

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMAN'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

VOL. II.—No. 7.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1884.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

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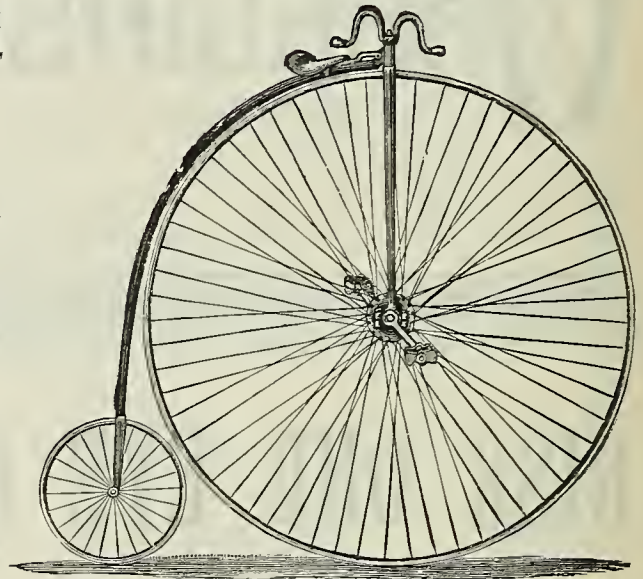
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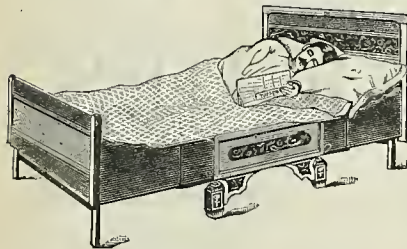
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Terms of Subscription.

One Year by mail, post-paid,	- - - -	50 cents.
Six Months " " " " " "	- - - -	25 "
Clubs, entire membership, per year,	- - - -	30 cts. each.
Foreign Subscribers,	- - - -	4 shillings.

HENRY E. DUCKER,	- - -	Editor and Manager.
CHAS. A. FISK,	- - -	Treasurer.

Communications must be in not later than the 20th of each month, to secure publication for the following month.

Address all Communications to THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Make Checks and Money Orders payable to CHAS. A. FISK, Treasurer.

Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

CIRCULATION 10,000.

OUR TOURNAMENT ABROAD.

To confirm what we have heretofore said regarding the advertisement which our bicycle tournaments have given to this comparatively small interior city of Springfield, we have only to refer to the English cycling papers of the dates closely following the date of the tournament. Both the *Cyclist* and *Wheeling* received full and very correct reports by cable and published them in their editions of September 24. The *Cyclist* claims to have spent \$150 for this dispatch and *Wheeling's* bill was probably as much. Subsequent reports received by mail occupy several pages, and in comparison with the reports given of other tournaments, that of the Springfield meet indicates that it was regarded in England as a matter of international importance. Naturally the English papers feel happy over the large number of prizes won by Englishmen, and the remarkable records made here, but they confess that the Americans proved to be foemen worthy of their steel. The *Cyclist* says:—

This meeting seems to have fairly brought out quite a host of latent talent amongst the American riders, and it was just as well for England's credit that some of her really first-class men went over.

The cable seems to have been somewhat extravagant in its report to *Wheeling* of the numbers of people on Hampden Park, giving them as follows: "Tuesday, 45,000, Wednesday, 60,000, Thursday, 55,000, Friday, no less than 80,000," and it is not to be wondered at that the success was regarded as stupendous. Regarding the efforts of the Springfield Club, *Wheeling* says: "Well do they deserve their motto of 'We take the lead, let those follow who can.'" In addition to the reports given abroad it appears from our orders for the October number of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE that all the information possible regarding the tournament is desired. There is scarcely a part of the world where men speak the English language to which we have not sent copies of the GAZETTE containing the record of the tournament. Perhaps this sounds a little boastful, but it is nevertheless true. Springfield is known where it never was known before for any reason, as the great cycling center of America.

GEORGE M. HENDEE.

The grand army field day at Springfield, Mass., October 16 and 17, was a notable one for cyclers, the announcement having gone forth that Champion Hendee would attempt to break the one-mile record of the world. Mr. Hendee, who had been steadily improving since the September tournament, and who was never in finer trim, felt confident of accomplishing the hard, and seemingly impossible, task. Hendee's courage was equal to the task, had the elements been favorable in the least. But with a cold, raw and windy day the feat was high impossible, the wind blowing about twelve miles an hour placing the record out of his reach. The riding was wonderful, when the conditions are considered, but notwithstanding all of this, George M. Hendee succeeded in placing the one-quarter and three-quarter mile record of the world to his credit. The riding was done under the rules, and on the new half-mile track used during the September tournament. The quarter-mile was done in 38 1-5, beating the record, the half-mile, in 1.20; three-quarters, 1.59, beating Sellers's time 2-5 of a second, and the mile in 2.42 4-5, a very creditable performance, and one worthy of George M. Hendee. The officials were: M. D. Gillett, referee; George Warwick and Reuben Chambers, of Birmingham, Eng., judges; Charles E. Whipple, starter. Timers, George E. Robinson and William Marsh, of Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD'S SUCCESS.

In matters pertaining to the wheel, Springfield undoubtedly leads the world. The Springfield Club is one of the best known of clubs; its achievements are telegraphed to all parts of the globe where the Anglo-Saxon race exists; the illustrated press devotes its pages to illustrating the most important features of our race meetings, and the success of the club is wondered at on all sides.

For three years Springfield has held the championship of the United States, and to-day George M. Hendee stands without a peer in the United States, if not in the world. His recent wonderful performance shows what he is capable of when in good health, and free from bodily injury. The Springfield Club also contains three other good racing men, Charles H. Parsons, Frank M. Westervelt, and Eliot Norton, with three out of the four men who can do a mile in 2.41 1-2. It is doubtful if a club in the world contains three men who are capable of beating Springfield's team. Now that our racing men are at leisure, fancy riding comes into play, and even in this, we have one who can compare with the best, Master George Nash, only sixteen years of age, and a marvel at fancy riding; in fact, he does all anybody can or does do, besides many tricks of his own. Master Nash, being in so great demand, decided last fall to become a professional, and has since been receiving a large salary to travel.

In a modest way, the Springfield Club, in the

spring of 1883, decided to issue an *eight*-page paper to advertise their forthcoming meet, but, like everything else we undertake, it, too, was a grand success. The first number contained sixteen pages, and 6,000 copies were issued; number five, or the August number, contained twenty-four pages, and 20,000 copies were issued; with number six the volume closed, *sine die*.

Then came a strong demand to continue the paper as a permanent monthly or weekly. Kind words from wheelmen poured in upon us, till we came to believe that the paper was wanted to fill a vacant spot in cycling literature. In response to the repeated demands and urgent requests of our friends, THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE resumed publication in May. Our first step was to procure new type, a finer and better paper, and to-day we issue, without a doubt, a cycling paper that for typographical appearance beats the world. But this is not all. The demand for the GAZETTE has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and to-day 10,000 copies will not supply the army of wheelmen who are enrolled on our lists.

Since the September tournament the new names enrolled on our books have averaged nearly 1,200 a month, and it is only with this generous list of names that the publishers can afford to offer the GAZETTE at so low a price. We gave this summer as many as 44 pages in a single issue, and again we beat the world, first, by giving the best paper for the least money; second, by having a circulation of upwards of 10,000 copies per month, or more than any two cycling papers published. It is the aim of the GAZETTE to go to the homes of 20,000 wheelmen at each issue, and at present rate the mark will be reached by February 1, 1885. We have set the pace, let those follow who can, and our record must be 20,000 copies per month.

RIGHTS OF PEDESTRIANS.

Charles McKnabb, an employe of the bureau of printing and engraving at Washington, was recently put on trial in the police court of that city, charged with assault, in running his bicycle against Prof. A. Cammack, who was knocked down, bruised, and badly shocked. It appears that there was quite a crowd crossing the street, and that McKnabb was doing his best to get through, ringing his bell all the while. The defendant said that he was surrounded by the crowd as he was passing, and that he did not see Prof. Cammack before he struck him. The judge said it was evidently an accident, as no malice was shown, but it was the result of negligence. The question was, "What is negligence?" A bicycle is an unmanageable vehicle, especially in a crowd. It cannot be navigated like a horse. The proper thing to do would be to get off the vehicle and wait until the crowd passed, as the machine cannot stand still without the propeller alighting. "The defendant," said the judge, "had the same rights as pedestrians, but he ought to have stopped

his vehicle," and he fined McKnabb one dollar, enough to vindicate his idea of the law.

We think that courts, in this country, a good deal more than in England, have been inclined to give wheelmen their full share of rights, and in this case the ruling of the judge seems very proper. It is annoying, perhaps, to dismount in order to avoid a collision with a pedestrian, but it is the safest thing to do, if the wheelman is in doubt as to whether he can pass safely.

NEVER TOO OLD.

The old bachelor with a torn pair of trousers, that got up that oft-quoted proverb, "Never too old to mend," lived long before our day. If his life had been prolonged till the present, he would probably have made a new discovery, and evolved something like the following: "Never too old to become a wheelman." Last month we printed a note from an aged Frenchman, giving an enthusiastic account of his exploits on the wheel. Since then we have heard of several old gentlemen who have taken to the tricycle, and find that they can get quite as much pleasure out of it as the young folks. A New Haven paper tells of a man eighty-two years of age, who was seen riding a machine in the streets of that city, much to his own amusement, and to the astonishment of many who saw him. Major Knox Holmes, an Englishman, 72 years of age, recently rode a ten-hour race on a tricycle, against G. L. Hillier, ex-champion bicyclist of England. The latter gave the old gentleman forty-nine miles start, but could not beat him. The major did not stop till he had covered 72 miles, and then for only five minutes, and did not stop again till he had completed his ten hours, when he had made 115 miles, 260 yards, against Hillier's 146 miles, 250 yards. There is not the least doubt but that the tricycle can be ridden with comfort and ease by old gentlemen of tolerable friskiness, and perhaps a little exercise of the legs in this way would do a good deal to keep off the rheumatism, gout, and other troubles.

OF WHAT USE ARE CLUBS?

Of what use? why, bless you! just run across me unawares some dark night at a particularly lonesome spot, and if the concussion doesn't impress your body with conviction, why, I'll—

This, however, is not the style of club I refer to, but another which, by the united efforts of its members, may seek, yes, and prove able, to divert the attention of troublesome characters on public highway, and private lane, from that peculiar annoyance and subjection to which wheelmen are more or less exposed.

Take wheelmen individually, and the mature class are representatives of the higher grade of social and civil life, yea, the more advanced, the better educated a man be, in his selection for outdoor recreation, he accepts the wheel, and why? Riders need no explanation; they have been told, and afterwards experienced, the exuberance of spirits, and even development of muscle, which naught but an occasional dash on the wheel can produce. And, again, cycling demands a change of costume, an apparel that will not retard the free movements of the limbs.

As for the minor class, they are but successors to the mature. Now take such excellent material, band it together as a club, and you have an organization which has it in its power, both intellectually and financially, to demand for its members protection, and secure for them the legislation of

laws, to which all law-abiding citizens have a just claim.

As a general rule eastern wheelmen enjoy better protection than do those of the western fraternity. I particularly remember some time ago, on attempting to coast down quite a long stretch of smooth, narrow roadway, of considerable decline, suddenly becoming aware of the intentions of an approaching wagoner, in the rear, to run me down. No friendly warning had been extended, and, owing to the abrupt descent on each side of the road, and the close proximity of the rapidly approaching vehicle, there was no escape offered by dismounting. My only salvation lay in distancing my pursuer until a turn in the road presented an opportunity of escape. A *bona fide* race for life it was to me, I assure you, and that I escaped safely I have only the maintenance of a steady nerve and the implicit reliance reposed in the mechanism of rubber and steel I bestrode to thank.

I'm a tolerably large man, but my assailant was larger, so I thought discretion to be the better part of valor and allowed him to pass on unmolested. A neighboring magistrate was appealed to, but alone and unaided my complaint availed me nothing. Had I, however, at the time the advantages of an influential organization's support, my gay charioteer would now be enjoying the benefits of a certain public institution, where such creatures as he are held in so high regard that a numerical system of numbers is in force to designate the different characters, in place of names.

Now for an instance where there *was* a club. The legislature of our neighboring State, Kentucky, a year ago enacted a law prohibiting the riding of bicycles within the limits of Kenton county.

Here was a dilemma; the Kenton Wheel Club—as fine a little organization as was ever effected—denied the use of its wheels on its own grounds! Never! The matter was taken up, and by their unstinted and combined efforts the abolishment of the obnoxious law was secured.

Give ear, ye solitary wheelmen, and bind yourselves together. If riding alone has given you enjoyment, increase that pleasure tenfold by having associates.

You wheelmen of the north and south, the east and west, do as do we in this grand central State of Ohio,—form clubs,—and accept as yours, our glorious motto:—

United we stand,
Divided we fall.

WILLHELM.

The Kenton Wheel Club, of Covington, Kenton county, Kentucky, just across the Ohio river from Cincinnati, numbers among its attractions:—

A club cat,
A club hustler,
A club slugger,
A club liar.

