

THE WHEEL

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING

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WHEEL GOSSIP.

Mr. Kennedy Child has accepted a position with the Pope Manufacturing Co.—*Herald*.

The Massachusetts Club announces the following dates for winter festivities: November 13th, Literary; November 20th, Ladies' Night; November 29th, Athletic Exhibition.

A contemporary says that the 1887 calendar of the Pope Manufacturing Co. will be a beauty. And now some wheelmen are anxious to know whether it will be a he-beauty or a she-beauty.

Miss Lillian Stone has joined the L. A. W. Under the circumstances the present title "League of American Wheelmen" is a misnomer. Doubtless the badge manufacturers would favor a change of name.

At the training quarters—"Say Blobson, why do you keep an account of all your receipts and expenses, even to a penny?" "Why Bobby, at the end of the season, when the N. C. U. investigates my status, and dissects my personal affairs, I can save time and trouble by giving them an unvarnished view of my cash-book."

W. D. Wilmot, of Charlestown has given an interesting insight into the mysteries of fancy riding. He says that riding on the contracted theatre stage is a far different and more difficult and dangerous matter from riding in a spacious skating rink. In the palmy days of the rink, the bottom price paid for two riders was \$20 a night and expenses. At the meet of one club, several years ago, Mr. Wilmot and his partner were paid \$100 for their services, and a special train was sent to fetch them from Bridgeport. The theatrical exhibition differs greatly from the rink exhibition, in that tricks requiring great velocity cannot be performed on a stage where the riding space is so small. The riding space of the American theatre is but 18 feet in diameter, and to keep the wheel within this is more exhausting for the riders than five hours of practice, on account of the great tension of muscle and nerves. The most difficult of the 50 feats performed by Wilmot and his partner in a quarter of an hour exhibition, is the double unicycle act, where the latter mounts Wilmot's shoulder while on the lap wheel of the bicycle. The great difficulty in feats of the wheel is the preservation of equilibrium. Wilmot weighs 160 and Lester 128 pounds. Many of Wilmot's tricks were learned by accident during practice on the stage.—*Boston Herald*.

Mr. A. L. Atkins is so seriously impaired in health that he will probably winter in Southern California.

Ah Fong, the Chinese fancy riding wonder, who is booked to appear in London next winter, rides across a wire on a unicycle.

S. G. Whittaker, the road eater, is confident that he can ride twenty miles on the road within the hour. He is looking for a partner to make a twenty-four hours tandem record.

A GLIMPSE OF FURNIVALL'S EARLY CAREER.—Two incidents of Furnivall's school cycling may be mentioned. He was ambitious of riding more miles in a day than any other boy in the school, and being told that one boy had ridden 96 miles, Furnivall, next fine Sunday, cleared 112. On Monday, he went back to school, walked up to the reported 96-miler, and said he'd beaten him with 112, when the other boy quietly answered: "Oh, I did my 96 miles in two days." In the first school sports at which Furnivall rode, a two miles race, he went ahead, lapped the other boys, and then rode along easily with the back lot. When the bell rang, he forgot what had happened, thought he was nearly last, spurted all he was worth, and came in first. Then he was asked why he had ridden nine laps instead of eight, and he could only say that he had forgotten to count 'em.—*The Cyclist*

The familiar board of officials was on hand and the pace-makers of the Columbia team, Rowe, Hendee and Crocker. Woodside traveled very fast the first 20 miles, when there was no wind to speak of, and ran them off in 59.33 3-5; when he had done 22 miles where Rowe's records end, he began to break records himself and captured the 23-mile record in 1.08.22 3-5, and the 24-mile record in 1.11.28 4-5. He pushed forward for the last, spurring by Crocker who was pacing, and tearing down the home stretch. By a little poor judgment he was not urged on his next mile and missed the 25-mile record by about three seconds, his time being 1.14.26. The wind was blowing briskly by this time and increased in strength, wearing out the riders. Woodside was called off at 35 miles, which he had done in 1.54.40 1-5, Ives's time for the distance 1.44.05 4-5 being record. Woodside had ridden the 20 miles at an average of 2.58 3-5 and the whole distance at an average of 3.01. Howard P. Merrill was the referee and G. E. Robinson, Charles T. Shean and Edward F. Pierce the timers.

All the professionals are now in Minneapolis, where a six-day race was commenced last Monday.

Record Riding at Springfield.—On Friday, November 5th, W. M. Woodside made an attempt to cut the professional bicycle record up to 100 miles.

We have learned that James Purvis Bruce, the third assistant editor and news gatherer of *Recreation*, carries a six-barrelled revolver. We take it all back about *Recreation* retaining him at \$30,000 a year. J. P. B. is all right, and his stories would enchant a blind man.

All the poets are engaged just now in working the muse for the benefit of the Statue of Liberty, and that is why we are compelled to clip a jingling ditty from *WHEELING*, called "The Mug I Left Behind Me." There are doubtless many mugs, of a kind different from the one he sings of, which it were better *THE WELSHER* had left behind him.

