

Established 1880.

23 Park Row, N. Y.

AND RECREATION.

VOL. XIII.—No. 8.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1887.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 320.]

Good Men on Good Wheels Put the Records Where They Stay!

It is about a year now since Stillman G. Whittaker made the following set of World's Records, on the Crawfordsville Course, viz. :

10 Miles in 29m. 1 3-4s.

20 Miles in 59m. 35 4-5s.

100 Miles in 6h. 1 1-2m.

And these records have stood ever since, notwithstanding the fact that the competitive trade have done their utmost to acquire them.

While other manufacturers have built special wheels for this purpose, which differed materially from those they offered the public, all of our performances have been on the identical wheels listed in our catalogue, and we claim, therefore, that they are remarkably significant and demonstrate unquestionably the

EASY RUNNING QUALITY OF OUR BEARINGS.

Then that performance of Frank Dingley's on the Lynn Track:---


100 Miles in 5h. 38m. 44 1-5s.

Being 25 minutes better than the American Record and 11 minutes better than the English Record.

Quite a number of attempts have since been made to lower this by other makers, all of which proved to be failures.

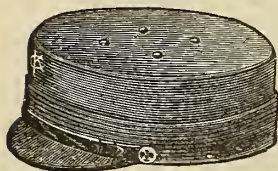
We think the above is ample evidence to convince the most skeptical and to efface any impression to the contrary caused by the false statements of our traducers. Respectfully submitted,

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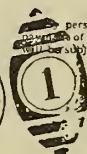
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THE STAR.

This is the way they finished in the great New York and New Jersey Team Road Race, May 30, 1887:

NO.	NAME	25 MILES.	TIME.
1.	H. J. Hall, Jr., K. C. W.,	STAR,	1.33.53
2.	C. A. Stenken, H. C. W.,	STAR,	1.33.57
3.	E. Valentine, K. C. W.,	Columbia,	1.34.34
4.	H. L. Bradley, Ild. B. C.,	Columbia,	1.34.49
5.	W. F. Caldwell, E. W.,	Columbia,	1.37.02

ROSEVILLE, N. J., JULY 4TH.

STAR first and second in 1-mile Novice.

" " second and third in 1-mile STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

" " " " 2-mile " " "

NEW CASTLE PA., JULY 4, 1887.

STAR WON Hill-Climbing Contest.

" " 1-mile Open.

" " 2-mile Open.

" " 3-mile Lap Race.

DETROIT, MICH., JULY 10, 1887.

STAR WON 3-mile L. A. W. Championship.

NO.	NAME	25 MILES.	TIME.
6.	J. H. Knox, K. C. W.,	STAR,	1.38.17
7.	E. P. Baggot, H. C. W.,	Columbia,	1.40.02
8.	S. B. Bowman, E. W.,	STAR,	1.40.20
9.	H. Greenman, I. B. C.,	STAR,	1.43.36

WILKESBARRE, PA., JULY 4, 1887.

STAR

WON

FIVE FIRSTS:

1-mile Novice.

2-mile 6.45 Class.

1/2-mile Boys' Race.

1-mile STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

3-mile " "

TERRE-HAUTE, IND., JULY 13, 1887.

STAR FIRST in 1-mile Open.

" " in 1-mile Class.

" " in 2-mile STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

ST. LOUIS, JULY 10, 1887.

THE GREAT 92-mile Road Race, from St. Louis to DeSoto and return, between HAL GREENWOOD, on the STAR, and PERCY STONE, on a Victor, settles the question as to which is best machine for such roads. GREENWOOD won easily. STONE "dropped out" at 46 miles.

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Scale, 1-4 Miles to 1 inch.

Compiled from the New Jersey State Geological Survey, the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Local Surveys and other authentic sources.

Size 3 2-3 ft. x 4 1-2 ft.

Mounted on Rollers, or Dissected to fold up in smaller compass.

\$4.00.

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A weight placed above
the axle raises the centre
of gravity of the lamp to
the point of suspension and
counterbalances its ten-
dency to swing.

ADVANTAGES

OF
ITS USE.

It secures a steady light
upon the track.

It prevents lamp from go-
ing out on rough roads.

It prevents spilling of oil
from the cup.

It is ornamental to either
nickel or black wheel,
weighs less than half-a-
pound, and can be at-
tached to any lamp in
fifteen seconds.

Ask your dealer for
it, or send name of your
lamp to

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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justible, well made; improved; will keep muscles
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SALE AND EXCHANGE.—TANDEM TRICYCLE, latest
pattern, balls all around, may be used by two ladies,
excellent order, cost \$250, sacrifice for \$125, worth
\$200. "Tandem," care THE WHEEL.

TO EXCHANGE.—44-in. 1887 Light Roadster Facile,
in fine condition, for a 40 or 42 Special, '84 preferred
and cash. Arthur Munson, Stamford, Ct.

TO EXCHANGE.—44 Light Roadster, Facile, vintage
of '87, valued at \$120, for 49 or 42 regular Facile,
'84 pattern preferred, and cash. Arthur Munson, Stam-
ford, Ct.

SLAUGHTER.—51-in. Rudge Light Roadster, half-
nickeled, latest pattern, spade handles, lantern
and hanger, all good as new, cost \$155. Will sell very
low, in fact sacrifice to prompt purchaser. Address
"Chesterfield," P. O. Box 444, New York City.

SPECIAL STAR.—51-inch, 3-4 nickeled, balls to front,
silent ratchets, good as new—\$70, worth \$100.
Write quick. "Stanton," care WHEEL Office, New York.

52-IN. HUMBER.—Balls all round, good as new—
cost \$137.50 for only \$65 if sold at once; worth \$100.
Owner going West. "Anderson," P. O. Box 444, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A BARGAIN.—48-in. Special Star, pat-
tern of 1887, 3-4 nickeled, power traps, balls to front
wheel, Corson saddle. This bicycle has not been run
twenty-five miles, and is in new and perfect condition.
May be seen at 115 Lee avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—Buy now, instead of waiting until
Spring, and thereby save from \$10.00 to \$20.00 on a
machine! Besides being Sole New York Agents for
New Rapid and Quadrant Cycles, we have a fine assort-
ment of slightly used machines, many really as good as
new, and which we are selling at prices to suit the
times. Prices from \$28.00 upwards. Ball-bearing wheels
from \$40.00. Our stock of machines is not equalled
around here for Condition, Variety and Price. All
sizes and makes. New Bargain List issued weekly.
Send for it. NEW YORK BICYCLE CO., No. 38 Park
Place, New York.

WANTED.—To exchange a solid gold 18k. Hunting
Case, Stem-Winding Watch, with Waltham
movement, 13 jewels, patent regulator, for a good Bi-
cycle, 50 or 52 inch. Willard Hamman, Millwood, Ind.

**"HINTS TO Prospective Cycling Tourists in England
and Wales,"** particulars they most want to know:
from start to finish. Price 25 cents. Stamson, Stam-
ford, Conn.

TO EXCHANGE.—52 or 54-in. Bicycle for good Safety,
or will buy Safety if style suits and price VERY
low; Columbia, or Rover Type, or 42-in. 1887 Pony Star
preferred. L. A. W. 9937, Hornellsville, Box 305, N. Y.

WANTED.—Bicycle or tricycle, Humber tandem
preferred, in exchange for piano or Lillie safe.
Address Exchange, P. O. Box 444, N. Y. city.

STAR FOR SALE.—48-in., 2-3 nickel, hollow framing,
power traps, balls to front wheel, splendid condi-
tion. Cost \$140. Sell for \$95. W. T. Connell, Room 46,
Grand Central Depot, New York, N. Y.

A BIG BARGAIN.—A 52-inch American Rudge Bi-
cycle, nickeled, with enameled wheels, balls to
both wheels, cost \$127.50, will sell for \$55. Bicyclist.
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hand 48 inch Star. Address Box 73, New Knoxville, O.

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56 Club, new, \$58 00. 52 Premier, almost new, ball bear-
ing, \$42.00. 58 Expert, good order, \$57.00. 54 Harvard,
splendid order, \$47.00. 60 Champion, full nickeled, like
new, \$75.00. 50 Victor, ball bearings, \$65 00. 52 Cham-
pion, used four weeks, \$60.00. 48 Expert, ball bearings,
\$50.00. 46 English Bicycle, new, \$25.00. 54 Victor Light
Roadster, latest pattern, \$73.00. 50 Harvard, spade
handles, \$48.00. 42 American Safety, \$45.00. Springfield
Roadster, new, \$68.00. Also a job lot of new English
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.....THE
10-Mile Road Race,
 AROUND DRUID LAKE, BALTIMORE,
 Competed for by teams of 5 men each from the Maryland Bi Club, the Balto.
 Cycle Club and the Rambler Cycle Club, all of Baltimore,
Won by the Maryland Bicycle Club Team,
 ALL BUT ONE OF WHOM RODE
NEW RAPID BICYCLES.

