

THE WHEEL.

A Journal of Bicycling.

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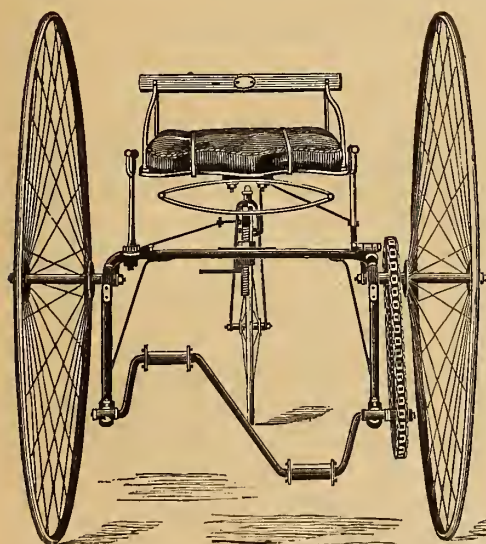
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597 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

No meet, no picture, no headers, no band, not anything.

It was a fizzle.

On account of the drizzle.

But we hope to see all of you at the same hour on Thanksgiving Day.

Would it not be better to set the hour a little earlier, to enable those who wish to see the football game in the afternoon at the Polo Ground, time to return.

There is always more or less delay in starting a body of wheelmen, a probable delay of an hour for the picture, another full hour to reach Kingsbridge, lunch, etc., will fill up the rest of the time; and it will be fully five before the return will be accomplished.

The six members of the Kings County wheelmen deserve the cake, for wheeling through the mud, and turning up in time. Such a band of enthusiasts deserve special mention. We also admire the man who came up from Perth Amboy to participate.

We hear with regret that the proprietor of the Kingsbridge Hotel laid in a stock of one hundred loaves and numerous small fishes. We are afraid they remained on his hands but hope he will lose none of the patronage of passing wheelmen, which ought to be bestowed in return for the generous outlay, which probably resulted in a total loss to that gentleman.

Brother Lamson has added a couple of extra straps to his "Luggage Carrier," and in addition to carrying a coat, our calling wheelmen can take a box of candy or a book to his Louise or Mary Ann, with perfect safety. If you have not one already, send for it.

The riding season is slowly but surely drawing to a close, and it seems a suitable occasion to make some remarks concerning club-rooms. Our present rooms are small, inconvenient, and not attractive enough to keep the members together during the winter. As soon as the first fall of snow comes, the average wheelman discards the corderoy and dons the broadcloth, and is rarely seen until spring. The establishing of bowling, or in-door tennis clubs would tend to keep up the interest. Perhaps if the clubs combined, they might secure the American Institute, once a week, when not engaged, for riding purposes. If no man with sufficient faith and capital will have energy enough to establish a riding school, which would be well patronized, we must look out for ourselves. The subject is certainly worth discussing.

WHEEL RACES

MOTT HAVEN, Nov. 1.—A two-mile handicap was run at the games of the Columbia College Athletic Association, in which H. C. Taylor, '84, with 400 yards start of C. A. Reed, '84, scratch, won in 6m. 51 3-8s. Reed was second in 7m. 21s. E. C. Hunt, '85, who also had 400 yards, finished third. Hunt

had a good lead until the first lap of the second mile, when he took a header, but remounting, finished in good form a few laps behind the others.

STENTON, Nov. 5.—The three-mile race was easily won by William Woodside, Manhattan Bicycle Club, in 10m. 54s. Powell of the Germantown Club, finishing second, Powell disabled his machine before the start and was obliged to ride a strange machine.

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.]

MANHATTAN.—The Manhattan Club held a special meeting last Friday for the purpose of passing upon the labors of a committee of three appointed to draft a new set of By-Laws and Rules for the government of the club. Although a good number were in attendance, the Rules were informally discussed and laid over to the following Monday, when the regular monthly meeting was held. The resignations of Wm. D. Hobart and Francis K. Grain were read and accepted. Mr. Grain desired to be placed upon the non-resident list. The By-Laws and Rules were then formally adopted. As provided in the new code of rules, the date of the annual election was changed to November 1st and the following board of officers were elected: President, Randolph Hurry; Captain, Fred G. Bourne; Secretary, *F. A. Coleman; Treasurer, Edward H. Jewett; First-Lieutenant, *Fred. Jenkins; Second-Lieutenant, Chas. J. Howard; Bugler, H. H. Meyer; Club Committee, President. Captain, Secretary, *ex-officio*, Charles W. Minor, H. H. Walker, Fred. Jenkins, Ed. H. Wales. Among the new provisions in the By-Laws is the establishing of an annual ten-mile race for the championship of the club, to be run probably in September.

