the steering gear of his machine breaking at Newton, necessitating a stop of about fifteen minutes for repairs and a slow pace thereafter. His time was 1 hour 51 minutes.

A brisk high wind blew against the cyclists all the way, considering which the time made by them all is creditable. Burnham receives a gold medal as winner of the race, and in addition a gold record medal for beating the time—1 hour 27 minutes 45 seconds—made by Mr. Stahl in the race of last year. Morris receives a silver time medal, and the other two content themselves with simple glory.

Burnham rode a 50-inch machine, geared level; Morris, a 48 inch, geared down to 42 inches; Bassett and Dean, 48 inch, geared level.

At 11 o'clock last Friday morning Thomas Stevens, the cyclist who has wheeled across the continent, and C. J. Young, the long-distance champion, began a race on the Union Grounds. The race was to be for 24 hours, continuing from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. on Friday and Saturday. Young stated before starting in the race that he should endeavor to beat his record of 279 miles, which is the best 24-hour record in America. Stevens said that he would be content if he covered 250 miles. Both men appeared in good condition and everything looked favorable for record breaking. Unfortunately, however, the race was gotten up so quickly that there was no time in which to properly advertise it, and wheelmen did not seem to take the least interest in it; scarcely any people were present as spectators, probably not more than half a dozen at any one time. As the men were racing for gate receipts only, they, of course, did not have much encouragement to make any great effort. They, however, kept up bravely, hoping that a crowd would reward their efforts on Saturday night; but when 7 o'clock Saturday arrived and no spectators came, they gave up in disgust, having ridden for 20 hours.

Young gained three miles on Stevens the first day and retained it to the finish of the race; but the friends of the latter feel confident that their man would have won had the 24 hours been completed. The score at the completion of each hour was as follows:

Hours.	YOUNG.		STEVENS.	
	M.	L.	M.	L.
1,	14	2	14	2
2,	27	0	23	3
3,	39	5	34	4
4,	48	1	43	1
5,	57	2	53	5
6,	65	1	64	3
7,	73	4	75	4
8,	83	5	85	5
9,	93	2	96	0
10,	104	1	107	3
11,	118	2	115	3
12,	128	3	125	2

Hours.	YOUNG.		STEVENS.	
	M.	L.	M.	L.
13,	143	2	140	1
14,	155	4	152	2
16,	167	1	164	1
17,	180	5	176	2
18,	188	3	184	0
19,	198	3	194	2
20,	209	3	205	2

It now seems as though the controversy between the United States Custom House and the Cunningham Co. has gone hopeless against the latter and that the company will either have to disband or reorganize. As yet, however, everything is in an unsettled state, and various means of bridging over the difficulties are being considered. A plan is now being developed which, it is hoped, will, by making various internal changes, permit the company to continue business under the present incorporate name. If a reorganization is necessitated the old business will be transferred to the new company, and the present active members of the latter will doubtless be at the head of the new concern.

C. W. Howard, of the Charlestown Bicycle Club, has wheeled over 1,000 miles in 25 rides, this season.

Chief Consul Weston still continues to boom the C. T. C. During the past week he received 87 applications for membership.

H. D. Corey, of the Massachusetts Club, has been chosen referee of the Pittsfield races.

Burt Pressy and partner are giving exhibitions of fancy riding on the Star, at the local skating rinks.

Mr. F. S. Rhodes, of the Boston Ramblers Club, who has for the past few months been touring on the continent, returned home last week.

The Columbia prize cup was sent to Cleveland last week, where it will for the first time be won by some fortunate flier.

It is reported that the Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are shortly to send their drill squad to this city for the purpose of giving an exhibition drill. As the Ramblers are now in practice, a contest between the clubs might be arranged that would prove interesting.

Last week Col. Pope presented Thomas Stevens with one of the very best Experts, complete in every particular, for his plucky ride from San Francisco to Boston. Mr. Stevens was greatly surprised, for he had no idea of being rewarded with such a gift.

It seems now as though there was considerable doubt as to whether Stevens will attempt to complete his journey around the world. It is understood that he is now considering a proposition from Buffalo Bill to travel with his combination, and also one from Richard Fox, the *Police Gazette* man. It is certainly to be most sincerely hoped that he will accept neither of these, more especially the latter. He is now giving exhibitions and lectures at different skating rinks. Mr. Stevens should continue his ride so well begun, and should he prove successful, there is no doubt but that he will be well rewarded.

The Ramblers hope to catch some of the English riders at their meet, who come on to Springfield.

The local papers are pitching into cyclists at a great rate for not taking more interest in the recent race between Stevens and Young. The *Herald* calls it disgraceful, and says that if this state of things continues much longer managers of parks and tracks will refuse to have anything to do with a cycle race.

W. I. Harris, President of the Boston Ramblers, has branched out into the fields of journalism. He now has charge of the cycling

columns of the *Sunday Star*, and conducts it in a brisk and breezy style.

The Massachusetts Club admitted a number of new members at its last meeting.

Mr. R. S. Chase has been elected Corresponding Secretary of the Ramblers Club, vice W. E. Webber, resigned.

Captain Louis R. Harrison, of the Bostons, is still enjoying himself at Narragansett Pier; so Lieutenant Morris had to do the work of getting up their tricycle road race.

A Roxbury wheelman is said to be experimenting with an electric light for cyclists.

The new saddle spring of the Pope Manufacturing Co. is proving very popular, and does much to add to the comforts of riding.

H. J. Metcalf, of the Bijou Club, of South Framingham, last Sunday, made a run of 107 miles on his bicycle. The entire distance, including all stops, was covered in eleven hours.