POSITION AT FINISH.

		TIME:
2.---	RICHARD WHITTINGHAM, Rapid Light Roadster, . . .	31.03 1-5.
3.---	WALTER GRESCOM, Rapid Roadster, . . .	31.03 2-5.
5.---	J. KEMP BARTLETT, JR., Rapid Roadster.	
8.---	E. F. LeCATO, Rapid Light Roadster.	
13.---	S. H. SHRIVER (fell), Victor Roadster.	

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30 Minutes 44 Seconds.

THE FASTEST TIME EVER MADE IN A ROAD RACE.

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New York.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION MEETING.

The first meeting this season of the Board of Officers of the Massachusetts Division of the League of American Wheelmen was held last Saturday evening at the house of the Boston Bicycle Club, St. James avenue. There was a large attendance, 16 of the 20 members of the Board being present. The meeting was held at the Boston Club house by invitation of the members of the Board who belong to that club.

After an hour spent in social intercourse and talking over cycling affairs, the wheelmen adjourned to the dining-room, where Steward Nottingham served a dinner which was a credit to the cuisine of the club.

Chief Consul Hayes presided, and at either side were seated Secretary Sanford Lawton of Springfield and Charles Richard Dodge, ex-president of the Massachusetts Club. The other members present were: E. B. Coleman and John Amie of the Cambridge Club, W. S. Slocum of the Massachusetts Club, A. W. Robinson of the Rovers Cycle Club of Charlestown, J. B. Seward of Chelsea, W. C. Marsh of the Springfield Club, Dr. W. E. Emery of the Roxbury Club, Maxwell of the Somerville Club, and Captain E. G. Whitney, J. S. Dean, W. C. Kendall and C. S. Howard of the Boston Club.

When justice had been done to all the good things provided, Chief Consul Hayes called the meeting to order, and stated that this being the first meeting of the year that the gathering was rather for the purpose of bringing the members of the new board together than to transact any business of great importance. He told of the great good to the sport of cycling in Massachusetts that these meetings of the board were productive of, and then briefly referred to the general condition of the division, which was shown to be in a very prosperous condition.

The membership rolls include the names of about 2,000 wheelmen, and with the steadily advancing interest that is manifested in cycling, that number was expected to be nearly doubled by another year.

He then referred to the work that has been done in preparing a book of reference, relating to the roads of this State, showing the best routes between the various cities and towns of the Commonwealth, and also through routes for tourists to other States. The book contains an accurate description of the condition of the roads to be traversed over in the routes described, together with the best hotels, local consuls, repair shops and general information for traveling wheelmen, besides much else that will prove of value to any one not a cyclist who intends passing over the roads of the State.

The preparation of this road book is undoubtedly the greatest and most commendable work that the wheelmen of Massachusetts have ever undertaken. Its actual cost has been considerable, to say nothing of the great amount of labor that has been necessary for its preparation. All the work was done by the Chief Consul and his hundred or more assistants throughout the State. The expenses of the

work will be defrayed by the division treasurer, and the book will be ready for delivery about January 1. A free copy is to be given to every member of the division.

Whether or not the book should be allowed circulation among other than League members produced a lengthy discussion, in which most of the members present participated. It was finally voted to rescind the vote of a previous meeting and permit the book to be sold to other than wheelmen at a stated price.

The Massachusetts Division of the L. A. W. is neither selfish nor a money-making organization, but exists solely for the purpose of advancing the interests of cycling. One of the greatest needs of cycling in America is better roads, and all the forces of the organization are to be directed towards attaining that object. If horsemen and others can obtain any good from their work the wheelmen are willing that they should receive it. The interests of horsemen, farmers, the wheelmen, and all others who use the roads are in this matter identical, and if they could be brought to combine, their united efforts would be productive of an immense amount of good.

It is hoped that some time in the not very distant future a macadamized road through the State may be constructed, and on motion a committee, consisting of Dr. Emery and Messrs. Dodge and Slocum, were appointed to consider the most advisable measures to be pursued in attaining this object.

Another matter which also affects everybody who makes use of the public highways is the placing of guide boards at the junction of roads in the country. A law was passed by the Legislature last year making the erection of such boards compulsory, but the statute has not been very generally complied with, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Howard, Emery and Dean was appointed to do what they could in the matter.

It was voted to have the meetings of the Board held once a month, at such places as the Chief Consul should designate, and various other matters of routine business were transacted.

After passing a vote of thanks for the entertainment provided by the Boston Club members, the meeting adjourned until next month.—*Boston Globe.*

SIX DAYS' PROFESSIONAL RACE.

One of the most successful affairs which Senator Morgan has managed on "the other side" was a six-day race at Edinburgh.

The contestants rode eight hours a day, from two to ten P. M. Besides the principal contest, several minor matches were decided.

The event was a great success, over ten thousand people being present at the finish on the last night. The starters were Lumsden, Dubois, Parkes, Morgan, Young, Battensby, Robb, Hawker, Woodside and Howell.

With the exception of three men, the riders covered 18½ miles within the first hour. Dubois Lumsden, Morgan, Parkes and Robb rode the first 50 miles in 2h. 41m. 3s.

In the first eight hours Dubois, Parkes and Lumsden, completed 132 miles, 6 laps, equal to 16½ miles per hour.

Lumsden won the contest by half a wheel; Dubois, who had accompanied him all the way, finishing second; Parkes, third, and Morgan fourth.

The times made by Lumsden and Dubois at the various fifty-mile points are as follows,

50, 2:41:03; 100, 5:50:10; 150, 9:01:53; 200, 12:16:45; 250, 15:13:20; 300, 19:15:32; 350, 23:25:13; 400, 26:54:50; 450, 31:30:59; 500, 35:17:40; 550, 39:18:37; 650, 47:23:10.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

The wheelmen of St. Louis expect to enjoy a hare and hounds chase on Thanksgiving Day. In answer to an inquiry, Burley B. Ayres thus describes the game to the committee. "A hare and hounds chase is the simplest kind of thing; in fact, things chaste are usually simple. Our course used to be around the boulevards, but that got to be too long, so we have for the past few years made the course to Pullman, seventeen miles. We divide the parties in two. The herd of fellows who can't race to amount to anything go in the hares, while your crack men go as hounds. Give the hares a fair handicap, say ten to fifteen minutes, according to your relative strength. Take your men who have no record and who are supposed to make nothing better than a mile in four minutes or a little less, and then put your cracks who have made their mile in 2.50 and such after them. Fig-

ure on the cracks catching the hares just at destination and you have it. It is for you to make the figures, so calculating that all will arrive at destination very nearly the same time. The hounds, of course, come in first—we have always had it that way. Once in a while a hare would beat the hounds, and then we would rejoice with the hare, and lo, drink with him much and at his expense. There is lots of fun in an h. and h. chase. You must, of course, have a good dinner at the destination. That's the chief wrinkle of the whole thing. And above all make the handicaps so fair that all your fellows can go in. In St. Louis you would perhaps do it very much different than we do here. For instance you have quite a field of crack racers and fast men, while you have another and larger field of fellows who don't race but who like to tour. Therefore, put the roadsters all in the hounds, and handicap your racing men so bad that the hares will have an equal chance with them."

BALTIMORE NEWS-LETTER.

Editor of THE WHEEL:

The great C. C. question is as yet unsettled; but it certainly is getting to be high time that something definite should be done, for there are many things that call for the immediate attention of the head of this "Division."

At the annual meeting of the Division in the Spring, there was appointed, I believe, a committee to consider the advisability of holding the next annual "League Meet" here, and if they found it advisable to have same, to then solicit subscriptions to defray the expenses that would necessarily be incurred. Where, oh where, is that committee? For, if we are to have the "Meet," six months is not by any means too much time to prepare for it. To have or not to have, that is the question?

Upon this question I find a diversity of opinion. Those in favor of having the meet here, whilst granting that it will put the Division to an enormous expense, claim that the "lift" that it will give cycling will, in the long run, more than balance the original expense, whilst those not in favor of the meet claim that it could not be made a success of unless carried on on a much larger scale than the recent meet at St. Louis, and that this the Division is unable to do. Now, I believe that we can have the meet here, and that we can send away every wheelman or lady that attends, after it is all over, well pleased, ready to "call again," and that with an outlay not near so large as that made at St. Louis.

