

# THE WHEEL.

*A Journal of Bicycling.*

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SCHUYLER & DUANE,  
Importers and Dealers in Bicycles,  
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## COLUMBIA BICYCLES.

*[Extract from Letter of Rev. O. P. Gifford, Pastor of Warren Ave. Baptist Church.]*

"BOSTON, October 20, 1881.

*'To the Christian Union—*

"Although a stranger to the Rev. Marcus D. Buell, I find my heart going out to him since reading his bicycle trip from New York to Boston. \* \* \* I want to bear testimony to the usefulness of the 'wheel' as a daily exercise. \* \* \* I came into possession of a 'STANDARD COLUMBIA' last Summer, learned to ride as soon as possible, and take a daily race about the suburbs of Boston. A morning spent in the study, the early afternoon in calling, tires both head and heart. As the sun slopes westward, I don my uniform, remount my steed, and for one or two hours turn my back on books and men. \* \* \* And now at home again, pores all open, flesh all aglow, blood bounding, head clear, stomach clamorous; and best of all, at night I learn the meaning of David's experience, 'laid me down and slept.'"

"Turn, turn my wheel, turn round and round,  
Without a pause, without a sound;  
So spins the flying world away."

"PHILADELPHIA, January 18, 1882.

"THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.

"Gentlemen.—During 1881, I rode a '56 SPECIAL COLUMBIA' of the earliest make. It carried me some 1500 miles and never broke. Having no other machine, I used it for both racing and road riding, taking it on the road wherever it was possible for a bicycle (and some places where it *wasn't*—decidedly), up and down 'curb-stones,' over cobbles and Belgians, good roads, and 'Chester County' roads, taking 'headers' unlimited; the machine carried me without even breaking a spoke, and is still doing good service in the hands of another Germantown man. I consider the 'SPECIAL COLUMBIA' one of the best machines made, and would trust it more than any machine I ever saw. Truly yours,

"GEO. D. GIDEON, *Germantown Bt. Club,*"

[It was on this machine that Mr. Gideon won the races against Wm. Woodside and L. H. Johnson.]

*Send 3 cent stamp for new, elegantly Illustrated 36-page Catalogue with Price Lists.*

**The Pope Manufacturing Co.,**  
**597 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.**

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## PICKINGS AND STEALINGS

Another Englishman gone wrong.

Did you go to the Hall the other evening.

It never rains but it pours. Probably our wheelmen thought so the night of the 20th.

Wm. J. Smith, Bristol Bi. Club, the amateur champion of America, has returned to Europe. We expect Gideon to show well to the front at the championship meeting.

The fizzle the other evening clearly shows that want of united action on the part of the clubs only leads to trouble. The entrusting the sole management of any entertainment to one man rather than a committee from each club, was of course a mistake which cannot now be rectified. There is hardly a wheelman who would not willingly have given the amount obtained by Revell rather than be placed in the extremely embarrassing position that many of our leading wheelmen were.

The date which has been fixed for the next wheelmen's *Reception* (this time) is Thursday evening, April 13th. It is to be hoped that the clubs will appoint as their delegate a man with some leisure and capacity for successfully conducting an affair. We are bound to make it a success this time, and we hope the similar entertainment to be given by the Kings County Wheelmen on Friday, March 17th, will be a success. The club has shown much energy and life since its organization, and deserves commendation for its enterprise.

James Revell paid a visit to the *Sunday Courier* office Saturday night, according to that paper, and made a statement among which was one to the effect that he had paid \$15 on account of printing. We did receive about that amount of money in small sums, but it was in payment of a balance due on the printing of the fifty-mile tournament. Revell received the money from Keen, and probably squandered it in his usual manner. To attempt to cover up his defalcation with a pack of lies is only adding insult to injury.

No less than eight Methodist clergymen of Boston and vicinity were at a bicycle riding-school one day recently, learning and practising together on the wheels. Two well-known Baptist ministers in this section are already experienced wheelmen.

The English papers have taken up the Keen-Vesey scandal, and now they will have another interesting bit of news to discuss. England's honor has not been well sustained here, and most of her bicyclists have not turned out well.

