

The Cycle.

VOL. II., No. 5.

BOSTON, MASS., 29 OCTOBER, 1886.

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World's Tandem Record

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THE CYCLE

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ABBOT BASSETT EDITOR

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WE cannot imagine what kind of spectacles the editor of the *Gazette* uses when he says: "The promateur is a grand success, viewed from almost every light." Every one admits that the promateur races were uninteresting beyond all others, and this was because there were but few promateurs. Just where the success comes in we cannot see.

RECORDS may mean little or they may mean much. Road records made on machines, taken from the regular stock, mean a great deal. A bicycle that can stand a hard ride for three hundred miles must have good stuff in it.

THE Columbia team has swept everything before it. Now, will the makers of the wheels that ran against the team come forward and say that their bicycles are inferior? When they have taken a record, they have put the credit upon the machine. Why should not the machine suffer the onus of defeat?

ROWE and Hendee now declare themselves to be professionals. There was little need for this. Their attempts at the records were no more than private trials, and it is very probable that the A. C. U. would wink at any delinquencies, just as they did in the road trials.

THE *Bulletin* is on a campaign in the interest of better roads. This is a field of labor that will employ no end of time and energy. We will hold the coat of the editor while he pitches in.

IN the course of his remarks the editor says that "those blest individuals who are constantly rolling over the sand-papered roads around Boston have a public duty to their less favored brethren of the wheel that will not be discharged until at least one of them has contributed to these columns an article or articles descriptive of the methods by which these roads were first constructed and how maintained in their high degree of excellence." Nature, after all, is the great road-builder. Where she has been generous in the bestowal of good road-making material, the roads are good, and where she has been a niggard, the roads are very bad. One can by no means read of the enterprise of cities in Massachusetts by looking at the roads. The inland cities are no less enterprising than those along the coast, and yet around Springfield, Worcester, and Lowell the roads are very bad, while they are perfect in the Newtons, in Lynn, and in Salem and Beverly. Along the coast we have good natural roads, and it costs little to keep them in repair; but it would take untold wealth to give to some of the inland places such roads as Newton has. It would seem to us to be much better for the League to study the work of those cities, who have built good roads under natural disadvantages, rather than to give a thought to the work of such places as Boston and the Oranges, where nature has done very nearly all of the road-building.

FROM A FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

IN reporting the second day of the ladies' run to Cape Ann, I am obliged to act the part of interviewer; for, if the facts must be told, I was not with the party on that day. I have, however, done a little in the line of interviewing, and think I can give the whole story.

IN spite of the fact that the party danced till late into the night of the day before, they were up early, and every one reported for breakfast. The forenoon was spent in a walk through the woods and along the rocky shore, and a visit was made to Rafe's Chasm. The tide and the wind were not favorable to seeing this place under its most attractive aspect, and there was no churning of the waters, nor did the great hole

look like a boiling pot. The tide was low, there had been no storm, and the exhibition was not going on. From the rocks about the chasm a good view is had of Norman's Woe, the rock whereon the Hesperus went to pieces. The party took no little interest in the white cross erected on the rocks to the memory of Miss Martha Marvin, who was swept off the rocks by a huge wave in the summer of 1879. Marshal Dodge told the story and pointed out the many places of interest during the ramble.

AFTER the ramble the party was photographed on the steps of Willow Cottage, and in the roadway on their wheels, in front of Wm. M. Hunt's eccentric studio. Wheels were mounted at about noon, and the party started for Gloucester, the first stage of its trip around the Cape.

AT Gloucester, mine host Davis, of the Pavilion, furnished a fine dinner for the party, and after this active preparations were made for the afternoon run. The photographer procured a carriage, and filled it with several young ladies of the party, and his camera. To many of the ladies the run around the Cape was a task they did not care to undertake, for they had heard stories of the hills and hard roads, and their courage failed them. They sought the seclusion which the carriage grants, and Stall went the circuit in company with a bevy of females, not unlike the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the opera.

FEW but the strongest riders essayed the trip, and it was well that the weaker ones did not attempt it. The road is a good deal like a saw, with its teeth pointed upwards. There were doubtless downward slopes, but the rises heavenward were very long and very steep. Gloucester roads are not so easily ridden as Boston pavements, and Consul Burnham, who met the party on its homeward run, told them that Safety machines were the only kind that could be ridden with comfort. Until the party got out of Gloucester they wished they could find a few good ploughed fields to ride over that they might go fast, but they had to struggle along, and in the first hour they rode just four miles.

AFTER leaving Gloucester the roads were much better and the scenery was magnificent. That is the only word that expresses it. I shall not attempt to describe the panoramas laid out before the cyclers in this trip around the Cape. Abler pens than mine have done it, but no pen can paint it as it really is. The route lay through forests glittering with the gay-colored autumnal foliage, along the rocky shore, with its coves and headlands, and past the mammoth granite quarries, for which this region is so celebrated.

To get all this scenery and all this delicious experience the rider had to pay a good price. He had to propel his wheel through a country of poor roads and very steep hills, and he had to tug and sweat the whole distance. And yet I found not one that regretted the trip. Such an experience was well worth the price.

THE route lay through East Gloucester, Rockport, past Pigeon Cove and Folly Cove, to Lanesville, past the residences of General Butler and Colonel French, to Annisquam, to Riverdale, and back to the Pavilion at Gloucester.

THE experiences along the road were many and varied. Our Star rider broke down in Gloucester town and had to turn back; Maggie found herself unable to propel her machine through some disarrangement of the gearing, and she turned back with a smothered ejaculation to the effect that she would like to throw the whole thing into the sea. The G's started out well, but the bad roads discouraged them, and they turned back. Mr. E. and Miss W. came to grief on their tandem when about half-way around, and the wheel went back in a wagon, while two more ladies were added to Stall's bevy. The lady from Lynn rode the whole distance on a single tricycle, and was one of the first to reach the journey's end. She did a very plucky performance, and is entitled to much credit.

HAVE I said a word about our enthusiast? He was there in all his glory, ready to talk about the mechanics of the wheel, to help a companion on the road, to tell stories, or to make suggestions. He was always ready to talk, but it was not safe to set him going on the respective merits of the Sociable and Tandem. There was always murder in his eye when this question came up.

OUR Gideon was well to the fore as luggage carrier and messenger boy. He left the party that night to go to a race in which he competed the following day, and I learn that his self-sacrificing spirit was shown even in the race, for he could have had a prize, but he generously resigned it to another.

THE party became disintegrated at Gloucester. Many returned to their homes by train. Some went to Magnolia for the night, and others remained at the Pavilion. This is the itinerary for the second day:—

	Miles.	Total.
Magnolia to Gloucester.....	4½	
Gloucester to Rockport.....	5½	9¾
Rockport to Pigeon Cove.....	1½	11¼
Pigeon Cove to Gloucester.....	8	19¼
Gloucester to Magnolia.....	4½	23½

THE third and fourth days saw a division of the party. One section rode from Magnolia to Boston the third day, and another pushed on to Newburyport, returning to Boston on Sunday. Of the first section I was a part, and will tell the brief tale of its run.

THE Gloucester and Magnolia sections met at Magnolia about noon Saturday, and started off together. It was their intention to ride to Manchester together, but just after

the start one lady had her skirts caught in the chain of her machine, and it took forty-five minutes to extricate her.

THE route homeward was a repetition of the first day's run, though it was all taken by daylight, and there was a little variation in the route. A *detour* was made through Swampscott, and Tower Hill was climbed. At 5.30 P. M. of Saturday, my wheel was housed, and the North Shore trip, so far as I was concerned, had passed into history.

WE had a grand time, and we have a delightful experience to look back upon. If the gentlemen have better times in their runs, I can only envy them that they are more frequent than our mixed runs. The ladies showed themselves to be strong riders, and the social gatherings in the evenings and at the table were fraught with much pleasure. The aid of "Merrie Wheeler" has been enlisted to write the story of the Newburyport section. She promises it for next week. I hear of some funny experiences and some good records. I commend her to you for your careful reading of what she may say. DAISIE.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

PHILADELPHIA TRACK RECORDS.