With such centres of cycling as Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington, to say nothing of the smaller towns, to draw on for visitors, the numbers to attend would certainly exceed those at any previous meet. It would be next to impossible, in view of this fact, to attempt to entertain them individually, as has been done at all the other meets, but could not some form of entertainment be gotten up for the visitors as a body? Then, again, could we not join issues with the District of Columbia Division, which practically means Washington, and get them to lend a hand? Where is there a better city in the Union for riding than beautiful Washington, with its many miles of asphalt? Could we not, perhaps, get up an excursion down the Chesapeake, which would be free to all wheelman and for which steamers could be chartered at figures merely nominal, as compared with the outlay on an extensive banquet, to which I, for one, am opposed? Of course some of the time could be put in on runs around the city (*not in it*—because of cobble stones ad lib.); these are many, and some of them fine. We might also wind up, as we did at our Spring meet, with a grand "Theatre Party," which certainly seemed to be enjoyed by all who took it in.

Then be up and doing, oh, committee!

Wrest the slumber from your eyes,

Lest the "swift" wheelmen of your city

Steal the "meet" erstwhile you rise.

Yours, RALPH.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

READING, PA., Nov. 14, 1887.

F. P. PRIAL.

DEAR SIR: I inclose you check for bill sent; it is the cheapest advertising I ever heard of. I actually imagined it was eight or ten dollars. It is also the best advertising, for I sold all I advertised through it. Yours truly, W. I. WILHELM.

The Gormully and Jeffery team will soon attempt to establish long distance records at the Washington Rink, Minneapolis.

WHEEL GOSSIP.

The Cyclist has at last raised £680 to purchase a life boat.

Kennedy-Childe denies that he is shortly to become a benedict.

The Pennsylvania Club has resigned from the League as an organization,

The Missouri Division has adopted a new Constitution and By-Laws.

THE OWL is spilling ink in an effort to have a system of handicapping by weights inaugurated.

The Owls, of Chicago, will have a turkey raffle and musicale on Thanksgiving eve. Ten cents a throw; ten turkeys; a chance for all.

Colonel Pope and Mrs. Pope were in town on Monday, the guest of Mr. Thomas Moran, a representative of the Mexican government.

Mr. Willdigg, of the L. I. W., formerly of Messrs. Schwalbach and Willdigg, took a severe header at Fort Hamilton on Sunday last, breaking his arm.

The Cunard Cycle Co.'s plant in England has been sold out. In this country, the creditors of Cunard's agency were sold out—just a little difference, you know.

The Citizens will hold their annual meeting at their club house on Monday evening next. After disposing of the regular business, a musicale and feed will be in order.

The Pacific Coast *Wheelman and Athlete*, speaking of the League, tells us that "Mr. Wells was willing to forgive and forget the past." Can this be California sarcasm?

Yes, *Bi-World*, that "W. A. Rhodes the Victor" was a bad break. We corrected the matter, but the printers failed to carry out our ideas. You know how it is yourself.

Hartford Wheel Club Elections: L. A. Tracy President; J. G. Grace, Vice-President; T. W. Saunders, Recording Secretary; Fred Burnham, Financial Secretary; F. E. Eaton, Treasurer.

Prof. Proctor figures that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. Had Stevens waited a few years, he would have had a much easier job; he would have gained several inches, in fact.

HOW DELIGHTFUL!—The bicycle law of Oregon requires bicycle riders to stop 100 yards from any person going in the opposite direction with a team, and remain stationary until the team has passed.

The Cyclist, November 22nd, page 84, has some interesting correspondence on "The Future of the Ordinary Bicycle." One writer speaks favorably of larger back wheel, larger cranks and heavier tyres.

The Boston Club will hold a hare and hounds run on Thanksgiving Day. Two medals will be given as prizes. Entries close Tuesday, November 22, with Captain E. G. Whitney, 36 St. James avenue, Boston.

The professional path riders are mustering in force at Minneapolis, and doubtless some interesting races will shortly be held at the famous Washington Rink. A Manager Morgan only is wanted to rustle up the town.

An English cycling dancing man offers to let out spaces on his dress suits for advertising purposes. This is the kind of a man whose motto is, "Ich Grab," and who would own the earth, if he only lived long enough.

Messrs. Luscomb and Gilfillan were at Boston last week, Counsellor Luscomb being called to the Hub to try a case. Their stay was made pleasant by the attentions of Messrs. Emery, Dean, Childe, Kendall and Foudrinier.

It is reported that Harry Etherington, proprietor of *Wheeling*, is coming to this country to start a large sporting goods business. We suppose Messrs. Spalding, Perego, Peck & Snyder, Horseman, and others, will immediately sell out.

Think of it! A New Orleans railroad has presented a medal for a road race, and will furnish a train of cars to move along parallel with the course, a sort of movable grand stand. The South is progressing; so are the railroads.

The Cits have resigned from the Team Road Racing Association. They take the same stand on the road racing question as does the League,

and their withdrawal is but an endorsement of the League's attitude toward road contests.

Mr. John A. Wells was at the road race on Election Day, and was heartily greeted by many friends and acquaintances. Mr. Wells made an effort to mount Eagle Rock on a crank, but succumbed at the steep turn near the top.

AN AMERICAN SAFETY.—The Pope Mfg Co. has just completed a model of a Rover-type Safety which will be put on the market next spring. It is also probable that this company will manufacture a fine grade of the Springfield Roadster.

Wheeling has changed hands, C. W. Nairn, formerly London editor of the *Cyclist*, being one of the proprietors. Messrs. F. Percy and W. McCandlish remain with the paper. The size has been altered, the new form being the same as *The Cyclist*.

RUTHERFORD WHEELMEN'S CLUB RACE.—This club held a five-mile race at its seven-lap track in Rutherford, N. J., on Tuesday, November 8. The prize was donated by the Hancock Council Legion of Honor, to be won three times in succession. E. W. Dean, Jr., won; time, 20m. 5s.

The programme of the Missouri Club's series of winter entertainments has been made out. The events will be as follows: Friday, November 18, initial hop; Thursday, December 15, musical and literary entertainment; January 12, musical and literary entertainment; February 9, bal masque; April 5, fool party.

COWBOYS VS. BICYCLISTS.—LONDON, November 12, 1887.—A six-day race between Woodside and Howell on bicycles and two American cowboys on horses was ended to-night in Agricultural Hall. The cowboys, who were allowed to use an unlimited number of horses, won the race by 2 miles and 335 yards.

The Long Island Wheelmen will "house warm" on November 23rd. Invitations will be sent to the local clubs to send five representatives each; the officials of Brooklyn will also be invited, as well as members of the press. The affair will be full dress. The programme will consist of music and refreshments.

Messrs. DeGraaf and Halstead took a sixty-mile run on a Columbia Tandem on Sunday last. The route was up through Westchester, New Rochelle, and along the Sound. E. C. Parker, who accompanied the tandemists, and who is quite a scorcher in his way, was completely used up, and rolled sadly on the way home.

The Hoyt Pedal Cyclometer, of which much has been written and more said, will be put on the market at once. Cuts are being made, circulars prepared and all the preparation for active business are being completed. We shall shortly illustrate this cyclometer, which has been good enough to elicit a testimonial of merit from Elliott Mason.

The N. C. U. Executive Body refused to create a Racing Board composed of men who knew something about racing. Mr. Sturmy of *The Cyclist*, proposed the scheme, and Mr. McCandlish, of *Wheeling*, seconded. We are willing to back the intelligence of these two eminent journalists against that of the majority of the Executive. The N. C. U. seems to be in the hands of a ring; and a very narrow-minded ring, at that.

The B.N. refers to "Jay Phoebe" as "a youth." Be careful, Brer Hillier; Jay Phoebe is a six-footer and affects a slouch hat and a pair of pistols. Once upon a time we "wrote up" Jay Phoebe and the result was an offer to meet us at ten paces. Not caring to visit a new and unknown country, especially as no thoroughly correct guide-book of it has yet appeared, we declined, emphatically. We now couple Jay Phoebe's name with such toothsome morsels as "eminent journalist," "fearless and witty," "he of the magic pen," etc., etc.

