

# THE WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Vol. III. No. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1888.

Price 10 cents.

The Most Comprehensive Cycling Catalog Published.

❖❖❖ 60❖❖❖ PAGES. ❖❖❖

—THE—  
Columbia Catalog  
FOR 1888.

Published January 10, 1888.

Free by Mail Upon Application.

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**The 1888 Rudge Catalog is now in Press.**

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

# The SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER for 1888.

(Yost & McCune Patent.)

The Only Absolutely Safe Wheel Against  
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FOR 1887

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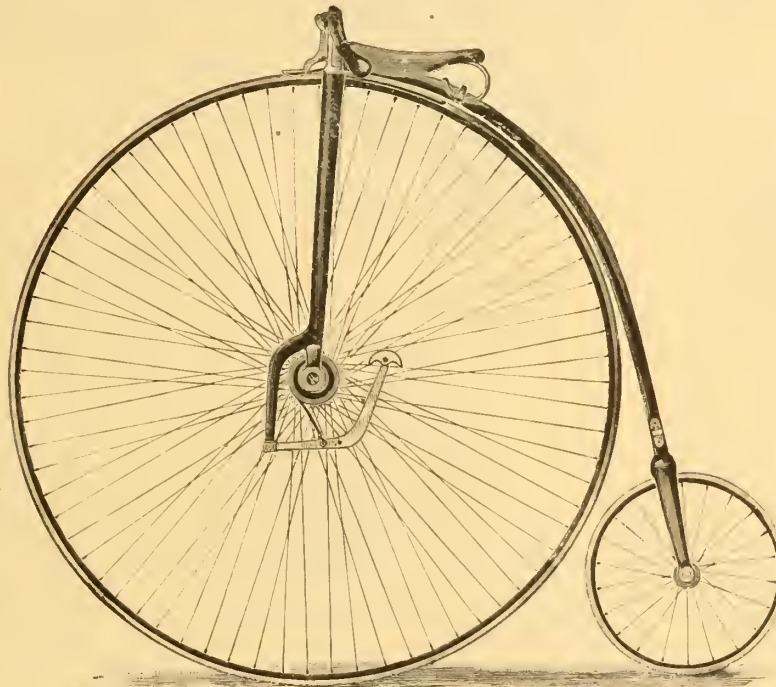
## FOR SAFETY,

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, and the fork cannot be forced forward faster than the large wheel revolves.

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Because the new adjustable anti-friction bearings in our high-grade machines run very easily, are very durable, and cannot roll together; and there are no parallel bearings to retard the revolution of the wheels nor cog-wheel friction to overcome in coasting.

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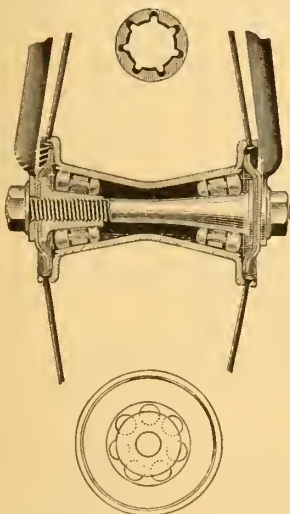
## FOR INCREASE OF POWER,

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, and it can be set to sandy-road, hill-climbing, or racing speed.

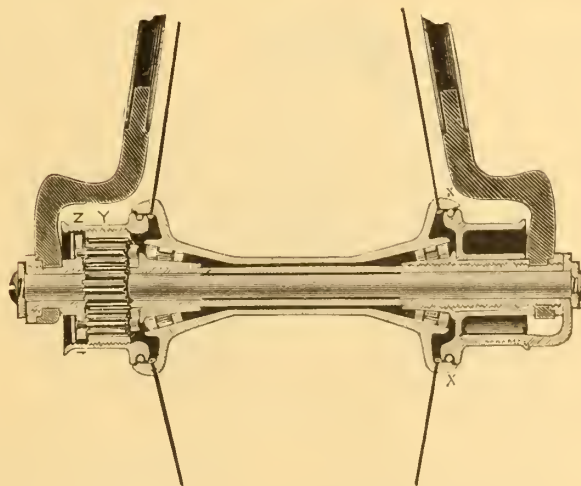
## FOR ECONOMY OF POWER,

Because it is the only Bicycle in which the levers are raised without springs, the new motor raising one lever and foot automatically by the depression of the other lever, without retarding the revolution of the drive-wheel by the ascending foot, even by amateur riders, which on the crank wheel can only be avoided by expert riders.

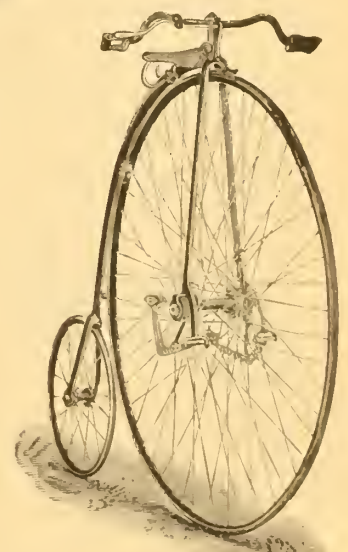
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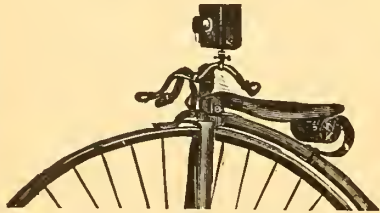
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Finest saddle in the market, and money refunded if  
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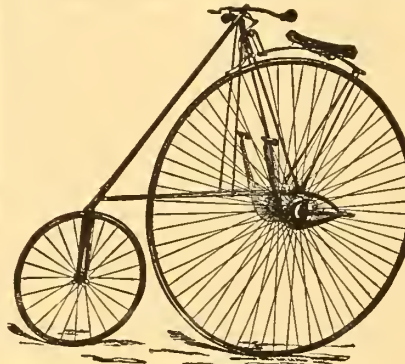
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—Manufacturers of the well known—

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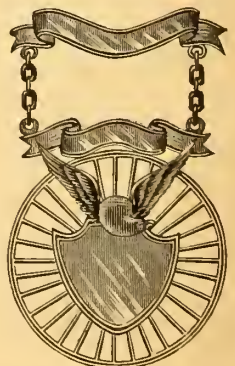
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**GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 7 G Street, Peoria, Ill.**



# —THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

VOL. III.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

## A Model Entertainment.



ABOUT this time of the year comes the bicycle club benefit entertainment and the members of the committee on program grow thin and hollow eyed as they lay awake night after

night trying to figure out some appropriate scheme of entertainment. The cry for relief comes to our ears and is not unheeded. We have a young man on our staff who is subject to insomnia and it does not discommode him in the least to lay awake at night; so this young man has drawn up a model program for club entertainments which the GAZETTE offers to an awaiting world.

The entertainment should open with an address by the president of the club. The following form will require but few alterations to fit most cases: Ladies and gentlemen: In behalf of the ——— Bicycle Club, I bid you welcome to our ———th annual entertainment. Our club has enjoyed a season of unexampled prosperity and now enjoys the proud distinction of being the finest club in the land. Our tourists have toured further, our flyers have flown faster, and our scorchers have done more scorching than those of any other club on earth. Our men hold all the important records on the road and path from one-quarter up to a hundred miles.

Friends and fellow citizens we welcome you, we welcome the half-dollars you deposited at the box office as a guarantee of good faith. Thrice welcome. Any time you happen to be in the neighborhood of our club house, drop in and see us; if none of us are in you can talk to the janitor and keep him from growing lonely and morose. Come in and cock your feet up on our new Mexican oinx mantle-piece and drop your cigar stubs in the oriental tear jug that adorns the upper, north-east corner of the reception room. Make yourselves at home but touch the umbrella rack lightly. Monkey with the billiard table and twist your spine in the gymnasium. You will find the court plaster in the photograph album and the St. Jacob's Oil down in the cellar where its fragrant breath will not annoy the neighbors and prejudice them against our noble cause. Ladies and gentlemen, before I close let me say to you, welcome.

The next event should be a quartette. Soprano to lead off with about one minute handicap, the others to follow in order with basso on the scratch. Song should be sung in three heats.



## First heat:

Oh come and fly with me!  
Oh come and fly away!  
With me,  
Away,  
Away,  
Away,  
Oh come and fly with me.  
Away!  
With me  
So bright and gay  
Oh come away,  
Upon the glistening wheel  
And feel  
so bright and gay,  
And gay,  
And gay.

## Second heat.

Oh come and fly with me!  
Oh come and fly away!  
With me!  
Oh come!  
Oh come!  
Oh come!  
With me and fly away,  
Oh come,  
With me,  
So bright and gay!  
Oh come and fly away,  
Upon the wirey steed,  
With speed!  
Oh, come away,  
Away!  
Away!

It will not be necessary to sing off the third verse unless soprano fails to win first two, in which emergency repeat first verse, taking care not to repeat the second as it would hardly be appropriate. Oh yes, we almost forgot; the song may be sung to "Bou-langer's March" or "Johnny Get Your Gun," to suit the taste.

Next comes a declamation, of course. Who ever heard of an entertainment without a declamation? The scarcity of available material appropriate to a bicycular entertainment has caused us to procure, at unlimited expense, a special poem by the author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," "Beautiful Snow," "Welcome Gentle Spring" and other popular poems. We also furnish a complete set of gestures to accompany the same. These are taken from instantaneous photographs of the eminent tragedian, Hamlet W. McBeth, as he delivered it before spell-bound audiences for two hundred consecutive nights at the Dime Museum in Indianapolis.

## SAVED.

Jimtown's sun was rising early,  
On a handsome summer scene;  
On the river white and pearly,  
As an uncooked navy bean.



On the village with its house tops,  
Stretching far as eye can scan ;  
On the meadows with their corn crops  
And upon one lonely man.



"Sixty miles there are between here  
And the other distant town,  
And there isn't any team here  
That can make it ere sun-down."



And this lonely party waded  
Thro' the river cool and damp;  
Into town he then paraded,  
Like an ordinary tramp.

"I could telegraph the message;  
But I can't afford the dime;  
I could send it by expressage,  
But it won't get there in time."



And he sought the spacious dwelling  
Of the grand chief Muck-a-muck—  
Ah, you think without my telling,  
That he worked the place for chuck.



Thus bemoaning, wildly wailing,  
Cried the noble Muck-a-muck,  
As he mourned his usual failing  
In acquirement of luck.



But not so, you are mistaken,  
You are badly left this time;  
Into town he was betaken,  
To confess a horrid crime.

Up, then spoke a Jersey rider;  
"With this little Star of mine,  
And my humble self astride her,  
We can reach the town in time."



'Twas a murder he'd committed  
In cold blood—cold as a clam—  
And the same crime had been fitted  
Upon some unguilty man.



And the crowd that had asembled,  
Cheered to see him pump his Star,  
Till the *terra firma* trembled,  
While they watched him from afar.



In a far and distant city,  
Known to fame as "Blossom Rock;"  
They would hang him without pity,  
At precisely one o'clock.

It was lacking just a quarter  
Of the fatal hour of one,  
When the wheelman with a snorter,  
Came a rushing into town.



When His Jiblets heard this statement,  
He was filled with dark, blue gloom;  
For he knew of no abatement  
Of the victim's awful doom.



"Loose the captive from his prison !  
Stay your bloody crime !" cried he,  
"For the felony's not hisen.  
Turn your guiltless captive free !"



Spake the ancient jailor: "Hello,  
Who are you, I'd like to know?  
Why, that slick and slippery fellow  
Broke the jail a week ago."



The entertainment should wind up with a short melo-drama. The old style dialogue of the thank-goodness-the-table-is-spread order is entirely too tame for these times. We have arranged the proper thing, a dramatization of one of H. Rider Haggard's forthcoming novels. We have cut out a good deal of the South African, underground, and bottom of the sea parts, and worked in the bicycle to make it more appropriate to the occasion.

### WAS IT FATE?

A BICYCLE DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

#### Dramatis Personæ.

CYRUS CLOMETER: *Star character but "ordinary" rider. A wheelman who may be relied upon to arrive with his silent steel just in the nick of time.*

LINETTA VERE DE VERE: *Leading Lady.*

NAPOLEON VERE DE VERE: *Stern Parent.*

RODERICK B. LUDD: *Villain of the deepest dye.*

DIZZY DAISIE: *Soubrette.*

PATROLMAN MURPHY: *Low Comedian.*

*Lady and Gentlemen Cyclers, Messenger Boys, Villians, Servants, etc., etc.*

### ACT I.

*(Parlors in Vere de Vere's Mansion. Curtain rises upon Dizzy Daisey dusting the furniture and bric-a-brac.)*

DAISEY: Alack! Alack! There goes the peach-blow vase. I didn't think a little knock like that would break it. I must gather up the pieces quickly for I think I hear my master's footsteps approaching.