## THE BALL FIZZLE.

The wheelmen of New York are badly sold, and naturally indignant, but are obliged to acknowledge that it is their own fault, and they themselves are to blame. It surprises us to find that there were so many ready to trust a bicycling editor;—in future look out for them. The story is short but not sweet. About a month ago the idea of giving a "wheelmen's ball" originated in the fertile brain of one James Revell, who from his

connection with the *Sunday Courier* as bicycling editor, had acquired the friendship of a number of enterprising wheelmen. For two cents he purchased a sheet of foolscap (7) paper, and with an abundant amount of cheek, started out for subscriptions. He was successful in interesting a number of wheelmen in the scheme, and soon had fifty names on the list and about one hundred and twenty-five dollars pledged, which he in due time collected. Standard Hall, corner of Broadway and 42d street, was engaged, and a deposit of ten dollars paid. Revell repeatedly told us that he had paid \$35 on account of the hall, which would cost in all \$75. This is lie number one, as the price contracted for was \$60. He also engaged eight pieces from the Seventh Regiment Band, and claimed to have paid \$30 on account for their services, which constitutes lie number two. These are the main points which we mention, as they are directly contrary to his statement in the *Courier*. Tickets and orders of dancing were printed, and all went as "merry as a marriage bell." The 20th arrived, and all day long Revell was flying in and out of our office, making his final preparations. The League Badge, designed by Mr. C. F. Post, was taken up-town, and Revell made an appointment to meet us at 7 o'clock to obtain some flags to be used in the decorations. The time came and no Revell, so we went to the hall and found it closed. Presuming that he had been detained, we returned without suspecting anything, and did not go up again until nine o'clock. In the meantime the rain began to come down, and when we found the hall still closed the prospect was indeed dismal. Wheelmen began to arrive, and soon a small group of ten or twelve were gathered, and many were the inquiries for Revell. The band commenced to straggle along, and as they arrived promptly adjourned to a neighboring saloon. The janitor was hunted up, and explained that there was a balance of \$50 due on the hall, which Revell had gone up town to collect, promising to return at seven. At 9.15 he took the keys and went home. Carriages commenced to roll up, containing many wheelmen in uniform, accompanied by ladies, only to be turned away with the announcement that there would be no "ball this evening." At 9.30 Fred. Bruner arrived and said that Revell had seen him at seven, and said that unless he could raise the balance of \$50 the ball would fall through. Revell acknowledged that he had no money, and borrowed three dollars to get out of town, leaving his account books and receipts in Bruner's hands. This information created considerable excitement, and it was proposed to raise the money and open the ball at all hazards, but as no one cared to assume the entire responsibility, and many had already been turned away, the idea was dropped, and it was decided to postpone the affair.

A policeman was placed in charge, with instructions to inform people of the condition of affairs, and at half-past twelve reported that he had turned away over one hundred carriages. Wheelmen came from Yonkers, New Brunswick, Brooklyn, and had the affair gone through, it would certainly have been a great success.

James Revell, who sold himself and his reputation for such a small amount, is an Englishman, son of a respectable merchant of Oxford street, London. He came to this country about two years ago, and was employed by Wentworth Rollins as a riding teacher at the American Institute building. When the rink was broken up he earned his living by peddling small wares on the street. Through the influence of a wheelman he secured a situation as salesman for the house of Francis H. Leggett & Co., and remained there about two months. His next position was with the *Sunday Courier*, which he held up to the date of his departure for parts unknown. Revell has always been treated as a gentleman, and been assisted in more ways than one by New York men. While it is charitable to say that we do not think he intended a deliberate fraud, yet if he had only let the fact be known that the money was needed, the bicyclers would have willingly subscribed an amount sufficient to defray the necessary expenses. It is not the pecuniary loss which affects the wheelmen, but the social disgrace that they more keenly feel. The daily papers have done much to set the matter right, and the best we can do is to unite and make the proposed ball, or rather reception, a grand success.

