

THE HUB

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It's the hardest work one can do now to try and keep up a column of this kind. Why, I can't even find anything in all of this week's exchanges worth stealing, and am thus forced to fall back upon myself for subject matter, and that don't lighten the burden by any means.

Why not open a cycling menagerie? We have the Kangaroo, Eagle, Gazette, Centaur, Arab, and a dozen other machines of similar nomenclature, and probably even now some enterprising manufacturer is intending to launch upon the suffering wheelman the giraffe or the elephant bike or trike.

The Ixions have got their forthcoming road race in shape, and have arranged everything in a most perfect manner. The route has been changed somewhat from their old course, though the start and finish will be the same as formerly. Each competitor will receive a map of the course, to prevent mistakes. Their annual road race dinner will take place, after the finish, at the Mansion House, Yonkers, and will, as usual, be an enjoyable affair. They will forward their own wines and cigars to mine host to be certain that they are up to the standard. Several of their friends in the Citizens' Club will compete in the race. Those who desire to take the run with the club had better communicate with Capt. Pitman, care of his club, so arrangements can be made for their comfort at Yonkers. The "old vet" will be given fifteen minutes start in the race as a handicap against the ten wheelers in favor of the trike.

The tendency of makers towards safety machines with small drivers and large trail wheels is fast bringing the modern bicycle back in appearance to its prototype, the velocipede, and will, if not soon checked, eliminate all the graceful lines of the bicycle, thus depriving it of one of its chief charms, and causing it to become the hobby horse instead of the poetry of athletics.

As the forthcoming Mayor will have the power of changing most of those holding office on the Park Board, and as the election with three candidates in the field will be extremely close. I think it would be both a timely and a wise move for the cyclists to send a committee to each of the candidates and ascertain his views beforehand in regard to the

allowance of our rights, and to the one showing the most fairness pledge the cyclist vote, which in itself and under its control cannot fall below twenty-five hundred, which will be cast irrespective of party when this question becomes the platform.

At the recent reception of the Ixion Club a novelty at once pleasing and meritorious was a trophy of all the prizes won by that club upon road and track, consisting of over fifty medals upon a large plush shield and many handsome pieces of plate.

Wheeling claims the most exclusive club to be in Chicago, consisting of twenty members, with a minimum age of twenty-five years for members. A gross error this. The most exclusive is the Newburyport Bicycle and Tricycle Club, of Newburyport, Mass., which organized with five members, elected each to an office, and then irrevocably closed its membership, and has not in the five years of its existence since held a meeting. While on the subject of exclusive clubs, one that deserves mention is the "Curtis Children's Cycle Club," of Long Branch, having twelve members, all of whom are brothers and sisters.

The Ladies Tricycle Club, of this city, has rapidly grown, until it numbers to-day over fifty members. At a recent club run forty members answered the roll and road call. Monthly meetings are held, and long and furious debates are held on the advisability of the club uniform being cut bias or kilt plaited, or whether the members have a right to appear in a finer spring bonnet than the officers, and on other equally knotty points of female difference. The disbandment of this club became almost an accomplishment through a division of its members as to whether the uniform glove should be undressed kid or only plain-every-day-two-dollar-kid, but a compromise was effected by substituting silk, and now all is happy as a marriage bell, and nothing could be happier than that, especially in a club composed of ladies.

My old friend Benton, of the New Haven Bicycle Club, has met with a heavy loss through the destruction of his factory, valued at over \$100,000. If the regrets of his many friends and their sympathy amounts to anything, his loss will soon be overcome through his own energy and ability.

Is there never to be any limit to records? A man no sooner makes one nowadays upon the path and goes to sleep over night congratulating himself, and lauded by his friends for his great achievement, than the first thing that meets his eyes upon opening his cycling paper in the morning is the announcement that some rider out in Begosh-

ville or somewhere else has just done the same distance in several seconds faster time, and he finds himself once more out of line.

They are far ahead of us poor New Yorkers in club matters in the Hub. A highly aristocratic club has just been organized there and named the "Sponge Club," because it "is so awfully swell, you know." Their uniform will consist of a claw-hammer coat, stove-pipe hat, black satin breeches, and silk stockings to match, with patent leather shoes as a covering for their pedal pushers. Each member will be accompanied on his rides by a groom in livery, whose duty it shall be to assist his "marster" to mount and dismount, and to hold his restive steed while the rider inbibes "a glass of spray with a dash of bitters in it."

HE WAS A FIXTURE.

"BUT WHY HE WAS LOATH TO SAY."

"No, it cannot be."

There was firm determination in the eyes of the youth as he made use of the above words, and backed closer up against the high board fence behind him.

He was attired in the costume of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club, and shoved his back against a fence as if his life depended on displacing a few of the twelve feet boards.

The words were addressed to a fair young girl of seventeen (more or less; she said less, but probably more is nearer the mark) who stood before him. The twain had met but a few moments before, and passers by had noticed that as they had been advancing towards one another he had stopped advancing and had backed up against the fence.

They conversed for some time on various subjects, and she suggested that they should move on, and stated how proud she always felt to be seen in the company of a member of the Bicycle Club, as the uniform was "too awfully sweet and becoming for anything."

The youth blushed at these words. There was evidently a skeleton in his closet, or his uniform, or somewhere. There doubtless was in the uniform. However, let it pass.

"And you will not escort me?" the maiden said, when the fatal words—

"No, it cannot be," fell on her tympana (good word—sounds medical).

"Thou art false to me and love another, and you will not escort me?"

"I ain't false," returned the youth, "but it cannot be."

"Oh! that detestable Clara Gimflunks!" almost screamed the fair young damsel. "Oh! the hateful thing! And it is her who

has done this. It is she that has weaned thy love from me. Ugh! I could pull her hair out. For the third and last time I say, will you escort me?"

It would seem as though a voice from the dark, gloomy realms of Ghouldom replied:

"No, it cannot be."

It was the youth speaking, however.

Jemimarjaneanne, I do love you, but it cannot be."

A mosquito buzzed cheerily along, and alighting on the girl's nose appeared to revive her energy. A terrier pup ambled by, and as he went snapped at the young man's front calves. Though he squirmed, he clung to the fence for dear life.

