

THE PADDINGTON

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

VOL. VII.—No. 3.—WHOLE NUMBER 159.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1884.

{ Subscription, \$1.00 a year.
Single Copies, 5 cents.



While reading the other day, I came across the statement that a grasshopper has, in proportion to his size, one hundred and forty-six times the strength in his legs that a man has, and ever since I have been figuring how fast he could make an eighteen-pound racer run.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 23d, the Ixions will throw open their cosy club rooms to their friends. On this occasion their club-mate, Mr. Jas. S. Burdett, the talented humorist, will give a series of selections in his well known, able style, and upon the walls will appear a fine collection of water colors and engravings. These were loaned them by Mr. J. J. Peoli and will represent the finest specimens of his collection, which is credited with being the most perfect in this country. I hope their friends will all join them in making this a success, it being the first gun in the social season in cycling circles.

An amusing incident of the recent tricycle road-race has just reached me. It appears the "old Vet" was digging along for dear life, enthused and invigorated by the knowledge that he had left Burnham stranded by the wayside, when suddenly his journey was stopped by some one asking, "Where's Ned?" "Ned who?" quote the gallant Pit. "Why, Ned Burnham," replied the damsel fair. "Why, in Salem, the last I saw of him." "Well, I guess you might just as well drink his milk," and the lady handed over the spoils to the rider (I mean the Columbia), and the milk it vanished to the place where it would do the most good for record-making.

It just enters my mind that I have seen in some cycling paper that Mr. Pitman is going to get married. Well, if it is so it only goes as an evidence that successes, like failures, never come singly, and now Willie's cup of happiness, both present and prospectively, must, indeed, be overflowing.

Now comes fast the season of the year when, round club and home fireside, assembled cyclists will vie in telling each other stories of their last summer's exploits on road and path. Speaking of stories, if ever it may be the good luck of any wandering cyclist to land in Albany, and be entertained there by the A. B. C., don't let them allow you to leave until they have produced that

member of theirs whose unbernhardesque form ever keeps company in my mind with the memory of him as a prince of story tellers, and whose field of fiction encompasses the globe, so equally versed is he in secular, divine, moral, and foreign narrations.

On the tombstone of some lately deceased cyclist a poetic friend had inscribed the following: "The bell has rung for his last lap." This, seems to me, is carrying poetic license to the extreme. The inscription would be all right to put on the man's door just previous to his passing in his checks, but seems to me to be somewhat of a back number on his tombstone.

THE KANGAROO 100 MILES ROAD RIDE.

The season of 1884 will ever be remembered as one of the most sensational in the history of wheeling. Such a wholesale slaughtering of records has never before been made. Not on the path alone has this been going on. As a fitting conclusion to a year of surprises, on Saturday last the long-standing, if somewhat doubtful, 100 miles road record, made by F. Appleyard on Whit-Monday, 1878, 7h. 15m. 18s. in the annual L. Bi. Club Race, from Bath to London, was lowered by a man comparatively unknown to bicycling fame. The present generation of wheelists will hardly remember that Whit-Monday. A perfect gale was behind the men (we, who were traveling southwards, never remember to have ridden against a stiffer breeze). The new record was made in the 100 miles race, organized by Messrs. Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper, the eminent manufacturers of Premier bis.' and tris.' of Coventry and Holborn viaduct, for the purpose of giving a public trial to their new safety bi., the "Kangaroo." That trial has succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. Even those who were most conversant with the merits of the little machine could not have believed that a 36in. wheel could be driven for 100 miles along an undulating, and in many places rough and loose, road at an average rate of 14 miles an hour. We must confess we did not. But to return to the details of the day's work. The arrangements were left in the hands of Mr. G. Beverley Cooper, the junior partner of the firm, and when we say they were perfect we are not paying this gentleman too high a compliment. No, they were not perfect, there was one mistake. The Swan at Biggleswade was mentioned as the "house" at the little Bedfordshire town. Not only deep but loud were the growls (we had almost written curses) of those who patronized the C. T. C. house at Biggleswade, at the excessive charges of Host Hearne, who seems

to fancy that wheelists must be millionnaires, and sticks it on accordingly. But we are digressing again. The route selected met with general approval, and, despite the intricacies of the early portion, not an instance has reached us of a man going wrong. Marshals were posted at the most abrupt corners, but their presence was hardly needed, thanks to the able manner in which the route card had been compiled. Had any one made a mistake it would have been his own fault. In order to prevent, if possible, any interference on the part of the authorities the route was kept as secret as possible, and consequently six strangers only accompanied the riders, whilst the spectators to witness the start, apart from the officials, could be counted on one's fingers. The starting point was the 35th milestone from London on the Bath road, a mile west of Twyford. It proceeded easterly to Slough, and after passing that town, a turn to the left was made via Iver Heath, Rickmansworth, Watford, St. Albans to Hatfield. The North road was now joined and followed to Welwyn. Leaving the church to the left we proceeded through Codicote to Hitchin, Biggleswade, Tempsford, Eaton Socon, Buckden, Alconbury, Stilton, to Norman's Cross; the finishing point being close to the far-famed hostelry of Mrs. Brooks. Along the Bath road the surface from the overnight rain was in places loose and holding, as was the case as far as Welwyn. After 50 miles no fault could be found. Two really serious hills have to be mounted, Holywell Hill, St. Albans, and Scots Hill, Rickmansworth; the latter owing to its loose surface being simply unrideable. The long loose grind of Digs-well Hill (one mile) tried the stamina of the riders severely, though it was in some measure compensated for by the splendid run down into Welwyn. Three valuable prizes were offered, a 50 guinea gold stop-watch, which was to have been won twice if record was not beaten, and a gold medal for the winner. Silver medals were offered to those who beat eight hours, and bronze medals to those who covered the distance in 10. Entries were attracted from all parts of the country, the most notable being T. D. Oliver and Milthorpe of Newcastle; Fraser, the well known Dumfries stayer; Golder and Powell, of Coventry; Edge, of Manchester; whilst the metropolitan entrants included Hebbelthwaite, George Smith, H. R. Reynolds, and R. T. Cassall. Of these only Reynolds, who is indisposed, failed to come to the post. Arriving at the starting point it was found that out of the 36 names colored on the card, 17 were absentees, but, save for Reynolds, these included no one of note. The lookout as regards weather when we left Paddington was very unfavorable. The

sun rose red and watery, and before reaching Twyford the sky became overcast, and a slight rain commenced to fall. Fortunately, however, the men soon ran out of the track of the clouds, and none of the rain which fell over London on Saturday afternoon reached them. For 42 miles the wind was dead astern, but afterwards it was on the left quarter, and after 12 o'clock became very choppy, now and then making matters very unpleasant. On the whole we consider the surroundings were scarcely as favorable as when Appleyard made his famous record, and on this view our opinions are endorsed by a gentleman who rode a considerable distance with the last named wheelist.