*(Note to the stage manager: The proper sound may be indicated by pounding on the floor with a coal shovel.)*

Oh no, it is not he; it is only patrolman Murphy. Hello Pat! Come in and be agreeable. The folks have all gone out for the day.

*Enter PATROLMAN MURPHY:* Och, and so I will come in, for it's your swate self I have to moind whether I want to or not. I was on me way around the corner, called by a telephone to come and arrest a burgaleer. I guess the burgaleer can wait a bit while dacent folks pass the time o' day together.

DAISEY: Had n't you better go on and get your burglar first? Maybe the folks will grow tired of holding him.

PATROLMAN MURPHY: Move on is it! And sure it's meself as orders other folks to move on. But tell me now, who is that foine Irish gntleman with his high wather pants who I see hanging around here so much?

DAISEY: He is Mr. Cy. Clometer, the bicycler, but he is no Irishman I'd have you know, *(blushing perceptibly)* one Irish beau about the house is enough. But hark! some one is coming; let me hide you in the closet.

*Enter RODERICK B. LUDD:* Ha! Ha! I am alone! No, there is that gaerul. *(Note: This is the Dime Museum pronunciation for girl.)* Here Daisey is a five dollar gold piece, go out and buy chewing gum. *[Exit Daisey.]*



DAISEY.

R. B. LUDD: 'Tis well, 'twas only a counterfeit. Now for me revenge!

*Enter CY. CLOMETER:* Who said revenge?

R. B. LUDD: I said revenge!

CY. CLOMETER: And who are you, a villain?

R. B. LUDD: *(Aside)* Great heavens he must have seen the program! No, I am no villain, I am your foster-brother!

CY. CLOMETER: 'T is false! Show me your strawberry mark.

R. B. LUDD: Base hireling, I will not!

*(They elineh and fall together.)*

PATROLMAN M.: *(From the closet.)* Gentlemen, which one of you are on top?

CY. CLOMETER: 'Tis I, Cy. Clometer!

PATROLMAN M.: Then I'll come out and uphold the majesty of the law.

*Enter Patrolman Murphy, Napoleon Vere de Vere, Linetta Vere de Vere.*

NAPOLEON VERE DE VERE: What means this?

CY. CLOMETER: Sir, I have saved you from an awful doom. This man is a villain.

R. B. LUDD: 'Tis false!

CY. CLOMETER: Sir, I claim your fair daughter's hand!

NAPOLEON V.: Never! Never! Leave my mansion both of you! Officer, do your duty!

*(Exit all three in different directions. Linetta faints. Murphy and Daisey advance to the foot lights and sing "Pretty as a picture." Audience faints.)*

### ACT II.

SCENE: *Winding wood, water-fall and gas well in the distance, also mountains and summer resort hotel. If there is any difficulty in arranging this setting the ordinary drawing-room scene may be used.*

*Enter B. LUDD:* Ha, Ha!

SECOND VILLAIN: Ha, Ha!

B. LUDD: The cycling party comes this way lead by Cy. Clometer. Hast dumped those ten loads of fresh gravel upon the highway?

SECOND VILLAIN: I have.

B. LUDD: 'T is well. But see, here comes some one. We must dissemble.

*Enter LINETTA:* *(On a tricycle.)* Oh what a perfectly lovely tour we are having; but see, I have run ahead of the pace-maker and I fear I have lost my way. What shall I do?

*Enter B. LUDD:* *(Orchestra will play deep basso music.)* Ha! I have thee now gaerul, be mine! Come fly with me!

LINETTA: Avaunt base wretch, avaunt, so there!

B. LUDD: Ha! Here comes your parent, I will rob him!

*Enter NAPOLEON:* Ah, me daughter, how came you here?

LINETTA: Father, this person says he will rob you.

NAPOLEON: Sir, retract that statement. No gentleman would make such a remark in the presence of a lady. If you desire to rob me, we must withdraw to some secluded spot.

B. LUDD: Come, let us hurry. I have an engagement to murder a gentleman at ten o'clock and we must hasten. I never break a professional appointment.

NAPOLEON: And what is your profession?

B. LUDD: Sir, I am a villain! But come, let us go.

CY. CLOMETER: *(Entering upon a niekeled bicycle.)* Hold!

B. LUDD: Ha! Who are you?

CY. CLOMETER: I am Cyrus Clometer, your avenging nemesis.

NAPOLEON: Saved, saved!

LINETTA: Saved, saved!



THE PATROLMAN.



B. LUDD.



CY. CLOMETER.





NAPOLEON.

*Enter lady and gentlemen tourists all pairing off. Napoleon picking out the prettiest girl in the bunch, the rest choosing to suit taste, as per rehearsal agreement.*

B. LUDD: See here, gentlemen, where do I come in?

*Enter Murphy and Daisey from opposite sides of the stage.*

MURPHY: You don't come in at all, you come out the little end of the horn. Just wait a few moments and I will arrest you. Come here Daisey.

CY. CLOMETER: Gentlemen, are you all paired off?

GENTLEMEN: (Together.) We are.

CY. CLOMETER: Then call back the messenger boy.

*Enter MESSENGER BOY: Here I am I have n't started yet.*

CY. CLOMETER: Boy, order seventeen more tandems and tell the Colonel to rush them through.

*All join hands and advance to the foot lights while Cy. Clomenter speaks:*

Kind friends the show is over now,  
We're all paired off and sorted;  
You've seen right triumph and seen how  
Base villainy was thwarted,  
Fate, like a red eyed, hungry pup,  
Has followed it around;  
But ere you ring a chestnut up,  
We'll ring the curtain down



LINETTA.



MESSENGER BOY.

### A New Enterprise.

SKINNEYAPOLIS, Jan. 10, 1887.

EDITOR WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE:

As advance agent and general promoter of *Joblots Non-hippodromatic Aggregation of Talented Bicyclists*, I desire to call your attention to my great moral and instructive exhibition.

I suppose you are aware of the deplorable fact that bicycle races for a few seasons past have not been a success, either socially or financially, we might say. This I attribute more to the bad management of the various races than to a lack of public interest, as some would have us believe. Take the show business for instance; would our canvases be crowded all summer if the show careered over the country and made the mere announcement that Terrence Duzan would monkey a while with the elephants or that its other acts would be equally tame and stupefying? I wot not. Or, take the theatrical profession; could a combination travel on the road and draw full houses and turn hundreds away every night if its advertisements said that the third act would wind up with a duel with tin swords or that the heroine would commit suicide by jumping from a pasteboard wharf into the folds of a canvas sea? I wot not again. And right here is where the promoters of bicycle races miss it. There is a lacking element. There is no halo of romance thrown around a bicycle race. But there must be something of the kind or it will not be successful.

With this end in view I have prepared the following official circular and general order No. 1, which you will please insert on first

page next reading matter, e. o. d., p. d. q., t. f., and as soon as my great moral exhibition appears on the road, I will send you and your family some of my bright red complimentary tickets:

SEASON 1888

NOW OPEN FOR ENGAGEMENTS.

### JOBLOTS NON-HIPPODROMATIC AGGREGATION OF TALENTED BICYCLISTS.

(30)

COUNT 'EM!

(30)

Program, Guide Book and General Pedigree Blank.

- 1st. Grand Entree by the entire company. They will ride four times around the floor, riding hands off on the last turn. This act is pronounced by competent judges to rival P. T. Barnum's Congress of Nations.
- 2nd. One-fifth mile race for the championship of Kosiesko county between T. W. Ex, ex-Champion, ex-Manager and general ex-ness; and John S. Duke, Champion Lunch-Slinger.
- 3rd. Two and a half mile race for the championship of Alaska and one-twentieth of the gate receipts; between those fierce and blood-thirsty rivals Georgeous Whittaker, the road hog, and Percy Brick, the light-weight champion of St. Louis. During this act, the ushers will pass among the audience and circulate petitions for Mr. Brick's re-instatement as an amateur.
- 4th. Twenty-five mile team race; between the Western Pedal Pushers and the Eastern High Flyers. The first club consists of Frank E. Dingley, the North-western Blizzard; Tom Hardwick, the Kansas Cow-boy; Slashing, the Hero of Clarksville; Ham Sollingsworth, the Hoosier Wonder and General Destruction Scatterer; Ed. Bullock, who appears with special permission of John S. Duke; and Sauer Kraut Schock, the Long Distance eater. The Eastern team is made up of such talented artists as H. G. Socker, Champion of South Boston; White Horse McCurdy; Bobby Sealson, winner of the Clarksville Tea-Cup; Billy Rowe, the pet of Lynn; Lasy Swindle, the Midget, and Billy X. Roads, hero of Crawfordville. One feature of this race is that each contestant will take a turn at leading the crowd, thus offering a splendid opportunity for the inter-change of small coin, watches, etc., among the audience.
- 5th. Grand Hill Climbing Contest between Hal Greenroom, the De Soto terror and Sureman, the Corey Hill fiend. These gentlemen will both attempt the heretofore unheard of feat of climbing up the side of the wall.
- 6th. The Event of the Year. One-eighth mile race for the Championship of the World between the fearless and unsubdued record smasher, Billy Blowe, and the fearless English athlete, Richard Howl. This will be a race for blood. The floor on this occasion being lavishly smeared with red paint.

### THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE.

- 7th. The whole performance will conclude with an exhibition of Fancy and Trick riding by Master R. F. Synagogue. This attraction has been secured regardless of expense direct from England. The air of the old country is still fresh upon him and he will readily say "Arry," "cawn't," "dawg," "hale," etc., etc. In his wonderful performance Mr. S. will ride slowly around the floor pedaling first with one foot, then with the other. He will also ride over such obstacles as lead-pencils, matches, etc. He will positively appear in the same suit that he wore before His Royal Highness Prince of Wales, and will also blow his nose in exact imitation of His ciblings, Duke of Nottingham.

For further particulars, terms, etc., address

TINHORN JOBLOTS,  
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### Why He Liked It.

Editor (to friend)—"Have you seen my Christmas number?"

Friend—"Yes."

Editor—"What do you think of it?"

Friend—"Looks very well."

Editor (with a shade of disappointment on his face)—"I am highly pleased with it. I think it is ever so much better than my last year's holiday number."

Friend—"I don't think so."

Editor—"What, don't think so? Why, this number is all original, while the last one was mostly made up of clippings."

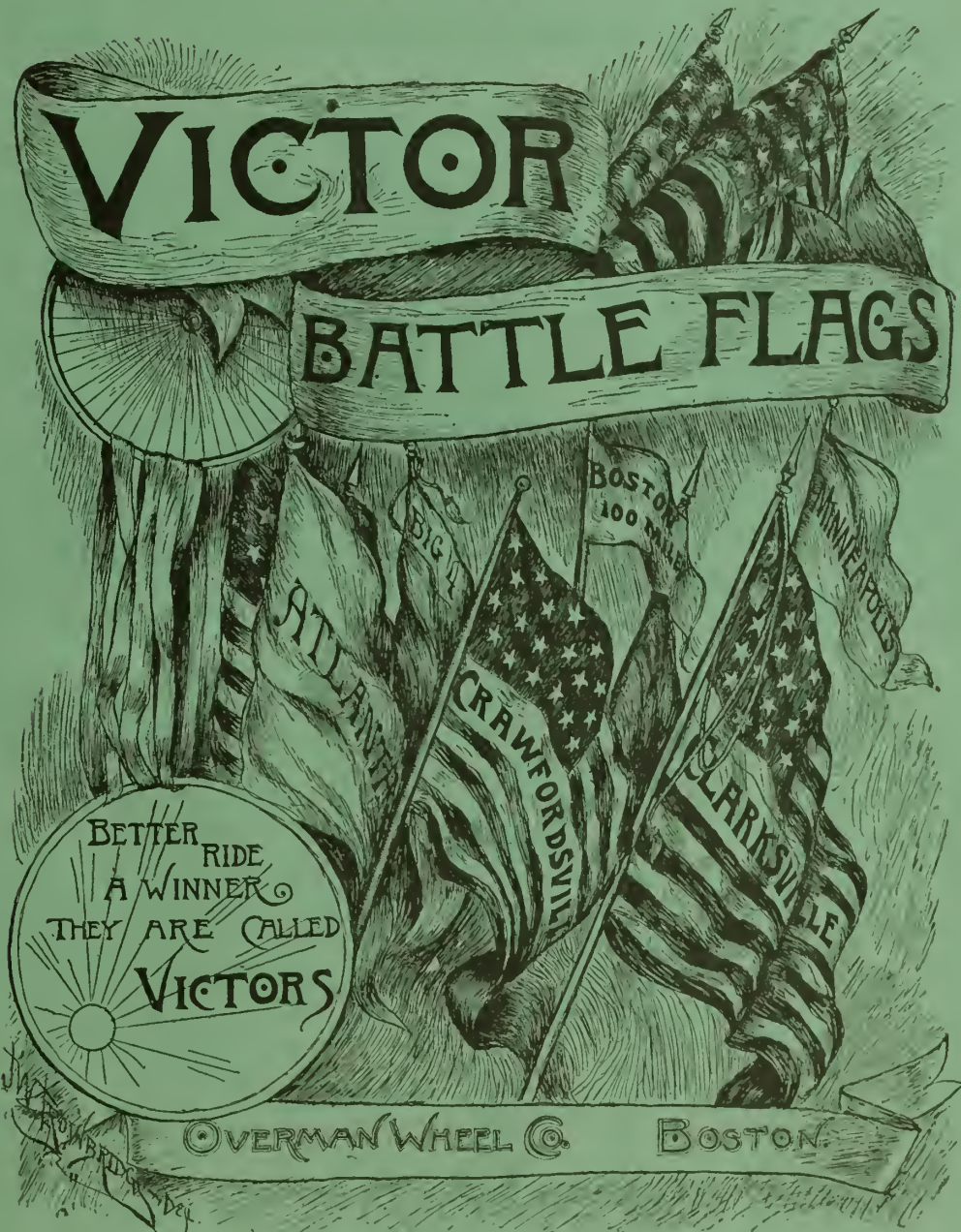
Friend—"Yes, that's the reason I like the last one."—Arkansas Traveler.