The marriage of Daniel J. Canary, the champion fancy bicyclist of America, to Miss Sallie Hathaway, took place Monday evening, at Meriden, Conn. But one or two intimate friends knew of the affair until the ceremony had been performed. Canary is only twenty years old and his bride is scarcely seventeen. Mr. Canary called on City Clerk Hull for a license, Monday afternoon; but as the contracting parties were under age, it was refused until the consent of their parents was obtained. That was secured, the license issued, and Rev. A. H. Hall, of the Centre Congregational Church, performed the ceremony. Sallie Hathaway, the bride, is a brunette and considered one of the most handsome girls in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Canary left here last night on an extended bridal tour. He has accepted an engagement with Anthony & Ellis' Roller Skating and Bicycle combination, at a salary of \$125 per week.

"Although there are probably not one third as many riders in New York as there are in Boston, yet a race meeting in the former place will pay far better than at the latter. About \$800 profit was made on the race meeting of the Citizens Club at the skating rink last winter, which is a sum much larger than what has even been cleared at a similar meeting in this city."—*Globe*.

CINCINNATI JOTTINGS.

Editor of The Wheel: The bicycle seems to have become a very silent steed in this neighborhood.

At the last monthly meeting the Cincinnati Bicycle Club had the smallest attendance since its organization, there being hardly enough present to form a quorum.

The Brighton Bicycle Club have now formed a permanent organization and adopted a constitution and by-laws similar to those of the Boston Club. They have secured club rooms on Freeman avenue, two squares east of the Cincinnati Club, consisting of wheel, dressing, and meeting rooms, and will be opened some time this month with a "smoke." The membership now numbers fifteen, and will be very much increased by next spring, as they are all young men and enthusiastic riders.

The Wanderers have been lying low for the past month or two, but as soon as any races are announced in this vicinity they are seen wandering around after some of the prizes, which they generally manage to scoop in. The Wanderers go into camp on the East Fork of the Little Miami River, August 22, 1884, this being their second annual encampment, and will last two weeks. This is one of the best features introduced here among bicyclers, as they are either fishing, sailing, rowing, canoeing, or wheeling for

recreation. They extend a cordial invitation to all bicyclers to spend a few days with them.

The College Hill Bicycle Club have had the wind knocked out of them since Mr. New. L. Pierson's marriage. All the boys wish New. a pleasant and happy voyage through life.

Two bicyclers from Detroit, Mich., visited Cincinnati on their wheels last week, in attendance upon the Photographers' Convention. They rode from Detroit to Cincinnati in four days, and were by far the best fancy riders that ever visited this locality.

Mr. K. Smith, of the Brightons, has now the largest wheel in Ohio, and he would like to know if there are any larger than his 62 inch, as he is confident he can straddle a 68 inch, and his little brother Al says he would throw his 60 inch into Ross Lake if his big brother would get a 68 inch. Mr. K. Smith stands 6 feet 5 inches in height, and is considered the orphan of the Brighton Bicycle Club when on a run.

H. N. Kitchell, who has devoted a great deal of time to the camera of late, has become an expert in its use, he having won the title of the Photo-wheelman of the West. It is said that he has one of the finest collections of bicycle pictures in the country.

Captain Whiting, who has been summering in New York and Coney Island, does not think it the proper thing to call club runs in the hot weather.

H. S. Livingston does not enjoy the club runs as well as he did three years ago, owing to the small attendance and unsociability of the members of late, as he terms it.

The Cincinnati Club have adopted a new uniform. Cappy says that the ruffles around the coat are the "proper caper." He thinks they should be painted red.

The Cincinnati Bicycle Club had their wheel room entered Tuesday night, July 29, 1884, by a sneak thief, who carried off a 52 inch Expert, No. 2,901, full nicked, ball pedals, extra long dropped handle bars, with rubber handles, belonging to Harry Hall. A reward of \$25 has been issued for the recovery of the same.

E. F. Landy, who broke his arm last June, has about recovered, and gone East for the summer.

George Brady intends to show the Clevelandites what stock there is in Cincinnati on the track at the Ohio meet this month. George seems to be a hustler when he gets started, and very likely will shove his 56 inch Rudge for all it is worth.

Sam Livingston has covered more miles this summer with his wheel than any three members. Sam on the road is a pusher when he tries to.

FUNNY TO SEE.

Will Hall walking up a hill.

H. N. Kitchell trying to take a photograph of himself.

Will Galway imitating a fog horn.

George Brady on a century run.

The photographs of the Cincinnati Club taken at Columbus last fall.

Cappy inducing wheelmen to subscribe to *THE WHEEL* and *Outing* and the *Wheelman*.

The boys admiring the "Drew-Outing" pictures.

John Hodge replace a handle bar with a billiard cue.

H. G. Ellard trying to ride.

Frank Sargent with a cornet.

Harry Hall riding a British Challenge.

Warner Galway's back after a pull to New Richmond.

The Wanderers have ice cream and cake at a meeting.

BEE.

CINCINNATI, August 10, 1884.

THE FIFTY-MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.

The sixth contest for the title of champion at the above distance took place on Saturday last, the venue being the Crystal Palace track. A fair sprinkling of visitors watched the proceedings, a welcome return to decent weather rendering out-door recreation enjoyable. The weather at the time for commencing hostilities gave every promise of favoring fast times, the flag at the starting posts hanging listlessly, but as the evening wore on the wind increased, and the hopes of record-smashing correspondingly decreased. Up to the half distance the times were good, being a reasonable distance within the average for record, and a long way within for standard time, the miles up to the twentieth showing an average of 3 min. 11 3-5 sec. each. It was scarcely to be expected that this rate would be maintained, but the leaders got lamentably slow afterwards, taking over 4 min. to accomplish some of their miles.