"Then I leave you forever," at length said the maid.

"Nay," implored the other, "not forever, I will meet you anon—say in an hour; but leave me now, I implore you."

"Why? Are you ill? Tell me all. If in grief, let me solace thee."

"I cannot tell."

"You must."

"Well, then, be it so." This day I fell from my wheeled horse."

"Aye, go on," almost gasped the maiden.

"I fell. As I fell one of the spokes of my—my—my—"

"Your what?" fairly screamed the girl, with a shriek that caused an old man on the other side of the street to call "Police!"

"Your what?"

"These," was the reply, as the young man indicated his nether garment—very tight. "These—they are all rent behind."

"Oh, you rude thing," was the reply as the girl passed. "Meet me by and by."

So they parted, and the poor young man proceeded on his way by all the back streets; but it was funny to observe how he assumed the back-to-the-fence "posish" when he saw any one coming.

Reader, hast ever been in the same fix? It is very unpleasant.

GEORGIUS.

THE CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.

This important organization was founded in 1878, I believe, in Yorkshire, and the objects of its founders were "to promote, assist, and protect touring by bicycle and tricycle among amateurs in every possible manner." From the first the club was a success in point of numbers; and in two particulars the success was most marked. The one was the appointment of gentlemen styled chief consuls, with assistants named consuls, whose duty it was to give information to members as to the best roads on which to run in each consular district. The next work which the club undertook was to

select in every town and village of the United Kingdom a certain inn where the wheelmen were sure of having good accommodation and entertainment at a moderate and fixed tariff. The consuls have certainly rendered efficient help to all who have sought their advice; and upon the Continent these gentlemen have frequently rendered invaluable services. By the system pursued also with regard to the inns, the whole land has been sown with approved houses where a wheelman is sure of receiving attention, and of being entertained cheaply. These excellent beginnings of the club, whose headquarters are now in London, have, however, not been succeeded by work as good in other ways; and at the present time extreme dissatisfaction exists with the management of the club, as administered by the secretary, who is not directed or controlled in his work by an executive. In fact, regulations which were ample for the good management of the club when it was originated are too cramped for its proper maintenance and development now, and the leading members of the club have not been able to frame a sufficiently elastic constitution to meet its present growth. It is now alleged that there are about 16,000 members, who subscribe 2s. 6d. a year; and the club, at his headquarters in Fleet street, London, deals also in clothing, badges, note-paper, etc. The governing body consists of councillors elected out of the several districts into which the United Kingdom has been divided, and council meetings are held once a month, no two months in succession at the same place. Each council is supposed to be supreme, and one great fault is that each council, instead of keeping itself to the business arising in its own district, passes resolutions affecting the most remote districts. The consequence is that sometimes a resolution passed at one council is disowned at the next. There is no power of appeal, except under very special circumstances, to a general meeting. The confusion which has thus arisen is very extraordinary. Councillors, not being watched by any executive, do acts to which there is grave objection. For instance, at one council meeting it was resolved that no councillor should participate directly or indirectly in any contract which the council issued, yet within a few weeks another council gave a contract worth nearly £500 a year to the partner of one of their body who was present at the time. By this system of wandering councils few members are able to attend, and the quorum is fixed as low as five. Out of about seventy-five councillors, according to the last return, twenty-two only attended once, twenty-three attended twice, and fifteen three times. The officers of the club also are strangely distributed all over the kingdom. There is no executive, or president, or vice-president; the chairman of the council resides at Carlisle; the honorary treasurer, in Bradford; and the finance committee are scattered in York, Balloch, and Birmingham.—*Land and Water.*

TOURING IN ILLINOIS.

A recent letter from Aurora, Ill., to Karl Kron reads as follows: On Sept. 17th Mr. Chas. Griswold and myself, both members of the Aurora Wheelmen, started upon a tour through northern Illinois and Wisconsin. We intended to stay three weeks, or rather ride that length of time; but after being out just one week we were overtaken by the equinoctial storm, and owing to the condition or nature of the roads in the vicinity were forced reluctantly to return home. My notes are therefore of trifling value, but

I may save some vexatious toil for some brother wheelman by saying that, generally speaking, the northern part of Illinois, consisting of the northern row of counties west of the Fox River, is altogether out of the question for pleasurable bicycling. The country is very hilly, and the roads abound in loose stones and deep sand, and are very rough except after a long dry spell. We rode from Aurora, through Sycamore, Genoa, Rockford, Freeport, Beloit (Wis.), Clinton Junction to Darien, Walworth Co., Wis. The roads in a northeasterly direction from Beloit are said to be good, especially the road running from Beloit in a direct line to Milwaukee, through Elkhorn.

Rockford wheelmen seemed to be alive to the value of your proposed book *as a road book*, and no wonder, for they have exceedingly poor roads in the vicinity.

Why can't some map publishing company like Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, be induced to print State maps, in convenient pocket form, on large scale, having roads traced thereon in colors representing their nature and condition? Every wheelman would quickly respond to a call for the necessary information in his locality, and I think every one would be pleased to pay \$1 for such a map for each State. Indexed maps giving towns and railroads are now sold for 25 and 50 cents. Here is a sadly needed want of the wheelmen in the West, at least.

Last August ('83) I rode from here through Ottawa (along Fox River south), Tonica, Magnolia, Varna, Metamora, Washington, and Peoria, Farmington, to Canton (Fulton Co.), 176 miles. Roads mostly clay or loam, in good condition when long dry, until you reach Washington; from there to Peoria very hilly and sandy. From Peoria to Farmington one passes the Kickapoo Hill, very long and steep, on an old gravel road. From there to Farmington the road is a fine gravel one. These loam roads are impassable for bicycles for 15 or 20 days after a hard rain, therefore one must keep along the line of some railroad, so as to be able to take a train if compelled to stop wheeling.

Sept. 6, 1884, a friend and myself rode from here to Chicago, a distance of 39 miles by C. B. & Q. R. R., but 50 miles by our route, put in one day around the entire city on boulevards and parks, 44 miles; one day to Pullman and return, 33 miles; and home again, 45 miles. From Twelfth street, Chicago, to Riverside there is an old graveled boulevard, about 12 miles in length, which is good riding.