Editor of the Cycle: On page 429 of the *L. A. W. Bulletin* of this date (under the caption of University of Philadelphia races), it is stated that "a stranger's half-mile bicycle race was called, and was easily won by Geo. D. Gideon, who made the *half mile in something over three minutes*." Mr. Gideon assures me that he never worked harder in his life, and the time he made — 3.01¾ *for the full mile* — establishes a record for the track in question. A strong wind prevailed, so strong that Mr. Keene (one of our best riders), in a handicap in which he rode a dead heat, could make but 3.10½. The daily papers got the matter all mixed up, and the *Bulletin*, in copying from them as usual, made the same mistake. Truly, LORD DOLPHIN.

NORTH SHORE TRIP.

Editor Cycle: Seeing many accounts of the late tricycle tour, none of which seem to hit the case, I beg leave to put in my oar. To commence at the beginning, the nucleus of these famous tours was Minna Caroline Smith's projected exclusive ladies' run, of October, 1885. Correspondence on the subject soon elucidated the fact that the ladies would not or could not go off for an extended run without gentlemen escorts. This necessitated a change in the plan, and both sexes were called on to participate. The run occurred in early October (1885), and was to have been completed at Kettle Cove, Magnolia, according to the programme; but it becoming necessary for the gentlemen to assist in managing the latter part of the tour, their more venturesome spirits suggested an extension to the Pavilion at Gloucester, where the outward run terminated, and the tourists turned their faces homeward. So much for the initial run, which was christened the North Shore tricycle run. Want of experience on the part

of management and tourists as well, in the first run, suggested a second trip, which should be guided by experience derived from initial run, and which should be more a tour than a run, as the first trip was intended to be.

The second party consisted largely of members of the first, and the run was started from Gloucester later in October, the plan embodying a trip around the Cape and continuation to Newburyport and return to Boston. The start was made, the Cape encircled, and preparations made to continue when Jupiter Pluvius got his work in, and for thirty-six hours we had rain, large every-day rain which was very wet. Naturally, we devoted the rainy season to indoor amusements, and the projected trip to Newburyport was omitted, the party wending homeward on arrival of pleasant weather. This is the history of the second tour in October, 1885, which was christened the Cape Ann tricycle tour, and which represents practically the first annual tricycle tour, the original North Shore run being more of a preliminary affair.

The second annual tricycle tour was projected by our old friend, Chas. Richards Dodge, at the request of those who remembered the vast pleasure derived from the runs of last year, and started on Thursday, 14 Oct. Our schedule was as follows: First day, to Magnolia; second day, to Gloucester and around the Cape; third day, to Newburyport; and return on fourth day.

"Now comes the winter of our discontent." Some idiotic party, who would not or could not complete the tour, furnished the *Globe* with an article in which people were given the impression that the affair practically ended after the tour of the Cape, when in fact the weary but triumphant pilgrims were just at the turning-point at Newburyport, after having fought a terrible gale for thirty miles the preceding day, girding their loins for the longest day's run of the season to finish the famous second annual tricycle tour, when the article came to hand. Nerved to desperation by the *Globe's* innocent misrepresentation, the entire party did their prettiest, and in fact one couple "busted an ex," and landed high and dry on a grassy bank at the roadside through a tremendous spurt preparatory to a long coast. However, as they were residents of the section, home was near and little trouble ensued. The survivors were two couples, who were also among the last of the previous tours, namely, the Veteran and his wife, and the Duke of Wellington and ditto, and they distinctly wish it understood that the tour was completed as originally laid out with all the extras. Many new ideas and additional experience were derived from the last outing, and it is hoped to make the third annual tricycle tour a grand success next year.

Now, my dear editor, having had our little say, we submit same most humbly to your readers. Yours truly,

MR. VETERAN.

MRS. VETERAN.

MR. DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

MRS. DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE Waltham Bicycle Club was presented last Friday evening with a handsome silk banner by the lady friends of the members. A collation was served and a musical entertainment was enjoyed.

JIMMY SHORT'S WAR-CRY.

JIMMY SHORT, the crack tricyclist of his county, was an out-and-out flier, and the happy possessor of ever so many medals and valuable prizes, trophies of his prowess as a rider. There were about four clocks in each room of his house, three or four cruet-stands for each of his meals, and a couple of salad bowls to each member of his family. Jim had been the champion of the county for three years, and was regarded by most of his acquaintances as equal to any rider of the world. It was generally understood that he was only waiting to develop his full powers to go in for championship honors. When people spoke of any great race, his friends would say, "You wait till next year, when Jim goes in for the championships." Plural, mind you. Not one championship, but the whole lot, irrespective of distance. Jim's special line was distance riding on the path, but he was put down by his sanguine admirers as a certain winner of nearly all the championships from one to fifty miles. Record it was also believed would be badly beaten when Jim started with the other cracks. "If he does n't beat 'em, he'll make 'em move a bit," said they. The effect of all this praise and admiration was that, like others before him, Jim began to think he was a very grand personage indeed, and quite looked down upon the rest of the world who had no such collection of pots to show as he had. A certain class of riders worshipped him almost as a god, and the amount of "side" he put on was looked upon by them only as evidence of his superiority over the ordinary personages of the cycling community. A good many steady riders, who were not so blinded by the flash and glare of Jim's prizes, looked down with feelings akin to sorrow on this unwelcome change in their friend, who, before he became such a celebrity, had been a decent enough young fellow. He was by no means a boaster and a brag at heart, and these old friends who had known him before he made a name were grieved to see so promising a young man "giving himself away," as it were. One of them, indeed, went so far as to address a few words of advice to Jim on the subject, but the reception he met with was so uncourteous and unkind that he said no more, and they quietly cut Jim and left him to his crowd of admirers. Having made acquaintance with a man engaged on a cycling journal, Jim was frequently alluded to in his paper as "that gallant young rider," etc., which did not tend to make him any the more modest, and before long he began to think that there wasn't a finer rider anywhere than Jimmy Short. In his desire for further fame, Jim "took on" everybody he came across. He made matches with every rider in the county who showed anything like speed, and so his collection of prizes continued to swell, something being added nearly every week. "I'll race you!" was his war-cry, which he hurled at everybody in turn. But one thing he never essayed, and that was to have a shot at record. His times were good, but not near the bests, and people were frequently urging him to have a go at record. "Wait till the championships," said Jim. People waited, anxiously looking forward to the time when he should journey to some distant part to meet and defeat the cracks and

make a world's record, but the championships came and passed, and Jim didn't enter. "Could n't get fit in time," he said.

It was the custom of the cyclists of the vicinity to assemble of an evening at the track to watch the men training and chat over the cycling news, the form of the men present, and the forthcoming handicaps and races, so that the track and dressing-room became really a species of club to the riders in its vicinity. At these nightly meetings the voice of Jimmy Short was always heard above all others, and, indeed, by virtue of his position, he was really the "cock of the walk,"—a position which eminently suited his love of admiration. He gave his opinion on every subject relating to the sport, and if any one differed from him, he would gradually lead the subject round to riding, and offer to race the man at any distance he liked. At first some unwary ones made matches with him, but as they all got a sad beating, the others took warning by their fate, and Jim had it all his own way. From being so constantly victorious in these matches, Jim got more confident than ever, and his war-cry of "I'll race you!" was heard even more frequently than before. One evening, when he had been boasting rather more than usual, a man who had got fairly tired of hearing him, turned round as he went out of the room for a practice and said: "I say, Short, do stop your twaddle. You know if you met one of the fliers you would be quite out of it." Short looked at him angrily. "You shut up," he said; "I'll ride you a mile for a fiver, and give you eighty start, any day." "Oh, I'm no rider," replied the other, "and I don't want to be nasty, but you take my tip, if you don't mind you'll be taken down one of these days."

