



# THE HUB

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### WHEEL GOSSIP.

All quiet in town.

The Philadelphia races promise to be the affair of the season.

It is funny to see how sensitive some League officials are to criticism, but it has the effect of stirring them up to action.

The New York State Division meet will doubtless accomplish some good in reviving the interest in League work in this State. At present we do not know of a single local consul for New York city, and have not noticed any appointments published since July 1, when the term of all previous appointments expired.

"Karl Kron" writes a postscript under date of August 18 as follows: "My 'boom' has diminished somewhat since last Monday, for the week now ending has brought only fifty-two additional names, making my total 1,709. I am proud to mention among the latest arrivals, however, seven subscribers from the North Otago Cycling Club, of Oamarn, New Zealand. These increase my entire Australasian contingent to fifteen, which is as large a crowd as I have yet pledged from among the half million riders of all England."

Thomas Stevens, who recently crossed the continent, arrived in New York the other day. He has no special plans for the future, and may remain in this city for the balance of the winter.

Messrs. J. M. Sorzano, Jr., W. H. Austin, and R. V. Williams, members of the Kings County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., passed through Portland, Me., last week. These gentlemen started on Monday from Crawford's, N. H., and rode through the notch to Bartlett, where they stayed over night. Starting the following day, they rode to North Conway, taking breakfast there and continuing on to Portland. They propose to ride to Portsmouth to-day and from there to Fitchburg, where they will take the train for North Adams, and from there continue their journey to Hudson, N. Y. They will then follow the road on the east side of the Hudson River to New York city.

F. W. Westervelt, of the Springfield Club, promises to be one of the coming riders, as his recent performance at Pittsfield has shown. He has ordered a Rudge Racer, and will go into active training with George Hendee at New Haven next week.

The Ohio meet was from all accounts a complete success. We hope to give an extended account next week.

The Fourth Annual Tournament of the Buffalo Bi. Club will be held on Wednesday, Aug. 27, at the Driving Park. There are six

events open to amateurs, and three to club members. A one, two, and five mile bicycle, together with a slow race and a one-mile tricycle dash. The medals are valuable and handsome. Entries close Aug. 25, to Dr. C. S. Butler, 263 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. L. A. W. rules.

### LEWEE'S LETTER.

BOSTON, August 21, 1884. — Quiet once more are cycling circles here, but our interest is kept up by thoughts of what next month is to bring us. September, indeed, promises to be a lively month. First comes the reunion of Massachusetts wheelmen on the 5th, the second annual fall races of the Ramblers Club on the afternoon of the same day, then the monster tournament promised on the Union Grounds, and to finish up the month with the "Wheel Around the Hub" of the C. T. C. In addition to all these, hill climbing contests and road and path races, runs, etc., are talked of by the local clubs. As a friend remarked to me the other day, if a man is to attend all the events of the next month he might just as well give up entirely all his regular business and devote his attention exclusively to cycling, for it is utterly impossible to do justice to both. When one looks back a few years, it is simply astonishing to see the wonderful strides cycling has made during that time. Even one year ago shows a marked difference; and should the interest continue to increase as rapidly during the next five or ten years—and what is there to prevent it doing so?—cycling will be far ahead of all other sports. Base ball will be nowhere, and horse racing will be entirely lost sight of. Cyclists will then be a power in the country, and banded so firmly together as they are by clubs and leagues, will wield a mighty influence in politics. Indeed this latter fact is already beginning to be apparent, and I know of a gentleman who recently became a member of the Boston Bicycle Club, solely for the purpose of becoming more intimately acquainted with certain of the members, capable of rendering him assistance at the next municipal election. Many enthusiastic cyclists will no doubt decry the idea of the social element obtaining the ascendancy in their club, but the fact still remains that it is beginning to do so now, and will continue to increase. I maintain that there are three distinct branches of cycling, and that they can work harmoniously together. One is the use of the machine as a sport only, another, using it for practical business purposes, and the third as a means of healthful recreation, the latter two being of far more importance than former. The true meaning of the words sport and recreation may be the same, but sport has generally become recognized as

significant of pleasure only, while recreation has a deeper meaning, the consequent pleasure being a means to an end, as for the improvement of the health or faculties. Americans are beginning to appreciate the fact that to preserve one's health some physical exercise must be taken, and are naturally on the lookout for the most agreeable and easiest way of securing this. In cycling, especially tricycling, they find it, and were it not that cycling is by some looked down upon as child's play, thousands more would at once indulge in it. As we all know, the ridiculous idea that cycles are merely playthings is rapidly dying out, and it won't be many years before cycling is recognized as the chief of American out door recreations. The professional or business man may not evince any great enthusiasm or take any particular interest in cycling as a sport, but when he feels he needs some physical recreation or relaxation from his duties, he will mount his wheel and enjoy a quiet spin, and in all probability return to his work feeling much refreshed. Such a man as this would not care to join a club that offered no inducements beyond a place to keep his machine and companions for a ride, but if the club has an elegant house with every advantage of a social club, and at the same time affords accommodations for his wheel, he is likely to become a member and induce many of his friends to also. He may not ride his wheel more than two or three times a month, but he will be attracted frequently to the club by the pleasant surroundings and agreeable companions to be found there. In this way the club prospers, and does not in the least prevent its more active members from riding or racing as much as they please; but on the contrary assists them by giving better accommodations than would be possible were none but active riders admitted to membership. In this way bicycle clubs will soon come to have as much influence in the affairs of the country, as do now our many large and powerful social organizations. It is all nonsense to say that members lose interest in riding as soon as the social element prevails in the club, for it is just the contrary, and the sooner some of our clubs appreciate this fact the better it will be for their prosperity. The Boston Club furnishes a good example of this, for it is likely that the class of men which largely compose the members of that club, would not have continued so long to take an interest in cycling, had it not been for their club.

### NOTES.

The Ramblers are said to be arranging for a little hill climbing contest to occur shortly on Corey Hill.

The regular monthly meeting of the Newton Bicycle Club was held last Thursday

evening, at the photographic studio of Ritz & Hastings.

