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Viewed from an impassionate point, it seems to be pretty generally accepted that about the only practical work of the League of American Wheelmen is that accomplished by the Railroad Committee. By this statement we do not mean to depreciate the efforts of other committees and officers. We are fully aware that the officers are called upon to answer trivial correspondence on many matters. We know that the Racing Board have upset all the rules that worked so successfully last year, and inaugurated a lot of trash that nobody understands and few follow. We are aware that there are a few hard working local Consuls who do their work thoroughly, but we guarantee that more strangers apply to this office for information and receive it, than the City League Consul, whoever he may be. We know that a mighty string of red tape is being daily unwound in the efforts of Division Secretaries to get the tickets to applicants within six weeks. We know that all this is being done, but the only outward and visible sign by which the League can claim the dollar and support of wheelmen is the work performed by the Railroad Committee, and therefore we think it our duty to uphold the organization on this ground alone.

Awhile ago due notice was given in the papers that the New York, Lake

Erie & Western absolutely refused to transport bicycles and tricycles in their baggage cars, and insisted upon turning the same over to the express companies, who charged any thing they pleased for the service. All efforts to satisfactorily adjust the matter failed, and wheelmen were advised to "boycot" the company. The Erie road were soon brought to understand that the wheelmen's good will was as remunerative as any other class of travelers, and after investigating the matter very thoroughly, and seeing how other companies were making bids for patronage by offering to carry wheels free, rescinded the order, and issued the following circular, which is greatly to their credit :

"This company will accept bicycles for transportation in its baggage cars on passenger trains free of charge, at owner's risk, when the owner accompanies his bicycle on same train and exhibits a proper passage ticket; but bicycles will not be accepted for transportation to points beyond our line, or beyond the run of the baggage master or baggage car of the train upon which they are carried, and if the owner of the bicycle desires to have it taken beyond our line, or beyond the run of the baggage master or car, he should be distinctly informed at what point to claim and receive his property, and arrange for its further care and transportation. The owners of bicycles to be transported should be required to deliver them at the baggage car of the train on which they desire to have them carried, and notified to be on hand at the baggage car promptly upon arrival at destination to receive their property.

"Baggagemen will bear in mind the fact that bicycles are easily injured, and will handle them carefully while in their custody, especially when loading or unloading them.

"If the owner of a bicycle fails to claim his property, the train baggage master will carry it to the end of his run, and there turn it over to the station baggage master, taking a receipt for same, and notify the general baggage agent, giving full particulars."

JNO. N. ABBOTT,
General Passenger Agent.

B. THOMAS,
General Superintendent.

We congratulate the Railroad Committee on their success, which affects not only the wheelmen of New York but a great portion of the country. We trust that their attention will be directed to the Long Island Railroad, which still persists in turning bicycles and tricycles over to the hands of the expressman, who extracts from three to ten cents a mile, according to his avariciousness.

SOME BOSTON NEWS.

I had an interview with H. D. Corey a day or so ago, and it was so interesting to me that I reproduce parts of it for the benefit of readers of THE WHEEL. Corey's impressions of

ENGLISH ROADS.

They are as a general rule better than ours. In some localities they are perfection itself. They are much narrower than ours, and are composed of rocks, no gravel whatever being used in their construction. The rocks are broken into little pieces and thrown in the road; the incessant damp weather seems apparently to rot them, and the broad tired wheels of heavy teams grind them down until they form a sort of hard, stony surface, consequently the road appears like a mass of solid rock. As a rule, the roads are all of this general character, except in Yorkshire, which is hilly; of course many towns neglect to keep them in good condition. They are oval in shape, sloping gently on each side, and they dry very quickly. Wheeling in wet weather is not very inconvenient, and beyond a little mud throwing an American would be surprised to note the ease with which one can get over them. One very rarely sees a fence. The roads are invariably bordered by hedges. They are seldom straight, and the winding hedges give them a quaint and picturesque attractiveness. The following anecdote tells what is considered the best five miles of continuous road in all England. A number of cyclists got into a hot dispute over the point, and in order to settle it, decided to leave it to the judgment of two very well known wheelmen. The two judges wrote their verdict. When they were opened, one was "From Coventry to Kenilworth Castle," and the other judge gave his opinion to be "From Kenilworth Castle to Coventry." This stretch of road is unequalled by any we have here. Corey states

that he and Howell rode from Warwick to Stratford, eight miles, in twenty-seven minutes. Howell's wheel weighed twenty-two pounds, and Corey's twenty. This is a little over 3.22 per mile. The fact that Howell weighed two hundred pounds and the lightness of the machines speak volumes for the roads. At Surbiton there is a mile stretch, where Keene does his training, that is almost as good as the Springfield track. Keene and Osborne once rode from Ripley to Surbiton, ten miles, in thirty minutes, in order to decide a bet. Sign boards are seen on every hand, and in this particular the English have a regular system, and have reduced it to almost a science.

POPULARITY OF CYCLING.

Machines are so low in price that almost every one is enabled to have a wheel of some kind. Tricycles are used as much, if not more, than bicycles. It is a very common thing to see a party of ladies coming down the road. Mr. Corey went to ride while at Coventry as an escort to a young lady who propelled a tricycle. When within a mile of Kenilworth Castle the tricycle gave out entirely. Corey who was mounted on a Rudge Safety, got a rope and tied one end of it to his backbone, and the other end to the trike. The procession then proceeded, to the intense amusement of all beholders. They returned to Coventry the same way, the lady occasionally giving a little assistance. The next time he goes out with a lady "triker" he intends to select one with a little more robustness.

MACHINES.

Light wheels seem to be the proper thing. Thirty-four pounds for a 54-inch would be called a heavy roadster. Twenty-eight to thirty pounds is about right for a light roadster. The indispensable seem to be enameled wheels, hollow rims, and tangential spokes. Large hubs and direct spokes are little used. At Coventry over 3,000 people are employed in bicycle manufacture. Rudge & Co. have 700. Singer & Co., Hillman, Herbert & Cooper and the Coventry Machinists Co. about 400 each. These are the largest dealers in Coventry, and Rudge & Co. take precedence over all England, having facilities to make 10,000 wheels per year.

ENGLISH TRACKS.

Corey says he made a special examination of the best tracks in Eng-

land: Crystal Palace, Leicester, Wolverhampton, Surbiton, and Lilliebridge. None of them are any better than our tracks at Hartford and Springfield. There is no reason why Americans should not make as good time as the English, if properly mounted. Corey thinks the Americans will next year beat the English records badly. What we lack is racing experience. A man there is never of any good until he has been on the track several seasons. In England a man who is beat seven times, and finally on the eighth trial wins, is more thought of than the man who won the first seven races, on the principle that he who wins last is the better man.