James Revell is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and has rather prominent features, florid complexion, and brown hair and mus-



tache. He wears glasses, is a rather fluent talker, and one apt to make friends wherever he goes. We doubt if he ever appears in bicycling circles again, but it is just as well to warn our brother wheelmen to look out for such a character. He will doubtless be remembered as making an unsuccessful attempt to reach Boston in three days about the time of the League meet.

### INDIGNANT BICYCLERS.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT THAT CAME OF THE MISDEEDS OF A BALL TREASURER.

Next to being jilted there is nothing more unpleasant to humanity than to titivate with adorning care for a ball and then find that it is not coming off; for it is far worse to be thus treated than not to be bidden to the dance in the first place. But when a money consideration is expended for the privilege of partaking in Terpsichorean pursuits that are not to be the blow comes doubly hard. "Balls," said some authority on the subject, "are like tricks at euchre, if you don't take them in when you have a chance you never get them back." Thus thought, no doubt, the 125 victims who subscribed \$1 each for tickets to the Wheelmen's Ball, which was to have taken place last Monday evening at Standard Hall, but through the mysterious disappearance of Mr. James Revell, treasurer and manager, was prevented from being recorded as an event of the season. But although the New York bicyclers are accustomed to take headers on the road they do not propose to lose their seat in polite society simply because an English professor of the art was ill-mannered enough to decamp with their funds and leave them in the lurch. Therefore an indignation meeting was called last evening at the Riding Hall, in Thirty-fourth street, to discuss the disgraceful termination of their proposed ball and the embarrassing position in which they were placed through the conduct of the said James Revell and to make investigation into the matter. The call was signed by Randolph Hurry, president Manhattan Bicycle Club; W. M. Wright, captain Mercury Bicycle Club; Howard Conkling, New York Bicycle Club; H. J. S. Hall, secretary Lennox Bicycle Club; W. F. Gullin, captain Brooklyn Bicycle Club; George T. Brown, president Kings County Wheelmen; Fred. Jenkins, editor of THE WHEEL, and representatives of other clubs.

All bicyclers were earnestly requested to be present, and eight o'clock P.M. was the hour named to become indignant, but it was a quarter to nine before the meeting was called to order by Mr. Jenkins, and then only a score of men were present. Mr. Randolph Hurry was elected chairman. He said:—"The object of the meeting was to ignore the fiasco and to censure Revell for his misdeeds." Several penitient epistles from Revell were read, all promising to make restitution. They were prolific with postscripts requesting to be let off in the newspapers. To the chairman of the meeting he addressed a letter saying that he had only collected \$57 in all, and that he had made payments on account of the hall and the printing; Mr. Jenkins said this statement was untrue. The Chair was then directed to appoint a committee of three to proceed legally against Revell, with power to take up a subscription to defray expenses. The whereabouts of Revell, however, seemed to be a problem, and one indignant gentleman said that nothing had been seen of him since the afternoon of the day of the ball, when he appeared to be composed, and the only thing which seemed to worry him was whether he should attend the ball in uniform or in full dress. Finally it was agreed to hold a reception on April 13, to be managed by a committee from each of the New York and Brooklyn bicycle clubs. The meeting then adjourned.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### KENTUCKY ROADS.

It may surprise some of your readers to hear that Kentucky has any roads; but it is a fact, nevertheless, and they are not all mud lanes and rugged bridle paths, although on one of my trips I strayed into a bridal path—finest road I ever travelled—and I would advise all other wheel travellers to follow Bro. W.

and myself. But to return. I have seen no statistics on the subject, but I suppose this State has as many pikes for its size as any other State in the Union; and they are (all that I have seen), very fair specimens of roads. The majority of them are Macadamized—our bountiful supplies of limestone rendering it an easy matter—although in some localities there are gravel roads which afford magnificent riding, except, of course, shortly after they have had a new coat of gravel.