The result of the race has settled one question, the superiority of the Kangaroo over the tri. Webb accompanied the race with the view of upsetting the 100 miles bi. record, though he has undoubtedly proved himself to be a better man than the winner on tri. Here he was beaten by close on 24 minutes, a result which must be very satisfactory to the promoters. The following are details:

G. Smith, Merry Rovers T. C. (time, 7h. 11m. 10s.).....	1
S. Golder, Coventry B. C. (time, 7h. 45m. 5s.).....	2
T. A. Edge, Manchester B. C. (time, 7h. 59m. 21s.).....	3
R. T. Cassell, Berretta, C. C. (time, 8h. 11m. 45s.).....	4
H. Fraser, Anfield B. C. (time, 8h. 49m. 10s.).....	5
T. D. Oliver, Newcastle B. C. (time, 8h. 55m. 30s.).....	†
W. J. Powell, Coventry C. C. (time, 8h. 55m. 30s.).....	†
R. Milthorpe, Newcastle B. C. (time, 8h. 55m. 30s.).....	†
H. Andrews, Norwich (time 9h. 19m.)..	9
W. Fielder, Electric B. C. (time, 9h. 25m. 15s.).....	10
J. W. Day, Stanley B. C. (time, 9h. 26m. 10s.).....	11
J. W. M. Brown, Long Sutton (time, 9h. 34m.).....	12
J. H. Ball, Coventry C. C. (time, 9h. 59m. 30s.).....	13

Also started: G. Bateman, Corsham; S. Batson, Ferntower B. C.; A. Churley, Peckham; J. Duffey, Coventry; T. Swan, London; F. Watson, Basingstoke.

A few minutes past eight all was in readiness and the signal was given. With such a number of starters it was some time before the men settled down, but, passing through Twyford, Milthorpe had worked his way to the front and cut out the running at a tremendous pace. Before two miles had been covered the field opened out considerably, the rearmost division being already over half a mile in the rear. Milthorpe continued to put in all he knew, and had for his immediate attendants Brown, Oliver, Powell,

Fraser, and Smith, the last named taking matters very quietly and did not appear to be the slightest inconvenienced by the tremendous pace. The good people of Maidenhead had evidently got wind of the affair, as the streets were thronged, and murmurs of astonishment were heard on all sides at the marvelous rate at which the men were traveling. Seventeen and a half miles were ridden in the first hour, whilst, if we may judge from the accounts of the men themselves, 34 miles were covered in 2h. 7m. Of the leaders, Oliver was the first to crack, and then Milthorpe, Brown, and Powell each tried to crack the other up, whilst Fraser and Smith were still handy. Before reaching Rickmansworth, the severity of the pace told its tale. The three cracks had fairly run themselves to a standstill. Smith now showed how the land lay, by putting in a bit of splendid work, and, after a faint effort on the part of the Dumfries man to hold him, went right away. Golder and Edge, both of whom had been left a long way in the rear, now began to show prominently, and, one by one, the leading division were given the go by. When Welwyn, 50 miles, was reached, Smith was 16 minutes in front of Golder, who, in turn, led the plucky little Manchester man by 6m. Unfortunately, the gentleman who was acting as half-way time-keeper neglected to compare watches, or make any arrangements with the official timeist, hence the 50m. "times" are valueless, but as near as can be guessed Smith did 3m. 25s., a grand performance. The leader wended his way at a merry pace, through Hitchin and on to Biggleswade, where he was taken in hand by Dan Albone, and after some light refreshment set off at an increased pace. Encouraged by the assistance of the Biggleswade crack, a gait of 15 miles an hour was kept up to the finish, which was reached in 7h. 11m. 10s. exactly from the start. A marvelous performance, which wipes out Appleyard's 7h. 15m. 18s. completely, and consequently the magnificent gold chonograph becomes his own property. Thirty-six minutes later Golder followed in the leader, having thus gained 20m. since the half-distance. Cassall and Fraser, at an interval, came next, and then Oliver, Milthorpe, and Powell came in together. The whole of the above-named earned silver medals for beating nine hours, whilst the recipients of bronzes are Andrews, Fielder, Day, Brown, and Ball. Batson, who started late, was allowed to go for a medal, and accomplished the journey in 10hrs. Duffy was the only other man that finished, 14 out of 19 starters completing the journey. Mr. C. H. Larrette is responsible for the times. The winner rode a machine weighing 40lb., with a 36-in. wheel geared up to 61 in.

In the evening the competitors, officials, and a few friends were entertained by the firm at Norman's Cross Hotel, Mrs. Brooks putting a capital dinner on the table. Mr. Herbert filled the chair, and Mr. Cooper the vice. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

George Smith's machine was geared up to 61in., and Golder's to no less than 65in; Edge would have been in nearer the winner had he had a higher gearing, his being but 54in.

A long race, with so many contestants, of course has many little incidents; for instance, Powell and Webb were both in the path, Powell falls, ditto Webb, machine and all into the ditch; Milthorpe, in following Oliver too closely, goes over a stone which Oliver avoided; the latter was twice delayed by his saddle slipping.

The ever growing Jackson (Rucker and Co.) made the pace for Fraser from Biggleswade.

ENGLISH RECORDS BROKEN.

A COLONY RACE MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SEPTEMBER 25TH—THE TRICYCLE, TANDEM, AND BICYCLE RECORDS BEATEN—LACY HILLIER BEATS AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL RECORDS FOR FIVE MILES.

The men who train on the C. P. path have for some time been contemplating a record evening, as several of them have been putting in good work, W. Brown and J. S. Smith having several times beaten the tandem records; whilst Lacy Hillier, who is the trial horse for the men on the track, has been trying English's game of going all the way, with startling results, getting within two seconds of record, and covering the ten miles in the half hour two or three times. Thursday, September 25th, the week after the Surrey, was fixed on as the occasion of the trials, and arrangements were made with Mr. G. P. Coleman to attend and clock. The first event was an attempt by W. Brown to beat Speechly's starting quarter-mile; this was frustrated by the wind, which, however, was just falling. After a rest, W. Brown (Brixton Ramblers) and J. S. Smith turned out on the "Invincible" tandem for a three miles spin, Smith steering; H. J. Webb also joined them on his "Humber," but broke his pedal at the moment of starting. The pair got off at a rare pace, covering the first lap in 52s.; two laps, 1m. 43s.; three laps, 2m. 35s.; and the mile in 2m. 59 3-5s.—*best on record*; four laps, 3m. 27s.; five laps, 4m. 22s.; six laps, 5m. 17 2-5s.; seven laps (two miles), 6m. 12s.—*outside 6m. 8s.*, which is present record; eight laps, 7m. 8s.; nine laps, 8m. 3s.; ten laps, 8m. 58s.; three miles, 9m. 23s.—*record by nine seconds*. Both rode splendidly, though Brown was without doubt the cleverest with his feet.

H. J. Webb, who had borrowed a pedal, turned out to try two miles, and led by F. S. Buckingham, he just got inside, though it was a very close thing. One mile, 3m. 6 3-5s.; two miles, 6m. 23 3-5s.—*only 2-5s. inside the record*.