One evening, a week or so after this little incident, as the men were congregated as usual round the track, a stranger who was leaning over the rails inquired of a bystander which was Jimmy Short, and on that rider being pointed out to him, he confined his attention solely to him for the rest of the evening, and seemed to be studying him closely. When it grew dark, this stranger went into the dressing-room with the others, and began to talk with the man who had made the before-mentioned remark to Short, and with whom he seemed to have been previously acquainted. The conversation of the men that evening happened to turn on long-distance riding, and one man present expressed his opinion that in a fifty-mile race Short would render as good an account of himself as any one. "Well," said Short, "I don't want to boast" (here several men coughed), "but I think I'd trouble a few of 'em." "I say, Jimmy," said one, "do you think you could hold Peters, the London flier?" "Oh! I won't say that," said Short, "but I'd do my best to give him a doing." The stranger, who had been a most interested listener in this conversation, here rose up, and turning to Short with a smile, said, "Mr. Short, you *may* be a very good man, but I don't think you would have much chance in the metropolis with any of the cracks." "Thank you for your opinion," sneered Short, who, unaccustomed to be thus addressed in his own place, was terribly riled thereat,— "I'll ride you any distance for a five-pound prize anyway." The stranger's eyes flashed, and he took a quick

step forward and held out his hand. "Done!" he cried, and before Short knew where he was, he had shaken hands upon it. "Any distance you like, and when you like," said the stranger. "Well," said Short, who looked anything but at his ease at being taken at his word so readily, but who could not now draw back, "will thirty miles next Saturday week at five o'clock suit you?" "Oh! anything," replied the stranger; "make it fifty if you like, but it must be next Saturday, as I leave here on Monday." And it was soon arranged that the race was to be for a £10 cup, distance fifty miles, to take place at five o'clock on the following Saturday afternoon.

Who was the stranger? None knew. Several men advised Short to ascertain his name, but Short put on an air of bravado, and said he did n't care what his name was, or who he was, he'd race him. The man who he had been seen to speak to said he had met him before somewhere, but could not recollect his name. "If I were you," he said to Short, "I should find out his name,—he may be a scorching," but of this advice Short again took no notice. He evidently did not think much of the stranger, and between the two men there was certainly a great difference. Short was just the very opposite of his name, a good six feet in height, broad, and with a good wide pair of shoulders, not bad looking, but inclined to be dull. He was just the sort of man you would think could keep slogging on a three-wheeler for fifty miles through anything. His opponent was by no means a strong-looking man, and was evidently considerably older, and not so tall by some five inches. He was rather dark, with a pale face, and wore a thick closely-trimmed beard. Although not possessing anything like the strength of Short, he was an eminently wiry man, and had a quiet determined look about him which bespoke him anything but a "Juggins."

As soon as it became known that some one was going to race Short at his favorite distance, the news spread like wildfire, and the day was eagerly looked forward to by not a few who were anxious to see that gentleman's colors lowered.

By his constant bragging he had sickened a good many of his former friends, and there were not a few who hoped to see the boaster taught a good sound lesson.

But their hopes were not realized. The day before the race, Short received a letter from his opponent, in which he said he regretted his inability to attend on the Saturday, as he had had rather a nasty spill while trying with another man to beat the fifty-miles tandem record. Who, then, could this man be who sometimes went for record? The letter was signed—"Yours truly, W. Peters." It was the long-distance tricycle champion himself. What an escape! Short would have liked to have kept this letter quiet, but as several men were in the room when he opened it, he could not, and before many hours had passed it was all round the town that Short had for once made a regular fool of himself, and had nearly ridden a scratch fifty-mile race with the renowned Peters, the best distance rider of the year, and who could easily have given him a good long start and a beating. How they did chaff Short for weeks after. As he

rode about people would shout out, "I'll race you!" and "How's Peters?" This was forever being dinned into his ears.

One would have thought this little episode would have cured him of his boasting and wanting to race everybody, but, alas! it was too deeply rooted in him to be thus easily eradicated. True, for a short time he was more wary with those whom he challenged to race, but after a few matches, in which he had some little success, he again got back into the same old groove, and issued challenges broadcast; it mattered not who it was, anybody, any distance, and on any machine, on the road or on the path. But one day Jimmy Short met his match, though in a totally unexpected manner.

A select party of scorchers set out for a sharp spin one afternoon down to a well-known cycling resort, and in the race down Short and another man, on Short's tandem, landed in first by some minutes. As there were several good men among the beaten crowd, Short was much elated at getting in first, and, as usual, commenced to swagger about, and issue challenges broadcast.

Among the by-standers at the finishing point was a quiet-looking young fellow, a respectable mechanic he seemed, mounted on an old, well-known front-steering tricycle. This young man seemed to take a great deal of interest in the race, and loudly cheered the winning crew as they dashed up to the finish, heading the crowd. "Bravo, Short!" "Well done, Short!" he shouted. That gentleman was greatly gratified at the manner in which his name was roared out, and when an adjournment was made inside the hotel, entered into conversation with the young man, and over a drink recounted to him a few of his victories, while doing which he was quite in his element. The young man made a most attentive listener, and, indeed, at times he seemed to be trying to draw Short out. After they had been chatting for some time, the young man mentioned that he was by no means a bad rider himself, but had only ridden on the road. "The path," he said, "I have never tried, but I tell you I can move on the road." Instantly came the well-known challenge, "I'll race you!" "Well," said the other, after a moment's pause, "you'll have to give me a start, and a good one, too." The young man said he could n't race against Short on the machine he had got. "I should n't have a chance," said he, "but I'll bet you that on an equal machine, I'd give you a beating at five miles." "What?" shouted Short, "you beat me at five miles? What are you talking about? Why, I'll give you a mile start in five!" "Well," said the other, "It's no good talking, as I can't ride you on the machine I've got,—it's too old and heavy; but I'd give you a beating even on a tandem alone if you were on my machine." Short rushed from the place, and, mounting the other's old front-steerer, rode it once or twice up and down the road at full pelt. He then dismounted, and turning to the young man, said, "Look here, young fellow, I'll ride you five miles now, you to ride my tandem alone, and I to shove your old creak along, and I'll give you two minutes' start—but it must be for a six £ prize, three £ a side." "Done!" cried the other, "I'm your man, and I'll give you eight to one in half-crowns that I beat you

by half a minute." Short eagerly took the bet, and having got two riders to have a look at the machines, and to tighten and oil them up, the two turned inside and had a wash to refresh themselves for the coming struggle.

Everything being ready, and a timekeeper and judge agreed upon, the two men, after depositing one £ each, with the landlord, as a kind of security, issued forth and prepared for the start. Short was confident of winning the match, and only laughed at the others when they recommended him to be careful and remember "Peters." "My dear boy," he said to an acquaintance, "he's a regular conceited young Juggins, and if I don't pass him before he's gone two miles, my name's not Short." All being ready, the "Juggins" was given the word to go, and he moved at a fair gait on the tandem, the front seat of which was, of course, empty. Before he had gone far he got up a fairly fast pace and disappeared from sight, slogging steadily away with his head down over the handles. "You'll have to move to catch him," said one or two. Short smiled and sat, confident of his own powers, waiting the expiration of the two minutes. At length came the word "Go!" and off Jimmy went on the old machine, which rattled and shook in a way very different to the noiseless speed of the tandem. With a few strong shoves he was at full speed, and soon went pounding down the road at a high rate.

The crowd round the hotel watched him until he was out of sight, and then collected into little knots, and discussed the merits of each rider, as far as was possible, considering that the rider of the tandem they had none of them ever seen before. The general opinion was that "Short ought to do it," and a good many expressed their sympathy with the poor young workman, but wondered how he could have been so stupid as to offer to race against Short, and not a few said he deserved all he got for being such a fool. As the time drew near when the men would return, several riders went down the road to meet the winner, whichever he should turn out to be. They had not proceeded far when they beheld some one racing toward them, and as he got nearer recognized Short, who was flying along at a rare pace. They immediately began heartily to cheer, and shouts of "Come on, Short—you've done him!" rent the air. What was their surprise, when Short came up to them, to see him stop riding. "Where is he?" he asked. "Where's who?" cried they. "The fellow on my tandem," said Short; "I have n't passed him." "You must have," said they; "we have n't seen him." "I'm certain I never passed him," repeated Short. "Perhaps he missed the road and is coming back another way," suggested one; "let's get back!" A rush was made for the starting place, at which they soon arrived, but nothing had been seen of the missing rider. Short looked very blank. "Perhaps—he's—missed—his—way—and—I—lost—himself," he said. "Must have," said several; but one rider said, "Short, my boy, I'm afraid you're done this time. I'll bet you any money he's bolted with your tandem!"

And bolted he certainly had. Short and a party of others spent several hours scouring all the roads for miles round, but no trace could they discover of the missing tandem or

its rider, and late at night the party returned home, Short riding the thief's old front-steerer. The matter was placed in the hands of the police, but the machine or its rider were never heard of more. Jimmy Short has greatly quietened down now, and the cry of "I'll race you!" has not been heard since the day the respectable young mechanic bolted with his tandem tricycle. — *B. Hayward in Wheel World.*

HENRY STURMEY ON THE WHEELS OF 1887.