May 17, 1884, we started a local club with 8 members, named Aurora Wheelmen, and now have 22 riding members. Roads along Fox River, 35 miles north and 12 south of Aurora, are excellent—mostly fine gravel in fine condition.

G. O. CLAYTON.

TOURING IN INDIANA.

MAIN ROADS OF ALLEN COUNTY.

Allen county, though the largest county in the State (24m. x 28m.), has only 65 miles of fair pike roads. Owing to the limited supply and poor quality of gravel found in this section, we have no very fine roads.

Leaving Fort Wayne, the Bluffton road, running directly south, is gravel for three miles, but about worn out; old plank and sand for next four miles, thence clay to county line. The poorest road in the county, but nearly level.

The Winchester road runs a little east of south—Sand and clay. A very poor road, nearly level.

The Piqua road runs southeast.—Clay until within a few miles of county line, where it is

somewhat sandy. A fair dirt road in dry summer weather; rather hilly.

The Wayne Trail, or Old Piqua Road.—Gravel 3 m., thence clay to county line; moderate hills, and ridable in very dry weather.

The Van Wert (O.) road.—Good pike to New Haven, 7m., thence bad clay road to county line; moderately hilly; direction safe.

Hicksville (O.) road runs N. E.—Good pike to Maysville, 15m., thence sand and clay to county line; from county line to Hicksville, O., fair pike, moderate hills; distance to H. 26½m.

St. Joseph road runs N. E.—Good pike for 7½m., thence clay to county line; moderate hills.

Auburn road runs north.—Very poor road; clay, sand and hills to county line; best route to Auburn via St. Joseph road through Cedarville and Leo.

Coldwater (Mich.) road.—Similar to Auburn road.

Lima road runs north.—Clay hills 8m., thence sand to county line. Very poor, but ridable in very dry weather.

Goshen road runs N. W.—Clay and hilly; poor road.

Leesburg road same as last.—Runs N. of W.

Yellow River road runs N. of W.—Pike 3m., thence clay and sand to county line.

Illinois road runs due west.—Fair new pike to county line, 11m.

Upper Huntington road runs S. of W.—12m. to county line. Good new pike, moderate hills.

Lower Huntington road runs S. W.—Hilly clay road to county line.

Indianapolis road runs S. W.—Clay with moderate hills.

C. W. EDGERTON,

Capt. Fort Wayne Bi. Club.

THE WHEEL.

\$1.00 Per Year.

SOME MORE FROM OUR FRIEND KARL KRON.

"During the first five days of the seven ending with to-night, October 21," writes Karl Kron, "not a single wheelman added his name to the subscription list of 'X. M. Miles on a Bi,' but an acquaintance of mine in the book trade ordered ten copies, and so saved the week from showing the poorest record of any since the canvass began. My total of one dollar pledges is now two thousand and three, and I hope that the description of the book which is given in the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, of this month, may hasten the arrival of the 997 names still needed. I have had 2,000 copies of my revised prospectus reprinted from the *Gazette*, and I shall be glad to supply specimens thereof to all applicants."

SUBSCRIBE TO THE WHEEL. \$1.00 Per Year.

THE SCRANTON MEET.

The first annual tournament of the Scranton Bicycle Club yesterday was a marked event in the history of wheeling in this section, and a flattering success attend the efforts of the Scranton Club to direct attention to its organization and the work it is accomplishing in the field of pure athletics. The weather was, on the whole, quite favorable, and a day that threatened to be cold and disagreeable turned out sunny and pleasant as the time for the races came round.

The attendance from adjacent cities was even greater than had been anticipated, and the early trains brought delegations from Binghamton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, New Milford, and Owego, and these were received by special committees and escorted to various hotels throughout the city. Among those who came were the following:

Binghamton Club—Messrs. H. F. Lyon, W. H. Stone, D. H. Rogers, A. M. Durkee, C. E. Titchner, A. H. Hall; Curry Jones, Clarence M. Bloomer, N. F. Sherwood, M. E. Corbett, Fred White, W. P. Platt, F. J. Bayless, C. M. Smith, Louis J. Kingsley, Charles Craver.

Pittston Club—Messrs. W. W. Berry, J. Merritt, W. L. Foster, C. W. King, H. H. Tinker, W. F. Staley, A. McDougall, F. Reed, E. R. Shepherd, M. F. Sacks, Bert W. Patterly, J. G. Carpenter, Shep Ayres, Robert Ayres, H. F. Brandow, C. J. Metzger, B. Voorhis, R. S. Brown, A. E. Collamer; H. Berlin, T. A. Wright, W. Bowman, B. F. Morgan, C. Morgan.

New Milford Club—Messrs. L. A. Aldrich, H. M. Hayden, F. D. Dummer, C. H. Ainey, W. D. Ainey.

Owego Club—Messrs. Ward Decker, President, and Earl Hyde, Secretary.

At 11 o'clock the parade was formed, and the clubs took up the line of march in the following order:

Cogswell's Battalion Band.
Commander Sanderson.
Mr. G. A. Jessup, of Scranton, and Mr. L. J. Kingsley, of Binghamton, on tricycles.
Binghamton Club, Captain C. H. Rodgers commanding.
Wilkesbarre Club, Captain Jesse G. Carpenter, commanding.
New Milford Club, Captain L. A. Aldrich commanding.
Pittston Club.
West Pittston Club, Captain Oscar Foster commanding.
Delegations from Montrose and Plymouth, Dr. J. E. O'Brien, of the Scranton Club, mounted.

The route of the parade was as follows: Up Lackawanna to Washington, to Linden to Adams, to Lackawanna, to Ridge Row, to Linden, to Jefferson, to Vine, to Washington, to Mulberry, to Mifflin, to Linden, to Franklin, to Spruce, to Wyoming.