R. J. Mecredy, in writing upon "Ordinary v. Safety," says: "Our ideal of an ordinary for rough road work would be as follows: Weight, not less than 40lbs; 22 to 24 in. hind wheel; front wheel two or three inches below rider's stretch, with good, high, easy spring; rubbers, 1in. or 7-8 in. to front wheel, 7-8in. to back; rake, 2in. to 3 in.; cranks, 5½ in. to 6½ in. throw; ample clearance, handles brought low, and a little back, so as to give a straight pull; and last, but most important, Fisher's 'Non-cropper.' Such a machine would be almost, if not quite, as safe as the safety,

lighter, much more graceful in appearance, much more durable, and easier driven over rough or muddy roads. In ease of mounting and luggage-carrying capabilities, the safety stands first; in these the ordinary cannot hope to rival it."

COLLAPSE OF THE LYNN CYCLE TRACK.—The stockholders of the Lynn Cycle Track Association have determined to make no further effort to hold the property, and it will be sold at auction next Saturday. The property includes the grounds, track, grand stand, fences, band stand, etc. The property is heavily burdened with debt. The only successful meeting—financially—ever held on the grounds was the inaugural meet, which netted a profit of over \$3,000. Since that, the enthusiasm has gradually subsided, the later fixtures held at the grounds scarcely attracting a corporal's guard. It is strange that ventures undertaken by clubs so often result disastrously, while those managed by business corporations so generally succeed. The reason, probably, is that men seldom do their best work for glory alone, and after the first soda water fizz of enthusiasm dissipates itself, the management is conducted in the half-hearted way that always results in failure.

When Kluge crossed the finish line in the Inter-Club race, many cheered, while a few hissed. We inquired the cause of this and unearthed a public sentiment against Kluge of respectable proportions. We were informed that Kluge was paid by the Pope Mfg. Co. to ride in this race, also that this firm "owned" not only the Racing Board but the Inter-Club R. R. Association. These were merely statements; the facts were not furnished quite so readily. In the last race some ten or twelve men rode Columbias, and of this number fully one-half were indebted to the Pope Mfg. Co. for either wheels, pedals, handlebars, or other sundries. The repair shop of the Pope Co.'s New York house, in fact all the aid that could possibly be given, was at the service of these contestants in the road race. Under the circumstances, the singling out of Kluge as a subject for protest seems rather unjust, unless the insiders are in possession of facts, which, if they exist, will probably be brought out at the hearing of the protest. The Pope Company emphatically deny the payment of any money or other collateral to Kluge. The New York house is well known to local cyclists, many of whom are indebted to it for various little accommodations, and it is unfair to charge it with an attempt to hurt amateur sport; it must be patent that the advancement of cycling is profit to the trade.

NEW ORLEANS NOTINGS.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 9th, 1887.

I take it all back. We will have a Thanksgiving Day race after all, and if one may judge by the spirit displayed by the interested ones so far, it will be a "hummer," and no mistake.

The very next day after last week's letter to THE WHEEL had been mailed, came a missive from the railroad president inviting an interview. The interview has been held, and as a result the railroad company will furnish a medal, the race will occur, and everybody is happy.

We will copy Atlanta for the nonce and have a moving grand stand, in the shape of a train of cars following the racers over the entire course to West End—a distance of 5¼ miles. There will be four or five prizes and to further insure a large field of starters no entrance fee will be charged, and the handicapping—for it is to be a handicap race—will be left to a competent committee.

Ordinarily the course would rank very fair, but recent rains and overflows have somewhat marred its usually fine surface, and if the winner "gets there" inside of 25 minutes he will be doing well; the course, however, will prove a pretty fair test of men and machines, for if the regulation lake breeze is blowing the man will require something more than mere speed to win, and the half dozen not over-smooth canal crossings will help to make both man and machine look sort o' weary, unless both be good 'uns.

For two miles the road on which the race will occur runs immediately alongside the railroad track, after which it branches off, crosses a canal drawbridge, and then for the balance of the distance again runs parallel with the railroad, but with the canal separating them. A full and perfect view of the race, however, can be obtained from the cars, except where here and there clumps of trees interpose their leafy selves for a second or two; but I can imagine of no prettier sight, and one more calculated to arouse enthusiasm, than the changes which are so likely to occur in a handicap race,

while the speeding train is for the moment obscured by the overhanging willows.

Our race will be something "big" if only the skies above smile on us. Mark the prediction.

THE NEW ORLEANS BICYCLE CLUB'S "SMOKER" of the 5th inst. drew quite a crowd of the club's friends, both riding and non-riding, to their pleasant quarters on Baronne street.

President Shields welcomed the guests in a taking little speech, and then turned over the management of the evening's entertainment to Mr. W. W. Crane. The affair was strictly informal, being on the lines of the Elks' meetings, barring their penalties, and guests and club members were alike called on, and helped the 1 ours to speed away.

Some genuine talent was displayed during the evening; a piano performance by Louis Blake, a recitation by H. C. Brinker, and the whistling and harmonica playing of Chas. Porter, being all of unusually high order; the imitation on the harmonica of the whistle of two famous Mississippi River steamers by Mr. Porter, especially, being so true and so skillfully rendered as to fairly bring down the house. Cigarettes, lemonade, beer and sandwiches were plentiful, and at 11:30, when the scribe left, a crowd had gathered around the piano and was gently (?) warbling the soul inspiring "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

F. X. Noriega, one of the latest accessions to the N. O. Bi. Club, has accepted a challenge issued by Duncan C. Ross, the famous athlete, to a mounted sword contest; and next Sunday, the bicyclist will, for the nonce, don a coat of armor, mount a steed of flesh and bone, and endeavor to convince Duncan C. that he is a "foeman worthy of his steel."

New Orleans will be represented in the Shreveport races after all. R. G. Betts, of the Louisiana Cycling Club, leaves to-morrow for the seat of war.
BI.

LOCAL TRADE BREVITIES.

It is whispered that Howard A. Smith is ambitious to open a big store in Orange.

It is rumored that the Gormully and Jeffery Mfg. Co. will open a branch house in New York City.

The New York Bicycle Co. have done a very large business, and are prepared to do a still larger business next year.

We have heard no rumors of Mr. Bidwell, except that he has been offered the New York agency of a very large concern, which he is considering.

The H. B. Smith Machine Company will build a new Star next year; not only of improved workmanship and finish, but of a very different and lighter form.

The Overman Wheel Company will manufacture their own tricycles and safeties next year, and will continue to have the Victor ordinary made by the Ames Plow Company.

Messrs. Bartlett and Macdonald will probably go out of business in a few days. Mr. Bartlett writes us that Macdonald left him and "used him all up." Macdonald is not now a member of the firm.

Messrs. Wetmore and Chester, under the style and title of the Manhattan Wheel Exchange, feel encouraged over this year's business, and are in the bicycle business to stay. They will probably have the agency of some wheel next year.

It is reported that Mr. C. H. Diamond, formerly the New York Bicycle Company, will again start in the cycle business next spring. It is also rumored that Arthur Preyer, formerly with Mr. Bidwell, will also start a place up-town after January 1st.

Messrs. Samuel T. Clark & Co. report a prosperous year with the New Rapid ordinaries Rover-type New Rapid Safeties and Quadrant trikes and tandems. We have not heard of any contemplated change, but perhaps this firm is holding back for a more complete surprise.

We simply give these rumors for what they are worth, leaving our readers to suit themselves in the matter of selection. Doubtless the members of the trade will be glad to know that certain people, generalized under the personality of "Dame Rumor," know more about their future intentions than they do themselves.

The King Wheel Co. is not dead, as one would naturally suppose from the little heard of its wheel, and the long delay in its appearance. The company put some plant in a Newark mfg. con-

cern, but owing to some difficulties, the nature of which we cannot even guess, it has made other arrangements, and is now negotiating with a New England company to manufacture its wheels. The present model is an improvement in various respects over that shown in their office in Barclay street, during the past year.

The Pope Mfg. Co. will step to the front with a Rover-type safety. It is also reported that this company will manufacture a high grade Springfield Roadster; and further, that it has purchased the interest of Stoddard, Lovering & Co., and will manufacture a cheap good wheel to be called the Rudge. Gossip hath it that H. D. Corey will have the entire management of this Rudge wheel, and again, Mr. Corey is reported as a new comer in the manufacturing field. We are aware this is a good deal of work for one company, but we simply report chattings gleaned here and there.

A NEW BICYCLE.

STAR AND CRANK MERITS COMBINED.

