

THE WHEEL

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After two months absence from New York, spent in the wilds of New Jersey, I have once more returned and shall henceforth endeavor to annoy my readers each and every week, as in the past.

I knew it. I told the Ixions if they intended to make such handsome presents to their members upon their marriage what the result would be. Now every member feels it his duty to knock the Treasurer's eye for a wedding gift. Mr. Ben. G. Sanford, the Secretary of the club and the Secretary of the State League, is the last prize winner. He will commit connubiality on the 9th inst., and proceed on his wedding tour to Albany, to attend the State meet there. I especially commend him to the good graces of all Leaguers there, and shall think them derelict in their duties if they do not organize a "Kazoo Band" and serenade him on his first night among them. A better man never won a fairer bride, but, oh! how I do fear the sad result of this matrimonial emulation among the bachelor ranks of Ixion.

"I have been running around all day and I am tired out," remarked "Treadwater" Harris, as he appropriated the easiest chair in the club, and smiled sweetly at the new club philosopher. "Why, that's nothing," quoth he of philosophy. "Your wheel has been running around all day with you and its less tired now than when you started." The club will propose a new incumbent to the now vacant chair of philosophy in his club.

A lamentable error in the new racing rules seems to have been made in stating that the time shall be taken from the "report," not the "flash," of the starter's pistol. This is an error that must at once be corrected, or else our records and racing rules will not receive the sanction of any athletic authorities in the world.

If the Albany Club don't have the greatest gathering of cyclists this State has yet seen, save at the League meet, it will be no fault of theirs, but a disgrace to the State League and the men who compose it.

I suppose now the matrimonial mania has set in to such an alarming extent that the next one who will send me an invitation to affair of this kind will be "Campannini" Newman. In fact, it is already whispered in society that he is engaged to one or all, I forget which, of the "Seven Ravens."

Two of the most energetic and enterprising clubs in this or any other country are the New Havens and Connecticut. Both will hold important race meets this month, and both have honored me by offering me a Judgeship. That I am sorry I cannot attend in no wise begins to express my regret. All I can say is that their success will in no wise be injured thereby, and any cyclist that stays away voluntarily from them, misses meeting the princes of cycling, and that's the highest compliment I can pay anyone.

The photo of Mr. Ernest R. Shipton, the editor of the *Cyclist Touring Club*, is the

latest addition to the Ixion album. In appearance he much resembles the late Duke of Albany, in fact I thought it was he at first sight. If the Albany boys could only get him up to their meet, they would make him think he was the Lord of Albany, if not the Duke thereof.

Some two months ago, before I temporarily abandoned this column, I inserted a note therein about two racing gentlemen in Philadelphia choosing prizes, and one urging the other to take a particular one, because it would sell for more. The gentleman against whom I made this charge writes to tell me I am a liar, and while I am forced to disagree with him, I am defenceless to summon him before the League, because he has profited by past experiences of others, and failed to attach "unmitigated" to his allegation.

LEWEE'S LETTER.

BOSTON'S TOURNAMENT A FACT—THE TRICYCLE NUISANCE—THE LEAGUE VS. SPORTING PAPERS—TOO MUCH ATTENTION PAID TO THE LATTER—HOW THREE AMATEURS WERE TAKEN IN—THE WORLD'S WORSE.

The rumor that an extensive cycling tournament is to be shortly held in this city, has now developed into an assured fact. The full programme has not yet been made public, but it has been announced that the tournament will be held, September 25, 26, and 27, on the grounds of the Union Athletic Company, at the south end. Upwards of \$3,500 worth of prizes are to be awarded in the various events, which will number about thirty, and include events for both professionals and amateurs. The majority of the races are to be short distances, under five miles, which will guard against the possibility of the races becoming wearisome to the spectators, which was the case last year at the Springfield affair. A special race is to be run between John S. Prince and Richard Howell, for a large purse and the championship of the world. The \$1500 Columbia prize cup is to be run for the third time, and several state championships are to be decided. It is understood that the management of the grounds are assisted in the affair by several experienced wheelmen, who will leave nothing undone that will in any way tend towards its success.

It appears that the enormous number of cyclists that have taken up their residence at Cottage City during the past summer, have made themselves particularly obnoxious to the non-wheeling inhabitant. Whether the feeling is caused merely by a prejudice against the wheel, or whether the cyclists really conduct themselves in an improper manner, I am unable to say, not having been able to visit the resort this season. A correspondent from Cottage City writes to a local paper as follows, from which it would appear that the trouble is horribly serious.

"The tricycle war here has taken such proportions that extensive preparations have been made, and immediate action has been declared from official headquarters. For some time pickets have been stationed around the Arcade, and light skirmishes resorted to, but as yet the enemy's lines remain unbroken. However, the defensive troops are beginning to show a demoralized condition. Heavy reinforcements are hourly expected in the enemy's camp. Several warlike looking machines, called tricycles, constantly parade with pompous demonstration the

loyal citizens' walks and highways, and excited groups of seaside ramblers are rudely dispersed by this formidable weapon, which is almost as effective in execution as the battering ram of old inquisition time. Up to the present writing the aggressive party have caused women and children to be special objects of total extinction, as it is of daily occurrence to learn that some child has been run into, knocked down, bruised, and has received other little indulgences of a like nature, or that some lady, by the tremendous propelling force of the machine, has been taught somersaults and other acrobatic accomplishments, to the utter dilapidation of seaside costumes. These murderous weapons are rented to inexperienced gunners at fifty cents per hour. Martial law will soon be declared by the government of Cottage City, and extensive barracks of seaweed and sand be thrown up at the earliest moment for the further protection of women and children. Strong, hardy men are at this writing in sublime contemplation as to the probable result. The tricycle is a noiseless ordnance of war, and our smooth concrete walks are favorable for its rapid transport. The latest advices are that the magnanimous government here has issued a proclamation forbidding the use of the tricycle gun on account of its dangerous character. People are flocking to their homes for safety, taking their little ones with a superlative degree of despatch, and it will require the most positive assurances from the authorities that peace has been effected and Cottage City walks have resumed their old time freedom to bring them here again.

The lengthy discussions now being indulged in by the editors of the *Spirit* and *Clipper* in their respective papers, regarding the acceptance of records recognized by the League racing board, is to an outsider exceedingly amusing. The two papers blaze away at the League, without in the least disturbing its equanimity. The allure of the League officials to pay any attention to the wild ravings of these two sporting journals, seems to enrage the latter awfully, but the more they have to say, the less attention is paid them. If the above mentioned journals would devote as much space to cycling news, as they do to this useless track measurement discussion, they might in time come to be recognized as of some importance in the cycling world. As it is now they give less space to cycling news than to any other sport. It is not likely, however, that wheelmen regret this to any great extent, particularly in the case of one of the papers, for the majority of cyclists are not particularly anxious to have their doings chronicled among reports of dog or man fights, clam opening matches, chicken fights, etc.