*Re-elected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME BOSTON BEANS.

One day last week I was slowly riding along over a certain road in the vicinity of Newton, mentally at peace with all the world and physically feeling "prime." It was a glorious autumn day, the air still, clear and crisp; long-drawn inspirations of the ozone-charged atmosphere acted like champagne in its exhilarating effects; the road was superb and the gentle "swish" of my wheel as it scudded thro' the fallen leaves made "music in the air." My whole being was engrossed in the enjoyment of the present; there was not a jarring influence to interfere with the pleasing drift of my thoughts; nature and myself were in unison; that is, I was in unison with nature *sure*, and I flattered myself that nature returned the compliment. Unalloyed bliss is not of this world, and never was I more rudely awakened to the fact, than I was that lovely afternoon; imagine me under the influence of the condition of things above portrayed, as being worked to a state bordering on ecstasy, when the soul seemed to soar beyond things earthly, imagine then the harsh shock my till then, placid sensibilities received, on hearing a discordant human voice asserting emphatically and horribly out of tune, that he was "a Pirate King, he was a P-i-r-a-t-e K-i-n-g," and furthermore increasing my exasperation by informing the world at large that it "was a *galorous* thing to be a P-i-r-a-t-e K-i-n-g."

It took me a moment or two to pull myself together and to get down to matters terrestrial, but having done so, I disposed of my bicycle, I turned my eye and attention toward the spot from whence these diabolical noises proceeded; the first thing that caught my vision was an all-nickled wheel, the next thing a tree against which the wheel was placed, the next, a canvass shoe-covered foot wildly waving in the air and projecting from behind the tree; prudence having prompted me to arm myself with a large stone, I advanced cautiously, gradually bringing the legs, body and face of this amateur howling dervish into range of my

sight, at that supreme moment this self-denounced outcast executed a peculiarly soul-piercing yell and performed a double-shuffle in the air with his feet. Following with my eyes, the direction in which he appeared to be looking, I detected a usually peaceful bovine in the act of leaping a fence in a manner which would do credit to a steeple-chaser; the poor creature evidently scared out of every sense it possessed.

In the meantime the apparent maniac had subsided and a few triumphant chuckles alone indicated to my ear his presence. A few steps placed me right in front of the man and I at once recognized Mr. X—, of the "wicked Bostons." I had murder in my heart, blood in my eye, which fact X— seemed to divine as he winced a bit on catching sight of me so unexpectedly. His embarrassment was, however, but momentary; he hailed me in his usual genial way; I was not so easily mollified, and in mingled accents of anger and sorrow said, "but my dear X—, why these demoniacal demonstrations, why these howls of anguish?"

"Howls of anguish forsooth," replied X—, with some asperity, as he half rose from his recumbent "posish," (at this evidence of returning insanity I firmly grasped the stone I provided myself with, retreated a step, commended myself to Providence (R. I.) and resolved to die hard). "Howls!" repeated he, "why, my dear Handy, I was *singing*," and he continued apologetically, "certainly that boss yell I gave, and the motion of my legs were only given to accelerate the movements of that jolly old cow, and by Jove, he added, "did she not take that fence like a top sawyer?"

Well, to be brief, "The Pirate" and I kissed and made up (that is figuratively), mounted our respective machines and moved homeward.

I was a trifle sulky after the shock my nervous system had received, but on reflection, remembering that "The Pirate" was the best posted man in the "wicked Bostons," I determined to pump him for notes for THE WHEEL, and I extracted the following medley of facts and fiction in about the style and order I give it:

He stated that "Billy Bernhardt was really and truly hard at work reading law, putting in six or eight solid hours a day; that: the Massachusetts club had taken the 'Crescents' under its paternal wing and had secured rooms for joint-head quarters; that, shandy-gaff was the 'boss' bicyclist's drink; that, he thought the L. A. W. had put their foot into it by appointing Mr. Winter their representative in England; that, the wicked Bostons had not yet secured those luxurious quarters; that the Massachusetts run to Gloucester was a success; that, Commodore Weston had permanently abandoned yachting on his selling the 'Mist'; that Bro. Shillaber did not go to Washington to get spliced as it had been rumored; that Prince will "wallup" Rollinson when the two of 'em do race; that the wicked Bostons have taken in Mr. Frye."