Wheeling sums up the past English racing season in the following style:

"Looking back on the past season, we are struck with the number of scratch men it has produced. Osmond stands out as a man who found his level on the scratch mark at about the third time of asking. Furnivall has had a wonderful year, and goes into retirement with a fame greater, if possible, than that borne by Cortis. George Gatehouse has, it is understood, spent £500 on racing and record breaking this year, and though he holds no championship, he can boast of a magnificent set of records from One to Twenty Miles per tricycle, and the character of a pure amateur, as, indeed, at such an expenditure he should. Illston is the name to conjure with in the Midlands, and in his riding we have, perhaps, the most perfect style ever seen on a racing bicycle. It is worthy of note that that beautiful, almost mechanical, action of his carried him in his flying quarter mile at the rate of over 26 miles an hour. H. A. Speechly has shown in and out form, but when at his best is very nearly, if not quite, the fastest miler in England. It should be remembered to his credit that his record of 2m. 34 4-5s. was scored in a fair handicap race, and on the Crystal Palace track—not the fastest in the country. In tricycling, George Gatehouse and F. W. Allard stand out as the fastest men of the year, and either of them would probably beat Furnivall, unless, of course, that unutterable demon were to specially study his tricycle racing, when we believe he would give them 10 yards in the mile."

RECORD BREAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

Without a pacemaker and on a 50-mile straightaway and surveyed road at Crawfordsville, Indiana, Stillman G. Whittaker started at 5 A. M., September 24th, for the 50 and 100-mile records, under A. C. U. rules. He did the 50 in 2 hours, 55 minutes and 46 1-2 seconds, beating Geo. Weber's American record by over nine minutes, and Golding's English record by over eleven minutes. He finished the 100 in 6 hours, 43 min. and 59 seconds, knocking McCurdy's record over an hour.

His mount was a 51-inch American Champion, constructed solely for road riding. **WITTAKER SAYS IT'S THE BEARINGS.**

✠ ✠ WORLD'S RECORDS. ✠ ✠

NOW, GENTLEMEN:—We fail to see why records made on a 22-pound racing wheel, and on a track with an exceedingly smooth racing surface—we fail to see, we say, why these results demonstrate any superior excellence in a Roadster, (a differently constructed machine) even though the latter be made by the same Company; but when remarkable results are attained on the machine for which the superiority is claimed, that fact we believe to be *significant*.

❧ THE AMERICAN CHAMPION ❧

to-day holds every world's record on the road above 25 miles to 300 miles; the latter enormous mileage being done within the hour by **STILLMAN G. WITTAKER**, at Crawfordsville, Ind., October 18th and 19th. The run was made on a straight-away and surveyed road, under A. C. U. Rules, and not on a carefully selected ten mile stretch. The following are the times:

		HOURS.	MINS.	SECONDS.
50 Miles	(about 4 minutes behind his previous world's record),	2	59	50 2-5
100 "	(25 minutes ahead of the world's record, and over a minute better than Ives' Springfield track record),	6	1	15
150 "	- - - - -	10	28	52
200 "	- - - - -	15	13	30
300 "	(about 24 minutes better than the best world's track record),	23	46	16 3-5

The latter magnificent record is about *FORTY-ONE MILES* better than the hitherto accepted A. C. U. record by **MUNGER**, about 19 miles better than **HOLLINGSWORTH'S** performance, and 13 miles better than **McCURDY'S**, neither of which two are accepted records, however.

If you want the **EASIEST RUNNING ROADSTER IN THE WORLD**, you must come to us.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY,

Manufacturers of American Cycles.

CHICAGO.



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In another column we present a view of the amateur question, which the author fondly hopes will prove the "open sesame" to the rock which scribes of great and low degree have been trying to blast for the last few years. Mr. Herring's athletic education has been thorough and he puts down his views in pleasing and logical English, and as he has spent both time and money to thoroughly circulate his views on the matter, solely in the hope of bettering the sport, his paper is worthy of careful consideration. He has given merely the frame work of his plan, preferring not to put up and demolish the arguments that might be made against the practicability and success of his method of solving the puzzle. Any point that may be advanced against his scheme will be publicly discussed by him, provided the objection is founded on a real desire for intelligent debate. There is no doubt that a great change has come over the sporting world, and it is not now a question of how wide can we make the breach between the amateur and the professional, but how little may we separate them, and is this separation founded on logic and common sense, or is it a mere survival of the days of class and caste; a mere remnant and reminiscence of baronial feudalism?

The Inter-Club should amend their Constitution so that it will express the spirit of the organization more completely than it does in its present form. It was stupid at the outset to trust anything to club honor, in a matter where so much club rivalry existed. Had the conditions of eligibility to compete been set down in black and white, much ill-feeling would have been avoided.

The latest novelty announced for next Spring is a tandem tricycle of American make. The Overman Wheel Company will be the manufacturers.

A SOLUTION OF THE AMATEUR QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WHEEL:

Dear Sir.—As offering a solution to the present difficulties of the Amateur question, I beg to submit the following proposition, viz.:

That the parts of the present definition of an amateur which prohibit his competing with a Professional be stricken out, and the rest of the definition be retained.