All along the line many spectators had collected and were rewarded with an excellent display. Most of the wheelmen were handsomely uniformed, and made a fine display. The evolutions were particularly good, and showed that all were excellently disciplined. The procession extended about three blocks, and it is estimated that about 125 wheels were in line. At the close of the parade the wheelmen dispatched dinner and went at once to the Driving Park. The track had been put in excellent condition, and with the

exception of a stiff breeze the weather was perfect. By two o'clock many people had arrived. The boxes in the grand stand were filled by the lady friends of the racers; and many carriages occupied the space inside the course. The up train on the Delaware and Hudson brought a full quota of spectators, and when the first race was rung up it is estimated there were 2,000 people on the grounds. The executive force on the course was as follows: Referee, E. Kattel, Binghamton Club; Judges, Col. George Sanderson, Shep Ayers, W. Berry; Timers, S. B. Vaughn, Capt. O. C. Foster, Capt. E. K. Tarbell; Scorer, J. A. Mott; Clerk of Course, A. J. Kolp; Starter, F. C. Hand.

The first race, a mile dash, was called at twenty minutes after 2 o'clock, and there entered for it S. R. Schlager, C. E. Titchner, J. A. Spencer, Frank Parrott, C. H. Rogers, and D. W. Scism. It was a close and exciting contest. The wheelmen got away well banded, with Schlager in the lead and Titchner a close second. On the lower turn this order was preserved, but as they went into the backstretch the ranks opened a trifle. Scism fell and hurt the arm he dislocated some weeks ago. Rogers held the rear to the quarter, with Schlager leading. Titchner was content to stay with the gang until the head of the homestretch was reached, when he forged ahead and divided the honors with Rogers. As they came to the tape, the spectators called it a dead heat between Titchner and Rogers, but the judges gave it to the former, with Schlager a close third. Time, 3.09.

The second race, a half mile dash for novices, brought to the front C. J. Metzger, J. A. Mott, H. C. Wallace, F. J. Bayless, C. M. Smith, and W. F. Staley. Like the preceding one, it was a hot contest, and lay mainly between Smith and Mott. The former got the better of it, but had hard work to lead Mott, who kept it crank to saddle to the wire. The time was 1.34½.

Although there were five entries for the club championship mile race, the next on the programme, only two started. They were J. R. Schlager, and J. A. Spencer. Schlager proved himself the possessor of wonderful speed and bottom. He took the mile in 3.15.

The fourth was a slow race of one hundred yards, with the following entries: Frank Parrott, W. H. Stone, and J. A. Merrill. It was won by Parrott in 3.42.

Of the seven who had entered for the three-mile State championship, Schlager was the only one who came up when the race was called. The others, who had seen his time in the previous race, grew scriptural, and said to the judges, "I pray thee have me excused." J. A. Merrill and F. Parrott agreed to go over the course just to make it seem like a race, and did so, getting the flag before they reached the quarter. Schlager took the medal, in 10.09 for the three miles.

The one mile ride and run was an excellent race, with C. H. Rogers, W. H. Stone, Frank Parrott, F. G. Pierce, and C. B. Ripley as starters. C. H. Rogers won it in 4.26¼.

The five mile handicap was a race in which much interest was manifested. The starters were C. H. Rogers, C. F. Titchner, J. R. Schlager and E. R. Shepherd. The latter was given the greatest advantage. Schlager started a trifle too soon and had a heavier handicap than was intended, and the race was a hard one. Titchner kept well in the rear until the upper turn was rounded on the last lap, when he took a spurt to the head. Meanwhile Rogers and Schlager had been having a race for second. Schlager had done too much at the start, and Rogers got away with

him. They came in: Titchner, Rogers, Schlager. Time 18.31.

The starters in the Consolation race were J. A. Spencer, E. R. Shepherd, H. C. Wallace and F. J. Bayless. Spencer took a header on the backstretch and was carried from the course in a nearly unconscious condition. Shepherd fell and Bayless came in first in 3.37.

The tug of war between the Scranton and Binghamton teams was the closing race. The teams entered were—for Binghamton, Titchner, Rogers, and Smith; for Scranton—Schlager, Mott, and Fillmore. The race was a good one. They came in—Rogers first, Titchner second, Schlager third, Smith fourth, Mott fifth, and Fillmore sixth. The best time was 3.07½, and the race went to the Binghamton club. The reception and entertainment given at the Lackawanna Rink last night was as brilliant as could be asked. From the time that the doors opened the crowds began to pour in, and the place was filled to its utmost capacity. By the time that the exercises commenced standing room was at a premium, and among the ladies who filled the galleries were to be found the elite of the city. After Cogswell's orchestra had played an overture, Col. George Sanderson, Jr., the President of the club, took his place in the middle of the building, and delivered a short but felicitous speech, in which he congratulated the club for the success with which its first annual meeting had been received and thanked the visitors who had contributed so much to the success of the affair. He then distributed the prizes. They were as follows: For mile dash—C. E. Titchner, first; C. H. Rogers, second; one half mile novice dash—C. M. Smith, first; J. A. Mott, second. Club championship, J. R. Schlager, slow race—Frank Parrott first; A. J. Merrill, second. Three miles, State championship—J. R. Schlager. Ride and Run—C. H. Rogers, first; E. H. Ripley, second. Five mile handicap—C. E. Titchner, first; C. H. Rogers, second, Consolation—F. J. Bayless. Tug of war—Binghamton team. As each one came forward to take his decoration, Col. Sanderson tendered a word of well-timed congratulation.

The next feature was some fancy skating by Prof. Winslow, who was well received, and acquitted himself with credit. The drilling of a squad of eight from the Scranton Bicycle Club was a pleasant feature. The team was composed of George Mayer, captain; B. B. Connely, Frank Parrott, Harry Simpson, Fred. Godfrey, C. C. Conklin, H. C. Wallace, J. Pentecost. The evolutions were performed with much accuracy, and showed that the club is in excellent training. For more than a quarter of an hour the squad entertained the audience without a single balk.