Here I choked him off and headed him in another direction, by asking him what he thought of the last meeting of the League officers in New York. "Well," said "The Pirate," "I was there, I was amused, I was en-angered, I was glad to see that by the combined persistence of the President and Mr. Dean, of Boston, some action was taken by the meeting which promises to be productive of good consular work this winter, but," added "The Pirate," musingly, "don't you think that they *Prattled* a little too much on the Badge question?" "Hold," I gasped, "none of that if you please," and my tone was so earnest, injured and solemn-like that the poor Pirate was absolutely subdued. The balance of the way into the city was ridden in silence, not a word or a smile; that is we did not smile until the "Pirate, in a repentant mood, insisted on my drinking, at his expense, a bumper of shandy-gaff, under the warming influence of which we relented and forgave, clasped hands and swore friendship 'til death.

HANDY ANDY.

DEAR EDITOR.—As one of the most disappointed of the disappointed, who intended to participate in the meet Election Day, I turned up about ten o'clock to seek consolation among the unfortunates. Picking my way carefully over the two inches of slippery, slimy mud which covered Fifth Avenue, I entered 791

and encountered a staring notice, thusly—

POSTPONED UNTIL THANKS-GIVING DAY.

Around this spot were flocked the unattached, while in other parts of the room were seen the club men in groups, discussing the probabilities, and cussing the clerk of the weather.

The Mercury Club were represented by Chaplain Wilmerding, Olmstead, Neergaard and Foster. The interests of the Manhattan room were preserved by Bruner, Bourne, Fullerton, Howard, Jewett, Jenkins, Sledge and Walker. It was a sad sight to see Bucken wandering around inside an ulster, with a portion of a shapely calf exposed, encased in a blue stocking.

The Lone Star Club was represented by Mr. Pitman, Hall, Weber, Thompson, Campbell and Brown, of the Lenox were on hand and as lively as crickets. Mr. Haydock of the New York Club turned up smiling—and smiled. We smiled occasionally also. Mr. Cunningham represented the Yonkers Club, attired in a "bran new suit," from "Goy's." Occasionally an ambitious bugler would attempt the "Dead March of Saul," which did not increase the gloom that was fast settling upon the spirits of even the enthusiasts. Twelve o'clock came around and as there was no signs of a clear up, the boys slowly dispersed in various directions.

I was in hopes of giving you an account of what promised to be a most successful run, but fates and the weather decreed otherwise. However, I know that you and your readers will unite in wishing for "better luck next time."

A. G. ROWLER.

OUR SUNDAY TRIP.

The rain of the past three days having rendered our roads unfit for wheeling, I probably cannot better spend a half hour or so this morning than by giving you a synopsis of our trip last Sunday.

In accordance with plan previously agreed on, Livingston, Strowbridge and Norton, surnamed "Heavy," met at Newport, end of R. R. bridge at 8:30 A.M. I took up line of march for the Alexandria pike. "Heavy" marking the first half mile with a header, which Strowbridge wanted to, but could not repeat with same grace of recovery. As we went past the toll-gate and labored up first hill, which caused Heavy to so puff and perspire as to call a halt that he might relieve himself of his ulster, after which we, like young "Lochinvar," sprang into the saddle and sped on to our objective point Alexandria, twelve miles distant, where we expected, nay, were sure of meeting the *Belle* of the place—a divinity of form and feature, add complexion simply unrivalled—over whom one of our young men, on a previous trip, fairly went wild, and who, it has been faintly whispered, has made one if not two special and solitary trips to the point mentioned, without knowledge or sanction of his club companions; be this as it may, "not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men" will avail one iota to draw his name from me. But as someone says somewhere, we are digressing. We reached A. and the abode of our fair one, after an enjoyable trip, interspersed with a few halts of about one and half hour's duration, and had just got through necessary changes in wardrobes, when who should roll up to the door but our Captain Reed, who, did he care, could outrival the "Czar of all the Russias," in the way of medalistic decorations—results of his prowess on the racing path; next, and but a few yards behind, came Galway who although the latest acquisition to our ranks, is so far the champion hill climber. He is little, but is tough and if he improves in his present ratio, will be able to surmount hills of 45 degrees. Last but not least, either in speed or mashing propensities, came Kitchell, who, as the sequel proved, became a dangerous rival of our young man previously mentioned, in the smiles of our club divinity so to speak.