In the absence of H. F. Wilson, who, in good condition, might reasonably have been expected to make a good fight with F. R. Fry, the latter fulfilled numerous predictions, and won gamely. Few were prepared for the prominent position held at the finish by Wadey, of Eastbourne, and Nicholas, the riding of the latter in the last few miles, after being apparently beaten, being superb, and the enthusiasm evoked was very welcome as a set-off to the tedium which sets in during the progress of most long distance contests. Indeed, had Nicholas, who was riding strongly enough to warrant the remark, been intent on persevering to the end, instead of being content to hang on to the leaders, the result would, in all probability, have been his accession to the title. Fry thoroughly deserves his victory for his persevering attention to getting "fit," and his win was a most popular one. J. H. Adams put the Facile along at a smart rate for a third of the distance. The officials were practically the same as at the previous championship gatherings, the ubiquitous honorable Secretary, E. S. Wallis-Roberts, being, as usual, most persevering in his attentions to everything and everyone connected with the meeting.

Fifty Miles Amateur Bicycle Championship (a gold medal for the winner, and a silver medal for any other competitor beating the time standard, 2hrs. 50m.).—F. R. Fay, Clifton B. C., first; C. S. Wadey, Eastbourne B. C., second; F. J. Nicolas, Beckenham B. C., third; J. H. Adams, Facile B. C., 4; J. Cole, Middlesex, and Chelsea B. C., 5; P. T. Dashwood, Vectis C. C., Isle of Wight, 6; F. Howell, Bourne-mouth B. C., 7; J. H. Pibel, Star B. C., 8; H. R. Reynolds, London and O. U. B. C., 9; J. C. P. Tacagni, Canonbury and City of London B. C., 10; C. D. Vesey, Surrey B. C., 11.

At 4:20 the eleven aspirants to championship honors were despatched on their journey, the men starting in four rows in alphabetical order, as colored on the card. When they had settled into position, Fry took the lead, with Pibel, Cole, and Dashwood as his attendants, Tacagni bringing up the rear. The first mile was registered to Fry in 3 m. 7 s., and the second in 6 m. 15 s. Tac in the meanwhile having improved his position, and he, Fry, Pibel, and Cole made most of the running, Vesey, Reynolds, and Dashwood shewing the most prominently of the others. At five miles Fry was at the head of affairs; time 15 m. 44 s. Tacagni and Cole shewed the way alternately with Fry for the next few miles, their frequent dashes temporarily spreading the field, and causing good times to be recorded. At eight miles Cole

led, Adams at this time shewing signs of wear, and Vesey and Reynolds dropping behind. In the ninth mile a water fowl got on the path, whether to get a better view of the proceedings, or to see that the "ankling" was correctly performed, did not transpire. As he was neither official nor "fourth estate" Coe very properly turned him off the track.

To resume: At ten miles Tac. went to the front, Reynolds leading for a lap or two afterwards. In the twelfth lap Adams was lapped, Dashwood suffered similarly a little further on. Eighteen miles done found Cole leading, Wadey improving his position, and Dashwood a lap behind, sticking to the leaders. Vesey was lapped in the nineteenth mile, as was Adams for the second time.

Eighteen miles, 1,300 yards were run in the first hour, Tacagni placing the time to his credit. In the next mile Vesey had a feeler at his men with a view to recovering his lap, but they were on him in no time. Dashwood commenced a course of dissipation by means of the bottle. The Surrey and Isle of Wight representatives were again lapped in the 22d mile, the former having evidently had quite enough of it. Fry still led at twenty-two miles, Pibel cutting it two laps further on. Adams had a drink (query—Adam's ale?), his first, and Vesey was again caught by the leaders in the twenty-fifth mile.

The half-distance was rubbed off in 1 h. 20 m. 28 s., Fry being pioneer, Tacagni and Cole immediately in the rear, Howell, Wadey, and Nicolas well up, Wadey, to all appearances, riding remarkably effortless. Monotony was the order of the afternoon up to the thirtieth mile, at which point Cole led, and Tacagni retired, Vesey following suit a lap or two further on. In the next mile the right pedal of Nicholas's machine became loose, and the necessary tightening lost him nearly 400 yards. The struggle for supremacy now really seemed to lay between Fry, Cole, and Wadey, Cole who had ridden with dash and pace throughout, going very well. Dashwood, too, was putting in some smart strokes, although too far in the rear to render his chance of the foremost position much more rosy. Fry, in answer to his mentor, here laid over, and went for half a lap, and the spurt knocked Cole clean out of it, a severe attack of cramp necessitating his retirement. Fry and Wadey practically had the issue to themselves after this stage, those who were still riding being hopelessly out of the running.

Nicholas had tried hard to regain the distance he had lost, but, slowing down, was lapped at the thirty-eighth mile. Adams retired in the forty-third mile, so that the number on the path was reduced to four—Fry leading, Wadey second, Nicholas, a lap to the bad, third, and Dashwood ten streets behind. The pace was a veritable crawl, until, at forty-seven miles, Nicholas woke up astonishingly. Laying well over his work, he commenced to rapidly leave his lappers, who couldn't hold him a yard. Going along splendidly, and encouraged by cheering shouts, he gained ground at such a phenomenal rate that he got level with Fry and Wadey four laps from home, and imparted an interest to the probabilities of a close finish rarely found at the last mile of a fifty.

