

# THE WHEEL.

*A Journal of Bicycling.*

Vol. II. No. 7.]

DECEMBER 21, 1881.

[Whole No. 33.]

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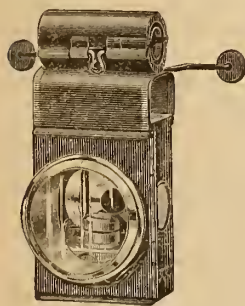
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## PICKINGS AND STEALINGS.

America wheeled to the front in a rather unexpected manner last Monday.

The League badges are now ready and will make a very acceptable Christmas present to a brother wheelman.

Although we have not said much about it, this is practically our Christmas number, which we hope will reach our readers in time to carry to them our best wishes for a "Merry Christmas" and many of them.

New Year's Day will also follow before we appear again, and as it is a reason for good resolutions, we beg to offer to our friends, confidentially, of course, the following:

That they do all they can to collect information in regard to roads, &c., as expressed in the article by Mr. Wilcox.

That as the collection of such material will assist in making the next handbook useful, they will lose no time in sending us facts.

That they will substantially appreciate the efforts of the editors and publishers of this paper, and help us to improve its character.

The *Monthly Circular* of the B. T. C. contains much information of interest to American riders. The principal feature is the establishing of a uniform tariff for the transportation of bicycles on all railroads in the United Kingdom. The following rates have been fixed upon:

Not exceeding 50 miles, 23c.	
Above 50 and	75 " 34c.
" 75 and	100 " 45c.
" 100 and	150 " 57c.

and for each additional 50 miles or portion thereof, 11c.

The *Circular* also informs us "that the conduct of A. H. Llewellyn Winter, a member of the B. T. C., having been enquired into by the Council, they do hereby expel him from the club." League members will probably remember that Mr. Winter was spoken of as being a suitable person to represent the League in England.

The January *CENTURY*, a large edition of which is on the press, will be delayed this month until the 23d. One of its novel features is to be a frontispiece printed in tint,—a portrait of Ex-President Thiers, accompanying an article by the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, our former Minister to France. A full-page portrait of Queen Margaret of Italy is given in connection with an article on the making of Burano lace, for which the Princess Louise of England has made a sketch. The number also has another portrait of President Garfield (from an artotype by Edward Bierstadt, N. Y.), which will accompany an anecdotal paper by Colonel A. F. Rockwell, entitled "From Mentor to Elberon." The immediate friends of the late President regard this portrait as giving a somewhat different phase of the late President's character from that presented by the engraving by Cole in the December *CENTURY*, and as revealing his affectionate qualities, while the latter was especially strong on the intellectual side of his nature. The artotype is also interesting as being the portrait Mrs. Garfield selected to send to Queen

Victoria. The sale of the November and December *CENTURY* still continues. A new edition of nine thousand of the latter number has just been issued.

## AN INCIDENT.

[From some unpublished *Bicycling verses*.]

They coast without brakes down a long, dizzy hill,  
With frightful velocity. Listen! A shrill  
Wild shriek from a swift-rushing train rends the air;  
Before them the coasters see open and bare  
A railroad track crossing their path. Here's a go!  
No stopping their furious flight. In a row  
They whirl madly on. Ah! they're close to the spot!  
The train thunders nearer But, heeding it not,  
Their fleet-winged messengers fly o'er the rails.  
The iron-bound monster behind them bewails  
The loss of three victims. With hearts running o'er  
With thanks for their rescue, assent they: No more  
To coast hilly places by day or by night  
Without a brake—if there's a car-track in sight. GEESEE.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., NOV. 21, 1881.

## THE UPWARD GRAVITATION.

'Tis better far than all the elevation  
That cometh from the cup of inebriety  
To get high on the wheel of equitation;—  
And there we have "the bulge" on much called piety.  
J.

## FROM THE CLUBS.

[Secretaries of clubs are invited to contribute to this column any items of general information and interest, and to send in their reports as early as possible, to insure proper classification.]

MONTREAL.—A farewell supper was given at Messrs. Hall & Scott's, by the members of the Montreal Bicycle Club, last evening, to Mr. C. J. Sidey, Captain of the Club, on the occasion of his departure for Europe. About forty gentlemen sat down to supper, and, as well as members of the Bicycle Club, we noticed some of the members of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, of which the Bicycle Club forms a part. Mr. H. S. Tibbs, the genial and painstaking Secretary of the Club, presided. The *menu*, which reflected credit on the caterers, Messrs. Hall & Scott, having been fully discussed, and the usual loyal toasts having been duly honored, the following toasts were proposed and responded to: "Our Guests," by Mr. C. J. Sidey; "The Montreal Bicycle Club and the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association," by Mr. Hugh Becket; "The Volunteers," by Mr. Charles Levin; "The Ladies" and "The Press." The proceedings were also enlivened by the usual sporting songs.

During the evening the chairman, on behalf of the Bicycle Club, presented Mr. Sidey with a set of photographs of the officers of the Club, contained within a handsome frame. In the centre was the photograph of Captain C. J. Sidey himself, and around him were grouped the Secretary, Mr. H. S. Tibbs; First Lieutenant, A. T. Lane; Second Lieutenant and Bugler, J. D. Miller; Third Lieutenant, G. M. Smith; Fourth Lieutenant, G. DeSola, and Fifth Lieutenant, J. Trotter. Mr. Sidey, who was taken quite by surprise, feelingly responded.