Charles E. Whitten, of the firm of Merrill & Whitten, bicycle dealers, this city, has manufactured a bicycle after an idea of his own, which combines some of the merits of the Star and a crank movement. The machine is a decided novelty in appearance and action, and is both safe and durable. The small wheel is in front, same as the Star, and the movement is a combination of crank and lever. Less movement is secured with greater leverage than with the ordinary crank machine. The motion of the foot does not describe a perfect circle, as in the case of the crank machine, but a figure as closely resembling an oval as anything that can be named in comparison. On Mr. Whitten's bicycle the foot in traveling about 30 inches obtains the same power that it would travel about 38 inches to acquire on a crank machine. This movement has been patented and the invention may prove quite remunerative. The machine inspected by the writer is a 53-inch roadster and weighs 37 pounds. It has ball bearings all around, and the small wheel in front makes it equally as safe as the Star, while it weighs 18 pounds less than the Star of 1887.

The manufacturers have expressed a desire to see the new invention and will soon be afforded an opportunity of so doing. If it proves to be superior in its way to anything now in the market, there will be some lively bidding for the patent. One manufacturer, who has already inspected the machine, says it comes nearer his idea of a perfect wheel than anything he has ever seen. It is not only a practical wheel for road use, but is capable of attaining good speed.

Mr. Whitten made a third of a mile on the Lynn track in 58 seconds, the second time he ever was on the machine, and therefore entirely unaccustomed to the new motion. The wheel is on exhibition at the office of Merrill & Whitten, 6 Andrew street.—*Lynn Item.*

INCIDENTALLY.

DEAR WHEEL.

While writing you from Chicago some three weeks since, I was very much troubled in one of those stupid fits that overtake a man occasionally, to spell the word "awkwardly." I spelled it "awkwardly" which didn't look just right; then "akwardly" which was no better; and "awkwardly" and "akwardly," which were worse. Then I tried "okwardly" and a half dozen other spellings and at last gave it up, and turning to a fine-looking old gentleman at my right asked him to be kind enough to assist me. To my great surprise he drew himself up in a very dignified and conservative manner, and said: "Sir, don't you know better than to ask a man of my age how to spell?" and while I was trying to gather my wits, amid the scarcely suppressed smiles of the score or so in the room at the old gentleman's easy way of getting out of it, a younger man at the other end of the table in his kindness called across it, "one 'a,' I think." In greater perplexity than ever and still more an object of mirth for the bystanders, I sealed the letter and sent it. I haven't seen THE WHEEL lately, but I hope you looked after the spelling.

Then I left Chicago, and the next day on a train innocently overheard the chaffing talk of a wedding party, which occupied a double seat just back of mine, and as I thought it a very pretty piece of punning I gave you a small part.

He—"And now, my dear, I'd like to know how you are going to govern me. Will you lock me out if I am late some evening; will you call in

your mother if I don't buy enough bonnets; will you go with some other fellow if I am not ready for the theatre; or will you take the old fashioned way and manage me altogether with the broom-stick?"

She—"Why, Heary, darling, I always thought that tears were a woman's weapon."

He—"True, true; I had forgotten. A weapon and a weepin'; it's all one."

At my next hotel, while I was registering, a stranger laid upon the desk several packages labelled "catarrh snuff," and set the funny man of the place jesting. "Do you know what the Germans say of people who use tobacco? No? Well, a man who snuffs acts like a pig, a man who smokes smells like a pig, and a man who chews is a pig. Thank you, mister, I'll keep this."

And the day's funny incidents were concluded by my meeting a Southern cyclist, who, after a half-hour's pleasant conversation, propounded with a smile the conundrum, "Why is a Washington wheelman like the Louisiana State Lottery?" and, as the answer was difficult for a Washington man to guess, I'll leave it for you to work out.

I have spent the last ten days in Canada, where there are both wheels and WHEELS; but I want to take an early opportunity of writing you upon some anomalous features of bicycle life met with on the Southern side of the border.

Yours truly,
C. H. K.
LUDLOW, VT., October 29.

A NEW TRICYCLE, THE "WHITE FLYER."

The latest machine to which attention has been called, and which is now on exhibition in Boston, is a new tricycle, styled the White Flyer. It is decidedly novel and radically different from anything before the public, and it is sure to attract wide attention from the maker and the wheelman.

This machine was invented by Frederick White, of Worcester, who, for the past six years, has devoted his whole time to improvements in this line. One machine after another has been constructed, examined, tested and improved upon by Mr. White, with the intention of eventually placing before the public a tricycle which should prove satisfactory in all details.

One of Mr. White's inventions is the "Cyclone" tricycle, which figured in the last Corey hill climbing contest, and was driven up the hill both by Mr. O. White and Mr. C. O. Danforth of the Cambridge Club. It was an object of interest to many riders, but did not satisfy the inventor, who has far excelled it in the new wheel.

The observer is at once impressed with the extreme simplicity and symmetry of the "White Flyer." The driving wheels are 40 inches in diameter, the steering wheel 26 inches, the wheel base 40 inches, the track 32 inches. It has the familiar bicycle steering apparatus, and the brake is applied to the steering wheel. The machine is fitted out entire with roller bearings; the materials used are of the best, from the English weldless steel tubing to the material for bolts and screws the axle is one piece of steel tubing. The weight of the specimen road machine is 75 pounds. It has a double driver without the balance gear. It is claimed by the inventor that by this mechanism the machine is driven straight ahead, no matter what the obstacle may be in front of the wheel, whether sand, mud or a stone. In other words, the steering wheel, being lifted from the ground, and a block of wood placed in front of one of the wheels, the machine can be driven over it, the power being automatically applied where it is needed. This cannot be said of the balance gear, since the power is applied to the wheel, which is free to move, instead of to the triggered wheel. It has the same advantages as the balance gear without its disadvantages.

It is in the driving mechanism that the greatest novelty exists and for which the most valuable claims are based. On the axle are two drums, forming the rings around the friction clutches; fastened to these drums are two steel wire cables one-eighth of an inch in diameter. These cables leave the drums in such a manner as to pass slightly upward and over two rolls provided with roller bearings, and thence perpendicularly down, and are fastened to the pedals. The pedals, which are provided with rolls, which in turn are provided with roller bearings, work directly up and down in V-shaped grooves or stringers, and as the rolls have a convex surface and roll instead of slide in the grooves, the result attained is practically that of a ball bearing.

One pedal raises the other by a reciprocating mechanism consisting of two gears, with a pinion fitted to the clutches; the only strain upon these gears is the weight of the pedal, and the slight

weight which the rider allows his foot to exert on the pedal while being raised; this mechanism allows the rider to make any length stroke from one inch to the full stroke of eighteen inches.

The claims of superiority advanced by the inventor are as follows: There is no loss of power or motion; there is absolute freedom from dead centres and dead points; a constant and direct relation between power applied and propulsion of machine. For example, when the pedal is depressed a certain number of inches, the clutch drum is rotated just as many inches. The rider, being directly over his pedals, utilizes his weight in the best possible manner. This fact, together with his ability to exert his power to the best advantage, enables him to climb a steep hill with little exertion.

The pedals can be used as foot rests in any position. In coasting hills there are no cranks flying around, the rider simply stops working his feet, and can begin propulsion at any time without vain attempts to catch pedals. In matter of speed, the inventor claims much more than can be obtained by any mechanism. The machine is also well adapted to ladies and elderly gentlemen, who can regulate the stroke to suit their pleasure.

The cables are very light, and have a guaranteed breaking strain of 1,600 pounds; can be attached to or detached from the machine in a very few seconds. On a tour, when a hotel is reached, the cables can be detached, rolled up and placed in the pocket, thus preventing any one from riding away with the machine. There is no oil used on any parts front of the axle, thus preventing any soiling of clothes.

The machine will be placed on the market next spring, and a sample is now on exhibition at 61 State street, room 3. As soon after as possible there will be built on the same principles a bicycle of the "Rover" type, a tandem tricycle, a ladies' tricycle, as well as racing machines of the different types.—*Boston Herald*.

A SAUNTER IN SURREY.

From the Caterham Valley, the narrow Surrey lane climbs up the steep hill side, with many coquettish twistings. Boxed in by banks, and untrimmed hedges, the weakly Autumn sun has small power on its surface, which we find soft from recent rain, and beyond our riding powers.