Great Cæsar! A club liar—to tell lies for the whole club, and at this season of the year too, when long runs and fast riding fables are just ripe.

Git thee! wheelman, git! Knowest thou not that in the land of Cincinnati, there reigneth supreme a tribe of cyclers, who, verily, it is said, each one thereof spake naught but falsehoods, yea, they all lie for themselves—when they take a header.

The Washington track is to be remodeled; the corners will be properly curved and raised, and a clay surface put on *a la* Springfield.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GOOD OF CYCLING.

HARTFORD, October 19, 1884.

Editor *Springfield Wheelman's Gazette*:—

Although there is nothing especially noteworthy in the aspect of cycling matters in Hartford just now, and our wheelmen are naturally talking more of what was than of what is to be, there is nevertheless great evidence that late brilliant race meetings have added much to our popular interest in cycling, and given fresh impetus to the cause of the wheel in this vicinity. The free discussion of cycling matters by our newspapers, and the presence of so many notables in our midst at the time of our tournament introduced the wheel to our citizens in an entirely new light, and I think Hartford has made greater progress in wheelology during the last two months than in the preceding two years. Cyclists are regarded with a kindlier manner, and I verily believe that our most obdurate teamsters ungrudgingly allow passing wheelmen a far larger portion of the roadway than they would have done a year ago; all of which shows that tournaments are useful in other ways than in the breaking of records and the making of money.

Surely we of the Connecticut Club are happy. While we rejoice with our Springfield brethren over the successful issue of their great meet, we are firstly given to jubiling over our own affair, which you may remember we promised to make the greatest one-day's tournament ever held in America, and we have a profound impression that the promise was fulfilled; indeed, general outside comments have been so flattering, and so much space has been given by the cycling press to the "Hartford track" and "Sellers's 2.39," and our good management has been so highly complimented, that—well, we are modest, and proof against vanity, otherwise we would doubtless have fallen into that egregious error long since. I will not enter into the details of our success further than to say that we look upon the result of our efforts with great satisfaction; that we heartily enjoyed having with us so many wheelmen from other cities, whom we thank for their attendance and cordial support of our enterprise; that our records, showing figures unheard of up to the day of our meet, were a series of surprises which gave us joy unspeakable: that the fact that the amateur record of the world was made at Charter Oak Park, cannot, we believe, fail to make it a very attractive place for future cycling events; and that, lastly, but by no means leastly, we have a well filled "bar!" in our treasury to which, to use a favorite expression of a certain eminent statesman, "we point with pride." The success of the meeting having been largely due to the untiring labors of the chairman of the club's racing committee, Mr. George H. Burt, it has presented him with a token of its appreciation of his efforts, in the shape of a costly and elegantly framed etching, and has also forwarded to Mr. Sellers in England an elaborate and suitably inscribed gold medal in commemoration of his having made the world's amateur cycling record at Charter Oak Park.

Now that the tournaments are ended, and the season nearing its close, would it not be well for us all to follow the advice of some of our editorial brethren in the matter of devoting our moods of reminiscence and retrospection to a careful consideration of past action, with a view to picking out the flaws, and leaving as few of them as possible to stand in the way of future improvement,

and I trust I shall not be accused of "kicking" too vigorously, if I venture to add a word to what has been so ably said by others concerning the injudiciousness of devoting our entire efforts to the subject of racing and race meetings. For every racing man we have at least fifty who do not race, and who are waiting and hoping for the time to come when the recognition of the wheel as a vehicle for purposes of business and pleasure shall result in its use by every able-bodied man, and in an improvement in our roads for its especial accommodation. That tournaments are a wholesome stimulant to the "cause" at large I have illustrated at the beginning of this letter, but if three-fourths of our cycling literature and conversation is based upon a foundation of cinder tracks and twenty-two pound machines, I fear that in public estimation the wheel as a form of apparatus for athletic training will get far ahead of the wheel as a practical road vehicle, and that the era of its universal recognition, as such, and of improved roads will be longer in coming than it would if the ideas we place before the public savored more of road riding.

Also I would suggest that far too much "gush" finds its way into our cycling publications. Shade of Shakespeare! what sonnets have I seen which not only disgraced our noble sport by their sickly sentimentality, but which showed the would-be poets to be blissfully ignorant of the simplest rules of syntax and prosody. Much of our prose, too, is far too sentimental to be of any real use, and not a little would be gained by removing most of the "steely steed" and "glistening wheel" business, and devoting the same space to good common-sense articles on practical cycling. I would not say a word against treating the wheel poetically, and have read and remember with pleasure much excellent work of the kind, but I do object to the publication of a great amount of unmitigated trash, on the ground that it will have a tendency to bring upon us the contempt of every thinking man outside of our fraternity who chances to read it.

Further, I would recommend all wheelmen, and our New Haven friends in particular, to turn yet again to the October number of the GAZETTE, and make the article entitled "Our English Visitors" the subject of careful reading, pondering, and consideration. Although the members of the New Haven Club individually cannot be held responsible for the disgraceful scenes enacted at their races, it seems that they should have done more to prevent them. Granted that Sellers fouled Hendee—though it was doubtless unintentional—the treatment he was subjected to was little short of brutal. He was a stranger, in a strange land, entirely unused to our ways and manners; his splendid work at Hartford had been greeted with almost an ovation, and he had been used very courteously in Springfield, the home of Hendee; and is it a wonder that, when surprised, indignant, and exasperated by the jeers and taunts of the New Haven crowd, he lost his head in trying to pass Hendee? And to make matters worse, there appeared in a New Haven paper of the following morning, the most manifestly unfair and dishonest report of the affair imaginable.

All the Englishmen I have ever seen visiting this country, from Matthew Arnold, philosopher, down to Charley Mitchell, slugger, have shown a certain self-assertive manner of speech and action which we are apt to set down as conceit, pure and simple, but which I think is, in reality, a national

trait, incorporated into their being by nature, and for which as individuals they can hardly be held responsible; and if we overlook this one apparent defect, we are apt to find them very good fellows. Let us *all* use them well when they come again.

H.

MAINE'S FIRST MEET.

BANGOR, ME., Oct. 24, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

Wednesday, the 22d, the much talked of tournament of the Pine Tree Wheel Club came off, and was a perfect success, the day being fine, with the exception of a very heavy wind, which made the time of races much higher than would have been otherwise.

At 9 A. M., the club, accompanied by Mr. Frank A. Elwell, C. C. L. A. W., for Maine, and Mr. L. J. Carney, of Portland, made a run to Pushaw pond (6 miles), preceded by a parade through the principal streets of the city. In the afternoon a race meeting was held at Maplewood Park, including the following races:—

One-half mile, best two in three, won by C. S. Maynard; time, 1.47; F. B. Cutler, 2d; time, 1.48; 1-2 mile time race (3 minutes), won by Clayton Crosby, in exactly three minutes; 1-mile handicap, won by Frank L. Goodwin, in 3.45 from scratch; 75 yard slow race, won by O. B. Humphrey, in 2.52; 1-2 mile boys' race, won by John Holt, in 2.46. Mr. F. A. Elwell acted as referee, Mr. C. C. Skinner, as judge, Geo. O. Hall, as time keeper. The races passed off pleasantly, and were much enjoyed by the audience.

At 8 P. M. the members and invited friends met at the new rooms of the club in Kenduskeag block to witness the dedicational exercises. The following was the programme:—

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Harriman; music, P. T. W. C. Octet; remarks by President Maynard; song, Miss Leavitt; secretary's report; cornet solo, Mr. Ed. Adams; address by Hon. John L. Crosby; duet, Miss Ross and Mr. Boyd. After these exercises were finished, an informal reception was held in the elegant parlors of the club, and an enjoyable dance took place in the main hall.

The club wishes to extend thanks to the two wheelmen, of Portland, for their kindness in adding to the interest of the day, and for valuable suggestions as to the carrying out of the races at the park.

The rooms of the club have been fitted up in elegant and artistic style, and seemed greatly to delight all visitors. The general harmony of the furnishings are due, to a great extent, to the artistic direction of the secretary, Dr. J. E. Young, and the thanks of the club are extended to him. Taken as a whole, the day was a grand success, and the club feels proud of this, the first meet of wheelmen held in the old Pine Tree State.

ROLLO RAMBLER.

FARIBAULT, MINN., October 24, 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

The lady bicyclist, Miss Annie E. Sylvester, gave a very graceful exhibition of fancy riding at our roller rink on the evening of October 20. A large crowd of spectators, among them being most of our local wheelmen, witnessed her performance. The feats she performed created quite a commotion amongst our fancy riders, one of whom, at least, is already endangering his neck, trying her tricks. Among her most difficult movements

were the following: Placing the machine on two chairs and mounting without help, riding on one wheel, jumping both wheels clear of the floor, standing still and removing a cloth from the axle of each wheel without leaving machine, standing on machine, as it lies on the floor, picking up, mounting and riding off, and many others. She rides a fifty-inch Expert.

Cold weather is coming on and our wheelmen ride through the streets as though they had an end in view.

HILL CLIMBER.

PASSAIC, N. J., Oct., 1884.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

I notice, while looking over the columns of your paper, a great deal said about the benefits accruing to the male sex from bicycle and tricycle riding, but there seems to be little or nothing said in reference to the benefit to the other side of the house.

Now in this country of equal rights I do not see why the women should not have a show in this line of sport and health giving and muscle producing exercise.

What this country needs, more than any one other thing, is healthy women who will be healthy mothers bringing forth healthy children, and anything that can be brought about to produce a better condition of things should be pushed for all it is worth.

I, myself, am a man of family, and when I go out for an afternoon or evening's exercise, I want to have my whole family in the company, and if the bicycle people will provide me with a suitable vehicle that will take the place of my family carriage, I want to purchase one right off.

I do not believe in this order of things, where the men go off by themselves and the women are left home alone. They have little enough opportunity to get fresh air, and every method that will benefit them should be advocated actively.

PHIL. PEPPERCORN.

Editor Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette:—

The members of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club assembled in full force on Saturday afternoon, October 4, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and a club picture was taken with wheels artistically grouped. Later a race was run over the Boulevard to Coney Island, five and one-half miles. Five members started: Spelman, Hawkins, Earle, Slocum, and Meeteer. Spelman came in winner in 23 1-2 minutes, Hawkins second in 23 3-4. A handsome medal was presented to the winner. Had the wind been favorable and the road in better condition the record would probably have been broken.

Messrs. Slade, Jones, Hawkins, Bancroft, Earle, and Weaks, of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club, made a tour on October 5, from Fifty-ninth street, New York, to Tarrytown, thirty miles, in three and one-half hours; crossed to Nyack and came home on the west side of the Hudson.

*

LABOUCHERE HADN'T HEARD FROM SPRINGFIELD.

While scientists are striving might and main to fly through the air, our less lofty-minded bicyclists are attaining the art of volition upon the earth. Certainly the wonderful speed shown last week on the Crystal Palace path by English comes nearer to flying than anything else. The most wonderful record always seemed to me to be the five minutes, thirty-six seconds for two miles, made

some years ago by the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, and I never expect to see it beaten very far. But here is a man who completes his two miles in four seconds less, and then proceeds eighteen miles further at top speed, the twenty miles being ridden in fifty-nine minutes, six and three quarter seconds, and a distance of twenty miles 565 yards covered in the hour. English is a North countryman, very much of the Cortis build, and has risen at a bound to the top of the tree, where he is likely to remain. He can certainly beat two minutes forty seconds for one mile.—*London Truth*.

Among the Clubs.

THE CONNECTICUT BICYCLE CLUB has recently had made a fine medal to be sent to England as a present to Sanders Sellers, who rode a mile in the unprecedented time of 2.39 at the recent tournament of the bicycle club. The club's badge is at the top, at the center of a gold bar, bearing the inscription "C. B. C., organized October 20, 1879, Hartford." In the center of the wheel is a single wing. Hanging from this bar by a gold chain on each side is the large badge. It is circular, and is inscribed, "To S. Sellers, Charter Oak Park, September 9, 1884. One mile, 2.39, lowering the bicycle record." Three wings are in the bicycle wheel, and at the hub is a solitaire diamond. At the bottom of the entire emblem is a laurel wreath of green gold, tied by a gold ribbon.

THE NORTHAMPTON BICYCLE CLUB had a road race the 25th inst., riding from Northampton to Springfield and return. The distance by Butcher cyclometer was thirty-three and one-half miles. There were four starters: E. E. Davis, C. H. Howard, L. L. Campbell, and W. L. Larkin. The riders were started ten minutes apart in the order stated. On reaching the North End bridge, in Springfield, Davis and Howard were just ten minutes apart, as when started. Campbell had gained two minutes on them, and Larkin had gained one minute on Campbell. Davis won the club championship, finishing in 3h. 26 1-2m.; Howard next in 3h. 49 1-2m.; Larkin third in 3h. 56m. Campbell was troubled with cramp in his left arm, and took it easy on the return trip.