Entering the last mile Fry was leading, Wadey (who had imbibed a lot of suction in the last few miles) second, Nicholas, apparently waiting for the bell as the signal to go ahead, third. At a slow pace the trio pedalled round until the bell rang, when all went hard at it, and the result of as game a struggle as one would wish to see ended in the Cliftonian's favor, by a bare yard from Wadey, Nicholas a good eight more behind the Eastbourne man,

MILES.

	H	M.	S.	LEADER.
1	0	3	7	Fry
2	0	6	16	"
3	0	9	25	Tacagni
4	0	12	25	"
5	0	15	44	Fry
6	0	18	53	Tacagni
7	0	22	5	Cole
8	0	25	17	Tacagni
9	0	28	28	Fry
10	0	31	41	Tacagni
11	0	34	59	Fry
12	0	38	15	Tacagni
13	0	41	29	Fry
14	0	44	39	"
15	0	47	51	Cole
16	0	51	1	"
17	0	54	17	Tacagni
18	0	57	24	Fry
19	1	0	34	Tacagni
20	1	3	52	Fry
21	1	7	14	Cole
22	1	10	29	Fry
23	1	13	43	"
24	1	17	5	Cole
25	1	20	28	Fry
26	1	23	29	"
27	1	27	6	"
28	1	30	25	"
29	1	33	40	Cole
30	1	36	57	"
31	1	40	26	Fry
32	1	43	45	"
33	1	47	13	"
34	1	50	35	"
35	1	54	3	"
36	1	57	44	"
37	2	1	32	"
38	2	5	21	Wadey
39	2	9	23	"
40	2	12	50	Fry
41	2	16	44	"
42	2	20	35	"
43	2	24	19	"
44	2	28	10	"
45	2	32	0	"
46	2	35	6	"
47	2	40	5	"
48	2	43	57	"
49	2	46	46	"
50	2	51	16 3-5	"

THE RECORD OF A VETERAN.

REPORT OF "JUVENIS" FOR THE STATISTICAL CHAPTER OF KARL KRON'S ROAD-BOOK.

As requested, I submit my record of riding, such as it is; never notable for speed or distance covered, yet, when summed up from dairies carefully kept, it rather surprised me by falling short of the 10,000 miles desired in this collection. A place here is given me for getting up early and for perseverance in wheel-doing, for lack of great feats. I plead the mitigating facts that I have never had a machine very well suited to me, and that I was 49 years old on beginning, with no great strength of limb, and quite poor sight. *Incepit Bostonia, et cantavit*, as it may be put in the tony language, and I have but helped somewhat in both ways.

I was one of the three who were the earliest in using the English modern bicycle, on its real advent in this country at Boston in the summer or fall of 1877. Col. Pope at the same time was trying, with an English friend, a mostly wooden imitation. Several young mechanics in this city had for a year or two been using similar machines made of wood or iron, after the improved pattern, and there had been a few *sporadic* cases of true bicycle on the race track and the stage, in New York and elsewhere. The Centennial exposition at Philadelphia contained a number of imported bicycles, exhibited by Messrs. Lawford & Timms. Having learned the art of balance on that sort of two-wheeler which now bears only an opprobrious name, I borrowed one of the new kind, a "Paragon," and on September 19th, 1877, took my first ride at once upon the road. With a 48-inch wheel it had a seat as high as that of a 52-in. now, and was dangerously upright and top heavy. After riding it 190 miles in about two months, I sold it for the owners, and out of regard for my bones. In December I got an "Ariel," 46-inch, from the same parties,

and rode it to the end of the year, about 260 miles. I used the same during the first three months of 1878, when I received six more machines from the firm under an arrangement to sell them also. These were among the first bicycles sold in this country. I also assisted in nursing the infant cult, by editorial and other writing in the city papers, and in Frank W. Weston's eccentric but valuable *Bicycling Journal*; and was joined with him and a dozen others in launching the first Club, a craft that still shows the rosy tint on her prow, but 'tis more the healthy hue of prosperity, than of vinous origin. For the rest of that year, and to the last of April, 1879, I rode a 48-inch Ariel, that make having a bar and tension rods inside the wheel by which the hub was turned and all the spokes tightened at once. I then bought a light roadster "Club," 50-inch, which I rode until October, 1882. Since then I have used an "Extraordinary," safety machine, 52-inch, the first I have had which ran on anything better than roller or cone bearings. This kind I think is in most respects the best for such riders as myself, though it is not made light enough for men of less than 130 pounds—in my case nearly ten pounds less. I have adopted this form for good and all; in the words of a rhymster:

Let speed prevail, and record lower,
But safety be my choice of gear.

After about 2200 miles on the old, heavy, and high built machines, I rode the Club nearly 4500 miles, and the "Xtra," up to date, about 2000 miles. It was more than a year before I could rightly mount or dismount, and my falls for two or three years were numerous and various, by the combined faults of machines and rider, but resulted in no hurt worse than a sprain. My riding has been wholly for exercise to relieve occupations mainly sedentary; it has been done mostly in the vicinity of Boston, reaching only as far as Worcester in one direction, and Gloucester in another; making 45 to 50 miles a day two or three times, and longest "tour" 80 miles; have used a cyclometer but little, and reckoned my mileage by the known length of familiar routes, or often by estimating at the moderate rate of 5 to 5½ miles an hour for the time out, including stops. The yearly distances are: 1878, 1540 miles; '79, 1515 miles; '80, 1465 miles; '81, 980 miles; '82, 1135 miles; '83, 1165 miles. Add 450 miles in '77, and 445 for the present year up to August 1st, and my total is 8695 miles.