You want to know what a "star" machine is, do you, Josiah? Well, any machine will answer the purpose. Get right on and go down hill as hard as you can. When you reach the bottom you will find a nice, thoughtful stone about the size of an egg waiting for you. When you strike it, you will go sailing over the front part of the machine, and land on your head. You will see all the stars in the business then.—Puck.



# THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

"Where hills have been climbed, where great road races have been run, where wheels have been tested to their very utmost, THE VICTOR has been found at the front to tell its own story."-O. W. Co. Catalog.





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**The Wheelmen's Gazette.**

Issued on the Fifteenth of Every Month.

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P. C. DARROW, Editor.  
BEN L. DARROW, Business Manager.

DARROW BROS., PROPRIETORS.  
25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis.

Advertising rates on application. Regular circulation 13,000.

The circulation of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE now embraces that of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD, making it the most widely circulated of any of the cycling periodicals.

In the course of the year it reaches over 50,000 different wheelmen.

Entered at the Post-Office, Indianapolis, as second-class mail matter.

**To Our Readers.**

WITH the transfer of the subscribers of the WHEELMEN'S RECORD to the lists of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, the magazine comes this month, before a partly new constituency. This, with the beginning of a new volume and some changes in the magazine's management marks another epoch in the life of this eventful publication.

It is always customary with the advent of the new year, for the average wayfarer to formulate a set of good resolutions that he intends to keep for the ensuing twelve months—or till he sees fit to break them. Now the GAZETTE is going to tell you of its good resolutions for 1888. And it's not going to break them either; you watch and see if it does.

In a general way it intends to be the leading cycling monthly of the country.

But you have a right to object to this resolution as being a little too "general," so, gentle reader, if you want specific information as to what we are going to do, here it is:

The GAZETTE will hereafter be published on the fifteenth of each month. You may not get it for several days after that, but whatever delay you experience in getting your paper, will be the fault of our great and glorious government mail service, and not ours. We have known cases where papers mailed Thursday, reached subscribers in neighboring towns on Friday of the week following. In one instance the distance covered was twenty-five miles in the unprecedented time of eight days. Of course we felt it our duty as a voter and tax payer to call our genial and urbane post-master's attention to this remarkable record and suggested that if it would be of any good to him as a testimonial he was at liberty to use it, with our name attached. He did not appear to take the suggestion in the spirit that it was given, and as we had no wish to pick a grievance with the present administration, we let the matter rest. Patient reader, we hope you catch the idea.

But to resume. The GAZETTE will be a distinctively literary magazine. Its matter will be clean, bright and entertaining. We believe that we have demonstrated in the past numbers of the GAZETTE that an article may be humorous without resorting to "horse play," or entertaining without being of questionable propriety. The GAZETTE's reputation as a merry-maker is growing every month and we promise to keep it increasing. Hundreds write us monthly, that without the GAZETTE life would be a dark, blue unreality; with it, they laugh and grow fat. We follow the advice of Ben Franklin, when he said:

"It is better that one sad man be made merry,  
Than a dozen glad ones made sad."

As far as the useful and practical go, the GAZETTE does not intend to neglect that in the least. We will print monthly articles of this description that will be of immense advantage to every wheelman, be he veteran or novice. Mr. Edgerton's excellent article on "The practical rider of the regular bicycle" in this number is an example of what we mean.

We will give as heretofore a comprehensive review of the events of the previous month, together with the gist of affairs of the cycle world in general, in paragraphs short but sweet.

The GAZETTE's original illustrations which have given it a reputation the length and breadth of the land, will be continued, of course. The GAZETTE without its pictures would be like Hamlet without the melancholy Dane, or to be more apt, like the Mikado without Yum-Yum.

That is all, we believe. Whatever else you get extra, and you want to look out for extras in the GAZETTE, you can consider as taking the place of the traditional chromo.

Oh yes, we came near forgetting. The GAZETTE promises to shun all participation in the amateur question.

What more do you want for fifty cents?

**Re-Organization of the League.**

AND now the League is to be re-organized. That a re-organization is desirable goes without saying. There are two questions of more than ordinary importance that the re-organization committee will be called upon to confront and it is on the wise settlement of these two questions that the future welfare of the League depends. It is very certain that for the League of American Wheelmen to continue as such, some radical changes must be made in the distribution of the League funds and that much mooted question of the admission of professional riders to membership must be forever set at rest.

The league at this time has grown to such proportions that to be governed by a strong central power is neither expedient nor desirable. We cover too much ground, our membership is too widely scattered to be under the control of one head. To get efficient work out of such an organization the machinery of government would be of such a weight as would break down of itself. The demands of the different divisions are so greatly deversified that a central power cannot begin to treat each as they would be treated. We wheelmen of Indiana are very sure that the wheelmen of Massachusetts or New York cannot tell us what we want as well as we can ourselves, and it is equally certain that the wheelmen of Massachusetts would resent having some other division telling them they must or must not do thus and so. The time has come when the state divisions are able to look out for themselves and to be refused that privilege is an insult to their various heads.

There is no use denying it, but the aims of each division are, to a certain degree, selfish. Any man will unhesitatingly pay out a dollar that he knows will be used for his own good or the good of a neighbor, that would hesitate about paying out a nickel for somebody he neither knew or cared about. Let the greater part of the League funds stay in the division, the smaller part go the parent body. As to how much, that is a matter for further discussion. We believe that no more should go to headquarters than is absolutely necessary to pay the salary of the Secy.-editor and his assistant. The *Bulletin* ought to be self sustaining all the year 'round. If it cannot be made so put it out bi-weekly or monthly. Ten per cent. of the dues ought to cover the balance of the expences. The ninety per cent. could then remain at home and be spent by the persons who raised it. Then when any special work or special legislation is needed, the parties whom it is to directly benefit would be the ones to move in the matter. Their incentive would be greater than any outsider's could possibly be and the results would always be more satisfactory. If the division even then lacked the money necessary for the accomplishment of certain ends, the greater would be the incentive for securing new members.

There are other methods of disposing of the League funds. This is the logical one. The others are unfair or cumbersome and the adoption of any one of them is bound to result in dissatisfaction and discontent.

The admission of professionals into the ranks of the League is but one phase of the amateur question that we promised not to discuss. As this question in a new shape is to come up for settlement by the re-organization committee, we are going to express on it in full and then promise "not to do it again."

It is very evident that professionals or parties directly interested in them desire their admission into the League. The question is do we want them? Before we frame an answer let us see what are the objects and aims of the League of American Wheelmen, what are the interests of these professionals, and then, do they harmonize or do they clash. If the objects of both are the same we should welcome them, if they conflict we don't want them. They are the aggressive parties. Their interests would kill ours. That is plain.



The objects of the League, in a word, are the securing and maintenance of the rights and privileges of wheelmen under the law. Incidentally to this there are other benefits the League gives; reduced rates on railroads and at League hotels, a free medium of communication between members, regulation of race meets, and in general, that unpublished aim, to raise the standard of wheelmen and wheeling, socially and morally.

The object of the professional rider can be told in even less space. It is to make money, either for himself or his employer. He cares nothing for the rights of wheelmen on the road. On the contrary, he is the one great element that puts these rights in danger. He cares nothing for the privileges of wheelmen under the law. Give him a race track with a good "gate" and he is satisfied.

It might occur to some to ask, "why then, does the professional want to join the League?" That is easily answered. He wants to secure the endorsement of the better element of cycling for the furthering of his own private aims. He is no *wheelman* in the strict sense of the term. The mere fact that he rides a bicycle occasionally does not entitle him to membership in a cycling association any more than the fact that because he works with a brush a house painter should be admitted to an association of artists.

In the Boston Y. M. C. A. gymnasium there is a class in sparring. Why does not the Boston Y. M. C. A. admit John L. Sullivan to membership? He is a sparrer.

Some one says: "Is not the man who makes his living riding a bicycle as good as a man who makes his, selling bicycles or writing for a bicycle paper? Why the distinction in one case and not in the others?" Answering the first: he may be as good, he may be better; the question of goodness cuts no figure here. The League does not attempt to pass on the moral qualifications of its members. A professional may ride a good, square race, be a man any one would be proud to associate with; yet the fact remains that he rides for different objects than we do. His interests are not our interests. Answering the second question: The League is not an association of bicycle sellers or bicycle writers, but of bicycle *riders*. If it were an association of sellers or writers, then it would be fair to make the distinction between those who sold bicycles for a living and those who merely handled them for diversion. Then we could make a difference between those who write for their living and those who write occasionally for amusement or self-improvement.

As we have said, the professional element in cycling is the aggressive element. They are working for their own private ends. They would not hesitate to prostitute the cause of cycling to their own advantage. The League of American Wheelmen, while it is strong enough to withstand this element on the outside would be ill prepared to fight it in their own body.

Because a man is a professional is no reason we should not associate with him, if we want to, but we also want the privilege of letting him alone if we want to.

We are not in the habit of prophesying, but here is a little one on a venture. For every professional wheelman the League admits it will lose a hundred of its present membership.

\* \* \* \* \*

Professional bicycle riders, like every other class differ widely morally. There is a young man, a professional rider, living in Russiaville, Ind., by the name of Sam Hollingsworth. There is another young man, a professional rider, who hails from Leicester, England. We can scarcely conceive of two more directly opposite characters. Hollingsworth, honest, truthful, gentlemanly, modest, virtuous. The other, his complete antithesis. In character, the rest of them range all the way between these two.

Mind you, we do not say: Professionals are unfit for our society; keep them out of the League. We do say *some* of them are unfit and we demand the privilege of associating with whom we please.

OCCASIONALLY Mr. Henry Ducker breaks loose long enough to climb some neighboring fence and cry loudly for the abolition of the amateur rule. According to this gentleman, cycling will never be popular as long as the unjust and infamous law known as the amateur rule is allowed to be enforced. "See how popular is base-ball," says he: "Base-ball circles have no amateur rule."

Admitting, for the sake of argument, the analogy between base-

ball and cycling, it might be well to ask—do we want cycling placed on the same basis as base-ball?

It may be that some few money-making schemers want to accomplish such a state of affairs, but we are sure that it is not the wish of the great body of cyclers in general.

The time is past, although some folks see it not, for wheeling to prosper under the flourish and excitement of the race track. Men buy wheels now for other purposes than to parade or race on. And does any one suppose for an instant that these same men, who are proud to be known as wheelmen, and are the back-bone of wheeling socially, would remain in our ranks for a single week, if cycling could at one fell swoop be placed in the same category as base-ball, and cyclers as base-ball players?

Not by considerable.

## Monthly Summary.

FROM DECEMBER 15 TO JANUARY 15.

*California.* Board of Division Officers of the L. A. W. hold a meeting December 18.

*Illinois.* Lincoln Cycle Club give a smoker, Chicago, Jan. 7. Jesse Goring, member of the Illinois Cycle Club, died. Owl Cycle Club held a banquet Jan. 9. Capital Cycle Club, of Springfield selected officers as follows for 1888: President, Thomas F. Sheridan; secretary and treasurer, W. S. Reed, captain, S. M. Clark.