H. D. Corey, of the Massachusetts Club, refereed the races at Pittsfield last week, and discharged his duties most satisfactorily.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club has about 180 members.

The Ramblers announced at the first of the season that they were to this season wear white helmets. None have as yet been seen, what have become of them?

President Williams of the Massachusetts Club, has been quite sick for the past week.

Professor Bonn, of the Boston University, may be seen every pleasant day rapidly speeding over the suburban roads on his Expert.

The Ramblers gave an exhibition drill at Martha's Vineyard, last Friday evening, and from the account whispered around, must have had been an exceedingly jolly time while there.

G. E. Graves, of the Tremont Club, is said to be a coming man on the path.

Have the members of the Newton Club abandoned their intention of holding a race meeting this fall?

During the month of July, the Pope Mfg. Co. sold more Experts than during any previous month.

The Racing Board of the L. A. W. should hurry up and get out their new rules for the big meets are now close at hand.

Dr. G. Carlton Brown, of Elizabeth, the chief L. A. W., Consul for New Jersey, is in town.

R. C. Byers, has been elected Captain of the Newton Club, vice E. C. Elms, resigned.

The September issue of the *Outing and the Wheelman*, is an excellent number, and will prove of great interest to cyclists. The meet at Washington is well written up and artistically illustrated, forming a souvenir of that event, well worthy of being preserved.

The racing rules of the League of American Wheelmen are so constructed this year that the Columbia Bicycle prize cup, the most elegant and expensive work of art ever offered for amateur competition, will be raced for, at the coming meets at Cleveland and Philadelphia. A printed copy of the rules can be had at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Company. The cup is now on exhibition in Cleveland, Ohio.

It has been found necessary to change the date of the C. T. C.'s "wheel around the hub," and the event will now occur at a date to be fixed later, between the Springfield meet and the end of the month. The early closing of the Massapoag House, where the first night's stop was to have been made, has necessitated this change.

W. D. Wilmot returned from a very successful tour from Maine Friday night. He



will remain at his home in Charlestown until the beginning of his fall season, and will devote his time to the invention of new movements and feats on the wheel. He expects a young man from New York during the coming week to do double business with him.

The Massachusetts Club are having the work on the foundation of their new club house pushed rapidly forward, and hope to have the house ready for occupancy by January 1.

On Sunday last Messrs. Charles W. Howard and John W. Vivan, of the Charlestown Bicycle Club, started from that place, and proceeding through Malden, Saugus, Lynn, Swampscott, Salem, Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, Ipswich, Rowley, Newbury, Newburyport, and back over the same route to Malden, then to Medford, West Medford, Arlington, Lexington, Waltham, Watertown, Waverly, Belmont, Arlington and Somerville, over Winter Hill to Charlestown, covering 116 miles by cyclometer and measurement in 16 hours. The actual riding time was 10h. 50m. This was the first "century" ever accomplished by any of the club. The longest spin without a dismount on the present trip was 24 miles.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Satr Bicycle Club, of Lynn, held last Friday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, F. S. Winship; Vice-President, Wm. Smith; Secretary, W. H. Prevear; Treasurer, W. O. Faulkner; Captain, Frank Faulkner; First Lieutenant, H. Y. Emery; Bugler, Wm. Smith; Color Bearer, Edward Libby; Club Committee, President, Secretary, and E. G. Gordon. It was voted to hold the semi-annual supper at the Bass Point House, Nahant, on September 3, and to invite the lady friends of the club. After supper an entertainment will be given at the "Bijou," a cottage owned by the club.

#### THE RUDGE LIGHT ROADSTER.

Among the foremost of the manufacturers of bicycles and tricycles in England stands the great firm of Rudge & Co., of Coventry, England, the centre of the bicycle industry.

Their vast works cover quite an extensive territory, giving employment to over five hundred workmen, and Messrs. Rudge & Co. rightly claim the title of being the "largest manufacturers of bicycles and tricycles in the world."

Every bicyclist in England is familiar with the name of Rudge, and their machines are well and favorably known in all the civilized parts of the globe.

Commencing a small manufacturer some ten years ago in Wolverhampton, the senior Mr. Rudge, having established his reputation as an extremely careful builder, both for workmanship and finish, gradually enlarged his works to meet the increasing demand for his machines, and is now established at Coventry, where they have attained their present extensive proportions.

The policy of Messrs. Rudge & Co. has always been to give the best value for the money, and although in some cases their machines have been somewhat higher in price than others, they have always found that it paid to build the best, and as the English riders fully realize that a cheap machine is always dear at any price, they have had no hesitation in paying a trifle more and getting the best article that can be made.

One of the principal features of their machines is "Rudge's Unequaled Ball Bearings," which for simplicity of construction and remarkable running have given them a world-wide reputation.

These bearings were invented by the senior Mr. Rudge some six years ago, and no machine left his establishment until he had personally inspected and adjusted the bearings. Many manufacturers and makers have tried to improve on them, but without success, and "Rudge's ball bearings" stand today without a rival.

So great is their popularity that many of the makers of cheap machines are forced to use them, and although their machines are fitted with Rudge's bearings, few riders even then will buy them, as the rest of the work is generally quite inferior.

In point of manufacture and improvement, Rudge has always been one of the most progressive and enterprising builders, having a large corps of skilled draughtsmen and mechanics connected with the works, and improvements are constantly being made, and, as they fully realize the wants of the riders in regard to weight, strength, and easy running, no labor is spared to make their machines as perfect as possible.

The Rudge machines had long been well and favorably known in this country, but not to any great extent until the spring of 1883, when to Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., 10 Milk street, Boston, the largest importers of bicycles in the United States, was given the sole agency and control of all Messrs. Rudge & Co.'s machines, and they immediately commenced to place these celebrated machines on the American market.

On the arrival of the first invoice of the machines, Mr. H. D. Corey, manager of Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co.'s bicycle department, took a fifty-two inch Rudge weighing thirty-four pounds, and, during six weeks of constant riding, gave it a thorough and very successful test over some of the worst roads in Massachusetts.