I object to these long distance fellows who sweep over many lands, and measure off, in 4 or 5 years, leagues enough to girdle the globe. They seem to want the earth, as the saying is. To travel about the length of its diameter in 6 years is the more proper thing.

I have included about all that our editor has called for, and have thus gone more into detail than the kind and extent of my wheeling seemed to warrant. The patent influx of renewing vitality that these dry facts represent to me is not to be expressed here. I will close by quoting some lines from Cowper as curiously appropriate to the subject:

"By ceaseless action all that is subsists,
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That nature rides upon maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She knows
No instant's pause, and lives but as she moves.

Its own revolvency upholds the world."

Cowper seems in this to have learned by wheeling what he taught in song, and it has a tonic quality and firm touch, of which the soft poeticalities of our period in its monthly picture books are quite incapable.

JOSEPH G. DALTON;

Boston Bicycle Club.

87 BOYLESTON ST., BOSTON, Aug. 8.



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Contributors and correspondents will please separate general correspondence to the Editor from matter intended for publication. Always sign (confidentially) full name and address, with *nom de plume*, as no attention is paid to anonymous contributions. Write only on one side of the sheet, and have all communications sent in by Monday morning at the latest.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In sending stamps please bear in mind that we cannot use other than the two or one cent issue. A one dollar bill is as safe as a postal note of that denomination, and more convenient to enclose and receive.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CHICAGO TOURISTS.

In response to many inquiries concerning the photographs of the members of the Chicago party, we have collected the following information:

1. Group of nine, including the—Boston gang; Sawyer, Bull, Higgle, and Orr, the Canadian convoy. Size, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Price, 50 cents. Address J. S. Hulett, Napanee, Ont. This is a most excellent picture, taken by the instantaneous process. In the foreground "Lonnie" Peck is discerned on a hobby-horse, "going West," the teapot being the only missing feature. Whitney and his shape are there, while Vivian, seated tailor fashion, looks as if he had been illuminating the town the night previous. Higginbotham, the "Daisy," looks naturally, while the picture of Orr is worth the entire price. In the rear Sawyer and Bull are affectionately grouped, while John L. Sullivan Hynes and Howard keep up Boston's reputation for good-looking men.

2. Group at United States Hotel, Saratoga, N. Y. Price, \$1.50. Address Record & Epler, corner Broadway and Philadelphia streets, Saratoga, N. Y. This is well taken, and shows over fifty faces of the Chicago party, with a few fair damsels, who form an attractive background. The picture is a good-sized one, and although a trifle dark, makes an excellent souvenir of the trip.

3. Group at Mr. Frank H. Taylor's cottage, Round Island, N. Y. Price, 25 cents. Address Fred. Jenkins, Box 444, New York. Through the kindness of Mr. Frank Taylor of the Germantown Cycling Club we have received the negative of this picture, and having made arrangements with a local photographer, can furnish copies at the above rate, which just covers the cost of printing and postage. Those who desire this picture, which shows all the faces very clear and distinct, will please send their order in at once, so that a quantity can be ordered.

We have not yet heard the results of Mr. Perry Doolittle's efforts, but when known will mention it.

It is not uncommon for our English friends to ridicule our way of conducting races, scoring, timing, etc. Without claiming that this ridicule is undeserved, we should like to suggest that our friends carefully look into their own system of managing race meetings, and see if they can there discover anything wrong. Until recently it has been of little moment to us as to how they conducted their races; for the times made by their riders were so far superior to what any of our men were able to make that we had small hope of equalling, far less excelling, them. Now, however, our riders have so far improved, and such excellent tracks have been constructed, that it is not at all unlikely that before the close of the present season we will have brought our records close down on to theirs. Consequently it becomes of importance for us to know whether or not the records claimed by the Englishmen are correct.

If we remember rightly, there was but one official timekeeper on hand when Cortis made his twenty miles within the hour, and this was also the case when Lees accomplished the same feat. Yet these records are allowed to stand. At the fifty-mile championship race, held last month, the name of but one official timer and scorer is given in the reports of the race, as printed by English cycle journals. Regarding the measurement of tracks, we have it from reliable sources that there is no regular standard in England, the measurement varying from twelve inches to three and a half feet from the pole. In this country who would think of accepting as a record time checked by only one person? As for the correctness of track measurement, we have received, and still continue to receive, ample proofs that nothing will be allowed to stand about which there is the slightest doubt.

With all this apparent carelessness on the part of English wheelmen in the manner of conducting their race meetings, we certainly have a perfect right to require some better proof than now furnished of the correctness of the records claimed, before placing them above those made by riders in this country.

MANCHESTER NOTES.

Editor of The Wheel: Cycling matters are quiet with us, especially in club circles, as many of the active members are on their vacations or taking short tours singly or in small parties. Our last moonlight club run brought out but four, the usual attendance being at least fifteen. Sunday, however, usually finds a party of half a dozen or more at "Fletcher's," at Lake Massabesic, for a clam bake dinner.

Lieut. Moses Sheriff returned last week from his tour into Canada. According to his cyclometer, the total distance covered was 698 miles. All sorts of roads were found. At Montreal he had the pleasure of meeting the "Niagara to Boston" party.

S. C. Kennard, of the Manchester Club, is at Hampton Beach for the summer. Cycling tourists will do well to hunt him up when at Hampton. At Jenness' Beach, in Rye, the one-mile New Hampshire champion, Archie L. Jenness, of the Rockingham Club, can be found.