WE give the following results of our observation for what they are worth, and venture to take a peep into futurity for the benefit of those whom it may concern. In the matter of tricycles, then, we believe that, as we have ever averred, the front-steerer will hold its own. The particular form of this general pattern which will be fashionable in 1887 will, we are inclined to think, be, as in the latter part of the present season, the bicycle-steering variety. In their construction, too, we expect to see the small steering-wheel give way to the large one, and guiders of 24 inch to 30 inch lead the way. Driving-wheels will not, we anticipate, take any further downward direction, save in the matter of racing mounts, which we shall probably see next season reduced to the smallest dimensions. Methods for reducing vibration will sell if neat and light, and we are also inclined to think that, where it can be carried out without infringing other people's patents, the horizontal fork with the handle post behind the wheel will be a strongly favored style. We expect to find three or four bearings spread well over the axle in place of the two only now usually placed in the centre, and axles themselves will have to be stronger, this being especially the case with tandems, which have proved lamentably weak in this very important particular this season. So far as the tandem itself is concerned we are inclined to the belief that it will follow in general features the single machine, and that the bicycle-steering front, large steering-wheel, and well supported axle will be popular. In both the bent-back form of handle-bar will assert itself, and we fancy the "stuffing-box" system will, in the majority of cases, replace the automatic gear, though the latter will by no means disappear entirely from favor. Weights will receive but little reduction, and machines may safely be stocked scaling for full roadsters for heavy work and heavy weights 70 pounds to 80 pounds, light roadsters for fast men and ladies and light weights 55 pounds to 65 pounds, and racers from 30 pounds to 40 pounds. In bicycles of the ordinary variety we anticipate a demand for true tangent wheels, ball-bearing heads, T handles, and generally more open build, and with perhaps a slight increase in back wheels. In safeties, the rear-driver or "Rover" type is, undoubtedly, the coming favorite, and it will be perfectly safe to stock a well-considered variety of this style of machine. We do not anticipate the other or dwarf pattern of safety will become by any means obsolete, but it will be a safer act on general principles to stock rear-drivers than front ones. Whether our prognostications on the above heads are correct or otherwise time only will prove. — *Cyclist.*

CYCLETS.

THE APPROACHING STORM.

1.

THE thunder growls unpleasantly; the darkness grows apace.

Way down the road he's coming, riding as it in a race,
His head well over the handle-bars, a scarlet hue his face.

2.

The thunder gives a louder rumble.

"I'll make it yet," I hear him mumble.

Another rod — he strikes a stone, and, sad to tell, does take
a tumble.

3.

"B'ess that stone!" I heard him say.

But he mounts again, is off and away,

Without the very slightest delay.

4.

Another mile, and shelter is nigh.

It's reached, yet the cyclist passes it by.

I'm puzzled. It scarcely could have escaped his eye.

5.

I have it! He'll try to reach home without a wetting,

But which, I think, he'll soon be getting —

But, pshaw! what is the use of all my fretting?

6.

He's home at last, but is soaking wet,

Though strange to say, not a drop of rain has fallen yet.

But his quickened pulse and increased respiration

Will tell the tale, — he's wringing wet from perspiration.

R. G. B.

2.29 $\frac{1}{8}$.

WE'VE got it! We've got it!

AND who shall dare to chide us for putting
the record up there?

IT is a professional record, but what matters it. Who will say it is less creditable than it would have been last fall when Rowe was an amateur?

WE hoped to be able to write 2.25 this fall. We may yet be able to do so.

NO one can find fault with the timing. The men were the best we have.

KARL KRON has left New York to escape jury duty, fearing it may interfere with the publication of his book if he is drawn as a juror. He now says the book will be out by Thanksgiving. Things to give thanks for are piling up.

BOSTON was once the scene of fighting between local wheelmen. Philadelphia now carries off the honors. How those Quakers can fight when they get mad.

A NEW non-vibrating lamp bracket is made by an English firm. A flat piece of metal is secured by the lock-nut of the steering head, and this carries India-rubber buffers, which insulate it from the lamp bracket proper.

THE *Clipper* publishes a cut of William Miller Woodside in its issue of 23 Oct.

ASA WENDELL has been making some good time on a bicycle at Springfield. He is certainly built after the manner of fast men, and would make a flier if he should choose to fly.

THE Humber agents are after a team for next season. Frank White wants to show America what the old reliable can do on the

track. Guess he'll have to take professionals.

THE American Champion now holds every world's road record up to three hundred miles within twenty-four hours. S. G. Whittaker, who has recently been attaining such startling results on this wheel, and who had never before experimented on a Roadster, lays it to the bearings. The G. & J. bearing is the most original of any on the market, and there is likely something in this.

PRINCE WELLS, the well-known fancy bicycle rider, has recently purchased an American Champion, and will use it in his future exhibitions.

WILMOT and Lester have joined in partnership. They will ride together in future. 8 November they appear at the Howard Athenæum in Boston.

THE Marlboro tandem, ridden by Morgan and Armaindo at Lynn on the occasion of their attempt to beat the 24-hour record, was the same machine on which Gaskell and Rich beat Crist and Foster at Roseville.

WASHINGTON, D. C., has a club of colored riders. Boston, we think, had the first club of this kind.

WHITTAKER is the first to touch the three-hundred-mile mark. But the record will still continue to move onward.

IT will be a great wonder, though, if anybody beats it before snow flies. We rather think Whittaker can hang his hat up and wait.

THE record is a great triumph for the Champion bicycle. If records tell the story, then the Columbia and Champion wheels are the best in the world.

HUTCHINSON, the fancy rider, has gone to Quebec to astonish the Canadians with his feats awheel.

THE Massachusetts Club is now going the round of the theatres. They have taken in Erminie and Dixey.

THE touring department of the L. A. W. will shortly issue a route book. Burley B. Ayers and his assistants have been hard at work upon it for some time past, and it is likely to prove a work of great value to touring wheelmen. It will be divided into four sections, as the touring department divides the country, and will contain full reports of all the best routes with carefully arranged maps.

THE short editor and the tall editor of the *Bicycling World* are making a combined effort at downing the amateur rule. They vow that they will yet succeed in having that absurd definition abolished. — *Globe*.

KIRK COREY has refused to accept the prize awarded to him by the judges of the Massachusetts Club's races, because he thinks that he was fairly defeated by Sanger, and has taken measures to have it given to the latter.

N. H. VAN SICKLEN has resigned his position on the Racing Board.

THERE were fifty-eight new names added to the membership rolls of the League last week.

THE Wakefield Bicycle Club will give a ball on 5 Nov.

ARTHUR E. PATTISON is managing the Columbia team, now that Manager Atkins is on the sick list.

IT is very seldom that we hear of a cyclist on the sick list.

AUSTRIA is the latest country to engage the services of the tricycle in distributing mail matter.

AN Englishman has patented a device for the protection of tails of a full dress coat while the owner is mounted on a cycle. The advertisement reads: "Very useful for young gents who prefer going to parties on a conveyance of their own, rather than in an expensive cab."

THE Lynn boys had to assess each member \$50 to pay the deficit of the tournament.

ENGLISH cyclists are forming classes in boxing for the winter season. They claim that this exercise corrects the tendency to round shoulders and stooping engendered by too much cycling.

ROBERT A. NEILSON, the professional rider, has put away his little wheel till next spring, and is now employed in mixing beverages in one of the gilded palaces of Boston.

CURIOUS, the idea of cycling which seems still to prevail in the minds of a certain class of the population! A doctor, advertising the other day for an assistant to help him in a large and scattered practice, was considerably startled by one of the answers he received. "I may say I have no small vices" — wrote this applicant for the post — "I neither drink, smoke, nor ride a tricycle!" Consternation and disgust of medical man, who is himself an ardent cyclist, and who counts always on his assistant's use of his "Cripper" to prevent the necessity of keeping an extra horse! — *News*.

IT is now said that Duncan, De Bois, and De Civy did not come to the fall tournaments because Rudge & Co. would not pay their expenses. They have all changed their mounts.

THE "Owl" says: "I will go on record as being willing to vote for the reinstatement of Geo. M. Hendee as an amateur." Does the "Owl" consider himself still a member of the Racing Board?

JACK KEEN commenced racing in 1869, and is still on the track. He has had seventeen years of training and racing, and is a good man yet.