The proceedings came to a close shortly after eleven o'clock by the singing of "God Save the Queen" and "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Sidey has been Captain of the Club since its organization, over three years ago, and will be much missed by the Club. He leaves by the 8.40 train from Bonaventure depot to join the steamship *en route* to England. We wish him *bon voyage*.

CAPITAL.—The semi-annual election of officers of the Capital Bicycle Club was held December 10, and resulted in the election of the following, to serve to July 1, 1882: President, C. E. Hawley; Vice-President, Leland Howard; Secretary, Clarence G. Allen; Treasurer, Francis C. Donn; Captain, Herbert S. Owen; Sub-Captain, Jas. M. Lewis, Jr.; Jr. Sub-Captain, J. McK. Borden. These, together with E. H. Fowler and T. D. Owen, form the Executive Committee of the Club.

Truly yours,

L. W. SEELY, Secretary.



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**FRED. JENKINS,**     -     -     -     -     **Editor and Publisher.**

**JULIUS WILCOX,**     -     -     -     -     -     **Associated Editor.**

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OFFICE:

**187 Broadway, Room 12.**

CUT THIS FORM OUT.

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FRED. JENKINS, PUBLISHER,

Sir: I herewith enclose P. O. Order (or check) for \$                      and request you to enter my name as a subscriber to THE WHEEL for one year from.....188     , to be mailed, postage prepaid, as below.

Name,.....

Address,.....

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## SOME BOSTON BEANS.

And a very few of them this time, Mr. Editor, as the mental strain of providing a large and *increasing* family with the expected presents (to say nothing of the tug at the purse strings) unfits me for any great effort toward supplying you with a very hearty meal of the above-named dainty. I had been in hopes that I could say something definite about the talked-of tournament in this letter, but I can only say that the projectors have decided to raise a fund of \$5,000 before making any announcement. Half the amount (\$2,500), I understand, has already been guaranteed by certain of our enterprising wheelmen, and I have faith that my next will contain some facts of great interest to bicyclers all over the country.

I think we could give as good indoor track at the "Institute Fair" building as any in the United States. However, I shall not enter into those particulars until it is decided that *we* are to have a tournament.

No. 53 Union Park has jumped into popularity with the "Boston" active and associate members at one bounce, the attendance has been good, and the patronage of the "attractions" offered, very flattering; and indications are pregnant with good omen for the future. My attention has been called to an error made by your correspondent "Action," in alluding to the rapid growth of the B. T. C. The facts are, that at the end of the first year the membership of this organization was some 300 and over, instead of nearly 3,000, as your correspondent intimates; it was several years before the membership of the B. T. C. reached 3,356, instead of 18 months. Will "Action" therefore please accept the amendment, and look to his figures a little closer next time? My informant assures me that the proportionate growth of the L. A. W. and B. T. C. is largely in favor of the first-named organization.

Those men who have put away their little 'bi's' for the winter have had cause to regret their hasty action, as we have had some first-class riding lately; lots of the boys were out yesterday.

The drill given by the Crescents, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home Bazaar, was a success; the boys showed up in their new uniforms, and the evolutions were gone through with creditably.

## TO A CERTAIN "POEMSTER."

You've showed yourself a sinful creature,  
You've murdered poets and stole their metre,  
Have dared the best of all to alter  
For sonnets in your 'cycling psalter,—  
And for your pains deserve a halter.

Not another bean this trip.

HANDY ANDY.

To judge by the *Official Gazette* of the Patent Office, the States are beginning to invent their own novelties and improvements instead of depending on England. In the issue for December the 6th, I find a patent has been granted to a Chicago man for a new-fangled bicycle, although the report calls it a velocipede. It is very much like an ordinary bicycle, except it has *two* wheels in front instead of one; or it is like one big wheel about ten inches wide, with all the tire removed from the middle, leaving about one inch on the outside; it is in reality a double suspension wheel, the spokes from one hub joining alternately to its own rim or felloe, and to the other. The forks are, of course, widened out more than in the ordinary make; but with this exception all the other parts are just like the regular bicycle. Of course it will stand alone, but I believe it will take an immensely bow-legged man to ride it with any degree of comfort. However, it is something new, and as it is evidently intended for a "safety" bicycle, let us put it in the back part of the "Indispensable" where it may rest in peace. Query—Is it a bi-tricycle, or a tri-bicycle?

In the issue for November the 29th is another patent which seems to possess enough merit for the Pope Co. to buy it. As I understand it, it is intended to propel, any ordinary bicycle by a vertically reciprocating motion. It has a ratchet wheel rigidly attached to the axle of the driver, which is actuated by a spring pawl pivoted to a toothed sector, centered on the axle of the driver also,

and it in turn is worked by a toothed rack on the vertically reciprocating piece, which is driven by the feet alternately. One advantaged offered by it is that, you can propel your machine with either a long or a short stroke, just to suit the nature of the road you are travelling over. On a level, short, on a grade, long strokes. Its principal disadvantage is too many parts to replace the simple crank. Whether or not they will ever make any use of it I do not know. However, the issue of December the 13th contains four inventions which they have secured; three of them consist of dies for forging head-blanks, neck and spindle blanks, and for joining the rims, respectively; the fourth is for a new steering head, the principal feature of which is "making the bearing end of the spindle rounded or spherical."

In the issue for December the 6th is a patent for a combined lamp and cyclometer; the latter is put up very much on the lines of the "Perfect" I invented, and as my application antedates his by over five weeks, I could give the inventors a little trouble; however, it seems to be a good thing and I wish the inventors, who live in Washington, every success.

CAPT. C. W. F.