The Boston *Herald* relates the following story, the participants in which do not reside a thousand miles from this city, and it is to be hoped that they will give the matter proper consideration. Not many weeks ago, one of the neighboring cities announced a series of races. As is not unusual in such cases, they were not widely advertised, and consequently but few outside the local wheelmen heard of it. A well known racer, however, apparently recognizing this lack of knowledge, formed the conclusion that it would be no difficult matter to obtain the prizes from unskilled countrymen. He, therefore, took into his confidence two other riders of no mean ability who used machines not akin

to his own, and the trio, well provided with Star, cranks, and tricycles, set out with a fixed intention of occasioning a Waterloo. The weather, however, proved unpropitious, and in the evening at the hotel the invincible three, taking umbrage at something, threatened to return home, fully expecting that they would be held, owing to the power of their names in drawing a crowd. Unfortunately for them, the manager was something of a sport, and having a full appreciation of the scheme that had been devised, he rightly concluded that it would be much better for him to have close competition by local men rather than walk over by experienced races. He, therefore, offered no inducement for them to stay, and they withdrew. The result next day showed the wisdom of the management's action, for the races were very close and exciting, and the crowd was worked to the highest state of enthusiasm by the competition of the local wheelmen in whom they were individually interested.

The *Bicycling World* some time since, called the cycling editors of our two leading papers, miserable penny a liners, stating that what they wrote was miserable trash, and not fit to be published. It now feels very bad, and accuses one of the papers with a lack of journalistic courtesy, because the latter referred to the fat editor of the *World* as a fast man. It is really a shame that the two extremes in human development at the *World* office, should be so often and so cruelly gayed.

CINCINNATI LETTER.

Editor of *The Wheel*: The number of visitors at the Hamilton County Fair, on Friday, August 22, 1884, was estimated at about 4,000, this being the largest attendance the turnstiles numbered for any one day during the week, to witness the bicycle races, that was advertised as the Hamilton County Wheelmen meet. At all events, the cash receipts were very gratifying to the managers, and the result of this race meeting, will encourage the directors to make increased efforts next year, and offer the bicyclers more and better prizes at their next annual fair.

The races were under the management of the following named gentlemen: Capt. W. A. Whiting, of the Cincinnati Club Referee; Prof. Hyde, Mr. Wakeman, and Mr. Hanna, Judges; W. C. Brown, of the Chicago Club, and A. A. Bennett, of the Cincinnati Club, Timekeepers; Capt. W. A. Whiting, Starter; Mr. Elliott, of the Wyoming Club, held the high and honorable place in the judges' stand as Scorer.

First.—The two-mile race was promptly called at 1 o'clock, with four starters: G. K. Brady, Ben. Hoyt, C. L. Smith, and H. S. Rogers. Hoyt gave out on the second lap, Brady's pedal broke on the third turn, leaving the remaining two to fight it out; Rogers coming in first, followed closely by Smith. Time, 8.13½. First prize, pair of *Æolus* pedals; second, a very neat silver medal.

Second.—Half-mile dash, with three starters: P. M. Myers, G. K. Brady, and R. C. Greer. Brady and Greer had an accident shortly after leaving their starters. Greer taking a header, and Brady being very close on him, was unable to avoid doing likewise, but owing to the soft condition of the track, neither of them was hurt. Myers, having

everything his own way, finished the half-mile in 1.48½. Prize, nicked hub lamp.

Third.—One-mile race, with four starters: G. K. Brady, M. Nepper, Clarence Pendrey, and F. M. Shattuc. Brady stopped short after leaving the scratch, on account of his feeling nervous from the previous race, and Pendrey had the misfortune of breaking his handle near the finish of the half-mile. The race was captured by Nepper in 4.04½; Shattuc taking second place easily in 4.09. First prize, gold medal; second, McDonald cyclometer.

Fourth.—Slow race 100 yards, with five starters: G. K. Brady, R. C. Greer, P. M. Myers, H. Rogers, and F. M. Shattuc. Brady coming in first, in remarkable fast time, Myers was awarded the race. Time, 3.42, with Rogers second in 3.40. Prize, silver medal.

Fifth.—Five-mile race, five starters: Ben. Hoyt, F. Scarborough, N. Pierson, R. C. Greer, and G. K. Brady. Close on the finish of the first mile, Hoyt through up the sponge, and Greer doing likewise on the third mile. The race was won by N. L. Pierson in 20.19; Scarborough finishing in 21.17. Pierson made each mile as follows; First, 3.48; second, 4.02; third, 4.12; fourth, 4.15; fifth, 4.02. First prize, gold medal; second, silver medal.

Sixth.—Half mile without hands, with three starters: Myers, Rogers, and Harry Ellard. Myers first, 1.58; Ellard second, 2.06½. This race was run for a glory—prizes run out.

Harry Ellard then gave an exhibition of fancy riding, which proved to be very entertaining to both bicyclers and farmers.

The time was very poor compared with the Cleveland races, owing to the poor condition of the track, as it had been used for trotting races in the morning. The track measures one half mile, and if put in proper shape, would make a very fast bicycle track.

G. K. Brady had very good intentions when entering the races, but when he found there were better men than himself competing, he did not seem to have heart enough left to spurt. On the last quarter of the five-mile race he worked very hard to pass Scarborough, but could not make the rifle. George has since broken all the records made that day on the same track, and will very likely keep in active training until next summer, as he thinks he was born a racer.

W. A. Whiting would not let a race meeting pass by unnoticed. The pleasure he derives from all such meetings has posted Cappy on all the technicalities of race meetings, and makes him a valuable acquisition to any club that enlists his services during such occasions.

H. S. Livingston, F. L. Sargent, and Willis Miles wheeled to Detroit, Mich., from Cleveland after the meet.

J. A. Hazelton does not want to carry any more banners in a parade. Jack does not appreciate the honor of color carrier.

Will Hall and L. Hall start for Chicago, September 1, 1884, and return via of Detroit, Cleveland, and Columbus, hoping to make the round trip within two months' time, as a recreation from office duty.

The roads around here have been in a "horrid beastly" condition for the past month, as the pikes are covered with six inches of dust, leaving the hard rough bed to ride upon, which is not very pleasant, with the thermometer 95 degrees in the shade.

The wheelmen in this vicinity are all smiles at the present time, owing to the way in which Springfield captured the next meet, as they will be able to attend the same by wheeling there in a body, when the time comes. The wheelmen from this locality are not very great train wheelmen, as they prefer taking a little hard work to sitting in a Pullman, while their wheels are lying lazily in a baggage car. That is probably the reason why bicyclers here do not attend the meets in larger numbers. Springfield will undoubtedly have a large delegation from here at their meet.

BEE.

FREE OCEAN PASSAGE.

Karl Kron writes: "I append a copy of letter just received from Messrs. A. Schumacher & Co., agents of the Allan Steamship Line, from Baltimore to Halifax and Liverpool, and also of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, from Baltimore to Bremen. The same mail brought a note from a subscriber of mine there, saying:

"When I called on the agent, yesterday, I got him interested in the case by reading to him some extracts from your Nova Scotia chapter, and I left him with a copy of your prospectus. In my calling again to-day, he at once told me they had decided to take wheels free, one for each passenger, at owner's risk; and I think this is the first transatlantic line to officially grant this privilege. He also wishes the agency here to be put down for a copy of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle." My hope is that, before the book is issued, I may find time to explain to the agents of all the prominent steamship lines (whether ocean, coastwise, lake, or river) the advantages which will accrue to them, in case they authorize me to announce their respective lines on "the free list," by sending me letter similar to the one appended."