C. H. Wilkins visited Hampton Beach last week, and after two days in Hampton, Rye, and Portsmouth with Kennard, Jenness, Hazlett, E. G. Whitney, of the Boston Ramblers, Howard Gage, of Haverhill, and others, put in two days more with Kennard along the coast to Salem, Beverly Farms, Gloucester, and Rockport. Calls on the Salem and Hawthorne clubs at Salem resulted very pleasantly for the Manchester men.

C. F. Sawtelle, of the Manchester Club, recently made the trip to Charlestown (N. H.) and return in two days. The distance, via Frankestown, Hillsboro, Washington, and Lempster, is 85 miles, and his riding time going up was a little less than ten hours, and coming back only eight and a half hours. His time from start to finish was eleven hours on the return trip. Those conversant with the hills and roads in the interior of New Hampshire are able to appreciate the amount of climbing and coasting necessary to be done to keep up Sawtelle's average. The last fourteen miles into Charlestown was almost a continual coast, and was accomplished in an hour.

The Manchesters are very generally adopting drab duck helmets for head gear. X-C.

CYCLING PUBLICATIONS.

Another welcome addition to the wheelmen's library is a volume of "Wheel Songs," by the well known poet wheelman, Mr. S. Conant Foster, and published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York. It is a collection of many gems that have been published from time to time in *Outing* and *THE WHEEL*, but enough original matter to interest any wheelman. The book is beautifully illustrated and printed, and bound in an exquisite manner. The price \$1.75 is reasonable, which includes postage. Orders can be sent to *THE WHEEL* direct.

MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB.

"A QUIET SUMMER JAUNT."

It has often been observed and commented on that the chairman of the House Committee and myself are pretty close chums. But why has never been fully explained. Few know that we were born on the same day of the year, and in the days of dresses went dressed in our blue gingham frocks hand in hand to Sunday school, sang from same hymn book, and spent our Sunday school pennies for the same kind of candy.

Our friendship grew with our size and muscles. And when both bought machines our friendship was so fast cemented that as yet there is no sign of disruption.

Since the purchase of our wheels it has been our determination to take a tour in 1883. An unlooked for right angled reflexed action of the moon excited such a particularly unexpected effect on the grain market that my holiday came in February; when every day it didn't rain it snowed, and we decided it would be inopportune to go. But we never despaired. The revolution of time brought June 20, 1884. And we boarded a train for Hagerstown. The general outline of our trip was to ride from Hagerstown to Cumberland via old national pike. Then down to path to Harper's Ferry to Frederick, back to Baltimore. Time, no particular hurry.

We ate our dinner at Hagerstown and at four P. M. our jaunt began.

I would like to say here that it has been over a month since we took our trip and I may be somewhat incorrect in the following account.

Offering as an apology for all mistakes an indifferent memory, I begin. Having been told by the Hagerstown bykers to stop at Fairview and see the sun rise, we altered our plans to do so. Half way up the mountain on top of which Fairview is situated, as we were rounding a bend we heard a very peculiar noise, and on looking around saw a most wonderful reptile. "'Tis the sea serpent," whispered Tom, hollowly.

And so it proved to be.

It was a most extraordinary reptile all the way from 6 feet to, oh! say 10,000 miles long, with a head about the size and shape of

a camel on each end. His ground color was a deep olive green. Around his body from head to head ran narrow bands of Caucasian white, African black, Mongolian yellow, Malayan brown and American red. Over these, running longitudinally, were one inch wide stripes of red, white, and blue, and his whole body was thickly studded with gold and silver stars. He had 328 legs, on half of which he wore gum boots and on the balance patent leather pumps. He sported a linen duster, a white plug hat with a Thurman bandanna around it, affected blue goggles, and was inhaling a cigarette. He was about to start for the seashore.

He had a remarkable way of lengthening himself. He would plant his gum boots firmly, and the feet encased in the patent leather pumps would trip along as daintily as a miss of seventeen, carrying the other head along whilst the body lengthened out.

Though his appearance was against him, on questioning him, he proved quite affable. He said he was no myth, but a gentleman of leisure and of a retiring disposition. He said he could elongate 3,741 miles with ease, and once on a wager with a dolphin, his heads appeared simultaneously in San Francisco Bay and off the coast of New Jersey. But the effort nearly cost him his life, the strain was so great. He said he was the sole survivor of this specie, and it was owing to his peculiar power of elasticity that he has been seen in so many different localities at the same time. He can also contract himself so that his length isn't over two feet. He said he was born way befo' de wah, and expected to live as long as Jersey lightning was manufactured. The hint was so palpable that Tom offered him a bottle of something he bought at Clear Springs. He took the phial, nodded his head, said: "Here's luck to you." He took one swallow, threw the flask away, and, with a look of fierce determination, reached for his revolver, but fortunately he was without arms.

We tried to apologize, and offered him a bottle of something of a slightly redder color, that I purchased in Hagerstown. But as soon as he saw it he trembled and turned deadly pale. Rapidly bringing his heads side by side, thus forming an arc, he uttered a wild, wild shriek and fled down the mountain.

I see by the recent papers he has been seen off Boston harbor.

After such a significant hint, I drew back my arm to cast the bottle away, when, overruled by an irresistible impulse, I put it back in my pocket. And it was well I did, for it saved— But that belongs to the next day's adventures.