When I first conceived the above idea, I contemplated writing a somewhat lengthy argument, in which I intended to show, that the part of the definition which I propose to strike out is but a survival of the old theory of amateurism, as exemplified by the "Mechanic and Artisan" clause, in the English Amateur definition of some years ago, which would doubtless, had it not been timely abolished, have mollicoddled the amateur from the face of the earth. I also intended discussing all the objections to the adoption of my plan which might occur to me, and pointing out the advantages to be gained by it. I am probably not the best person to object to my own proposition, therefore I shall await the objections of others which, if based upon reason and brought to my notice, I shall endeavor to answer. Therefore the only thing remaining for me to do is to point out the advantages to be gained, which I shall endeavor to do as briefly as possible, restricting myself to the most obvious and important.

1. Public interest in cycle races will be much greater. This is obvious, as it has been proven that the more classes we separate riders into, the less interesting the racing, ergo, for racing to attain its greatest popularity we must do away with all subdivision. This will enable the promoters of race meets to give more races and better prizes, an advantage to the amateur, the professional, the makers, and the public.

2. This proposition does not abolish the amateur (no proposition can), but places him in the same position as the amateur in Cricket, Foot-ball, Lacrosse, Base-ball, and various other sports where the amateur question does not continually thrust itself forward as a destroyer of harmony, personal liberty and good sport. The Amateur, under the revised definition, gets the credit which he deserves for being an Amateur, which is all he wants.

I think, in this connection, it would be well if the custom prevalent in English reports of cricket matches of prefixing "Mr." before the names of Amateurs and omitting the same before that of Professionals, were adopted in programmes and reports of cycle races.

3. This would also do away with the temptation which now besets Makers' Amateurs to set sail under false colors, and will, I think, induce them to throw off the mask and become openly what they really are, Professionals, as they would gain nothing by dissembling, except a little credit from those who did not know them and would probably lose a good deal of lucre; and to a professional at heart the former would be valueless as compared with the latter.

4. As for there being any degradation in competing with a professional the idea is absurd. There may be some degradation in being a professional bicycle rider, but I

fail to see where he occupies a position to be looked upon more askance than that of any other entertainer of the public. The position, it is true, does not call for very high intellectual abilities, and many of our professionals are not at the top of the social scale, but I opine that they will average quite as high a social test as the majority of our so-called Amateurs. No man need treat a competitor in a bicycle race as a companion and an associate unless he chooses, and I think we will find that other things will weigh besides speed on a bicycle when a man makes such a choice. The truest and purest Amateur, I think, is the man who is always willing to throw aside all social prejudice when he enters a race, and accept a defeat, if necessary, gracefully, even from his own valet. If he wishes special advantages accorded on account of his wealth or family, beyond what these give him, anyway, then he is not an Amateur, but a hog. Under this definition clubs may still give events "open to Amateurs only," and those ultra-exclusives who cannot debase themselves by riding against a "common professional fellow, you know," may still have the opportunity afforded them of disporting their manly forms before their lady friends.

I will add that in the case of an Amateur competing where money prizes were offered, he should, under penalty of losing his status, be required to show to the satisfaction of the L. A. W. Racing Board, or the N. C. U. Executive:

1. That he communicated his intention of competing as an Amateur to the proper authority before the race. The proper authority would be, I presume, in the case of the L. A. W., the Chairman of the racing Board; and in the case of the N. C. U., the Secretary of the same.

2. That he did not receive the money offered as a prize, and that he did not receive a trophy of greater value than might be fixed as the limit of value for Amateur prizes. I will now close by saying that I intend sending a copy of this letter to every cycling paper in this country and England, and requesting that you, whether you find space to publish it or not, will at least express your approval or disapproval of the proposition propounded, and if the latter, the reasons for the same.

Yours fraternally,

W. C. HERRING,

Ixion B. C., L. A. W., and C. T. C.

The Union County Wheelmen have awarded prizes for "six months' road records" and for the 24 hour record. The following was the score in both classes:

SIX MONTHS' RECORD.

- 1st. Frank S. Miller, 2554 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.
- 2d. Frank E. Reese, 2055 miles.
- 3d. John G. Hatfield, 1829 miles.

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR RECORD.

- 1st. A. N. Pierson, 119 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- 2d. J. G. Hatfield, 103 $\frac{1}{2}$, 128 $\frac{1}{2}$ 177 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- 3d. F. S. Miller, 110 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 152 1-6 miles.
- 4th. C. D. Reese, 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
- 5th. F. E. Reese, 101 miles.

The illustration in *Recreation*, October 30, reminds me very forcibly of a picture I have seen somewhere. I should think if I were illustrating my paper, I would prefer to give my readers an original design.

THE INTER-CLUB ROAD CHAMPIONSHIP CLUB.