As Louisville would be the probable place a stranger would find himself in if he were on a tour through Kentucky, I shall begin there. And while I am about it, I might as well say, if you will let your presence and your desire be known, the bicyclers of that city will see that you try their best roads in the vicinity, and very likely there will be little difficulty in securing company for an extended tour. Of course, every stranger will want to see the famous Blue Grass region of this State, and to do that you must leave Louisville on the Frankfort pike. I have not been over the first twenty or twenty-five miles of it, but I understand that the first fourteen miles consists of a very fine Macadamized road, with very few grades worthy the name hill. From there to Simpsonville, say ten miles, I know nothing; but as it is the State pike between the capitol and the metropolis, and as some of the Louisville men frequently ride up there and back Sundays, I presume it is not bad at least. From Simpsonville to Shelbyville, eight miles, the pike is very good; although there are plenty of hills, none of them are too steep or too long not to be ridden. This little town of some three thousand inhabitants is, or has been, quite noted for its educational advantages for young ladies; Mrs. Julia A. Tevis was at the head of Science Hill for over fifty years, and has graduated several thousand young ladies; but the part most interesting to the average bicyclist is, that there may be found some hundreds or so young ladies there *now*, and you know a graceful bicyclist is not an unattractive kind of an animal to the average young lady. He only has one successful rival, and that is a brass-buttoned, gold-corded, gilt-edged cadet from the Ky. Milit. Inst. That is where I found my destiny, and I don't know whether to attribute my good luck to the brass buttons or to the wheel. Hint: put brass buttons on a blue coat, and a gold cord down the outside seam of your pantaloons; you will find it a regular passport anywhere within one hundred miles of the capitol. I started out to tell you about the roads, but I know you will pardon the above digression, because a tour doesn't amount to a row of beans (Boston baked), without you know just where to find the pretty girls, and—soda (two doors below the Armstrong Hotel). By the way, if you chance to be hungry when you arrive there (and when is a bicyclist not ready to eat?) try the above-named hotel for a "square meal" for fifty cents.

But it is time we were going if we wish to reach Frankfort before dark; so mount your wheel and away we go. The surface of the road continues fine, and it is not so hilly for a few miles. There is one stretch, just a mile or two from town, that is especially fine, but it only lasts for a few miles. Then we strike Jordan's hill; in the direction we are going it affords us over a mile of fine coasting, and then the average hill road sets in again. Six miles out you pass through Clayville—just large enough to contain a soda fountain—(on the right, small frame); six miles further we come to Hardinsville ("pump off" to the right), and five miles further we come to Bridgeport. Now it is only five miles further to Frankfort, but I should rather you would branch off to the right for four miles, and come and see me. Always glad to see a bicyclist; any one can tell you where to find the Institute, and then if I do not meet you before you get there, I am easily found. The branch pike is rather rough, but not very hilly. From here to Frankfort (six miles) is one of the finest and best pikes in the State, nearly all down grade, too; but not too too. The pike from Bridgeport—supposing we did not branch off—is tolerably hilly, but we have a glorious coast of nearly or quite a mile, the last of our journey for the day. Cross the bridge and go to *Buhr's Hotel*; it is only a year old, but it discounts anything in Frankfort; meals, fifty cents, and worth it; bed the same. Now, while you are enjoying a good sleep, I'll plan your trip for the morrow and describe it for a future number of THE WHEEL.

CAPT. C. W. F.



# THE WHEEL.

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FRED JENKINS - - - - - *Editor and Publisher*  
JULIUS WILCOX . . . . . *Associate Editor.*

187 Broadway, Room 12, New York.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

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## THE SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND LIP.

Among the haters of the wheel, there may have been some grins of exultation when they read in the daily papers of the ball that did not come off, because it was "off," and the discreditable reason why. Mr. James Revell disappeared with the funds collected, and left the whole affair in the lurch—that is the whole of it. The ball will, however, be held—there is money enough and spirit enough amongst wheelmen here to make sure of that. The unpleasant experience will doubtless be so turned to account that the men trusted hereafter will have more solid claims to trustworthiness. If nobody had ever been made victims of misplaced confidence before, this might be cited as proof that the bicyclist is too innocent.

A victim said to the writer, since the event, that he never knew a professional in any line of sport who was not a fraud. But this is too sweeping. There are black sheep in every flock. That Mr. James Revell is, or professes to be, an Englishman, moreover, should never be mentioned in any sneering way. We do not need to import characterless adventurers, for the home production is quite ample; no nation has a monopoly in knavery, and if our national richness draws hither a full line of *ci-devant* nobility and of the bogus in general, we must expect to receive some dirty scum with the valuable.