In construction the machine differs from almost any other in the country. It is fitted with Rudge's ball bearings to both wheels, and to the pedals as well, which reduces the friction to a minimum.

The wheels are fitted with the celebrated Clement Hollow Rim, which, being in one piece, makes it a very light and at the same time an extraordinarily strong machine.

The spokes are tangential, crossing at right angles and firmly braced at each intersection, making the wheel practically a solid one.

The forks are elliptical and bayonet shape, being very stiff and rigid.

The backbone is round and fitted with a pair of very strong semi-tubular rear forks of a graceful pattern.

The handle bar, one of the most important parts of a bicycle, is of the curved pattern, slightly dropped at the ends. Being hollow it makes the handle bar lighter and very much stronger, so that Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. have never been called upon to replace a single bar through breakage.

Mr. Corey was the only rider of the Rudge for some time, for he wished to give it a thorough trial before it was offered in the market. He found that the Rudge differed greatly from any other wheel he had before ridden, the chief difference being the remarkably narrow tread combined with the great strength of the hollow rim and tangential spokes, enabling him to ride hills which he had repeatedly tried to do on other machines, but failed.

After giving the machine a thorough trial and feeling sure that the demand for lighter machines than those in general use would be needed, large orders were at once placed with Messrs. Rudge & Co., for prompt delivery. These were soon received and inspected by our leading road riders and racing men. The result was that men like Hendee, Midgely, Claflin, Burnham, Hitchcock, and in-

deed all the crack road and racing men of the day were seen mounted on these celebrated machines.

In England the record of the Rudge on the road and path was unparalleled, and it was rare when any important meet occurred, that a Rudge did not come to the front, to the glory of its rider, and, from present appearances, it certainly looks as though it would surpass its previous records and even outdo itself in this country.

Among the many noted achievements on the Rudge Light Roadster are:—The riding of Corey Hill three times by Mr. H. D. Corey on a thirty-two pound machine, a feat which has never been done before or since by any other crank machine; then the winning of the League championship twice in succession by Mr. G. M. Hendee on a thirty-four pound machine; then the winning of the one-hundred mile Boston Bicycle Club road race by Thomas Midgely on a thirty-five pound machine, defeating all competitors who were mounted on much heavier machines; then the beating by Mr. Corey the best twenty-four hour ride in this country by twelve miles, mounted on a thirty-one pound machine.

These performances prove most decidedly that the machine is both strong and fast, and although it has only been introduced in this country a trifle over a year, it has fairly won its very high reputation on its own merits and not by extensive advertising.

The net weight of a fifty-four Roadster is about thirty-six pounds, which is plenty strong enough to carry a person weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

It is a curious fact that since its introduction in this country its agents here have found that the demand has been mostly for the large sizes of the machines ranging from fifty-three to sixty-twos, showing that they were to be ridden by the older and more experienced riders, as well as by the younger men.

The same high grade of workmanship which characterizes it in England is rigidly maintained in all machines sent to this country, they being carefully examined before shipment, and the Rudge Light Roadster of the United States is precisely the same machine in every detail as the celebrated Rudge of England.

The demand for these machines has been so great that a large stock is constantly kept on hand by Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., and not often does a rider have to wait for his order to be filled.

It has been the aim and intention of Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., to place a light, rigid machine on the American market, that will stand, and make a name for itself. So far it has exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and although several machines built of poorer material (resembling the Rudge in some points) have appeared on the market, the "Rudge" still maintains its enviable reputation, and its agents are to be congratulated on its increasing success and popularity.—*Springfield Gazette*.

#### P., G., AND P. B. C. RACE MEETING.

The joint race meeting of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Pennsylvania Bicycle Clubs will be held at the Gentlemen's Driving Park (near Belmont Mansion, Fairmount Park), in this city, on Saturday, Sept. 13, 1884.

The second annual meet of the Pennsylvania Division of the League of American Wheelmen will take place during the morning of the same day.

The parade of the Division and invited guests will start about 10 A. M., and pass

through some of the most attractive parts of Fairmount Park. Those who have never witnessed a procession of wheelmen will find this a novel and interesting sight, and no better opportunity could be afforded for a fine view of such than this occasion will present.

The races, which will commence at 2.30 P. M., are twelve in number, and will be as follows: 20-mile race, for the "Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup," valued at \$1,000, open only to crank-action bicycles, and to be won three times, unless winner should cover the distance inside of one hour, when it becomes his property.

State Championship Races.— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 1 mile, 5 mile bicycle, and 1 mile tricycle.

Invitation Races.—3 mile and 1 mile bicycle,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile boys' race, 1 and 2 mile novices' race, and Pennsylvania Club race.

1 Mile Tandem Tricycle Race, by clubs, each team carrying club colors.

Fancy riding and polo on bicycles will be features of the occasion.

The track (which is  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile) will be in the hands of a competent contractor for some time previous to the event, and under the direct supervision of Mr. Ewing L. Miller, of the L. A. W. Racing Board. It will receive such daily care and attention as will guarantee its being one of the best in the country for speed, thus insuring most satisfactory and reliable records.

One of the most interesting events will be the 20-mile race for the \$1,000 "Columbia Bicycle Prize Cup," which has never but once been contested for. Suitable and valuable prizes will be given in all the races.

The Grand Stand (which is covered) will accommodate 1,500 people. It faces the east, and there will, therefore, be no discomfort from the afternoon sun. Music has been engaged for the occasion.

The Gentlemen's Driving Park can be reached by the Chestnut and Walnut, Market, Race, and Vine, and Girard avenue street car lines to Belmont and Elm avenues, where coaches will be in waiting to convey passengers direct to the grounds. Trains from Broad Street Station, stopping at Girard Avenue Station, which is just beyond Belmont avenue, will also be a prompt means of reaching the coach stand.

The grounds are commodious, and those wishing to make them an objective point for a drive will find ample accommodation for their carriages, which will be admitted free.

Ample police surveillance will be provided for, and perfect order maintained.