THE BRISTOL BICYCLE CLUB held its first race meeting at Wheat Sheaf, on Saturday, October 11. The day was pleasant, and the whole affair passed off pleasantly and satisfactorily, and was much appreciated by those in attendance. The interest manifested in bicycling in that vicinity is manifestly on the increase.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB, at its monthly meeting, held October 7, considered the proposition to admit, without initiation fee, members of the late Boston Ramblers. Twenty-one names were proposed, seventeen of whom were admitted, and four blackballed.

THE WANDERERS' BICYCLE CLUB, of Toronto, Ont., held a very successful entertainment in the Granite Rink, October 10. The programme consisted of fancy riding, club-drill, gymnastics, club-swinging, and a bicycle tug-of-war.

THE CLEVELAND BICYCLE CLUB has presented W. H. Wetmore with an elegant chain and charm to go with the gold watch which "Will" won in the state fancy riding contest during the August meet.

THE SPRINGFIELD CLUB has recently hung in the club's rooms two fine large portraits of the

club's most ardent admirers, Mr. W. V. Gilman, of Nashua, N. H., and Mr. C. H. Potter, of Cleveland, O.

THE PLAINFIELD BICYCLE CLUB's annual dinner was up to the usual standard of this club. Twenty-seven members sat down to the dinner, and enjoyed a royal time.

THE BERKSHIRE COUNTY WHEELMEN are fitting up club-rooms in England's new block, with the proceeds of the recent successful tournament.

THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB's house cost \$28,000. The club has a membership of 103 active members, and 50 associates.

THE WHIRLING WHEELMEN, of Baltimore, Md., held their second annual fifty-mile race at Druid Hill Park, October 9.

THE STAR BICYCLE CLUB, of Washington, D. C., has adopted a neat uniform of brown cloth, with gold buttons.

THE MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB's new clubhouse will be, when completed, one of the finest in the country.

THE NEW ORLEANS BICYCLE CLUB is moving for new and more commodious quarters.

THE SCRANTON CLUB netted a handsome sum by its recent meeting.

CLUB ELECTIONS.

BAY CITY WHEELMEN (San Francisco, Cal.)—Organized September, 1884.—President, Edwin Mohrig; vice-president, Geo. H. Day; secretary, W. J. Munro; captain, F. R. Cook; first lieutenant, Geo. R. Butler; second lieutenant, G. F. Booth; bugler, S. L. Hill.

CLEVELAND BICYCLE CLUB.—President, F. B. Stedman; corresponding secretary, C. W. Norman; recording secretary, F. S. Borton; treasurer, F. W. Douglass; captain, H. R. Payne; 1st lieutenant, T. S. Beckwith; 2d lieutenant, F. P. Root; bugler, C. H. Potter; quartermaster, Geo. Collier; executive committee, J. H. Wade, Jr., Fred T. Sholes, J. D. Pugh, Jr., F. B. Stedman, F. S. Borton, and H. R. Payne.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE BICYCLE CLUB.—President, Goodenow, '85; captain, Wardwell, '86, Chandler scientific department; secretary, E. P. Pitman, '86; treasurer, R. W. Fairbanks, '88; bugler, Dow, '87, Chandler scientific department.

EUROTA (St. Louis, Mo.) BICYCLE CLUB.—President, Richard E. Perry; captain, H. C. Cranx; lieutenant, Geo. M. Francis; secretary, Arthur Young.

INDIANAPOLIS BICYCLE CLUB.—Captain, C. F. Smith; lieutenant, Wm. W. Workman; secretary and treasurer, W. E. Bryce.

LYNN CYCLE CLUB.—President, S. S. Merrill; vice-president, John D. Kimball; secretary, F. A. Lindsey; financial secretary, A. W. McKinney; treasurer, E. G. Gordon; captain, J. H. Schirman; first lieutenant, Joshua Johnson; second lieutenant, A. W. Fuller; color bearer, Asa Wendell; bugler, C. H. Field.

METROPOLITAN BICYCLE CLUB (Des Moines, Ia.)—President, John R. Clark; secretary and treasurer, C. B. Colby; captain, Geo. Kuhns.

NEW ORLEANS BICYCLE CLUB.—President, E. W. Hunter; vice-president, F. M. Ziegler, Jr.; secretary, G. McD. Nathan; treasurer, L. E. Tyler; captain, Wm. W. Crane; first lieutenant, A. P. Keaghey; second lieutenant, G. B. Lusk; guide,

C. M. Fairchild; club committee, E. W. Hunter, G. McD. Nathan, W. W. Cranc, C. H. Genslinger, and Q. Kohnke; house committee, Jas. A. Davidson, S. T. Pries, and H. A. Farrandon.

NONANTUM CYCLING CLUB.—President, Geo. F. Williams; vice-president, J. W. Fisher; captain, W. E. Wentworth; secretary, A. E. Vosc.

ORANGE WHEEL CLUB (Orange, Mass.)—President, Warren M. King; captain, C. H. Shepard; lieutenant, W. E. Osterhout; secretary and treasurer, O. M. Hapgood; bugler, Georgie Andrews; executive committee, M. O. Simonds, F. E. Dewey, A. G. Thayer, and George M. Pratt.

PINE TREE WHEEL CLUB (Bangor, Me.)—President, Chas. S. Maynard; vice-president, Walter R. Roberts; secretary, J. Edson Young; treasurer, Frank L. Goodwin; captain, Fred B. Cutler; first lieutenant, O. B. Humphrey; second lieutenant, C. L. Crosby; third lieutenant, W. B. Goodenow; bugler, Geo. E. Boyd.

THE BURLINGTON (Wis.) WHEEL.—President, Jos. Auld; vice-president, W. K. Menns; captain, Geo. Styles; first lieutenant, V. Whitcomb; second lieutenant, John Storrs; secretary, Charles Palmer; treasurer, Geo. A. Pope; bugler, L. X. Freman.

THE MERCURY WHEEL CLUB, (Mansfield, O.)—President, Hicks Brown; secretary and treasurer, W. E. Sawin, Jr.; captain, F. L. Casselberry.

TORONTO (Can.) WANDERERS.—President, T. H. Robinson; vice-president, Jas. George; captain, H. P. Davies; first lieutenant, G. H. Orr; second lieutenant, D. W. Duff; third lieutenant, J. Rogers; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Riggs; bugler, W. G. Hurst.

News Notes.

Cycling is booming in New Orleans.

Mr. H. C. Finkler has given up racing.

Pitman is in his second childhood of cycling.

A new hero. See the GAZETTE for December.

John Brooks has joined the professional ranks.

The Kangaroo is the name of a new safety bicycle.

There are about three hundred wheelmen in Minnesota.

There were no Star machines at the Boston tournament.

The Boston and Albany Railroad refuses to carry tricycles.

George D. Gideon holds his ground on that errand boy question.

The coming safety wheel for fat men, old men, etc., is the Kangaroo.

A bicycle and tricycle parcel delivery has been started in New Zealand.

Give Hendee a mark and he will go below it every time, when in health.

Philadelphia bicyclers cannot ride more than two abreast through their park.

Chicago has a live bicycle organization known as the Dearborn Cycling Club.

Who says the Star is not a good road machine after the Boston 100-mile road race?

CAPITAL LETTERS.—Those received daily containing subscriptions to the GAZETTE.

There is much growling at Boston because the Boston & Albany Railroad refuses to carry tricycles.

F. R. Cook, of San Francisco, is 22 years of age and not 18 as the September GAZETTE made him.

The fine clay track of the Springfield Bicycle Club has rather knocked the conceit out of cinder paths.

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where is the best place to ride a bicycle?" On the saddle, my dear friend.

Prince says he is willing to race Woodside or any other man living for any amount and distance.

The *Sporting Journal* is publishing the history of bicycling by S. A. Miles, in weekly installments.

The Howe Machine Company received a gold medal at the Teplitz exhibition for bicycles and tricycles.

A state division of the L. A. W. was formed at Rutland, October 22, at a meeting called by the chief consul.

The French bicycling championship will be ridden at Bordeaux, and the tricycling championship at Agen, next year.

Minneapolis is to have the coming season a first class bicycle track, and expects to eclipse Chicago in matters bicyclic.

Wing Hing, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, rides a fifty-inch bicycle and wears his full Chinese costume when aboard his wheel.

Zacharias & Smith have introduced a new step for the Star, which is a great improvement, as all danger of slipping is obviated.

Prince's victory over Howell is somewhat of a surprise to Englishmen, but the time, 2.39, shows there was no skulking on the road.

President Beckwith took a tumble from his machine in New York the other day, receiving injuries that confined him to the house.

The *Cyclist* is out with an editorial condemning the practice of having 100-mile road races open to one particular make of machine only.

Twenty-four of the Bay City Club went to Santa Rosa, Saturday, October 11, and enjoyed their trip very much, returning late Sunday afternoon.

The *Mirror of American Sports* says: "THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is a publication of great influence among bicycle riders."

It is mentioned as a big thing in England that the autumn meeting of the Surrey Bicycle Club brought together no less than 10,000 spectators!

The October issue of *Outing and Wheelman* is one of the best, and contains a well written article on the Hartford and the Springfield tournament.

In the 100-mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club the Star was first with the young and plucky Webber, who is only eighteen years old.

The Olympic Club, San Francisco, will hold its regular Thanksgiving day races at the new grounds, where F. R. Cook will lower the mile record if it will give him a show.

What Burley B. Ayers says must be so. In speaking of the new American saddle made by Bull & Haynes, he says: "It is the easiest saddle I ever rode."

A correspondent suggests that the Overman Wheel Company wager something else besides "a

string of fancies," and then they might obtain some takers.

Write A. G. Spaulding & Bros., for full particulars of that wonderful wheel called the Kangaroo, the holder of the one hundred mile road record of the world.

A negro thief, of Columbia, S. C., was pursued by bicyclists and overtaken, but before the wheelmen could dismount, he leaped over the fence and made good his escape.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for December will contain an elaborate article on cycling in Europe, for 1884, written for the GAZETTE by one of England's foremost writers.

No man is safe from an attack of the wheeling fever. Charles Sawyer, of Colebrook, 82 years old, went to New Haven for a visit and has learned to ride a tricycle.

The interest in the Springfield tournament and the riders present may be judged by the fact that the *Cyclist* and *Wheeling* had special cablegrams, giving full accounts of the races.

Several ladies' bicycles have been invented in England, and, as the tricycle has become very popular with the ladies, it is expected that they will soon take to the double wheeler.

A. G. Spaulding & Bros., of Chicago, will have the exclusive control of the Kangaroo for the United States, and not Stoddard, Lovering & Co., as announced in the October issue.

There is no reason in the world why American mechanics cannot make as good bicycles as the English, and they will beat them, only give them time enough. Rome was not built in a day.

The wheelmen may now look for a judicious legislation of the racing rules, as Mr. Abbot Bassett has been appointed chairman of the L. A. W. racing board, *vice* George D. Gideon, retired.

The records at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, show that during the past month the park was visited by over half a million of people, and among these over 5,000 were mounted cyclists.

A negro witness in Macon, Ga., testifying in a bicycle case, gave this as the result of his observations: "If you ride slow you turn over yourself; if you ride fast you turn over somebody else."

Dan Canary gets a larger salary with the Girard-Vokes Combination than Uncle Sam's postmaster in New York City, who receives \$6,000 a year. Who says it don't pay to be a bicyclist?

The officials of the L. A. W. can learn a point in furnishing an official organ to L. A. W. members, by procuring a copy of that excellent gazette, the *Canadian Wheelman*, as a standard to go by.

The Connecticut Bicycle Club has presented George H. Burt, chairman of its racing committee, a handsome etching in appreciation of his untiring work in making the recent races of the club a success.

The San Francisco Bicycle Club has made some desirable changes in its rules, and also changed its uniform; the new uniform consists of black stockings and helmet, dark blue knickerbockers and jacket.

Hendee is not yet to be laid on the shelf. Oh, no! his attempt to beat the mile record was a heroic effort, and the weather was such that the professional champion, J. S. Prince, did not care to ride.

The new athlete grounds at Eighth street, be-

tween Market and Mission streets, San Francisco, are being put in condition as rapidly as possible; there will be a six-lap cinder track, and a 100-yard foot path.

In a recent canvass of wheelmen from Maine to California by the GAZETTE, we find that the Columbia machine, Standard and Expert excel all others combined, which speaks well for the old reliable Columbias.

A. G. Spaulding & Brothers' four-story building at Chicago was burned to the ground Sunday, October 26. Loss, \$90,000. This firm was one of the most enterprising dealers in sporting goods in the United States.

The London *Sporting Life* contains the following notice: "R. James, of Birmingham, wishes to return thanks to the Springfield Bicycle Club for the kind manner in which he was treated during his stay at Springfield."

Six members of the Bay City Wheelmen accompanied the Plumed Knights to San Jose to attend a torch-light procession, September 27, and returned the following day.

What one of our advertisers says in response to a recent error in his ad. in the GAZETTE: "We know that the GAZETTE is read, because we have had to explain and explain again that the difference in price was your error."

George P. Bastian, of Brentwood, Cal., contemplates making a bicycle tour from San Francisco to the East and return, passing through California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming to New York, and back via New Orleans, Texas, and Mexico.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE wishes to return its most sincere thanks to those wheelmen who so kindly assisted us in the recent canvass of wheelmen in this country. The result has more than warranted the outlay.