*Indiana.* WHEELMAN'S RECORD retires from the field, Indianapolis, December 29. Hagerstown Bicycle Club selected the following officers for 1888: President, Albert Heard; secretary, V. M. Cushwa; treasurer, F. A. Lechliden; captain, George F. Updegraff. Riley Hunt, of Orange, marries Miss Anna McMahon, at Richwood, Ohio, Dec. 20. Laporte Wheelmen hold a reception at Concert Hall, Dec. 26.

*Kansas.* Leavenworth County Wheelmen elected the following officers for 1888: President, W. C. Schott; secretary-treasurer, Otto H. Wulfekuhler; captain, E. R. Jewett.

*Maryland.* Centaur Cycle Club, of Baltimore, hold a reception Dec. 26. Maryland Division hold a second meeting to talk over league matters, Jan. 7. Baltimore Club presented the drama "OURS," January 13.

*Massachusetts.* Mr. Barrow, of the Rudge Cycle Co., of Coventry, England, came to Boston and made arrangements to establish a branch house in this country, it has finally been decided that Mr. H. M. Saben is to be its manager. Harry D. Corey enters the employment of the Pope Manufacturing Co. Rover Cycle Club, of Charlestown held its first "Ladies Night" on, Jan. 2. W. B. Everett & Co., former agents for Singer & Co., have retired, Mr. Ross continuing in their place. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. retire from the cycle business January 1. Rover Cycle Club, of Charlestown hold their annual dinner at the Tremont House, Boston, Dec. 22. Dorchester Club gave its first social party at Lyceum Hall, Dorchester. Warren Wheel Club, of Roxbury, held a handicap home trainer race in their club rooms, Dec. 20. A. Kennedy Child, resigns his position with the Pope Manufacturing Co., his place being filled by Harry Corey.

*Nebraska.* Jack Prince comes out with a challenge to the world at large, for almost any kind of bicycle races, he also intends attempting to lower Frank Dingley's 24-hour record.

*New York.* The Buffalo Bicycle Club held its annual meeting in the gymnasium of its new club house on Monday evening, Dec. 12, and elected the following officers for 1888: President, Dr. Charles S. Butler; Vice-president, Otto W. Vogler; Secretary, R. B. Hoffman; treasurer, Charles W. Adams; Attorney, Albert C. Spann; Captain, Charles F. Hotchkiss. Niagara Falls Bicycle Club elected the following officers for 1888, at their meeting Dec. 12: President, F. I. Pears; Secretary and Treasurer, D. F. Bentley; Captain, A. G. Reeve. John R. Williams, representative for the sixth division resigns, Buffalo, Dec. 17. George Dacon of same city is appointed to fill the vacancy. New York Bicycle Club held a birth-day party Dec. 24.

*New Jersey.* Annual election of officers with the Elizabeth Club January 11.

*Ohio.* Central Wheelmen; of Cincinnati, move into their new club rooms, 287 Vine St. Avondale Bicycle Club, gave a minstrel performance, Jan. 13.



*Pennsylvania.* Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, held open house Jan. 2.

## FOREIGN.

*Russia.* At the race meeting held in Moscow, Oct. 27, Wischniakoff won the two mile safety race in 7:45 and G. Grossman won the ten mile championship in 41:01.

*England.* H. H. Griffin has been appointed editor of the cycle department of the Sewing Machine & Cycle News. The Cyclists' Life Boat was launched and christened Dec. 17, at Hartlepool. A six day professional bicycle contest, competitors riding eight hours daily, was completed at St. George's Drill Hall, Newcastle, Eng., Dec. 10; result, Battensby, winning.

### "A Sunset Idyl."

"Is this the office of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE?" came a gentle voice from the hall door, of the GAZETTE sanctum. Our reformed poet kept poking the stove and did not look up, but a gentle Manitoba blizzard that wafted down his back, told him that the outer door was open. Five times within the last hour he had been interrupted thus. Ordinarily he would not have cared. He was growing calloused to the cold, as he had grown calloused to the ways of the world in general, since he had adopted the rank of reformed poet. But on this peculiar morning he was engaged in composing a six canto epic for a prospective mid-summer number, and to be suddenly awakened from a dream of warm sunlight and green fields by a bang-up signal service cold wave was calculated to make even a mild-eyed poet wild with rage.

"Shut that door," he yelled, as he grabbed a piece of coal to emphasize his remarks if necessary.

"Ah, excuse me," stammered the poet, as he glanced toward the door and caught a glimpse of a fair face wrapped in a regulation pink toboggan.

It is an established fact in natural history that poets, however fierce they may be at times, are always gallant to the gentler sex. You may not have remarked this, but it is a fact, and our poet was no exception to the rule.

"Ah, excuse me. Leave the door open if you want to," and remembering himself, he threw his prospective missile into the stove, and added in his imported Chesterfieldian air, "come in, please and be seated."

"I thought this was the place," the fair creature gasped, "but don't you know I had an awful time finding it? Really I believe I went into six places down stairs asking for the GAZETTE office. None of them seemed so glad to see me as you were."

"No?" this from the poet.

"Say, why is it," she went on undisturbed by the poet's quiet sarcasm, "that you editors always have your offices so high up? It seems that it is always that way. I remember when I wrote poetry for *The Household Delight* that I used to climb six pair of stairs."

Our poet was going to say something about low rents, but he threw her off the scent by asking what he could do for her.

"It's about a piece of poetry I wrote and sent you last fall," she replied, "I called it 'A Sunset Idyl,' perhaps you remember it?"

The poet said he had a faint recollection of receiving something of the kind, but he was afraid it was lost.

"That's just what I thought, and I knew you would want so much to publish it, so I brought along a copy that I had pasted in my scrap book. Here it is."

So saying she took from her port-monaie a piece of pink note paper and handed it to the editor.

"Is n't it just splendid? Charley says it's the sweetest thing he ever heard. He says it's so full of pathos. Don't you think it pathetic?" she continued as he finished reading it.

"Yes, very," remarked the poet in a cold business like way, "I remember it now. I thought then it was a very nice little effort, in its way; but there are one or two trifling changes I should like to suggest if you don't mind."

"Certainly not," said the poetess.

"They are very trifling," said the poet. "I remember noting some of them at the time, but of course I would not think of changing any contribution however slight without the author's consent. That is the reason it has never appeared in our columns. We always have to be very particular about such matters."

"That's right," assented the poetess.

"I knew you would agree with me," replied the editor. "Now take the first verse for instance."

"Slowly she wheels, and hums a song;  
The breezes with her loose locks play.  
She knows that it will not be long  
Before her lover wheels that way."

"If we print it as it stands some of our subscribers might fail to renew their subscriptions."

"What for?" innocently, inquired the poetess.

"Oh, I don't know; but they might," the editor said. "Now I don't exactly like that first word, 'slowly.' It makes one think it's a great exertion to ride and that scares off the novice. The tricycle manufacturers would never forgive us if we printed that. And then by the way, you don't say that it was a tricycle she was riding. It might be a velocipede or a tandem, for all you tell us, or a goat cart even."

"Well, I can change that, if that is all," assented the poetess, cheerfully.

"I am glad you take it in good part," remarked the editor, "that's always the better way, and while you are at it there's that 'with her loose locks play.' That gives a sort of disheveled idea of the girl. Suppose you fix that."

The maiden hesitated an instant, and then said, "how will this do?"

Blithely along the road she wheels  
Her wirey steed, and hums a song.  
Sweet dreams upon her fancy steals,  
She knows her lover 'll soon come 'long.

"That's better assented the editor, "but still there is a sort of a melancholy, malarious air about it that I don't like. You see most of our subscribers are young persons to whom such sad, sentimental business is scarcely appreciated. Supposing we run it something like this:"

Briskly she wheels her two track trike.  
(A better wheel was never built.)  
She knows that soon along the pike  
She 'll see her lover come full tilt."

"Then we could run it in as a trade advertisement and perhaps get five dollars on it. That's what we have to look out for, we cycling editors. Business before pleasure always. Dollars before sentiment. There's just one little change I think would still improve that verse, and that is the lover part. It makes the whole thing sound a great deal too Ella Wheeler Wilcox like. Don't you think so?"

"Yes?"

"I knew we would agree with me there. Suppose we make that brother or cousin? That would preserve the meter and be more in keeping with the proprieties at the same time. How does this strike you?"

Briskly she wheels her two track trike.  
It runs along as smooth as silk.  
She stops and looks a-down the pike  
And sees her brother go for milk.

"There you see I have changed that 'full tilt' also, that's slang and slang is rigorously excluded from our columns. You see I don't hesitate to criticise faults of my own, as well as others. Now, of course, we will have to change the second verse to consist. It would never do to run the first one as we have decided to have it, and then come with our second one as you have it here."

The sun goes down, she softly sighs,  
No more a love sleek air she hums,  
The love-light fades from out her eyes,  
He does not come! He does not come!

"Oh, of course we will have to fix up the second one, I expected as much, and have one ready. How would this do?"

She waits and waits with many a sigh  
He never has been late before,  
What if his love for me should die,  
What if my dream of bliss be o'er?

"That! that will never do in the world. You appear to have forgotten just where we left that girl in the first verse. Now if we do it something like this it would fit better."

The sun goes down. She fain would scream  
To think for all he does not come,  
She never thought he was so mean,  
The awful, horrid, hateful hum.

"I believe I have those adjectives right, as far as my recollection of feminine disgust goes. But after all it seems that these verses of yours are out of season, even the way we have improved on them



they are scarcely appropriate to the season. You must know that we can't print verses about road riding, or that sort of business, when it's too cold to scarcely stir out of doors. Such things only go to harrow up the feelings of our readers, and of course we do not want anybody to feel weary and disgusted. Of course we might hold your verses until later in the year, but as I know you are impatient to see them in print, and have waited so long already, why there is no need to make you wait any longer. Now, if you could bring a little toboggan business, or something to give us a seasonable air to these verses of yours, I think that they would be just about the proper thing. Of course we would have to alter them slightly again, but I know you would not mind that if we can better them any. Suppose we put them this way?"

Her brother says she'll catch her death  
Of cold; that sweet girl from Chicago,  
So fast she slides it takes her breath  
But still she will down the tobog. go.

"So far so good. Now if we can bring in some kind of a moral in the second verse it will add interest to the affair and do good as well. Suppose we take your second verse and alter it after this style."

She rides and rides about all day.  
The management advance the price  
Her brother would know why. They say  
Her feet are large, we're short of ice.

"Do you think that will do?" asked the poetess dubiously.

"Do? Why of course it will do," replied the editor. "The way it's fixed up now, it will go into the scrap column of half the papers in the country."

"And will you print it?" she asked gayly.

"Well now, that's a different matter," replied the editor. We printed our last toboggan joke the first part of last season and the sad and melancholy gloom that it cast over the larger part of our constituency made us promptly resolve never to do it again. But I'll tell you what you might do. Send it to one of the St. Louis papers. There's a joke in that about the Chicago girl's feet and they will hail it with a wild and rapturous joy. Shall I copy it for you? No? I am sorry you have to go so soon."

The door slammed and the poetess had departed.



### New American Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by O. E. Duffy, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained

Patents issued of interest to wheelmen for the month ending January 3rd, 1888:

374,919. December 13, 1887. Charles E. W. Woodward, of Cambridge, assignor of one-half to the Overman Wheel Co., of Chicopee, Mass. Cyclometer.

374,873. December 20, 1887. R. R. Jones, of Lexington, Va., two wheeled vehicle.

375,707. December 27, 1887. Henry J. Hudson, of Blackfriars Road, County of Surrey England, assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

375,714. December 27, 1887. Harry M. Pope of Hartford, Ct., assignor to the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Portland, Maine, velocipede.

375,426. December 27, 1887. Arthur P. Ricard, of Toledo, Ohio, vehicle wheel.

375,555. January 3, 1888. W. P. Kidden, of Maplewood, Mass., velocipede.

375,940. January 3, 1888. Walter Knight of San Andreas, Cal., vehicle wheel

375,775. January 3, 1888. E. A. Seale and W. W. Downing, Brewton, Ala., vehicle wheel.

376,051. January 3, 1888. Robert Steel, assignor of three-fourths to A. F. Spring, A. C. Swartz and C. A. Spring, all of Philadelphia, Pa., velocipede.

375,961. January 3, 1888. Jas. F. Steffa, of Rockvale, Illinois, velocipede.

### New English Patents.

Compiled for the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE by Messrs. HUGHES, ELI & HUGHES, Patent Agents and Engineers, 76 Chancery Lane, London, W. C., of whom copies and information may be obtained.

16,266. November 26, 1887. William Anyon and John Frederick Cooper, an improvement for folding or dividing the bicycle.

16,267. November 26, 1887. Lorentz Albert Groth, 5 Crosby Hall Chambers, London, E. C., improvements in the construction of bicycles.