The next feature of the programme was the fancy riding of George H. Nash. It was the most wonderful exhibition ever given in the city, and comprised a series of feats that seemed almost impossible on the bicycle. He rode the machine in almost every conceivable attitude, clinging to what ever part was handiest, and yet never seemed to be more at home in one position than another. It was a revelation of wheelman's skill which was so unexpected that the audience was thoroughly carried away. When he took the backbone and hind wheel off his bicycle and came out on the floor with only front wheel, handles and cranks, it seemed that he had reached the limit of skill. But he had not. After poising himself in all sorts of attitudes, he brought down the house by running over a seesaw, and up seven steps, and then coming down again with as much unconcern as an expert

horseman would jump a low stone wall. The delight of the audience knew no limit, and as people left the rink it was with the impression that the Scranton Bicycle Club was an institution that knew what it was about when it went to give a celebration.—*Scranton Republican*.

CAPITAL CLUB RACES.

The annual fall races of the Capital Club took place at Washington, D. C., October 17, at Athletic Park. The attendance was large. The races were preceded by a parade, in which the District Wheelmen, the Washington Cycle Club, the Star Bicycle Club, the Potomac Tricyclists, and the Capital Bicycle Club participated. The judges of the race were Amos Heart and P. T. Dodge; the referee, Samuel T. Clark, of the Maryland Club. The starters were H. S. Owen and Max Hansmann. Results:

Five Mile Race—This was for the Flint challenge cup, and Howell Stewart, Rex Smith, T. A. Berryhill, and Benjamin F. Wilkins, Jr., were entered. The latter soon withdrew. Stewart won by three-quarters of a lap in 19.12¼; Smith second.

Novices' Mile Race—W. H. Benton first, in 3.20¼; A. T. King second.

Three Mile Handicap—T. A. Berryhill was allowed twelve seconds, F. E. McCoy twelve, while Howell Stewart started from the scratch. Stewart won by three-quarters of a lap in 11.18.

Half-Mile Open Race—Won by W. E. Crist in 1.27¼; L. N. Kruger second.

Two Mile Open Handicap—Starters, William E. Crist, scratch; Isaac Saltzman, scratch; C. E. E. Flathers, 10s.; Philip S. Brown, 10s.; William Robertson, 10s.; A. T. King, 15s.; F. Bradford, 15s.; J. C. V. Smith, 15s. The latter led throughout the race, winning by 100 yards in 6.54½; Saltzman second.

Half-Mile Boys' Handicap—Hobart Berin first in 1.57.

Open Mile Race—Won by William E. Crist, closely followed by L. N. Kruger and J. C. Smith; time 3.12.

Two Mile Club Race—Howell Stewart and Rex Smith were the only starters, the latter leading for the first mile, but being easily beaten at the finish; time, 7.19.

A BICYCLE ROAD RECORD.

The editor of this paper, while on a pleasure ride on the 12th inst., unintentionally made a road record with his Star bicycle. Starting from his home at Bamfordville, he rode continuously to Mount Joy and return, without a single dismount, in 1 hour and 30 minutes, and covering a distance of over sixteen miles. This makes an average of each mile in 5½ minutes. While not being exhausted in the least by the ride, or pretensions made to made unusual time on a rough pike, the writer doubts whether this has been done by any other 'cyclist in the county.—*Village Vigil*.

HENDEE'S FAILURE.

Geo. M. Hendee made an attempt to beat the World's best bicycle record on the 16th, in Hampden Park, Springfield.

It was very cloudy, cold, and breezy. The first quarter was made in 38 1-5 seconds, which is 4-5 of a second faster than the best English record made by Speechly, and 3 1-5 seconds faster than Sellers made here. Hendee's first half was made in 1m. 20s., three-quarters in 1m. 59s., and the mile in 2m. 42 4-5 s. The present record is 2.39.

THE MANCHESTER RACES.

MANCHESTER, N. Y., October 18.—The Manchester Bicycle Club held its annual meeting at Manchester Driving Park this afternoon. There was a good attendance of spectators, and the sport was interesting. In the one-half mile race Frank O. Moulton finished first; time, 1.49. He won an L. A. W. pin; Edward M. Sturgis, second prize. Lamson bundle carrier; John N. Pearson third prize, tourist's delight drinking cup. In the eight-mile handicap race Nat K. Noyes won a gold medal; time, 36 minutes 4½ seconds. He was followed by Moses Sheriff and John N. Pearson, who proved winners of prizes. The consolation race was won by Sam C. Kennard, E. A. McQuestion acted as referee and handicap judge.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEET, ILL. DIV. L. A. W.

The first annual championship meet of the Illinois Division of the League of American Wheelmen took place at Rockford, Oct. 15, and in spite of many unavoidable drawbacks was enjoyable and successful. The track, one-third of a mile in length, was not in shape for fast riding, and a stiff breeze blew directly in the face on the home stretch. These facts amply explain the slow time made. The Chicago contingent, headed by Chief Consul J. O. Blake, arrived in Rockford at 10.30 A. M. by special train on the C. & N. W. At the meeting of the board of officers it was voted unanimously to consolidate the offices of Division Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. B. B. Ayres, of Chicago, was elected to the position. After a street parade the wheelmen returned to the hotel for dinner, and promptly at 2 P. M. the bell rang for the start of the first race at the fair grounds track.

The starters in the one-mile bicycle championship, gold medal by Ill. Div. L. A. W., were N. H. Van Sicklen, L. W. Conkling, C. H. Wilcox and Phil Hammell, C. C. Philbrick withdrawing on account of being out of condition. Van Sicklen led the first two laps, but Hammell made a fine rush in the third lap, and won the race by ten feet over Conkling, Van Sicklen third, Wilcox fourth; time, 3.22½.

The two-mile handicap, silver cup by Gibson & Hart, of Rockford, was won by W. G. E. Pierce, of Chicago, in 7.36½. The other starters were W. C. Stine, Geneva; W. C. Wise, Evanston; G. S. Hart, Rockford; F. B. Bradley, Chicago.

J. S. Gibson, of Rockford, won the 100 yards slow race, gold medal by the John Wilkinson Co., in 4.29½, beating Burley Ayers about six inches.

For the five-mile championship, gold medal by S. H. Vowell, agent for the Rudge, the entries were Hammell, Van Sicklen, Conkling, Wise, and Philbrick, but only Hammell and Van started. Van led to the last half of the fifteenth lap, when Hammell put on steam and beat him home six lengths. Time 18.25 2-5.