5 SOUTH GAY STREET,
BALTIMORE, Aug. 15, 1884.

Dear Sir: At the suggestion of Mr. T. C. Kirkwood, who is a passenger on our steamer "Caspian," for Halifax, 19th inst., we beg to advise you that we do not make any freight charge for a bicycle carried by the owner from here to Halifax, N. S. Neither do we charge freight for a bicycle, owned by the passenger, on our North German Lloyd steamers from Baltimore to Bremen.

Yours respectfully,

A. SCHUMACHER & Co.

MR. KARL KRON,
56 University Building,
Washington square, N. Y.

'CYCLING IN UTAH.

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF A TEN THOUSAND MILE—A PERILOUS PLUNGE INTO A DRY CANAL BED—SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY REVISED BY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

On land and sea, in Europe and America, I have traveled distances that, if extended in a continuous line, would have taken me more than thrice around the world.

About 15,000 miles of this was by rail; something over 6,000 by ocean steamer; 3,000 on horseback (1,100 of this straight away over the backbone of the continent); 4,000 miles on the Mississippi and its tributaries; 3,000 by means of ox teams; about the same distance by horse and mule teams; say 45,000 on foot, and over 10,000 miles by bicycle. Of all the modes of travel indicated above, for reasonable distances and under favorable conditions, I prefer the bicycle.

Just five years ago, on the 18th of August, 1879, I bestrode the first bicycle I ever saw, a 48-inch Columbia, which I had ordered from the Pope Mfg. Co. Now there are many fine machines here, and we have five acres of athletic grounds and a fine seven-lap bicycle track in the heart of the city, the whole improvements costing several thousand dollars.

I have not kept an accurate account of my riding further than to note the distances from time to time, as indicated by my Pope cyclometer (which, by a little alteration, some time ago, I very much improved in accuracy), consequently it would be useless for me to attempt to give more than a general idea of the roads, distances, etc.

In order to avoid the rude gaze of the unpolished multitude, when I began learning to ride, I confined my efforts to a rough back yard. I wish I could pass over this part of my experience as rapidly as I used to pass over the handles of the machine, but that is impossible. I will not tire the gentle reader further than to state that I finally succeeded, though on one occasion I had the misfortune to take a header over a hot stove, sending the furniture, pipes, pots, and pans flying in various directions with a terrible clatter, which was somewhat heightened and prolonged by the affrighted screams of the cooks and the jubilant voices of the happy children

and other spectators who made it a point to be on hand every evening to see to the circus. When I had quelled the vicious spirit that seemed to animate every fibre of its being, I began to enjoy riding my Columbia, and took extended rides on our streets and broad umbrageous sidewalks every evening.

I read with avidity the exploits of such men as Mr. Keen, and others, in riding against horses, and being fired with like ardor, rode against horses and cows and lampposts and fences, and on one occasion I even succeeded in running squarely over a dog. The dog star was evidently not then in the ascendant, as it proved a serious business for him. Judging from the way he lifted up his voice and wept, he must have felt almost as bad as Jacob did when he kissed Rachael. Although the dog was a small one, a little black-and-tan terrier, the terrible tumble I took made such dogs a terror to me ever since.

Of course we formed ourselves into a club as soon as the number of riders began to increase. We had all heard that "clubs are trumps," and then again we realized that no matter how fast a horse may be he can always be beaten with a club. When the club was formed we all had to get uniforms, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." I shall not soon forget my new uniform. It was resplendent with gilt buttons. I took it home and laid it carefully aside for the next parade. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-glee."

My beautiful long stockings were taken by a miss, and I was mistaken when I thought I had them. It was simply a mistake all round. I can't say that I felt sorry. On the contrary, I felt relieved—relieved of a pair of stockings. Did I seek to regain them? I think not. I simply folded my pants up in my boots, like the Arabs, and silently stole away, and I have never worn any such stockings since.

This is a new country and a rough one. Of calendered roads we have absolutely none, but we have magnificent mountains, clad with eternal snows and everlasting rocks, and in some of the valleys sand, literally "till you can't rest." Hence the reader will not be surprised to learn that the longest ride ever yet made in Utah in a day extended only about fifty miles. I had the distinguished honor and the herculean labor of performing this feat myself. It was on a hot day in June, over three years ago. About twenty miles of the fifty was fair riding (up stream) on a kind of alluvial turnpike, interspersed with occasional boulders, just thick enough to keep one on the *qui vive*. The remainder of the journey embraced crossing a mountain of sand and gravel, pushing the wheel up a seemingly interminable hill of sand, bumping over cart ruts not beaten down from the last rain, climbing fences through fields to avoid lakes of water where wagons were mired down, and, for several miles, crossing water sects every half mile, by planting the bicycle in the middle of the stream, placing the hands on the handle bar and vaulting over, pulling the machine after. Had I known what was before me on the trip, I fear that this laurel would have been plucked by some more ambitious rider. This journey extended from the metropolis to Provo (south), though I went several miles further next day. The longest day's ride, excepting this, was from Salt Lake to Ogden (north), about forty-five miles by the round-about road we took to avoid several miles of unfathomable sand. Five of us rode the first seventeen miles in an hour and a half. As it took us eight hours to finish the journey, I leave the gentle reader to imagine the

rocks, hills, and sand we had to roll over. West from the city the roads are level and sandy, but rideable for thirty-five miles or more. East of the city, the Wasatch Mountains begin to rise almost immediately, and though it is possible to ride three or four miles in that direction, it is hard work and seldom attempted by riders of the silent steed.

Some persons think that riding the bicycle is very difficult to learn, but I have found it "as easy as rolling off a log"—a large log—say a California redwood sequoid. I remember an incident in my experience illustrative of this. I had been out for a ride in the western suburbs of the city on a sultry afternoon in June and was homeward bound, rejoicing in my steed of steel and the ability it afforded me to drive myself through the air almost with the velocity and abandon of a bird on the wing, when I came unexpectedly to a broad bridge over a canal. It was not the "raging canawl," but just a canal without any water in it. Not being familiar with the nomenclature of such structures, I am not prepared to say whether it was a can't I lever or not, but it was floored with slabs thinly covered with soil. There was a sharp rise in the road leading up to the summit of the bridge, in surmounting which I lost a little momentum, part of my impetus, and a portion of my equilibrium, but from what subsequently transpired, I have good reason to believe that my velocity stayed with me, though perhaps in a temporarily dormant condition. When I arrived at the apex of the bridge, the point nearest the zenith, as has been the custom with bicyclers from time immemorial, I essayed the celebrated standstill feat. Just how long I retained that position, I am not prepared to state, for although it has been my constant care to keep a good watch on my bicycle, in this instance I forgot to refer to it.

"Keep to the right," says the guide on the bridge. I had religiously observed this injunction, for I fully realize that it is better to be right than to be President (and sometimes difficult to be either.)