16,297. November 26, 1887. Adolph Washington Kirsch and Joseph Goldschmidt, Jr., 89 Chancery Lane, W. C., an improved ball bearing for velocipedes and other vehicles.

16,298. November 26, 1887. Gustav Pickhardt, 89 Chancery Lane W. C., improvements in the tyres of wheels.

16,465. November 30, 1887. James Logan Watkins, 6 Warbeck Road, Uxbridge Road, Middlesex, improvement in the formation and equipment of military tricycles and bicycles.

16,471. November 30, 1887. Ernest Alfred Reynolds, 97 Newgate Street, E. C., an improved safety bicycle for two riders.

16,531. December 1, 1887. Charles Edwin Burton, 46 Southampton Buildings, London, W. C., improvements in velocipedes.

17,000. December 10, 1887. William Goulden, improvements in the construction of velocipedes.

17,014. December 10, 1887. John Boulton Brooks, improvements in velocipede bell attachments.

17,034. December 10, 1887. William Fisher and Edward Redman, improvements in mounting velocipede saddles.

17,080. December 12, 1887. Walter Chatwood Burton, improvements in velocipedes.

17,117. December 13, 1887. John Boulton Brooks, improvements in velocipede saddles and saddle springs.

17,202. December 14, 1887. Thomas Caveney and Charles Wrench, improvements in the manufacture of wheels applicable to velocipedes, perambulators, and such like purposes.

17,222. December 14, 1887. John Scott Kerr, improvements in the driving gear of tricycles, the said improvements being also applicable to bicycles and other velocipedes.

17,263. December 15, 1887. Charles Luvie, improvements in velocipedes.

Complete Specifications Accepted—Notice is hereby given that all persons interested in opposing the grant of a patent on any one of the undermentioned applications may, at any time within two months from the date of the Official Journal of the Patent Office in which the complete specifications were advertised, give notice at the Patent Office in the prescribed form of such opposition. 1,780. Geo. Todd. 15,068. Frederick Howe Gibbs.

Patents sealed. 1886. 14,544. George John Stevens.—5,065. Lucius Day Copeland.—14,969. Richard Green.—15,199. Isaac Watts Boothroyd and Phillip Charles Louis F. Renouf.—1887. 1,115. Walter Philips.

Specifications published.—1886. 16,340. Bown W., velocipede or carriage wheels (8d).—1887. 481. Parr J., bicycles (8d).—710. Watts I., and Powell, R. J., velocipedes (8d).—13,489. Austen C. T., seats for velocipedes (8d)—13,771. Muller, V. H., tandem bicycle (6d).

We have received the Christmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, and shall be ready to furnish copies at twenty cents each. "Hee-Haw-Watha" is the title of the book, and it is supposed to tell how this celebrated North American Indian crossed the briny and visited all the celebrities of England and Ireland; he then comes home and relates to his family and tribe the wonders he has seen in the old world. It is a brightly written parody on Longfellow's great poem, and will be of particular interest to American readers. We shall have a limited supply, and hence those wishing a copy of "Hee-Haw-Watha" should send in their twenty cents right away.

Harry Hearsey, of this city, has just returned from his trip through the East. He says his prospects for the coming season are very favorable and feels confident he will get his share of the trade in Indianapolis.

The Overman Wheel Co. are getting out a fine boy's wheel. It is called the Victor, Junior.





Do you want to change your mount next season? If you do you had better advertise it for sale or exchange in the "Sale and Exchange" column of the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for next month. It will only cost you one cent per word.

A Happy New Year to all.

A Happy New Year to the trade.

A Happy New Year to our subscribers.

To our advertisers, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Munich, Germany, has a "comic" cycling journal.

The stone that rolls in the ocean gathers plenty of moss.

The *Cyclist's* launching of their life boat was a swimming success.

Harry Corey has entered the employment of the Pope M'f'g. Co.

English wheelmen are complaining over the unusual wetness of the early winter months.

Massachusetts members will have a road book this year worth many times the cost of membership to the League.

The *Sewing Machine and Cycle News* have a new editor for their cycle department, Mr. H. H. Griffin.

Does it require much muscle to ride a bicycle? Oh no, but it requires a good deal of faith, hope and charity.

F. S. Buckingham, of Coventry, Eng., has engaged attorneys and is preparing to contest his suspension from the Irish Cyclist's Association.

John A. Wells has been re-appointed Representative of the Pennsylvania Division. It remains to be seen whether he will be confirmed or not.

The Overman Wheel Company claims to have received the largest order ever given for bicycles. They did n't give us the number, but asserted that it was greater than 1,200.

C. F. Smith, of the Indiana Bicycle Co., is back from California. He reports business booming on the Pacific Slope and says he sold all but fifty-five of the sixty wheels he took out.

We read in the *Bi. World* that W. J. Morgan, at Indianapolis, did 728 miles in 48 hours. Strange what important events take place right here at home that we know nothing about.

We learn from the New Castle, (Eng.) *Examiner* that Morgan is willing to match Temple against any man in the world, mind you, for from \$500 to \$1,250. At least he says so.

The bicycle law of Oregon requires bicycle riders to stop one hundred yards from any person going in the opposite direction with a team, and remain stationary until the team shall have passed.

The *Cyclist's* life boat was safely launched at Hartlepool, Eng., Dec. 17. The whole sum necessary for its purchase (£600) was raised by the *Cyclist* from wheelmen all over the United Kingdom in less than one year.

Mr. E. A. Lloyd, many of whose pleasant and witty things over

the name of "The Welsher," have appeared in the English press, recently left England for Australia to seek health and fortune.

W. E. Cofman, (our old Kaufman) the trick rider, now performing in Paris, has issued a challenge to Dan Canary also in that city. The contest is for the championship of France and from 100fr. to 5,000fr. is to be put up on the result.

The *Bicycling News* takes exceptions to Stamson's remarks on English climate and marks them as libelous. We don't know exactly what Stamson said on the subject but it must have been pretty severe to libel real English weather.

SUCH IS FAME.—The *Brockton Gazette* says that a Brockton man, well known in manufacturing circles, inquired of a group of acquaintances the other evening, "Who 's this poet Whittaker, that I see 's just celebrated his Eightieth birthday?"

WHY NOT?

We call a bicycle a blke,  
Tricycle we shorten into trike,  
Now to save time and whnd I think  
A tandem should be called a "tink."

The *Wheel* says in noting the discontinuance of the *RECORD*: "The paper made no impression outside of its immediate neighborhood." We make this statement and can prove it if necessary: The *RECORD* had both a larger and wider circulation than that of the *Wheel*.

Hal Greenwood says he will climb Corey Hill twelve times if any one will pay his expenses and give him a \$50 medal. Now, John A. Wells offers to climb it the same number of times for a \$25 medal. In competition of this kind some one is always bound to cut prices.

Our readers may notice this month the non-appearance of our usual batch of correspondence. The fact of the matter is there is so little of interest going on in the various wheel centers at present, that rather than bore our readers with uninteresting gossip, we omit our correspondence entirely until the season is further along.

We have received the Christmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, "Hee-Ha-Watha," and would advise all who want a copy of it to send us twenty cents at once as our supply is very limited and we can get no more from the publishers. It is well worth the amount asked, though as it says, the poetry is a good many laps behind Longfellow.

Kiss your girl when in your cutter  
You fly across the bridge;  
Yet, if clouds across the moon  
Flit and fly, be not too soon,  
Or you'll kiss no mouthlet; but her  
Nose's rosy ridge.

Now the small boy goes upon the new ice to see if it will bear him. This is the best way to see if the ice is strong. If it is weak the boy goes through, if it is n't he sits down and etches a spider on the glassy surface. In either case, he does n't go on the ice for nothing. But when he goes out on the middle of a pond that will just bear his weight, to escape from a farmer who weighs half a ton, he has lots of fun.

The *Lantern*, the Christmas number of the *Cyclist*, is the finest thing we have seen as yet in the way of cycling annuals. English wheelmen in general and the proprietors of the *Cyclist* in particular may well feel proud of this production. "Violet Lorne," Henry Sturmey, G. Lacey Hillier, Harry Swindley and F. F. Smith, are the literary contributors. The illustrations by George Moore are appropriate and artistic.

The uses of the editorial "we" are many and various, but we think John A. Wells caps the climax when in a recent number of his paper he says editorially:—"We will agree to climb Corey Hill a dozen times if and one will pay our expenses to Boston and give us a \$25 medal. We will pay our own expenses if we loose." It reminds us of the country editor who wrote:—"If the dastardly tramp who recently called at our house, kicked our dog and sassed our wife, will call again when we are at home, he will be promptly ejected by ourself."



## The Practical Rider of The Regular Bicycle.

BY C. W. EDGERTON.

**THE BICYCLE:**—"It takes a good workman to succeed with poor tools." In nothing is the truth of this old saying more marked than in its application to wheel and rider. Assuming that the reader, a rider of the regular bicycle, has been through the rudimentary instruction of the riding school or the disheartening experience of learning alone, and is the possessor of a good modern bicycle of proper qualifications and dimensions for his individual uses, a few suggestions on practical riding may be of some assistance.

**THE HANDLING.**—Out of the saddle, the wheelman, like the horseman, should generally be on the left ("near") side of his steed. To roll the bicycle about, grasp the left handle with the left hand and the center of the saddle with the right. It is unnecessary to handle, and thereby injure, the plated surface of the handle bar, spring or back bone. To turn your machine about on the road, drop the right hand from the handle to the step, raise the rear wheel from the ground and you can readily roll the bicycle about in either direction in an exceedingly small circle. To take your bicycle over one or two steps or a similar obstruction, grasp as before, by left handle and step and push the machine up ahead of you by the step. Never force the wheel forward by taking hold of the spokes, as some riders thoughtlessly do. To take it down one or two steps, grasp as before, but go down backward, pulling the machine backward after you. I have seen wheelmen, who should have known better, take a bicycle by handle and back bone and undertake to roll it down steps forward and ahead of them, finishing the performance by falling on top of the machine; a broken spoke, a bent crank or a twisted back-bone being the result and reminder of their awkwardness. To take your wheel up or down a long flight of stairs or to trundle it over a long stretch of unrideable road, stand in front of your wheel, grasp both handles, turn the front wheel slightly to right of left so that the back-bone will stand to one side, place a foot on the nearest pedal pull the handle bar toward you, so as to raise the rear wheel high from the ground and you have your machine in position to trundle with ease—a *la* wheelbarrow.

**THE MOUNT:**—Too few riders appreciate the advantage of an easy graceful mount, which can be readily learned with practice. We are acquainted with the painful, protracted hopping of the novice, as he struggles to reach the saddle via the step and yet, for all conditions, the step mount, when properly executed, is the one practical way. Stand by the right of the rear wheel, left hand on cantle and right on right handle, take two or three easy running steps forward, pushing the bicycle, the left foot readily finds the step as the bicycle acquires sufficient headway, a gentle spring is given and the rider finds himself standing on the step and sliding easily into the saddle at the same instant. No hopping, no struggle and no risk of failure. The various pedal mounts, the stand-still mount and the vault are all good enough in their way, but in no way essential to practical wheelmanship.

**THE DISMOUNT:**—There are two necessary and practical dismounts. The first, the pedal dismount, in universal use and taught by all instructors. The nicety of its execution must depend upon the grace and agility of the rider. It cannot be taught on paper. The backward spring, or "forced dismount," is one of the most essential of all cycling accomplishments. It can be learned in a few moments by any rider. Every rider of the regular bicycle should practice it until he can, in any emergency and going at any ordinary rate of speed, spring instantly back from his saddle, alighting on both feet, astride of the rear wheel, the hands being shifted from the handles to the cantle of the saddle at the same time.

Henry W. Williams, a veteran wheelman of Boston, Mass., who is credited with having ridden the regular bicycle 7,500 miles without a fall (on page 511 in Karl Kron's *XM Miles on a Bicycle*) says: "My freedom from falls, in spite of a great deal of hard and sandy road riding, I attribute mainly to a knack I have of making a very quick dismount when emergency demands." I once asked Dr. Geo. A. Ross, of this city, how he had managed to learn to ride both a crank and Star and in five years riding over many thousand miles had never had a fall. He replied; "I never take unnecessary risks and I have a knack of making an instantaneous dismount when threatened with a fall." This "knack" is nothing more or less than the backward spring, or forced dismount, above referred to, and I believe

that if all riders would so practice it as to make it at all times available, three-fourths of the falls, collisions and upsets on the regular bicycle could be avoided.