Our log book for first day reads Fairview, 7.30 P. M. Just had a delicious bath. Spring water from pump. The view down across the valley is superb. The air is misty, and the opposite hills indistinct through the trees. We catch a gleam of the Potomac here and there. Left Hagerstown at 4 P. M. Dinner at Baldwin House, 50 cents; waiter 10 cents. Repaid for investment in waiter. The run to Conococheague was perfect; best pike we ever rode. Scared lots of pigs. Conococheague River muddy; pretty view. Man boring artesian well. Gave us piece of rock 267 feet down. Shall preserve them as relics. Road to Clear Spring rough. Asked pretty little girl if she would sell us glass of milk. Ma said no. Can get it at Mrs. Conrad's. Mrs. Conrad and dog gave us a hearty reception. Mrs. C. gave us fine glass of milk, free. May the milk of human kindness be poured in torrents on her. Tom is having a hard time trying to spell Conococheague. The keeper of Fairview is sitting beside us on the platform, and we are looking across

the valley. It is almost night. (Intermission to eat supper.) Baby cutting teeth. We gave him some ginger. Have eggs, coffee, milk, bread, butter, honey, etc. Bang up supper; cigar.

The colored population of Clear Springs turned out to meet us with excited cheers. No ice at hotel. Proprietor of provision store said he had some in his cellar, but his son was out in the hay field with hay. Got ice at ice cream saloon.

We rode half way up the mountain. Fairview is on the top. You come around a bend and the view down across the valley suddenly breaks on you in all its beauty. Keeper has just set up grape wine and cigars. Ginger for baby was a big stroke of diplomacy. We have given orders to be awakened at 4 A. M. Want to see sun rise.

First day ride, 14¼ miles, and a triumphal success. Walked about ¾ of a mile.

June 21, 4.18 A. M.—Ate too much ham and eggs. Didn't sleep well. Feel refreshed. Hands sore. It is almost sunrise. There is just a thread of the crescent of the old moon in the eastern sky, and the just purplish hue of dawn. Breeze fresh. Birds singing; roosters crowing. The mists in the valley follow the indentations and resemble rivers of cotton, with occasional islands of tree tops peeping through.

The mountain directly in front of me is scarcely visible. Can see but a faint greenish outline. 4.30. Almost dawn. Tom not up yet. The Fairview corn field looks extremely delicate. 4.35. Can distinguish the different colors of the fields. The tree tops are glowing. The birds sing louder. Insects dart about. The breeze freshens. All nature shouts a silent hurrah, and it is sunrise. Old woman, in calico gown, going silently along the pike, barefooted, carrying her shoes.

Our supper, night's lodging, and breakfast cost 90 cents apiece. For extraordinarily beautiful scenery and good comfortable quarters, would advise all lovers of nature to spend a night at Fairview.

Bidding Mr. Grosh ("Some people spell it Grush," says he, "and I'm not particular") good-bye. We had a mile coast down the mountain, pitching over but once. Had an up and down run for six miles, when we suddenly perceived the tow path, about 200 yards away. Aided by a tied up canal boat we reached it and had a pleasant run to Hancock. Saw a woman plowing and a fourteen-year-old girl pulling the plow. My! people must be poor to do that. Passed three boats on the canal. Left hotel 2 P. M., storm arising. Went right up a sky reaching hill and down and up two or three more. Had one coast 1½ miles long and several ¾ to 1 mile. The scenery was superb. Coasting down one of the mountains we had an exquisite view across a narrow defile to the opposite succession of hills covered with fields of wheat, rye, oats, and grass in their brightest contrasting hues. We stopped to bathe our arms and drink from a mountain stream, and the rain drops came pattering down, forcing us to take refuge in an old deserted log cabin. It is quite a romantic spot at the base of the mountain. The mountain stream is purling and cooing to itself and the bushes, and the irrepressible catbird is chattering away. It is quite a gentle rain. We have 20 miles to go. Oh dear! The sun is trying hard to shine and the catbird is now singing sweetly. There's an answer to him from the mountain, and the familiar caw of old Jim Crow. There! the sun is shining. The thunder rumbles faintly and we move on. Roads so far rough, particularly up and down the mountains.

4.40 P. M. We are seated in the parlor of an old fashioned farm house, watching a

furious mountain storm. The wind is blowing a gale and it is raining in torrents, and big hail stones ring against the window panes. The forked lightning hisses like a rocket as it rushes dizzily through the dark clouds. Crash comes the thunder and the very mountain tops seem to rock.

We are certainly lucky in getting such good quarters, and have just had some bread, butter, and clabber. The mountaineer is quite witty. Says the mountains we have crossed are but hills to the seven ranges between here and Cumberland. At 5.15 we bade them good bye and resumed our way up the mountains. Coming to a bend the view back was so enticing I paused to look. Tom was out of sight when I resumed my walk, and as I did not see him ahead of me, I pushed faster, and on rounding the next bend, seeing his machine lying on the road, I became alarmed and looked around and soon heard a cautious shee-eee. And a voice from a tree on the road side whispered, "Bear, climb up here quick." I dropped my machine and soon was seated by Tom's side in the tree. And we silently watched the bear as he came sauntering down the road, throwing stones at the birds and fanning himself with a bough from an oak tree.

(To be continued.)

WHEEL INTERESTS--ORANGE NOTES.

Editor of The Wheel: One of the first things that impresses a person beginning to read the cycling press is the frequency of the statement, or direct implication, that wheelmen are some of the best fellows in the world, always ready to greet and help one another on the road or elsewhere. That many of them are very agreeable and are "good fellows," I do not dispute. But I am inclined to think that they are as clannish as other people, and no more ready to greet strangers than are pedestrians.

When wheelmen were very few in number, the mere fact of their exceptional position served to bind them together, and they were glad to meet and greet all members of their new fraternity. But now that they are a large and rapidly increasing body, they think little of meeting strangers, and pay no attention to them. I have often seen novices and others met or passed by experts with the coldest of stares, and even where an accident had broken a wheel, no offer of assistance made. Such things are probably rare in places where there are few riders; but they are common where there are many. This is probably an inevitable accompaniment to the growing number of riders, because when there are so many there must be some who care nothing for cycling interests, and this certainly does not advance the real interests of wheelmen.