ROAD RIDERS.

Considering the difficulties Americans have to contend with, they are really superior to the English, who have few hills and rough places to tackle, whereas many of our riders have little else.

The craze for light machines produces intense rivalry on the road, and results in a process called "scorching." I had a taste of it myself. While at Surbiton I went to ride with John Keen. We took the road to Ripley, which is twelve miles from Surbiton. The route, one of the best, was lined with wheelmen of every description. Keen, who invented the Rudge Safety, rode one of the little wheels, and I had a Roadster. Keen can get a rare pace out of the Safety; indeed when he spurred no one could get any where near him. We passed Claremont, owned by the Duke of Albany, and also Sunding Park, a great racing place. We arrived at Ripley at 12.30, and put up at "The Anchor," an old-fashioned English inn, very homely but very comfortable. Ripley is one of the most celebrated cycling resorts in England. About sixty wheelmen sat down to dinner, and we had a jolly time. I met here many of the noted English cyclists, among them were Cooper, Gossett, Webb, Larrette, and Bellows. A large party of us started together for Surbiton, with Cooper and Webb on a Humber Tandem. This machine in front looks like an ordinary tricycle with little wheel ahead, the small wheel, however, does not touch the ground unless the occupants are thrown forward. The rear seat is behind a humber bar, by which the tandem is guided. Cooper and Webb have made ten miles on the tandem in thirty-four minutes.

Well, we started, and I got my first dose of "scorching." Keen told me they were trying to run me off my legs, and I determined they would not. The pace was tremendous; five miles from Ripley I took the lead, and made the pace hotter still. I had a great advantage on the hills, so I rushed at them as hard as possible. The tandem gradually fell behind, and Keen was content to let myself and two others have it out. Seven miles from Ripley I had a lead of a quarter of a mile, and waited for the others to come up. Two miles from Surbiton, Cooper and Webb, who had been saving themselves, dashed ahead, the rest of us in hot pursuit. I caught up with them after we had gone about half a mile, and as we neared Surbiton put on all steam, the tandemites responded to the spurt, but cheered

by the sight of the Angel Inn, I put in an extra shot for Uncle Sam, and drawing away, managed to beat them by about fifty yards, landing at the Angel almost a corpse. The speed of the tandem is wonderful, and its riders, who are noted "scorchers," admitted that, almost without exception, it was the first time they had been beaten on the road.

"C. T. C." vs. "L. A. W."

The "C. T. C.," as far as my observation went, did not seem to me to be any better than the "L. A. W." I went to several "C. T. C." hotels, but found them to be uncomfortable, and in many cases third-class. I was obliged to go elsewhere. I found that a "C. T. C." tailor who made me a uniform had one price for a "C. T. C." man and another price for those who wished a well made suit.

I was well and pleasantly treated every where, and had every courtesy extended me. I rode while in England some 250 miles; during those rides I did not see a solitary "C. T. C." sign board.

The riding in Boston and vicinity is fine, but few are tempted out, only seven men being seen on the road Sunday. W. C. Palmer has had a tandem bar made similar to the Rucker, on which he and his partner, at present incognito, expect to beat the record. The "boss" of the "Pony Star" riders, since Stall has taken himself off the road, is J. M. Burr, of the Massachusetts Club. To use the latest imported terms, he's a "scorcher." W. I. H.

Boston, Dec. 8, '84.

A TWO-SPEEDED SOCIABLE.

One of the most important problems which presented itself for solution, when tricycle riding became acceptable to the general public, was how to obtain, on the same machine, an increase of power for crossing bad roads or ascending hills, without making an undue demand upon the muscles. Many plans were suggested, but the one which has now been accepted by the best makers as the true solution of the difficulty, is the Crypto two-speed gear. As the mechanical construction of this has been frequently described, it is only necessary to say of it now, that it really does give increased power in hill climbing and crossing heavy or rough patches of road, as well as increased speed on level roads, at the pleasure of the rider. It is fitted to the chain-pulley, and except when in actual use, is carried round as a part of the pulley itself. The chief difficulty to be got over was to discover a plan by which the increased power and speed could be obtained without making a corresponding demand upon the strength; and this the Cryptodynamo accomplishes. For several seasons, at the different shows, the mechanism was exhibited, and high opinions were expressed upon its capability; but now with the touring season just closed, the Crypto has been subjected to so many grave tests in different parts of England, that its success cannot be doubted. This beautiful addition to wheel riding is the result of purely mathematical calculations, which were wrought out, and interpreted in the finished article, by Mr. Thomas Shaw, of 73A Chiswell street, Finsbury

Square, and to him is due great credit for the genius displayed in the appliance. The price of the Crypto gearing fitted to the tricycle is £6—a large sum, no doubt, but for the workmanship it contains and for the advantages reaped a sum really of little moment. Mr. Shaw, accompanied by his wife, recently completed a tour through the midland and southern counties on a Sociable fitted with this gear; and, but for Mr. Shaw's excessive modesty, a complete sketch of the run would have been laid before the readers of *Land and Water* now. The districts traversed embraced, as many wheelmen know, an excellent variety of hills. The total run covered 510 miles, and Mr. Shaw states that it was seldom they had to push the machine at all, and then only for a few score yards. He says that they had singular experience of some portions of the old Roman roads, the undulating surface of which makes the riding very hard. Every one knows that the Romans scorned compromise in the construction of their roads, but carried them straight on over hills and down dales, regardless of gradients, and without taking into consideration the effect on man or beast. They had ten miles on a Roman road, north of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, and although the Crypto was in constant use had never once to dismount. After lunching at Moreton they ran forward over the Costwold hills very comfortably to Stow-on-the-Wold. Here they forsook the Roman road in favor of the more pleasant slopes leading along the ridge to Burford, and enjoyed enchanting views on either hand. The whole run was favored with peerless weather, and enriched the riders with imperishable memories of the exquisite beauty and attractiveness of rural England. Mr. Shaw owes it to all wheelmen that he should communicate more facts about this exceedingly pleasant ride, and furnish, as the inventor of the Crypto, detailed accounts of his several ascents. For such an appliance to render important aid to a couple upon a tricycle carrying luggage also is a matter about which all wheel riders will want to know everything they can be told. Mr. C. R. Hutchings, of Monkton Wyld, Bournemouth, has also quite lately tested his Sociable in a journey covering some 500 miles, of which 400 were in the western highlands of Scotland. Those who know that part of the kingdom will appreciate the character of the hills which Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings would have to cross. Their testimony is, therefore, of value, and, as it has been published, the following portion will be read with interest: "I have no hesitation in saying that my wife and I consider the Crypto gear a very great advantage, and well worth the extra cost. It enabled us, though carrying 50 lbs. of luggage, to mount with ease many long inclines which we must otherwise have walked. For instance, one of four miles, between Garve and Auchanalt, on the road to Loch Maree, all the ascents, except about half-a-mile between Portree and Uig, in the Isle of Skye, and the long climb from Roy Bridge to Loch Laggah (700 feet in seven miles) in Glen Spean. I am quite sure that had we had the same gear in Normandy last year we could have ridden two-thirds the hills we then walked.