The hedges are a sight to see. Twixt leaves that sparkle with the dew, and brilliant with every Autumn here, from burnished bronze to scarlet, the berries nestle; bright red for the most part, but not limited to that color. The holly, for instance, is a light yellow, not having yet donned that gayer color, with which it gladdens cottage and hall, and livens the Christmas revelry, whilst the blackberry, true to its name, is as black as black can be, and hangs in tempting clusters, just out of reach. Nuts, hedge-nuts as they are called, seem plentiful along this lane, but it wants a sharp and practiced eye to spot them. The squirrel we saw springing from tree to tree knows where the best are hiding; fear not, little bright eyes, we will not rob you. Blue-headed tits cling to the boughs, barely heeding our presence, so intent are they insect hunting; an impudent robin swells his flashy breast, and tries to stare us out of countenance, but losing heart, retreats to safer quarters, and chirps defiance. This alarms a wood pigeon, and sends him off, in noisy, hurried flight.

Except for these small sounds, all is quiet; that breathless awesome quiet peculiar to Autumn, when woods are calm and solemn, like cathedral naves, and it seems almost irreverent to speak aloud; one instinctively stops the sharp jingle of the bell, as being out of tune with the subdued music of nature. The mist hangs round the top of the trees, masses in the fastnesses of the woods, charges in battalions down the hill sides, and forges in small parties over the meadows, effectually obscuring the sun. Still it does not strike us as being dull; enough light penetrates through the mass of vapor to make the present pleasant and the future hopeful.

Up on Kenley Common, the mist is fainter and we reach level ground with good hard roads to rejoice our cycling hearts. For a time our mode of progress could hardly be described with accuracy as a saunter. When out in quiet country like this, little incidents, which in the ordinary way would pass unnoticed, acquire a startling prominence. I am aware that this is a most original remark, but with my usual generosity (?) hand it over for the benefit of the million readers of THE WHEEL. Now for the cause of this digression. A groom mounted on a spirited-looking horse canter towards us over the turf. Without a word, but with a look that

speaks volumes as to his opinion of "them things," he passes on. Some little distance in the rear, two young fox-hounds are following. Presently they see us. What unearthly beings they take us for we can't say, but a panic immediately takes place in their ranks. The boldest makes straight for his master, but the other becomes utterly demoralized and bolts across country, with a speed that augurs ill for local foxes.

After this exciting adventure we leave the open common and plunge once more into tortuous lanes, whose many turns reveal here a well-kept homestead, with the corn and hay-ricks closely gathered round, apparently to insure the whole lot being burnt, if by chance a part caught fire, and there a laborer's cottage, with his pride—the garden—wealthy with the prosaic cabbage, and made bright by many a flaunting sun-flower or more chaste single dahlia.

Through Caterham village, and past the church, or rather churches—for the old and new sit looking at each other—we steer our course; then mounting upward will forward reach, or failing that, some steady handle pulling, reach, at length, the high hill top. White-Hill commands a prospect both sweet and grand, that is, weather permitting, for on this particular morning of which we speak, the obstinate mist refused to leave hillock or hollow, and objects half a mile away were lost in cloudland. However, we speak from pleasant personal experience, when we say the view is sweet and grand. Looking south, it extends as far as the hills of Sussex, some five and thirty miles away: five and thirty miles of hill and dale, wood and common; confused enough to the eye, but making as a whole a restful, satisfying picture, that we do not wish to dissect, but only lie on the inviting turf and drink deep draughts of.

In the shelter of the copse on our left stands a house, the residence, I believe, of an Italian gentleman. Situated as it is on the brow of the hill, it is a conspicuous object on Summer days, and a tremendously cold-looking one in Winter time. The grounds of this place enclose the clearly-marked remains of a Roman camp. On the northeastern side we could with ease distinguish the protecting mound and ditch, formed by strong arms and bold hearts in the hazy past. An attacking party would have to climb the steep hill before this defence could be reached, and would probably arrive in a considerably blown condition, and not at all fit for fighting; whilst in the rear, nature had formed an impregnable position, for there the hill dives sheer down, like a headland by the sea. In fancy we saw the Roman soldiers chatting in groups on the same bit of ground, as they must have often done, and gazing wistfully at the Sussex hills, beyond which danced the Summer sea, which led to home and beauty; then waking from our reverie we beheld the modern villa, and the pretty Italian children playing on the lawn, (still Romans hold the fort, you see), and observed with Mr. Bailey, "times is changed."

Down in the valley, nearly hidden by trees, are the pretty villages of Bletchingley and Merstham. The curling smoke from old brick chimneys, on red tiled roofs, discover them. Nearer still is another camp, not Roman, but the "Bungallow Village" which cyclists favor with their support. The descent from the hill requires patience and thick shoes; armed with these commodities, all will be well. At the bottom, on the right, we stop the tandem to enjoy the sight of an old roomy house. It still looks hale and hearty, although probably an old house when Shakespeare was a boy; and there we trust it long will stand, in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, out of the ken alike of cockney vandal and restorer (?), to teach this silent lesson to modern builders, that beauty, use, and comfort are not incompatible qualities.

Again we are in the lanes; the hills we have left have their tops crowned with the mist, and might be mountains as far as effect goes. We pass cottages with orchards full of rosy apples, and a noble mansion, near a sheet of water, with stately swans; one of those ancestral homes the poet speaks of. They are generally to be found away from main roads, and so are missed by flying visitors. We ask a man: "Who lives there?" His look of astonishment at the question was most amusing. "Why, so and so, Lord of the Manor," he replied, in a tone of voice that seemed to say: "You must be fools not to know that." We each live in our little world, and can ill afford to laugh, when we come across a smaller.

When Merstham village is reached, we strike that great highway, the Brighton road. It is lively this morning with scorchers from town. We are unable to resist the force of example, smarten up, and bid adieu to our saunter in Surrey.

FREE LANCE.

CYCLING FOR LADIES.

WHY IT IS NOT MORE POPULAR WITH THE FAIR SEX.

- (1.) Is cycling safe and healthy for ladies?
- (2.) Is cycling popular with ladies?
- (3.) If not, why not?

I have been a cyclist a good many years, and married some few, with a small family. My wife and I use a double pretty regularly as a carriage, and have been on various tours, two or three of which were between 300 and 400 miles in length, in by no means easy country, with much satisfaction to ourselves. We generally ride between 20 and 40 miles a day, at from six to eight miles an hour, and after this experience I think I can safely say "yes" to No. 1.

With regard to No. 2, I am afraid I am equally clear that it must be answered in the negative, for although cyclists swarm in this town, resident lady riders may be counted on the fingers.

And now we come to the reason for this—No. 3. Well, I think the makers are firstly to blame, for, as far as I can see, they have not considered ladies at all. They have not taken the smallest trouble to adapt saddles, fit backs with a real support, provide comfortable foot-rests, or to protect their dresses from oil or mud. The best lady's saddle I have been able to find is simply a man's Buffer, but it is obvious that a saddle designed for men cannot possibly be the best shape for women. The very appearance is enough to hinder many women from riding. Then there is the oil question, not difficult for the maker to tackle, but exceedingly troublesome for the rider to cope with out of his own resources, and yet it is absolutely necessary to secure a lady's dress from oil if she is to ride regularly, and for all-around work. In the next place I blame the agents who are in the habit of sending women out for short rides on any old creak they happen to have, with nice long cranks and low seats, the effect of which on the dresses and general appearance of these unfortunates may be easily imagined, and reckoned as a pretty sure deterrent from riding in the minds of lady spectators. Lastly, we come to the real difficulties in the ladies' way.

To begin with, there is dress. A lady does not always want to wear a special dress, and ordinary dresses, with crinolettes or springs, don't agree with saddles. Then, if you have a special dress, *i. e.*, a man's riding suit with a skirt over it, there is the difficulty that a head-wind shows every line of the figure, and that when you are off the machine your appearance is undesirably remarkable from the want of the above-named "aids to figure."

Skillful draping may obviate the above drawbacks, but it requires to be done with care to avoid undue fullness, which may be dangerous in the saddle, and increase weight and heat. In hot weather it is obvious ladies are at a great disadvantage, for they have to wear all that we do and a skirt into the bargain, to say nothing of a corset, the support of which (*pace* Mr Morley) is, from my experience, *absolutely necessary* for a large proportion of the gentler sex, particularly those who are married, with families; but of course I am not recommending tight lacing, which is not in the least necessary to secure support. Again, the causes which render support necessary also make "pulling at the handles" dangerous to a large number, and consequently abstract something like one-third of their power as riders.

Then the catching of the dress by the saddle has to be provided for, so that the dress looks long enough when mounted, and does not drag when on foot. And in this connection I may remark that ladies do well to take the front rather than the rear seat of a tandem.