One of the important features claimed for the new American saddle of Messrs. Bull & Haynes is that they adjust themselves to the rider in going down hill by throwing the weight of the rider back; in going up hill the reverse is claimed.

"About three hundred members of the late Ramblers have applied for admission to the Massachusetts Bicycle Club." The above item has been going the rounds of the sporting press. It is only a mistake of a cipher, and should be 30.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood will never do for President. She says she has been riding a bicycle for three years. As everybody knows that it is a tricycle she rides, it is evident that she is not sufficiently posted to run the government machine.

The *Canadian Wheelman* hits the nail on the head with more truth than poetry, when it says: "Talking about the Springfield meet, how natural it has come to be to think of it as a fixture! There would be a big hole in the bicycle calendar if the Springfield meet should drop out."

Now we can do a little crowing. In Hendee's quarter we have a record made by an American on an American track which beats the world. Let the good work go on.—*Bicycling World*. What have we been doing the past three years, Brother Bassett? We could have crowed but our well known modesty forbade.

The suit brought by Mr. Crosby against Mr. Sommer, of New Haven, Ct., to recover \$100 for the loss of a bicycle wrecked by the defendant driving into it last June, was on October 3 decided by Judge Studley in favor of the complainant.

The judgment was for the full damages claimed and \$10 costs.

Another bold 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.

Lady tricycle riders should be careful to see that their chain gear is covered with a good dress guard. A couple of serious accidents recently happened in England to ladies while coasting down hill, by their dresses catching in the chain gear.

H. M. Farr, of Holyoke, Mass., was in Brattleboro not long since on his tricycle, and was accompanied to Hinsdale, N. H., by a member of the local club; the sight of his trike caused many to turn and look, being somewhat of a novelty in that region.

R. James, of Birmingham, hearing that John Keen has challenged any man in the world to ride a Safety bicycle, will ride Keen any distance he likes for £25 or £50 a side, on any fair track, in a month or six weeks from signing articles, James to ride a Kangaroo.

In regard to the Bicycle Rifles made by J. Stevens & Co., the only objection to them is said to be that they shoot so well, and are so handy to carry about, that every wheelman wants one, and the makers have had to enlarge the factory and work nights to supply the increasing demand.

The Coventry Chair is one of the most comfortable looking machines imaginable. It is a tricycle with an easy willow chair between the large wheels and the front steerer. The driver sits behind and can propel the thing with a full sized man aboard, at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour.

The Coventry Chair is the latest on wheels, being an invalid's chair with driving attachment a la tandem. One of these chairs with a passenger weighing one hundred and eighty pounds was driven from Coventry to Birmingham and back, thirty-five miles, in four hours and ten minutes.

Chambers says it is our clear air that makes it possible to make fast time, and he predicts that America will leave England far behind in records at a very early date. He tells the *World* that after a hard race in England, he is completely "done up," but here he feels it only in his legs.

The *Amateur Athlete*, as a paper, is first-class, and well worth the price asked. But the *Cyclist's Edition*, which is mailed L. A. W. members,—phew! it is an insult to the intelligent wheelmen who comprise the L. A. W. But, then, it is what they pay for, what they asked for, and what they get.

Bicyclers as a class are a set of men who do not indulge in the glass. But a typo who had imbibed too much says that the world on wheels has the following appearance: "I'shhoou'dd t'h'iinnkē t'h'ee mmaann wwhhoo sseet t'h'iiss wwaass aa ddaammpphhooll oorr hhaadd bbeenn ddrriinnkē iinnvgg."

The *Bicycling World* would like to get up a subscription fund large enough to send two or three of our best amateurs to England to compete with English amateurs on their own ground, and if possible beard the lion in his den. We might wait and see if Sellers can repeat 2.39 on an English track.

Fred Jenkins offers a very sensible suggestion in the *Bicycling World* of October 17, to the effect

that a committee from the L. A. W. and N. A. A. meet for arbitration and settle the differences in the racing rules. It is hoped that the suggestion will be adopted as being for the best interest of both parties.

W. M. Woodside will leave for England about the first week in March, and will compete in all the English championship races, as well as in the Wolverhampton handicaps. This will be Woodside's first appearance in England as a professional. His last appearance in England was in 1882. John Brooks, of Blossburg, Pa., will accompany him.

Great men are sometimes like republics, very ungrateful, for instance:—

The *Bicycling World* seems to have resumed its old tactics in allowing the use of its columns to correspondents who are neither reliable persons nor truthful ones.—*Wheel*.

When we allowed space last week for two letters from the editor of the *Wheel*, we had no idea that he would use his own paper to refer to them in the above way.—*Bicycling World*.

Charles B. Keefer, aged six years and seven months, residing at Washington, D. C., is probably the youngest amateur bicyclist in the United States, performing various feats on the wheel with the utmost confidence; will coast long hills with feet over handle-bars, etc. Shall be pleased to hear from other bicyclists who are not as old as young Charlie.

The Kangaroo road race of 100 miles, starting on the Bath road, near Twyford, England, came off September 27, and was won by George Smith in 7h. 11m. 10s. This proved conclusively that the Kangaroo is a very powerful and fast machine. Smith only stopped once for refreshments, but carried some lunch with him. He had practiced on a Kangaroo one week.

Speaking of the editorial race that didn't come off at the tournament, a correspondent of the *Mirror of American Sports* says: "My opinion is that it would settle everything if the gentlemen would hire one of Fowler & Well's men and have their brains examined, and see which is the largest. I wonder how long it would take to find Ducker's?" Ducker's brain seems to be an object of envy to some folks.

The post office authorities of England, have equipped a number of miniature vans to be worked by the ordinary tricycle mechanism. They are, like other vehicles of the post office administration, painted a bright red, and bear the inscription "parcel post." The tricycle vans are already found very economical and expeditious both in collecting and distributing in suburban districts, where the work is comparatively light.

The Brattleboro "Tramp" vouches for the following conversation overheard between two natives the other day:—

First N.—"Say, I hain't heard much lately about them ere bicycles they used to tell about."

Second N.—"Hain't? why, my brother went out behind our barn tother morning and shot six of 'em."

First N.—"Gosh, you don't say so!"
And still we wonder at crime.

Sarah Bernhardt has at last got her name in with cycling, as the following yarn now going the rounds of the English press will show: While in England recently Sarah paid a visit to one of the great wheel manufactories of Coventry. While standing watching a workman busily polishing the spokes of future wheels she unconsciously leaned against the stack of those unpolished. The workman busy at his task seized her and was

about to put her through the buffing machine, when he discovered through her being less robust than a spoke who she was.

An English wheelman who had lost his way drove up to a Scotch farm-house and knocked at the door. A thin visaged woman put her head half way out and seeing the wheel said: "We hae nae shcars to grind th' day," and slammed the door in the cyclist's face. He persisted in his attempt to get information but she only replied, "No th' day, no th' day." It is not singular that the fellows pestered the wheelman thereafter by calling him "scissors-grinder."

"It is mock modesty," says a Washington lady, "that prevents many ladies from riding the tricycle. Some of them say that a lady sacrifices her dignity when she gets upon a tricycle. I am sure I sacrifice no dignity when I ride my tricycle. Why, there is infinitely more dignity about a lady in a tricycle than a lady on horseback. If you don't believe it you watch the next lady you see taking a horseback ride. When a lady talks against tricycling either she is not able to get one or she cannot 'pull.'"

The new American saddle of Messrs. Bull and Haynes, is the acme of perfection in bicycle saddles. It has a steel frame in two pieces with adjustable screw to regulate tension, the spring frame adapting itself to every motion of the rider, and completely absorbing all vibration when riding over rough or paved roads. It will not gall or chafe. This saddle is also adapted to the Star; it is light, strong, and comfortable. Write to Bull & Haynes, 587-9 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., for full particulars.

A new bicycle for ladies has just been invented, with some improvements which obviate some of the old difficulties. It is a geared-up safety machine, steering with the front wheel, and driving with the back, and entirely gets over the bugbear with previous ladies' bicycles—viz., the difficulty of mounting—as a light attachment is fitted which holds the machine firmly in an upright position both for mounting and dismounting, if desired. It is very light. The question will be asked in this country: "How can they ever do it?"

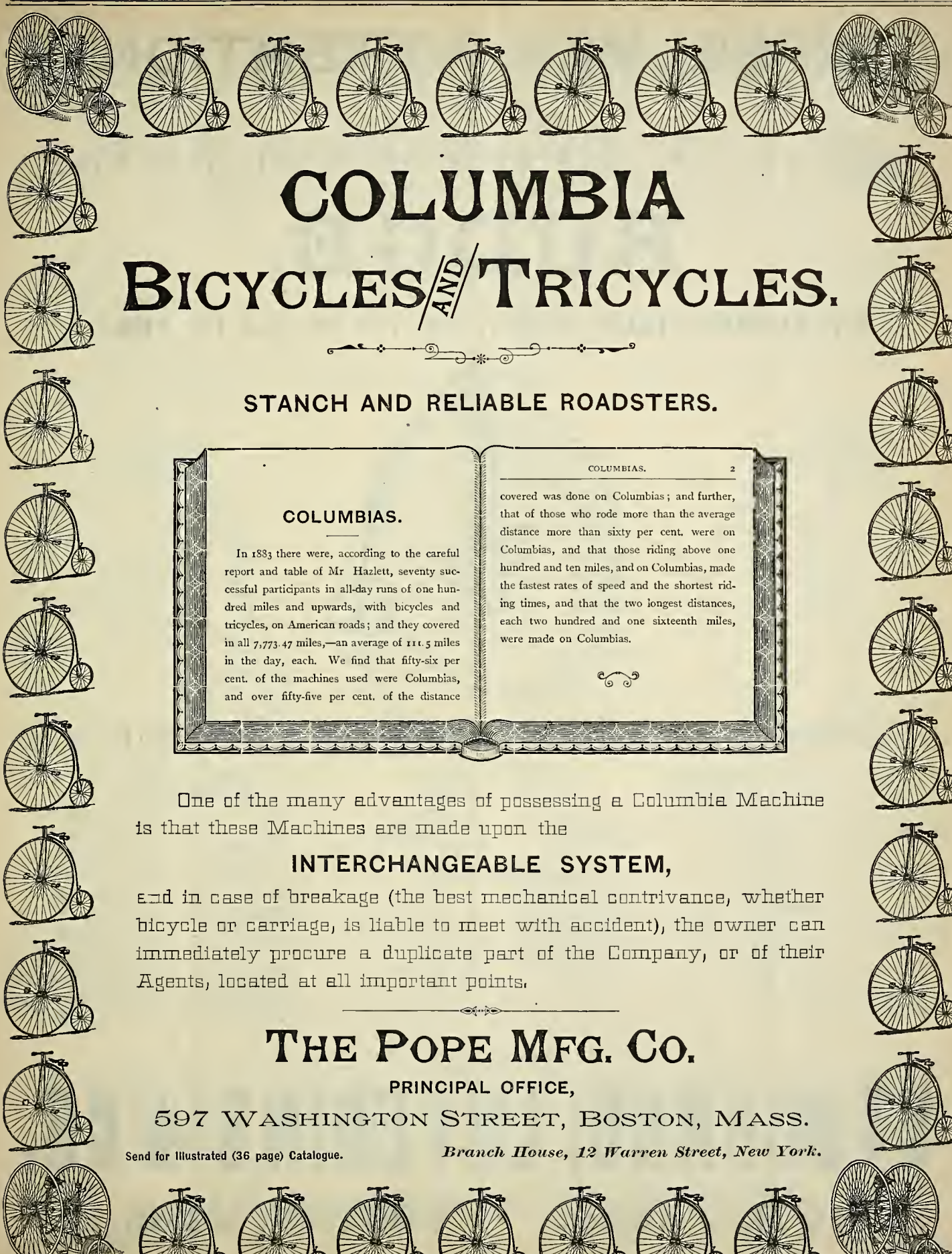
The statement in the September number of the *GAZETTE* concerning Mr. Finkler's wonderful ride contained a few inaccuracies that an eye witness has kindly corrected and sent us, which we cheerfully publish as follows:—

"After running into San Jose, a tremendous climb ensued, and although the roads were smooth at the beginning, their steepness soon became apparent, and had it not been for the lightness of the wheel (thirty-four pounds) the distance of twenty-five and one-half miles to reach an altitude of 4,440 feet in one and one-half hour, including numerous stops, the last six and three-fourths miles of which being 2,270 feet, could never have been accomplished." "The ride down the mountain to the Junction was very rapid, particular attention being paid to the brake, as a light drizzling rain was falling."

Now for the truth concerning that wonderful (?) ride. It was one evening about half past five when Mr. Finkler arrived at the observatory. I went out and spoke to him, and Mr. Plum had a dinner prepared for him, to which he did ample justice. While at dinner he gave us an account of his trip. Left San Jose ten o'clock A. M., passed over the summit (ten miles from San Jose and 1,700 feet elevation) down into Hall's valley, then to Smith's Creek or Junction eighteen and three-fourths miles from San Jose, then a six and three-fourths mile climb over a winding road where the grade is about six feet to every one hundred, making the whole distance in seven and one-half hours, which is good time for such a ride, and not in one and one-half hour.