G. Lacy Hillier then came out to have a cut at the five miles, the gathering dusk precluding his going any further. He started from scratch in front of the pavilion, F. P. Wood taking about 200 yards start, P. A. Nix being some 350 yards round—the lap. W. Brown was not fully rested after his tandem exertion, and F. G. Dray, who had promised to assist, had not been able to fetch his machine from Stamford Bridge. Hillier was started by "Long Smith," of the Brixton Ramblers, and got off at a good, steady, swinging pace, and going very hard for Wood, he caught him just after the completion of the first mile, in 2m. 48 2-5s. Nix then took up the running, and two miles was reached at 5m. 38s. Hillier now seemed to improve, as he cut down Nix, and, going along at a grand pace, got up to W. Brown, who came on, and who made the pace finely for a couple of laps. The Stanley man at length disposing of him with a grand rush, and going to the three miles alone, he finished that distance in 8m. 32s.—*best on record by one second*. The three miles were, of course, finished on the further side of the track, and the shriek of "record" woke Hillier up, and he put on a splendid spurt, and, regardless of pace-makers, fairly flew into the fourth mile, which he finished in 11m. 24s., which is *nine seconds* inside English's time. Still going very strongly, and without any signs of distress, the champion rode up to five miles, this distance being covered a shade inside 14m. 18s., beating previous amateur record by no less than *fifteen seconds*, the professional record being 14m. 26s. As the night was rapidly falling, Hillier stopped, as agreed, and re-

ceived a well-merited ovation on dismounting.

The clocking was done by Mr. G. P. Coleman, who took the time of each lap, and Mr. C. Wilson fired the pistol. Among those present, in addition to the riders, we noticed Major Thos. Knox-Holmes, R. E. Philpott, H. B. Clayson, R. B. Smith, A. Nixon, F. S. Buckingham, T. Santer, T. P. Wood, P. A. Nix, W. Brown, J. Smith, R. Cripps, W. Jenkins, and many more well known men, whilst, as it was a fireworks night, there was a very good attendance of the general public.—*Cyclist*.

LANCASTER'S RIDING SCHOOL.

Lancaster is progressive, say what the grumblers may of "a staid, old-fashioned city." Manager Stowell has just demonstrated that Lancaster will support a skating rink, and handsomely, too; and Mr. Martin Rudy, the pioneer of the bicycle business in this city, has had confidence enough in the progressiveness of our people to open a riding school on the third floor of Locher's bank building, Centre Square, where, morning, afternoon, and evening, young men can be instructed in the graceful, useful and invigorating art of riding the bicycle. A representative of *The New Era* took a peep into the place this morning, and was amazed at the display. Nearly half a hundred wheels, of every size and every imaginable sort, were there arranged temptingly about the room—tricycles, bicycles, and what not. The tricycle, a magnificent vehicle, has just been received, and is of the Victor make. For speed it is quite the equal of the bicycle, and its advantage lies in the fact that any one can ride it. It is as comfortable as an easy chair, can be guided by a child, and, and has an advantage over the bicycle in the fact that you can stop at will, rest at ease, and are not likely to meet with any accidents—no "headers" from this. To the tourist it especially commends itself, and as a vehicle for pleasure travel, as well as for business purposes, we should not be at all surprised to see it some day in general use.

Then, too, Mr. Ruddy handles the Facile bicycle—a vehicle which, while having a wheel much lower than the average bicycle, making it easier to mount and dismount, has the best record for speed now known to the bicycle world. Indeed, the man who cannot be suited at Mr. Rudy's Riding School, whether he desires to purchase a vehicle or simply to learn to ride there, can't be suited anywhere, and as an instructor in the art Mr. Rudy has, had all the experience necessary to give the most entire satisfaction. He is not only an expert wheelman himself, but has able assistants in the work of conducting the school, and we can conceive of nothing that commends itself more to the favorable attention of the young men of our city than just such a place as Martin Rudy's Riding School.

THE WHEEL AS A DETECTIVE.

Chirpy little Fred Dennison sat upon his bicycle in Fourth avenue, near Sixty-ninth street last Saturday. He was eleven years old and was the champion rider of the neighborhood. Along came an interesting young man named James Hutchinson, who said that if little Fred would lend him a watch and chain he would time the rider for a trip around the block. The boy handed his silver watch and chain to Hutchinson, who opened it and solemnly remarked "Go." Whiz went the wheels of the bicycle as it sped around the corner. Just then little Fred learned from a boy that the timekeeper had departed.

He turned his bicycle around and chased the flying umpire, gaining upon him each moment until a policeman interrupted Hutchinson at the corner of Seventieth street and First avenue. Hutchinson was of the opinion that the journey from the starting point was made in five seconds. He had a short conversation with Police Justice Murray in the Yorkville Court, and will explain matters to a jury later on.

A SAD BUT TRUTHFUL STORY.

Mr. Fred C. Dunn, of the Philadelphia Chestnut Hill Bicycle Club, enthusiastically came overland on his two-wheeled charger from New York. Somewhere on a lonely road in the wilds of the adjacent town of Charlestown, while he was lightly trundling along over the sandy road, thinking of the impression he would make on his arrival, and wondering if the average damsel who frequents the Pier is "just dead gone" on bicyclers, when his gay young fancy was suddenly diverted to a sternly realistic mundane subject. An ordinarily sedate farmer's dog, of somewhat formidable proportions, who probably for the first time in his bucolic existence then cast his eyes on one of the big-wheeled monsters, felt convinced that it was his duty to resent the appearance of such a strange affair. The result of his interference was that the ardent bicyclist literally took to the woods—that is, he climbed a tree for safety, for the thoroughly aroused canine would have removed a large portion of the tightly fitting riding breeches had not the owner displayed remarkable agility in getting out of reach. Honest Towser, finding that the steel frame of the wheel was too hard to bite, calmly laid down and fixed his weather optic on the treed young Philadelphian. A move on the part of the latter was the signal for a deep-voiced growl, and both the victim and his inflexible jailer might have occupied the same relative positions until the present had not a person in whom the dog had confidence come along and called the latter away. And then the trundle of the wheels might have been heard as the crushed bicyclist wended Pierwards.—*Exchange*.

NEW JERSEY ROAD MAPS.

Editor of The Wheel: In our little State of New Jersey we believe that in League matters the officers of our N. J. Div. L. A. W. have scored one in advance of any other State division, for we have had published for us a complete road map of the State, now ready for sale and delivery.

This map is printed in three divisions, viz., Northern section, Middle section, and Southern section, on parchment paper in colors, and bound in pocket covers, each map being 20 by 32 inches, and showing plainly all our roads, towns, railroads, etc.

This road map will not only be very useful to wheelmen in the State, but to those touring through the State.

The price of each section is 50 cents, and 2 cents per section extra for sending by mail. Amount must accompany order.

These maps can be obtained from either of the following officers, viz.: Dr. G. Carleton Brown, 116 Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J., Wm. J. Morrison, Moorestown, Burlington county, N. J., Harold Serrell, Plainfield, N. J.

If a wheelman, in or out of the State, in ordering a set of sections or a single section, wishes to have a certain route or routes marked out for him, it will be done in colored inks at an extra charge of 25 cents, which amount will go to enrich the division treasury.

These maps have been published for the

N. J. Div. L. A. W. by Messrs. Smith & Stroup, of Philadelphia, Pa., and reflect credit upon their house.

Respectfully yours,
HAROLD SERRELL,
Representative N. J. Div. L. A. W.

WHEEL SONGS.