## PERSONAL

We learn from the *Bicycling Times* that Mr. Llewellyn Winter, of the Hyperion Bicycle Club, has returned to England.

Mr. Conkling, Lieutenant of the New York Club, received an ugly lash from two fellows who were riding in a buggy. Mr. Conkling invited them to step down, but as they had another engagement that demanded immediate attention, they declined. Before leaving he succeeded in pulling the top of the vehicle off, but the rascals themselves escaped.

Wm. M. Woodside, of the Manhattan Bi. Club, who has been conspicuous on the racing path this past season, sailed for Europe Saturday, December 3. He will probably return in the Spring.

Capt. Pennel's uniform fits all over his ears, but the cap looks better on him than any one else in the club. The cap makes the club look like the little German (town) Band—numbering sixty members.—*Courier*.

Two American Clubmen—Messrs. Taylor and Thorndike—have carried out a continental tour, extending from Dieppe *via* Paris, Dijon, Geneva, Lausanne, Bale, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Coblenz, and Cologne to Aix-La-Chapelle.—*Wheel World*.



THE BICYCLE TOURING CLUB, as the International Organization of Wheelmen amateurs, occupies, in relation to kindred sports, a similar position to that of Freemasonry to other kindred societies. Wherever the "wheel" rolls, the B. T. C. is represented, and it desires to enlarge its membership and perfect its organization in all countries throughout the world where the fraternizing influences of the bicycle are being developed.

To this end it invites the co-operation of the Wheelmen of America, and extends to them a cordial invitation to add theirs to the list of over four thousand names at present on its roll of membership.

The annual fee is two shillings and sixpence (about 62 1-2 cents), and their is no initiation fee except the cost of the Club Badge of silver which is six shillings and sixpence (say \$1 62 1-2 cents).

Until arrangements for the appointment of State consuls are perfected, applications for membership should be sent to the Chief Consul direct, who will forward same to the executive in England.

Applications for membership should be accompanied by a P. O. O. for \$2 50, (which will cover the cost of International P. O. O., of silver badge, and of membership ticket), and should be endorsed by some member of the B. T. C.

FRANK W. WESTON,  
Chief Consul, U. S. A.  
Boston, Mass.

Savin Hill, Dorchester,



## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear WHEEL: I enclose you a clipping from the Montreal Herald of 7th inst., by which you will see that Capt. Sidey, one of the (2) parents of the Montreal Bicycle Club, who has been the head and front of it since it was born, more than three years ago, has deserted the promising infant to take himself off to Newcastle, the home of 'Cycling (I mean the paper more than the sport).

His poor benighted orphans gave him a right royal send-off at the station, on the train for Boston, the morning after the supper; making the vaulted roof vibrate with the cheers which rang from the bottom of some thirty or so gallant throats, and ultimately arousing the drowsy officials by the world-renowned cry of the Bostons, which is very popular with the M. B. C. as an excuse for many drinks.

I hope you will not think me presuming in thus addressing you, but the members who write those excruciatingly funny and remarkably veracious accounts of our doings to the *World* seem to exhaust their brains in the effort, as I never see anything from Montreal in THE WHEEL. If agreeable, then, I will occasionally write to U.

Editor of THE WHEEL: In your last number I notice the following:

"It has been a mystery to us why Mr. John S. Prince claims to be the champion. We are not aware that there has been any open event for the professional championship, and this continual racing on paper is certainly ludicrous. At present there are say only twenty professional riders who have appeared on the track, and even that is a liberal estimate. Verily, it is a 'tempest in a tea-pot.'"

I call myself "Champion of America" because I am ready and willing to back my claim to the title at any distance against all comers. I have repeatedly stated this in your columns, as well as in other papers, but not one of the twenty riders you speak of has had the courage to take me up. If John Keen, who is a manly rider and who will give me all the work I want to beat him, had not come all the way from England to take up my challenge, I might still have continued in the "tea-pot" business, but it would not have been my fault.

JOHN S. PRINCE.

## FIFTY MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

About one thousand people, among whom were fifty wheelmen representing the Germantown, Philadelphia, New York, Lenox and Manhattan Clubs assembled at the American Institute, Monday evening, December 19th, to witness the fifty mile race for the "Amateur Championship of America." The race was very exciting and at one time it was a difficult task to name the probable winner. Owing to the fact that the management had neglected to properly rope off the course, the spectators wandered all over the track, in spite of the efforts of the Marshalls to restrain them. One man foolishly tried to cross the track and was run into by Sanford, who was thrown violently to the ground. He pluckily remounted, but the fall destroyed any chances of winning he may have had. There were six entries, as follows: Wm. Smith, Bristol B. C., England; Geo. D. Gideon, Germantown, B. C.; C. D. Vesey, Surrey B. C., England; Frank Howard, New York; Louis Stearns, Lenox, B. C.; B. G. Sanford, New York. All faced the starter, and at 7:45 were sent on their long journey. Smith took the lead at the start, and made the pace followed by Vesey with Gideon third. On the third mile Vesey passed Smith and took the lead until the fifth mile, when the Bristol man showed in front, and held first until in spurting around the course near the entrance, he fell and lost half a lap, which he regained shortly. At the sixth mile the slaughtering of records commenced. Vesey, Smith and Gideon all riding half a minute within the best American Record up to the twenty-third mile, when the pace eased up slightly. Stearns and Howard were plodding along steadily a mile in the rear. The ten miles were made in 36m. 10s., and at fifteen miles the watches showed 55m. 4s., and twenty miles were covered in 1h. 15m. 4s. On the twenty-fifth mile Smith passed Vesey, who began to show signs of weakening, and fol-

lowed by Gideon gained a lap at the thirtieth mile. Stearns and Howard then began to do some racing and Vesey went to pieces and pulled up—the pace evidently being too much for him. He remounted again but was two miles behind and practically out of the race. On the fortieth mile Gideon passed Smith, who shortly afterwards was taken with the cramps and obliged to retire. This gave Gideon, who was riding a very game race, seven laps ahead of Howard and nine ahead of Stearns. Howard then tried to make up his distance and succeeded in regaining five laps. Lap after lap were rolled off amid tremendous excitement, Gideon, who had been suffering from cramps, manfully stuck to his work, and crossed the line a winner in 3h. 13m. 8 1-2s. Howard second in 3h. 14m. 1 3-4s., with Stearns third.