Among minor comforts, an easily-fitting apron is needful, if it is desired to keep the bottom of the dress and feet dry, and some convenient fitting for pushing or towing a machine on hills is very desirable. On modern machines it is difficult to push and steer at the same time without soiling the dress.

BENEDICT, in *C. T. C. Gazette*.

BOURNEMOUTH.

GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS ARE THE MOST PERFECT.

MINNEAPOLIS ITEMS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 9th, 1887.

It will be a welcome piece of news to many wheelmen in this State that Minnesota is again to have "An organ as is an organ"—the *L. A. W. Pointer*, published at Oshkosh, Wis., and edited by J. A. Hinman, being selected for that purpose. It is a monthly twelve-page bright little sheet, and already represents Wisconsin. The low price, 50c. per year, should be an additional inducement to subscribe, and I hope the wheelmen of this State will give the new departure hearty support, both by subscribing and contributing articles of timely interest. An editor is but human, and cannot be expected to know all that is going on in even his nearest neighboring States, unless kind friends will take the trouble to tell him.

The fame of one of Minneapolis' cycling writers is growing wide indeed, for the last copy of *Wheeling* reproduces nearly two columns of "Jay" Pheobe's great effort in the Minneapolis Tribune, and advises every father, husband, and brother to peruse it, and draw profit therefrom. I fear that "Jay" Pheobe's salary will not increase in proportion to the fame, but notice of that kind is always pleasing to a writer, and doubly so when unexpected.

In the last *Bicycling World*, I also noticed a long letter from the same pen, and would suggest in all kindness that there may be a trifle too much personality in the letter to please all readers. If he remembers, "Hal," in "Men I have Met," published some time since in the *Bulletin*, got himself into decidedly warm water by indulging in personalities, brightly and wittily put, and intending no harm, still not relished by the subjects.

In addition to professionals mentioned in my last, Whittaker is now here, and it is rumored that Prince and Knapp come later. Rumor further sayeth that an attempt will be made on the indoor record, presumably at the Washington Rink. If my valuable advice were asked in the matter, it would be to hold the races as soon as possible, before the cold of the coming winter freezes out both spectators and riders and visibly shrinks the gate-money.

Speaking of racing reminds me that the prospects for a bicycle track this coming year are brighter than ever, as the Turf Club of this city, containing men of push and men of means, has voted to build a quarter or third-mile track within their new trotting track—the wheel track to be either rented to the wheelmen for the season, or shares of stock in the Turf Club to be taken by them to equal the amount of its cost. I should favor the renting plan, as these race-meets could be held under management entirely of the lessees, and with a prospect of making something. The Turf Club is willing to keep the track in order, and doubtless the wishes of resident riders would be somewhat consulted in regard to material, etc. The location is not yet announced, but presumably will be on or near the motor line, and in the southern part of the city.

The retirement of Mr. Kimball from the firm of Heath & Kimball is officially announced, and a sign of "15 per cent disc't on bicycles" gladdens the hearts of intending buyers. The business will not be discontinued, but possibly diminished somewhat in scope.

A light fall of snow has rendered our streets temporarily unridable again, and warns us that the time will soon be here when the poor cyclist must needs go afoot like anybody else, or patronize that howling monopoly, a street-car. Just what your representative here will do for news, with no club-life to chronicle, is a trifle uncertain, and any new material will be thankfully welcomed. The lucky fellows who, in Southern States or the balmy climate of California, can push their wheels the whole winter through, gathering news, health and experience, are truly to be envied.

Since suggesting not long since a lamp with a ball-bearing as a thing to be desired, I find such a thing has been done as an experiment by the Overman Wheel Co., applied both to lamps and cyclometers, but the cost, estimated to be \$20 for a cyclometer, rather discouraged the firm. I hardly agree with them there, and think that there are a good many wheelmen willing to pay \$20 for a cyclometer that is *correct and reliable*, frictionless as to bearings, and with a *practicable* lantern attachment. Especially must it be one that does not require a first-class mechanic to attach and regulate it. The hundreds of riders that have squandered fully that amount on various makes, and to-day have nothing to show for it, will, I am sure, bear me out in the above.

Reading of Maltby's many triumphs on the other side recalls to me the first time I saw him, nearly

four years ago. He was comparatively unknown then, but through the advice of Boston riders, the Wheel Club of Northampton, Mass. engaged him to appear as an additional attraction at their first annual ball, since become an old and well-established yearly event. He was late in arriving for some reason or other, and the club's hearts sank low as the time went on, and no Maltby appeared. Just as we had nearly given up hope, all were relieved by news of his safe arrival, and soon as a riding suit could be donned, he made his bow to the eager crowd. Those were the early days of one wheel fancy riding, and it was a decided novelty to most there. A decided hit was made by his graceful act, and all voted the performance too short. Little did we then think that in a few years more he would be astonishing the natives in the home of cycles and cycling.—Success to him!

L. B. G.

NATIONAL CYCLISTS' UNION.

IMPORTANT MEETING.

The quarterly Council meeting of the N. C. U. was held on October 27, at London, 87 delegates being present.

The first business of the meeting was the acceptance of Mr. Robert Todd's resignation as Secretary of the N. C. U., which position he has held five years. The resignation was accepted, and Mr. Todd was eulogized, given a vote of thanks, and elected a Vice-President of the Association.

Mr. Finlay Macrae was afterward elected Secretary at a salary of £125 per annum.

The chairman reported a falling off of 400 members in London alone; but this was probably due to the increase of fee.

Mr. Sturmey then proposed: "That it is desirable that a special racing board, composed of riders practically acquainted with racing matters, be appointed by the Council, by whom all matters connected with racing shall be dealt with. The same to commence operations in 1888." The motion, he explained, did not come from himself, but from the Birmingham Local Centre. They had deputed him to lay it before the meeting. It had really originated with the Hon. Sec. of the Coventry District Cyclists. He would explain, in the first place, the reason why this motion was brought forward. It was the opinion of many racing men, especially in the Midlands, that the Executive consisted of men who did not know a great deal about racing. Whether this was so or not he would not say, but still it was the opinion of many. His own opinion was that, with a racing board to look after racing, the Executive would have more time to devote to other matters of importance. There were a great many men amongst them whose knowledge of cycling was well known, and who would undoubtedly be willing to serve on such a board. He would impress upon them that his motion was only to the effect that it was desirable such a board should be formed, and did not enter into the details of the scheme.

M. Hartung seconded the resolution. He held that racing matters should be dealt with by a racing board, and that that board should be composed of men acquainted with the subtleties of the path.

The motion evoked considerable discussion, and was lost by a vote of 44 to 51. No other business of importance was accomplished.

DOWN THE MUSCONETCONG.

We are in a mountain country. Not grandly exciting, it is true, but yet resting the eye with row after row of serrated hilltops, flanked with a glow of ripening leaves, and filling the lungs with true mountain air, that best of all tonics to the man who lives under the low barometer of New York Bay. The thirty miles from Mountain View has not been hard work, on the whole; and if we have more hills before us, we also have better roads. The tendency to sand in all the roads east of here begins to give place to clay; and a good clay road is not to be despised. For the next three miles, from Stanhope to Waterloo, the landlord says the towpath had better be taken; and as he has the experience of a resident wheelman to quote, the advice is followed. But, as a rule, towpaths are unsatisfactory. It is unpleasant to slide down a bank into the woods with one's wheel whenever a team of mules look restive, which happens whenever a boat is met with; yet it is the most prudent course to adopt, for the path leaves but little room for kicking; and with such an erratic body of water as this Morris canal, that slides down these planes in such a careless sort of way, additional dismounts

are necessitated, for the grades are too steep for wheeling; so I am hardly sorry when the road crosses the canal again, and the dead level can be exchanged for the hillier course down the valley to Hackettstown; in the main over a pretty good clay surface.

A glass of beer in this would-be university town, seemingly mad over music, and I am ready for another long push up hill. My business calls me over to the next valley (running, as do all these West Jersey valleys, from northeast to southwest) and I must leave the canal; with less regret, because other wheelmen have already reported it. The road lies due west now, and the mile and a half to the top seems longer than the other ten miles covered since breakfast; for, although the clay is hard and smooth, the grade is pretty steep and the wind is dead ahead. Once at the top, it is easy to roll down into the handsome collection of farms that have been dubbed Great Meadows; passing first through the pretty village of Vienna, where everything looks as if the happy condition had been attained in which there are no rich and no poor.