We had ridden my old Sociable (a level geared 50-inch) almost daily for the three years ending December, 1883, in Bournemouth, and there were always parts of the main street which had to be walked. Now we never need dismount in any weather in our town rides, and any one who uses a Sociable as a carriage, as we do, will appreciate what a gain this is. One does not show to advantage showing a heavy Sociable up a muddy street. With a view to the Highland trip, I had a strap-brake fitted to the crank-axle of the Premier, and we found that when this was made to act through the gear, it held us back better than the large brake on the balance-gear box, and in many places, such as the descent to Inversnaid, Glencoe, and on the Arusaig road, we wanted the full power of both for safety. In conclusion, I will only say that nothing has ever gone wrong with the gear." Captain W. Warner Dennis, of New Barnet, one of the county magistrates, had the gearing applied to a single machine. He writes: "I have now tried it during a run through the following districts: Barnet, Watford, Tring, Aylesbury, Banbury, Stratford-on-Avon, Worcester, Malvern, Ross, Monmouth, Tintern, Chepstow, Bristol, Bath, Marlborough, Reading, Slough, and into London via Notting Hill, Marble Arch, Oxford street, etc. During this run I passed over roads of almost every conceivable description, from wood paving and asphalt to streets paved, and badly paved with cobble stones; from good gravel roads, as smooth as a racing track, to lumpy macadam, and roads with a loose, broken surface of sand, mixed with stones. Among some of the hills ridden down, with the machine under perfect command, and an ability to go at a walking pace, or stop altogether at any point of the descent, were Elstree, Clay, and Bushley Hills, Edge Hill, the hill from the British Camp, 700 feet above Malvern, and from the top of the Wind Cliff above Tintern. Those who know these hills will understand the advantages of the gearing; while in ascending hills, riding over bad roads, and against head-winds, the power gearing is simply invaluable. It is not too much to say that, thanks to it, I was able to ride over at least twenty-five to thirty miles of road, which I must have walked had my machine not been fitted with it. For myself I would never ride a tricycle without the Crypto gearing if I could possibly help it." To those who adopt the tricycle as a means of enjoying pleasant exercise, and who dislike dismounting at hills, the Crypto will be welcomed as a great boon; and and there seems to be no reason to doubt that its capabilities are not exaggerated in the narrative given above.—*Mercury in Land and Water.*

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

Aside from Bidwell's fire, the event of the week, of course, was the Citizens Opening Reception to Wheelmen, which took place at their Club House, 313 West Fifty-eighth street, on Wednesday evening, December 3d. I have attended a number of entertainments of wheelmen, but never before was it my lot to spend such an enjoyable evening. Of course the house is too well known to demand

description, except that on this occasion it was tastefully decorated with flags. The machines had all been removed, and in their place were arranged camp chairs for the guests. A portion of the parlor was reserved for performers, while the gallery was packed with spectators. It was estimated that between 400 and 500 people were present, of which three-quarters were wheelmen. The local club turned out in strong force, the Kings County delegation, in full uniform, coming over in a large stage. The New York Club sent a very handsome basket of flowers as a token of friendship, and the Ixions brought some enormous appetites, which they were not backward in bringing forward. The Kings County, Long Island, Staten Island, Elizabeth, New Jersey, Harlem, Riverside, and Hudson County Wheelmen all produced strong delegations. Among the prominent visitors were Col. A. A. Pope, Dr. A. G. Coleman, Canandaigua, N. Y., Chas. S. Howard, Boston *Globe*, Gen. Viele, President of the Park Commissioners, and the only honorary member of the club, Chief-Consul Dr. G. Carleton Brown, Dr. Elliott W. Johnson, John C. Whetmore, C. F. Cossum, W. H. Parsons, and many others.

Dr. N. M. Beckwith was Master of Ceremonies, and about a quarter past eight called the assemblage to order. After a short address of welcome the following programme was run through as rapidly as possible, but it was after eleven before the wind-up between Fowler and Young closed the entertainment.

PROGRAMME.

- 1.—PIANO SOLO, - - - CHAS. E. PRATT.
- 2.—RECITATION, - - - JAS. FITZ GERALD,
OF CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
- 3.—VOCAL QUARTETTE,
CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
E. OLIVER, A. LIVINGSTON, W. B. KRUG, GEO.
M. HUSS.
- 4.—SOLO - - - FRED. G. BOURNE,
OF CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
- 5.—RECITATION, - - - JAS. S. BURDETT.
- 6.—STRING QUARTETTE, - - - SPOHR.
Violin, G. SAENGER, Violin, CHAS. MESEROLE,
Viola, W. CLARKSON, Violoncello, GEO. SCHRADER.
- 7.—QUINTETTE, - - - CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
E. OLIVER, A. LIVINGSTON, G. M. HUSS, W. B.
KRUG, F. G. BOURNE.
- 7.—VENTRILLOUISM, - - - A. F. CAMACHO.
- 9.—VOCAL QUARTETTE,
CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
E. OLIVER, A. LIVINGSTON, W. B. KRUG, GEO.
M. HUSS.
- 10.—SPARRING,
FRED. G. BOURNE AND PROF. WM. WATSON.
- 11.—PIANO SOLO, - - - CHAS. E. PRATT.
- 12.—SOLO, - - - GEO. M. HUSS,
OF CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
- 13.—RECITATION, - - - JAS. S. BURDETT.
- 14.—STRING TRIO, - - - BEETHOVEN.
Violin, G. SAENGER, Viola, H. C. KUDLICH,
Violoncello, GEO. SCHRADER.
- 15.—VIOLINCELLO SOLO, *Romance*,
GOLTERMANN.
GEO. SCHRADER.
- 16.—WRESTLING, - - - WANNOP BROS.
- 17.—SOLO, - - - FRED. G. BOURNE,
OF CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
- 18.—RECITATION, - - - JAS. S. BURDETT.
- 19.—VOCAL QUARTETTE,
CITIZENS BICYCLE CLUB.
E. OLIVER, A. LIVINGSTON, W. B. KRUG, GEO.
M. HUSS.
- 20.—SPARRING, - - - MESSRS. FOWLER AND YOUNG.

COLLATION.