The success of the second contest for the perpetual challenge cup, emblematical of the road bicycle championship for local clubs and local men, is an earnest of the good work accomplished by the N. Y. and N. J. Inter-Club Bicycle Road Racing Association, better known as the Alphabetical Association. The association was formed last March, its purpose being to foster road riding by holding two championship contests each year. An elegant cup, to be held by the winning club till the next contest was decided, was purchased by the Association, and gold medals were given to the placed men.

The success of the first championship, held last June, gave additional importance to the second, so much so, that we are inclined to think these two road championships are likely to become the most important metropolitan events of the year. Had it been possible to appoint a committee of wise-aces to select the weather for the second contest, they could scarcely have improved on the superb Indian summer masterpiece with which they were favored on Election Day. The result was, the wheelmen turned out in crowds. At least a dozen clubs called formal runs, and after thoroughly exhausting the Oranges in the morning, most of the parties dined in the neighborhood of Irvington, and topped off with the road race as a sort of *sauce piquant*. The result was that throngs of local notabilities both off and on wheels gathered to see the send-off, which was a ta point on Clinton Avenue, about a quarter-mile from Irvington. The course is what is known as the Irvington-Milburn stretch; is five miles in length, and has some eighteen hills in the five turns, necessary for the twenty-five miles.

The following clubs started. Brooklyn Bicycle Club. F. B. Hawkins, G. E. Todd, A. B. Barkman, W. H. Meeteer.

Elizabeth Wheelmen: L. B. Bonnett, G. J. Martin, D. B. Bonnett, W. S. Barrows.

Harlem Wheelmen: E. J. Halstead, M. F. Germond, B. A. Quinn, E. C. Parker.

Ilderan Bicycle Club: H. Greenman, Wm. Richardson, H. L. Bradley, F. B. Hawkins.

Kings County Wheelmen: J. Hall, Jr., E. Valentine, L. P. Weber and M. L. Bridgman.

The start was made a few minutes before three, all the men getting away well together and without accident, Parker showing the way. At the Irvington hotel Halstead went into the lead and held it to the first turn, the five miles being covered in the fast time of 18m. 40s. Hall then went to the front, and won after a ding dong race with Valentine, whom he led by some hundred yards. Hall's times were: 10 miles, 36m. 52 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 15 miles, 56m.; 20 miles, 1h. 16m. 51 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.; 25 miles, 1h. 57m. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The times were remarkably fast, considering the path, and the men showed improvement over their effort in the Spring. Men who rode sixth and seventh last June, beat their times then made by some minutes, and yet could get no better than fifteenth or sixteenth.

Position at five miles: Halstead, Valentine, Hall, Greenman, Bradley, Bridgman, Webber.

Position at ten miles: Hall, Valentine, Greenman, Halstead, Bradley, Bridgman, Webber, Barrows, Todd.

Position at fifteen miles: Hall, Valentine, Greenman, Bradley, Halstead, Webber, Bridgman, Hawkins.

Position at twenty miles: Hall, Valentine, Bridgman, Bradley, Halstead, Hawkins, Bridgman, Webber.

POSITION AT FINISH:

1. H. J. Hall, Jr., K. C. W.,	1.37.12 4-5
2. E. Valentine, K. C. W.,	1.39
3. H. Greenman, I. B. C.,	1.39 14
4. E. J. Halstead, H. W.,	1.40.13
5. F. B. Hawkins, B. B. C.,	1.41.16
6. M. L. Bridgman, K. C. W.,	1.44.31
7. L. B. Bonnett, E. W.,	1.45.18
8. H. L. Bradley, I. B. C.,	1.45.25
9. L. P. Weber, K. C. W.,	1.46.43
10. W. M. Richardson, I. B. C.,	1.46.53
11. G. E. D. Todd, B. B. C.,	1.47.14
12. A. B. Barkman, B. B. C.,	1.50.59
13. E. C. Parker, H. W.,	1.52.08
14. D. B. Bonnett, E. W.,	1.52 17
15. W. H. Meeteer, B. B. C.,	1.59.43
16. G. J. Martin, E. W.,	not taken.
18. Fred Hawkins, I. B. C.,	"

SCORE BY POINTS.

1. Kings County Wheelmen,	66 points
2. Ilderan Bi. Club,	46 "
3. Brooklyn Bi. Club,	41 "
4. Elizabeth Wheelmen,	26 "
5. Harlem Wheelmen,	25 "

Officers of the day: W. W. Share, L. I. W. Judges: F. W. Daniels, N. Y. B. C.; E. K. Austin, K. C. W.; G. C. Pennel, E. W.; J. C. Gulick, C. B. C.; E. Dutcher, H. W.; E. W. Johnson, H. C. W.; H. H. Share, I. B. C. Scorers: T. H. Douglas, K. C. W.; T. W. Trimson, M. W.; F. S. Miller, U. C. W.; J. O. Dorland, M. V. B. C.; H. P. Littell, N. J. W.; A. W. Guy, L. I. W. Timers: F. Jenkins, C. B. C.; J. W. Smith, O. W.; F. B. Jones, B. B. C. Starters: Elliott Mason, C. B. C. Clerk of course: T. Crichton, K. C. W. Chief of umpires: W. H. H. Warner, L. I. W., assisted by nineteen aids.