The point where the lower limb of the large wheel rested was certainly within two feet of the battlements, while the distance, as the crow flies, from where I sat on the saddle of the machine to the lowest depths of the centre of the canal was 16 feet ¾ inches as near as I could determine. Just at this moment the bicycle seemed to move very slightly in that direction. Naturally being more or less interested, I carefully scanned the bottom of the channel and observed that there was a good substantial basis of earth and gravel there for me to fall on in case I determined to do so. I may as well remark here, that I had never been fully satisfied with the theory of Sir Isaac Newton in regard to gravitation, and had long desired to make some practical experiments in relation to the velocity of falling bodies. One thinks rapidly at such times. It flashed across my mind that here was my opportunity. Watching an apple fall is all very well so far as it goes, but how about heavier bodies—the fall of man—and greater distances, and falling bicycles, machines that Sir Isaac Newton never saw? These elements, it seems to me, change the whole complication of the question. Fortunately I was fully prepared to test this matter thoroughly, being provided with a fine patent lever timepiece, and one of Pope's cyclometers to record the distance, instruments that would enable me to determine the exact velocity to a fraction of a second.

"He who hesitates is lost." I never hesitate. To think with me in such emergencies is to act. I plunged boldly, head foremost,

over the right side of the bridge into the yawning gulf below.

"Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it!"

I may as well state that I took my bicycle with me. I had by this time become so attached to it that I dreaded to part with it. If I recollect aright there was but one spectator; at any rate I only observed one—a young lady,

"A maiden fair,
With golden hair."

She was leaning pensively over the front gate, as young women sometimes will; she looked as though she might at one time have been an upright woman, but at present she was leaning, perhaps, to virtue's side, *Quien sabe*. I could discern by the pitying glance of her mild blue eye that she thought it a grave situation, but bless you there wasn't a grave in sight nearer than the cemetery, three good miles away. I merely mention this to show how liable we are to be deceived.

In order that my position may be clearly understood, I would like to explain here that the canal extended north and south, and the bridge spanned it at right angles. I was crossing in an easterly direction, and consequently the acquired velocity tended to carry me toward the Orient, and Sir Isaac's gravity was pulling me downward, while the canting of my wheel moved me in a southerly direction. I could realize this distinctly, as I felt myself growing perceptibly warmer. These combined influences resulted in throwing me with considerable impetuosity at an angle of about 49 degrees against the eastern bank of the canal.

The formation here was apparently of the Silurian period, but my first impression was that I had struck the old red sandstone. On reaching the bank and finding my progress blocked in that direction, I immediately took Greeley's advice, and went west as far as the centre of the canal.

Now, although all this occurred in June, the month of roses, it was by the club considered "the fall of the year."

Herbert Spencer says: "Incidental force falling on an aggregate containing like and unlike units segregates the like units and separates the unlike," and I am inclined to think that it is not unlikely that he may be correct to a certain extent sometimes, but not in this instance.

During all this time many things revolved through my mind. In fact my whole body was revolving with considerable velocity from the moment I struck the bank until I landed on my back in the bottom of the canal. I don't think that even Columbus landed with any "greater force" than I did, notwithstanding his royal backing, and all the fuss that has been made over it. Perhaps the greatest deference between Columbus and myself was that he was anxious to land, and I think I can conscientiously say that I was not, *i. e.*, not exactly in that way, but Columbus is partly excusable from the fact that it was his first landing, whereas I had discovered America several times before, and had landed on it in various places with a great force.

On looking over my notes and consulting my instruments, I found the distance from the starting point over the bridge to the point where I ultimately rested, owing to the deflection in my course to be just 19 feet 9 inches, the time one quarter of a second. I was satisfied. I did not care to repeat the experiment. The gentle reader can figure it out for himself. There are the data which prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the accepted theory of the schools in regard to

the velocity of falling bodies is all wrong. Why the idea of falling only 16.1 feet in a second is simply absurd; especially when any wheelman will tell you that he can ride much faster than that even up grade, and that when he takes a header his velocity is at least doubled.

In order to make assurance doubly sure, I proposed to Captain Hardtobeat, Vice-President Cutaway, and other prominent members of the club to try the experiment over again, while I made careful observations from the bank, but they seemed so thoroughly convinced by my investigations in the canal, that they did not care to go any further into it, consequently I did not urge it. However, should I conclude to repeat the experiment, in case the figures differ to any material extent, I shall be only too happy to give the results.

UNO HOO.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AUG. 2, 1884.

ROUTE FROM PROSPECT PARK (FLATBUSH ENTRANCE) TO EAST NEW YORK.

INFORMATION FURNISHED BY A. B. BARKMAN.

Distance, miles $4\frac{1}{4}$ from Flatbush entrance of Park, walk to concrete top of the Brighton Beach Railway Tunnel, where it passes under Ocean avenue, distant about 100 feet. This is a good place to mount. Turn to left into next street taking left hand sidewalk. You are now on Clarkson street, keep straight out on left hand sidewalk as before mentioned until you have passed through Flatbush and by all the County Buildings $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles good. Just at the end of the last of the County Buildings take middle of road, the footpath a short ways beyond being dangerous. Keep straight on $\frac{3}{4}$ mile (one small hill) fair riding in good weather to first cross-road which is Flatlands avenue. Turn to left keeping well on left hand side of road along Flatlands avenue 1 mile, down and up three small hills, (rather sandy in spots but rideable). At top of third hill ride up small bank on left hand side and take foot path, keeping it and turning slightly to the left with road until next cross road is reached which is East New York avenue and 1 mile from junction of East New York and Atlantic avenues. Turn right, into East New York avenue and take middle of road, fair riding $\frac{1}{2}$ mile until compelled to dismount just after passing first few houses by sandy cross street. Crossing street take right hand sidewalk and follow (being careful at one or two sandy spots and one bad crossing) three or four blocks to a large pump (the only one around) then take middle of road to Atlantic avenue $\frac{1}{4}$ mile (poor but rideable).

This route in good weather is easily ridden and far preferable to any other I have tried.

The Flatbush entrance of the Park is at the point where the dismount is taken to cross the carriage road after going down the steps at the Flower Garden. It is not the entrance we leave to go via East New York avenue route; they are a mile apart.

MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB.

A QUIET SUMMER JAUNT.

(Continued from August 29th.)

That afternoon, as we stopped to rest, on a broad, grassy stretch of half marshy lowland that lay between the canal and river, the sun, in a blaze of crimson glory, flashing high his banners of purple and gold, sank behind the summits of the western mountains. "Look at the frogs!" exclaimed Tom.

And frogs they were. Big frogs and little frogs, bright green frogs and dark green frogs, fat frogs and lean frogs. There must have been ten thousand of them, all croaking and hopping about in the most excited manner imaginable. "Sum'n up," said Tom sententiously. And something was up, which proved to be a pitched battle between two leaders for supremacy. One was dark green and the other light green; the dark green one was half a size larger than the light green, but we thought the older was rather fat, and not in as good condition as the light green, who seemed to be all muscle and activity.

The whole company adjourned to the tow-

path and formed a ring, in which the contestants soon hopped. The dark green acted on the defensive and seemed to be the more collected. He only moved around enough to keep facing his opponent, who sprang from spot to spot. A spring landed him directly in front of the dark green, and for a few seconds they watched each other, and then came a simultaneous spring, the two heads came in contact, and wrapping their fore legs around each other they arose on their hind ones, and had a regular wrestling match. A quick movement and the young one landed the old fellow square on his back, both shoulders touching. But quick as thought the dark green planted his hind feet under his opponent, and with a vigorous up and back stretch of his legs sent him spinning through the air three feet away.