Parties contemplating a visit to the State Fair or International Electrical Exhibition, to be held in Philadelphia during September, can arrange their trip to include the above meet races.

It is hoped that the ladies will very generally lend their presence, as they have heretofore done on similar occasions, to the gentlemanly sport and recreation of amateur cycling.

EUGENE M. AARON, Chairman.

CHAS. M. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

PHILA., PA., Aug. 8, 1884.

#### MARYLAND BICYCLE CLUB.

"A QUIET SUMMER JAUNT."

(Continued from Aug. 15.)

He suddenly paused when he caught sight of our machines, and when satisfied they were not playing possum he approached them and examined them with great interest, seeming to take a great delight in smacking the ball pedals around. He compared the cyclometers, counted the spokes, opened the saddle bags, and drank all the oil out of the cans. In holding his head back to



drain the cans, he saw us. His astonishment was so great he remained motionless for several minutes. Then casting the cans away, he arose on his hind legs and walking under the tree, beckoned for us to come down, pointing to the machine at the same time. We politely declined, informing him we were tired, and being particular regarding with whom we associated, we positively refused to come down whilst he remained. Our remarks seemed to anger him. Taking off his coat and vest and hat, he spat on his hands, gave a hitch to his pants, and began to shin up the tree.

"We are lost," says I.

"No, we are found," says Tom.

"What shall we do?" says I.

"Where's that bottle?" says Tom.

"Here it is," says I.

Tom produced a string, and tying it around the neck of the bottle, he lowered the Hagerstown aconite, and rested the bottle against Mr. Bear's nose. Bruin thought it was a fly and impatiently brushed it away, and climbed up another foot. But he soon caught a whiff of the aroma and his arms relaxed and he slid down to the ground as a broad smile illumined his countenance, and wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his left paw, he pulled the cork and tipping us the wink, as much as to say, "Here's looking at you," he took a long draught, smacked his lips, and then the funniest sort of an expression crept over his features. In the most dazed manner he looked at us, then at the bottle, and then felt himself.

But he soon rallied, and bracing up once more lifted the bottle and drained it.

He had scarcely tossed the empty flask away, when he staggered to his feet, passed his paws across his face, and, turning to us, said: "Young man, did you buy that liquor in Hagerstown?" "Yes," we answered.

"Then, indeed, am I lost," he cried, and immediately fell down in convulsions, and most of the wool came off of his back.

We watched him, and half reproached ourselves, until he suddenly sprang to his feet, with fury blazing from his starting eyes. "I'll have revenge," he shrieked. And picking up Tom's machine, he vaulted to the saddle and started coasting down the mountain road.

What byker would not give his own life for his beloved wheel?

In a twinkling we swung from the tree, and started in hot pursuit.

The machine was beginning to get its momentum, when the big wheel struck a stone, and veering abruptly to the right, ran for the perpendicular side of the mountain.

Uttering one dismal howl, Tom fairly flew, and as the big wheel hung quivering on the brink, starting on the plunge, he caught the the backbone, and Bruin alone shot down the precipitous side.

With bated breath we watched his descent. From ledge to ledge he sank, and his long claws found the cruel rocks firm and unyielding to their desperate grasps. Once he lodged on a narrow sloping ledge. By main pressure of his body he held his own for a few moments. Then slip, slip, slip, slip, gradually, but surely. His sharp claws scanned and furred the grim granite. Slip, slip, slowly but certainly. Then comes the supreme moment. He lifts his head and through his foaming lips, coming from his fainting heart, there arises a wail of despair half human in its agony. His body sways twice, a last convulsive clutch and down he plunges into the gloom of the settling night, and the darkness of death. The tragedy is over. Ghostly from the shadows the whip-poor-will sounds his chilling cry.

With a long sigh of relief we silently turn

to resume our journey. A cold electric thrill runs through us as we see, erect, shoulder to shoulder, forming a concave circle as they advanced, with low ominous growls and vengeance gleaming eyes, twenty odd bears.

Escape was impossible. We had no weapons of defence; we could only await death with the heroism, calmness, and stoical indifference peculiar to bicyclers. Nearer and nearer they draw. We thought of the loved ones at home. With mute prayers we awaited the inevitable. Tom started up "Old Folks at Home," and I joined in the chorus. That is a performance calculated to put to flight the most reckless. But closer, closer, closer, their heavy paws rested on our shoulders, their rough tongues licked our necks. And—and—and—well, dear reader, I may as well own up that I cannot see how we are going to escape without arousing your suspicion as to my truthfulness. We certainly cannot leap down a 3,000 feet precipice, and it is not likely the bears are going to run away, so I will honestly own up that that bear yarn is but a base fabrication, consequently not a word of truth in it, and with your kind permission we will return to where, after a last look at the enchanting scenery, I started to overtake Tom, who had disappeared around the bend. By briskly walking, I soon overtook him, and in two hours we were at Crabtree's, where we passed the second night.

From our diary I also extract the following: 5.45 P. M.—Top of mountain,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles from old hut; have just coasted  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and about that much before us; all seated on rock; mountain stream tumbling merrily down each side of road; coast was  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles. Don't believe cyclometers measure correctly coasting rough roads.

6.50.—Another rain; have stacked machines beneath tree, and are seated on rocks under its shelter; stopped at farm house, and got two slices of bread,  $10 \times 5 \times 2$ , covered with butter; only able to eat half slice, giving rest to scantily dressed children; again we start. Old mountaineer charged ten cents for bread; says Bevansville is six miles off.

JUNE 22.—Old Sol came smiling over the mountains wide awake, and having laid in an extra supply of caloric was prepared to break, and, in our estimation, succeeded in breaking, all previous thermometrical records. Hot! But I'm anticipating.