THE COMPLEMENT OF CYCLING.

Chatting one day with the pensioned-off stud-groom of Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, who was lamenting the absence of horsefish from the place during the reign of the old lord's pious successor, we pleaded the latter's possession of at least one very pretty bay hack. "Yes," said the old trainer, "She's got a good top, but no legs." Alas! the mare was rather groggy. Now, with cyclists, just the opposite fault is to be found. As a rule, they've got good legs, but no top. Their loins and legs are splendidly developed, but their chests and arms are not. The way in which racing men and all fast riders lean over their handles, as we admit they are right in doing, cramps their chests, confines their bone-case within its narrowest limits, and gives no fair chance to their heart and lungs to work freely. Just look at a lot of cyclists alongside of a set of scullers, cricketers, or boxers, and notice the striking difference in the development of the upper part of the bodies of each. There are, of course, exceptions to the general rule, for some cyclists are good all-round athletes, but most of them are sadly lacking in their top. And yet they ought to be as good above as they are below, for in cycling, as in all other sports, it is wind and heart that fail first. We speak of racing. It is plain, then, that cycling needs some other sport to complement it, and the one we urge on cyclists is sculling, wherever it is possible. Rowing

will not do; it develops the two sides of the body unequally. Gymnastics and boxing should, of course, be practiced in the evening in towns; but wherever a river is within outing distance, thither on half and whole day holiday should cyclists resort, and, pulling a long sweeping stroke, develop their chest and arms with a pair of sculls, equally and equably, in single or double sculling boats, and sculling fours and eights if they can but get them. It is doubtless, owing to the one great want among cyclists, that of ready money, that before now the London cycling clubs have not started a joint clubhouse at Haliford, Chertsey, Staines, or Windsor on the Thames, with its own fleet of sculling-boats. But even if they have not done that, they might have made some riverside inn the kind of resort that they have turned the Anchor at Ripley or the Angel at Thames Ditton into, and taken afternoon paddles, instead of merely loafing about the little public. Even if the habit is too strong for them, and they hereafter stick to their inland spots, why do they not get the landlords to provide a lawn tennis ground for them, where they may change their sport, and bring their chest and arms into play? We do hope that cycling men will henceforth give more attention than they have hitherto done to this point of the equal development of their whole bodies, and to the necessity of complementing cycling by sculling, or such other available exercise as will do for their chests and arms what their wheels do for their loins and legs. Even when water-cycles are perfected, and get to beat every rowing and sculling boat on the river, as they soon ought to, we trust that sculling will still be practised by cycling men on account of the upper-muscle training it will give them. Personally speaking, we frequently look wistfully back to our sculling days, when distance did not remove us too far from any boating water to avail ourselves regularly of the exercise, as it now does. In large towns, however, where such circumstances hold sway, there are usually good gymnasia, and gymnastics thoroughly and gymnastically carried out will go a great way to increase the muscles of the chest and arms during the winter, so they may keep pace with the improvement made by the legs and loins in summer time.—*The Cyclist*.

McCURDY'S RECORD RIDE

All twenty-four Harris' road records beaten. Alfred A. McCurdy, of the Lynn Cycle Club finished a twenty-four hours' bicycle road record ride at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, during which time he rode 30 miles—beating all records for the time. The course was a surveyed fifty mile stretch.

His time for some of the fractional distances were as follows: 20 miles, 1h. 10m. 17s.; 25 miles, 1h. 27m.; 30 miles, 3h. 04m. 28s.; 100 miles, 6h. 26m. 00s.; 150 miles, 9h. 58m.; 200 miles 13h. 40m. 15s.; 305 miles, 24 hours. McCurdy rode a 48 inch Light Roadster.

The duties of the clerk of course, at the Inter-Club contest were discharged by Tommy Crichton in his usually admirable manner. Henceforth he should be known as admirable Crichton.



Promateurs now assume the role of Othello. Their occupation *is gone*.

The wheel manufacturers never sing "My way is dark and lonely." Their way is usually light, yes, very light. A wheel advertised to weigh thirty pounds, usually comes nearer to thirty-eight pounds when the rider puts it in a scale after he has received it.

The Kings County Wheelmen have captured the Alphabetical Association's cup again. They ought to have engraved on it, "E pluribus unum"—won from *many*.

Dr. Kendall says, the *Globe* is after my scalp, because in a former note I said he was such a "taking" man. This is not civilized Doctor; only Indians and savages scalp, not the cultivated Bostonian. You can't fan my scalp, but *you* are welcome to THE OWL's bill for the notice. I questioned Mr. Smart Aleck about the remark, and he informs me that the reason he did not credit the doctor with being a taking gentleman, socially as well as photographically, was that he understood he went no more in society because it annoyed him to hear some one remark, "Do you take——." He takes of course——that is his hobby, but he wanted to sink shop occasionally, and hence he gave up society.