There is no one of our poets who has caught the humors of the wheel more cleverly, or portrayed them more pleasantly, than Mr. S. Conant Foster. The readers of this magazine have found in him an always welcome contributor, bright, sparkling, and full of good cheer. Mr. Foster has gathered into a handsome volume the bicycle poems, humorous and otherwise, which he had contributed to these pages, together with considerable additional matter. The book is richly and effectively illustrated, and, printed on heavy plate paper, with broad margins, and bound in blue cloth, with side stamp in gold and silver, affords the most sumptuous volume devoted wholly to the wheel that has yet been published. The contents of the book include "Benedicite," with illustrations by Charles Howard; "An Epistle," illustrated by Henry Stull; "A Midnight Ride," "A Midwinter Reverie," illustrated by F. Childe Hassam; "On Wings of Love," illustrated by George B. Bowland; "Wheel Bliss," illustrated by Howard and Bowland; "Si Plunkitt," illustrated by Stull; and a variety of sonnets and shorter poems, many of them illustrated. The contents of "Wheel Songs" are not all of the humorous sort, though the prevailing tone is that of jollity. The "Benedicite," some of the sonnets, and the delicately written "In Memoriam," are good examples of more serious work. Mr. Foster and his publishers have given the wheeling fraternity a most attractive volume, the sale of which can hardly fail to be large.—*Outing*.

ST. LOUIS BIKELETS.

The cyclists of St. Louis are, as a class, probably no exception to the law of selection which the price of their steeds naturally imposes. Most of them are wealthy—that is, their papas are—and as consequences of wealth are, as a rule, educated, refined, and ambitious. Hence, when a concourse of such congenial spirits is gathered at places which would be considered distant but for their command of speed, it is not surprising that the flow of wit from this source should be at once versatile and entertaining. A few of their sayings are here annexed, more in evidence of the bent of their humor than to show any startling brilliancy of conclusion.

A tandem was built by two riders, which came to grief on the Belleville road. A broken handle-bar compelled their return afoot. It has been maliciously hinted that the burden of their lay was: "Oh, I wish I was single again!"

The hill behind Manchester (a bugbear and don't forget it) was last summer declared to be a "horrid climb."

Our riders have been classed as dudes, semi-dudes, and "toughs." The former are perfect in make-up, and all of them own full-licked machines, but they are never seen beyond city limits. The middle class generally have good intentions, but lack confidence in their power of endurance, hence confine their riding to runs of a few miles only. The "toughs" are found on the road every Sunday and holiday, and preserve the credit of the wheel as a cover of distance.

Headers, more or less disastrous to man and machine, form the bulk of humorous allusions. Not long since, a wheelman who straddles a 56 Expert with dignity was treated to one of the somersault variety. "After one complete gyration," vouches a veracious eye-witness, "I found him balancing on his chin, with his feet in the air and his machine on top of him." This the victim denies, but without success. After reaching their objective point (dinner), the unfortunate one was heard to mutter after prolonged ablation: "I'll be dod-gasted if I ever got so much sand out of my head at any one time. Got a notion of starting a desert on the installment plan!"

One wheelman, noted for dislike of activity when asked to participate in "breaking the record" to Manchester, remarked: "Make your record of glass, place it within easy reach, and I will make an effort to break it. Otherwise please excuse yours truly."

The club of "Star" riders has been dubbed "The Nebular Organization," and the

music of their steeds likened unto "the cricket on the hearth."

It has been customary—I might almost say traditional—for those of the wheelmen who are afflicted with poetic fire to part with fragments of their internal conflagration after each eventful run. As a consequence we have now quite a collection of cycling anthems depicting the disasters and misfortunes of unlucky riders.

Having almost overstepped the limit of my prescribed space, I shall reserve a detailed mention of these for another letter.

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FROM THE CLUBS.

ORANGE (MASS.) WHEEL CLUB.—The bicyclists in town have become numerous enough to have an organization, and accordingly the Orange Wheel Club, with twenty members, takes its place among our local institutions, with the following officers: President, Warren M. King; Captain, C. H. Shepard; Lieutenant, W. F. Osterhout; Secretary and Treasurer, O. M. Hapgood; Bugler, George Andrews; Executive Committee, M. O. Simonds, F. E. Dewey, A. G. Thayer, and George M. Pratt. Of the twenty members of the club, twelve already have machines, which they manage with more or less facility, while several more are expected this season, and still more next year. The growth of the cycling fever has been very rapid here considering the size of the town and the state of the roads around Orange, which are far from being entirely to a wheelman's taste. The first of last June W. R. Winchell, of the sewing machine company's office, to whose example and influence more than to any one else is due the present enthusiasm, had the only crank machine in town, in the use of which he was entirely inexperienced, while C. H. Shepard was struggling with a "Star" machine; and now a very sizable club has come into existence, and by next season will become known as a live, enthusiastic, and muscular organization. The club hope soon to have a room fitted up for their use, where a full supply of wheel literature, etc., will be kept on hand, and where members can talk over their experiences and plan for the future. The leading long distance riders in the club are Messrs. Winchell and Shepard, and as a instance of their prowess it may be stated that they went to Boston last Sunday. Starting from Orange at 5.30 A. M., they arrived in Boston at 10.30 P. M., having traveled just 111 miles. They were on the road seventeen hours, during which time they rested three, making the riding time fourteen hours. As the road is far from being good between here and Fitchburg, this may be regarded as fair time. That they were in good condition is proved by the fact that Mr. Winchell rode 55 miles more, and Mr. Shepard 21, on the next day.

WILKY AND JOB.

A chum? Yes, I had one once, but that he was a bicycling chum was the pleasantest feature of our attachment. A good rider—at least he imagined himself one over the asphalt pavements of the city—but an abominable hater of anything like rough country roads. I was different. I had never been accustomed to the urban paper-like drives, and so had a tender liking for fair rural ways, bordered by narrow side paths, where in case of a little fractiousness on the part of my steed I might claim my hasty dismount as an opportune occasion to pick the wild berries lusciously gleaming from behind their prickly foliage. Wilky, my boon companion in my halcyon bicycling days, used always, as a matter of courtesy to age, pleasantly allow me to take the lead in our country rambles. He always loved nature, he said, and so preferred to leisurely hang behind and absorb the beauties of the neighboring hills and gentle slopes with their sluggish little rills and quiet picnic inviting resorts. We were accustomed to start off early in the morning and make pleasurable little jaunts to neighboring towns, and, after luncheon, return homeward when the sinking sun was beginning to make the wayside hedges cast long shadows across our path. Wilky prided himself on his costume and regularly appeared to mount his wheel as one ready to attend a cyclists' dance, and used quietly to smile at my somewhat rough appearance; but then I knew how I would feel after a run over the dusty roads, while

his dapper mien would be changed at the close of day. His a great big fifty-six "Club" shining beautifully with its nickel coat; mine, a little (as he was wont to look down upon me) fifty-two, black-enameled "Rudge." Alas! how he used to lament his continual rubbing, while I would rejoice that mine could stand a week and not feel the effects of the dirt.