Below we give the score as prepared by Mr. Edward Plummer of the *Sportsman*, to whom we are indebted for the same.

	Gideon.	Howard.	Stearns.	Vesey.	Smith,	Sanford.
M.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
1..	3 34 4	3 45	3 45 1/2	3 33 1/2	3 33	4 15
2..	7 8	7 59	7 57 1/2	7 8 1/4	7 8 1/4	8 11
3..	10 46	12 18	12 16	10 42	10 42 1/2	13 47
4..	14 20	15 44	15 43	14 19	14 22	16 37
5..	17 57	19 42	19 41	17 56	17 58	20 38
6..	21 35 1/2	23 44	23 45	*21 35	21 36	24 17
7..	25 12	27 37	27 36	*25 10	25 13	28 30
8..	28 48 1/2	31 30	31 31	*28 48	28 49	33 11
9..	32 33	35 31	35 30	*32 30	32 30 1/2	37 30
10..	36 13	39 31	39 30	*36 10	36 12	41 45
11..	39 59	43 31	43 30	*39 56	39 57	45 56
12..	43 47	47 25	47 23	*43 45	43 46	50 16
13..	47 21	51 20	51 21	*47 20	*47 19 1/2	54 38
14..	51 16	55 13	55 12	*51 14	51 15	58 40
15..	55 5	59 8	59 7	*55 4	55 4 1/2	1 2 30
16..	59 5	1 2 59	1 2 58	*59 3	59 4	1 6 37
17..	1 2 57	1 7 5	1 7 4	*1 2 55	1 2 56	1 11 6
18..	1 7 3	1 11 4	1 11 3	*1 7 1	1 7 1 1/2	1 15 9
19..	1 11 2	1 15 8	1 15 7	*1 11 0	1 11 1	1 19 34
20..	1 15 6	1 19 8	1 19 7	*1 15 4	1 15 5	1 24 15
21..	1 19 06	1 23 14	1 23 13	*1 19 04	1 19 05	1 28 30
22..	1 23 12	1 27 20	1 27 19	1 23 10	1 23 11	1 34 15
23..	1 27 16	1 31 29	1 31 28	1 27 14	1 27 15	1 41 50
24..	1 31 27	1 35 24	1 35 20	1 31 25	1 31 26	1 45 50
25..	1 35 23	1 40 05	1 39 50	1 35 22	1 35 21	1 51 30
26..	1 40 06	1 43 35	1 43 50	1 40 41	1 40 06	1 56 48
27..	1 43 52	1 46 54	1 46 55	1 43 58	1 43 51	2 03 06
28..	1 47 57	1 50 48	1 50 40	1 47 52	1 47 56	2 09 4
29..	1 51 42	1 54 15	1 54 50	1 51 47	1 51 41	2 15 2
30..	1 54 56	1 58 41	1 58 39	1 57 30	1 54 55	2 20 20
31..	1 58 41	2 3 10	2 2 24	2 1 36	1 58 40	2 25 17
32..	2 2 26	2 6 42	2 6 14	2 9 57	2 2 25	2 31 21
33..	2 6 15	2 10 33	2 10 3	2 13 35	2 6 15	2 37 10
34..	2 10 5	2 14 24	2 13 55	2 17 17	2 10 4	2 42 12
35..	2 13 57	2 18 10	2 17 44	2 21 3	2 13 56	2 47 24
36..	2 17 46	2 21 34	2 21 27	2 24 52	2 17 45	2 52 52
37..	2 21 30	2 25 29	2 25 16	2 28 42	2 21 28	2 57 59
38..	2 25 18	2 29 5	2 29 8	2 32 42	2 25 17	3 2 34
39..	2 29 7	2 32 40	2 33 6	2 37 6	2 29 6	3 7 40
40..	2 33 8	2 36 15	2 37 3	2 41 18	2 33 7	3 13 40
41..	2 37 5	2 39 52	2 40 50	2 45 5	2 37 4	
42..	2 40 52	2 43 36	2 44 54	2 49 10		
43..	2 44 50	2 47 24	2 48 20	2 53 9		
44..	2 48 43	2 51 8	2 52 20			
45..	2 52 17	2 55 22	2 56 30			
46..	2 57 25	2 58 50	3 0 5			
47..	3 1 20	3 2 34	3 4 28			
48..	3 5 8	3 6 20	3 8 40			
49..	3 9 7	3 10 15	3 14 25			
50..	3 13 8 1/2	3 14 1	3 18 45			

\* Denote the best on record by an American amateur.

After the race the track was cleared, and John Keen gave an exhibition three miles against time, making the distance in 10m. 16 1-4.