**IN THE SADDLE:**—Under ordinary circumstances, sit nearly erect, inclining the body slightly forward rather than backward. For high speed, up grade or against the wind, grace must for a time be sacrificed for comfort and power, which are increased by leaning the body forward. Learn to ride hands off and to steer with your feet, but when you have nothing else to do with your hands keep them on the handles. Learn to back pedal, this like the mount will convince you of the advantage of having a wheel small enough and demonstrate the good of a pair of long cranks. If you have been a victim of the big wheel idea and are riding too large a wheel with too short a crank, sell it or trade it off for a proper fit. You can never be a practical rider on an impracticable machine. To ascertain the best length of crank for any size of bicycle and for average roads, divide the diameter of the front wheel by ten and add three-quarters inch. A similar rule may be applied to determine the best length for handle bars; divide the diameter of the front wheel by two and add two inches. Handles longer than this will prove a disadvantage in many ways,—avoid them.

**LEARN TO COAST:**—If the bicycle is provided with a good, reliable brake and the rider with average common-sense and judgement it is the safest way to go down hills. In 14,000 miles of road riding and touring I have never received a fall while coasting. Learn to use your brake when coasting and to let it alone at all other times. See that it is always sound and in working order. Remember that a hill that is too rough to be coasted and too steep for a brake or back pedalling had better be walked. Walking beats falling every time.

In endeavoring to ride over an obstruction, rut, soft spot, hole, bad culvert, curb, fresh gravel, etc., do not lean back; sit up, pull up and push down. This is the secret of success at such times. If you have misjudged a piece of road and have gotten into a bad place too far to back out, don't give up as long as there is a chance to pull through. A good pull on the handles, a firm, unrelenting pressure on the pedals may carry you through. At all events you will probably come to a stand still before you are forced out of the saddle.

Hill climbing must be learned by experience, as different tactics must be employed according to length, surface and grade. A common mistake with new riders is to start up a hill without enough speed.

**ON THE ROAD:**—"Never bite off more than you can chew." In other words, when planing a ride make your physical condition and strength a first consideration. Drink water whenever you feel the need of it, not oftener. If you are much heated, indulge sparingly and proceed with your ride at once after drinking. Avoid quarrels and wranglings with farmers and teamsters; you can often reform a "road hog" by treating him better than he deserves. When riding in company, do not try to "do anybody" or run away from your companions, unless there is a mutual understanding that scorching will be agreeable. As to speed, no rule can be laid down for general application, but while speed among individual riders will generally regulate itself, some regard should be paid to the highway laws relating thereto and the safety and comfort of other travelers.

**USE:**—The practical wheelman must ride. His wheel may be beautiful to look at, but it is made for use. On the wheel the business man economizes his time, rests from his cares and invigorates his body, the student or professional man clears the mist from his brain. Morally, none are likely to be injured by wheeling influence and associations, while physical and mental improvement are promised us by an army of experienced riders. The wheel to afford the full measure of enjoyment and benefit to its owner must be used regularly. He only, who rides daily, knows the real charm of cycling, for with muscles always trained and heart and lungs ever ready for the exercise, he finds naught but pleasure in the longest and swiftest runs. On the other hand, he who rides but once a week, or at longer intervals, with muscles softened and relaxed, is unprepared for and cannot fully enjoy the exercise. Such a rider never gets beyond the experiences of the novice and rarely knows the unexplainable pleasure which always accompanies the practical everyday rider.

**ABUSE:**—The regular, high grade bicycle of to-day, of all manner of cycles is the simplest in construction, most beautiful in outline and most graceful in movement. It is one of the triumphs of me-



chanical art. You are the fortunate possessor of one. Do not abuse it. When out on a run do not throw it down on the ground during a halt with the pedal bearings grinding into the grit and sand of the road side. Do not spurt at the top of every hill to see how fast you can coast down, regardless of the surface to be traveled by the wheels. At the terrific speed at which wheels are often coasted down rough hills, the concussion of the rims against stones, ruts and uneven culverts can be compared to that caused by blows from a sledge hammer. Many wheels succumb sooner or later to such treatment. It is only a wonder that any live through it. Keep off the side walks; more serious falls are taken there than on the road. Remember that the strongest warrantee given by the maker of your wheel can not be construed to cover the damages caused by abuse.

**CARE;**—Clean your wheel once a week at least, or immediately after a run in the mud, snow or rain. Use only a chamois for rubbing. A chamois when greasy can be washed out in benzine and made good as new. The best preparation for cleaning nickel is a thin paste made of whiting and alcohol with a little ammonia added. Oil the head of your machine with two or three drops of oil every day it is used. Ball bearings should be oiled sparingly every 100 to 200 miles. All bearings should be taken apart and nicely cleaned once a year. The best lubricant is four parts sperm to one part of paraffine oil. Keep outside of all bearings free from superfluous oil, that it may not soil the clothing or gather grit and carry it into the bearings. Keep nickel plate covered, when not in use, in fly season. Too few wheelmen know the great advantage of always keeping a bicycle in perfect adjustment.

**REPAIR:**—In the way of repairs it will be found a great advantage if you have purchased your wheel from an agent who is skilled in such work. It would be a great benefit to all wheeling interests if manufacturers would inform themselves more in regard to the mechanical and practical qualifications of their representatives and refuse to deal with those who are not skilled in bicycle repairing, or do not keep a competent repairer to do the work. If your bicycle requires repairing avoid lock-smiths, gun-smiths, black-smiths and wagon-makers. Bicycle repairing is a trade in itself. Any person with a little mechanical knack can learn to preform some simple repairs for himself, when emergency requires it, but it is best to take the work to a regular repairer when possible. The practical rider should know how to straighten a bent handle bar, crank, pedal pin or rear fork, to cement down a tire and to effect a proper adjustment of all the bearings on his machine. Before attempting any work on your wheel be sure you understand just what is necessary to be done and that you know just how to do it before you go ahead. In this connection I might appropriately close this paper with the quotation used at its commencement; "It takes a good workman to succeed with poor tools."

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

### The Springfield Roadster for 1888.

This year the Springfield Roadster Bicycle Co., will put two wheels on the market, one materially the same as their 1887 wheel and an improved one which will retail at \$100. This latter wheel the makers claim is equal to any high grade wheel now on the market, it is fitted with ball bearings all around, cow-horn handle-bars, spade handles, enamel finish trimmed with nickel, and has all the modern improvements.

We saw last week, Messrs. Butcher and Ross, the victims of the recent explosion at W. B. Everett & Co.'s. They are both coming out of the disaster all right, though they have had a painful confinement. Their faces and hands still bear the fire marks, but they hope to escape all scars. They have been skilfully treated, and owe much gratitude to their attending physician.—*Bulletin*.

**WOMEN, DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!**—Madame Revere's Female Pills for Women Never Fail to always give Speedy and Certain relief. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sent by mail, securely sealed, in plain wrapper, for One Dollar; three boxes for Two Dollars. Particulars in letter for four cents in postage stamps. Address Mrs. E. REVERE, Box 283, Jersey City, N. J. *Adv.*

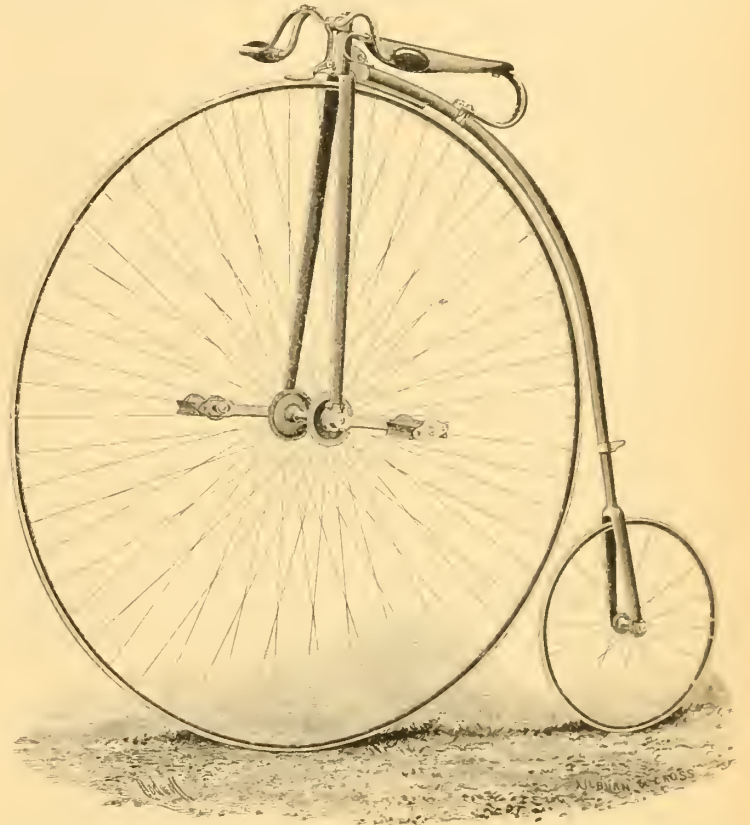
### The Volunteer Columbia Bicycle.

It is with great pleasure that we present to our readers a cut and description of the new wheel the Pope Manufacturing Co. will put on the market this season, the "Volunteer," and we predict for it a very prosperous year and feel sure it will have won a place in the hearts of a great many of our cyclers ere the next season opens.

This wheel is not intended to encroach upon the field occupied by the higher priced cycles but will occupy one entirely to itself and we feel sure no other wheel can compare with it at the price which it will be offered.

The "Volunteer" will be made in but four sizes, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches, thus covering the most important ones.

The metal parts will be all steel, no castings, endless molded rubber tire, direct spokes in both wheels, and Columbia double grip



THE "VOLUNTEER."

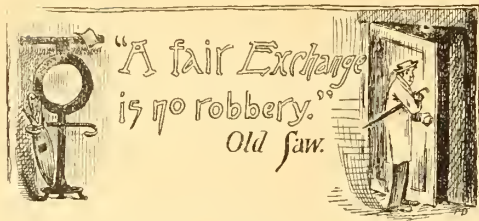
rubber ball pedals, also Columbia adjustable ball bearings to both front and rear wheels, and will weigh with all parts on only forty-one pounds. The regular Columbia ball bearings will be on both wheels and are too well known to need any description. The head is practically the same as the Light Roadster and Expert, the handle-bars are cow-horn shape with the handles of the regular double grip pattern, though purchasers can have the pear shape or spade handles if they so wish. The cranks are of the "Knous" pattern, in which the pedals cannot slip, the latter having ball bearings. The saddle will be the improved "Kirkpatrick" style. Taking it all in all, we think the new "Volunteer" is the most comfortable, reliable, and altogether satisfactory bicycle that has been offered at anything approaching its price which will be \$100.

Temporarily successful manager—"What do you want with that bicycle Mr. Baggs? Your cast is tragedy on this trip."

Mr. Baggs—"I know that dear boy, but in case we have to disband at Waukegan, I want to be able to prevent the tragedy from reaching my legs."—*Puck*.

Many old fossils object to cycling because a man riding a wheel is so apt to lose his balance; but that's no argument. How many of these same old moss-backs lose their balance through broken banks and skipping cashiers, but they don't use that as an argument against banks, do they?—*Bulletin*.





An American paper advertises "fall" chairs. Another comments "probably bicycles."—*Wheeling*.

A Mrs. Coffin, of Ohio, regained her speech by faith last week, but Mr. Coffin is not so well.—*Judge*.

You can't always tell what a man means by what he says, but when he runs over a dog and takes a header he generally means just what he says.—*Bulletin*.

"Why, old man, what are you doing on a bicycle?" "It's my only chance to get a little fresh air without taking the old lady along, see?"—*Texas Siftings*.

Dick Howell commenced riding in 1879, and for any distance under twenty miles he is undoubtedly the fastest English professional rider living.—*Bi. World*.

A mathematician has discovered that a bicyclist can travel fifteen miles over a good road on his wheel with less exertion than he can walk three miles.—*Canton Roller*.

Why are you so anxious to have Miss Smith's name put on your New Years calling list?" asked Coburgger.

"Because," replied Werrott, "her father is a wine merchant."—*Judge*

An exchange tells us that there are three kinds of sheol—literal, good old-fashioned hell—fire, mental torment, and the (cycling) newspaper business. The same paper heads its clippings "worthy of our steel."—*Bi. News*.

Who knows that before the next century dawns it will be recognized that the inventor of the bicycle has done more to revolutionize the religious, moral, and social ideas of mankind than all the philosophers of our time?—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

S. G. Whittaker, the Chicago bicyclist, left for Minneapolis Thursday night. He went to make pace for Frank Dingley, who is to attempt to beat his own record of 100 miles. It is thought Dingley will be successful.—*Omaha Chronicle*.

A San Francisco gentleman, thirty-five years of age, who never mounted a bicycle until last April, is such an enthusiast, that in twenty rides on Sundays and holidays between that date and November, he covered upward of 1,200 miles.—*Bulletin*.