Mr. Finkler certainly deserves credit for his ride, but he is not the first to do it, several having done it before he did.

Mr. Finkler wisely took our advice and did not attempt to ride, as there was a thick heavy fog in the valley (and not a



COLUMBIA BICYCLES/AND/ TRICYCLES.

STANCH AND RELIABLE ROADSTERS.

COLUMBIAS.

In 1883 there were, according to the careful report and table of Mr Hazlett, seventy successful participants in all-day runs of one hundred miles and upwards, with bicycles and tricycles, on American roads; and they covered in all 7,773.47 miles,—an average of 111.5 miles in the day, each. We find that fifty-six per cent. of the machines used were Columbias, and over fifty-five per cent. of the distance

COLUMBIAS.

2

covered was done on Columbias; and further, that of those who rode more than the average distance more than sixty per cent. were on Columbias, and that those riding above one hundred and ten miles, and on Columbias, made the fastest rates of speed and the shortest riding times, and that the two longest distances, each two hundred and one sixteenth miles, were made on Columbias.

One of the many advantages of possessing a Columbia Machine is that these Machines are made upon the

INTERCHANGEABLE SYSTEM,

and in case of breakage (the best mechanical contrivance, whether bicycle or carriage, is liable to meet with accident), the owner can immediately procure a duplicate part of the Company, or of their Agents, located at all important points.

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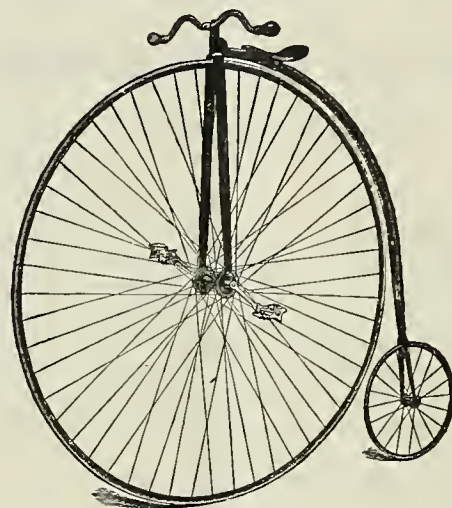
Branch House, 12 Warren Street, New York.

WHEELMEN, ATTENTION!

24 out of 29 Races won on the

RUDGE,

AT SPRINGFIELD, SEPT. 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1884.



The following American Records for 1884 were made on the Rudge Racer, viz.:

AMATEUR.			PROFESSIONAL.		
Miles.	M. S.	Names.	Miles.	M. S.	Names.
1-2 mile.....	1.18 1-5.....	S. Sellers.	1-2 mile.....	1.21	R. Howell.
1 "	2.39	S. Sellers.	2 "	5.45 3-5.....	R. Howell.
4 "	11.55 2-5.....	L. B. Hamilton.	3 "	8.36 2-5.....	R. Howell.
6 "	18.50	L. B. Hamilton.	4 "	12.11 3-5.....	R. Howell.
7 "	21.57	L. B. Hamilton.	5 "	15.02 2-5.....	R. Howell.
8 "	24.25	John Brooks.	6 "	18.24 4-5.....	R. Howell.
9 "	28.06 2-5.....	John Brooks.	7 "	21.17 2-5.....	W. M. Woodside.
10 "	31.04	S. Sellers.	8 "	24.21 3-5.....	W. M. Woodside.
			9 "	27.21 3-5.....	W. M. Woodside.
			10 "	30.07 1-5.....	R. Howell.

STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.

10 Milk Street, - - - BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Agents in the United States.

THE RUDGE RACER

SELLERS AT HARTFORD, CONN., SEPT. 9, 1884,

Rode a mile in **2 MIN. 39 SEC.**, beating the World's record.

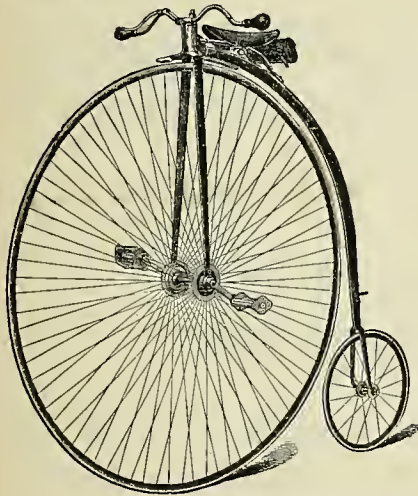
The following noted flyers also ride the RUDGE RACER:—

R. HOWELL,
S. SELLERS,
ELIOT NORTON,
WM. WAITE,
JOHN BROOKS,

ASA DOLPH,
LEWIS HAMILTON,
F. WESTERVELT,
C. H. PARSONS,
W. M. WOODSIDE,

G. M. HENDEE,
E. F. TRACY,
WM. MAXWELL,
J. H. LEWIS,
G. D. GIDEON.

The CHAMPIONSHIPS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, AMERICA, and SPAIN have all been won on the RUDGE RACER.



AMERICAN RUDGE.

THE ONLY

FIRST-CLASS ROADSTER
at a Reasonable Price.

Rudge's Unequaled Ball Bearings to both wheels.

Hollow Forks and Backbone.

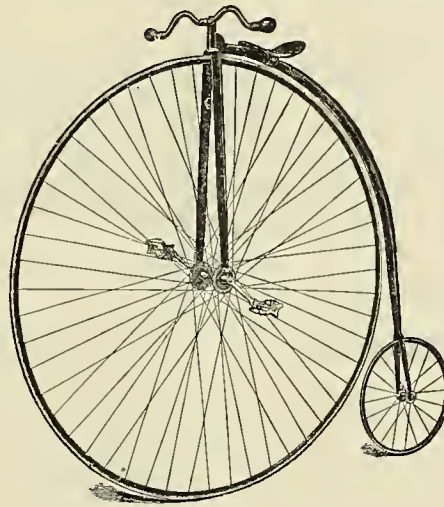
Direct Spokes (eighty to front wheel).

Curved Handle-Bars.

Parallel Pedals, nickeled.

Weight, 44 pounds.

Price, 50-in., Painted and Nickeled, \$105.

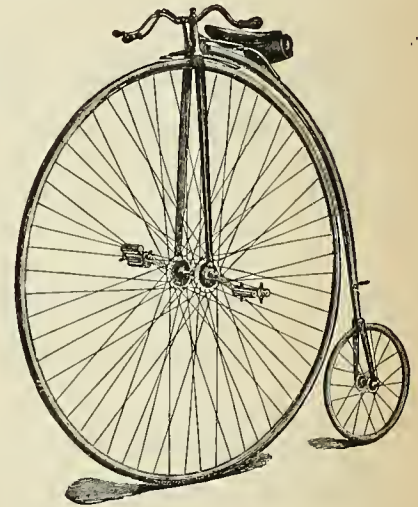


RUDGE RACER.

One Mile Record of the World,
2 Min., 39 Sec.

Net Weight 53-in. Rudge Racer,
23 Pounds.

Price, 50-in., Enameled and Nickeled, \$140.



RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.

STRENGTH, LIGHTNESS, SPEED.

The first Bicycle ever ridden up
Corey Hill.

Hollow Rims, Tangent Spokes, crossing twice
and covered at rim, Hollow Front Forks, Semi-
Tubular Rear, Hollow Handle-Bar, Hardwood
Step, BALL PEDALS.

Weight, 36 pounds.

Price, 50-in., Enameled and Nickeled, \$140.

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And obtain some good cycle reading for the dull and dreary winter months. A number of New and Interesting Features will be introduced during the coming season, so "Don't put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

THE GAZETTE is now mailed to wheelmen in **1255** cities and towns of the United States, and we must have subscribers in at least **3000** to satisfy our ambition.

Reader, is YOUR name on our list? If not, why not? Repent, and send along your **50 cents** to

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

P. S.—Have you thought what a nice Christmas Present a year's subscription to each member of your Club would be? If not, try it, and the entire Club will bless you at least **TWELVE** times during the year.

light drizzling rain). He took the trail, wheeling his bicycle before him to the brick-yard about a mile below, thus saving going over a good deal of road, and then walked down to Smith's Creek, arriving there in two hours' time. We knew this as he telephoned up to us just as soon as he arrived.

George M. Hendee, on October 16, at Springfield, Mass., on Hampden Park, attempted to beat the one-mile world record of 2.39, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, and notwithstanding the adverse circumstances succeeded in placing the one-fourth and three-fourths to his credit. The Springfield *Republican* says: "Hendee was started at the report of a Springfield rifle. He lost little time in getting into a swift motion, and after five or six revolutions of his wheel, the lively citizen in black was driving his pedals toward the quarter-pole at a rate never before seen on that piece of ground. The pole was passed in 38 1-5 seconds, and with undiminished action he whirled on into the chilly breeze that met him at the upper turn; without any perceptible slackening in motion he continued his long-lasting spurt down the stretch, but the breeze, the chill in the air, and the exertion had had their effect, and he passed under the wire in 1m. 20s., or 41 4-5 seconds for the second quarter. At the line Parsons had been waiting for him, and started a rod ahead to blaze the way. He proved the right man for the task, and on entering upon the back stretch, set such a dashing pace that Hendee was obliged to put forth new effort to recover the foot or two of ground lost. The quarter-pole flew by Hendee in 38 1-5 seconds, or 1.59 for the three-quarters, Parsons leading by a few feet. The record was still within Hendee's reach, if only that powerful and almost timeless thrust of the legs could have been continued. But the breeze was fresher than before on the upper turn, and on the stretch, and the gait was slowing to one of 2.55 instead of 2.39. The racers' flight had now become treadmill work, and though Hendee drew up inch by inch on his fleet guide, he shot under the wire with him only in 2.42 4-5—a record, under the circumstances, worthy of the king of the wheel, and several seconds faster than could reasonably have been expected by any one save Hendee himself. He had been confident of entire success before the race, but evidently underrated the difficulties of the day."

RACE MEETINGS.

WHEEL CLUB, DENVER, COL.—SEPTEMBER 11.

<i>Half-Mile, Best Two in Three.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first,	Time, 1.43
E. B. Horsford, second.	
<i>One-Mile.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first,	Time, 3.37
F. C. Kimball, second.	
<i>Slow Race, One Hundred Yards.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first.	
L. Rice, second.	
<i>Fancy Riding.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first.	
<i>One-Mile.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first,	Time, 3.51
F. E. Kimball, second.	
<i>Five-Mile.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first,	Time, 22.30
C. B. Kimball, second.	

September 13.

<i>One-Mile.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first,	Time, 3.43
F. E. Kimball, second.	
<i>Half-Mile Without Hands.</i>	
F. McFarland, first,	Time, 2.07
<i>Half-Mile.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first,	Time, 1.35
F. J. Chemaul, second.	

One-Mile Consolation.

H. Pehrie, first,	Time, 4.13
M. A. Root, second.	
<i>Five-Mile.</i>	
H. G. Kennedy, first,	Time, 22.03
F. E. Kimball, second.	

The first annual tournament of the Boston Union Athletic Company was held on the Union Grounds, September 25 to 29. The attendance was small but the races were nevertheless exciting.

Thursday, September 25.

<i>Half-Mile Dash.</i>	
Sanders Sellers, Preston, England, first,	Time, 1.32 1-2
D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., second.	
C. S. Whitney, Boston, Mass., third.	

Three-Mile Open.

H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, England, first,	Time, 10.37 3-4
D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., second,	" 10.42 2-5
C. F. Haven, Newton, Mass., third.	

One-Mile for Boston Riders.

C. S. Whitney, Boston, Mass., first,	Time, 3.39 1-2
F. E. Bryant, Boston, Mass., second.	
Theo. Rothe, Boston, Mass., third.	

Note. On account of rain the balance of the day's programme was postponed to Monday, September 29.

Friday, September 26.

Two-Mile Open.

H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., first,	Time, 6.57 1-4
R. Chambers, Birmingham, Eng., second,	" 6.57 1-2
C. H. Parsons, Springfield, Mass., third.	

Two-Mile 6.50 Class.

D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., first,	Time, 6.50 1-2
F. A. Bickford, Somerville, Mass., second,	" 6.52
C. H. Parsous, Springfield, Mass., third.	

One-Mile Open.

R. Chambers, Birmingham, Eng., first,	Time, 3.17
H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., second,	" 3.17 1-2

Three-Mile Professional Record.

W. M. Woodside, Chicago, Ill., first,	Sixteen laps.
C. J. Young, Boston, Mass., second.	

Twenty-Mile Columbia Cup.

D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., first,	Time, 1 20.58
J. C. Lewis, Hartford, Ct., second.	

Saturday, September 27.

One-Mile Professional Boston Riders.

R. A. Neilson, Boston, Mass., first,	Time, 3.18 1-4
C. J. Young, Boston, Mass., second,	" 3.18 1-2

Three-Mile Record.

D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., first,	Sixty-nine points.
H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., second,	Sixty-five "
C. F. Haven, Newton, Mass., third,	Thirty-eight "

One-Mile Tandem.

C. Joslyn and W. Chase, Leominster, first,	Time, 3.28 3-4
R. F. and W. C. Stahl, Boston, second.	

Two-Mile Tricycle.