Texas editors, when they want to refer to bicycles, don't grow poetic, like some of our Eastern contemporaries, and call them "steel horses, etc., etc." No, no, not they. You can ride horses, buy horses, own horses, or raise horses in Texas, but if you don't want to dance the Judge Lynch hornpipe, for goodness sake, don't steal horses.

The *Bulletin* accuses me of having never drank water since I have "worn long pants." That well known American writer, Dr. Noah Webster, in his widely quoted work, Dictionary, defines "pants" as gasps. In fact, while my taste in dress has been somewhat questioned by the *Bulletin* in the past, this is quite the worst yet. Think of a man clothed only in a gasp, and, in short, gasps at that! I suppose "pants" is some Bucks County word, that Brother Aaron found round loose, and he thought he would spring it on me; at any rate I propose to begin proceedings in a libel suit against the editor. It's fashionable, and I think when he accuses me of wearing short gasps, I have a good case, on the grounds of indecent apparel.

Let those now ride, who never rode before
And those who always rode, now ride the more.

While speaking of the *Bulletin*, let me make a few remarks about an item last week

in its New York letter. Mr. A. Pencil, whose given name is, I judge, Atecedarian, from the initials and the amount of learning he keeps out of his notes, attempts to drag my name and that of chief consul Geo. R. Bidwell into the position of candidates for the presidency of the League. My name being before the public so much, is by them considered their property, and for its use I find no fault with Mr. Pencil, but when he attempts to pass an opinion upon Mr. Bidwell and measure that gentleman's worth by his age, he makes a mistake, and I do not propose to let it pass unchallenged.

Mr. Bidwell is not a candidate for the office, nor a seeker after it, but when the time comes that the L. A. W. need an able, fearless, and energetic man for its highest office, I am for Mr. Bidwell first, last, and all the time, and in the words of ex-Senator Platt, I think there will come from the seventeen hundred members of the N. Y. State Division a solid and unbroken remark of "Me too."

The Ixions give the first of their winter dances on the 8th prox. Those who attended the last winter series know that there are few affairs of these kind more enjoyable than these social gatherings of this club.

"There is always room on top," as the last man remarked when he landed on his fallen friend, who had taken a header over a "yaller" dog.

Now McCurdy has taken the record from Messrs. J. and G.'s representative, the question naturally arises of what's going to be done about it. Under the circumstances Whit can't remain a still man. Gee Whitaker! No! He must move that peg up to a higher notch if he wants to follow Bassett's instructions and hang his hat on it, with "record" written above it.

THE OWL.

THE MUG I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Air: "The girl I left behind me."

When riding down the road one day
Which leads to famous Ditton,
I met a man who wheeled my way,
Whom I could simply sit on.
I seek for one as slow as he,
But find none to remind me,
Of when I romped so easily
From the mug I left behind me.

The meeting I remember well
When first he tried to race me,
I feared he was a racing swell
And that he would disgrace me.
But when we got well into Ham
He simply could not find me
I found I need not care a —
For the mug I left behind me.

My mind his image must retain
When I my rides am taking,
I long to see that mug again
To give him one more waking.
When e'er my wheel returns that way
I find none to remind me
Of that eventful happy day
And the mug I left behind me.

THE WELSHER, in *Wheeling*

CAUGHT ON THE FLY BY DAME RUMOR.

Say, piano legs, did you ever get left?

Oh, by the way, Bicycling News, *Iris* did not mean Rowe, but Hendee.

There is nothing like going away from home for news. The *Bi. World* tells us seriously that Rich is not going to retire at all, but will race next year on a tricycle. We are glad to hear it *if it is so*.

Hornbostel, of the Independants is happy. He really carried a cane on the college grounds, in open defiance of the Sophomores.

Harry Hall is regaining his old form, 25 miles in 1.37.12 looks like it.

I was surprised to see Valentine take second, as I always thought—and still think him superior to Hall.

Parker, the Harlem racing man, says he is going to race next year. Now, Rich, Crist, and Foster, look out for your laurels.

Great Scott! James rides a championship mile in 4.19 and objects when he is fined for loafing! Well, he is right. When a man forces the pace and rides as fast as he can, as James did in that race, he should be presented with a medal—or, more properly a watch. A Waterbury would be suitable—Fred Wood also objects—a championship mile in 3.12—and yet he didn't loaf.

This English sarcasm is too much for us. We fine the riders when they ride outside of 3.10. And yet these Englishmen want to ride a slow race and go scot free. We have heard of cheek, but Wood and James take the cake.

OLD INQUISITIVE.

BICYCLING IN THE SOUTH.

In connection with the Georgia State Fair, bicycle races were held at Atlanta, Ga., on October 29-30 under L. A. W. auspices. The fair was quite successful, the attendance being very large. Return:

Three mile handicap—Won by R. A. Brantly, Macon, in 10:45; H. Reid, Atlanta, 2d.

Quarter mile dash—Won by C. H. Dillingham, Columbus, in 45s.; C. W. Smith, Atlanta, 2d.

Georgia State championship, two-mile dash—Won by C. H. Dillingham, Columbus, 6:45.