The large number of unattached riders constitutes another drawback to wheeling interests. Here in the Oranges, where we have many miles of splendid roads and very many riders, there appear to be a large proportion who are not affiliated with the L. A. W. or any club. Who is to blame, the oldest and most experienced wheelmen can perhaps best tell.

A large proportion of the wheelmen here, as elsewhere, can get but a short time morning and night for their rides; but Sundays and holidays are fairly well improved. On holidays, instead of large and pleasant runs, however, you generally meet stragglers, with perhaps a very small party or two.

A few riders use their wheels for business purposes. Several run to Newark—three or four miles—on them daily, and others make the circuit of their customers in the neighboring towns. A good many tricycles are

also in use. We have several lady riders, and some sociables are well used.

On Thursday night the Chinese lantern parade brought out crowds of people at all available points. One hundred wheels were in line. In Newark the procession was badly treated by roughs, so that when it entered the Oranges the second half of it was rather demoralized. It proceeded irregularly; some twenty riders were without lanterns, and the riding was often by twos or irregular squads.

Probably no town offers greater advantages to wheelmen than does Orange, or more properly the Oranges, for they constitute one continuous settlement inseparably bound by well kept macadam roads, and for long runs, good country roads leave them in many directions. A ride of any desired length can be taken for from one to twenty-five miles entirely upon smooth macadam, excepting only a few connecting roads where excellent side paths are found. The beginning of these roads can be reached in thirty-five minutes from New York by train, and one would think that more wheelmen would avail themselves of them. The writer, and doubtless other wheelmen, would serve as guide on any convenient occasion.

P.

A CONVENIENT ENTERPRISE.

A great building is about to be erected on the estate of Peter A. Hegeman, Eighth avenue, from Fifth-sixth to Fifty-seventh streets, now the Manhattan Athletic Club Ground. It will have a seating capacity for 6,000 persons. It will be called the Elite Roller Skating Rink, but will also contain archery courts, bowling alleys, and bicycle courses. The interior is to represent tropical and polar scenes. It will be erected by a stock company whose capital is \$300,000. The ground has been leased for ten years.

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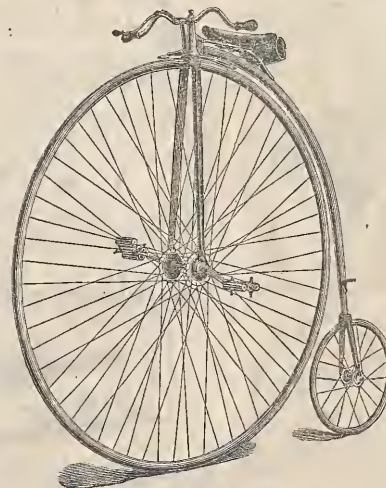
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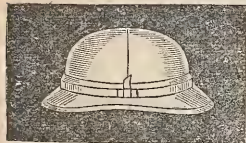
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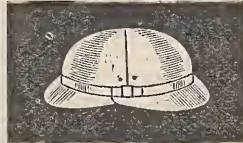
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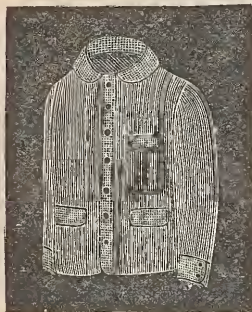
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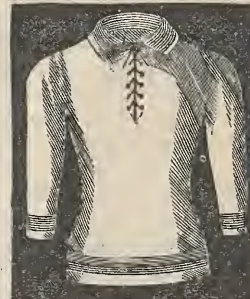
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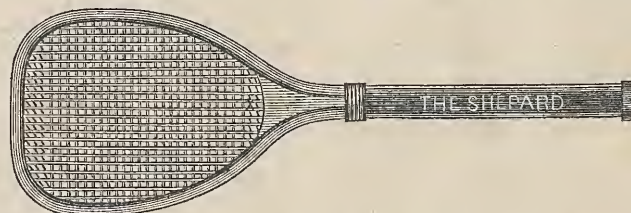
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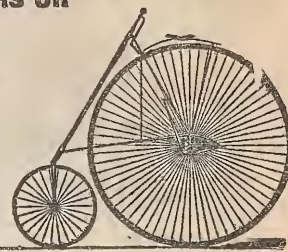
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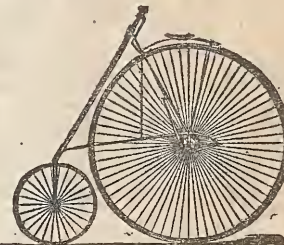
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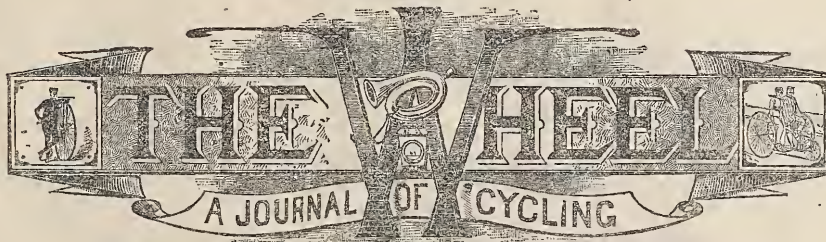
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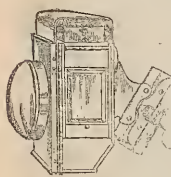
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