The second party on arrival reported one header attended by no serious consequences unless the hilarity of the two young ladies who witnessed it may prevent their attendance at church for a month of Sundays, owing to their inability to keep each other in countenance after the anatomical attitudinizing K. treated them to that Sabbath morning.

(Continued on Page 30.)

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THE TRICYCLE.

II.

Comparisons between any two varieties of the wheel, as between all material changes of details in construction, must recognize, if they are just and intelligent, the fact that some advantage must be set against some disadvantage, and the conclusion reached by striking a balance. As the advantages of most things in this deceitful world are more readily discoverable than their disadvantages, let us first state the latter, in comparing the tricycle, as every wheelmen immediately does, with its two-wheeled brother. Disadvantages are:

1. Increased weight.
2. Increased friction of working parts.
3. Increased resistance of surface traveled, by reason of its making three tracks, and by its inability to pick the road and avoid obstacles as readily as on the bi.
4. Decreased speed, consequent upon the increased power necessary to propel.
5. Some increase of cost.
6. Very material increase of room for storage, and some increase of cumbrousness in handling.

These are material objections, and would of course condemn the machine were there not very material advantages. Considering these objections in their order stated (1) actual weight of (single) tricycles probably ranges from 68 to 85 lbs, against 40 to 50 for the bi.; as the frame is now made of tubing, there is no reason to suppose this weight can be materially reduced. The tri. is heavier, because there is more of it, and this objection must be allowed to stand for all it is worth; lightness, however, is not near as important, in either machine, as many make it, particularly inexperienced riders.

2. The increase of friction is not of immense importance. There is more frictional surface, but the rider's weight is more distributed; ball bearings may also be used.

3. To the increased resistance of surface must be ascribed the chief part of the increased power necessary to pedal. The bi. makes two tracks; by this is not meant that the small wheel follows exactly in the rut the large one makes through every surface not perfectly flat and hard—for this is impossible—but that both wheels run in the same strip of a few inches width. Of course the tri. cannot do this—its construction compels it to

straddle the road—and ordinarily its third wheel runs midway between, each wheel finding its own track. There is one form (the Coventry) which does make but two tracks; and a few styles put the third (small) wheel in line with one of the large ones, but whether the advantage of this out-weighs its objections is a question.

4. As to the decrease of speed—an objection which every bicycle rider will think of first—the letters of manufacturers quoted in our last issue, cover the ground fairly, the letters to which they were replying having laid the principal stress upon the matter of speed and power needed to drive. As one maker happily phrased it, speed and power are only a question of proportion. It is undoubtedly true that *the same power* which will drive the bi. 10 miles in an hour will not drive the tri. so far in that time; this could not be otherwise without suspending mechanical laws. If you would go as fast on the tri. as on the bi. you must work harder; if you do not wish to work harder you must go slower. This is a perfectly simple and fair statement of it. Generally, the difficulty is compromised. Some of the bicycle speed is given up—as it is when one takes a smaller bi. wheel; and generally more or less increase of power in driving the tri. is accepted as necessary. But of course, when all is summed up, this is simply an objection, to count for its worth.

5 and 6. Increase in cost is fortunately not very great, and the other objection can be got along with.

Now for the advantages of the tricycle.

1. Immensely increased safety.
2. Total relief from the jars of rough roads.
3. Ability to wheel over surfaces where the bi. will not go.
4. Ability to slow up, stand still, start from a stand, and generally to use the seat for comfort.
5. Ability to "double up" and have a companion.
6. Luggage-carrying capacity.
7. Adaptability of the same machine to any number of adult riders.
8. Much greater freedom in looking about when riding.
9. Much greater independence of seasons and weather.
10. Immensely increased ease in mounting and dismounting.
11. Greater facility of learning.
12. Much greater adaptability to crowded places, as the streets of cities.