"Come, Job, the Grangers have their annual picnic this year; we might as well run over and see the countrymen at sport," was his greeting one August day as we dawdled away our long vacation in Jersey. He always called me Job. I never could tell why, except for the patience with which I was ever accustomed to take rough hills and still worse roads. The Granger family, with their great host of connections, invariably held their annual festival, which was as invariably attended by numberless ones of the tribe, and many of whom had never beheld the two-wheeled horse. We anticipated quite naturally a festive day among them, and perhaps awoken consternation in their breasts. We started leisurely, I leading as usual, Wilky following full of admiration for the country, but still more exuberant over the idea of rustic beauties. Fifteen miles was to be covered before the farmers could be reached. I remember our first salutation. We came to a long hill. Wilky, ever ready for display, took my word (unaccustomed as he was) that the slope could be coasted. Now was his opportunity to set forth the gracefulness of his wheel, as there was a party of the Grangers at the foot of the incline. We came upon them with their mouths gaping, Wilky ahead with his feet encased in a brown pair of alligator hide shoes dangling easily over his handle bar.

"Look at 'em," cried Farmer Willowtop, "I've seen balloons, but never before flyin' machines."

Wilky never lost the occasion for a joke. "Fly on machine. He means you, Job, on that little climber of yours," shouted he, while I still managed to maintain my equilibrium. Ah, Wilky will never forget that day, with the gathering crowd of rustic lads twisting our pedals and his continual injunctions to them to keep their hands off the nicked wheel. But Wilky had the reputation of being our club acrobat, and I thought that possibly the day might pass without one of his exhibitions. It was not destined to be so. We re-started, but the hill proved to be invincible, and my chum unceremoniously preferred to walk and then remount behind a carriage; but, alas for the frailty of man! I saw him gaze at some damsels by the way; the carriage suddenly stopped, and before Wilky could turn his pedal struck the hub of the vehicle and my friend was astounded by a rustic's inquiry as to his new kind of dismount.

Once we were at the sea-shore together at a fashionable hotel enjoying the cool breezes of the languid summer days. We lived in short trousers, dining always in them in the grand hall with many other guests. One day we stopped on our run at a small seaside place on the west for luncheon. Dusty from the exertions of the road, we registered and hastened to satisfy the cravings of a wheelman's appetite, when we were ruthlessly requested to "wait until the second table." Wilky was indignant at such an outcry, while I was obedient to my companion's dictates, and manfully asserted our right to the "first table," rather than be relegated to almost the servants' rations at an inferior hostelry.

Leisurely making our jaunts about Jersey, we were accustomed to drink whatsoever pleased our passing taste, and that decoction known as "soda water" was freely imbibed. Wilky was a "gentleman of leisure"—that is, he was "attending lectures" at a law school, but his real penchant was drawing soda from an ice-cold fountain. How well I remember our halting at a village chemist's and ordering the two foaming glasses which my traveler friend insisted upon drawing.

"Are you a drug clerk?" was the apothecary's assistant's pertinent query.

Wilky looked down upon him with a withering *infra dig.* glance, but as he stood quaffing his beverage, in there walked a small boy with the request to Wilky to give him "a glass of pineapple."

"Come, Job, this is too much. I must seem like a druggist."

"Oh, no, it's only the perfume on your handkerchief that gives you the pharmaceutical odor," answered I, with an attempt at

repartee, while I sat down to look over the morning paper, and he poured out another glass, which he drank in silence and stood waiting my departure.

"What keeps you?"

"Oh, only here to draw custom for the proprietor."

"You draw custom! You can only draw corks and flies," superciliously drawled he.

We left then, and as we came back to town Wilky would go over the smooth road far in advance of me, and then, allowing the easy riding Job to approach nearer as we came upon a crowd upon the walk, would sententiously ask (loud enough for passers-by to hear) if I could "read plainly the inscription upon his tool bag." I bore this with humility, but I always perplexed poor Wilky when I told the little tales of his lagging far behind on bad country roads, and his extreme hatred of climbing hills, be they ever so gentle a rise (which he always insisted was one upon him).

Wilky and I finally became separated and no longer enjoyed the mutual pleasures of bicycle trundling. How it happened is but a short tale. Wilky, as I have said, had a wonderful propensity for pretty girls, and any charming face was sure to lead him captive; in fact, he always boasted that he had a sweet-heart, like the inveterate jack tar, in every place he had dwelt in. The metropolis, being his home, of course claimed the most attraction for him, and he quietly confided to me one day that he proposed making a Miss Nickerson Mrs. Wilky some day. I first gained my knowledge of this when I telegraphed him to come out and take a run. I was answered:

"Can't. His name is 'Mollie.'—WILKY."

It revealed the secret, and henceforth I ever chaffed him. But then my chum had always spent his summer days in a staid old Jersey town, and there too, according to his wonted boast, was found a fair *mademoiselle*. It was a strange coincidence, but her name too was Nickerson. How inconceivable, thought he, that there should be two with exactly similar surnames, only number two's cognomen was Nellie. *Savoir faire* would carry anything off, Wilky frequently said, but suddenly he was startled by the intelligence that Miss Mollie would spend the summer at Vernon Place—that quiet Jersey town. Here Wilky was in a quandary. Miss Mollie would find out about Miss Nellie, and Miss Nellie would be equally enlightened about Miss Mollie.

"Oh," said Wilky, "I can arrange that easily enough. I shall spend my days elsewhere on business!" So off he rushed to the Catskills, and his short notes to me breathed sighs at his departure. No cycling, no companions (apparently), either male or female, blessed his hours. I knew his susceptibility and fickleness, and when I turned up at a church bazaar—one of those especially given to allow city visitors to spend their dimes at—I was not astonished to overhear Miss Mollie and Miss Nellie in animated conversation over a common theme.

"A city friend of mine in the Catskills—" explained Miss Nellie.

"How strange!" interrupted Miss Mollie. "I have one there also."

"Indeed. He's lovely; rides a bicycle so divinely."

"So does mine."

"His name is pretty—Wilky."

"So is mine."

Then both perceived that a trick had been played, and their mutual friend had balanced himself between the two.

"Oh, the wretch, he has been false," and "What a base man!" reached my ears in unison. I turned. I could listen no longer. I hastily penned Wilky a note, informing him that the situation was insecure; that he had better not show himself again in Vernon Place. This, of course, was done with a desire to help my cause, as I confess I then had a tender spot in my frame for the pretty city lass. Back came the reply from the irrepressible youth that it was exactly his plan—a pretty face in the mountains had infatuated him, and this was a happy *ruse* to break away from his bonds. He was ashamed or hated to show himself in Jersey for ages, but once I did persuade him to spend a night with me, and as he marched the following morning to buy his ticket to the city, carrying in his hand a large brown valise, the agent at the wicket inquired, "Commercial, sir?" That was the last "straw," and I have never persuaded him to spend another day in Jersey, and so I lost my boon bicycling companion.

SQUIBBS.



Subscription Price - One Dollar A Year
Clubs of Six - Five Dollars
European Subscriptions, - 5 Shillings

Published every Friday Morning, by
THE CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Box 444, 21 Park Row, N. Y.,
and entered at the Post-Office at second-class rates.

New York, October 17, 1884.

To Subscribers and Correspondents.

Subscribers must be particular to notify the Publishers promptly of any change in their address. If they do not receive their paper regularly it is on this account.

Contributors and correspondents will please separate general correspondence to the Editor from matter intended for publication. Always sign (confidentially) full name and address, with *nom de plume*, as no attention is paid to anonymous contributions. Write only on one side of the sheet, and have all communications sent in by Monday morning at the latest.