There was a great hubbub amongst the spectators, which quieted down as the contestants again faced. The next seven rounds were full of interest, but very similar to the first, the light green being the aggressor, and the result varying; in the ninth and final round the light green changed his tactics. He made a number of quick helter-skelter leaps that landed him in all parts of the ring. The final one directly in front of the old one, who, during his opponent's crobatic vagaries, had remained in his original position, but watching the enemy narrowly. When the light green landed in front of his opponent he steadied himself by his forelegs, and let his hind ones drive back in a kick, vicious enough to dislocate his opponent's neck and send him to the happy swimming pond. Only the dark green opened wide his capacious mouth. The hind legs disappeared and before the light green could realize the peril of his situation he was swallowed.

A solemn hush came over the assembly, and the dark green quietly sat still and winked at his principal backer.

Though the old fellow showed a big head by swallowing his opponent, he made a grave mistake in not killing him as he disappeared.

As he sat there, the admiration of all, he suddenly lifted up off of the ground, and settled back, and a most surprised expression illumined his mottled countenance. Then he gave a violent lurch to one side, and his eyes began to stick out. A lurch to the other, and his amazement and that of the spectators was complete. Then he bounded up in the air and fell, whack! on his side. And then propelled by the invisible power, he turned a hand spring here, a flip flap there, a double shuffle yonder, when finally a back actioned, triplicated combination side and hand spring, in which, whilst in mid air, he described the tangent of an inverted arc, he landed flat on his back, exhausted and quaking in terror, and from his wide opened mouth issued the faintest of dismal croaks, and from its confines the light green also soon sprang. He was rather the worse for looks, but as plucky as ever, and he turned on his prostrate foe with such fury that the old chap was glad enough to acknowledge his defeat and limp away.

Then there was a great croaking of applause, and games of leap frog and turning of hand springs. And then the victor was seized by several of his ardent admirers and borne away on their shoulders amidst the uproarious plaudits of the crowd, which, after a final three times three and tiger, dispersed.

From our diary we further extract: Left Cumberland at 9.30 A. M. Now 15 miles down towpath; splendid riding, though rough in some places. We are resting in shade of a barn. Has cleared off. Two old canal boats tied in stream. The river is muddy half way across.

2 P. M.—Resting under locust tree, 22 miles from C.

3.30 P. M.—At Mr. Woods all the women folks are away. He and another man are rigging up the best dinner they can. Have sent the other man to the spring house to see if there is any clabber. Oh! joy, there is. It is a nice, cosy little house, porch and front yard. We are about one half a mile below Paw Paw, where we intended to get dinner, but as we had to take bykes down a sixty foot nearly perpendicular embankment to the ferry, a small row boat manned by a woman, we concluded not to do so. The scenery has been simply lovely; could spend a week between here and Cumberland. I think I heard them say they haven't any clabber, Oh! misery. Saw a terrapin scramble down a high bank, and fall kersplash in the canal.

6 P. M.—22 miles from Hancock. Lovely little spot. Came through a tunnel three

quarters of a mile long. 'Tis cut through a high mountain.

7.20.—11 more miles to H. Am stretched out on the grass. River here makes a wide detour from canal, making quite a little meadow. Tom is looking for a spring. He averages ten drinks to the hour. I can just see the tip of the sun, fiery red, over the top of a mountain. Great billowy clouds hang low overhead, and the distant mountains begin to draw over themselves the covers of night. It is very pretty here. The frogs are out in full force.

7.45.—Am sitting on the abutment of dam No. 6. Hot and somewhat tired. Wouldn't I like to be splashing around in that water. It is almost night. River 300 feet wide.

9.30.—At Hancock. Tom liked to fall in canal, and we walked the last mile, and we are now waiting for supper. Have had a long, hot day's work. The scenery was surpassingly beautiful across the canal. At times the mountains towered 4x500 feet perpendicularly, whilst we could look down on the river fifty feet below. Tom has on hotel clerk's coat, and looks awful tough. Wish they'd hurry supper. Shall raise a row if they have any bacon. There's the bell now. I am tired. Sixty miles is as much as a fellow wants, particularly when he has a head wind.

Had some trouble crossing some of the over flows, but in the main the towpath is all to be desired. For miles we ran over a mixture of cinders and dirt that furnished delightful riding.

Tuesday, June 24th, 9.15.—We are lying in bed, and I tell you it is comfortable. Had a good supper; no clabber. We hadn't any adventures, yesterday, with the canal mule, a broken lock, having stopped all travel. Some hogs and cows caused us temporary annoyance.

11.30.—Just finished breakfast and had pictures taken. And now good-by to Hancock. The first few miles furnished no stirring events, and we were beginning to fear we were destined not to see the canal mule, of whose wonderful exploits we had heard off and on since childhood.

But fate ever was kind to us. And presently we beheld him approaching at a gait that plainly showed his reluctance to so do. He was a snow flaked brindle mule, of uncommonly large proportions, and the length of his ears, and pronouncedly Roman nose, proclaimed him one of phenomenal sagacity and fertility of resource. To clearly explain the slightly unusual incident, the happening of which I am about to relate, it will be necessary to describe the immediate surroundings.

Beginning on the right, the river flowed in a broad expanse and with considerable current. Half way across there arose a rock that through convulsion of nature had been rent in twain. The two parts being about ten inches distant, and rising about six feet above the water. The descent from the towpath to the river was good thirty feet almost perpendicular and unobstructed.

On the towpath, between us and the mule was, starting from us, a telephone pole, an empty quart tomato can, and a flour barrel. From the opposite bank of the canal abruptly arose high a hill, but rugged enough to afford foot hold for man or beast. About fifty feet up was a narrow ledge. Having a presentiment that something unusual was about to occur, I cautioned Tom, who was riding ahead, to go slowly.

Sadly the old bridle mule came creeping along. Eyes closed and head bobbing and big ears flopping loosely. The six-year old boy, who was driving, had stopped at a raspberry bush. There was no one visible on the canal boat. Closer we drew the old mule passed the flour barrel, still dreaming, from which blissful state he was awakened by planting his off fore hoof squarely in the tomato can. And half awakened, he saw us. With a wild bray he sank back on his haunches and whilst with his tail, he lashed the cinders on the towpath into dust, he foamed at the mouth, shook his majestic mane, bravely brayed. His conduct caused to appear on the canal boat deck the captain, his wife, a good size boy, a girl, three a baby, and a dog.

The mule quickly rose up and kicked the flour barrel high in air which came down in time to cover up the six-year old boy, who was running up to sooth the frightened animal. He must have been knocked senseless, as he made no motion to get from under the barrel.

(To be continued.)



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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 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 ROBINSON MEDAL.

One of the features of the late Springfield meet was the appearance of an imported English rider by the name of Robinson. He was called an amateur, and allowed to enter the races during the three days of the tournament, several of which he won, notably the medal representing the championship of the United States at twenty-five miles, which had been given by the Springfield Club, and which, under the rules of the League of American Wheelmen, would have to be won three times before becoming his property. Although nothing was ever said in the Springfield Wheelman's *Gazette* or official programme upon this point, yet the rules of the League were so well understood that the managers doubtless considered it unnecessary. On his way home to England he pawned the medal with a steamship company to pay for his wine bill, which was somewhat excessive, and consequently when the League held its championship races this spring at Washington, the man and medal were both missing.