Ten miles, open—Won by C. H. Dillingham, Columbus, 3:10; R. A. Brantly, Macon, 2d.

Ten miles, handicap—Won by E. W. Durant, Atlanta, by 20 yards; Homer Reid, Atlanta, 2d.

Two miles, record—Won by C. H. Dillingham, Columbus; R. A. Brantly, Macon, 2d.

Twenty miles, Georgia State championship—Entries, C. H. Dillingham, Columbus; R. A. Brantly, Macon; C. H. Smith, Atlanta. Brantly, 1st; time, 1:19:53; Dillingham, in 1:20:04; Smith, of Atlanta, retired from the track at 10¾ miles.

One mile ride and run—F. M. Durant, Atlanta, 1st; time, 5:59.

One-fourth mile, hands off—C. H. Smith, Atlanta, 1st, in 5:04½; C. H. Dillingham, Columbus, 2d.

Trick and fancy riding—Entries, C. H. Dillingham, Columbus; E. M. Durant, Atlanta. Dillingham, 1st.

THE NASSAU WHEELMEN'S ELECTION DAY RUN.

This club had a run on Election Day, starting from their club house at 8:15 A. M. The first dismount was made at East New York. Owing to the disgraceful condition of the roads the members were compelled to utilize the side-walks as far as Jamaica, (12 miles,) at which place they were very hospitably received by the W. C. T. U., who administered to their wants by a plentiful supply of light refreshments. The plank road from here was tried and found wanting, consequently the side walks were again resorted to; Garden City (18 miles) was reached at 10:30. This is a neat little place and evidently takes its name from the profusion of small plots or gardens that are systematically laid out. About twenty houses comprise its claim to the title of City. Hempstead, about three or four miles further on, was the destination, where the members stopped a considerable time taking in supplies of sundry refreshments.

The call for home was given at 3 o'clock; a more circuitous route was adopted, and Brooklyn was reached at 6 P. M. J. W. Bates unluckily broke his wheel in the early part of the day and had to turn back. A couple of the club members exhibited a tendency to go through an acrobatic performance, to wit: Standing on their heads, taking headers over ditches, bushes and fences, and in various other ways, not only showed their agility, but their inability to negotiate with safety, certain "water jumps" and other obstructions on the road. However all enjoyed themselves, and Messrs. J.

H. Mellor, W. R. Cleverly, J. W. Bate, C. Kelly, C. Painter and the others who participated say they will repeat the same ride at an early date.

The Alphabetical Association has had its first family jar, the result being that the Hudson County Wheelmen did not compete in the recent race. When the Association was organized, it was the spirit of the sixteen clubs represented, that the contests were to be open to *resident* active members of clubs within the twenty miles limit of New York. This sentiment unfortunately was not embodied in the Constitution, the Association relying on the honor of the clubs to enter eligible teams. But the championship race became important, and club rivalry prompted one club to break the code by strengthening its team with two non-resident members. The club referred to is the Hudson County Wheelmen of Jersey City, who entered among its quartette, Messrs. Wilhelm of Reading, and Powell of Smithville. A protest was lodged against this team by the Elizabeth Wheelmen, and at a special meeting held at the New York Club house on October 29th to consider the matter, the protest was sustained by a vote of six to two. Consequently the H. C. W. were not represented. It was unfortunate that Stenken was thus prevented from having a brush with the fastest men in this vicinity.

It is said that George Gatehouse spent £500 last year, merely for the honor of obtaining a few prizes and a list of world's tri-cycle records.

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WAY DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

Rowe's recent records are on the lips of almost every wheelman you meet. His mile in 2:29 4-5 and his hour record of 22 miles and over. Opinion is divided as to which is the best man, Rowe or Hendee, all things being equal.

Your correspondent has heard one cyclist say that he "had money to say, that with a pacemaker for first half and third quarter in a mile race, that Hendee would do Rowe up," in other words, if neither had to set the pace, but a good fast pacemaker for the first half and a fresh one for third quarter, and they finish last quarter alone, that Hendee would prove the best man.

You give us the startling intelligence in your last issue, that *Recreation* pays James Purvis Bruce (this is the way he signs his name) the magnificent sum of "\$30,000 a year for the privilege of publishing his work." We thought there was a tie of some kind between the two, for it was *Recreation*; this and that and everything with him when here last.

By the way I will give you a little news item *in re* this same James Purvis Bruce. He arrived in our city on the bluffs, and made himself known at once, and stayed with the boys too, for he was the hardest man to "shake" I ever got hold of. The man was dressed in regular cowboy fashion, that is, pants stuffed in his boot legs, light colored slouch hat with leather band, spur on each boot, and attached to each spur one or more tiny bells, which reminded a fellow who he was with. On Sunday morning, prior to his departure that afternoon, he appeared on the street in this rig, and added to it, was a whip dangling at one side and a great big navy six eyed revolver at the other. He walked about a half square when a friendly cop pulled him in and escorted him to the station. He was released on his own recognition, the officials retaining his "pop" until the hour of his departure. He departed Westward. He was heard of in St. Louis and Chicago, but where he has gone or is going is unknown in these parts, and for that matter little thought of. He did not make a favorable impression on any of our wheelmen.