A comfortable meal in the little town of Danville fixes me in a conviction that I've been reaching for some time—that it is better to stop in small villages than in larger towns, where hotels make more pretensions and cater to a second-class drummer trade. In the one you get food that is prepared to sell; in the other you are served from what the people eat themselves—for they rarely expect boarders—and they generally live well in a plain way. The beds are poor, but that applies everywhere and at least they are not such abominations of feathers, and contain, perhaps, fewer bugs. On this route the rule will certainly apply; for my hap-hazard stops at Rockaway, at Stanhope and Danville were all successful, while that at Washington was a failure, and Hackettstown was found on a previous visit but little better.

From Danville my route lies down the Pequest valley, and as I now find myself on the line of the Lehigh and Hudson R. R., it is a strong temptation to take a train and escape the wind. But after dinner it has quieted down a little, and I again trust myself to my two wheels. Once beyond Great Meadows, the valley seems hardly wide enough to hold the river between the single railroad track and the carriage road; but a few miles further on it widens out until there is room for the County Poor Farm, and at last opens into a great amphitheatre of hills, from which there seems no escape. Wheeling on down this gentle grade, which only the rapidly flowing stream by my side tells me is not level, the smoke from Oxford Iron Works appears in the distance, and as a curve is rounded Pequest Furnace looms up, full of activity, at the spot where the little river breaks through the hills, making a gap that affords an outlet for the Lackawanna Railroad, as well as the Lehigh and Hudson, to the Delaware river. Our road slips through here, too, on its way to Belvidere, but we bend off to the left and down to Oxford, a typical country village, with scattered groups of cottages for the operatives at the nail works at the furnaces, comfortable looking homesteads of people who live in quiet retirement on stocks accumulated when Jersey farms were more profitable than now—although even now not to be sneezed at—or representing the profits of the rich ore mines around. Here, too, is a country store that seems big enough for Macy's, but lacks the humanity packed so close in a New York shop.

We are in a *cul de sac* apparently. The hills rise on every side and all the roads seem to have gone star-gathering. The D., L. & W. finds one entrance to our valley where it has been opened by the Pequest River, but to reach the Morris & Essex, it must burrow through the opposite side of the great natural Coliseum in which we stand. Bicycles can't well go through tunnels and a firm grip on the handle-bars, with a steady heart must carry us over. After all our new passage of the Simplon is surprisingly short, when we compare it with the pull the other way over the same range from Hackettstown. So good is the road—still a clay surface—that the top can be reached without a dismount, and only a short walk down the other side is necessary. Several low ridges separate us still from our old friend, the canal, and between two of these we follow Pohatcong Creek to Washington, the home of the great Beatty, of cheap organ fame.

Manufacturing towns are very necessary to the welfare of the country; but they can be terribly commonplace, and Washington is one of the fearful examples. The parvenu villa, with its iron statues on an alleged lawn, is distressingly prominent; and it is with little regret that early

next morning a start is made towards the famous red shale region around Somerville.

THROUGH GERMAN VALLEY.

It is a question whether to reach Chester by climbing over Schooley's Mountain or to go around by way of High Bridge. The latter is at last determined upon, not only because it is fresh ground, but in obedience to the settled policy of following the valleys by the route that engineers have already marked out in building a railroad. Sometimes such calculations are upset, however, and this is one of the instances. The first few miles out of Washington are for the most part down hill, until the banks of the Musconetcong are reached, flowing here on the extreme eastern side of its valley. The road heads toward the south at the squalid village of New Hampton, and follows the bank of the river for less than a mile; then turns sharp to the east again, to go straight to the top of the ridge that makes a watershed between the Musconetcong and the Raritan; the same range that was crossed at Stanhope, but less rampant here. Clear on the top is perched the junction station of the Lackawanna's line with that of the Jersey Central; giving an odd effect when approached from below, of an exaggerated elevated road, choosing for its road bed the mountain tops rather than the valleys. The domain of the Jersey Central seems less prosperous than that of the Lackawanna, whether or not it be the difference in sway. On the other side of the divide is another dirty village, with the ludicrously inappropriate name of Glen Gardner, and from here the route is by an almost imperceptible grade down Spruce Creek. A good many stones have poked their way to the surface, and for the first time since we left Stanhope there is enough sand to make here and there a soft spot, one of which assists to the only header of the trip.

Our valley here is quite a romantic gorge, but it soon opens out into the beautiful rolling country that extends beyond Bound Brook. A bewildering network of roads is shown on the map, some of which seem to give a short cut toward Chester; but, as all look as if they might cover a good many hills on the way, prudence would apparently encourage sticking to the valley, which ought to keep one comparatively on the level to High Bridge, and thence up the valley to Chester. Vain hope! It is road engineering gone mad through all this section. The effort seems to be to afford alpine excursions, and certainly the effort succeeds; for, although High Bridge lies on a small river, at the junction of one of its tributaries, there is, apparently, no way of getting into or out of the town without climbing half a dozen hills. Nature has provided an ideal grade for man to travel, up the Raritan; but only the railroad uses it. Broad, rich meadows extend the whole width of the river bottom, while the road goes toiling up to see what is on the other side of the hill, only to drop back in disgust for a fresh start.

All things have their compensations, and if the way is too steep to ride, it gives the better opportunity for a chat with a farmer's pretty daughter at the top; and unless one walked, that beautiful view behind might be lost. Far to the south is spread the valley of the Raritan; not laid out in one plain direction and bounded by parallel walls of hills, but rolling in every direction where each tiny stream comes in to join what was only a rivulet before and helps to swell the waters to a full-grown river. Rich fields lie beneath us, either green in pasture, or—their crops cut off—turning up black soil in fallow. Wherever the eye can reach the cultivation has been carried up the sides of these dome-like hills to within a rod or two of the top. Then comes a crown of thickly-growing maples, and these in their autumn beauty present a picture perfect in its painting.

But cycling means activity as well as contemplation, and we must grind away. As we go on the road grows better and the grading less idiotic. Through sundry idyllic sorts of villages it carries us, calls for another brief dismount beyond German Valley, the principal one of the group, that we may cross with more ease the hills between the Raritan and the Lamington, and brings us to where Chester Furnace nestles in a wild-looking ravine, that seems to have little in common with anything so prosaic as iron-making. Past this and a mile further on to Chester station, we cross the track and find ourselves on the handiwork of a road builder who, if he does make one climb the top of the ridge, has at least sense enough to keep his road there as far as the hill lasts. Then down into the plain to Succasunna, there is proof positive that we are back to the Passaic watershed, in the sudden replacement of clay by sand.

And now there is just enough daylight to keep

on to Dover by way of Port Oram, and vindicate the superiority of cycling intuition to rural ignorance; but a bolt has worked loose, and resort must be had to the train. It has been a pleasant little trip, although not much ground has been covered. There has been a good deal of walking, but no true tourist should mind that; and the new roads explored, are ample testimony to the full measure of good touring right here at our doors, through the mountains of West Jersey. May some other wheelmen make the same sort of trip through Sussex County, as yet unreported, and let us know what is to be seen there. It is a land flowing with milk, if not with honey, and should give good roads; not, perhaps, a fair field for the searcher, but yet affording an abundance of pleasant loitering for the tourist. L. A. W., 2,449.

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AN ANTI-WHEEL LAW REPEALED.—Anna, Ill., Nov. 8. The City Council last night repealed the ordinance forbidding bicycle riding in the streets. The ordinance has been in force for some time, to the great wrath of the bicycle owners of Anna. The action of the Council puts an end to the case of Charles P. Goodman, which was to have come up to-morrow.

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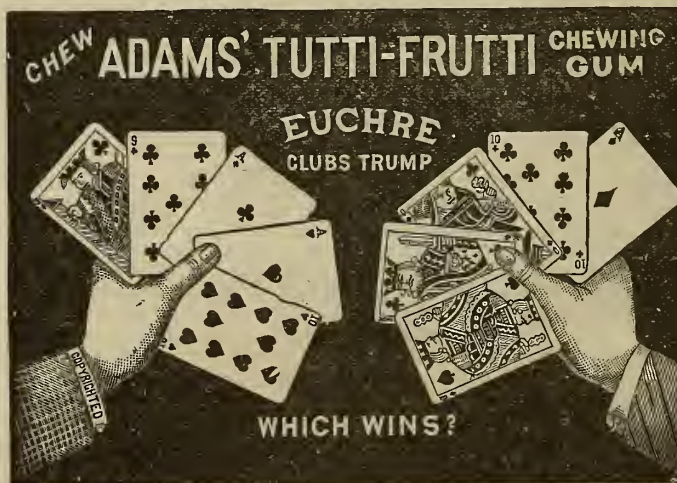
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