4.45 A. M., Sunday, June 22.—About to start from Crabtree's, where we stopped all night. Tom is sitting before the wood fire, struggling in his shoes. Old Crabtree is watching him and offering suggestions; has just gone out to get him a plowshare for a shoe horn; it is foggy; old C. is giving a sketch of his family. We are at the base of Town Hill Mt. I cannot see the view for the fog. Mrs. Crabtree is certainly well named. She is a crabbed stick. The old man sports a grizzly beard, and is jolly under difficulties. Am sure Mrs. C. leads him a jig, by the way she bites a raw onion. Our supper was pretty plain; in fact, very plain. More  $10 \times 5 \times 2$  slices of bread, fat bacon, huckleberry jam, and pickles. Ate in darkness. Mrs. C. had an extra dish of one raw onion of very high rank. I asked Mrs. C. why the women of the mountains made such large slices of bread. She replied, "They made them fur grubbers an' baked 'em in pie pans." They have a 16-year old dog that looks like a white bear. Crabby said it was a remarkable dog. We lost half an hour listening to the remarkable adventures of that remarkable dog. Tom said it was a sad sight to witness a man of his age so utterly lost to truth and honesty.

Just paid for night's lodging and supper

thirty cents apiece. See a black hen outside. About to start. Crabtree's is a long, white frame house. Old time inn, that flourished and had twenty or thirty wagons stopping over nights in the days of Connetogas, when railroads were dreams.

9.06.—Gilpin Town.—Just coasted  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles hill. Lost all faith in cyclometers registering coasts. Boy says mountain is three miles down. Thought several times it hadn't any bottom. It is a lovely Sabbath morning. We are surrounded by mountains. All in radius  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Only one more to cross. Had some exquisite views coasting down. Stopped once to look across the narrow valley to the opposite mountain side, and viewed the farms framed by the trees. The different colors of the fields and growing grains formed a picture of grandeur never to be forgotten. Through a gap in the mountain we could see a continuation of the same scene.

11 A. M.—We are resting in the shade of an half dead oak. My! but it is hot! There are nothing but mountains everywhere. We are half way up the last one. We have walked up four this morning. The road, too fast further up, makes an abrupt turn and goes around the summit, which from the road to the top is so steep that a cow browsing on its side has his tail wrapt around a sapling to keep from falling. Again we move. Oh, my!

1.10 P. M.—We have just finished dinner, and are sitting on a log under a willow tree. Had all the clabber I could eat and am happy. Girl in parlor vigorously extracting sounds from old style piano. Tom is stuffing countryman with accounts of his wonderful adventures. Team just drove by, countryman hid behind a tree. He was pitched out of buggy last night. Face all scarred up. Thought he was a byker when we first saw him. He says it was 'possum we had for dinner. Tom sticks to it that it was goose; I was sure it wasn't. Girl started on a new tune. On other side of road there is a narrow apple orchard and then a perpendicular hill. Six Mile House is a peaked brick structure. Nice spring. Countryman stuffing Tom with backwoods lore. Girl has stopped and I shall try a doze—There she goes again, playing something like "Gen. Lee's March."

3.15.—Left Six Mile House and had fair road to Cumberland. Scenery from hills leading down into Cumberland is magnificent. Just had a delicious bath. Valise awaiting us. We are waiting for our clothes to be brushed. So far we have had lots of fun. No desire to take trip over, but wouldn't have missed it. Walked one third of the way from Hancock. This is a stunning pedestrian route. We left Crabtree's at 5 A. M., and toiled up the mountain and stopped at the foot on the other side for breakfast. Same old  $10 \times 5 \times 2$  bread, fat bacon, and huckleberry jam. We became hungry and weak on the last mountain. Stopped at cottage and got slice of bread and jam. It certainly was good.

We are now at Queen City Hotel and, thank heaven! out of the  $10 \times 5 \times 2$  bread, fat bacon, huckleberry jam, and onion district.

We are fiery red from sun burning. Toiling up the last mountain, we stopped at a stone house, but old lady said she had such a large family that it ate all the bread she could make, and she couldn't spare even one slice.

That was the first and only time my pleading eloquence failed. I think she was scared, not knowing what manner of beast we were, we being the bicycling pioneers from Hancock to Cumberland.

We certainly were hospitably received all

along the line. I always did the alms asking. They cost us on an average ten cents. As no one can resist the pathetic tale that issues from my trembling lips, the eloquence of my timid eyes, and I can assume a general expression of such misery, woefulness, friendlessness, and utter abjectness that a marble man on a marble monument would step down and offer to share his glory. At Flintstone we had a glass of lemonade free. Whole city turned out. Broke up a church. Majority of people had never seen a bicycle. One old lady said she was going to buy one to ride to get her mail. W. W. Darnell, the sole byker in Cumberland, came to see us. It's nip and tuck between him and Tom in relating the little incidents that form the bicyclist's checkered history. He is a photographer and is going to take our photos in the morning. We arrayed in our touring paraphernalia. I expect they will be sights. Dear Mr. Editor, I enclose one of the photos, and can assure you that they fulfill my prophecy.

As we are unknown to you, I will add that the one on that side is Tom and the other is me.

I had finished my entries, and was reclining on the bed, happy in reducing to ashes a five cent cigar that my savings of the two previous days had enabled me to indulge in. I saw by the way he was writing that Tom was nearly through, and glad he was.

I had just succeeded in blowing one ring through another as he turned and abruptly asked: "Do you know why they call this place Cumberland?" "Let me think." I responded slowly. "Yes, I recollect, now. It was through one of those peculiar circumstances that mark the eccentricities of the human mind."

"Far back, when the silent redskin awoke the slumbers of this vale by warwhoops weird and wild, there dwelt in these regions a renowned hunter. Like all great men he was cranky. Amongst his idiosyncrasies was this very remarkable one. In the days I speak of our ancestors were loyal British subjects. This old hunter, whilst loyal to his king, had conceived the most violent hatred to the Duke of Cumberland, although he had never seen or heard of him, in fact never knew if such a man existed or ever existed. But nevertheless he conceived this violent dislike of him.

"One day his journeys brought him to this spot. His rugged features were illumined by a grim, fiendish joy. 'Aha!' he cried. 'Now I will have my revenge. To this miserable, ugly hole will I give mine enemies name, that he and his posterity may ever be tainted with its disgrace.'