Accordingly the Racing Board forwarded a communication to the National Cyclists' Union, asking that Robinson be ruled off the racing track in consequence of his conduct unbecoming an amateur. The N. C. U. have written that Robinson has been seen, and denies all knowledge of the fact that the medal was to be contested for again, and calls for evidence to the contrary. The following in true Duckerian English has been sent abroad:

"A. H. Robinson fully understood that he was to race again for that medal, and he gave as references that he would fulfill the promise, and that his word was good, the names of Mr. Mabie, of Mabie, Todd & Co., New York, and Robert Todd, Secretary of the N. C. U., London, England. He gave me these names in the presence of C. E. Whipple, of this city, and C. D. Vesey, of England. Robinson cannot lie out of it."

Before Robinson sailed for England he was in New York for at short while, and left his medals at the office of R. V. R. Schuyler, on Broadway. We called there several times, but never succeeded in finding him in. At

that time the writer held the position of Secretary of the Racing Board, and we were anxious to ascertain what security the Springfield Club had obtained that the medal would be returned intact, in time for the League Championships of 1884. Being unable to secure an interview with Robinson, we officially notified him that he would be required to defend his title at the annual meet of the League, and that the medal being the property of the League, would have to be won twice more before it could become his final property.

That Robinson received this letter we have the best of evidence, which we will produce whenever the Racing Board or the N. C. U. ask for it. In fact, we doubt that Robinson will deny it, if put squarely before him. It was a matter of surprise that the Union should have allowed him to compete in their championships this year. It does not argue well for the boasted superiority of the English ruling of amateurs that such a character as Robinson should be allowed to enter their amateur races there, and unless they make an example of him, we will be compelled to decline foreign entries to our races in this country in order to protect our own amateurs.

THE WHEEL IN DELAWARE.

Editor of the Wheel: The Old Dominion S. S. Co., one of the most liberal, progressive, and successful corporations in this country, about three years ago, built several large steamers—regardless of expense; two of which, for the Delaware Division, were, in beauty of design, and speed, unequalled. The "Manhattan" came out first, followed by the "Breakwater" a few months later; upon which it was our good fortune (my two sisters and I) to secure passage, and good rooms located on deck, sailing at four P. M., Wednesday, August the sixth. The wheel between decks, we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, which we did, in a right royal manner. Before passing Sandy Hook, the "gong" called the passengers below, where, in a large saloon amidships, were two long tables, spread with a rich and bountiful repast. Every good thing a first class steward could suggest, the food well cooked and seasoned, and ready at an early hour, that all might eat and enjoy. After passing outside, the fact that we were at sea served to dampen the ardor of many passengers, who imagined they were sea sick, through the motion of the vessel was hardly perceptible. Those who remained on deck made themselves agreeable and each other happy, with songs and anecdotes. One short, stout little gentleman, his face beaming with smiles and good nature, gnashed his teeth with remarkable fury, when his companion, a railroad king, played a prime joke upon him; during which, a tall, long haired, sanctimonious individual, who had been a witness to the joke and the result, in a sepulchral voice asked the Dr. if he were aware of the fact that only a plank separated him from eternity? To which the Dr. quickly replied: "Were I the plank your feet stood on I'd flop over, and drop you there pretty quick." Our long haired friend, with a melancholy sigh, rushed to the railing to relieve his feelings, and feed the fishes. During the evening my youngest sister had to (with the captain's assistance) go to her room. She had been telling the captain about some flying fish at Babylon, and asking him to change the course of his ship and give her a fancy sail. My other sister could not resist the temptation of teasing her a little, for getting sea sick, and sent her the following lines—a few moments after her sudden departure was made.

TO "JO."

On a sunny August afternoon,
With spirits light and gay
We bade farewell to the New York shore,
And sailed for the Delaware Bay.

Before a strange sensation,
Had made our faces pale,
I asked the gallant captain
To give us a fancy sail.

Just around in a little circle,
To vary our course you know;
I'd like to catch a flying fish
And see a porpoise blow.

Oh! what a look of horror,
Came over the captain's face;
To think a little "snip" like me
Should ask him to change his place.

Good bye to the dear young "midshipmite,"
Farewell to the captain too!
And tell the stout old pilot,
To remember me to the crew.

My sister is going to leave us,
This morning we say "good bye!"
Does the little parting grieve us?
And does it make us sigh?

Yes! for we'll miss her sadly,
When she is over the sea;
And we'll welcome her back right gladly,
And happy then we will be.

My sister is blithe and merry,
She is warbling all the day,
And the funniest song she sings,
Is, "She died on the way!"

My sister laughs, till the old hull rings,
And she drives away dull care;
But the sweetest song she sings,
Is "My Bonnie," I declare!

But sorrow cannot last forever,
And friends cannot always stay;
It is always hard to sever,
But we'll meet again some day.

Then farewell to the kindly "midshipmite,"
Farewell to the captain, too;
And tell the dear old pilot
To remember me to the crew.

"SYD."

We were awakened at 5 A. M. to see Cape May, and an hour later, passed between two long stone walls, inside of which were anchored a large number of vessels, waiting for a favorable wind. The captain, upon being asked why these stone walls were built in the water, replied: "When God made the world, he made Delaware last, and having more stone than he knew what to do with, built that wall!" About 9 A. M. we were at Rehoboth Beach, which the "R. R. King" called "Bohemoth," because, he assured us, it was so named in the Bible. This is one of the finest beaches on the coast—good bathing, excellent hotels, and an inland lake, upon which there is good boating. The roads are fair. Many wheelmen have been there this summer, and enjoyed the riding very much. Entering the State some forty odd miles to the Northwest, we spent a few days at Harrington and Felton, two pretty little towns, in which considerable business is done, canning fruit, and manufacturing baskets, boxes, and farming implements, besides furnishing heavy timber for building purposes. A large tree is cut down and securely chained to an immense two wheeled truck and taken to the saw mill, drawn by nearly a dozen mules, sometimes more or less, according to the size of the tree. In Delaware there are a few hills, no stones, but plenty of sand, and abundance of fruit. The woods are the wheelman's delight, the paths extending in every direction for miles, shady and free from sand. Blackberries, whortleberries, and peaches on every hand, free to all. The public roads generally skirt the woods, and a fence is seldom seen. Many farms are enclosed by ledges of different varieties. The ride to "Bower's Beach,"

Delaware Bay, distance twelve miles, is delightful the roads are good and pass through a beautiful country. There is good bathing, and the finest oysters that grow. While there one afternoon a lady invited me to break bread with her party, and leading the way to a high embankment, I found spread on the grass a spotless, white tablecloth, around which sat a company of persons, gentlemen and ladies, and taking a seat next to the fair hostess, was most bountifully served. The sandwiches, with lemonade, followed by cake and pie of several varieties, made it quite impossible to ride back without a rest somewhere, so a campmeeting in the woods, about half way home, offered the desired opportunity. The colored people were having a good time, and making lots of noise. A board fence, the sky for a roof, formed an enclosure, with rude benches outside for the audience. Inside the ring thirty or forty men and women were alternately dancing, kneeling, jumping, shouting, and singing those good old plantation and Methodist hymns, which are so oddly arranged by the colored people in the South. Had some of our ladies witnessed the performance, I imagine they would have been very much frightened. There were several taken with hysterics, and in many cases, parties were carried out of the ring in a stiff condition. Riding along in an easy, careless manner just as the sun was sinking behind the trees, the sound of music reached my ear, and following the direction of the same, I entered a grove, where stood a large old fashioned farm house, more like the "mansion" of our fathers years ago than anything of the present, so large and comfortable it looked. The doors were open, and offered a hospitable welcome. Dismounting near the front door, I discovered a young Miss at the piano, with four or five others standing near; their sweet voices blending in perfect harmony with the instrument. The dogs gave due notice of my approach, when a tall, stately gentleman came forward, and with a pleasant smile bade me welcome. I found the place one of the model fruit farms of Delaware, divided into parts, as follows:

Corn, twenty-five acres, yield 45 bushels per acre.