ENGLISH cycling papers are condemning the notices *in re* the youngest cyclist. Babies in long clothes do not make good wheelmen.

To turn out well, a young man must be on the right track, — *New Orleans Picayune*.

ALL very well! But which is the right track? Both Lynn and Springfield claim it.

MR. ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM, formerly of Cunningham & Co., who is stopping at the Hotel Hunnewell, Newton, was severely injured, Friday evening, on Lake street, Brighton, by taking a header from his bicycle.

Bicycling News has a poem called "The Great Weep." It tells the story of the tear shed by the ladies on the occasion of the defeat of Hendee by Rowe at Springfield.

HILLIER objects to the term "bicycle home trainer." The home trainer has but one wheel.

AND now they say that Rhodes is a better man on the road than on the track. Sort of a Colossus of Rhodes. He will have to go to Indiana if he wants a record, though. There are no fifty-mile courses about here.

AMERICAN ladies have adopted a fashion of decorating the front of their tricycles with bows of bright-colored ribbon. The taste of so much ornamentation is worse than questionable. There are certain things in this world which, as Mr. Ruskin says of railway stations, have no business to be adorned. Their simplicity and utility are their claims to beauty, and inappropriate decorations merely vulgarize them. Certainly, the cycle is one of these things. Any ornament, apart from the shape and construction, is altogether at variance with the character of the iron steed, and a mere purposeless bit of dainty embellishment has a vulgar appearance. — *Violet Lorne, in News.*

THE promateur is a grand success viewed from almost any light. The only drawback this season was, there were not enough of them. Still, they made a good showing. They allowed the amateurs full sway, and we predict that another season, unless the amateur definition should be swept away (and

we hope it will be), the promateur class will be largely augmented, for this fall has been enough to show that the simon-pure amateurs do not care enough for racing to pay for the fun of it. It has helped the manufacturers, inasmuch as they know just how much money must be spent for the season's racing. Now that the amateurs find out racing is costly, they will gladly accept assistance. — *Gazette.*

A VERY simple and effective gearing-up device has been applied to the Facile, and riders can no longer complain that the pedalling motion is too quick.

WM. W. SHEEN, of Quincy, Mass., is credited with a riding record of 6,500 miles in 1886, and he proposes to make it 7,000 before winter shuts down. His business confines him from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., and his riding has been done during the evening and on Sundays, and on a Star bicycle.

THE *Springfield Republican* explains the action of Hendee and Rowe in joining the ranks of the professionals, as follows: "Hendee and Rowe by their action yesterday in pacemaking for a professional, make themselves professionals also, and, anticipating it, sent in to A. O. McGarrett, secretary of the American Cyclist Union, their resignations of promateur standing, in the morning. Rowe does n't mind it much, but it is a bitter pill for Hendee, who must give up his membership in the Springfield Bicycle Club. Both were forced to take the action by 'the powers that be' behind the Columbia team. They want records badly, and want them at any price. To get them it

was necessary to have more pacemakers. No promateurs were available. Woodside was obtained, and has signed with the Pope Manufacturing Company. Manager Pattison tried hard to get Frazier with his Star machine to pace, but he would not come. Crocker was available, and so to use them the Colonel said the boys must go into the professional ranks, and there they are. All considered, it is the best thing. Rowe on the first good day will be put to do twenty-two miles within the hour, and Crocker for the twenty-mile tricycle record. Hendee is not allowed to ride for the bicycle records, and will ride the tricycle.

ARD was rounding the Kilcullen corner, at the pretty cross roads of Brannoxtown, when he observed an animal hopping along the road. A nearer inspection proved it was a hare, and pussy, fearful of the sanguinary expression in his eye, turned and fled. The course is a straight one, with demesne walls on either side which did not permit of turns. So on the hair went, with Ard in hot pursuit. He seems to think that it would take the champion-defeater, *Allard*, to pull down the record he made from Brannoxtown to Sallymount. Here, just as "the bearings of his machine were getting dreadfully stiff," the hare stopped suddenly, as danger was ahead. The pause was a fatal one. It gave Ard time to dismount and pick up a "Tipperary bullet," which, as the hare was making for the entrance gate, he hurled with unerring aim, and picking up his game continued his way home; and your correspondent had the pleasure of having some soup at Ard's, made from this celebrated hare. — *Irish Cyclist.*

SINGER'S CYCLES.

Noblesville, Ind.
I want to say right here
that my 54-Apollo is the
finest little wheel I ever saw.
L. M. WAINWRIGHT.



APOLLO



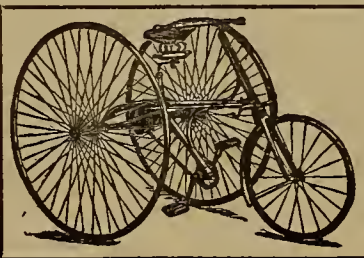
Syracuse, N. Y., July 1, '86.
To say that I am pleased
with the Apollo is very mildly
putting it. I can find only two
words that can express my
feelings: it is a "Jim Dandy."
Yours, etc.,
FRED. BRIGHAM.

20 Miles on the Road in 1 hour, 12 min., 35 sec.

Mr. F. W. PERRY made this World's Record on July 20, 1886.

If you want the lightest Bicycle in the market, buy an Apollo. Rigidity not sacrificed to weight.
If you want the most practical Tricycle, buy the S. S. S.

Singer's Straight Steerer



The Great Hit of the Season.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

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It is perhaps unnecessary to state that a rider to win a race cannot expend the vitality or energy which he feels free to do in riding for records. In the one case, he is riding against tacticians of equal experience with himself, who will readily reap advantage from the most trifling circumstance. In the other case Father Time is the sole competitor, and though he has suffered many defeats, the present prospect is that he will soon be invincible, and that the most determined record-breaker will shortly be obliged to succumb to the veteran scythe-swinger. Heretofore, to win races one must be a tactician, and do as the others do; to win records, the motto is: Scratch from the word go, and may you have the best of pace-makers. — *Springfield Union*.

In the legislature of 1885, the first ward of Cambridge was represented by Mr. Woodward Emery, a Republican of much ability and diligence. Last fall, Mr. Emery, though renominated by his party, was defeated at the polls by Mr. George A. Perkins, the Democratic nominee. The result was due to the active canvassing, regardless of party, of the members of a bicycle club to which Mr. Perkins belonged. During his term of service the candidate of the bicycle club won considerable approval from Republicans by his willingness to support measures of reform. — *Record*.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., riders will have to go armed if things go on as they have been proceeding for some time past. A correspondent of the *Bulletin* tells us how the lives of wheelmen in that city are relieved of monotony. "A party of the Independent Wheelmen were mobbed by a gang of roughs at the Union street bridge, about a week ago. They were pulled off their wheels and punched and kicked in a most shameful manner. As usual, no police were around, nor were any arrests subsequently made. A member of the Brooklyn Club, when going into Patchogue, a few days since, was deliberately run off the road and dumped into the ditch by a party of roughs in a buggy. On Sunday last a member of the same club was deliberately run into on the Jericho Pike, the horses of the assailant almost trampling the rider and his wheel after he was thrown. It is as much as one's life is worth to ride on the boulevard on a Sunday afternoon, owing to the aggressiveness of the road hog."

OFF the racing ground "Baby" has absorbed the attention of cyclists during the past few weeks. Mr. Daniels, otherwise known as "Baby," obtained the permission of the French minister of war to organize a party of cyclers to demonstrate the value of velocipedists attached to an army, and all arrangements were made for their taking part in the autumn manoeuvres. "Baby" and his friends went into hard training, and had determined to keep up the credit of cyclists before the eyes of the military authorities, when some jealous wheelman started the rumor that "Baby" is a German. Letters were sent by the clubs to the head of the army corps to which the cyclers were to be attached, protesting against a German spy being allowed to assist in the most important military exercises of the year, while on the other hand Mr. Daniels wrote to the minister of war assuring him that his only desire was to show how valuable an auxiliary a troop of bicyclists and tricyclists would be

with an army, at the same time placing himself unreservedly in the general's hands in the matter of his withdrawal from the cycling party, should his presence be considered undesirable. The upshot of it was that his permit was cancelled, and that, too, in a fashion that brought the attention of all France and Germany upon the incident. — *French Cor. Gazette*.