R. Chambers, Birmingham, Eng., first,	Time, 8.17 1-4
E. B. Dudley, Boston, Mass., second,	" 8.20 1-4

Half-Mile Dash.

C. F. Haven, Newton, Mass., first,	Time, 1.33
H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., second,	" 1.33 3-4

One-Mile Without Hands.

G. E. Cain, Lynn, Mass., first,	Time, 3.48 3-4
H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., second,	" 4.46 1-2

Five-Mile Record.

R. Chambers, Birmingham, Eng., first,	111 points.
H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., second,	96 "
D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., third,	64 "

Five-Mile Professional.

John S. Prince, Washington, D. C., first,	Time, 16.34 1-4
C. J. Young, Boston, Mass., second.	

Monday, September 29.

Two-Mile Open.

D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., first,	Time, 6.44 1-2
H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., second,	" 6.45

Five-Mile Open.

R. Chambers, Birmingham, Eng., first,	Time, 17.54 1-4
D. E. Hunter, Beverly, Mass., second,	" 17.55

One-Mile Record.

H. W. Gaskell, Birmingham, Eng., first,	Sixteen points.
A. Millard, Providence, R. I., second,	Eleven "

One-Mile 3.25 Class.

F. A. Bickford, Somerville, Mass., first,	Time, 3.15 1-2
Geo. E. Cain, Lynn, Mass., second,	" 3.16

One-Mile Professional.

Robert James, Birmingham, Eng., first,	Time, 3.09 3-4
W. M. Woodside, Chicago, Ill., second.	

Annual races of Troy Bicycle Club at Troy, N. Y., September 25.

Two-Mile County Championship.

T. B. Collins, first,	Time, 7.43
W. J. Wiley, second.	

One-Mile, Best Two in Three.

T. B. Collins, first,	Time, 3.18 1-2
H. S. Kavanaugh, second.	

Half-Mile Dash.

J. O. Wood, Jr., first,	Time, 1.48 1-2
G. K. Edwards, second.	

Three-Mile Club Championship.

G. R. Collins, first,	Time, 12.08
G. H. Bartlett, second.	

One-Mile Handicap.

R. S. Coon, first,	Time, 3.43 1-2
J. V. Wilson, second.	
T. B. Collins, third.	

Three-Mile.

Ross, first,	Time, 9.55
Kavanaugh, second.	

The second annual races of the Minneapolis Wheelmen were held at the fair grounds Minneapolis, September 26, with an exhibition of club drills, fancy riding, etc., at the skating rink, in the evening.

Two Mile State Championship.

John Nicholson, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 6.40
C. L. Sawyer, Faribault, second,	" 6.43
Grant Bell, Minneapolis, third,	" 7.18

Half-Mile Dash.

D. W. McCord, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 1.38
S. A. Miller, Minneapolis, second,	" 1.41
J. H. Hush, St. Paul, third,	" 1.43

Five-Mile Open.

John Nicholson, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 18.04
J. N. Snyders, Faribault, second,	" 18.16

One-Fourth-Mile Without Hands.

Louis Fleckenstein, Faribault, first,	Time, 50
D. W. McCord, Minneapolis, second,	" 55
J. H. Hush, St. Paul, third,	" 1.01

One-Mile Consolation.

Grant Bell, Minneapolis, first,	Time, 3.34
Louis Fleckenstein, Faribault, second,	" 3.41
E. A. Newton, Red Wing, third,	" 3.59

League of Essex County Wheelmen races were held on the Riding Park, Lawrence, Mass., September 27.

Half-Mile, Best Two in Three.

W. B. Seguin, Andover, first,	Time, 1.34
W. A. Rowe, Beverly, second,	" 1.35

One-Mile.

F. P. Ingalls, Salem, first,	Time, 3.14 1-2
Charles E. Whittier, Lynn, second,	" 3.24

Three-Mile.

F. P. Ingalls, Salem, first,	Time, 12.05
William A. Rowe, Beverly, second,	" 12.15

Half-Mile Ride and Run.

Charles E. Whittier, Lynn, first.	
F. M. Downing, North Andover, second.	

Tug-of-War.

Lawrence Bicycle Club, first.	
Salem Bicycle Club, second.	

OMAHA BICYCLE CLUB.

The first annual tournament of the Omaha Bicycle Club was held Saturday, October 11, at Athletic Park in the northern part of the city. There was a fair attendance but not as large by any means as the enterprise of the Omaha Club deserved.

Half-Mile Dash.

F. M. Shaw, Glenwood, Va., first,	Time, 1.41
C. M. Woodman, Omaha, second,	" 1.41 1-2

One-Mile.

W. Patterson, Toronto, Can., first,	Time, 3.58
Roy Runic, Omaha, second.	

Two-Mile.

W. Patterson, Toronto, Can., first, Time, 6.54
John Nicholson, St. Paul, second, " 6.54 1-2

Three-Mile.

W. Patterson, Toronto, Can., first.
F. M. Shaw, Glenwood, second.

Five-Mile.

John Nicholson, St. Paul, first, Time, 17.05 1-2
John G. Hitchcock, Omaha, second, " 17.06

SCRANTON BICYCLE CLUB.

The first race meeting of the Scranton Bicycle Club, consisting of a parade in the morning, races in the afternoon, and an entertainment at the rink in the evening, was held at Scranton, Thursday, October 16. The attendance was large both afternoon and evening, a number being turned away unable to gain admittance to the rink. The one-mile ride and run record made at Springfield, Mass., was broken by five seconds.

One-Mile Dash.

C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y., first, Time, 3.09
C. H. Rogers, Binghamton, N. Y., second, " 3.09 1-5

Half-Mile Novice.

C. M. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y., first, Time, 1.34 1-5
J. A. Mott, Scranton, second, " 1.34 2-5

One-Mile Club Championship.

J. R. Schlager, Scranton, first, Time, 3.15
J. A. Spencer, Scranton, second.

Three-Mile State Championship.

J. R. Schlager, Scranton, first, Time, 10.09

One-Mile Ride and Run.

C. H. Rogers, Binghamton, N. Y., first, Time, 4.26 1-4
C. B. Ripley, Smithville, N. J., second.

Five-Mile Handicap.

C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y., first, Time, 18.31
C. H. Rogers, Binghamton, N. Y., second.

One-Mile Tug-of-War.

Binghamton Bicycle Club, first, Time, 3.07 1-2
Scranton Bicycle Club, second.

One-Mile Consolation.

F. J. Bayless, Binghamton, N. Y., first, Time, 3.37

Items of Interest.

38 1-5.

George M. Hendee.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 16, 1884.

One-fourth mile record of the world.

"Yours on wheels, Belva A. Lockwood."

Nearly 1,000 new names added to our list since the September tournament.

THE SPRINGFIELD WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE is mailed to 1,255 post-offices in the United States.

J. H. Adams, the wonderful long distance rider of England, has just accomplished 266 1-4 miles on a Facile, in 24 hours, beating the world's record.

Hugo Barthol, a native of Saxony, according to the *Hamburg Morning News*, recently completed a journey of 2,800 miles in eleven weeks, over roads, on a bicycle.

A. J. Wilson and G. Smith, London T. C., on September 20, rode one mile on a tricycle in 3m. 6s. at Alexandra Park, London, Eng., thus beating the record of Corsellis and Webb by 1m. 4-5s.

William Bond, Star Bicycle Club, Lynn, Mass., is stated to have ridden 123 2-3 miles in 14h. 26m., October 5, his actual riding time being 11h. 56m. He is soon to attempt to cover 200 miles in 24 hours.

H. A. Speechley won the ten-mile challenge cup race at the fall meeting of the Surrey Bicycle Club at Kennington Oval, London, Eng., September 20, accomplishing the fastest time in which the dis-

tance has ever been wheeled on a grass course—34m. 12 2-5s.

W. F. Sutton, London (Eng.), Scottish Bicycle Club, starting September 12, in 24 hours covered 230 3-4 miles, beating the previous 24-hour record by nine miles. He rode 399 miles in two days and nine hours. Mr. Sutton now holds both bicycle and tricycle records for 24 hours.

The 100-mile Kangaroo bicycle race recently run in England was won by C. L. Smith in 7 hours, 11 minutes, 10 seconds. This beats the record made in the 100-mile road race from Bath to London by F. E. Appleyard in 1878, which was 7 hours, 18 minutes, 55 seconds, and which has until now never been beaten.

C. Gossett beat the 100-mile tricycling road record of 9h. 9m. made early this season. The route was from the first milestone outside Hitchin, Eng., north to Buckden; returning over the same road and riding to Biggleswade and Great Barford and return. Gossett's times were: 5m., 19m. 17s.; 10m., 39m. 30s.; 25m., 1h. 54m.; 50m., 4h. 18m., and 100m., 9h. 5m.

James Copeland, Sydney Bicycle Club, August 26, successfully completed the first overland trip from Sydney to Melbourne, Aus., on a tricycle, the journey occupying 12d. 9h. The average traveling was fifty miles a day, which may be called very good work, when the bad state of the roads and the weather are taken into consideration. During part of the trip a severe head-wind interfered greatly with the rider's progress.

W. F. Sutton, of England, has just achieved the wonderful record of 402 miles in two days on a tricycle. The first day's ride netted 231 miles, with an actual riding time of 22 hours. The 402 miles was accomplished in the actual riding time of 38 1-2 hours. For stimulants, Mr. Sutton ate a good number of pears and lemons, and drank about twenty cocoa leaves, and experienced no ill effect from them, though they caused a slight eruption of the skin. He chewed nearly the entire contents of a packet during the two nights.

HORSE vs. BICYCLE.—The recent races between our professional bicycle riders and trotting horses have led many to think that for five miles and over the bicycle is vastly superior to the horse. A comparison of the best amateur records and those of American trotting horses shows that our bicycle riders must speed up to catch the horse records up to and including 20 miles.

MILE.	NAME.	TIME.	NAME.	TIME.
1	Sellers,	2.39	Maud S.,	2.09½
2	English,	5.32	Monroe Chief,	4.46
3	Hillier,	8.32	Huntress,	7.21½
4	Hillier,	11.24	Trustee,	11.06
5	Hillier,	14.18	Lady Mack,	13.00
10	English,	29.19 2-5	Controller,	27.23½
12	English,	35.15	Topgallant,	38.00
15	English,	44.29 3-5	Girder,	47.20
20	English,	59.06 3-5	Capt. McGowan,	58.25
50	Falconer,	2.43.58 3-5	Ariel,	3.55.40½
100	Waller,	5.51.07	Conqueror,	8.55.53

On the path the Americans are not far behind our English brethren of the wheel. On the road we are over two hours behind the English records, as the following will show:—

American One Hundred Mile Road Records.

NAME.	MACHINE.	TIMES.
Geo. Webber,	Star,	9.20.00
J. E. Wood,	Expert,	9.41.30
Theo. Rothe,	Rudge,	9.55.30
D. T. Fales,	Gooch,	9.59.30
C. J. Dettling,	Star,	11.30.00
W. R. Pitman,	Columbia (tri.),	11.30.00

English One Hundred Mile Road Records.

	TIME.
G. Smith, Merry Rovers, T. C.,	7.11.10
S. Golder, Coventry,	7.49.05
T. A. Edge, Manchester,	7.59.21
R. T. Cassell, Beretta,	8.11.20
H. Fraser, Dumfries, and Anfield,	8.49.10
R. Milthorpe, Newcastle,	8.55.30
T. Oliver, Newcastle,	8.55.30
W. Powell, Coventry,	8.55.30

The difference in time is accounted for in the condition of the roads. The American record was made at the 100-mile road race of the Boston Bicycle Club, October 4, and the English record was made at the 100-mile Kangaroo race, September 26, under the auspices of Hillner, Hubert & Cooper, for Kangaroo bicycles only.

BICYCLE vs. TRICYCLE.—A novel match was held September 29, on the Crystal Palace track between Major Knox-Homes on a tricycle, and Mr. George Lacy Hillier on a bicycle, the latter conceding his older opponent "miles for years" in a ten hours' match. As the major is seventy-eight, and Mr. Hillier twenty-eight, it will be seen the ex-champion had a big task before him. The major won, covering 115 miles in the allotted time to 146 made by Hillier. Hillier made a determined effort to secure the bicycle records, and succeeded in grasping the following:—

MILES.	H. M. S.	MILES.	H. M. S.
51	2 55 24	122	8 15 31
52	2 59 23	123	8 19 52
53	3 3 26	124	8 23 56
54	3 7 29	125	8 28 10
101	6 43 27	126	8 32 20
102	6 56 49	127	8 36 37
103	7 0 25	128	8 40 46
104	7 4 8	129	8 45 10
105	7 7 58	130	8 49 28
106	7 12 04	131	8 54 0
107	7 16 30	132	8 58 12
108	7 20 40	133	9 2 12
109	7 24 41	134	9 6 36
110	7 28 30	135	9 11 24
111	7 32 44	136	9 15 55
112	7 36 30	137	9 20 33
113	7 40 47	138	9 25 31
114	7 45 22	139	9 29 21
115	7 49 23	140	9 33 54
116	7 52 53	141	9 38 24
117	7 56 22	142	9 43 23
118	8 0 10	143	9 47 34
119	8 3 42	144	9 52 13
120	8 7 26	145	9 56 5
121	8 11 9	146	9 59 34

As no one has before gone beyond the century on the path on a tricycle, the major's times from 101 to 115 stand as record:—

MILES.	H. M. S.	MILES.	H. M. S.
101	8 36 24	109	9 23 3
102	8 42 6	110	9 29 4
103	8 47 36	111	9 34 44
104	8 53 19	112	9 40 28
105	8 59 13	113	9 46 48
106	9 5 23	114	9 52 58
107	9 11 17	115	9 59 58
108	9 17 0		

Invention keeps pace with the demands of the times, and where only a trifling variation on a contrivance already extant can fill a suddenly-felt want, *Puck* is ready to do his share. The bicycle and tricycle already exist. By a simple spread of fancy and the wheels of a tricycle, behold the family cycle, an invention designed to counteract the sudden development of fashionable affection for coachmen. In this vehicle the entire family, even to the baby, the nurse, and the pet pup, can be accommodated. There are also places for the attachment of picnic baskets and umbrellas. No horses are needed, as the nurse and the "governor" can do the propelling. Daughters are thus prevented from riding on box-seats along with coachmen, stable insanity becomes eradicated, and the fashionable world may settle down to its normal condition of marrying and selling in marriage.—

Puck.