It might be well to state that the Mr. Chas. E. Pratt, who was down for the piano solo, is not the eminent legal and literary light of *Outing*, although the name and initials are identical. The Boston Mr. Pratt was unable to be present. To review the entire programme would take too much of your valuable space. The musical portion was ably sustained by Mr. Fred. G. Bourne, who also proved himself an adept with the gloves. Mr. Geo. Martin Huss, the architect of the club, rendered his baritone solo in his most

approved style. Mr. James S. Burdett appeared to enjoy the entertainment as much as his audience, while Mr. James Fitz Gerald was a surprise to his friends. Mr. A. F. Camacho was the leading card of the evening, his exhibition of ventriloquism, with dummy figures, being the best we have seen for some time. Even Mr. Ford, the hero of the Boulevard fracas, was forced to smile.

The quartette, both instrumental and vocal, were pleasing. Prof. Wm. Watson, of England, proved that he was a master of the art of self defense. He was formerly instructor to the London Athletic Club, and has trained and instructed no less than thirteen amateur champions. I understand he intends to open an establishment in this city at No. 1,325 Broadway, where he will give instruction. A class of six has been formed at the Citizens Club, where every Monday evening the members will amuse themselves. The final boxing by Messrs. Fowler and Young, the light weights, was very exciting. Both are as quick as lightning, and their passes and dodges brought the entire audience to their feet.

A rush was made at the conclusion of the affair for the table, which was spread in the rear of the building, and the good things faded from sight in a moment. Much interest was evinced in the Kangaroo placed on exhibition, and many trials of skill ensued. It was a late hour before the guests finally departed after cheering the club repeatedly and voting the occasion a success.

The alarm among the mugwumps continues, and last Sunday there was a crowd at each end of the Riverside Drive holding an indignation meeting, as the police were on watch and every wheelman without a badge was promptly driven off. If the police do their share of the work and exercise proper care, accidents will be almost impossible. The numbers of badges are registered, and any one guilty of reckless riding or coasting will be promptly excluded from the privilege.

I understand that there is to be a bicycle entertainment in Brooklyn shortly, and I trust it will have the effect of waking the Brooklyn people up. The date is not definitely known as yet, but I have been promised the exclusive particulars. X. Y. Z.

BY TELEPHONE.

Hello, Central! Hell-o! Connect me with Baltimore, will you? Hello, Baltimore! Well, hello! Call up the 'Secretary,' will you? Why the Secretary of the Bicycle Club, of course, you chuckle headed—Hello! Is that you, Secky? All right. Now sit down like a little man for I want to talk to you. I am sad, Secky. My heart is heavy. My gizzard seems smothered in sackcloth and ashes, and my liver creeps up and down my spinal column like a chorus of cats on the back fence. To think that the Secretary, that prargon of probity, truthfulness, honor and several other things, should get lushed and give himself away by writing a letter like his last. Can it be that, looking down through the dim vista of the changing years, I shall see you standing at the bar—of justice—while

a modern Dogberry pronounces the dreadful words: "What! Drunk again! Ten dollars, or sixty days!" Or worse yet, shall I see you waltzing around with a whole den of serpents in your boots? Horrible thought! Awful alternative! Listen, oh Secretary, to the advice of an old thoroughbred who has seen the quite too utter folly of wine bibbing. Shun the flowing bowl; eschew the festive lager; taboo the gay mint julep, the frisky cocktail, the seductive "sour," the dizzy "flip," the frolicksome "smash," scorn the merry Tom and Jerry; despise the steaming punch, the dangerous apple jack, the soul destroying bug juice. Bid them get hence, and join the Salvation Army or Good Templars.

What's that? *Not tight as a brick when you wrote that letter!* Oh, come now, old fellow, don't prevaricate in your sober moments, any how. *Want proof, do you?* All right, you shall have it with a vengeance. You said I rode a "Kangaroo" that Summer. This proves you were full as a tick, for the first "Kangaroo" was brought to America less than four months ago, and the incident in question happened over two years ago. Now you said you paid for that shave, and those dinners. It breaks my heart to expose you, Secky, but you know I loaned you the money for that purpose, and when in the name of Belva Lockwood are you going to pay it back? Another thing, you know you did not "nose" your fingers at me from the top of that car. You know if you had done so I would have chased you right up to the shining gates of the New Jerusalem and walloped the everlasting thunderation out of you. Alas, that the fumes of your election blowout should so fuddle your mind! Cease, oh cease, while there is yet time, your nightly wassail, your unholy revelings, your carmining the town, and the "set 'em up again," business. It pains me worse than an ingrowing nail to say this, and in all charity I say it. Having fired my wad I shall pay no more attention to your vaporings. If you will get corned, and then write out the result of your disordered imagination, I am not to blame. But think of what may happen if you don't cheese your racket. Think of the fate of Edgar A. Poe, who broke the golden bowl and kicked the eternal stuffing out of the bucket in your own beautiful, monumental city. Think of the fate of other great men like yourself, blessed with a brilliant mind, good looks, health, wealth, and all that makes life happy, who have tried to drink up a brewery, and got left. List to my words, dear boy, and remember that wine is a mocker, strong drink raises particular old Cain, and whosoever don't catch on to the fact is not up to snuff.

Good bye, Secky, God bless you.

TERTIUS.

WHEEL RACES.

There was a big field of entries for the annual winter meeting of the American Athletic Club, but a still larger crowd of spectators found their way through the storm last Saturday, and lined the eight-lap sawdust track. They numbered over three thousand, and the presence of many ladies in the boxes and reserved seats were

noticeable. Over 400 entries were received, of which 15 were wheelmen. Over 36 heats were necessary to decide the 70 yards run, and we imagine it would make the heads of some bicycling "clerks of the course" swim to run the events off as smoothly as was done under the rules of the N. A. A. A. A. It was 12 o'clock before the games were finished, but the occasion was a memorable one in athletic circles. The track is not suited for bicycling, being very narrow and lumpy with sharp corners. A two-mile race was put on the programme, and Dr. Beckwith, the President of the League, invited to act as one of the judges.

The first heat was won by T. W. Roberts, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who was at scratch. Time, 7m. 53s. His competitors were P. W. Harris, M. L. Bridgeman, E. W. Sanderson, C. M. Murphy, who were strung out from 25 to 125 yards in advance. Harris was booked for second place, but ran so close to the edge of the track that he was forced to dismount very hurriedly to avoid a foul, and lost his chances of competing in the final.

The second heat had only three starters, and as one soon dropped out it left E. C. Parker and T. Thayer to finish at ease in 8m. 58s.