All matters relating to subscriptions or advertisements, and all business connected with THE WHEEL should be addressed to the Company. Make all Checks and Money Orders payable to THE CYCLING PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In sending stamps please bear in mind that we cannot use other than the two or one cent issue. A one dollar bill is as safe as a postal note of that denomination, and more convenient to enclose and receive.

THE PROJECTED BERMUDA TOUR.

Without doubt the Bermuda Islands possess greater attractions for the bicycle tourist than any spot this side of Europe. Here is an English colony with English roads; here is the most equable and delightful climate in the world. The vegetation is semi-tropical, the scenery is a delight to the eye, the inhabitants are very hospitable, the roads are like iron, and the "Hamilton," the great hotel in the city of the same name, is run by an American landlord on the American plan. What more could be desired?

These islands are but three days' sail from New York city by a fine line of steamers, and a party of cyclists is now organizing to sail to this favored land about the last of January, and, while the highways in the States are buried deep under the ice and snow, wheel over the smooth roads of Bermuda, where summer is perpetual.

There are 150 miles of these roads, affording some of the most beautiful runs to be found anywhere, and leading to the many different points of attraction—the great Dry Dock, the largest in the world, the forts in which are stationed the red-coated defenders of Great Britain, the lighthouse on Gibbs' Hill, affording a magnificent view, the antique town of St. George, Spanish Point, the Caves, and other places too numerous to mention.

Here may be seen the stately cabbage palm, the papaw, the banana, the loquat and the orange growing in the open air.

Many wheelmen who cannot afford a trip to Europe can see their way clear to visit Bermuda, and get a taste of England on a small scale, with a slice of summer and a touch of the tropics thrown in gratis.

The total cost of the trip, reckoning from and to New York, will be from \$65 to \$90, according to length of stay. The short trip will occupy ten days, and the longest twenty-four days. Should an extra steamer be put on this route, as is expected, a trip of seventeen days could be made, at a cost of about eighty dollars.

Descriptive pamphlets of Bermuda can be obtained of Leve & Alden, 207 Broadway,

N. Y., who are agents for the Bermuda steamers.

The tour is under the management of F. A. Elwell, conductor of the "Down East" and "Kennebec" tours, who visited these islands last spring in company with Karl Kron, and vouches for the place being a wheelman's paradise.

All wheelmen wishing to know more of the excursion sketched above will please communicate with Mr. Elwell, whose address is box 2014, Portland, Me.

AMERICAN DIVISION C. T. C.

TO THE CITY CONSULS AND MEMBERS: At a business meeting of the American Division of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club held at Massapoag House, Sharon, Mass., Tuesday evening, Sept. 22d, the following resolution was adopted:

"That the State Consuls be empowered and requested to receive all applications for membership in the C. T. C., giving receipt for such applications, and send all such applications to Chief Consul Weston at or before a certain date, to be decided upon by the Chief Consul. All letters for information, etc., to be addressed to the State Consul, accompanied by stamp for reply."

In accordance with this illustration you will please send all applications for membership, letters of inquiry, etc., to the State Consul of your respective State, always accompanied by a stamp for reply. The list of State Consuls, so far as appointed, will be found in the *Bicycling World*, but in States where no Consul has been appointed all such applications, letters, etc., must be sent to the undersigned. The State Consuls will give receipts in acknowledgment of applications as soon as received and will send all applications once a month to the Chief Consul on the day appointed by him.

The badges will also be delivered by the State Consuls in the order in which the applications are received. You are especially requested to use all patience and forbearance in order that the harmony and good feeling now existing may ever continue. Let each member of the five hundred now constituting the American Division send an application for a friend before the month closes and we shall soon be strong in members as we are in purpose and faith, and make a glorious success of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club.

Fraternally yours,

CHARLES H. POTTER, R.C.

99 Superior st., Cleveland, O.

BICYCLAR CONTUMACY.

The trumpeter of the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen sounds a bugle blast which he intends for our funeral march, but he will evidently learn that the arguments of the *Spirit* are not, like the walls of Jericho, to be toppled over by the blowing of rams' horns. This effusion occupies almost two pages of the trumpeter's organ, and may be divided into five sections:

1. "He applies opprobrious epithets to his superiors." This game ranks, with croquet and mumble-peg, as a harmless sport. It pleases one party, does not harm the other, and amuses the public. Let it proceed.

2. "He builds straw men and then knocks them down." Attributing to a writer statements he has never made, and then attacking these forged statements, is an old but not brilliant trick of men who have a poor cause. A large portion of the trumpeter's latest essay is devoted to proving that the *Spirit* errs in suggesting that in bicycling races the contestants should be started by the flash of the pistol, and he even calls to his

aid a professional rider to prove that the wheelman could not conveniently look around for the pistol flash, and could not be fairly started in that way. These statements are true, the argument sound, and the logic without flaw, but their crushing effect is somewhat weakened by the fact that the *Spirit* has never advocated, suggested, or even hinted at such an idiotic plan. To stimulate his research in this matter we will give to the trumpeter the finest bicycle that can be bought in America if he will find in the *Spirit* any paragraph proposing or even hinting at any such nonsense. The riders should start by the report of the pistol, the watches should be started by the flash. Nothing can be plainer, more simple, more accurate, or more just to all.

3. "As regards the duties of officials, he prefers the League Rules to the Laws of Athletics." This matter may be summarized as follows: By the Laws of Athletics there is one starter who has full jurisdiction on all matters pertaining to the start, and whose decisions are final and without appeal; one referee whose duty it is to watch the racing and decide all claims of foul, and whose decision on all such claims is final and without appeal; three judges at the finish, who stand on the finish-line, see the finish as no one can who stands elsewhere, who cannot disagree, as a majority vote decides, and whose decisions are final and without appeal; and a committee who arrange the programme, accept and reject entries, and are the general managers of all business pertaining to the sports, except the actual racing. Each officer has supreme control in his own department, there is no clashing of authority, and everything works smoothly and satisfactorily. The League Rules provide one starter, whose decision is subject to reversal, first by the judges, who frequently could not have been at the start, and finally by the referee, who also would sometimes have been an absentee; one referee who is not permitted to decide on the merits of a foul which he did see unless the judges, who were far away and could not see clearly, should disagree; and two judges at the finish, a number which invites a tie vote, and in case of such disagreement the final decision is entrusted to the referee, who would rarely have been exactly at the finish-line, and therefore could not decide intelligently or correctly; and finally the referee and judges are authorized to hold meetings, decide protests, establish precedents, and attend to duties which properly belong to the committee, and not to the field officers. The trumpeter does not contrast the two codes so clearly and succinctly as is done above, but acknowledges all the points, here and there, by piecemeal, and, having admitted them all, announces that he prefers the League Rules, and calls on all wheelmen to rally around his standard. This seems a fair issue, and we may add that the League Rules, bad as they are, are not only good enough, but far too good, for any wheelman who, after a careful comparison of the two codes, prefers them to the Laws of Athletics.