Wheat, twenty-five acres, yield 20 bushels per acre.

Peaches, twenty-five acres.

Clover, " " "

Strawberries, three "

Raspberries, " "

Blackberries, " "

Tomatoes, five "

They have a "Williams" evaporator, of the largest size; capacity, two hundred baskets of peaches every twenty-four hours, and it was very interesting to watch the workers, who were busy as bees. Near the house they have a pond which is full of carp, a fish imported from Germany, and distributed through the State at the expense of the Government. The hedge at the west of the house is "Japonica," very pretty, while the rest is called "Osage Orange." In my pocketbook I find the following lines, the production of a young lady member of this pleasant family, which I think is quite appropriate to the State—and this occasion: "Fair Delaware, second of size in the race, With the delicate bloom of good health on her face; For 'tis here that the peach, fruit equaled by none, Takes its juice from her soil, and its blush from her sun; 'Tis her fruit that upon her her greatness bestows, Oh! land of delight, where the strawberry grows."

FRED A. COLEMAN.

N. Y., Aug. 23d, 1884.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

Now the fun begins.

Races in Boston to-day.

Hartford next Tuesday.

Albany Wednesday and Thursday.

Philadelphia races on Saturday, September 13th.

The "Owl" is back from the seashore and is at it again with his sharp pen.

Gaskell, the English amateur, who recently arrived, is one of the best men of all England, and if any of our fast men can defeat him we can well be proud. He will ride a Club racer, and also a Club single and tandem tricycle. It is also said that Dolph will ride a new Sanspareil racer, if it arrives in time.

Karl Kron reports to us that the number of dollar subscriptions pledged for "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," on the evening of September 1, was 1830. An addition of about 100 names a week will be needed to ensure the enrollment of the required 3,000 subscribers before December 1. After publication, the price of the book will be put at \$1.50.

Mr. Richard Garvey has resigned the presidency of the Missouri Wheel Company, and at a recent meeting Mr. George C. Oeters was elected to fill the vacancy.

Out of the 23 entries to the Pittsfield races, ten of the competitors rode Rudges. Four of the nine events were run on these machines.

A regular meeting of the newly organized society of Kansas City wheelmen was held Aug. 29th, at the office of Dr. G. L. Henderson at 608 Wyandotte street, with that gentleman in the chair. In the absence of Mr. W. M. Abernathy. Mr. Charles B. Ellis acted as Secretary. A communication from the association of Missouri wheelmen asking for memberships from the club members was read, and after some discussion, laid over until the next meeting. A proposition was prepared for presentation to the managers of the inter-State fair in relation to some proposed bicycle races to be held during fair week. Two such races will probably be held at that time. The applications for membership of George P. Sutphen and Henry Ashcroft were referred to a committee to report at the next meeting. Arrangements were then perfected for the making of suitable club badges, after which the meeting adjourned until Thursday evening next.

Mr. Richard Garvey, formerly of St. Louis, reached New York on Tuesday, where he intends to remain. He will devote himself solely to the manufacture of the Duryea saddle, and will make this city his permanent home. Mr. Garvey is one of the oldest wheelmen in America, and will doubtless be accorded a warm welcome wherever he makes his presence known.

Rev. Sylvanus Stall and family, after an absence of four weeks, returned to their home on Friday evening. Two weeks of the time Mr. Stall spent on a bicycle, touring, in company with several other clergymen, through the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, visiting Philadelphia, New York, along the Hudson River to Albany, Round Lake, Saratoga, Sharon Springs, Cooperstown, down the Delaware through Port Jervis and the Water Gap to Easton, where he met his family. The entire distance covered with the bicycle was

590 miles. The average distance was about 50 miles a day, and the longest distance ridden in a single day was 77½ miles. Excepting several hours after dark, spent in walking thirteen miles through the woods, over a mountain, with but little more than a path for road, and with the bats and the bicycle as his only companions—excepting these few hours, the pleasures of the journey and the enjoyment of the trip were unalloyed and unequalled by any former vacation, even that spent in Europe. Mr. Stall will occupy his pulpit on Sunday morning.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Editor of The Wheel: A party of Canadians visited Buffalo to witness the races there last week. Representatives were there from Toronto and St. Thomas, who say that they received excellent treatment. W. Hurst, of the Toronto Wanderers, won the fancy riding contest by many points. His tricks are described as something wonderful.

C. F. Lavender, the champion of Canada, collided with a "Star" rider in the two mile race at Buffalo, and broke his arm in two places. He stood the pain well and did not wince while the bones were being set. His new "Yale" racer was a total wreck.

The Woodstock A. H. Association held miscellaneous races on the 25th inst. Toronto sent up three men, two from the Wanderers, and one from the Toronto Club who secured all the open bicycle events, five in number.

The Toronto Bicycle Club will hold their third annual tournament to-morrow. The track to be used is one of the best 4-lap cinder paths in the country, on which all the Canadian records have been considerably lowered.

A party of the Wanderers went to Rochester last Sunday and were escorted around the city by the R. B. C. A good time was spent by the riders.

The club picture of the Toronto Wanderers is supposed to be the largest group photograph yet made. It is some 6 feet long and 4 feet high; contains 68 members in the club uniform. The figures are six and eight inches high, and the club is represented as turning out for an afternoon run, in all positions. Copies are in nearly all bicycle club rooms. The total cost of picture is \$200.

Toronto may be called the wheeling centre of Canada. It has miles of block pavement, and can boast of the two leading clubs.

The Toronto Club is the oldest, and has some 125 members, with excellent club room. While the Wanderers are a limited club of 75, and have the best furnished club rooms in the city.

Some London bicyclists are talking of riding from that place to Montreal, a distance of close on 500 miles. If they pass through here they will probably pick up some local men.

Some bicyclists will take a tour from here this month over the ground the Chicago tourists lately covered. If they have as good a time as they had, all will be well. But of course they will not have that "Boston gang" along.

Talking about the "Boston party" reminds me that at Buffalo lately were seen one third of that "noisy crowd," namely, Bull, Orr, and Sullivan Haynes, linked arm and arm, talking over their adventures, and repeating from time to time, "the Boston crowd never get left." GEORGIUS.

TORONTO, August 30, 1884.