The final heat was contested by T. W. Roberts, of Poughkeepsie, (scratch), E. C. Parker, Harlem Wheelmen, (75 yards), T. Thayer, Ixion Club, (75 yards), and D. H. Renton, of Columbia College, (125 yards). A very pretty race ensued. Roberts rode easily for the first mile, and then gradually forced his way to the front, passing one after the other, and crossing the line in 8m. 31-5s. The race between Parker and Thayer was a pretty one, both were on the same mark, and both pretty evenly matched. Parker finally secured the lead and second place by two yards.

Master Thos. Finley, of Smithville, N. J., gave an exhibition of fancy riding on the Star which won for him considerable applause.



Messrs. Zacharias & Smith, of Newark, New Jersey, seem to be giving the H. B. Smith Co. a good many points on the Star, as all Star riders know the machine is sent from the manufactory almost entirely destitute of those little necessities that make bicycle riding a luxury. Zacharias & Smith have always believed in this machine and pushed it, and have constantly been adding star sundries with intent to bring the machine up to the standard in this particular. Besides the lamp, carriers, cyclometer, bags, etc., already spoken of in these columns they have recently produced the Star step. This is much larger than the regular step and has a rubber surface, and is so constructed that it can

be attached at once with the ordinary wrench. We do not see how any rider, especially a new one, can get along without this convenience, as in our opinion the old step was lamentably small. Another novelty is the Star leg guard. Mr. Smith told us that it was found that pants, especially when baggy would occasionally come in contact with the rubber tire. This invention prevents that. It is easily attached under the saddle. They are about to put an engine into their machine shop, as so much repair work is coming in they find it impossible to get along with foot power any longer.

BORROWED FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

Yesterday noon, as one of the members of the Reading Bicycle Club was bowling along down Third street with all sails set, the admiration of all beholders, a wayfaring cow suddenly took a notion to cross the track of the machine, when it was too late to put on the air brakes or lower the cow-catcher. As a consequence, bump went the polished wheel into the ribs of the milk producer. The wheel stopped, but not so the rider. He started after the cow and caught her before he knew it. He struck her about where the butcher cuts the rump steaks out, and then he suddenly laid down as if he were tired of the business. The bicycle laid down on top of him, while the cow gave him a parting hand shake with her hind feet, and resigned her membership in the club. The young man did not know at first whether it was an earthquake or a boiler explosion, but as everything remained quiet he concluded to get up. The wheel was unhurt; so was the cow; but it took several square feet of court plaster to mend the places on the young man, where the rind had been knocked off.

The six days' race between Armindo, Morgan, Brooks, and Woodside will prove a dead failure as far as the public is concerned, provided it is a genuine race and not a hippodrome. If there is any attraction at all it is Armindo, but when she falls some fifty or a hundred miles behind, which she must certainly do, even her drawing powers will cease. And again, if Brooks proves any kind of a stayer, the race will be too one-sided to draw flies.

Another wheelman, George P. Bastian, of Brentwood, Cal., proposes to ride his bicycle across the country through California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, and so on to New York, and thence by way of New Orleans, Texas, and Mexico.

Referring to his defeat by Prince in the mile race, Howell informed us that a strong dose of beef-tea entirely upset him, inasmuch as three hundred yards from home all power for treading seemed to have left him. The English champion expressed his pleasure at the fair treatment of the sporting press, but was somewhat amused at the tone adopted toward him by some local journals, in one of which he was described as the "tall, powerfully-built man, resembling the British bull-dog;" whilst other equally flattering epithets were thrown out for his especial benefit. Howell is highly pleased with the reception awarded

him by followers of the wheel across the "herring pond," and looks forward with pleasure to a second visit next year.

The following conversation was overheard the other day: Cyclor—"Louis Ohnhouse broke his backbone this afternoon, while riding on the St. Joe road." Non-cyclor—"Great heavens! how did it happen? Is he dead?" Cyclor—"Dead? No! It was the backbone of the bicycle that was broken." Non-cyclor—"Oh! why didn't you say so." Cyclor—"You did not give me a chance. I was going on to remark that this was the second accident Louis had met with this season. Last July he cracked his neck, and his head got so loose that he had to give up riding until he got it repaired."

"Are you hurt?" shrieked a dozen picnicking females, as a young man was tossed over a neighboring fence by an angry bull and landed on his head in the middle of the road.

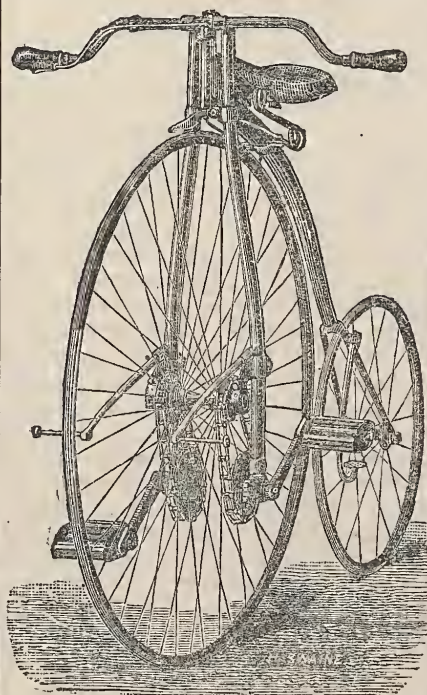
"Hurt?" he answered. "Why, of course not; I am used to coming down that way."

"Used to it!" exclaimed the fair chorus. "Why, how can that be?"

"I own a bicycle," was the reassuring reply.

The Kangaroo seems to be gaining immensely in popularity. We have seen a number of these curious little machines in the streets lately, and the way in which the riders dodge in and out among the buses, cabs, drays, and heavy traffic of the streets is something wonderful to behold. There is only one fault about them, and that is the power they seem to possess of extracting bad language from irate Jehus.

THE "KANGAROO" SAFETY BICYCLE.



The many applications for a practical opinion of the merits of the little roadster bearing the above title caused us, some weeks since, to experiment with a sample machine, kindly placed at our disposal by the makers, Messrs. Hillman, Herbert and Cooper, of Coventry and London. The specimen sent us has a driving-wheel of 36-inches, and a trailer measuring 24

inches, which we found to be equivalent in length of reach to a 52-in. ordinary, or thereabouts. To enable us to drive with a straight leg, it was needful for us to lower the pedals some two inches, or raise the seat proportionately. The former could only be accomplished by longer brackets and driving chains, so we chose the alternative, and forcibly pulling asunder the layers of the "Arab" cradle spring, raised the saddle to the height required. A little difficulty was at first experienced in making a "bee line" track, in consequence of the weight being carried well behind the steering centres, but this drawback vanished with a few minutes' practice, and we felt quite at home on the little machine, which, geared up to 54-in., rushed over stone sets and every minor obstacle with impunity, at a speed that would put a light "ordinary" to the blush. Upon smooth surfaces its superiority in this respect is not so paramount; indeed, it is not so fast as its compeer, though it is, of course, immeasurably safer. That the knowledge of this fact gives a wonderful amount of confidence to some riders is evidenced by the splendid performance of Mr. G. Smith, of the "Merry Rovers" T. C., who, in the contest recently arranged by the makers of the machine in question, covered the 100 miles in 7 hours, 11 mins. 10 secs., or 7 mins. 45 secs., faster than the notable ride of Mr. Appleyard, who in 1878 rode 100 miles on the Bath Road, for the championship of the London B. C., in 7 hours, 18 mins. 55 secs., on an ordinary bicycle—a feat which, up to within the last few weeks, had never been approached. A strong wind favored the riders on both occasions, but the performances are marvelous ones nevertheless, and clearly demonstrate the capabilities of the riders and their machines.