FOR GOODNESS' SAKE.

I purchased a bicycle early last spring,

But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you;
It looked such a harmless, enticing young thing,

But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.

Its wheels were so spidery, cunning and fleet,

Its fixings so really too wholly complete,

That I couldn't keep still till I'd jumped on the seat;

But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.

I'm not sure what happened immediately then,

But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you;

I didn't know what struck me, nor how, where, nor when,

But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.

I plowed up my nose, and I damaged my shin;

I lit on my back, and I lit on my chin,

I came out a wreck and I turned outside in,

But, for heaven's sake, don't say I told you.

I did this, I did this, again and again,

But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.

I really became the most battered of men,

But, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you.

But now I'm a dandy, and skim through the air;

I'm as gay as a lark, and as empty of care;

There's no sport like wheeling, no pleasure so rare,

And you needn't deny that I told you.

—Canadian Wheelman.

A TRIP TO THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Friday evening, August 8, the following members of the Salt Lake Bicycle Club left this city for a two weeks trip to the Yellowstone Park:—

Captain D. L. Davis, riding a fifty-inch Harvard machine; Sub-Captain William Wood, Jr., riding a fifty-two-inch Expert; Vice-President H. S. Cutler, riding a fifty-inch Harvard; Secretary Walter Jennings, riding a forty-eight-inch Harvard, and F. G. Brooks riding a fifty-two-inch Expert.

This trip had been talked of among the members of the above named club for some time, and every one looked forward to it as the "one great trip of the club." Each and every one who rode a machine wanted to go, but when the time came for starting only the above mentioned persons were ready to undertake the somewhat uncertain trip.

The intended route of the wheelmen was *via* the Utah Central Railroad to Ogden, then over the Utah & Northern Railroad to Beaver Canyon, and from there to the Park, a distance of one hundred miles, on our machines.

So Friday evening at 4.30 P. M., we boarded the U. C. train for Ogden and were hurled along at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, through green fields, over sandy deserts, and across sage brush districts, to the small yet flourishing town of Ogden.

We had two hours to wait here before leaving on the U. & N. Railroad, so we commenced transferring our machines, etc., from the U. C. train to the U. & N. cars. While engaged in this work our attention was attracted to the main street of Ogden by the ringing of its fire bell and the dense volumes of smoke that rose from the large furniture stores of Boyle Bros. Having more time in Ogden than we knew how to dispose of, we mounted our machines and sped from the depot to the town at a great speed; astonishing all we met, for such a sight Ogden does not see every day as a bicycle club tearing through its streets at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and a fire on top of that. We spent but little time at the scene of the conflagration, as we preferred to see the sights of the city rather than watch an untrained fire brigade wear themselves out trying to do much good, yet, in reality, doing more harm and causing more excitement than was necessary.

The roads were very good in some parts of the city, and we rode over them in true wheelman style. After seeing all there was in Ogden, we betook ourselves to the depot for refreshments while waiting for the train. The train being half an hour late we did not leave Ogden until 8.30 P. M., and when the whistle blew for leaving we were all in good spirits and anxiously awaiting the time when we should arrive at the point where we could once more use our machines.

Arriving at Beaver Canyon the next day at one o'clock P. M., our baggage was transferred from the train to a wagon that was waiting to take our provisions, etc., to the Park. While refreshing ourselves with a slight lunch, previous to starting on our long journey, our machines were freely commented upon and criticised by the small population of Beaver Canyon, that had turned out in force to see, as they called it, the "new-fangled horse."

Among the many curious ideas of those who had never before seen a bicycle was that expressed by a saloon keeper. He said: "Well, them's the handdest lot of harps I ever saw! Where are you going to have the exhibition?" He, being a saloon keeper, was of course not answerable for what he said.

We left Beaver Canyon about two o'clock P. M., on our machines, and rode to Kansas Creek, a distance of twenty miles, by six o'clock. These were the worst roads we encountered on the journey, they being mostly up hill and very rocky. The only excitement of any consequence on this part of the trip was the serious attempt made by some of the boys to take the life of a poor, innocent chicken. It appears that the chicken was in some brush near the road, and one of the boys seeing it warned the rest to be quiet and we would have chicken for supper. The only weapons of defense that the boys carried were revolvers, so we drew them and quietly advanced on the enemy. When within six feet or less of the bird we commenced firing, and such a fierce battle was never carried on before; but the chicken got the best of the fight, for when the smoke cleared away no chicken was in sight. It had quietly walked off during the affray.

Arriving at Kansas Creek some of the boys went hunting and fishing while the rest remained to pitch the tent and prepare supper. That evening we dined on fried trout and boiled grouse. After supper we were entertained by a Mr. Harris, from a camp close by, with a choice selection of songs with violin accompaniment. Thus ended our first days out with no accident with the exception of the first header taken by Jennings.

The next day being Sunday we did not leave Kansas until three o'clock P. M., and then we rode over to a station called Sheridan, a distance of thirteen miles from Kansas. The first mile of this road was poor, it being meadow land and thus very grassy and rough. The next four miles, however, were very good, and although it was rather a steep grade it was not hard to ride up. At the end of this four-mile stretch we came across some cold water springs called the "Indian Springs." We refreshed ourselves with a drink at the springs and then began the ascent of a number of hills that lay in our path. After climbing some few of these hills we found ourselves on the summit of a very large hill, at the foot of which lay a large valley. The hill being somewhat steep it was a question of doubt whether we had better ride or walk down. Three of the party becoming

more courageous than the rest resolved to ride it or break their necks in the attempt. It was a very exciting ride and one that amply repaid us for the risk we ran. The next mile or two of the road was very good, but after that we found some poor and some pretty good roads until we reached Sheridan, where we camped for the night. There were a few headers taken that day, but the only one of any consequence was that taken by Mr. Brooks while riding up a steep hill.

At Sheridan we found plenty of good fishing but no hunting.

The next day, Monday, August 11, we left Sheridan station about eight o'clock A. M., and rode to the first crossing of Snake River, a distance of twelve miles, by eleven o'clock A. M. Here we took lunch and then stacked our machines on the wagon, to ford the river. After fording the river we had ten miles of rather sandy roads to travel before reaching Snake River Station, or Ray's Camp, as it is called. We also had to ford the river again before we came to this camp.

We reached Ray's Camp early in the afternoon, but finding it to be the best place to camp within ten miles, we resolved to stop. To pass away the afternoon we went fishing, but the water was too shallow and clear to catch anything except mosquitoes, so we gave up fishing and borrowed a boat that was used by a Mr. Ray to spear fish with, and rowed up the river some distance, where we took a bath. The rest of the day was spent in lying around camp resting for the next day's ride.

That evening a stage driver by the name of Lee took the boat and a spear and started up the river to spear fish. In about two hours he returned with thirty nice, large trout weighing from one to three pounds.

While at Ray's Camp the time was made to pass as pleasantly as could be by Mrs. Bassett, who keeps Bassett Brothers' station there.

The next morning, August 12, we got an early start, and after riding over good roads through the timber for nearly two miles, we came to more meadow land. Here the roads were so rough and grassy and wet that we could not ride for more than a quarter or half a mile without dismounting once or twice. After traveling over this kind of road for three miles we came to a large creek called "Henry's Ford." Took breakfast here, and after catching more fish for supper rode on. After going some distance we came to a large brook and here Jennings baptized his bicycle while trying to cross. We then named this creek "Bicycle Creek."

Shortly after leaving we came to the Tyghee Pass, a cut in the mountain, and through this we passed from Idaho to Montana. While going through this pass we had some tedious walks up hill and some exciting rides down.

About one o'clock P. M. we reached a station called South Fork. This station is about twenty-five miles from Snake River where we left in the morning. After having dinner we proceeded on our way over the "natural drive" to the next station, called Riverside. This "natural drive" is about twelve miles long and is shaded by groves of pine and quakenapp. The road is mostly level but very sandy, thus making it hard to travel. Arriving at Riverside about five o'clock rather tired after the pull through the sand, yet we were in good spirits and able to eat a hearty supper. Riverside is an abandoned station situated in the Yellowstone Park at the foot of the big mountain

that we had to cross before reaching Fire-Hole Basin. The river that is formed by the geysers flows past this station and so we drank the geyser water that night and the next morning.

The next morning we were up good and early, and after a good breakfast we stacked our machines upon the wagon and prepared to climb the big mountain previously mentioned. It was five miles from Riverside to the top of this mountain and in some places it was very steep and sandy. After reaching the top of this mountain three of the party mounted their machines and rode to Fire-Hole Basin, a distance of seven and one-half miles from the summit of the mountain. While on the way to the Fire-Hole Basin, Messrs. Cutler and Davis took headers, the former bending the backbone of his machine and the latter slightly skinning his nose. Barring these two slight headers we all arrived at Fire-Hole Basin, our intended headquarters, all safe and in good order, about twelve o'clock M. After dinner we were taken over to the Lower Geyser Basin in a light spring wagon by Mr. Harris, whom I have previously mentioned as the party that serenaded us on our first night out.

The Lower Geyser Basin is composed of a number of small geysers, hot springs, and paint pots. The paint pots are the best part of this basin. They are like large vats of boiling lime, only instead of being white the mud is of a pinkish color and bubbles up in the shape of a rose.

At the Lower Basin, the new geyser that broke out August 6 is called the Cleveland Geyser. Having seen all there was to see of this basin we returned to Fire-Hole headquarters, where we camped for the night.

At this place are to be found two hotels and the assistants' cabin. At the cabin are stationed the park police, who see that no game is killed in the Park and that the formations are not broken off the geyser cones, etc.

In the evening Mr. Cutler and Mr. Davis went over to the cabin to get what information they could concerning the Park, and while there they met Mr. McGowan, a member of the Capital Club, of Washington, and who is also one of the park policemen. He was very glad to see a brother wheelman and offered to be our guide to the Upper Geyser Basin the next day.

As we were told that the roads through the Park were not good for bicycling we concluded to leave them at the cabin and take our wagon.

So the next morning, August 14, we left Fire-Hole for the Upper Geyser Basin, accompanied by Mr. McGowan. On our way we came to the Middle Geyser Basin, about five miles from the Lower Basin. This basin is also called Hell's Half Acre and is made up of the following: Paradise Lake, a large body of boiling water, the bottom of which could not be seen in some parts although the water was as clear as crystal; Dell Pool, another hot water hole; Crystal Lake, a small body of water, but very deep and violent, and the Excelsior Geyser. This is the largest geyser in the Park but is now non-active. After seeing all there was to see here we rode on five miles farther, when we came to the Upper Geyser Basin. Here is a large canvas hotel for the accommodation of tourists that travel by the stage line, and at this basin are also to be found the largest geysers and boiling springs. Some of these geysers erupt but once in two or three days, but we arrived there in time to see most of them erupt. The first one we saw erupt was Old Faithful, situated at the south end of the basin. This gey-

ser discharges every fifty to seventy minutes, lasts from three to five minutes, and throws a stream of boiling water into the air a distance of from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet.

Among the other geysers we saw erupt were the following: Saw Mill, Turban Castle, Young Faithful, Oblong Splendid, Fan, Riverside, and Grand. The latter was expected to erupt early in the morning but did not go off till evening. It discharges every sixteen to thirty-one hours, lasts from ten to forty-two minutes, and throws a stream ninety-five to two hundred feet high.

Among the other geysers we saw but which did not erupt while we were there are the Bee Hive, Lion, Lioness and the Two Cubs, Giant, Giantess, and the Grotto.

We also visited the Emerald Pool, a large morning-glory shaped boiling spring; Devil's Punch Bowl, Specimen Lake, and many other boiling springs and lakes that are too numerous to mention.

The Giant and Giantess were expected to erupt in the night, and as they last for twelve hours we concluded to stop here all night and see them discharge. In the morning we were up early to see the expected geysers go off, but there were no signs of an eruption.