Mr. Geo. D. Gideon, the holder of the championship, is 22 years old, is six feet in height, and weighs 152 lbs. He rides a 58 in. light Harvard roadster, weighing about 40 pounds. Gideon was obliged to do his riding in a small hall 33 laps to the mile, while the others have had the opportunity of practising at the Institute the past ten days.

The second man, Mr. Frank Howard, is only fifteen years old, and is a very plucky rider. Had he been properly handled he would have probably done better. The field officers were: Referee and Starter: James Watson, *New York Herald*. Judges: C. W. Minor, Manhattan Bicycle Club; L. H. Johnson, Essex Bicycle Club; Wm. M. Wright, Mercury Bicycle Club; Wm. F. Gullen, Brooklyn Bicycle Club. Clerk of the Course: Fred. Jenkins, WHEEL. Timekeepers: E. Plummer, *Sportsman*; Geo. Taylor, Coll. College Bicycle Club; Chas. Reed, Coll. College Bicycle Club. Marshalls: Fred. G. Bourne, Manhattan Bicycle Club; H. Humphreys; C. J. Howard, Manhattan Bicycle Club; Phil. Timpson, Manhattan Bicycle Club.



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JULIUS WILCOX . . . . . Associate Editor.

187 Broadway, Room 12, New York.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

NEW YORK, December 21, 1881.

## FORWARDS, OR BACKWARDS?

The "Boston Beans," in the last WHEEL, may have been very hot when Handy Andy baked them, but when dished out and read they were found very chilling and very heavy on the stomachs of wheelmen in this city who make comparisons. Wherefore? We will proceed to state.

The wheel, as we all know (making a proper bow eastward as we say it), commenced in Boston to roll on its westward course around the globe, as far as this country is concerned. In this city, it was just beginning to make its beginning, in the autumn of 1879; it has had two years here, and the same is as fairly true of the country at large outside of the region of which Boston is close centre, as any general statement can be. The trouble with the aforesaid beans is that they have, here, all the coldness which distance can give. "The large and comfortably furnished house, 53 Union Park," has been leased by the Boston—here follows an enticing description of the various comforts, conveniences, and charms of the club-house, by floors. Of course, this old club knows what it is about, and is not made up of boys who order whistles without having the wherewith to pay for them; so the financial side of the venture may be pronounced straight from the start. The club-house is very nice, but as a club-house merely is nowise remarkable; it is pleasant to go to it, and be in it, but the great thing is to go *out* of it—on the wheel. The fact of importance is that it is a *bicycle* club-house. The miserable country away from Boston can't have such a club-house; and that, because it can't have such a club; and *that*, because it can't have the bicycles and the use of them; and *that*, because keeping bicycles to look at isn't just the soul-satisfying thing, and there are not the ROADS to ride on. As man can't live by bicycles alone (for we can't all be in "the trade") we can't all live in Boston; so this dish of frozen beans set before us is only an ache and an aggravation.

What has been the progress of wheeling during the two years? In which direction is it? Of course, if the end and the beginning of the time are to be compared, or if the number of machines sold or put into use in the time is to be stated for answer, the question need not be put at all, for we all know that there has been progress. The more important question—because containing the truer test—is, how does the wheel hold? Does it stand use well? Does it spread steadily in localities

where taken up, and do the new riders add to the number, or do the new localities of introduction and the new riders only offset (or little more than offset) the abandonment of the wheel by old ones? Is the wheel found to be a "craze," destined to spread until everybody has had his turn and is satisfied to quietly get out of it, or is it here to dwell and extend?

These questions, be it understood, are only raised, not answered; we do not attempt to answer them, nor do we put them in a leading manner, as if implying or fearing unfavorable answers. The exceptions of course exist; men take up the wheel, and abandon it, for a variety of good, bad, and indifferent reasons—the *net* movement is the thing sought. That the answers to these questions exist, in the form of the facts, is not doubtful; but that any man, or any ten, can tell at present what they are, may be doubtful. The questions, in part, relate to the future, and so the answers to those must be prophetic; but they can be told fairly well upon the answers of fact relating to what has actually been accomplished during the two years. In the city of Brooklyn, for example, the writer is satisfied—if *dissatisfaction* of a pronounced sort can be fairly alluded to in that way—that bicycling has progressed backward in 1881; in this city, its progress has not been more than slight, probably; in Boston, and in the other known oases of good roads through the country, progress has no doubt been made.

But how much progress, is the question. There is no good reason for not putting it. Nobody can profit, in any way, by being deceived on this point. If the wheel is steadily gaining in this country, the encouragement from knowledge of the fact is quite worth having; if the facts are unfavorable, it is still best to know them. We all know about the Meet, and the various inevitable fights for our right of way, and the Central Park matter, and so on. The symptoms of debility also are in part known. The *Cyclist*, the *Tricycling Journal*, and their cotemporaries—all unknown to the majority of American riders, as should *not* be the fact—are as bad an aggravation, in their way, as the Boston beans which supply our text; these papers show a vigor, a life, a deeply-rooted and growing prosperity of wheeling that sometimes makes the struggling pioneers here ache with a sense of empty void. The lack of that spirit here is known, as far as it exists. The far too indifferent support of wheel journals—even when the size of the wheel interest here is considered—is a fact well known to their publishers and editors. Jack Horner too much takes his wheel to the corner and makes a Christmas pie of it, all to himself.