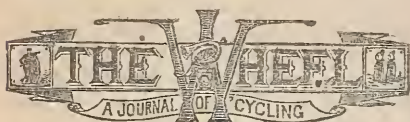
"Descending to the valley this untutored child of the soil, selected a smooth block of granite, and though he knew not how to read or write, he took his hunting knife, and, in deep, broad letters he carved on the slab 'Scumbelan,' and after erecting it, he spat on it, turned, departed, and never revisited the spot."

There was a long pause following my recital, during which Tom gradually recovered, braced up, and said: "Yes, I have read that account, but unfortunately the granite slab was lost in the canal before it was discovered, and therefore the name could not have been so suggested." "Then pray tell me," said I, coldly, "why they called this Cumberland?" "Because," answered Tom, "to get here you have to come per land." The above *tete-a-tete* was the only unpleasantness that happened during our trip.

June 23d.—When I sit quietly down and recall the adventures that befell us, and the strange sights we saw on the above date, I can but exclaim, "Oh! Shade of Baron Munchausen," "Oh! Spirit of Aladdin," "Oh! Spectre of Gulliver," "Oh! Ghost of Sinbad," had ye ever such adventures? saw ye ever spectacles so strange?

(To be continued.)





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#### 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.

#### A FALSE BASIS.

With each year of the League numerous changes occur in the membership, not merely numerically, but individually. While the totals at the end of each year show a gradual increase over the past there is a vast deflection from the ranks which has to be made up by the new applications. At the conclusion of the year 1883 (May 30) there were upon the books of the secretary 2,100 paid up members. Of these about 1,200 renewed their membership the following year, leaving 900 who, for some reason or other, dropped out. During the next year, however, the applications were of sufficient number to bring the total membership at the end of May 30, 1884, to about 4,300 in round numbers. Of this number, say about one thousand have renewed, and that with the 1,600 applications already published, would make the membership to-day about 2,600, or 1,700 short of the number reported at the annual meeting in Washington.

As doubtless everyone knows, there is in each State a chief consul, and where more than fifty League members reside, a representative, and one for each additional fifty men. These officers were elected by a mail ballot last March, and the number assigned to each State was calculated on the basis of its membership, which, at that time exceeded its present numerical strength, and consequently we have to-day more representatives than a strict regard for the rules allows. This must appear to every fair minded man as a false basis of assignment, and as a general tinkering at the rules seem to be in order, perhaps this can be remedied.

We make it a rule never to criticize without suggesting some improvement, and when we say that our system of elections can be improved, it is with the idea of suggesting a means for accomplishing the same. In our opinion the time of the mail elections should be when the membership of the League is at its lowest point, which of course would be September 1, when all who have failed to renew are dropped, and let the chief consuls and representatives so elected take their

seats at the fall meeting, which should in consequence be held later than October 1. Should the membership of any State increase to such an extent as to warrant its having other representatives, the vacancy could be filled by appointment by the President, as in the past. This would, of course, decrease the number on the Board, but at the same time would place the representation on a fair basis. At present there are men in Board who have no right to be under the rules, yet it is overlooked, and they take their seats without a protest.

Another advantage would be that the five principal officers elected at the annual meeting who as a rule also hold position as Consuls or representatives, would be able to resign the latter position, but at the same time retain their place in the Board of Officers by virtue of their several positions. Past experience has shown that no man should hold more than one governing position. Take our present Board for instance: the President is also Chief Consul of a large state, and in consequence the latter office is neglected in order to give time to the duties of the former. Yet if the above suggestion was incorporated in the rules, he would be able to decline to run again, and a successor could be chosen by a general ballot which would be more satisfactory than any appointment he could make.

The present system is clumsy and hardly satisfactory, and we hope to see it changed at the next regular meeting. It is certainly unfair to elect more officers than the league is entitled to under its own rules. Yet this has been done, and doubtless will continue to be unless something is done to remedy the same.

#### THE CLEVELAND MEET.

Monday was a great day for bicycling at Cleveland. The hotel corridors have been well filled with visiting wheelmen. They came from not only all parts of Ohio, but even the Eastern States are represented, as well as New York. It is estimated that over four hundred riders are in town, and fully three hundred participated in the parade. The parlors of the Weddell House, the headquarters, are well filled, while across the way an empty building has been converted into a storage place, and is half filled with bicycles and tricycles.

The business meeting of the Ohio Division L. A. W. was called to order at 10 A. M., and was of brief duration. T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, the Chief Consul, occupied the chair. The Secretary rendered his report, showing that 475 names were at present on his books, and the Treasurer mentioned the comfortable balance in his possession. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

A. M. Carruthers, of Springfield, Ohio, was chosen Secretary, and Paul Schieley elected Treasurer. This brings the three important offices in one City, and will doubtless be of great benefit to the Division. A nominating committee consisting of Alfred Ely, Jr., Cleveland; W. A. Whiting, Cincinnati; and C. J. Krag, of Columbus, was chosen. It was unanimously voted to hold the next annual meeting at Springfield on such a date as the club of that city should select. The meeting then adjourned.

Promptly, at half-past two, the line of parade was formed in front of the Weddell House, en route for Athletic Park, where the races were held. The procession was a fine one, and enjoyed by crowds of people who lined both sides of Bank street, and witnessed the start.

A large crowd gathered at the Park, there

being upwards of three thousand present. The track was in good condition, though not particularly fast, as will be seen. It is a quarter of a mile in circumference, with convenient grand stand. The officers of the day were: Referee, Henry E. Duckér; Judges, T. J. Kirkpatrick, H. S. Livingston, and Dr. N. M. Beckwith; Timers, J. H. Wade, C. J. Krag and W. H. Miller; Clerk of the Course, Alfred Ely; Scorer, C. W. Norman, and Starter, W. A. Whiting.

The first event was the half mile L. A. W. championship, but owing to the number of entries this was run in heats, resulting as follows:

First heat—Geo. Collister first, time 1m. 33¼s. C. E. Stone second. Second heat—Asa Dolph first, time 1m. 28¾s. Chas. Frazier second. Final heat—Frazier first, time 1m. 30s. Stone second, and Collister third. Dolph having received a fall, did not start, and Frazier won easily by about six yards.