For the fancy contest, gold medal by A. G. Spalding & Bros., A. G. Bennett was the only entry. He gave a remarkably fine exhibition and was greatly admired.

G. S. Hart, with an old-style Victor, won the one-mile tricycle race, gold medal by Ill. Div. L. A. W. Conkling had not entered, but kept Hart company on a Columbia trike, giving him a start of 100 yards. Hart's time was 4 46¾.

The three-mile bicycle dash, safety handlebar by Lillibridge Bros., was won by W. G. E. Pierce in 11.12, beating Wilcox, who led for the first two miles, and H. B. Heywood.

All the beaten cracks were in the one-mile consolation—Wise, Van Sicklen, Conkling, Bradley, Hart, and Heywood. Van won it in 3.23½, and bore off the leather medal in triumph.

The one-mile Rockford Club championship for gold medal was won by Wilcox.



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

All matters relating to subscriptions or advertisements, and all business connected with THE WHEEL should be addressed to the Company. Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to THE 'CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

TWO-SPEED GEARS.

The relative merit of two-speed gearing for tricycles, is a subject not only of interest but open to considerable discussion, as a variety of opinion seems to exist as to the advantage of other than one gearing for all classes of road work. Abroad, where the subject seems to have passed the experimental stage, one fixed gearing, and that a high one, seems to be the favorite. Of course a certain amount of weight is dispensed with, and that, taking into consideration the general good quality of the roads, is an important factor.

Here in America things are radically different, and the difference is of such a nature that Englishmen, as a rule, do not seem able to understand and appreciate them fully. They wonder at the apparently excessive weight of our bicycles and tricycles, as adopted for road use, and speak of us as becoming "educated" when we refer to the use of a higher gear on our tricycles.

For our part we believe in the efficiency of a two-speed gearing on rough American roads, and think that the majority of experienced riders have found by actual experience the past season that an advantage exists. The most striking instance, to our mind, is the recent century road race at Boston, when Pitman, riding a Columbia tricycle with a two-speed gearing, easily defeated men like Dudley and Burnham, using the single high-geared Viotor tricycles. The present published testimonial from Dudley as to the efficiency of his 62 in. geared Viotor is on a par with the statement from the same manufacturer that "we cannot make a better tricycle."

Through the kindness of Mr. R. V. R. Schuyler we recently made a trip on a tandem tricycle with 42 in. drivers geared to 63 in., and although the slow motion was easy and delightful on level spots and smooth roads, yet in climbing hills, or in rough places, the work was decidedly laborious, and we would have much preferred a lower gearing with the accompanying quicker pedaling.

We may be mistaken, but a maximum

gearing of 56 in. seems to be the best adapted to American roads and riders. We would be pleased, however, to publish the experiences of any of our tricyclers who have used both a high and low gearing during the past year, as it would afford food for reflection to those who like to employ the winter months in theoretical riding.

A COAST THAT WASN'T A COAST.

It was with genuine pleasure I read Tertius' thrilling account of his "terrific coast" in company with his friend Quintz. Another thing that gives me additional pleasure is that he mentions that he carried his toothbrush with him. Though the boastful mentioning of the fact plainly shows his "genre," still it shows that the desire to imitate is sometimes beneficial, healthful, and conducive to cleanliness. And we trust that, now he has made a beginning, that indispensable toilet article will ever be with him. We repeat, it was with immense gratification that Tom and I read of their adventures, for it proclaims to the world that others have experienced experiences strange.

Like to all such relations, the relation of their adventure recalls one I once had. It was not what you might call a genuine coast, though the entire distance was ridden legs over. It was the summer of '82, and I was taking haphazard trips through New York. I left a small town in the morning and was running through a lovely stretch of country, over as pleasant a pike as a biker desires, though it was one continued gradual rise.

I had scarcely gone one quarter of a mile when I felt a strong wind impelling me onwards. It seemed to strike me square on the back and with such force that, to my delight, I found I could cross my legs over my handle bars, and view the country at my leisure, whilst I was propelled at a rate of ten miles an hour. To my surprise, the trees along the roadside and the grain in the fields were motionless, showing that the breeze was confined to a small area of my back.

Considering myself the lucky beneficiary, you might say, of a phenomenon, I had no curiosity to look for the motive power, but settled myself comfortably in my saddle, lit my pipe, and enjoyed the scenery. On we went at a steady gait up the grade until we reached a small town, where I put the brake down and dismounted for dinner.

Looking back down the pike I saw a biker, one-quarter of a mile away, pedalling up.

When he reached the hotel I asked him if he had felt the breeze. He answered "No." I then asked him if he had observed how I had coasted up the grade. "Yes," he answered. "Can you explain the phenomenon?" I asked. He smiled rather triumphantly, I thought, and replied, "Permit me to introduce myself. I am Tertius, the blower from Weedsport; and you are —?"

I answered,

"SECRETARY."

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1884.

The November number of *Outing* brings the magazine into new prominence in the added space given to yachting matters. This form of outdoor pleasure is represented in several articles of unusual interest, by a full record of nautical events, and by the "Yachtsman's Song," words and music by L. F. Abbott.

"A Winter's Cruise in a Catboat," by J. H. S., is a practical paper, timely and entertaining. "A Memorable Voyage" is a sea sketch of great interest, by Frank H. Converse. "A Scamper in the Nor'west," by J. A. Fraser, profusely illustrated by the au-

thor, is the leading article, and gives the reader some fascinating glimpses of the shores of the "big sea water" of Superior. Mr. Fraser succeeded in obtaining a sketch of the interior of the old church of St. Joseph's on Madeline Island. This has never before been permitted by the Franciscan friars, and the readers of *Outing* have a treat in this picture and that of the quaint old altar vessels. Another capital illustrated paper is "Wheeling among the Aztecs," by Sylvester Baxter. This gives some delightful glimpses of the ancient city of Mexico and the pleasant environs that tempt the wheelman man to his steed. It is a clever article, with the rush of progress in it, and the echo of the railway train that has lately reached the city of the Aztecs. "Ride!" is a ringing wheel story in verse by President Bates. "About Tennis," by R. B. Metcalf, gives some useful hints upon this popular game. A charming sketch, "Maud," and a story, "Stolen—A Bicycle," are among the other attractions of this number. The editorial department discusses "Art and the Bicycle," and "Physical Education in College," among other topics of the hour, and the "Amenities" department has a laughable fishing sketch, "An Eel." The records supplement a dashing description of the Hartford and Springfield meets, by Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield. The price of *Outing* is \$2.00 a year. The Wheelman Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

TOURING IN OHIO.