After breakfast we all went to the Old Faithful geyser and waited for an hour or so, expecting to see the Giant or Giantess go off, but about ten o'clock, there still being no signs of an eruption, we left for Fire-Hole arriving there at twelve M.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we left for the falls that are on the Yellowstone River. These falls are about thirty-five miles from Fire-Hole, and it being late when we left the latter place we did not arrive at the falls till the next day about eleven o'clock A. M.

At the falls is another large canvas hotel and here we recognized a number of faces we had seen at the Upper Geyser Basin.

After taking lunch then visited the falls. There are two falls, the first one is about one-quarter of a mile from where we camped. These falls are two hundred feet high and having the rapids above them the water is thrown over them much more violently than it would be otherwise. A few hundred yards farther on we came to the Grand Falls. These falls are three hundred and sixty feet high and situated at the head of Grand Canyon. On either side of these falls and canyon are large cliffs making it very hard to get in the canyon or down to the falls if it were not for the steps and railings that government has erected for the benefit of visitors. After visiting the falls we took the trail and followed it down the Grand Canyon for some distance till we came to a large point called Point Lookout. From this point we had a good view of both the falls and the beautiful colorings of the canyon. Just below Point Lookout is a large peak on the top of which is a large eagles' nest. We spent what there was left of the afternoon in prying into every nook and corner that was likely to contain some of nature's treasures.

That evening we all expressed ourselves as perfectly satisfied with our visit to the falls and their surroundings. The next morning, Sunday, August 17, we left the falls and started for Yellowstone Lake. On our way we passed the Sulphur Mountain. This is a large mountain made up mostly of sulphur. At the base of this mountain on the north side is a large, boiling sulphur spring and the most violent we had yet seen in the Park. We stopped at the mountain for a few

minutes to obtain some specimens and then went on to the lake, arriving there about one o'clock P. M. We were all disappointed when we arrived there for we expected to see some fine scenery surrounding the lake, but we saw all there was to see in a very few minutes. We spent but little time as there were other places of more interest than the lake that we wished to visit.

On our return to the Fire-Hole Basin it rained most of the way, making it very unpleasant. That evening we camped on a small stream called Trout Brook. This stream was fairly alive with trout but the large ones were wormy. We had caught several while at the falls and they were full of worms. They presented such a sickly sight that we did not care to eat trout that were caught in a creek that had the reputation of containing wormy trout, whether they were wormy or not. Sunday night it rained most all night long, but the next morning the sun came out and it was quite pleasant until we arrived at Fire-Hole, when it again began to cloud up and look like storm. Monday afternoon after arriving at Fire-Hole we again visited the Lower Geyser Basin and spent the afternoon there. Towards evening it began to rain and so we returned to the cabin at Fire-Hole. It rained all that evening and the next day it kept drizzling down so that we were unable to leave for home as we had intended to do. However, we passed the next day, Tuesday, at the cabin very pleasantly.

Wednesday morning, it being fine, we all started for home. We had to pack our machines over the big mountain on the wagon again, and so we did not arrive at Riverside till towards noon. We took lunch here and as the sun had been out all morning and dried up the woods, we were glad to use our machines again, after riding for ages, as it seemed to us, in the jolting wagon.

The "natural drive" instead of being sandy on the return trip was much improved by the rain, and the twelve and one-half miles was made in one hour and ten minutes. On the way a herd of deer was seen about fifty yards from the road, but not having our guns along the deer were allowed to go their way unmolested. That afternoon we rode over to Henry's Ford, a distance of thirty miles from Riverside, by half past six P. M.

Thursday we rode from Henry's Ford to the second crossing of the Snake River. We arrived here about two o'clock and spent the rest of the day in fishing. As we were coming through a little valley between the two crossings of the Snake River we saw at the side of a small sluice about seventy-five yards from the road, a small deer. The sight of our machines seemed to petrify him, for he did not move a muscle till we had ridden on out of his sight and were returning, without our machines, to get the guns from the wagon. When he saw us without the machines it seemed to revive him, for he trotted off as unconcerned as could be. Friday morning we left Snake River and rode to Rattlesnake Creek, a small stream about ten miles from Beaver Canyon. During this ride Mr. Woods took his first header, but it seemed as if he wanted to make up for all the others he should have taken, by inspecting the ground for some distance upon his hands and knees. Saturday morning we rode over to Beaver Canyon, where we took the train in the afternoon for Salt Lake City.

We arrived at this city the next morning, Sunday, August 22, where we were met by the other members of the club.

WM. JAY.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Mr. Ducker says he is done with tournaments. He may think so now, but wait till he cools off.—*Bicycling World*.

The bicyclist carries a lantern at night so that he may not run over himself with his wheel.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Blobson thinks that bicyclers are a dangerous class, because they are engaged in so many land grabs.—*Burlington Free Press*.

We were conversing on the subject of bicycles, when our "devil," who overheard the conversation, casually remarked that "farmers sometimes bicycles." We retired to the "siekleusion" of our sanctum.—*Lynn Union*.

Hendee believes he can beat Sellers, at least so one of the American papers states, and it further adds, "If he doesn't do it at New Haven, it is possible he may go to England next year." We hope he may. He will meet foemen worthy of his wheel, and receive a good welcome.—*London Cyclist*.

The Chicago *Mirror of Sports* should put a check on its correspondents, "Wallace" and "Francis." The paper runs a good bicycling column, but the statements made and conclusions drawn by these correspondents are neither truthful nor wise, and discredit the journal.—*Bicycling World*.

To what extent bicycling is taking hold on the bicycling world is partly shown by the fact that George Hendee, the Springfield champion, owns \$4,500 worth of badges and other prizes, a third of which he has won this year; and Lewis Hamilton, Yale's crack wheelman, possesses \$2,000 in the same sort of material.—*New York Times*.

It was really too bad that Springfield did not give us one long race during the forenoon of one of the tournament days. We dislike to see the old records standing on the books, and such a race on such a track would have given us a clean sheet to carry over. We are glad they did not put one on the afternoon programme.—*Bicycling World*.

Mr. Bale has come to the conclusion that the Yankees are fliers, and that America has some rattling good men. He says: "The people here are gone mad over Hendee. You can hardly imagine the feeling shown. They seemed to think it was impossible for anybody in the world to beat him. However, he got taken down by the Britisher, and the Yanks lost their dollars."—*Cyclist*.

The several ladies who rode tricycles in Springfield looked extremely well, and managed their machines with a skill and ease that must have created a favorable impression. We noticed a marked improvement in appearance, as compared with last year. We live in hopes that tricycling will yet become popular with our American ladies, so sadly in need of healthful out-door exercise.—*World*.

The police force was equal to all occasions. When Hendee and Sellers were coming down the homestretch neck and neck, Papa Weston went to his position at the tape and was collared by a policeman, who, in the excitement of the moment, failed to see that he was pulling a judge off the track. President Beckwith, a judge, was also pulled off the track, and Leeming, who had Sellers in charge, was "fired" over the railing neck and heels. We admire the efficiency of the police, and we are happy to add that they made handsome apologies for their mistakes.—*World*.

The sudden fastness of so many of our racing men can be laid to two causes, tracks and machines. There is no reason why we should not compete successfully with England, and we have shown each year an improvement in our ability to do so. We suggest that an effort be made to raise, by subscription, a fund large enough to send to England two or three of our best amateurs to compete with English amateurs on their own ground, and, if possible, to beard the lion in his den. America has been represented in every other sport in England. Why not in cycling?—*World*.

R. HOWELL'S AMERICAN TRIP.

(From the *London Cyclist*.)

R. Howell, in company with Mr. W. Atkins, of the Red Cow Hotel, Leicester, arrived home from America by the afternoon express from Liverpool, on Sunday last, after experiencing an extraordinary rough passage from New York. In conversation with our Leicester representative, the professional champion, who is looking the picture of health, expressed himself highly pleased with the tour, a few brief particulars of which are appended. Leaving Liverpool on the 26th of August, in company with Messrs. Atkins, Leeming, and Sanders Sellers, the party experienced a pleasant voyage to New York, during the progress of which the two crack bicyclists accomplished their training exercise upon a "Home Trainer," sent on board especially for their use from the works of Messrs. Rudge.

Landing at New York, Howell at once began to feel the effects of the great heat, which at one time threatened to interfere considerably with his engagement. The party, however, at once left for Hartford, at which place Howell rode an exhibition mile round the Charter Oak track in 2m. 42s., and in a mile handicap on the same ground Sellers accomplished his 2m. 39s. mile. Upon the next day, Howell, in company with Mr. Atkins, went straight to Springfield, and the following four days were devoted to training for the big meet. Howell was much pleased with the track, which measures half a mile, and which he describes as the best and fastest track in America. Getting himself in good riding form, Howell was confident of being able to come out of his engagement satisfactorily, and, as is well known, carried off six of the eight events in which he took part.

Referring to his defeat by Prince in the mile race, Howell informed our representative that a strong dose of beef-tea entirely upset him, inasmuch as some 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 towards 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.

Before leaving the scene of his triumph, Howell was the recipient of several valuable presents from members of the Springfield Club, while any amount of invitations were forthcoming to entertain the champion on the following Sunday.

The party left Springfield on Monday for Boston to take part in some wheel events upon a six laps to the mile track, which Howell describes as being worse than any ridden in England. The champion's engagements consisted of his taking part in an exhibition mile race, but prior to this Sellers

beat Hendee in a two-mile handicap. The American crack, however, objected to Sellers on the ground of a foul, and the objection being upheld, the Englishmen at once left the ground.

Leaving Boston, the party spent a week in New York sight-seeing, and then embarked on board the "Adriatic" for England. Directly after the start, the journey was rendered anything but enjoyable, owing to a terrific gale springing up, which lasted for three days, and which made the vessel twenty-four hours overdue.

As previously stated, 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 WAY TO DURHAM.

Wheelist meeting pitman and boy on the roads near to Durham:—

WHEELIST.—My man, can you show me the way to Durham?

PITMAN.—(With a look of intense disgust on his face,) Eh?

WHEELIST.—Can you show me the way to Durham?

PITMAN.—Aw, way, noo', I want nane of yor cod.

WHEELIST.—I'm not joking. I simply want to know the way to Durham.

PITMAN.—De ye mean to say yor divvent know the way to Durham?

WHEELIST.—I do.

PITMAN.—Why, how auld might yor be, if it's a fair question?

WHEELIST.—Well, I don't see what that has to do with it, but I'm forty-five.

PITMAN.—Forty-five, and yor divvent know the way to Durham. Why, here's-my bit lad here, just seven yors auld, and he knows.

(Exit WHEELIST for green fields and pastures new.)—*Wheeling*.

THE TANDEM TRICYCLE AS A WEDDING CARRIAGE.—A funny, though truthful, story reaches us from a place on the Lincolnshire coast, very popular with Sheffield and Nottingham people, to the effect that one day early last month a young lady and gentleman rode up to the parish church at the seaside place referred to, on a tandem tricycle, and in tricycle dress, and having been duly married by the rector of the parish, remounted their tandem and rode off in the most common-place fashion. The same couple are still frequently to be seen riding tandem in the district where they reside, and they fondly imagine that no one knows of their having given a new era to the tricycle as a wedding carriage. A correspondent suggests that there is no reason why bridesmaids and groomsmen should not attend in the same style. 'Twould certainly be more economical than the general system of carriages and pairs.—*Sheffield, Eng., Independent*.

HE WAS USED TO IT.

"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.—*Philadelphia Call*.

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FOR SALE—Two Bicycles in good condition: One 51-inch American Star, for \$85; one 52-inch Extraordinary Challenge, for \$75. Address DR. H. JARVIS, OXFORD, MD.

FOR SALE.—Lithographs (14x17) of Geo. M. Hendee will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. AMERICAN BICYCLE CO. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOR SALE—One 54-inch Matchless Bicycle. This Machine has ball bearings to both wheels, has just been painted, has a McDonnell cyclometer, Facile bell, long-distance saddle, tool bag and tools, and is in excellent condition. Will sell the same for \$87.50 cash. CHARLES GORDON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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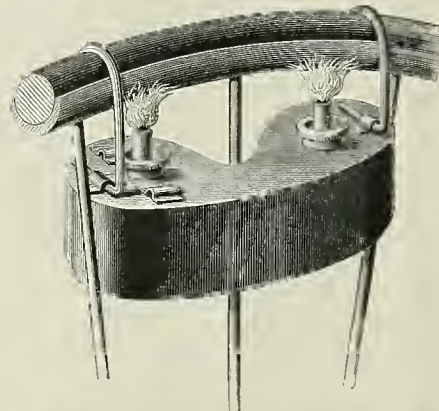
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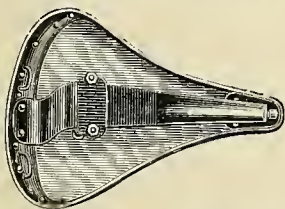
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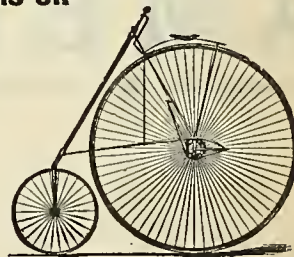
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