To describe more fully the "Kangaroo," the latest marketable addition to the ranks of the "safeties," we would say that the forks to the front wheel—which are made of tubular steel—are continued below the bearing for some 10 or 12 inches, where they each carry a spindle, to which is affixed a toothed wheel, as in a tricycle. To the axle of the toothed wheel is attached the usual bicycle crank (somewhat elongated to increase the leverage), and motion is imparted to the driving wheel by a chain which revolves from it over a second toothed wheel fixed on the axle. (The necessity for two chains is obvious, seeing that a through axle placed in the same position would be in the way of the spokes.) The extent of the "gearing up" is practically limited only by the strength of the rider, but speeds intermediate between 54-in. and 65-in. are in common use, and the higher limit does not appear to be excessive even for moderate hills. The feature which to a practiced bicyclist is at first distasteful is the back last of the chains, *i. e.*, the rising pedal naturally has a falling action of greater or lesser degree, the amount depending upon the tightness of the chain it drives, but by careful adjustment this can be reduced to a minimum, and, indeed, it is highly probable that a "bona fide tricyclist" would altogether fail to notice it. As to whether or not the chains will clog upon very heavy roads, we should hardly like to say positively, but we

have as yet seen no sign of weakness in this respect, and we take it that if it presents itself, the makers could easily obviate it by devising a suitable covering for the gear wheels, as is done with machinery in textile manufacturing.

We regard the "Kangaroo" as being a thoroughly sound and reliable little mount, likely to win its way more and more into popular favor, particularly among those who value their necks too highly to risk them upon the ordinary bicycle, or who are occasionally apt to characterize the propulsion of a heavy three-wheeler—as *Dicken's* friend did the turning of the mangle—as "a dem'd horrid grind."—*Gazette*.

CENTRAL PARK REGULATIONS.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS,
No. 36 UNION SQUARE, E.
NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1884.

BICYCLERS.

Members of regularly organized and uniformed clubs, who have the requisite badge displayed on their left breast, may enter Central Park at the Fifty-ninth street and Eighth avenue, 110th street and Seventh Avenue, and Seventy-second street and Eighth avenue entrances, and use the "West Drive" as follows:

During all hours, the "West Drive" from Fifty-ninth street to Seventy-second street only.

From 12 o'clock (midnight) to 9 o'clock A. M. the "West Drive" for its entire length.

BICYCLERS AND TRICYCLERS.

Members of regularly organized and uniformed clubs, who have the requisite badge displayed as above, are permitted to use "Riverside Drive" at all hours, under the following rules, which will be strictly enforced.

RIDING RULES.

Wheelmen must not ride more than two abreast, and must keep to the extreme right of the roadway.

No coasting or speeding will be allowed under any circumstances.

Lighted lamps must be carried at night.

Moderate use should be made of whistles and bells, and the greatest possible care taken to avoid accidents.

Pass all vehicles going in the same direction to the left only.

Badges will be issued only to competent riders, and captains of clubs will be held responsible for the conduct of their members.

Badges are not transferable, under penalty of forfeiture.

EGBERT L. VIELE,
President.

TALK WITH A WHEELMAN.

"No, bicycling can never become a common sport, but will always be confined within the limits of a certain class," remarked a muscular youth, who stood by his machine to a *Telegram* reporter.

"Indeed," replied the reporter, "and who are excluded, and why are they excluded?"

"Well, don't you see, the line is drawn just in front of those who can't afford to spend anywhere from \$80 to \$150 for a thing like this;" and he put his hand as lovingly on the saddle as

though it could return his admiration and enthusiasm. "I don't know that I take any particular pleasure in the fact that certain people can't have machines, but they can't, and there's an end of it, and the result is that a large proportion of those who ride are gentlemen."

"Is the bicycle extensively used?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, yes; much more so than you would dream possible, if you had not looked into the subject. We have a great many clubs in America, but, after all, Europe is the place where a bicyclist is in his glory. A fellow can travel, you know, from Paris to Vienna, and hardly meet a pebble on the highway. Most of the roads are macadamized and rolled, and are as smooth as a parlor floor. In Switzerland, the authorities in the various cantons take great pride in their roads and seem to rival each other in keeping them smooth and elegant. In this country we have to do the best we can and we have nothing to grumble at. Uncle Sam has got a good deal on his hands to take care of, and we don't expect the government to be run in the special interest of the bicyclist."

"Is it a healthy exercise? I have heard it complained of as developing only a part of the body, leaving the rest to take care of itself."

"Then you have been listening to a mere yarn," was the quick reply. "An hour's exercise on that machine calls into action every muscle from the toe to the hat."

"It certainly makes big calves," suggested the reporter, quizzically.

"Yes," was the answer; "but you know some calves don't have to be made, they are born;" at which point the reporter begged the wheelman not to be personal, but to continue his valuable conversation on the subject in hand."

"Well, I should like to dispose of that nonsense about any favoritism as to the muscles which are brought into play. There isn't a molecule in the human system which is not affected. It braces a man up and makes him strong enough to resist even the temptation to take what doesn't belong to him. And, by the way, the Aldermen of New York do not ride the bicycle. I state that as a historic fact, not as a natural and logical deduction from my previous remark. Do you ride?" And then, without waiting for a reply, he continued, "If you think there's an atom of the body which is not exercised just get on this machine for ten minutes and sweep round the block."

The reporter suggested that he was not anxious to sweep around the block in the way indicated; that, indeed, he had a young wife at home, who wouldn't know to which of the city hospitals he had been sent, and might possibly be alarmed by an enforced absence of a couple of months to get his bruises healed.

This naturally turned the conversation to the mishaps which occur.

"Does a man learn easily and quickly to balance himself on that thing?" the reporter asked.

"No; a man doesn't, but some boys do. I suppose it would be rather a hazardous thing for a green fellow of say, two hundred weight or more, to mount such a wheel as this. He might possibly get off almost as quick and as soon as he got on; but five

boys out of ten can ride a bicycle without any trouble at all."