Quarter Mile—1st heat. Dolph, first, time 44½s. Stone, second. Won by two yards. 2d heat. Frazier, first, time 46¼, C. G. Harris, second. The final was not run off until the next day. Hendee and Hamilton of New Haven, were both entered, but did not put in an appearance.

One Mile Novices—J. Grove, Youngstown, first, time 3 m. 30 s. C. A. Paine, s. cond. Like most races of this class, it was interesting, inasmuch as the result was in doubt until the last minute, when Grove came to the front with a rush.

Five Mile State Championship—Asa Dolph first, time 17 m. 55¾s. F. A. Idings second. C. W. Aslinger third. Dolph allowed the others to make the pace throughout, and won by a handy spurt on the last lap. The time by miles was as follows:

3.13¾; 7.07½; 10.42; 14.23¾; 17.55¾.

One Mile Handicap—George Collister first time, 3 m. 23 s. Brown second, and Howland third. The handicapping was a frightful muddle. Webber of Smithville, being outclassed entirely,

Three Mile Race—C. F. Frazier first, time 10 m. 17½ s. C. W. Aslinger second, Stone third. Dolph started and would have doubtless won but he took a very bad header on the second mile. Aslinger made the running in good style, but Frazier was too much for him on the final spurt.

TWO-MILE HANDICAP.—C. M. Brown, Greenville, Pa., (45s.) first, time 7m. 12 1-5s.; A. C. Bates second, R. G. Knight third. A scramble for the lead ensued, but Brown soon showed to the front, where he stayed until the finish, although Bates made it very warm at the finish, coming in only a foot behind. Considerable enthusiasm ensued over the result.

ONE-MILE TRICYCLE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Clarence Howland first, time 4m. 23¼s.; Geo. Collister second. Collister's saddle broke down on the second lap and he was obliged to ride on his pedals the balance of the distance.

After the races the line was formed and the return to the city was made in good order. In the evening the Euclid Avenue Opera House was crowded to its fullest capacity by a large and fashionable audience. After the opening overture by the orchestra, the Cleveland B. C. gave an exhibition drill, under command of J. D. Pugh, which was loudly applauded. An exhibition of fancy riding by E. G. Barnett followed, after which the eight of the Forest City Club took the floor and executed a number of difficult manoeuvres. The local club rendered some attractive vocal selections, which was followed by the Champion City Club, who were most liberally applauded. The entertainment closed with a splendid exhibition of fancy riding by W. H. Wetmore, who proved himself a master of the wheel.

#### A BOOM FOR "X. M. MILES."

Editor of The Wheel: Your query of August 8, "We wonder how the Kennebec tourists stood the weather?" is in a measure answered by the *Bi. World's* paragraph of the same date, which says "they had a great deal of wet weather, but carried out their programme." I myself can add to this the more direct testimony of the leader of the party, Mr. F. A. Elwell, whose note to me (postmarked at Bingham, Me., Aug. 5) says: "The trip up the Kennebec has been a grand success. The roads have surpassed our expectations, and the runs have been made inside of the required time, and with ease by all. There have been no accidents and but one header during the entire run. The weather has been perfect and the scenery beautiful beyond description. I wish you had been with us. Enclosed you will find the signatures of thirteen subscribers to your roadbook; and the remainder of the party are, with few exceptions, already on your list."

The man of Portland, Maine, had no sooner ceased this pleasant little speech when the representative of Portland, Oregon, "took the floor," and uttered a cheerful transcontinental cry, to the effect that he would forward me the names of ten or fifteen of his townsmen for my list, in the course of a day or two, and that every one of the dozen residents of other towns whom he named to me could be counted on as "good for a dollar," as soon as my prospectus should reach their eyes. From Greenville, Pa., I received a letter saying: "The enclosed eight signatures were secured for you within about nine minutes after the perusal of your circulars; and I may send some more." The President of the Brattleboro C. C. sent in a list of fifteen, whereof a half-dozen are non-riders. The Secretary of the Cleveland B. C. sent in eight. From Zacharias & Smith, of Newark, I received eleven names (raising to 71 the total number pledged by them to me) accompanied by the following remarks from the senior partner: "Your articles in the last WHEEL interested me and set me to thinking. Said I to Mr. Smith, 'Let's exert ourselves to secure 100 names for Karl Kron, which will be just a thirtieth of his needed 3,000.' It rather provokes me to see what slow work it is for you. Why, if the agents of the Pope Mfg. Co. alone would each send you ten names, your task would be ended. My word for it, they could do it, if they would interest themselves; and they would benefit their business in doing so, besides helping on a good cause."

I had the pleasure of receiving a call from one of the above-described agents, on Friday, who chances also to be a representative of the Smith family, and who recently took a day's ride from his home in Columbus, Ind., to a point beyond Indianapolis, and back to the starting point—a distance of 105 miles, though he has been a rider for less than a year. He gave other testimony also to the general goodness of the roads in Indiana; and said that after his return he would see to it that the Bartholomew County Wheelmen, of whom he is President, should be represented in my appendix by at least a dozen names.

Perhaps the most cheering event of the week, however, was the reception of a note from the Secretary of the Citizens B. C., of New York (enclosing 13 names and raising the club's total representation on my list to 58), expressive of his intention to pledge the entire club to the scheme. In token of this he had issued a special printed appeal, in connection with the call for the regular monthly meeting of August 12. As the Secretary is understood to be a man who never allows any obstacle to thwart his pur-



pose, the general belief is that he has already made arrangements by which such members of the club as may "refuse to subscribe" will be quietly taken out and shot, before the arrival of publication day. I myself, however, being a more mercifully minded man, venture to suggest to him that the appearance of unanimity could be quite as effectually secured by arranging to have these unfortunate persons shipped as common seamen on the next expedition to the North Pole (which, as is well known, the defeated candidates in the approaching Presidential election have given bonds to "personally conduct," immediately after the counting of votes on November 4).