LIMA TO XENIA AND RETURN.

Editor of The Wheel: In response to Karl Kron's request for report of my riding of 226 miles through Ohio, I take pleasure in handing you the following:

On June 22, 1884, accompanied by S. D. Bond of this city (Fort Wayne), I went to Lima on early morning train. Started thence by wheel at 9.20 A. M. for Wapakoneta. First 2 miles rough dirt road; next 1½ miles good new pike; thence to Auglaize county line, 2¼ miles, fair dirt road.

All the rest of the roads herein described are good pikes (almost fine), and rideable immediately after rains. Arrived in Wapakoneta at 11 A. M.; distance from Lima 13½ miles; got good dinner at Burnett House. Left Wapakoneta at 4 P. M. for Sidney, taking pike that starts directly in front of hotel; followed this road 4¼ miles, and found it the finest road I have ever ridden over in five years' use of the wheel, nearly a dead level and smooth as a billiard table. Turned three-quarter mile to L and took old Sidney pike. Near Sidney the road becomes very hilly, but being smooth all hills are easily ridden by any ordinarily good wheelman. Reached Sidney for supper. Distance from Wapakoneta to Sidney 23 miles.

June 23d.—Left Sidney via road which passes County Infirmary at 6.30, accompanied thus far by several members of Valley City Wheel Club. First hill out of Sidney a big one, but not very hard to ride. Went to Piqua via Lockington; distance 13 miles. There is a steep hill on this road 3 miles out of Piqua, which, when going south, should be ridden with great caution, as it makes a sharp turn to the left, and has some bad places on it.

June 24th.—Left Piqua 8.20 A. M., and rode to Troy, 8 miles, via East Road, crossing river bridge just south of the Pan Handle Railway. There are several stone quarries on the west side of the river, and the pike is badly worn by heavy hauling. The road on the east side of river is excellent. Had good dinner at the Morris House. Left Troy at

2.30 P. M. for Springfield. There are two or three good pikes between Troy and Springfield. I have forgotten the name of the route taken, but the only fault we could find with it was that it was rather dusty. Were caught by very heavy thunder storm 3 miles out of Springfield, and were detained 1½ hours. Started immediately after storm was over, and found the road rather improved by it. Stopped at LaGonda House for supper, lodging, and breakfast. Were pleasantly entertained by the members of the bicycle club at their headquarters and at the gymnasium. (My companion was nearly eaten up by the bedbugs at the LaGonda House.) A visit to the various immense agricultural implement factories in Springfield will well repay the tourist. Distance from Troy to Springfield 25½ miles.

June 25th.—Left Springfield at 8.20 A. M. for Yellow Springs, 10 miles, accompanied by two members of the Springfield Club; found the road an excellent one. Yellow Springs is a very pleasant summer resort, and the hotel, the "Yellow Springs House," a good one. After a short stop, continued the day's ride to Xenia, 10 miles. The road from Yellow Springs to Xenia is a very hilly one, but mostly down grade, and very hard and smooth. Coasted nearly two-thirds of the way. Reached Xenia at noon. A heavy rain storm lasting nine hours prevented our reaching Dayton that night.

June 26th.—Left Xenia for Dayton at 8 A. M.; weather cold and cloudy. Found the road good and bad in spots, very hilly, and altogether the poorest on the entire tour. Reached Dayton at 10 A. M.; distance 16 miles. Stopped at Beckel House, and visited the beautiful Soldiers' Home in the afternoon with our wheels, taking a pleasant spin over the superb roads there.

June 27th.—Left Dayton at 8.15 A. M. for Troy; accompanied out of town by several Dayton Club men. Took the New Dayton pike road and found it very fine all the way. Found some beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Tippecanoe. Followed the road running one mile west of Tippecanoe, and reached Troy at 10.45 A. M. Distance, 21¾ miles. Left Troy at 2 P. M. over same road followed when coming south. Reached Piqua at 3 P. M., and remained there until following morning.

June 28th.—Left Piqua at 9 A. M. for St. Mary's. Stopped for dinner at Berlin, and inspected a very beautiful church there. Would advise every wheelman passing through this village to see it. The road from Piqua through Berlin to New Bremen is very fine, and from New Bremen to St. Mary's faultless; only two or three very moderate hills are found on the entire route. Reached St. Mary's at 4 P. M. Rode out to the reservoir, three miles. Found it to be a body of water covering over 2,500 acres, and reaching from St. Mary's to Celina, nine miles. There is some very fine black bass fishing here. The best way to reach the Reservoir from St. Mary's is to ride out on the New Bremen road to the bridge over the canal feeder, and then walk to the reservoir via the towpath, leaving wheel at farmhouse on the pike. The distance from Piqua to St. Mary's is 32 miles.

June 29th.—Left St. Mary's at 8.20 A. M., and rode to Wapakoneta over a very fair pike that is almost a dead level over the entire distance, about 12 miles. Stopping at Wapakoneta a few moments only, continued the ride to Lima over the same route as taken when coming south. Distance from St. Mary's to Lima, via Wapakoneta, is about 26 miles. This is the usual and best route between Lima and St. Mary's. Reached Lima before dinner and remained there

until evening, when we took the train for Fort Wayne.

SUMMARY.—The entire distance ridden while on this trip was 226 miles. The time in saddle gave an average road gait of about 9 miles per hour. Encountered no roads that were actually bad. Every mile of road traveled over was from fair to fine pike, except $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles between Lima and Wapakoneta.

C. W. EDGERTON.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

Hendee says: "Have tried the Duryea saddle, and like it very much."

T. W. Eck, champion of Canada, in a recent letter writes: "The Duryea is the best saddle made."

It is reported that H. L. Cortis, one of the fastest of England's bicycle riders, is dead.