A well-known speaker at a recent wheelmen's dinner emphasized the masonry of the wheel by saying that it gave the rider the stamp of manhood and that he would trust him with his purse, or words to that effect. This is a pretty sentiment, for festive occasions; but it is not good coin outside. It is just as well for us to remember that a man's nature is not changed by mounting the wheel, but is only just to take plain note of the fact that misbehaving wheelmen are the rare exceptions. A bogus Lacy Hillier makes larceny of an honorable name to practice larceny with; he may not be a wheelman at all, and if he is he only proves the rule that wheelmen are a manly class in every respect. The drunkard, rowdy, or loafer on a bicycle would be no more a physical than a moral incompatibility. Of course, some Paget on the bench vents his own spite, or some Commissioner Lane encounters "overgrown boys;" the class is to be judged, not the exceptions, when generalization is made. Take the class in any country where the wheel rolls on its way round the globe and riders of it are law-abiding and gentlemanly.

J. W.

## HOW THE THREE-WHEELER ROLLS.

New firms and corporations continue entering the field as bicycle makers in England, but the progress of tricycling is the most marked phenomenon of the season, new makers, new styles, and new riders being multiplied on every hand. It is in the three-wheel line that the greatest improvements have been made since last summer, as evidenced at the Stanley Show just concluded. This extraordinary increase of supply has not been without its demand, for riding as well as manufacturing has made swift progress. Some account of the progress the bicycle has made in journalism has been already given; the second "Indispensable" has now appeared in the form of the "Tricyclist's Vade Mecum," issued by the *Tricycling Journal*, from which it appears that the first club for the three-wheeler was the London Tricycle Society, started May 3d, 1878, by eight ladies in the West of London. Probably one reason why this club did not long survive was, that it excluded males; then there was no more club known in this field until the well-known Finchley and the London were founded, early in 1880. Those two now number 45 and 50 members; there are now 20 clubs in the list, besides 7 bicycle clubs that have "taken in" the trike. The out-and-out trike clubs whose membership is stated number about 325; but probably the number of unattached thus far is proportionately larger than in case of the bike. And for riding records in 1881, how are these:—

Distance.	No. days.	Distance.	No. days.
547 . . . . .	47	1,759 . . . . .	215
856 . . . . .	58	2,136 . . . . .	—
1,067 . . . . .	82	2,314 . . . . .	160
1,328 . . . . .	112	2,386 . . . . .	145
1,516 . . . . .	123	2,557 . . . . .	157
1,715 . . . . .	215	4,057 . . . . .	146
1,754 . . . . .	76	12,635 . . . . .	233

A record is also published of 245 miles for a lady (married) and of the longest ride in one day, 154 miles in 22 hours. The 12,635 miles has elicited some scoffing, but it is defended by several correspondents who say they know the man and his performances well. He is agent of an industrial insurance company, and rides for business; is a member of the West Kensington Club; is said to have five machines in use, "and often after being in the saddle from before 8 a.m. until 6 p.m., he will join in a club run of 10 or 15 miles!"

A number of riders have also been found for the trike among the nobility, and it is also patronized by royalty. Long ago machines were sent out to potentates in India, and one (intended for the East) was sent—to the bottom of the Red Sea, where Pharoah and his host are putting it to excellent use, the bottom under that piece of water being known to be of excellent smoothness. Several trikes are used by H. M. Victoria herself and her family; Messrs. Starley & Sutton had their turn at distinguished orders last summer; Singer & Co. were delighted recently by an order for two machines for the daughters of the Princess of Wales; the Prince himself has ordered a Cheylesmore for his own use; and now Hillman, Herbert & Cooper have made a "Premier" for H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Teck, and one for the Khedive of Egypt. The Czar of Russia, and the ex-Empress Eugenie, have also given orders recently. This shows how the fashion is setting, and it means a fresh impulse for the three wheeler.