Let it be plainly understood that this article is not written in any lack of loyalty to the wheel; its utility and value are not doubted—they are a closed question, which only sour-dispositioned or uninformed persons will ever raise. Everything needed to give the wheel a permanent and unequalled place is in this country, without doubt, except one—ROADS; that essential one is in uncertainty. We must fight long and hard before we surrender the wheel to the barbarous and short-sighted policy of bad roads; but the first step is to find out the size of the problem. The great size of the country is not to be overlooked—it is an apology and explanation for not getting on further with the L. A. W., with the collection and publication of information, and in the work of progress generally. But this difficulty of size makes the need of such information all the more imperative. This information about roads and progress of the wheel cannot be found in books or in the newspapers; the observations are yet to be made.

Let there, therefore, be a voluntary sending of precisely this



information from all over the country. Let it cover the number of riders in a given area; the increase during 1881; the number of 1880 riders who stuck to their wheel in 1881; the kind of roads; the net results in progress. *Do not wait for somebody else—do this yourself.* If several send data from the same locality, all the better—for that will serve to give confirmation and to avoid errors. Of course, only approximate exactness can be expected.

J. W.

## PROMINENT WHEELMEN—I.



*Yours fraternally,  
Charles E. Pratt*

President L. A. W.

Probably no one wheelman in the United States, outside of the manufacturers, is so well known to bicyclers as the subject of this sketch, which is an excellent reproduction by the Moss Engraving Co. of New York, of a recent photograph by Notman, the "Wheelmen's Artist."

Mr. Chas. E. Pratt was born in Vassalboro', Maine, the 13th of March, 1845, and is therefore thirty-six years of age. Mr. Pratt's early years were passed in the country, where he acquired a fondness for using tools and a still greater taste for study. He learned two trades, and at the early age of fourteen taught in the village school. At eighteen he set up in business for himself, and since then has been obliged to rely on his own resources, and has hewn his way to his now present successful position. Mr. Pratt studied at Haverford College, Penn., where he devoted himself to the languages, and acquired a knowledge of twelve or thirteen. He also received a degree of Master of Arts from that university. In 1870 he settled in Boston, completing his legal studies, and in 1871 was admitted to practice in the State Courts of Massachusetts. Since then he has made Boston his home; his mechanical proclivities leading him to make a specialty of patent law. Mr. Pratt has been four times elected a member of the City Council of Boston, the last time on nomination of all parties; he is one of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library, and holds other positions of responsibility.

He became interested in the bicycle at the first revival of its use in Boston, and being in impaired health, took it for exercise in the newly-opened riding school of Cunningham, Heath & Co., during the winter of 1877-8. Mr. Pratt was one of the

signers of the call for the Boston Bicycle Club, and has been one of the most earnestly enthusiastic wheelmen ever since. He brought the same studious method to bear upon bicycling that he has applied to other things, and became thoroughly versed in the literature and the mechanics of the art. In the early spring of 1879 he brought out the first edition of "The American Bicyclist," which quickly became the source of information for other writers, and helped to develop the interest in the bicycle in this country. A second edition of the book followed in 1880. Mr. Pratt will also be remembered as promoter of the famous "Wheel Around the Hub" in the autumn of 1879, and the author of the article with that title in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, 1880, the illustrations of which surpassed everything else in the bicycling literature. He was also projector of the *Bicycling World*, and its editor from November, 1879, to February, 1880, when the demands of his profession, and his health, made it impossible longer to give it attention. He issued the call and drew up the constitution and rules for the League of American Wheelmen in 1880, and was unanimously chosen the president, to which office he was this year re-elected. He is, and for three years has been, president of the Boston Bicycle Club, is honorary member of the New York Bi. C., the Massachusetts Bi C., and the Montreal Bi. C.; and is also a member of the Bicycle Touring Club.

He is a collector of Bicycle and Tricycle publications and pictures, and finds occasion to add thereto occasional contributions of his own. His legal opinions on the rights of wheelmen in public highways and parks, have shown thorough investigation of the law and sound reasoning, and are the most elaborate of anything of the kind published. In May, 1881, he accepted a position of attorney for the Pope Manufacturing Company, his legal and mechanical knowledge, as well as his strong interest in the promotion of bicycling, making his services of especial value to that company, while, at the same time, it afforded him more opportunities for aiding the cause of good wheelmanship, the improvement of this swift cursor of the roads, and the development of its use, into all of which he enters with the zeal of a missionary.

Those who have had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Mr. Pratt have found in him a genial companion, both off and on the wheel, and a steadfast friend; his many agreeable qualities winning for him an enviable position.

Mr. Pratt rides a 48 and 50 in. bicycle and a tricycle, is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and weighs about 146 pounds. Although he has never been seen on the racing path, as a road rider he is a hard one to leave behind, and as our correspondent once remarked, "President Pratt will ride ready to take any rise of 'five feet in ten,' or, if impossible, will give a legal opinion why 'tis so."

## MY CHRISTMAS, 1880.

In the fall of last year I was unexpectedly called to Europe on business, an entirely unlooked for event, which caused me considerable chagrin, being, as I was, a very active member of the X. Bicycle Club of X., and a fervent wheelman. Many were the trips projected and great was the anticipated pleasure of each man who made up our particular coterie. However, the fiat had gone forth, and all that remained for me to do was to obey.

Consequently, the last week in October, 1880, found me established, for the time being, at the "Queen's," in Liverpool. My stay in this city was lengthened much beyond my expectation, and so I took the opportunity thus offered to renew the acquaintance of some of the brotherhood who I had met on this side of the water. To the fact of this unexpected delay in Liverpool, I can lay the beginning and establishing of two of the firmest and dearest friendships of my life.