Now as to these points in detail.

Safety (1) is, of course, with most, the prime consideration. Except on some sort of "safety" machine, while the risks of mishap on the bicycle can be nearly all eliminated by care, there can be no guarantee against unavoidable accident, for instance, running into a soft spot in the road which looks like the rest. On the tri. there is no "header." Capsizing is perfectly easy, and may even become dangerous; but the difference is that it is totally unnecessary—*reasonable care will exclude all danger*, save, of course, from such possibilities as a runaway horse, etc.; with a properly built machine, a tri. may also safely descend all hills, even those dangerous for the bi.

2. The distribution of weight on three wheels, and the more elaborate springs which construction permits, relieve the rider of road jars. Of course, his body will not move in an even plane unless the road is even; but at the worst he only "pitches" like a ship at sea; he will not get "a sore seat," and his spinal column will suffer less than "on one wheel."

3. The tri. will of course take rougher surfaces than the bi. can, as anybody can see from the nature of the case. What is

more, it is far ahead on "greasy" or slippery surfaces.

4. This speaks for itself and is a good point. The tri. is a seat to sit still in, most agreeably, sometimes, as when viewing games or races. Any obstruction ahead which compels a halt does not compel a dismount. One can stop on an ascent, rest, and start again, without leaving the seat or saddle.

5. Here an immense point, just beginning to be appreciated. The double tri. is not twice as heavy, or twice as bulky, or twice as costly, as the single, *but its driving power is doubled*, and with two riders of fairly equal power there is no doubt that it will vie with the bicycle in speed, comfort and endurance. For thoroughly enjoyable touring, it beats the bi.; and in its single form the same is probably true, at least as to long and easy-going vacation jaunts. One can "spoon" on it deliciously; and the spooner can even relieve the spooness of working her dear little footies much, without injuring his own manly vigor. For self and friend, self and wife, self and sister or somebody else's, or for two ladies, the "sociable" tri. is a kingdom, which the bi. cannot approach. As not many American wheelmen (more's the pity) see the *Cyclist*, we quote from it the testimony of the London editor, Mr. Nairn, who got a Sociable last summer and is delighted:

"Speaking from our own experience, we can say that with a companion weighing between seven to eight stone (about 98 to 112 pounds) we found we could easily propel the machine alone on the level, while down the least incline there was only necessity for one to work. The only rise we encountered was somewhat stiff but was mounted with no more exertion than if bicycling. Down hill is of course "jam," as good foot-rests are provided. . . . They only want to be tried to be appreciated. Even with a daughter (O the sly man!) for a companion, we had a most delightful 10 miles spin on the first evening.

We have since given our double tri. a severe trial, and it has come out scathless. In company with a boy of 11 1-2 years, we last week rode 46 miles, mounting all the hills on the Ripley road, and covering the distance between the Talbot and Gig's Hill (10 miles) in 1h. 1m., on the return journey. Not satisfied with this test, in company with Mr. Godbolt, we left about six o'clock, . . . and continuing thence by Highgate and Southwood Lane (a most hilly route) descended Muswell Hill with feet on the rests. The Victoria was reached in an hour from Notting Hill, 10 1-2 miles, 7 1-2 of which were up hill. Though unable to get more than part of the way back up the hill we traveled . . . somewhat over 20 miles under the two hours, including three short hills. After this practical experience we are able to say that a double tri. is capable of great things.

Leaving Hammersmith, with no intention of doing a fast run, we covered the 4 3-4 miles to Richmond Station in 23 minutes, which induced us to go on for an hour. Slightly delayed in Richmond street by traffic, the Orleans Club (6 1-4 miles) was only passed in 32 minutes from the start. Fulwell Station 8 1-2 miles, was reached in 43 minutes, the Red Lion at Hampton, 10 miles, in 52 minutes, and after a terrific spurt as a wind up, we eased up at Sunbury Station, 12 3-4 miles, in 1h. 3m. To get this average, the machine must frequently have been driven quite at the rate of 14 miles an hour.