Another interesting feature is the great spread of the "Sociable," of which there are now about twenty patterns offered,



against nine or ten last season. Several clubs, either in the club capacity or by combination of several members, have gone in for a joint ownership, and machines are dubbed "Atalanta 'bus," "Hammersmith 'bus," etc. Mr. Nairn, of the 'Cyclist,' is to be credited with aiding this use of a "double," for no sooner had he invested in one and invited the best known "pedal-pushers," one after another, to take a seat, than the new sensation was pronounced so delightful that each man dismounted with the determination that he positively must have a machine for himself. Here is Mr. Nairn's latest testimony on double trikes, which the writer ventures to quote from a private letter:—"To my mind, they in everything except pace exceed the bi-cycle, and are far above single, because not only can you have "companionship thereon, but such can be of the other sex (hear! hear!! her!!), and embrace (ah!) friends (oh!!) who "have never ridden before. Down hill, the feeling is one of "perfect security, and although the work may be harder than "bicycling, the absence of strain on the mind to keep the thing "on end over rough roads or in the dark counter-balances that. "It is much easier than single tricycling." (Memo.: Mr. Nairn is not responsible for the ejaculations above, which could not be repressed.)

The fact is that the early velocipede, or three-wheeler, was so eclipsed by the bike—which is now pleasantly distinguished as "the narrow-guager"—that it fell out of mind and was set down as a necessarily clumsy and antediluvian affair. But it has been again taken up, and having had improvements lavished on it, is now almost as much ahead of and unlike the old tricycle of 1878 as the bicycle to-day is ahead of the bone-shaker of 1868. The season of 1880, and that of 1881 still more, has "delivered" the trike, proving that it is safe, easy, useful, good-looking, and that it has no mean speed. It is on the tricycle that ingenuity has been chiefly expended during the past year, and, having been far in the rear, it is the tricycle that is now making the greatest progress. The average wheelman here who scoffs at it is simply not up to the mark in point of information.

What is its future? There are those—not a mere handful, either—who unhesitatingly say it is the coming machine, and will take the majority place. But this is probably going too far. It does already lead the bicycle in everything but pace and ease of running, and all the changes thus far are in the direction of approximating it more nearly to the "one-tracker" in these important respects. But however this approximation may be carried on, the difference cannot be quite obliterated; the differences in construction are essential, and it will always be impossible to secure all the ease and speed of the bicycle for anything else than the bicycle—the two types will each retain its distinctive advantages. Still, as Time forgets nobody, the day will come to every bicycle rider when he must contemplate the necessity of pushing some other style of pedal. He may use a "safety bicycle" as a stop-gap for a while,—and here the writer wishes to express his firm belief that there is much more than is commonly thought in the somewhat despised safety bicycle, and that *that* type is also destined to come very much nearer the fore than it now is—but will he not take the trike in his turn? If we remember that there are at least 150,000 bicycles now ridden by men who may be classed as "young" in this sense, that they do not as yet feel a diminution of physical power by age creeping on them, it is easy to see that within a dozen years for many of these it must be the tricycle or no-

thing. Hence, the three-wheeler is secure of its place and its large constituency, and we may be thankful for its immense strides in development. Do not overlook, also, this significant fact: in this half-roadless country of ours the tricycle will be one of the most effective messengers to preach the gospel of good roads.

J. W.

#### SOME BOSTON BEANS.

The hungry look which, for the week prior to last Monday and Tuesday, has been so common on the countenances of the average Boston and Massachusetts man, now gives place to that of repletion, for both of these clubs have just been indulging in their annual blow out.

The Bostons held their 4th annual meeting for election of officers for the ensuing year at "Young's," Monday evening, February 6th. Pest. Pratt, Secy. Dean, and Capt. Hodges were re-elected. The only changes in the other officers was the election of Mr. W. B. Everett as second lieutenant and the appointment of Mr. G. B. Woodard as treasurer, which, by the way, is a new office. The present membership is 124—52 active, 1 honorary, and 66 associate members. The financial condition was most satisfactory and was balm to the souls of the timid ones who feared for the success of the bold move made by the club recently.