"Did you ever break a record?" asked the stranger of a wheeling novice. "No," responded the novice, "but I broke my right arm last year, my watch a week ago, my machine twice in a month, and last week I nearly broke my neck. I may break a record next."—*Wheeling*.

THE WAY THEY DO THEM UP IN ENGLAND.—The staff of a contemporary claim to be taller, thinner and faster than any other cycling journalists on the average. The adjectives no doubt apply respectively to their talk, arguments, and facility of arriving at wrong conclusions.—*Wheeling*.

Woodside will appear at Birmingham on December 26th in the Cowboy vs. Bicyclist's race, and will then return home for a few weeks longer. He writes to W. J. Morgan, stating that he has no idea of giving up racing for ten years yet, and will be one of the American team until his final retirement.—*Wheeling*.

A woman was seen bowling up Main street on a tricycle yesterday, her lap and various parts of the machine piled up with bundles of all sizes. Perhaps it is only reasonable to prognostigate that within a generation tricycles will swarm in the neighborhood of the dry goods and jewelry stores. In that case a new employment will spring up for small boys who will take charge of the steeds of steel at a charge of ten cents or so, while the fair riders go in to do their shopping.—*Buffalo Courier*.

The Italian now lays aside his hand-organ and monkey until the balmy spring rolls around again, and opens a chestnut stand on the corner. In a blue pea-jacket, slouch-hat, colored shirt, paper collar, home-made trousers, soiled skin and gold ear-rings, he is familiar to all, as he stands and wraps the roasted chestnuts in a piece of old vest, and says:

"Here you are, coma, right alonga; nice fresha roast chestnutta, fiva cente."—*Puck*.

The Star Bicycle Club held its annual election of officers last night and chose the following for the ensuing year: President, F. C. Blodgett; Secretary-Treasurer, R. F. Medbury; Captain, W. E. Metzger; First Lieutenant, N. G. Huff; Second Lieutenant, Chas. G. Blodgett; Standard Bearer, W. H. Bradish; Club Committee, the President, Secretary-Treasurer, ex-officio, and Leon Coquard and W. E. Metzger. After the election, President Blodgett was presented with a handsome watch charm, the workmanship of M. S. Smith & Co. It is of heavy gold, in diamond shape, with a rich edge richly chased. On its face is raised a miniature Star bicycle of solid gold, exquisitely executed. The relief bears a monogram of the letters F. C. B. Each letter is worked in a different alloy, copper, platinum and silver being used. Within the charm, and exposed by touching a spring, is a perfect coil-spring of gold that is a perfect conceit. Tradition has it that whenever Mr. Blodgett rides with an extra spring at hand, the coil of his machine never gets out of working order. He is now provided with the magic spring that insures against wreck and mishap.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Thoughts on a Columbia Calender

Before me on my littered desk  
A New-Year Calender is lying,  
I've read its pages one by one  
And now to read it again I'm trying.  
The printed part thereon does tell  
But half the tale. It numbers off  
My days and there it stops. 'T is well,  
'T is left for me to fill the blanks,  
To grace or scar,  
To make or mar,  
To spread ingratitude or thanks.



And so it is as here I sit  
With evening's heralds at me blinking,  
I thumb those pages o'er and o'er—  
The lights without are winking, winking,  
My dreams run wild, I scarce dare hope  
They may come true, for they seldom do  
In life's swift changing kaledoscope.

This day I live:

This day I sigh:

This day I love:

This day I die:

So day to day we blindly grope.

What a tale you could tell to me,  
O, calendar, if you only would.  
The smallest portion our thoughts would fill,  
There's so much in you to be understood.

But you will not say,

Only day by day

As your ripening leaves are tossed on the winds,  
You the tale disclose; till the very close  
When numbering ceases and space begins.



## STEEL WINGS.

A CYCLING ROMANCE,

By CHRIS. WHEELER, Author of "RHYMES OF THE ROAD AND RIVER."

## CHAPTER V. (Continued)

"I think that is the same family," said Florence, "for if I remember rightly this young Mr. Carrington lives in Warwickshire, and Jack said that he had cycled all the way home there and back again to college on one occasion."

"Then I shall be quite pleased to see the young man," said Aunt Em, benignantly, "especially if he comes in place of those odious pets of your brothers."

"Mr. Carrington is a scholar, Aunt; he nearly beat our Jack last term."

"That is one for Mr. Carrington and two for Master Jack; you are clever, Florrie," said Mrs. Sinclair. "Jack should most certainly have been here for that pretty compliment."

"I'm sure I wish he was here," said Florence, "but, Aunt, do you know that Jack says that Mr. Carrington is more his friend than ever since being beaten by him in that last examination."

"Well, there is not much to be surprised at in that, Florence; it is only mean and shallow natures who feel resentment at being honestly beaten, and, of course, everything was as fair for him as for Jack."

"Yes; but Aunt, this Mr. Carrington was, as the saying goes, the favorite all along, though it is true Jack pressed him closely, in fact, as Jack wrote me, they were neck and neck—now that's not slang is it, Auntie?—and they nearly crossed the tape together."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Sinclair, "what professional language you use, Florence; one would think that you were just returned from 'the Derby'."

"I will allow that as I was not quoting Homer, I was quoting Jack, Aunt, and I believe myself that the language savors more of horse racing than it does of bicycle racing."

"Well, to go back to Mr. Carrington, he must be a sensible young man," said Mrs. Sinclair, "and all that surprises me is that he should ride a bicycle."

"Why are you so prejudiced against bicycles, Aunt? Has not Mr. Carrington a right to do as he pleases? and has not Jack the same right? If I were a boy I would get a bicycle just to spite you, I really would."

"Indeed, I believe you, Florrie, and I would not be surprised to know that Jack was one of the very first among his circle of friends to get one of the new velocipedes and then set all his companions in motion in the same fashion."

"O, I see you will never have a good opinion of Jack as far as his connection with the bicycle goes. And now I would just like to say that I admire him for not caring what people say about him making a big boy of himself riding a velocipede."

"That is right, Florrie, always stand up for your brother, though when I had anything to do with him; before he went to college, you know I looked after him, he appeared well able to stand up for himself."

"As he is now," said Florence, sententiously.

"Yes, I daresay he is much the same as ever he was," said Mrs. Sinclair. "Dear me, how I remember when he used to lead the boys into all kinds of mischief, stealing apples from Brand's orchard—'shot-gun Brand' the boys used to call old John Brand—really I never used to know when that boy went out if he would come home alive, and now, just to think of it, he is a full grown man."

"O, Aunt, do tell me some story about Jack while we are waiting for him," said Florence. "I will be so good, and it will keep me from being too impatient; go on, Aunt, while I watch the gate."

For all of Aunt Em's cavillings at "her boy Jack's" failings, she possessed a strong affection for him, having, in a measure, watched over him since his arrival in England, and nothing pleased her better than to relate little incidents of his school life to Florence, who always proved a most attentive listener. On the present occasion she

[Begun in GAZETTE for October, 1887.]

was just about to accede to her niece's request for a story when, suddenly, Florence cried out, excitedly, "O, here he is! here he is!" and springing from her position by the window, she ran to the door, crying:

"Come along, Aunt; come along; I see them at the gate."

Florence hurried to the front door upsetting, wonderful to relate, her favorite skye terrier *en route*. Mrs. Sinclair followed more decorously and arrived there to find her waving her handkerchief, frantically to two figures at the end of the lawn walk, one of whom was just fastening the gate after coming through it. The next moment both figures sprang to an attitude of something like five feet, and then were lost behind the trees at the head of the walk. A few seconds sufficed to bring the wheelmen, for such they were, to the house, and then one of them, springing from his machine and letting it fall into the hands of his companion who had also alighted, ran up the steps to the door and caught Florence in his arms, calling out in one breath:

"Hallo! Susy! Aunt! Stack them, Ned! How are you? Where's father? Why, Florrie, you are looking just splendid," and Jack Saxton kissed the fair face that was looking into his with all of a sister's love and affection.

"You want another kiss, do you? Well here's one; and one for Aunt, too, and now let me introduce my friend Mr. Carrington. Ed., what do you think of all of this fuss? Aunt, this is Mr. Carrington. My Aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, Ned., and Susy, this is my college friend. Mr. Carrington, this is my sister. You will all have to be good friends."

The gentleman addressed in the first place as Ned, and then as Mr. Carrington, had been engaged in stacking the bicycles, and he now came forward, saying:

"It affords me great pleasure to meet those of whom I have heard so much. I trust, Miss Saxton, that our acquaintance will be as lasting as your brother's and mine has been, and I hope will be."

"Now, Ned, give over classic speech-making. It will not go down here, you know," said brusque Mr. John; "and, Florrie I want you and Mr. Carrington to be good friends, and you, too, Aunt, for I believe that you knew his family when you were in London."

"Yes, I had that pleasure," said Mrs. Sinclair; but will you not have your bicycles brought in, Jack? They will frighten your father's horse. He might come in any moment. I shall send John round for them."

"Never mind, Aunt, we will take them in ourselves, or rather I shall attend to them. Florence, take Mr. Carrington into the house while I look after the machines."

"Very well, Jack. Come in Mr. Carrington. You must feel tired after your long ride."

"Well we are not exactly tired; at least, I am not. We left Egleshire at noon, and you know it is but thirty miles from here."

"Why, I consider that you have done remarkably well, Mr. Carrington. It is really surprising how far bicycles can travel in a day with apparent ease, and you can fly along so fast, too. Have you ever raced?"

"No, Miss Saxton, I have never had the pleasure of being in a race, for I should judge that it is a pleasure to those who indulge in racing."

"O, racing must be exciting," said Florence. "Jack races, you know, and I thought that no bicyclist could resist the temptations of the race-track."

"Well, really, I never cared for that department of cycling. I rest content with making the thing a recreation, and am satisfied if I can bowl along our regulation highways at the rate of about thirty or forty miles a day, using my eyes as well as my feet."

They were in the parlor when Ned. Carrington thus gave his private opinion as how best to enjoy cycling pleasures, and he had just finished speaking when Jack came round from the stable.

"Where is father, Aunt? he asked. "What's keeping him out so long? Sorrel can't have thrown him, eh?"

"O, don't talk that way, Jack, hardly ten minutes after you have got into the house. Sorrel does not throw people."

There now, don't be frightened, Susy. Of course Sorrel is a reliable animal. I only wanted to be a bit speculative. I wonder father is not in, though. He knew we were coming."



"You were not on time yourself, Jack; do not forget that," said Florence, laughing. "People in glass houses, etc.; you know the rest."

"Yes, I know it, and I'll say no more, except that I wish he was here."

"I am sure I can't say what keeps him," said Aunt Em. "He will be here shortly, I suppose."

Jack took Carrington's arm and walked off, as he said, "to get brushed up."

While the young men were away, Florence sat by the window watching for her father, and no doubt thinking about her fine, strong, manly-looking brother. Here it may be opportune to take a glance at the outside appearance of the wheelmen companions. John Saxton was a typical specimen of young and vigorous manhood. Nearly six feet in height, powerfully and symmetrically built, with an open and kindly face, light hair and blue eyes, he looked the embodiment of health and strength, and, as a student, you would class him among those who patronized the gymnasium more than the lecture-room. But in this latter supposition the superficial observer would be most decidedly wrong. It is a mistake very commonly made by those who ought to know better than to make such mistakes; preceptors and tutors of our colleges and schools ignore, in a great measure, the claims of the physical man, and cater only to the needs, in many cases the artificial needs, if such a term is allowable, of the mental man, and many of them look on the athletic student with avowed distrust. John Saxton was the recognized athlete of his class, yet no harder working or more assiduous student could be found in the precincts of old Cambridge than the same John Saxton. A closer look at his face, than is usually vouchsafed by the superficial observer, would have revealed characteristics about the mouth and chin which denoted a firm, and, as his more intimate friends could testify, a tenacious will. John Saxton was an Englishman, and a thorough one; there was no mistake about that.

With respect to the outside seeming of his companion we must be particular, having so critically examined that of "young John."

Tall and slightly built, Edward Esling Carrington was the very antithesis of John Saxton in personal appearance. Though not so tall by fully an inch, as his friend, his exceedingly spare, though well-proportioned, figure gave him the appearance of being much taller. His face seemed small compared with the proportions of the rest of his frame, but his large nose, rather inclined to be pointed, thin lips and a high and broad forehead, gave it a decidedly intellectual cast, though there was in his eye the least little tendency to abstraction, or rather there was in it that appearance which leaves the observer in doubt as to the drift of the owner's thought, or the objective point on which his attention may at the moment of observation be centered. His manner was quiet and self-possessed, with just enough tinge of reserve or shyness, to leave you in doubt as to which attribute it really was. Shy, many persons hastily conjectured him to be, and pitied him—pitied him to themselves, very much to themselves—for what they supposed to be his unfortunate failing. Unduly reserved, too exclusive, thought others—thought so to themselves, very much to themselves—indeed, it was worthy of note that these observers, superficial or not, as they might be, took good care that their opinions about Mr. Ed. Carrington should not be unloaded indiscriminately, lest by any chance they should reach the ears of that gentleman himself.