When first Jack Conway and I were introduced we seemed to spring into each other's confidence at once, our palms met with the hearty grasp of old friends and true, instead of the lukewarm touch of formal acquaintances. The many spins old Jack and I had together constantly enhanced the mutual congeniality, and cemented closer our already firm friendship.

One of our favorable runs was to Chester via Birkenhead, Eastham, etc. Whether the old city or a certain wayside Inn was the magnet which drew us in that direction I have never



yet satisfactorily decided with my conscience, but be it as it may, I must confess that Jack and I frequented the "Dragon" very often, for the obvious reason that the said "Dragon" afforded triple attractions of superb "home brew," tender cold "cuts," and a very pretty bar-maid.

Lucy, Jack and I became a very chummy trio, and I flatter myself that there was a slight shadow in her eye as I bid her my final farewell. The time for my departure for Paris had come, and I had prevailed on Jack to join me in that city on or about the 10th of December for a wheeling trip, the itinerary of which was to be arranged in the interim. Como was to be our objective point, at which place I had promised to spend Christmas day with some friends. The morning of November 22d found me comfortably ensconced in a first-class compartment, booked through to London. I had almost despaired of seeing Jack, who had not put in a promised appearance to see me off. Two minutes before starting time, when just on the final ringing of the bell, the shrill whistle of the guard and the slamming of the carriage doors told me we were about to start, he rushed into the station very much out of breath and very red in the face; barely time for a few words of affectionate farewell, when the train moved, and the form of dear old Jack receded into the smoke and gloom of the station, while we darted London-ward into the sunlight of a glorious morning. Though I had provided myself bountifully with current literature, I felt in no mood for reading, so adjusting my cap and snuggling down into the soft recesses of the seat, I gave myself up to reverie. Lucy, the Dragon, and the six foot anatomy of Jack composed the pith and subject of these day-dreams, and so engrossed had I become in my own reflections that I was really almost oblivious of the fact that I had travelling companions. My vision for some time past had been fixed mechanically on the curious pattern of what proved to be a travelling rug, used by my vis-a-vis. This strange gaudy oriental design had vaguely interwoven itself into my cogitations, after the manner of any object steadily looked on when you are absorbed in deep ponderings. At length I awoke to the appreciation that my stare might be construed as impertinent, simultaneously with that thought my eyes were raised to the level of the lady's face, there I encountered the gaze of a pair of pretty gray eyes which were regarding me in a quizzical, inquiring sort of way; the lids, however, were dropped instantly, and the semi-amused expression changed to one of confusion.

She was chaperoned by an elderly female, whether companion or relative I knew not. The young lady was decidedly pretty, which fact was sufficient cause to prompt my gallantry in showing those little attentions so properly rendered in similar cases by gentlemen to unprotected female fellow "voyageurs."

London was at length reached, and having bestowed my lady friends in a cab and seen them safely en route for their desired destination, I lifted my hat, bid them adieu and received, as my reward, an earnest "thank you very much, indeed," a gracious smile (even more expressive than the words) from the *very* pretty young lady, and then they were off, out of my sight, as I supposed, for ever.

My stay in London and Paris was uneventful and devoid of interest to my readers. My business was brought to a successful issue on the 8th of December, and I was impatiently awaiting the coincident arrival of Jack and the 10th.

In the usual course of events, the expected Jack and the date came, and a day was spent in making final arrangements as to route, bicycles, et cetera. We secured a couple of machines by Clement, and the morning of the 17th we were en route for Lyons.

Our spirits were very exuberant, and I am afraid we were rather boisterous, for a certain grave-looking citizen, who was the only other occupant of the compartment, at first eyed us in a very supercilious manner; however, our mirth was evidently contagious, and before he left us at some way station, he was as merry and hilarious as we.

Our attempts at French were altogether too much for him, and the fat sides of the old duffer shook as Jack, in most execrable French, accompanied by the appropriate hideous grimaces and outlandish gestures, tried to narrate his trials in book-ling our machines to our destination.

Our plan was to take to our wheels at Lyons, thence to

Chamounix via Aix. Having stayed in the former place a day, we intended partly retracing our route, to make for Chamberg and take the rail through Mt. Cenis to Suza, and from this point to take to the road, and wheel about 175 miles to Como.

The evening of the 13th found us "on time" at a small place about 10 miles east of Annecy, and little did Jack and I imagine, as we approached the grand old Alps, that they would indeed prove to us "*Les Montagnes Maudites*." The morning of the 14th, full of animal spirits, we began the climb toward Chamounix, the air was clear and crisp, and the grand mountains spread out north and south as far as the eye could reach, apparently an impassable barrier. The "pico" of Mt. Blanc stood out conspicuous, cold and white, and in the rarified air, seemingly only a few miles away.

The weather of the afternoon proved to be the reverse of that of the morning, the air having a blustering, vicious snap about it, and the sun and mountains were obscured by cold and threatening clouds.

The prospect of having to stop somewhere short of Chamounix seemed to be more and more probable, as the daylight waned apace. We had evidently overestimated our abilities as hill-climbers; the prospect was not encouraging; the rapidly gathering gloom, the rising wind, dead in our faces, the almost utter solitude (as we had not seen a human being or a house for over an hour), and, lastly, our capacity for being able to communicate with the natives in their diabolical patois, was very limited indeed. This was the condition of things about half-past four; Jack was in the lead about one hundred yards, laboring up-grade against the mud, his shadowy form had barely disappeared round a sharp angle of the road when I heard his voice raised in anathematising in decided English, someone or something. Spurring up, so to speak, I was soon at Jack's side; I found him engaged in a vigorous wordy war (which threatened to come to blows) with a couple of sturdy mountaineers; Jack, it seems, had run into these two fellows in such a manner as to cause him to dismount in a very undignified and rapid manner; each side, *apparently*, blamed the other, hence the mutual recriminations. Having at last restored peace and harmony, we set about the serious and difficult task of eliciting information, with the following result epitomized.