"But don't even old riders sometimes meet with accidents?"

"Well, once in a while one hits a stone, and then of course he—"

"Yes, I see," interrupted the eager listener, "and what happens then?"

"Why, as a general rule he alights from his machine, and for half an hour or so sits down in some convenient spot and covers his face with a yard or two of court plaster, just to conceal his mortification and disguise himself. After that he generally waits until dark before he goes home, and even then he doesn't make any parade about his arrival, I mean he doesn't play on any tin horn to attract the attention of the neighborhood, as the people who ride on drags do, but goes quietly into the house by the back door, and gives out the report that he has been suddenly called to Montreal for a few weeks. What are called accidents are, however, the result of carelessness, as a general thing, and an accomplished wheelman is never careless. On the whole, it is the best sport in the world, for it educates and develops every part of the man; his body, in propelling the machine, and his mind in the constant necessity of making up a judgment as to what is best to do in an emergency. So you think you won't take a mount this morning? Well, I will; good day—"

And off he sped.

THE KEYSTONE'S BANQUET.

Owing to the possibilities of the late Presidential campaign, the members of the Keystone Bicycle Club, of Pittsburgh, had for months been anxiously looking forward to their annual banquet. Should St. John be elected, what sort of a banquet would it be? How can we hold a banquet without lemonade? How can we toast a President without anything to toast with?

Happily things came out right—that is about right—and the club to show their gratitude for the damage he didn't do, christened their toasting material "St. John Lemonade." On the eve of Thanksgiving then, to our great relief, we found ourselves seated round the board at "Mashley's" not to rise until several hours of genuine fun had passed. The order of exercises were full; all the subjects dear to the wheelman's heart being remembered. The history of the club and its present condition give evidence of life, and promise well for the future. There are sixteen active members and as many more with "associate" or "honorary" affixed to their names. A letter from Pittsburgh's "only original" first wheelman, Mr. E. J. Waring, now of Elizabeth, N. J., was received and read with enthusiasm. Mr. Bidwell planted the seed of a fine club-house, by a glowing description of an imaginary one now possessed by the club. Mr. Murdock, in response to a toast to the ladies, caused the members to greatly regret their action in limiting the attendance to the male sex. And so on, each of the fourteen giving his contribution to the general enjoyment. After this an adjournment to the parlor was taken, that the accumulated enjoyment might find vent in song. This was the only failure to record of the entire evening's programme. The club can do a great

many things, can ride, race, and lose the prizes; but they cannot sing. A mortifying fact it is, known only to three or four of their number. But they sang, and the very cats paused to listen. At an early hour the "Third Annual" was over, and for another year we live only to look forward.

T. L. O.

CANADIAN TOURING.

FROM OTTAWA TO MONTREAL.

[Reported to Karl Kron by the Captain of the Ottawa Bicycle Club. The remainder of his tour, from Montreal to Sorel, and from Quebec to Matamoras, will be presented next week.]

Dear Sir: I beg to enclose herewith my promised report of what I might call, "The river route from Ottawa to Father Point and beyond." It describes about 450 miles of roadway, straightaway, all of which, excepting that portion between Quebec and Corners, it was my happiness to "pioneer." I have given just such information as I would like to have had, laying stress on the "fare" question below Quebec, because, at many of the villages, the food is very rough, at others there is really no accommodation at all, and a French Canadian establishment means coarse, sour, black bread and salt, very salt, pork—poor stuff to travel on. It is therefore profitable to know where wholesome food can be procured.

Those portions of road already described in the guide book (C. W. A.) I have skipped over very generally, referring to the book for details. I hope I have not been too wordy for your purpose. In writing of the ride below X Quebec I found my enthusiasm rising to a degree that made it difficult to keep within practical bounds. The stimulating salt air, grand scenery, and fishing and shooting opportunities the route offers, makes this 260 miles of straightaway riding a most satisfactory vacation jaunt. I am already arranging with friends to repeat it next year, when I hope to penetrate to New Brunswick, a trip I believe to be thoroughly practical.

I begin my present report with the road route from Ottawa to Montreal, 128 miles, which may be described as follows:

Ottawa to St. Joseph village, ten miles, good macadam; two hotels. Two miles past St. Joseph the macadam ends, and there is four miles of fair clay road to Cumberland village; two hotels. Cumberland to Clarence, nine miles, is one mile sandy, balance clay; all rideable. A poor hotel at Clarence. There is, however, fair accommodation at Thurso, on the opposite side of the river. Clarence to Wendover, seven miles clay, one hotel.

From Ottawa to Wendover, the Ottawa river is in view all the way, and the scenery is very beautiful. At Wendover the road bends inland, and after four miles the Nation river is sighted. Three miles further is Plantagenet, a thriving little village, with comfortable hotel by Mrs. Yeon. The Honorable Hagan's famous stock farm is one mile from Plantagenet. Mineral Springs are also close at hand.

At Plantagenet the road crosses and leaves the Nation river, and for five miles to Alfred is too sandy for wheeling. There are two hotels at Alfred. Half a mile from Alfred the road changes to clay again, and gives a perfectly level, straight stretch for ten

miles, five miles from Alfred "Corners," with an hotel, are reached. The right hand turning leads to Caledonia Springs, the Grand Hotel at which can be seen one mile distant.

Passing the "Corners" under the sign-board of the Ottawa Hotel, the road continues hard clay for six miles, when it softens to a sandy loam for two miles to Cassburn Corners; all rideable. Cassburn is noted for its sugar-bushes, that of Mr. Cass having elaborate appointments for the carrying on of his extensive business.

From Cassburn Corners there are two roads leading to the river front. The more direct one, for a Montreal bound wheelman, is that leading to Hawkesbury village, but it is very sandy, while, by turning to the left at the Corners, the wheelman will enjoy two miles good macadam to L'Original, whence, to Hawkesbury, the ride is a charming one over a good gravel road close to the river bank. There are fair hotels at both L'Original and Hawkesbury. The latter is a very pretty village, and will repay the wheelman for an hour's loiter. The Hon. John Hamilton's mills, residence, and park in which deer and Shetland ponies run, are of interest. From both L'Original and Hawkesbury ferries connect with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the river route from Ottawa to Montreal is also available.

The road from Hawkesbury to Point Fortune, twelve miles distant, is rideable sand for two miles. The balance firm, but too stony for fast riding. A few miles from Hawkesbury a long up grade is encountered, from the top of which a magnificent view of the Ottawa Long Sault Rapids is obtainable.

Point Fortune is, as its name indicates, on the river side, and a market steamer runs to Montreal three times a week. The hotel accommodation is uninviting.