In sending me a half-dozen subscriptions besides his own, the Secretary of the Aurora (Ill.) Wheelmen writes: "We have here, along the Fox River, the finest roads in Illinois, outside of Chicago. One gravel road runs from St. Charles, thirteen miles north-east of here, to Yorkville, twelve miles south-west, and is always fine. On the 12th of June last I rode a 40-inch Standard Facile 23 miles in 102 minutes, on our river road (to Geneva and return), though I am not used to racing. During the last five days of last August I rode from here to Canton, passing through Peoria—a distance of nearly 200 miles—and found the roads ridable, though generally made of loam. I began riding in '81, and I ride about 1,000 miles a year. I expect to take a tour, in September, of 500 or 1,000 miles in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa; and will try to send you an account of it. I trust you will make a grand effort to get descriptions of ridable routes from as many of your subscribers as possible; for the addition of them to your book would greatly increase its value."

As to this last suggestion, it will be seen that my canvass for subscriptions has already been the means of securing to the public numerous interesting road reports in THE WHEEL, *Outing*, and elsewhere, which otherwise would not have been written. For example, Mr. W. O. Owen, of Laramie City, whose reports of Rocky Mountain rides were among the most interesting ever printed in the *Wheelman*, has prepared for *Outing* a sketch of a tour by wheel through Yellowstone Park—though his chief design in writing it was to have an abstract thereof inserted in my book. I also send to THE WHEEL at the

same time with this letter, reports which have reached me during the week about "Cycling in Utah" and "Two Straightaway All-Day Runs" (between New York and Philadelphia); as well as "The Record of a Veteran." I cannot, of course, tell, until the time actually arrives for printing the book, how much space I can afford to give to the presentation of a summary of these reports supplied by other riders. The material which I have already promised to insert is enough to make what is ordinarily called "a two dollar book," and I "must draw the line somewhere." Still, the larger my subscription list, the stronger will be my temptation to add to the number of pages—in the belief that enough more copies of the book can be sold, even at \$1.50 each, to justify the additional outlay.

The final favor of the week which I have to give thanks for was the addition of another nationality to my list, by the arrival of a pledge from Udderalla, Sweden (Alban Thorburn, Consul C. T. C.), who supplied the names of several other Continental tourists as possible subscribers. All these things have combined to give quite a "boom" to my list—for the total additions during the seven days since I last reported are 102, as compared with the seven which were enrolled during the corresponding week in July. The whole number of dollar subscriptions now pledged to my road-book is 1,657—leaving 1,343 to be secured before publication day.

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., Aug. 11.

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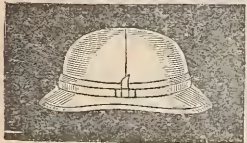


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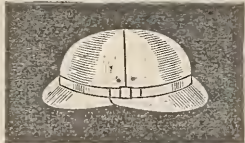
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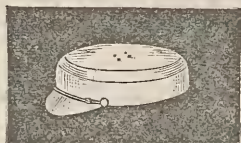
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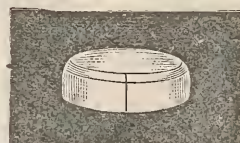
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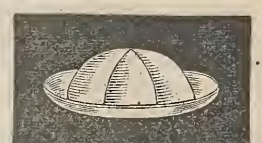
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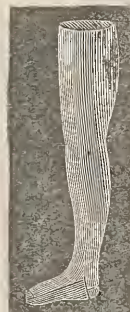
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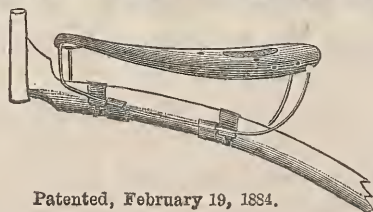
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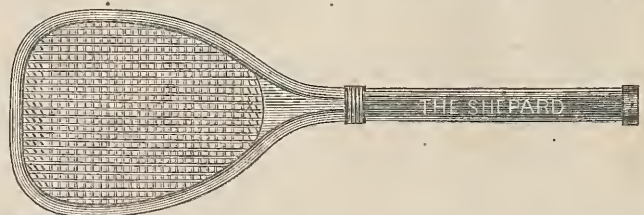
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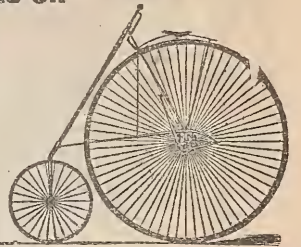
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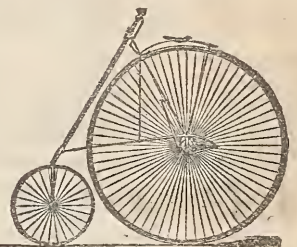
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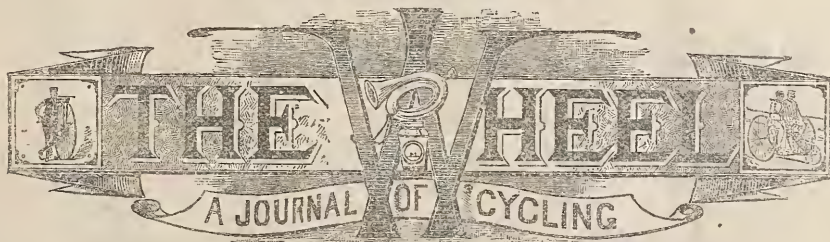
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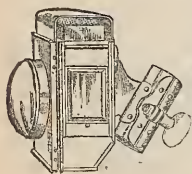
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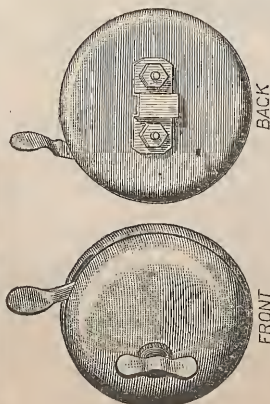
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