4. He clings to his pet "report of pistol rule." He acknowledges that when the starter and the timekeepers stand near each other it makes no difference whether the watches are started by report of pistol or by its flash; but that when the timekeepers are far distant from the pistol, as in quarter-mile and half-mile races on a mile track, the report of pistol rule is inaccurate, unjust, and absurd; that at one of the very first tournaments given by a League Club, under the new League Rules, at Hartford, Conn., Sept. 9, 1884, with the President of the

League as one of the judges, the officials refused to stultify themselves by obeying the rules under which they had consented to serve, and started the watches in the half-mile race by the fall of a flag, instead of by the report of the pistol, as the League rules demand: that a prominent bicycling journal has characterized the report of pistol rule as "a lamentable error, due to stupid proof reading"; that the flash of pistol rule is always, and under all circumstances, practicable, just, fair, and accurate, while the report of pistol rule is, under certain circumstances, impracticable, unjust, unfair, and inaccurate.

Admitting all this, he still sticks to his founding, and, being thoroughly cornered in the way of argument, seeks to sneak away through knot-holes of prevarication, cracks of contradiction, and back-doors of falsehood. He says:

"The rules are sufficiently elastic to allow for a variation when it is in the interest of better timing or judgment."

League Rule 6 reads:

"Each of the timekeepers shall time every event, starting the timer from the report of the pistol. In case of disagreement the average shall be the official time. In case of a record being broken, the slowest time shall be taken."

This rule is about as elastic as Bunker Hill Monument, and neither a Philadelphia lawyer nor a Boston editor can frame a more explicit or mandatory rule, or point out how any one can honestly evade the plain command: "Shall time every event, starting the timer from the report of the pistol." Again he says:

"... The Board of Officials that would not, say, take the time from a dropped flag or handkerchief would be foolishly punctilious. The half-mile race at Hartford was timed by the dropping of a flag. The judges acted well in doing so, and their action will be approved."

Here, in plain English, the father and guardian of the report of pistol rule admits: that it is inaccurate in certain cases, and advises officials to break it, and praises those who have done so.

He is also horrified at the apparition of a double signal, one for the rider, and another for the timekeeper, and says:

"... A rule would be nonsensical which compelled the timer to take by the flash when the rider and pusher-off must take the report."

It requires superhuman intelligence to discern how such a start would be more nonsensical than the Hartford patent, approved by the Racing Board and indorsed by the trumpeter, in which the riders start by the report of a pistol, and the watches by the fall of a flag. In what way can the combination of a pistol report and a pistol flash be more nonsensical than the combination of a pistol report and a falling flag?

5. "He still endorses the record forgeries." During 1883 and 1884 the Racing Boards of the League of American Wheelmen officially accepted and indorsed as records performances which were not genuine, and, therefore, not worthy of such acceptance. The only one of these cases justly chargeable to the present Racing Board is the meeting at Jumbo Park, Philadelphia, Pa., July 17 and 18, 1884. About these races *The Spirit* says that the track was short; that the surveyor who laid out this track, and make an affidavit to its measurement, did not build, or cause to be built, any permanent curb which would definitely mark and preserve this line of measurement, but marked it only by a row of small wooden pegs, which could easily be removed, and, as a matter of fact, were frequently moved during the month preceding

the race; that the pegs had been so moved that when the races were ridden the track was more than 12 feet short on each mile; that during the meeting the track was measured by six prominent and reputable wheelmen, including the editors of two bicycling journals, and one member of the Racing Board, and found to be more than 12 feet short on each mile; that this fact was reported to the Chairman of the Racing Board, who lives in Philadelphia, and he promised to have the track measured at once, but failed to do so; that the Racing Board have persistently refused to prove the length of the track by having it measured; that if the pegs had all been in their proper places and the measurement around them correct, the path would not have been a genuine one for the purposes of record, because there was nothing to prevent the contestants from riding between, behind, and around these pegs, and, as a matter of fact, during the races, two of the contestants certainly did so, and probably several more; that a member of the Racing Board published over his own signature the fact that he had measured the path and found it more than 12 feet short on each mile; that the editor of the *Amateur Athlete*, who is also proprietor of the *Official Gazette* of the League, announced that he would not accept these records; that the Corresponding Secretary of the League, who is also the editor of the *Official Gazette*, published in that *Official Gazette* that "The League cannot afford to accept these records; the fact of it having erred in the acceptance of the Springfield and New Haven records is no excuse for a repetition of the same mistake in this case;" that the members of the Racing Board knew all these facts, knew that the track was short, and yet in the face of this knowledge, and in open defiance of all decency and honesty, voted to accept and indorse these shameful frauds.

That indictment seems to be plainly drawn and easily understood. The trumpeter dare not attempt to answer it in detail, but evades the issue by this general denial.

"Regarding the records which *The Spirit* has called 'fraudulent,' we can say that they were accepted only after careful consideration and the most abundant proof. We are convinced that the tracks were full length, that no rule was violated, and that the full distance was ridden. We have documents to prove these things."

We are anxious to give the trumpeter an opportunity to prove his assertions before a competent tribunal, but do not know of any plan by which the matter can be brought to the bar of a court of justice. But we will make an offer whose fairness can not be disputed. Within sight of the trumpeter's home is the Harvard Law School, whose professors and lecturers are all learned in the law, and in a dispute between a Boston editor and a New York editor, they would certainly not be prejudiced against their neighbor. The trumpeter shall prepare an abstract of the evidence in his possession that the Philadelphia track was of full length. We will add to it a summary of the evidence in our possession that the path was short. These documents shall be submitted to three of the professors of Harvard Law School. If they decide that the path was full length we will pay \$500 to any Boston charity that the trumpeter shall select; if they decide that the path was short, the trumpeter shall subscribe for *The Spirit* for a year, and agree to read its bicycle column regularly. Our arguments may be bad, but our money is good. If we are wrong, the poor of Boston will receive \$500. If we are right, the trumpeter will, during the coming year, obtain a liberal education.

We shall intrust all the details of this affair to Mr. Joseph M. Gibbens, attorney-at-law, Boston, Mass., and hope that the trumpeter will call on him at once.—*Spirit of the Times*.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

President Bates says of the Duryea saddle: "I like it better than any I've ever used."

One of the features of the races of the Washington clubs on the 17th is the "Monocycle" riding by Messrs. Dinwiddie & Seely.

Mr. Sam T. Clark, of Baltimore, Md., has been on the sick list for the past ten days, but is now able to be around again.

On Wednesday, October 17, 1883, the Corresponding Secretary of the League was brought home with a damaged knee. On Wednesday, October 8th, the President of the League was brought home in a similar manner, with an ornamental eye. Both accidents were due to fast riding by moonlight. The doctor is, however, up and around.

The English records continue to be reduced. We publish from the *Cyclist* this week a full account of the recent excellent performances.

The *Cyclist* reprints THE WHEEL's account of the Hartford races, and accepts the record of Sellers.

Hendee, in his attempt to break the world's mile bicycle record at Hampden Park, Springfield, yesterday, made a mile in 2.42 4-5, which was a remarkable record, considering the weather.

The Bergens Bicycle Club, of Norway, has been organized and has attained a membership of thirty. The following from their constitution will doubtless be read with interest:

"Overordentlig Generalforsamling sammenkaldes naar mindst en Trediedel af Clubbens aktive Medlemmer skriftlig derom anmode Bestyrelsen eller af denne naar saadant er fornødent. Overordentlige Generalforsamlinger og de til disse foreliggende Sager maa senest 3 Dage forud kundgjøres i mindst 2 af Byens Aviser."