It is a fact, a well-known one, one which almost every one is familiar with, that there are certain faces which, while possessing nothing very remarkable about them, and not even giving any distinct evidence of the possession by their owners of any passion or power to be feared, yet impress those with whom they are brought into contact that the said owners are individuals whom it is best not to trifle with.

Such a face was that of Edward Carrington, but the almost inviolable expression of repose and self-containment which rested in it, took away from the air of stern thought which, without doubt, formed the foundation of what many would like to term his aristocratic face.

The bicyclers had been domiciled for half an hour when Major Saxton came back from his afternoon ride, and on entering the house he immediately asked for his son.

"Where is he, Florrie? Where is our Jack?" he cried, as his

daughter came to meet him. "I saw his horse's hoof-prints or rather tracks all the way up the avenue."

"He is here, father, all safe, or rather I should say they are here," said Florence, "for Jack has brought his friend Mr. Carrington with him."

"Mr. Carrington, eh?" said her father, "only Mr. Carrington, or has he been carrying a ton of college sports around the country with him?"

"Hush, father, the idea of trying to make a pun over the name of Jack's friend, and such a terrible poor attempt, too, I should not have noticed the feeble effort at all."

"Ha, ha! Florrie, then why did you let that little tongue of yours play traitor to your judgment; it was a good hit after all, eh? you had to notice it, but where are the young gentlemen?"

"They are dressing, father; they both rode their bicycles all the way from Cambridge, and Jack has such a splendid one, we must get him to bring it in and let us look at it."

"All right, Florrie, we will have a look at the new idea, but what I want first is to look at Jack."

The Major went out to divest himself of his riding boots, and in a short while returned to the parlor. A few minutes after his son entered accompanied by Edward Carrington. The greeting between father and son was hearty and cordial, as was also the welcome which the host tendered his son's friend.

"Why, Mr. Carrington," said the Major, "we ought not to be such very great strangers; I remember a gentleman of your name in the Fourteenth Bengal native cavalry. Jack tells me that he is an uncle of yours."

"Yes, sir, you are right, he is an uncle of mine."

"Well, you may be proud of him; Carrington was a good fellow; he is in India still is he not?"

"Yes, sir, he is on General Ramsey's staff and he is very anxious that I should go out to him and try India as an engineering field."

"Don't you go, Ned," said Jack, throwing himself on a sofa and yawning ferociously; "there is no room for you out there and the climate is abominable, eh, father? Hallo, here's Florrie! isn't that so, Florrie?"

His sister entered the room at this moment, "Dinner is waiting, father."

"And I am waiting for it," cried Jack; "but you have not assented to what I said just as you came in, Florrie."

"O! you asked me if something was so," Florence said. "Why, yes, of course it is so, that is, if what you said implied that both Mr. Carrington and your own big self are very tired and hungry after your day's ride."

"Right you are, Florrie, you have hit one nail on the head, anyhow, but it is not the one I am intent on driving into Mr. Carrington's head, I was just trying to convince him that India is a most unenviable portion of the earth's surface."

"And why were you trying to convince him of that fact, or rather supposition of yours?" said Florence, wonderingly; "do not run down poor old India, Jack."

"Not any more than it deserves to be run down, Florrie; but just think of it, here is Carrington, fresh from a delicious ride in fair sunny England, glorious old England, fresh from the fields and hedges and hills and dales, and he wants to leave all this beauty and betake himself to that hot-house of the world, that royal baking oven of her Britannic majesty—India."

"Why, Mr. Carrington, you have no idea of going to the East, have you?" said Florence; "surely you are not going to turn soldier?"

"No, Miss Saxton, I have no idea at present of soldiering. I fancy that I would be no acquisition to the ranks of those who follow the lead of Mars. I was only telling your father how my uncle had made a proposition that I should go out to India as an engineer."

"And you think well of the proposition, I suppose?" said Florence.

"I hardly know what to think of it," said Carrington, "many things would prompt me to take advantage of some small chances I have of obtaining a government position which a great many men would accept right off without giving the matter second thought, but there are other things which hold me back from deciding to leave England."

"Well, the fact of your having friends and relations already in India is worth considering, Mr. Carrington," said Florence.



"Yes," replied Carrington, "and it is my uncle now out there who is most desirous that I should try my luck at some of the road making and bridge building, which, doubtless, will always be going on in that vast dependency of her majesty."

"And of course," said Florence, "my brother has been recommending you not to go. Jack is half a maniac in the matter of prejudice against the land which had so much to do with keeping us separated for so long and he rails against it as it were the very 'Inferno' of our friend Dante."

"Your brother and I have often talked about India and Indian matters," said Carrington, smiling, "and I know exactly what his views are, and therefore take his opinions with a grain of salt. I expect he had all his veneration—if he ever had any—for Musselman and Hindoo, and all of his respect for Mahomet, or the 'Supreme Intelligence' scorched out of him ten years ago."

"Yes, you are right in saying, if he ever had any knowledge of them," said Jack, as he gazed meditatively at the ceiling; "but what I cannot make out is why a man should think of going to a country where the climate, and the manners, and everything else connected with the people are diametrically opposed to all he has ever been accustomed to."

"It does seem a little odd," said Major Saxton, "and yet my boy what would India be now, or what position would she occupy in the Asiatic world if some of our western Caucasian blood had not ploughed up this field that Alexander tried to rake?"

"Very true," said his son, "but recollect, father, that most of the fellows in past years who went to the east, expected to make and no doubt did make fortunes, but the day that gave every unlucky sojourner in Hindoostan a fortune, is unfortunately over—that is no pun, Ed.—and I most certainly cannot see why a fellow should go out there when he has such a sphere waiting for him in the southern Hemisphere, for, by all accounts, New Zealand and Australia are a hundred per cent. to be preferred to India."

"Well, now, gentlemen," said Florence, "as we cannot go at an hour's notice to any one of these places, even should we so wish, suppose we go to dinner. It is fully time that you two tired out bicyclists should be attended to."

"Do we look very tired, Miss Saxton?" said Carrington. "If my face implies that I am in any way tired it tells a story and I am certain that if I do not feel anything the worse for the ride your brother does not."

"Right Ed., not in the least, though I will plead guilty to being most ravenously inclined to whatever is edible. Come along, Auntie, and attend to your old charge."

It was a pleasant party which sat that evening round the table at Larch Hill, and Major Saxton felt ten years younger as he listened to the voice and gazed on the tall form of his son, as he sat at the board and rattled off his jokes and pleasant sayings, born of the springtime of manhood. In his son the Major saw all that he had hoped and longed to see, and no wonder he allowed a shade to come over his face as he thought every little while, how he would have to consent to a parting, and at no distant date too, with that son, the advisability of which separation he felt to be almost unquestionable.

The Major remembered that evening well. On many occasions afterwards he found his thoughts recurring to the things that were said and done within their little circle; oh that, the first time, when, though broken, it had gathered, all that was of it, in the place that felt more like home than any other which he had known for over a score of years. He had pictured to himself on that evening as he leaned back in his large easy chair and looked at his son lying extended on the lounge, while Florence and Ed. Carrington littered the table with the contents of several portfolios of sketches, how he could enjoy life quietly and contentedly if but his children could be always near him. He had asked himself why this could not be, and then he half censured himself, when his heart asked the question, why something else could not have been, why had fate been unkind, why had the full cup of life's happiness been denied to him, John Saxton, the man who had worked honestly and bravely? Why had it been denied to him, and apparently passed over to others who had not faced the rough edge of life as he had faced it, and who had not apparently touched with even a finger point the ungloved hand of the sternest world's work? And then he repelled the thought as

unworthy of him, and accepted quietly the rather broad-based doctrine that "what is, is well."

And why should not things be just as he would wish them to be? Why, after all, must it be absolutely necessary that Jack should select a distant field in which to do his share of the labor portioned out to humanity? Why should Florence ever have occasion to leave the home which he could provide for her?

Questions such as these have been asked over and over again by many a parent, by many an anxious father, by many a fond mother, and, forgetting the days when they were young themselves, they having asked the question, furnished the answer, very often in the fashion they would wish to have it answered.

But the Major did not attempt to answer any such question on this evening, although he tried very hard to do so during the week of Carrington's stay at Larch Hill. On this evening—the one of his son's arrival—he was quite contented to be happy in a part realization of one of his dreams of the west, dreamed over and over again in the east.

[To be continued.]

### Romance of a Ride.

Along the winding road we spin,  
Past woodland, stream, and village,  
And from the birds a plaudits win  
While busy at their pillage;  
The breezes rustle through the limbs,  
The leaves in sunlight glitter,  
Where robins sing their blithest hymns,  
And tremulously twitter.

Down in the clover fields the sheep  
Are huddled close together,  
In contemplation calm and deep,  
Deliberating whether  
'Twere best to halt, or best to flee,  
Before conjectured dangers,  
Quite unaccustomed thus to see  
Such expeditious strangers.

The cattle, pausing at the brink  
Of crystal water flowing,  
Lift up their big, meek eyes and wink,  
Then greet us with a lowing;  
In mellow music runs the brook,  
The echoes chasing after,  
Reflecting every glance and look  
With sunny smile and laughter.

On, on, we speed, swift as the wind,  
Till distance dulls and deadens  
The din of hamlets left behind;  
The sunset softly reddens  
The fleecy curtains of the west,  
And slender shadows stealing  
Across the roadway hint of rest,  
And of an end to wheeling.

We reach the little garden gate  
Where once I took a header,  
And fell—in love most desperate,  
While up the path I led her.  
'Tis she who leaves the three wheel now,  
I place the ring, a gold one,  
Upon her finger, kiss her brow;  
You know,—the tale 's an old one.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in *Outing*.

The first time you mount a bicycle you will think you are trying to ride a boa-constrictor that has a fit. Pretty soon you will conclude that you are on horseback on a western cyclone which has n't had its route properly laid out by its advance agent. A bicycle is not a marine affair, but it can box the compass with great celerity. If it starts with its head to the north, it will be pointing south-east half-south so soon that you won't know whether you are bound for Kalamazoo or Venezuela. After you've been on a bicycle a little longer, you will not care which way you are bound for. All you will want will be to get somewhere, no matter where. When you find yourself in this frame of mind, there is only one thing to do. Shut your eyes and wait for the earthquake.—*Puck*.

If any of our subscribers will send us any item of local interest, it will insure its insertion in our monthly summary.





1888.

*The new year cometh on apace—  
Just like a wheelman in a race,  
He'll fly full speed around the track  
Of time, and then he's gone;—alack.*

*Already at the tape he stands,  
Waiting old Father Time's commands;  
Sharp on the strike of twelve he starts,  
And round the turn he quickly darts.*



*Apast the quarter pole he goes—  
The robbin sings, the crocus blows;  
Fierce summer's breezes dry and burn,  
The time he makes the quarter turn.*

*The homestretch smooth he enters now—  
The fruit hangs ripe upon the bough;  
Now winter's winds begin to roar,  
The tape is crossed, the race is o'er.*

*Thus, at a never-varying pace,  
Is run each year Time's annual race;  
One does but stop, another starts,  
While we look on with fluttering hearts.*



*The wheelman now puts up his bike,  
In vasaline, anti-rust and the like;  
And trudges about where he wants to go,  
Wading through slush, and mud, and snow;  
In a jingling cutter he takes a ride,  
With some other man's sister by his side;  
Or takes it easy at the club,  
And fills up on salads and other vile grub;  
About half the night he will billiards play,  
And act in a general sort of a way,  
Quite different from a strict bicycle man,  
For you must know  
'Tis the month of Jan.*

## His Wish.

*Come here my boy,  
And sit on my knee;  
You want a toy  
For your Christmas tree.*



*What shall it be—  
A big, red ball,  
A knife, a top,  
Or a pink-cheeked doll;  
A picture book,  
Or a box of blocks,  
A Noah's ark,  
A Jack-in-the-box,  
A wooly dog,  
Or a spotted cow;  
Something to hang on the  
topmost bough,*

*Way up high where all can see.  
My little boy, tell me, what shall it be?*

*The little fellow closed his eyes,  
Sat a moment in mute surprise;  
But only a moment sat he thus,  
His boyish mind was made up at once.  
"O pa," and he opened his blue eyes wide,  
"A sure-nuff bicycle,  
Just like you ride."*



## Sale and Exchange.

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