The club is again in bad luck. A disagreement between them and the base ball club has put the track business out of the question just now. New negotiations are being made and it is hoped that matters will be brought to a focus at an early date.

SOUTHERNER.

Memphis, Tenn., November 4, 1886.

The Kings County Wheelmen's team rather astonished the spectators at the Inter-club race. They drove up in a cab attired in silk tiles. When they reappeared from the dressing-rooms, they looked quite elegant. The four were dressed alike, in black close fitting material, with dark silk caps and glittering club emblems. They presented a striking contrast to the kaleidescopic costumes of the other riders, all of whom followed their own inclination, and produced combinations which proved many of them devoid of even a shred of good taste.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO.

The North wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the cyclist do then, poor thing?

Once again we are entering on the winter. Once again the long array of club dinners, socials, dances, and other festivities stares us in the face. We shall go to club dinners at inconvenient places and times. We shall eat the ordinary club dinner fare, and shall also take probably something to drink. We shall tell each and every the separate clubs all about the extreme gratification we feel at being present, and assure each and every the separate clubs that there is, in our humble opinion, no club like unto their club, and no set of officers approximately equal to their own in existence. And the clubs will cheer and pay us high compliments, and perhaps we shall believe one another. And ambitious and incapable young men will sing "The Midshipmite," "The Friar of Orders Grey," "The Anchor's Weighed," "The Death of Nelson," and similar new and original songs of sentiment. And young men who are equally ambitious and incapable in other directions will produce flutes and violins, upon which they will perpetrate ruffianisms which they and the chairman will describe as solos, selections and fantasias; will twangle on banjos as accompaniment to "What an Afternoon" and "Jim along Josey," and will wander along the piano-forte keyboard after "The Lost Chord." We know them all by this time, and can pick out at sight from a dinner or social crowd the different classes of "gentlemen who will oblige." The young man who habitually carries a sickly pallor and a great deal too much hair always recites "Phil Blood's Leap" and "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," with an accompaniment of frenzied gymnastics. He is dangerous to look at, but is perfectly harmless when not reciting, and his personal individuality would be annihilated if he were to have a week of square meals, with plenty of steak and onions and stout, and get his hair cut. The young man with the pimply face and surprising tie, who smokes a clay pipe and empties a pewter very often, is a funny man, and the pride and delight of a select circle of acquaintance. He comes out very strong in "Benjamin Binns" with a long night-shirt and lots of shuddering and eye-rolling. He is also much admired for his correct and artistic rendering of "What Cheer, 'Ria?" (with a print skirt and a feather in his billycock) while his classic impersonation of "The Marquis of Camberwell Green" is generally admitted to be inimitable. During the coming winter he will probably devote much of his attention to "They're all very fine and large" and "I did it." Now and then we shall also probably meet with a performer who *can* sing, play or recite, and our lot will be happier.—*Bicycling News*.

We have it that A. B. Rich will ride as a professional next year. Our authority is an esteemed contemporary. Another equally *c. c.* says that "Quilla" will ride a trike next year, and still another retires him altogether. We have also been told that A. B. Rich will devote all his efforts to bringing out his brother next year. These are about all the rumors we have heard, but anything later will be received with thanks.

The Ilderan Bi. Club inaugurated the winter social season last Saturday evening. At nine o'clock when the "entertainment was commenced there were about fifty wheelmen present. After an address of welcome by President Greenman, a long programme of vocal and instrumental music was gone through with, accompanied by salvos of applause. The club is in a flourishing condition, having over fifty members.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers will publish in a few days a book of interest to all cyclists, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell. The title is *Two Pilgrims' Progress from Fair Florence to the Eternal City of Rome*. Delivered under the similitude of a ride, wherein is discovered, the manner of their setting out, their dangerous journey, and safe arrival at the desired city. The book is embellished with twenty full page illustrations, and readers who followed the authors on their Pilgrimage from London to Canterbury will be eager to continue the journey.

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DO YOU WANT TO BUY A WHEEL? We have one that will suit you. Prices from \$15 up.

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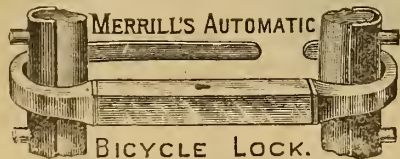
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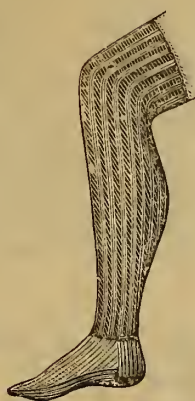
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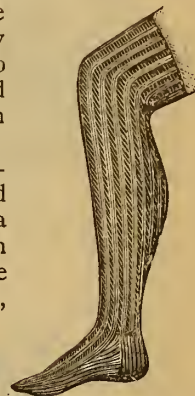
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