On the 25th of September the Troy Bicycle Club will hold its third race meeting at Rensselaer Park, Troy, N. Y. There will

be events for club members as well as outsiders, and a two-mile race for the championship of Rensselaer county, only open to those who have resided in the county for sixty days previous to the race. The entries close September 23, and should be sent, with a fee of fifty cents for each event, to Louis Herman, Secretary, Troy, N. Y.

WOODSIDE RIDES A RUDGE.

Editor of The Wheel: A statement has appeared in several of the papers, to the effect that I was about to use a "Royal Mail" bicycle. Now, as this statement was utterly without foundation. I hope you will kindly allow me space to contradict the report. I have examined and tested said make, also most every other machine manufacturer, among the rest the "Rudge," which I found superior to them all; therefore, the "Rudge" is my favorite mount, and is the machine I have been using and intend using. By inserting the above you will oblige,

Respectfully yours,

W. M. Woodside.

Champion of Ireland.

BLOESBURG, PA. Sept. 1st, 1884.

FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE.

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

BICYCLES FOR SALE.—52-inch Rudge; nickel-plated except wheels; balls over all; never been used; lists at \$152.50; will sell for \$142.50. 56 Harvard; ball and cone; in good order; painted over all. Price \$65. H. D. Hedger & Co., 8 Church St., Boston.

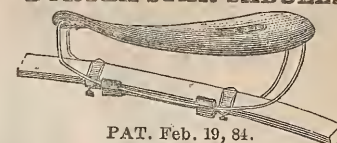
FOR SALE.—A 52-inch, nickel plated Humber Bicycle, ball bearings to both wheels and pedals; in perfect order. St. Denis Hotel, cor. of Broadway and 11th street. C. L. TAYLOR.

FOR SALE.—Expert Columbia; 56-inch; full nickel-plated; swinging spring; bent bars; ball pedals; used, but little; \$130. Expert Columbia; 52-inch; full nickel-plated; bent bars; ridden once; good as new; \$120. British Challenge; 54-inch; full nickel-plated except felloes; ball pedals; in first-class condition; \$110. Address G. R. Bidwell, 4 East 60th street, New York.

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PAT. Feb. 19, 84.

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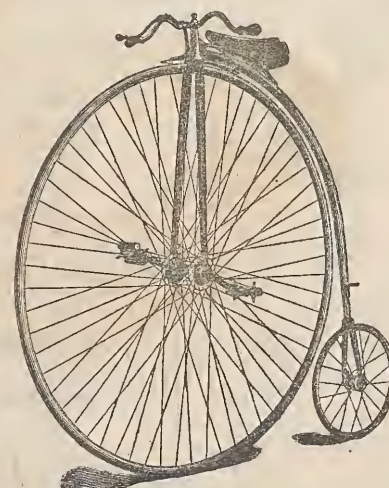
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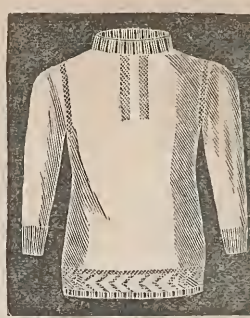
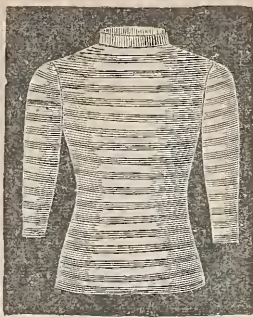
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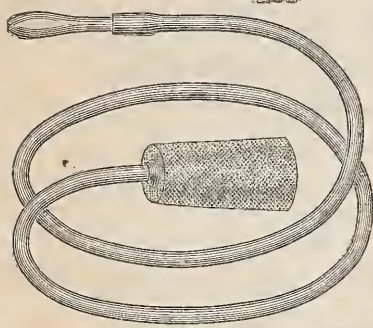
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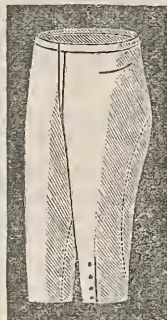
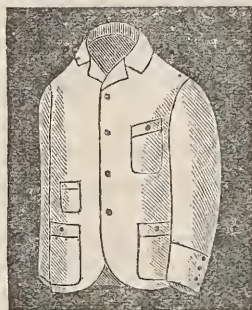


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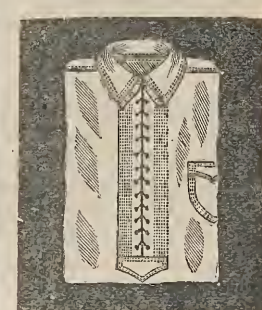
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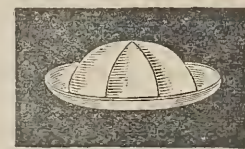
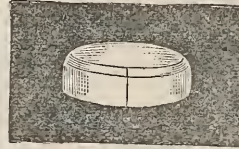
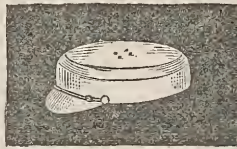
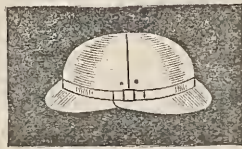
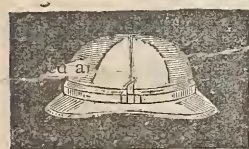
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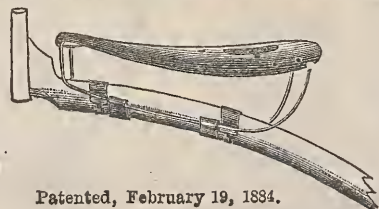
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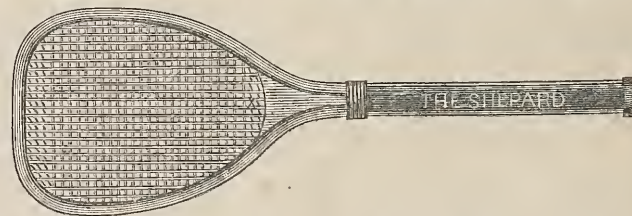
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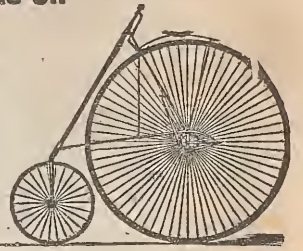
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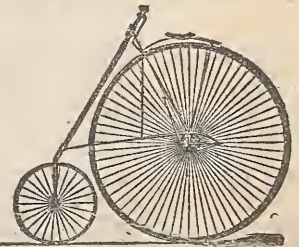
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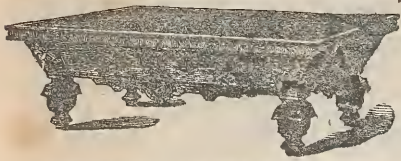
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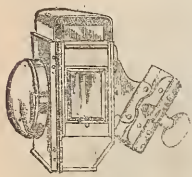
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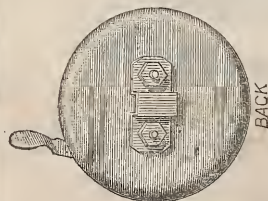
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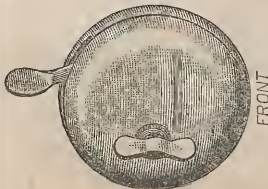
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