We were 18 miles from Chamounix, or a good 4 hours' ride up the pass.

There was a small Hospice about 8 miles further up. There was a bad snow storm coming up, which had even now commenced; and finally, if we desired, we could avail ourselves of the shelter afforded by their house, less than a mile away.

It was a bad scrape, but we had to make the best of it, so, ruefully and chapfallen, we accepted the offer of the peasants.

A walk of about a quarter of a mile up the main pass and then bearing to the left over a rough mountain-road, half a mile further, brought us to what appeared, in the dark, to be a large ruined chateau or convent. With a word of caution from our guides, we picked our way carefully and slowly through a deep archway and emerged into a large open court yard, in the extreme north angle of which signs of habitation were evident, in the shape of a casement, through which the cheerful flicker of a fire glowed invitingly.

Under the direction of one of the men we safely housed our machines, and after having unstrapped our "multums," we were ushered into the room from whence we had seen the firelight issue. The other man had preceded us, and was holding vehement converse with a very fine specimen of a peasant woman; the apparent squabble ceased very suddenly on our entry, and the woman turned sullenly away, to attend to a smoking kettle of what proved to be a sort of haricot, the savory smell of which restored Jack's and my good humor somewhat, for we were horribly hungry.

The woman did not recognize our presence by word or gesture, and was evidently not hospitably inclined. We did not feel *very* much hurt, however, and the men tried to make up by endeavoring to make us comfortable in their rude, uncouth way. Having changed our wet stockings for dry ones, and our shoes for slippers, we did ample justice to the haricot, topping it off with some first-rate cognac, "just to keep the cold out," as Jack said. By this time the genial joint effects of the supper, fire and cognac, had brought us to a state bordering on con-



tentment. Conversation with our hosts and hostess was out of the question, and, feeling pretty safe, we discussed them and our surroundings to our hearts content. The room we occupied, in common with the family, had evidently seen better days; the walls had, at some remote period, been covered with heavy oak paneling, remnants of which still remained, enough to show that in its completeness it must have been very beautiful. I called Jack's attention to the fact that our curious examination of the apartment was causing our friends visible annoyance, but that did not stop our investigations until we were satisfied. Making known our wish to retire intelligible, the younger of the two men bid us follow him. Retracing our steps across the court into the deep arch before spoken of, our guide opened a heavy iron-bound door and showed us at once into a large bare stone chamber, the entire furniture of which consisted of three pallet beds, a rude bench, and what had once been an arm chair. In the huge fireplace a cheerful fire was blazing so brightly as to illuminate the chamber thoroughly. The only attempt at ornamentation was an immense halberd fastened over the fireplace; to handle which must have taken the brawn of a Savoyard Og.

We were too tired to notice anything more, and so, after securing the door and replenishing the fire, we rolled ourselves in the coarse blankets provided, threw our weary bodies on the beds, and assiduously courted sleep. The strangeness and novelty of our surroundings, however, for a time banished the cosy Morpheus from our lids, our thoughts naturally took a romantic turn, we conjectured on the probable original occupancy of this old building. We peopled the room we were in with sturdy halberdiers in corselets and steel caps. We resurrected the giant of the massive weapon and made the walls ring with their roystering jest and oath. At last our conversation became more and more desultory, and sank into incoherent murmurings, and our murmurings into silence (perhaps snorings). However, our slumbers were heavy and dreamless. Yes, little did we dream, waking or sleeping, of what awaited us in the near future.

(To be continued.)

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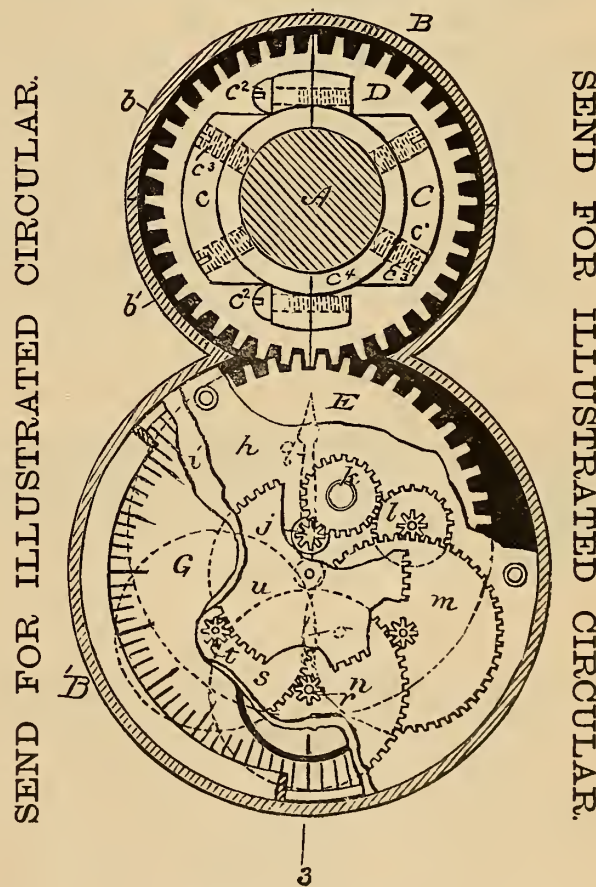
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