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.

Another old member of the Ixion Club has joined the Benedicts, and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Campbell are "at home" at Berrien Springs, Mich., so the neat cards inform us.

We understand that the veteran Capt. Will R. Pitman is also to follow suit, his engagement to a Boston lady having been announced.

The danger sign fund of the C. T. C. has now reached the munificent sum of \$12.00. Singularly enough not one of the contributors can be found among the list that brought the League out of danger when it most needed aid.

Night riding around New York has been practically abandoned. The changeable condition of the roads, owing to the careless dropping of building material, has robbed the practice of pleasure and safety.

The late record of the "Kangaroo" has entirely put the Facile out of sight and mind. Already a number of orders have been placed in this city with Mr. R. V. R. Schuyler, and doubtless more will follow.

The Ixion Club are working up their road race in good shape, and a large crowd will doubtless witness the start on election day about 11 o'clock, from the corner of 59th street and the Boulevard.

"Subscriptions seem to lag," writes Karl Kron, October 7, "as the roll of names draws up towards the second 'impossible point' (for my good friends warned me to call it so when I reached the limit of 1,000) of No. 2,000. Only 19 names have reached me within the last seven days, making my present total 1,967. I note, however, that the London weekly *Wheeling*, dated Sept. 29, vigorously urges the Englishmen not to let the New Zealanders outdo them in supporting my enterprise. The same paper also prints a fac-simile of my autograph."

The *Evening Telegram* says that Mr. Fred. G. Bourne, of the Citizens Club, is one of the best amateur boxers in New York.

She was in humble circumstances, but she was a Boston girl, for all that. "Yes," papa is a unicyclist," she remarked to the railroad reporter whom she met on an excursion train. "Indeed!" responded the young gentleman addressed, very much concerned to know what a unicyclist might be, but very much afraid of exposing his western rawness by asking. From a Boston young man on the train it was learned that "papa" imparted the desired impetus to a wheelbarrow used in connection with city improvements.—*Buffalo Express*.

The St. Louis Star Bicycle Club say: We ride our Star Bicycles with the Duryea Star Saddle. Would not be without it for any consideration, and think it simply perfection, being adjustable in any position, high or low, as desired, yielding to every motion and can be raised in front or rear at will. With a Duryea, star riding is a luxury.—Newton Crane, President; Edward Sells, Vice-President; Hal W. Greenwood, Captain; Elliott B. Page, Sec.-Treasurer; R. E. Belcour, Lieutenant; E. A. Colcord, Charles Stanbrook, F. J. Blatterman, W. W. Carpenter, Jr.

Twenty-two subscriptions were pledged to Karl Kron during the week ending on October 4, bringing his total to 1989. Eight of these latest names on the list belonged to Englishmen who responded to the appeal which *Wheeling* (London), of September 24, was moved to make in behalf of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle."

FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

[Advertisements inserted under this heading, not exceeding four lines nonpareil, for one dollar.]

EXCHANGE—48 or 51-inch Bicycle wanted, second hand, of 1884 pattern, in exchange for gent's fine gold hunting case watch, nearly new. Address EXCHANGE, Box 444, New York.

WANTED—A second hand Bicycle, suitable for a 33-inch leg (a 52 inch Columbia is my fit). Must be in good order and cheap. Address, giving price, size, and description, WM. H. GORDON, Ellenburgh Centre, Clinton Co., New York. 2t

LAMSON'S LUGGAGE CARRIER, the cheapest, lightest, and most convenient thing of the kind. May be put in pocket when not in use. By mail, seventy-five cents and one dollar. C. H. LAMSON, Portland, Me.

MARTIN RUDY,

Lancaster, Pa.,

DEALER IN

Bicycles, Tricycles and Sundries.

I would announce to all wheelmen that I have excellent facilities for doing all kinds of repairing.

Estimates given on Repairing, Brazing, Nickel Plating, and Painting.

Correspondence solicited.

Office: No. 9 East King Street,

RIDING HALL:

Corner Centre Square and West King Street.

Fair price paid for second hand machines.

WHEELMEN ATTENTION!

We invite the attention of all wheelmen to the following list of

Bicycles and Tricycles,

of which we are the **SOLE AGENTS** for the United States,

BICYCLES.

British

Challenge,

Rudge Light

Roadster,

American

Rudge,

Xtra Challenge.

TRICYCLES.

Traveller,

Coventry Rotary

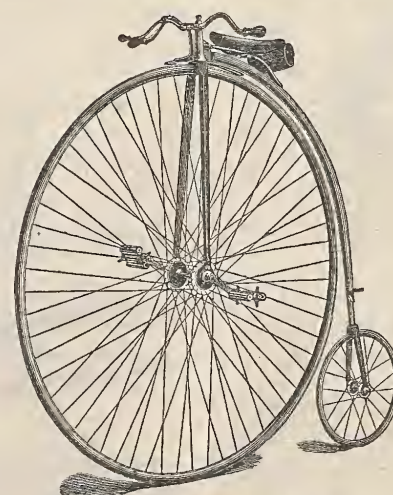
Tandem,

National,

Veloceman,

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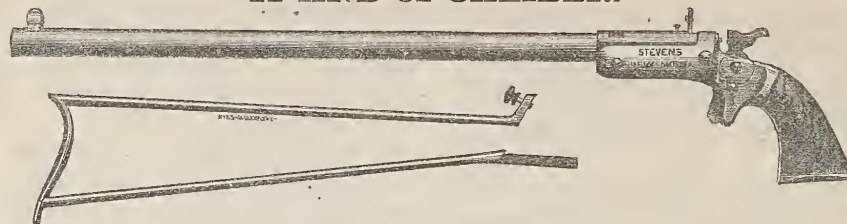
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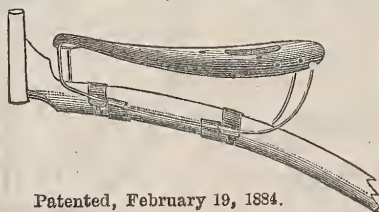
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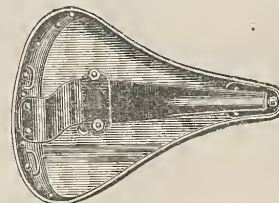
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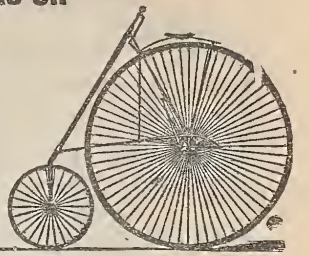
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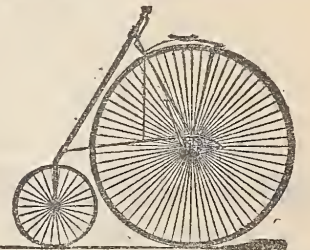
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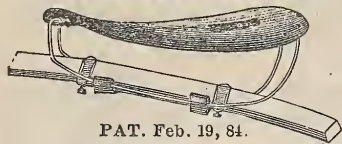
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