At eight o'clock the serious business being disposed of, the guests and members to the number of 75, filed into the dining-room and the way in which the boys tucked away provender showed that their appetites had not failed even if the condition of the roads prohibited riding just now. The prominent guests of the club were His Honor Mayor Green, Chairman Walker of the Police Commissioners, Councilman Parkman, City Medical Examiner Harris, Rev. Dr. Weston, and the Presidents of the Massachusetts, Providence and Aeolus Clubs. Each of these gentlemen made pleasing response to the calls to be heard, as also did W. E. Gilman of the *World*, and on behalf of the associates, Ex-Collector of Port Simmons, and Messrs. Meehan and Curtis responded. I wish I had the ability, time and place to reproduce all the good things said, but I have not. At about 1 A.M. the party broke up, each and every one left delighted at the success of the affair.

The Massachusetts annual meeting took place at headquarters Tuesday evening; the principal change in officers was caused by the absolute declination of post of Captain by Mr. Pope. The election of Mr. Shillaber to fill this important office was a first-class one. The club has 60 members and has a road record for the current year of over 31,000 miles.

After the business meeting and election the club adjourned to the "Vendome," and there had the annual refreshment of the inner man, the guests were the principal officers of the leading city clubs and vicinity; the affair went off with *eclat* and the only feeling of regret was, that twelve months would have to elapse before they could do so some more.

The Crescent men have given another one of those delightful parties, so you will see that the fraternity in Boston are putting the non-wheeling months to some account.

It would seem that the visit of Oscar to Boston is not to be without results; certain of our men already begin to show signs of fruition; the outgrowth of the teachings of the apostle of the "too, too." There is a decided tendency of some of our citizens to become "limp and to cling"—to lamp-posts. Noticing this evidence of awakening to the proper ideal of art, on my way home the other night, I called attention to this fact to my companion, but he in his vulgar inappreciation of the beautiful, declared these symptoms were those of "alcoholism," but then you know he is a beast and a brute.

Among our club men there is a decided leaning toward long hair and stained glass "attitoods." Capt. Hodges takes the bakery on the long hair business, while William Bernhardt, Esq., rather scoops 'em on the pose, but not far behind him comes Capt. Shillaber, of the Massachusetts, and Nichols. Thayer and Dalton, of the Bostons, all these men are getting the posture racket down fine.

W. Bernhardt is also assiduously practicing the lady Jane song, in which he assures us that, "fading is the taper waist,



and further asserts that he is stouter than he used to be," &c., some of the boys (who, I am sorry to say, have none of the Florentine 14th century style about 'em, in fact they are strongly tintured with a South Boston 19th century flavor), say "they can't see it," but then they are scoffers, they are not humble apostles of the alter. Instead of thinking of fair lillies, these carnal men prefer to dream of dutch cheese and lager.

HANDY ANDY.

### WHEEL RACES.

The third annual winter meeting of the Manhattan Athletic Club was well attended last Thursday evening at the Madison Square Garden. Quite a number of wheelmen assembled to witness the mile handicap for which eight aspirants for the rather handsome medals were entered. Louis Stearns, scratch, A. F. Camacho, M. A. C., H. O. Tallmadge, Yonkers Bi. C. and E. C. Hunt, N. Y. City, at the 100-yard mark started. Stearns was protested on account of having ridden in the recent fifty-mile race, which, not being sanctioned by the N.A.A.A., excludes him from all races given by Athletic Clubs under the recent rules. The track was very narrow with sharp corners and presented a worse riding surface than a cobbled street. A bicycle race should never have been one of the events. At the pistol fire the men commenced to "bob up serenely" and all went well enough until the second lap, when Camacho collided with Tallmadge, breaking four spokes of his wheel and spraining his knee. Tallmadge pluckily remounted, and although badly cut about the chest, finished the race. Stearns soon overhauled the remaining man. Hunt, and crossed the line in the very slow time of 4 m. 50 s.