OUR attention has been drawn by certain of our friends to a number of misstatements which have appeared, and which continue to appear, in certain of the American journals. We do not, of course, allude to such straightforward utterances as those of the *CYCLE* concerning our own 54 miles record, for example,—a matter which we are glad to have had our attention drawn to, and which we hope to put right,—but to a number of assertions, much to our detriment, by Mr. Ducker, and by certain English correspondents of certain makers' organs in America. There was a time when we might have set forth in hot haste to encounter all these lies—but that time has gone by. Every English cyclist for whose opinion we care a cent knows where, when, and why these falsehoods are fabricated. If but 25 per cent of them were true, we ought to be kicked out of decent society in company with a number of other cyclists who are equally maligned. But there is not one per cent of truth in these statements, which are simply the efforts of miserable penny-a-liners who, always poverty-stricken for a subject on which to write, exercise their ingenuity upon us. We are so far pleased to be the indirect means of providing them with an ill-deserved meal. When any of our friends want an explanation on any point, we shall be most happy to satisfy them, but we would point out that for years some one or other has been busy trying to find a hole in our coat—without success. We have no skeleton in our cycling cupboard; no mean trick, abject apology, or ratting record to blush for, and we have, subject to the above proviso, nothing to say concerning the inspired falsehoods of the American makers' "official" organ. — *G. L. Hillier, in News*.

WOODMAN, of Chelsea, rode to Newburyport and back last Sunday.

"I WISH I had one of Stall's screamers," said a lady at Magnolia. And then Dodge walked down and took a pitcher of milk from in front of the veteran and handed it to the lady with the remark: "Here's one of Stall's creamers."

J. G. HITCHCOCK, of Omaha, died of paralysis of the brain at St. Louis, 3 Oct.

THE Elliott tricycle is attracting a lot of attention, and many interested ones are calling at 194 Washington street to see it. A very large number of orders have been booked.

THE Ramblers, of Chelsea, will shake the light fantastic toe at Grand Army Hall, 10 November next.

BURNHAM has once more retired from the track.

"I FEEL full-chested," said Stall after his dinner at Gloucester. "Guess your chest is pretty low down," said the Duke of Wellington. "I mean my meal chest," replied the satisfied one.

A NOVEL suggestion comes from a correspondent who appears to possess an ambition to shine as a hill-climber. He says that racing men obtain prizes and records for their performances on the path; but the road-rider climbs hills without any tangible memento of the feat. To climb hills is a noteworthy achievement, and since Alpine tourists adopt the custom of branding their alpenstocks with the names of the mountains they have scaled, it is proposed that road-riders shall paint or gild their cycles with the names of all the most noted hills which they have climbed. We have no objection. Our correspondent is at perfect liberty to label his tricycle with such words as "Muswell," "Reigate," "Chingford," "Petersham," and the like. But whether any accession of dignity will result is open to argument, and although a real veteran may possess a creditable list of hill-climbing records, the average expert cyclist does not keep a cycle long enough for it to collect a series of such records ere he sells it for another. Beyond this, the same objection obtains as led the N. C. U. Council to resolve not to adopt an official badge; the best men, the most desirable wearers of the badge, *won't* adopt it—and the genuine crack riders of the road, like those of the path, won't condescend to crack up their feats by any such displays. Good wine needs no bush, and good riding requires no label. — *Wheel World*.

A NON-LEAKING OIL-CAN IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

AN impossibility must not be sought after, which, I take it, is the requirement that it shall not soil blotting-paper. Each time a can is used a minute quantity of oil remains on the outside of the tube, eventually collecting at the collar if not wiped off. No ingenuity of construction that I see can obviate this. But I have for several years used the common oil-can (price 3d. to 6d.) without any annoyance from the so-called leakage, and my plan is very simple. I wrap a 6-inch square of common soft brown paper round the can, and each time of using rub spout and can perfectly clean. This occupies but a second, and is done in the act of re-wrapping. This keeps the can as bright as when coming out of the shop, and if by accident the paper becomes soiled, it is easily replaced. The great point is never to give a chance for the accumulation of oil. A leaking can I have never chanced on, and I fancy what I have already stated accounts for most cases of supposed leakage, for I admit such was my first idea, toward which my endeavors were directed. All the same, I believe the oil-can capable of much improvement. In the first place, by diminishing the capacity of the spout, which holds far too much oil; two or three drops is quite enough for each change, and it should clean itself with a *hiss* each time the can is compressed. Second, more care should be given to the screw and cap, so as to make a perfectly tight and secure closure. Third, the elasticity of the sides, for some reason I am unaware of, gives out after a time, thus leaving the can useless. — *Cor. C. T. C. Gazette*.

COL. POPE did not go to Fort Hell, after all. He went to Chicago. When the Pope goes to Hell, what's the church good for?

CYCLING CELEBRITIES!

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FALL TOURNAMENTS.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Size, 6x8 and 8x10, Maroon Mount, with Bevelled Gilt Edges.

We will mail any one of the following Photographs, post-paid, on receipt of price. We have the pictures in full length, in bust, and with machine.

SINGLES.

WM. A. ROWE.....12 Views.	H. W. GASKELL..... 1 View.	CHAS. FRAZIER..... 3 Views.
GEO. M. HENDEE..... 5 "	W. M. WOODSIDE..... 1 "	ROBT. JAMES 2 "
E. P. BURNHAM..... 4 "	J. S. PRINCE..... 2 Views.	P. S. BROWN 2 "
C. P. ADAMS..... 4 "	T. W. ECK... .. 2 "	H. S. KAVANAUGH..... 2 "
W. A. RHODES..... 3 "	W. E. CRIST..... 2 "	W. H. LANGDOWN.....
F. F. IVES..... 3 "	H. G. CROCKER..... 2 "	E. M. AARON.....
PERCY STONE..... 1 View.	A. A. McCURDY.....	JOHN T. WILLIAMS.....
C. H. CHICKERING.....	W. M. HARADON.....	E. A. DeBLOIS.....
A. B. RICH 3 Views.	R. A. NEILSON.....	D. E. HUNTER.....
FRED FOSTER..... 3 "	FRED WOOD..... 2 "	

GROUPS.

HENDEE, ROWE, and BURNHAM.
COLUMBIA TEAM, MANAGER and TRAINERS.
OFFICIALS AT SPRINGFIELD.
GROUP CONTAINING RICH, RHODES, WILLIAMS,
GASKELL, FOSTER, and NEILSON.

VICTOR TEAM.
OFFICIALS AT LYNN.
START OF HENDEE and ROWE RACE.
STARTS AT LYNN.

VIEWS.

SPRINGFIELD TRACK.
POPE TENT AT SPRINGFIELD; Interior and Exterior.
LYNN TRACK.

OVERMAN TENT AT SPRINGFIELD.
COLUMBIA TRAINING QUARTERS AT LYNN and
SPRINGFIELD.

WM. A. ROWE.

We have pictures of Wm. A. Rowe in Citizen's Dress and in Racing Costume. These are full length, bust or three quarter size, at fifty cents each. We have a large panel picture, half length, 7x14, suitable for Club Rooms. Price, \$2.00.

ANY OF THE ABOVE, UNMOUNTED, FORTY CENTS.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

THE CYCLE,

22 School Street - - - - Boston, Mass.

WHILE talking "wheel" to a lady just returned from New York, I remarked that I intended to buy a cyclometer; she asked, "Why did you not let me get it for you while I was in the city?" when her young brother chimed in: "It's well enough you did n't, she would have tried to ride it home."

LEAGUE CHAMPIONS FOR 1886-7.

BELOW may be found a list of League champions for 1886-7, together with data of the races. For the sake of comparison, the time made by the champions of the previous year is enclosed in parentheses.

Half-mile,—C. E. Titchener, Binghamton, N. Y. Won at Rochester, N. Y., 22 July; time, 1.20. (1.33½.)

One-mile,—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, N. Y. Won at Boston, 29 May; time, 3.26. (2.44.)

Two-miles,—Victor C. Place. Won at Cleveland, Ohio, 5 July; time, 6.15. (7.10.)

Three-miles,—F. D. Elwell, San Francisco, Cal. Won at San Francisco, 9 Sept.; time, 9.46½. (9.41.)

Five-miles,—S. P. Hollingsworth, Indianapolis, Ind. Won at Buffalo, N. Y., 3 Sept.; time, 15.23¼. (15.58¾.)

Ten-miles,—N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, Ill. Won at Detroit, Mich., 24 June; time, 36.21½. (30.24¾.)