In a letter to the maker of the machine, Mr. Nairn, also says: "Last week, I rode it from Shepherd Bush to Colchester, a distance of 59 miles, in 7 hours, *including* stoppages, the stops amounting to 1h. 34m." This is 5h. 27m. riding time, and at the rate of 10.85 miles an hour, for one rider driving a double machine!

6. This is obvious at a glance, for the tri. will carry almost all which can be hitched on. It is a good point too, for besides the great value to the tourist, sportsman, and professional man, of being able to carry, the inability of the bicycle rider to take

much clothing compels him to sit in damp clothes or to go without wraps when needed, thus sometimes injuring health besides being sorely disagreeable. Luggage-carrying capacity is by no means a negative merit in the tri.

7. This speaks for itself. Seat and saddle are interchangeable to suit sex, and the machine does not have to be built to length of leg, like trousers. So one machine will "go round."

8. This is obvious. As the rider need not mind his steed so closely as on the bi., he can study the landscape more freely; he can also turn his head square around to look back without bothering his wheel.

9. The steadiness of the tri., and its greater lamp-carrying capacity, give it superiority for night riding. So on snow. For Winter, it is far ahead of the bi. which goes into the stall when "the winter of our discontent" comes on. The signs are that the votaries of the wheel will take to the tri. generally, in Winter at least, before many years.

10. The mount and dismount from the tri. are not laborious as more or less on the bi.; they are simple, quick and easy, and nowise objectionable.

11. This is also natural, *but* one must train up to it. Even the bicycle rider must do this. The action of the muscles is quite different from that on the bi. For one thing, there is no width of tread whatever, the legs working close together, as in walking. However desirable, this is *different* from the working on a bi.

12. The tri. is superior in crowded places, from its ability to go slow, and to stop, stand, and start as above noted. Moreover, the steering is admirably adapted to cramped quarters, as will be more expressly stated, further on.

J. W.

RELIABILITY IN RECORDS.

From time to time we hear of the "record" being lowered in various parts of the country, and sometimes under rather suspicious circumstances. In many cases the number and quality of the time-keepers has been unknown, and sufficient care has not been taken to render these records authentic and reliable. For example, in an issue of October 12 we took from the *Sunday Courier*, an account of the two mile race in which the time was stated at 6m. 8 1-2s. beating Clark's record of 6m. 23 1-2s. by fifteen seconds.

The time was also given in the daily papers and was so announced by the time-keepers on the ground. Now it seems that the time-keepers were not particularly careful, and the *Spirit of the Times* in its issue of October 15 states that the time was in error and was in the neighborhood of 6m. 33s.

The same journal devotes a half column or more to a description of the careful manner in which the 1000 yds. run was timed. Would it not have been as well, to have paid some attention to the bicycle race? If we are to have records, let them be reliable, and without reproach.

A short while ago the report came from Boston that Mr. Stall had made a mile in 3m. 7s., lowering Mr. Clark's time of 3m. 8 1-4s., which has been accepted as the best American amateur record for two years.

It seems that the *Spirit of the Times*, doubted the report, or rather desired additional information, which elicited the following:

"BOSTON BI. CLUB, BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 28.—In answer to your communication in regard to the spurts against time made at Beacon Park, Saturday, October 22, I have collected the following:

The time-keeper was, I believe, Mr. C. L. Clark, a member of the B. Bi. C. The starts were flying. Very little wind, not over four miles an hour. Fair track, slightly rough on one turn and a trifle soft in places. Track, four laps to the mile. W. W. Stall, age 23, height 6ft. 2in., weight 175 lbs.; J. S. Prince, age 23, height 5ft. 8in., weight 170 lbs.; H. D. Corey, age 17 yrs, height 5ft. 8in., weight 125 lbs. Stall rode a 58in. Harvard, weighing 50 lbs.; Prince and Corey, 53 3/4in. Yale, weighing 38 lbs. Prince is an English professional and has made much better time, as can be seen by reference to English journals. The Boston Club has the best 20 mile, 10 mile, and 1-2 mile records for out-door work in this country. Stall, 20 miles, 1h. 23m. 5s.; Dean, 20 miles, 1h. 24m. 10 miles, Saturday; Oct. 15, Beacon Park, Stall. 36m. 22 1/2 s.; strong wind. 1-2 mile made by Mr. Stall, I think at Worcester, in 1m. 36s. Mr. Frye, the holder of the League Championship is also a member—so we claim to be the fastest as well as the oldest and largest club in the country. If I have omitted anything let me know. Yours, J. S. DEAN.