From Point Fortune to Rigaud, nine miles, is a very good clay road. Rigaud is beautifully situated on the Rigaud river, one and a half miles from the Ottawa. An imposing Roman Catholic college graces the village, and Mount Calvary, of geological fame, flings a protecting shadow over all. There are two very fair French hotels. The L. H. one is recommended.

From Rigaud to Vaudreuil, eighteen miles, the road is a good clay one for seven miles. The balance has stony patches that call for careful riding. But the scenery atones for all shortcomings in the roadway. The road winds along the shores of the Lake of Two Mountains, so near its edge that the perspiring wheelman has but to lay his bike against a tree to enjoy a plunge in its clear, cool waters. Como and Hudson, hamlets passed en route, are summer resorts of many Montrealers, and charming lake shore villas abound. After so many miles of "Bon jour, Monsieur," the English-speaking tourist will feel tempted to linger here, just to have his ears tickled by the dear familiar "English as she is spoke."

Vaudreuil is on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, which crosses the river to St. Annes here, and affords the wheelmen the best means of crossing, if he is so fortunate as to find a passing train. On wheel, the three miles across Isle Parent to St. Anne, is very slow work, and necessitates

dependence in the end on a ferryman who is always at his dinner on the other side when you want him.

At St. Annes the Clarendon House, a large summer hotel, is pleasantly situated at the water's edge, and will be found satisfactory.

From St. Annes to Montreal, twenty miles, the road runs along the river bank, and, after seven miles, rough and stony to Point Claire, is macadamized, and affords excellent wheeling. For particulars see C. W. A. Guide Book.

My experience of this route was a very pleasant one, and I can recommend it as enjoyable to all wheelmen

who are content with fifty miles a day. For record breakers it would be a mistake.

I left Ottawa with a tricycling companion on the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th of August, 1884, and we rode Clarence, twenty-five miles, that evening. On Sunday we continued twenty-five miles to Caledonia Springs, where we remained until Monday morning, when we rode on to Hawkesbury, fifteen miles. Here we parted company, and I continued in the afternoon to Rigaud, nineteen miles, where I spent the evening and part of the following morning. Leaving Rigaud at 10 A. M., Tuesday, I dined and spent the after-

noon at St. Annes, twenty-one miles, and rode into Montreal, in the cool of the evening, taking tea en route at Lachine.

The great drawback to this route is that the road bottom is blue clay, and a little rain renders it unrideable—a

downpour, impassable on wheel or foot. It is on this account that I have particularized such facilities for escape as steamboats and trains afford.

F. M. S. JENKINS.

OTTAWA, Nov. 22, 1884.

WHEELMEN ATTENTION!

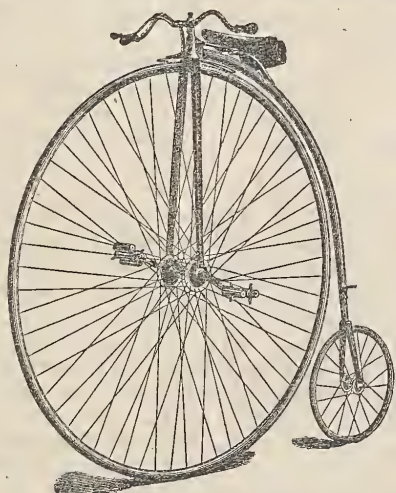
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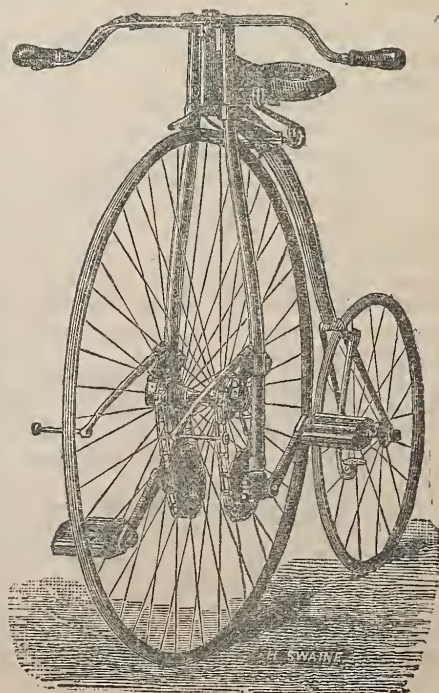
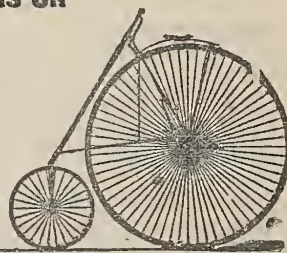
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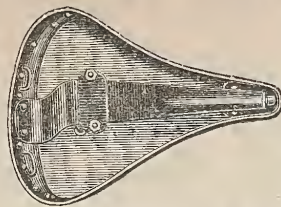
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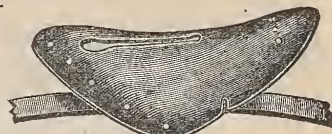
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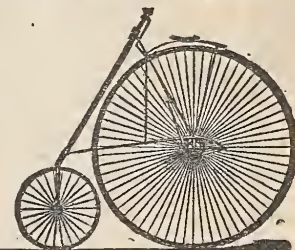
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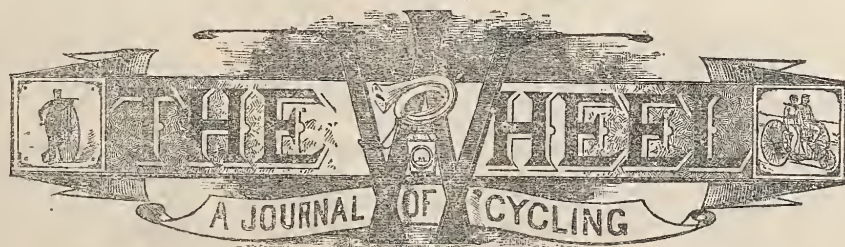
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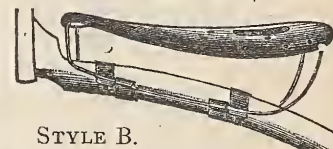
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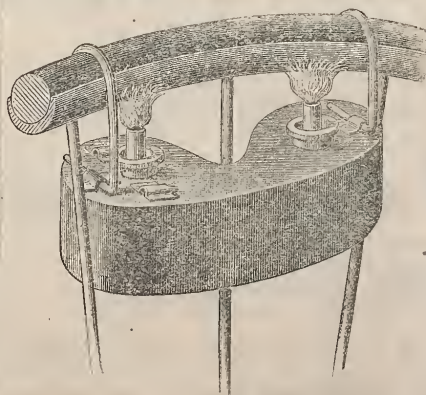
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