Twenty-miles,—E. A. Savage. Won at Winona, Minn., 23 Sept.; time, 1.10.49. (First year.)

One-mile Tricycle,—A. B. Rich, New Brighton, N. Y. Won at Boston, 29 May; time, 4.6. (3.45.)

The two and five mile tricycle championships were not contested.

WHITTAKER'S RIDE.

FULL particulars of S. G. Whittaker's 300-mile 24-hour road record have come to hand. The ride was made over the New Richmond and Potato Creek gravel roads in Montgomery County, Ind., over a 50-mile course. At 4 A. M., 18 Oct., he was sent off. He covered 25 miles in 1 h. 28 m. 10 s., the trip, 50 miles, in 2 h. 59 m. 50½ s., slower by about four minutes than the first 50 at the former trial; rested 2 h. 49 m. ¾ s.; was off again on the other 25-mile stretch; finished 75 miles in 4 h. 36 m., and 100 miles in 6 h. 1 m. 15 s.

After riding 100 miles, he sprang off his wheel and ran unaided to the tent, where he was well rubbed down and given plenty of nourishment. He rested 42 m. 45 s., and started to break the 24-hour record. Finished 125 miles in 8 h. 23 m. 35 s., and 150 miles in 10 h. 28 m. 52 s. Sprang off wheel alone and ran to his tent, where the rubbing and feeding act was repeated. After resting 40 m. 38 s. he started as fresh as ever, 175 miles being covered in 12 h. 59 m. 20 s.; 200 miles in 15 h. 13 m. 34½ s., when he received his third rub down and food. Rested but 20 m. 55½ s.; made 225 miles in 17 h. 18 m. 6 s.; 250 miles in 19 h. 20 m. 50 s., and again ran unaided to his tent, where he was rubbed down and given what he wished to eat, and allowed to rest 27 m. 50 s. Again he started, finishing 275 miles in 21 h. 37 m. 27 s., and 300 miles amid the wildest kind of cheering, in 23 h. 46 m. 16¾ s., thus discounting every effort ever made on so long a course, and beating the world's record.

The officials were: Referee, W. H. Pontious; judges, Charles Harding, James Q. W. Wilhite; timers, Charles Gilbert, W. S. Brown, Samuel Smith, Mort Insley; scorers, Albert S. Miller, Mort Keegan; starter, John White; checkers, Tom Nicholson, H. C. Bishop, Fount Eastlack, Lon Lee.

HOW MANY MILES PER HOUR?

ALMOST every competitor has had a try at this question, though there are some who have not succeeded. One or two have worked out the problem to two places of decimals; others to furlongs, yards, feet, and inches; others have merely given fractions of inches. We propose giving the correct answer in miles and yards only:—

A mile in 2 m. 30 s. is at the rate of 24 miles per hour.									
"	"	2 m. 31 s.	"	"	23	"	1480	yards.	
"	"	2 m. 32 s.	"	"	23	"	1204	"	
"	"	2 m. 33 s.	"	"	23	"	931	"	
"	"	2 m. 34 s.	"	"	23	"	662	"	
"	"	2 m. 35 s.	"	"	23	"	397	"	

Those who have worked it out to decimal points are credited with a correct reply in cases in which we have found the decimals to be accurate.—*News*.

THE PATH.

LYNN, 19, 20 Oct. — W. J. Morgan and Louise Armaindo run for a twenty-four-hour tandem track record. Start at 4.18 P. M., 19 Oct. 100 miles in 7.57; 200 miles in 18.31; 252 miles, 140 yards, 23.34. The officers in charge of the run were: Referee and starter, J. Harry Sherman; timers and scorers, T. A. Carroll, W. G. Foster, E. L. Story, Charles H. Annis; judges, E. G. Gordon, Howard H. Crowell.

LYNN, 20 Oct. — T. W. Eck runs for a fifty-mile tricycle record and stops at twenty-five miles. One mile, 3.13; two miles, 6.30½; three miles, 9.41½; four miles, 12.54¾; five miles, 16.17½; six miles, 19.45½; seven miles, 23.07½; eight miles, 26.34¾; nine miles, 30.01½; ten miles, 33.48½; eleven miles, 37.30¾; twelve miles, 41.14¾; thirteen miles, 44.46; fourteen miles, 48.35½; fifteen miles, 52.16; sixteen miles, 55.49¾; seventeen miles, 59.21¾; eighteen miles, 1.03.04¾; nineteen miles, 1.06.36¾; twenty miles, 1.10.25¾; twenty-one miles, 1.14.04; twenty-two miles, 1.17.48¾; twenty-three miles, 1.21.31¾; twenty-four miles, 1.25.03¾; twenty-five miles, 1.28.26¾. The judges were T. A. Carroll, G. H. Smith; timers, C. H. Annis, H. H. Crowell; scorer, W. G. Foster. When this was run there were no professional tricycle records above three miles, and this run established them. Crocker took all the records to ten miles away from Eck on the 22d.

ROSEVILLE, 21 October. — On Thursday, 21 Oct. 1886, on the Roseville track, in a ten-mile handicap given by the Orange Wanderers, H. A. Walcott and L. H. Johnson made the following times from scratch on a tandem tricycle: One mile, 3.18¾; two miles, 6.36¾; three miles, 10.15¾; four miles, 13.19¾; five miles, 16.46¾; six miles, 20.35¾; seven miles, 23.45¾; eight miles, 27.13; nine miles, 31.01¾; ten miles, 33.59¾, beating the American records for four and five miles, and establishing American records from six to ten miles, inclusive. The timers were J. W. Smith, W. O. Belcher,

and Dr. T. N. Gray, whose affidavits may be procured if necessary. The track was fast, but a strong, cold wind blew down the back stretch. The last mile was run in 2.58.

SPRINGFIELD, 22 Oct. — Wm. A. Rowe against time. One quarter mile, .37¾; one half mile, 1.14¾; three quarter mile, *1.50½; one mile, *2.29½. Rowe and Hendee both withdrew from the promateur ranks and rode as professionals, with professionals as pacemakers, that they might have better pacing than the available promateurs could give. Rowe, in his mile ride, had W. M. Woodside, G. M. Hendee, and H. G. Crocker for pacemakers, and they carried him around in good shape. Rowe holds the world's record for all distances from a quarter of a mile to twenty-one miles and for the hour.

*World's records.

SPRINGFIELD, 22 Oct. — Horace G. Crocker against time on a tricycle. Woodside was first pacemaker, and the mile was made in 2.57. Rowe and Hendee afterwards acted as pacemakers, and the following times were made: Quarter mile, .43¾; half mile, 1.28¾; three quarter mile, 2.12¾; one mile, 2.57; two miles, 5.53¾; three miles, 8.49½; four miles, 11.50; five miles, 14.50½; six miles, 17.49½; seven miles, 20.51; eight miles, 23.53¾; nine miles, 26.56; ten miles, 29.54¾.

CROCKER tried for the ten-mile tricycle world's record held by G. E. Gatehouse, of England. He missed it by 28 seconds, but made new professional world's record and American records for all distances over the mile, and now holds all but the three-quarters and the mile, which Howell has held for a year. Crocker was paced by Woodside, Rowe, and Hendee on bicycles.

LYNN, 23 October. — A testimonial complimentary to Mlle. Louise Armaindo was tendered on the Lynn cycle track, this afternoon, and there were between 200 and 300 people present. The weather was fine, but a fresh breeze from the northwest made fast speed down the back stretch an impossibility.

One-mile Prof. Handicap,—Louise Armaindo, 1 lap (1); T. W. Eck, 50 yards (2); W. J. Morgan, scratch (3), 2.45¾.

One-mile Amateur,—D. E. Hunter (1), 2.45; C. E. Whitten (2); F. Barnett (3).

Five-mile Tandem Run for a Record,—W. J. Morgan and Louise Armaindo. The time was as follows: One mile, 3.09; two, 6.19; three, 9.30; four, 12.39¾; five, 15.47¾. The four and five mile times beat the American amateur record, but they are behind the English record.

Two-mile Handicap,—D. E. Hunter, scratch (1), 6.11; C. E. Whitten, scratch (2); F. Barnett (3).

Twenty-mile Tandem Run for a Record,—T. W. Eck and W. J. Morgan.