The *Spirit* very properly adds, "We are still in need of information as to judges, referee, and actual, not probable, time-keeper."

From the above we learn that the time was made with *flying start*, which we may add is not customary in a case of record breaking, and thus we do not regard the time as any better than Mr. Clark's performance, which was made from stand-still.

Then again, the timer is rather vague, whereas Clark's performance was timed by men accustomed to athletic sports, and there is not the slightest doubt, but that it is correct.

We might also go on and say that the 20 mile record is 1h. 16 m. 45s., some *seven minutes* faster than that claimed by our Boston friend. The track however was indoors, and probably faster than Beacon Park, but we would also ask if any other 20 mile races have been held outside of those of the Boston Club? Lowering their own record is creditable enough, but when put in comparison with the records of others, the "comparison is odious."

F. J.

IS THE LEAGUE A SUCCESS?

I adapt the above caption trusting, that the pertinence of the query will appear sufficiently fraught with importance to command the careful perusal of your many readers.

I desire to prefix my remarks with the statement, that I am an out and out L. A. W. man, big in my belief of the possibilities of the National Organization, and confident of its ultimate success and usefulness; therefore I beg that my strictures be taken as friendly and not spiteful criticisms.

Eighteen months ago the organization known as the League of American Wheelmen was born in the city of Newport, R. I. The then vigorous infant society, has now attained a sturdy, healthful growth, and from the nuclei of 150 original members we now can count twenty-one hundred on the roll. Do not the above figures prove that our wheelmen have accorded the League a most generous support? Now what has brought about this very flattering exhibit of membership? I think the answer will be found by turning to Sec. 2 of the Constitution, which sets forth that "Its (the League's) objects are * * * defend and protect the rights of wheelmen; and to encourage and facilitate touring."

Again, see Rules, Sec. 20. "To Committees on Rights and Privileges are referred as they arise, all matters relating to the rights and privileges of wheelmen on highways and public parks and to legislation by towns or States, and to suits by or against members of the League, and to the conduct of the members of the League in respect to such matters."

Again, Rules: Sec. 29. "Any member arrested or suffering from violation of law or restriction of the rights of wheelmen, by others, shall be entitled to receive the aid of the League and its officers, upon application, etc., etc., subject to approval by the Board."

The glowing promises and explicit definition of the rights of

members was sufficient inducement for wheelmen, all over the country, to join the L. A. W.

Let us see how nearly the fond expectations of the patrons of the League have been realized.

I will not refer any further back in the history of the organization than to the date of the last meeting of the Directors, when the application for assistance to the League from Mr. Joslin, of Newburgh, came before the meeting. This was a request to the Board that \$26, amount of expenses incurred in defending the rights of wheelmen, be refunded to him. This case is fresh in the minds of all your readers and the justice of Mr. Joslin's claims under No. 20-29, Rules, will commend itself.

At the same meeting, a request for aid in the Providence-hack assault case was handed in from the Secretary of the Providence club, made also under the provisions of No. 20-29, Rules.

Space will not permit me to reproduce the speeches made on these two cases—see official report of the meeting,—but the responsibility of the League was shirked and the official promises repudiated.

After a mild protest by Mr. Marsden, "the subject was dropped." Now if my spectacles are not very dim and my understanding is not failing, Sec. 2-20-29, indicate to me that very different treatment should have been expected; not even the courtesy of referring the cases to the proper committee was shown these gentlemen; simply "the subject then dropped!"

I imagine I hear the old, old excuse raised, that "the League is yet young and weak" and that they cannot shoulder these cases; well, if such is the reply, and it is really a fact, I can only point to the caption of this article and await an answer. I do not for one moment imagine that the League can undertake such a gigantic suit as that pending vs. the N. Y. P. C's., but according to the Treasurer's report we have nearly \$1,200 in the treasury and for what better purpose could this, or a part of this fund be put to, than by just such cases as those of Newburgh and Providence? Would it not be time enough to refuse proper assistance to members after the funds have been exhausted in protecting the rights and persons of injured League men? I am, however, open to conviction and shall be happy to acknowledge that better uses for the League money can be found.