"You make me tired," the wheel said to the bicycle manufacturer. "Was it you that spoke?" asked the astonished manufacturer, "or was it the fault of my big gears? The bearings of your remark will take crank in standard literature."—*Exchange*.

On August 26 James Copeland, of the Sydney Bicycle Club, completed the first overland trip from Sydney to Melbourne on a tricycle. The journey occupied twelve days and nine hours, an average of fifty miles a day, which is a good showing considering the poor state of the roads and the head winds, which were very strong during the entire trip.

To-day the Lynn Bicycle Club hold a grand race tournament at the Franklin Trotting Park. The following events are on the card: One mile amateur, for Lynn Club; three mile, professional; one mile, amateur, without hands; five mile, amateur, record; one mile, amateur, 3m. 20s. class; and two mile, amateur, handicap.

On account of wet weather the Cleveland Bicycle Club had to postpone its trip to October 25.

I'm a climber of hills young man,
I'm a taker of headers young man,
I'm a pusher of pedals, a winner of medals,
I'm a "Pike's Peak" or "bust" young man.

"Did this child die under suspicious circumstances?" asked the coroner.

"No, sir," was the reply, "it died under the bicycle's wheel."—*Exchange*.

We have nothing but words of praise and congratulation for our English visitors. They crossed the ocean at our invitation to contend with us for the mastery in the greatest tournament of the wheel ever instituted. We hoped to show ourselves their superiors in muscle and training, and we should have done so if they had not defeated us. That is plain, and that is all there is about it. Some of the spectators at the ropes were disappointed at some of the results. This was natural, but throughout the whole programme there was nothing unfair or dishonest. Our English friends were gentlemen. We are glad that they carried off a fair share of the prizes. As we think of it now, we should have been rather sorry if they had not done so. We are certain that they will carry home with their trophies a kindly feeling towards us, and a determination to come again and bring more of their friends. Howell, Sellers, Leeming, Chambers, Illston, Gaskell, and James are men whom we shall remember with pleasure, and we shall watch their future successes as related in the English 'cycling papers with renewed interest. That they should carry

home from our American tracks a new record is something that we can be proud of, even if we were defeated. You see we are determined to make the best of the situation, anyway. The English riders were fairly entitled to all the credit they won, and it is a satisfaction even to have been outridden by such men.—*Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*.

The championships of Paris were held under favorable circumstances on September 28 at the Jardin des Tuileries. The track was loose and rough, and many were the falls thereon. The races resulted as follows: Junior championship, six miles and a quarter—M. Sourbadere first, in 21m. 41s.; M. Dubois a bad second, M. Holley a worse third. Senior championship, same distance—P. Medinger first, in 21m. 42s.; Wills-Babille second, by a length; M. Esperon third, close up.

The New Orleans, La., Bicycle Club on October 6 elected the following officers: President, E. W. Hunter; Vice-President, F. M. Ziegler, Jr.; Secretary, G. McD. Nathan; Treasurer, L. E. Tyler; Captain, Wm. W. Crane; First Lieutenant, A. P. Keaghey; Second Lieutenant, G. B. Lusk; Guide, C. M. Fairchild.

The Wanderer's Bicycle Club, of Toronto, Ont., held a very successful entertainment in the Granite Rink October 10. The programme consisted of fancy riding by W. M. Hurst, club drill, gymnastics, and club swinging by members, and a bicycle tug of war, which was won by G. H. Orr and D. Duff.

C. J. Young and R. A. Neilson, the Boston professional bicycle riders, are to ride a mile match bicycle race at the Boston Union A. C.

A pleasant incident of the great tournament was an invitation to visit the Columbia Bicycle Factory extended by Col. Pope to a number of bicycle agents and dealers and members of the 'cycling press. The party received every courtesy, and spent several hours looking at these marvelous works.

EXPLAINS ITSELF.

League of American Wheelmen.

FELLOW MEMBERS OF VERMONT: Possessing, as we now do, more than the required number of members to form a State Division, I have deemed it advisable to call a meeting for that purpose; and, as Rutland has much the largest number of members and is so situated as to accommodate more than any other place in the State, it will be best to hold the meeting here. The meeting will be held at 3 P. M., October 22d, at the club rooms of the Rutland Bicycle Club, on Church street.

It is to be hoped that every member will make an extra effort to be present in order that all the towns be represented, and the meeting be made as interesting as possible.

Any member who finds it impossible to be present and has any suggestions to offer can do so by sending a letter to the Chief Consul at Rutland. All members intending to be present will confer a favor by signifying their intention, at as early a date as possible, in writing, to the Chief Consul, and as far as possible arrangements will be made for their entertainment.

Hoping to see you all present on the above date and trusting you will make a special effort to do so I remain,

Fraternally yours,
C. G. ROSS, C. C.,
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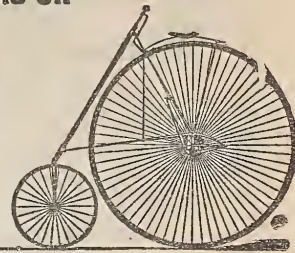
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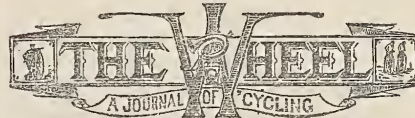
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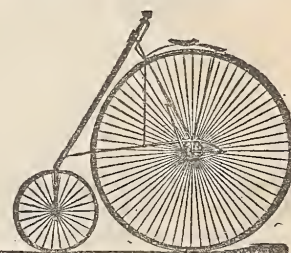
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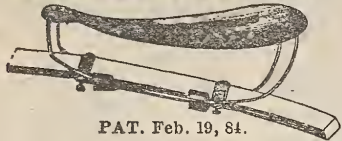
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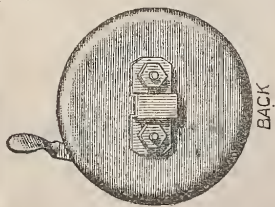
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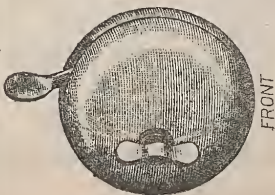
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