Miles.	M. S.	Miles.	M. S.
1.....	3.16	11.....	36.10
2.....	6.20 1-5	12.....	39.24 3-5
3.....	9.41 2-5	13.....	42.49
4 ..	12.54	14.....	46.09 1-5
5.....	16.16 2-5	15.....	49.30 2-5
6.....	19.30 1-5	16.....	52.52 4-5
7.....	22.51	17.....	56.17
8.....	26.06 1-5	18.....	59.33
9.....	29.30 2-5	19.....	1.02.54
10.....	32.51	20.....	1.06.12 2-5

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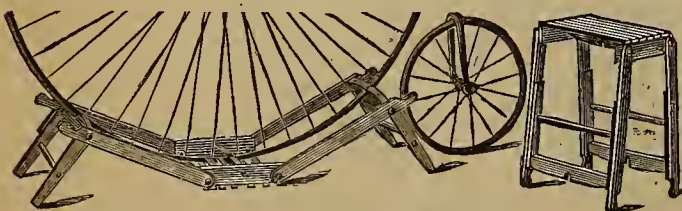
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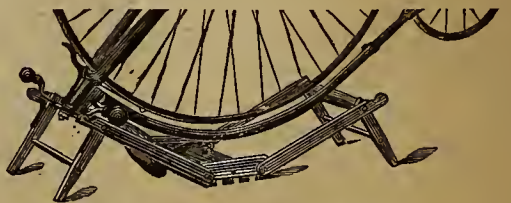


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There are no professional tandem records except those made at this meeting.

The officers of the race were: Referee and starter, E. M. Bailey; clerk of course, W. G. Foster; judges, H. B. Clement, A. Lord, F. B. Brooks; scorers, W. E. Wiswell, E. G. Gordon; timers, E. Storey, A. A. McCurdy, Charles Annis.

CHELSEA, 23 October.—Road race of the Chelsea Cycle Club. Start from Everett avenue, run to Cliftondale and return, 12 miles. C. H. Roberts, 4 m. (1), 47.11 $\frac{3}{4}$; E. F. Simpson, 5 m. (2), 48.11 $\frac{1}{4}$; W. S. Fracker, 4 m. (3), 47.12; F. A. Woodman, scratch (4), 45.19 $\frac{3}{4}$; P. E. Pratt, 2 m. (5), 50.44 $\frac{2}{3}$; H. W. Turner, 4 m. (6), 54.14 $\frac{1}{2}$. The time given is the actual time made by each in going over the course.

CAMDEN, N. J., 23 Oct.—Races under the auspices of the Camden Club.

One-mile Open,—W. I. Wilhelm (1), 3.33 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Half-mile Club,—J. Potter (1), 1.43 $\frac{3}{4}$; W. J. Atkinson (2); C. P. Chew (3).

One-mile Open,—W. I. Wilhelm (1), 3.33 $\frac{1}{2}$; J. W. Egolf (2); J. Powell, Jr. (3).

One-mile Club,—C. P. Chew (1), 3.58 $\frac{2}{3}$; J. H. Crossley (2).

One-mile Club,—H. B. Weaver (1), 3.38 $\frac{4}{5}$.

Two-mile Open,—J. Powell, Jr. (1), 7.53 $\frac{4}{5}$; W. I. Wilhelm (2).

Three-mile Lap,—J. Powell, Jr. (1), 11.24 $\frac{1}{2}$; W. I. Wilhelm (2).

One-mile for Boys under 15,—F. Coningsby (1), 3.49 $\frac{2}{3}$; C. Atkinson (2).

Quarter-mile Open,—W. I. Wilhelm (1), 0.47; J. Powell, Jr. (2), .48 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Two-mile Club,—H. B. Weaver (1), 7.57; J. Potter (2).

One-mile Inter-Club,—Millville Club (1), 3.31; Camden Club (2).

One-mile Consolation,—W. M. Justice (1), 3.51; B. O. Miller (2).

SPRINGFIELD, 25 October.—Wm. A. Rowe runs for a record. Pacemakers, G. M. Hendee, H. G. Crocker, W. M. Woodside. At the expiration of one hour it was found that Rowe had made 22 miles and 150 yards; that he had broken every record from the fourth to the twenty-second inclusive. Following is the score by miles:

Miles.	M. S.	Miles.	M. S.
1.....	2.36	12.....	32.35
2.....	5.12 3-5	13.....	35.18 2-5
3.....	7.54 3-5	14.....	38.01 2-5
4.....	10.41 2-5	15.....	41.41 2-5
5.....	13.23 4-5	16.....	43.26 4-5
6.....	16.12 3-5	17.....	46.14 4-5
7.....	18.59	18.....	48.58
8.....	21.41 2-5	19.....	51.40 1-5
9.....	24.26 4-5	20.....	54.25 2-5
10.....	27.07 1-5	21.....	57.07 3-5
11.....	29.51 3-5	22.....	59.46

The officers of the course were: Judges, G. F. Taylor and A. O. Sinclair; referee and scorer, Howard P. Merrill; timers, E. C. Robinson, C. T. Shean, and G. E. Robinson; starter, Harry Cornish.

THERE was great interest in the Chelsea Club's road race, owing to the rivalry between Frost and Woodman. Both men were to start from scratch, and to beat the race they must catch the limit man, who had a handi-

cap of five minutes. There was a great deal of the sanguinary fluid in the match, but fate willed that the question of merits of the two men was not to be decided, for on starting, Frost pulled his handle-bar off and had to retire.

THE six-day bicycle race, which commences in Minneapolis, 1 November, will be eight hours per day. The entries up to date include John S. Prince, seventy-two-hour champion of the world; W. J. Morgan, W. M. Woodside, Fred T. Merrill, the Pacific slope champion; Albert Schock, the ex-long-distance champion of America; Harry Higham, the ex-long-distance champion of England; T. M. Hardwick, the Kansas cowboy; J. W. Snyder, Fairbouldt, Minn.; Charles Frazier, champion Star rider. The winners (first four) will divide fifty per cent of gross receipts.

THE CLUB.

THE Washington (D. C.) Cycle Club recently elected these officers: E. T. Pettigill, president; M. L. Croxall, vice-president; W. G. Coburn, secretary; Dr. J. H. DeMerritt, treasurer; I. C. N. Smith, captain; William Muehleisen, first lieutenant; H. H. Lammand, second lieutenant.

THE Holyoke (Mass.) Club has elected the following officers: President, E. C. Clark; secretary and treasurer, F. H. Brown; captain, Richard Webb; first lieutenant, W. W. Case; bugler, Henry Taylor; standard bearer, F. O. Garvin.

THE Cleveland (Ohio) Club has elected these officers: Fred T. Sholes, president; B. F. Wade, vice-president; F. W. Douglas, secretary; G. W. Chandler, treasurer; F. P. Root, captain.

Thomaston (Conn.) Cycle Club: G. I. Tuttle, president; T. F. Sheridan, vice-president; H. H. Teames, secretary and treasurer; A. B. Schneider, captain.

THE Cambridge Club will hold its fourth annual reception at Armory Hall, Cambridge, 5 Nov. next.

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertisements will be inserted in this column for one cent a word, including heading and address; but no advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents.

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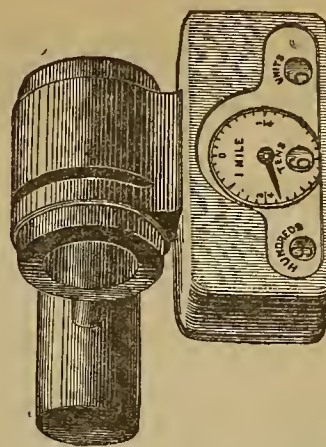
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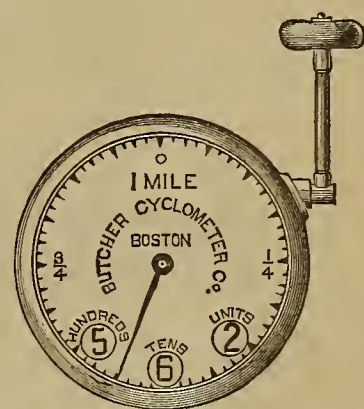
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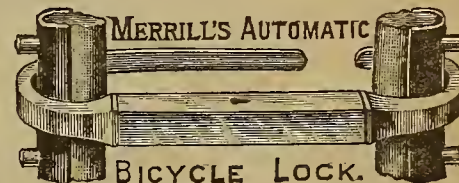
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