That the Directors cannot perform impossibilities even unreasonable, I will admit, and in making the query at the head of this article for solution by your readers, I merely take the rules framed and adopted by the League, as guides to what we members may rightfully demand and then turn to the action of the Honorable Doctors in the cases which have so far come before them for action under Rules 20-29.

Let me, however, make my acknowledgement before I forget, for I know that if I omitted to mention that lonesome case—the Haddonfield suit—my memory would be most severely jogged. It is conspicuous by its isolation and I am anxious to see case after case, as occasion may require, side by side with it; substantial evidences of the good faith, protection and uses of the League.

I have about finished all that I intend to say in regard to this part of the subject, but I trust you will allow me a little more space in your next issue as to the touring facilities rendered by the League.

I hope that the answers to my question as to the success of the organization in this particular line feebly set forth by me in this letter will receive an affirmative answer and facts to prove it.

ACTION.

OUR SUNDAY TRIP.

(Continued from page 27.)

The boys sat down to a good dinner and done it such justice as comes from non-dispeptic appetites and while in the midst of queries, pro and con, (in stage asides) as to cause of absence of the fair one—who up to this time had not graced the occasion with her presence—who should glide into the room but the one in every one's thoughts, and the hearts of at least two of the six short-pants' gallants. After an introduction all around, by which even the homeliest got at least one smile, which he felt was intended for him personally, we adjourned to the parlor where we

discussed wheel matters until further orders. Bye-the-bye as conversation began to wane our bright particular star once more graced the assembly with her presence and at the solicitation of our "mud-fense," (he was not in the race you see and could in consequence, take liberties not dreamt of by the others), entertained us with some music on the piano, after which conversation became general, in this way two hours were pleasantly spent, and then (it was raining by this time and not a *rain* nearer than point of starting in the morning) one and all, "mud fense," and "masher," began preparations for the homeward journey. The outlook was dismal in the extreme, but happily was undertaken and ended without further mishap than two "headers," who's only effect was to spread mud of a thin consistency over pants and jackets already well bespotted. It struck me as remarkable how memories, otherwise reluctant, will on certain specific occasions, prove utterly unreliable. The present was a strong exemplification of the fact, for after each of the valiant six had said their good-byes to our fair entertainer, they individually, and alone of course, made hasty forays back to the parlor for divers things they thought they must have forgotten and singular to relate, all missing (?) articles were found in that particular room; even our "mud-fense," was injected with the contagion and mumbled something about mashers, which he felt certain must have fell out of his pocket near the piano. In confidence I will tell you a secret. He could not get into his pocket if he had wanted to—his belt sealing them as effectually as did the rock at the mouth of Ali-ba-ba's cave.

In the language of Col. Sellers we have, or rather will shortly have, something in the shape of a cyclometer that will astound the world, or at least us riders of the wheel. One of our members of an inventive turn of mind has had constructed a model from plans of his own and has tested it, he believes thoroughly resulting in unvarying accuracy on the measured mile, and although fully convinced he intends to have it further and thoroughly tested by mechanical experts and place in juxtaposition and trial with the several other makes, before he offers it to the public on wheels, he has to date expended upwards of one hundred and fifty dollars on modelling and perfecting and has applied for a patent,—it is to be a thing of beauty (and somewhat dissimilar in form and constitution from other makes—and it is to be hoped a joy of accuracy, but of this more anon shall acquaint you further, when enabled to test it practically. Our club, although we lost a few members by resignation lately, is still healthy in members, and although we do not get together much during the week we invariably muster a stalwart half-dozen for Sunday forays into the surrounding country—being so situated geographically that we can spurn the soil of three States with our wheels.

The new League badge I believe meets with the favor of a majority of our club and will be a great desideratum in enabling wheelmen to recognize each other in public whether on or off the wheel. As I have already exceeded the limit of patience and fear your frowns, will quit.

X. Y. X.

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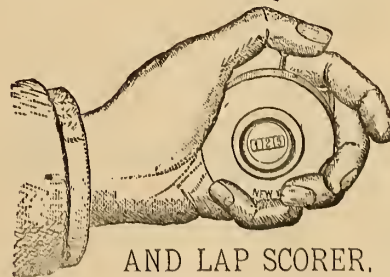
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