### FROM THE CLUBS

*[Secretaries of clubs are invited to contribute to this column any items of general information and interest, and to send in their reports as early as possible, to insure proper classification.]*

SYRACUSE.—At a meeting of the Syracuse Bicycle Club, Friday evening, February 24th, 1882, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. W. Barden. Secretary and Treasurer, Will. H. Olmsted; Captain, Eugene McCarthy; Lieutenant, D. Cady Gere; Bugler, Jas. C. Collin. The club will have a new uniform and new headquarters this season, and the outlook for the coming summer is the best. The members will gladly welcome any visiting wheelmen who may give them a call, and will try to make their stay in Salt City interesting.

QUAKER CITY NOTES.—Ex-Captain Pennell, of the Germantown Club, is spending the winter in New Orleans hard at work for *The Century* magazine. The illustrations of "Rambles Through Old Philadelphia" are from his pencil.

Some talk is heard of a bicycle "tournament" similar to the one given by Mr. H. B. Hart of the Philadelphia Club some two years ago. Whether it will come to anything in this "overgrown village" is an equine of a vastly different illumination.

Powell of "Gtn." has a patent—a come-off-quick-won't-catch-your-legs-in-the-handles-head. In correspondence with a prominent Boston racing man he received an epistle, part of which was to the following effect: "Don't appreciate your reference to 'headers.' We Boston men don't understand the term." Could we but take the Boston men over a few of our Belgians and cobbles we think the term might probably be sufficiently elucidated—perhaps more to our satisfaction than theirs.

Ah! Why is a bicycle so æsthetic also? Eh! Give it up. Because its wheels are just two, too.

Quite a number of Philadelphia Biklers have joined the Y.M. C. A. Gymnasium, and appear to be keeping up their muscle for the spring riding. They have right jolly times over the "tug of war." Among the number are one or two old staggers of the Phila. Messrs. Wright, Beck, Harris, Gideon, Williams, Kerr and others of the Germantown. Messrs. Miller and Crawford of the Frankford, and a few unattached, including a son of Attorney-General Brewster.

Hart's Columbia Riding School continues to attract the crowd on he evenings it is open. Some green hands are always at work breaking up machines and giving "valuable hints" to old riders. Hart himself is the same jovial wheelman that he used to be. Out-door riding is not. Even the Belgian blocks are covered with four inches of slimy mud, so we are living in hope until the spring.

DIG.

### A VOTE OF THANKS.

In the hurry and excitement attendant to the "Indignation Meeting" last Friday, the Wheelmen present omitted to extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Elliott Mason, for his courtesy in extending to us the use of the Hall for the meeting. As many have expressed regret at the oversight, I therefore take this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Mason for his kindness, in the name of the "Wheelmen of New York."

Fraternally yours,  
FRED. JENKINS.

February 25, '82.

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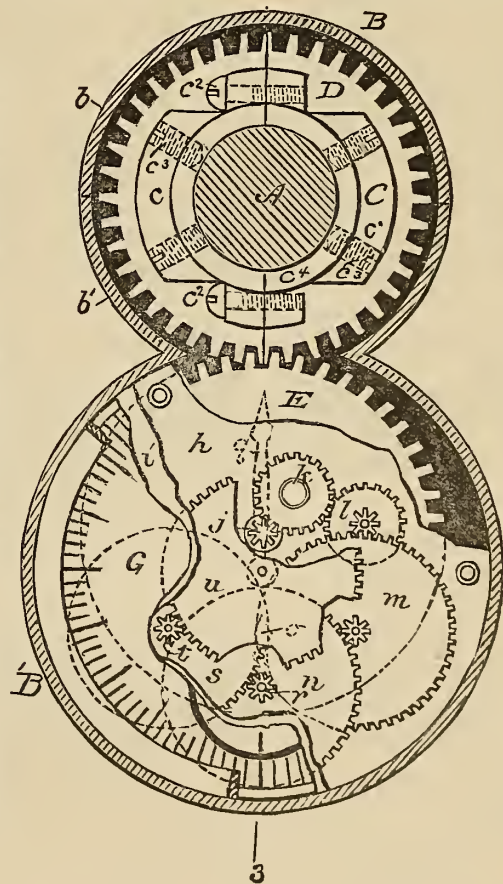
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