

THE WHEELER'S GAZETTE.

A JOURNAL OF CYCLING.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

PRESS OF SPRINGFIELD PRINTING COMPANY.

VOL. I.—NO. 2.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MAY, 1886.

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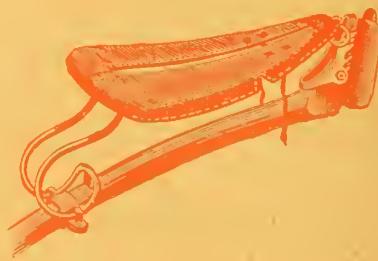
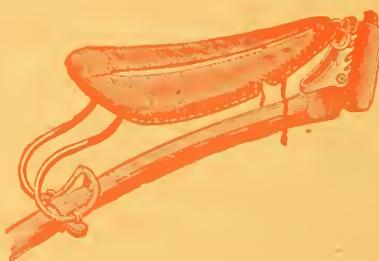
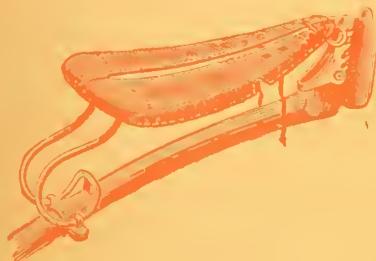
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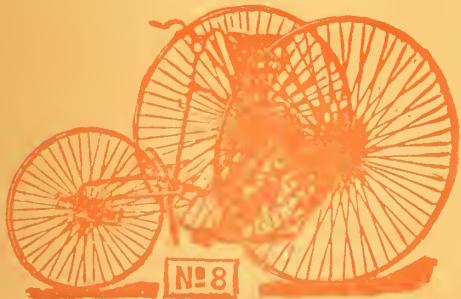
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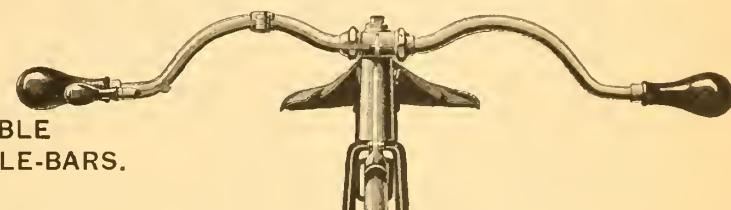
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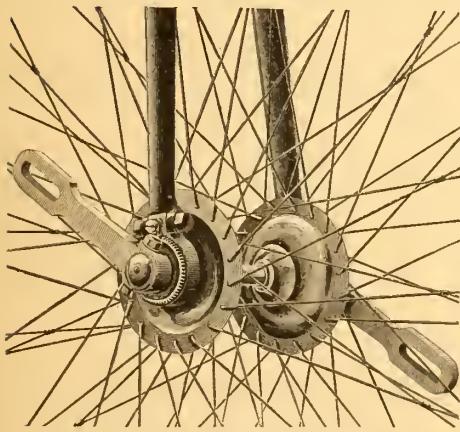
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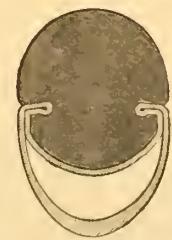
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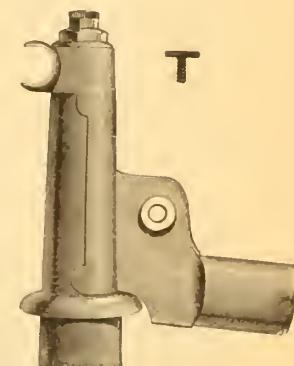


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—HENRY STURMEY, in *The Cyclist*, April 14, 1886.

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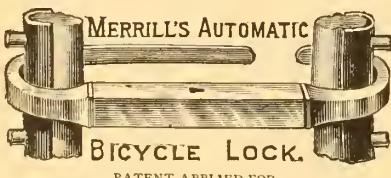
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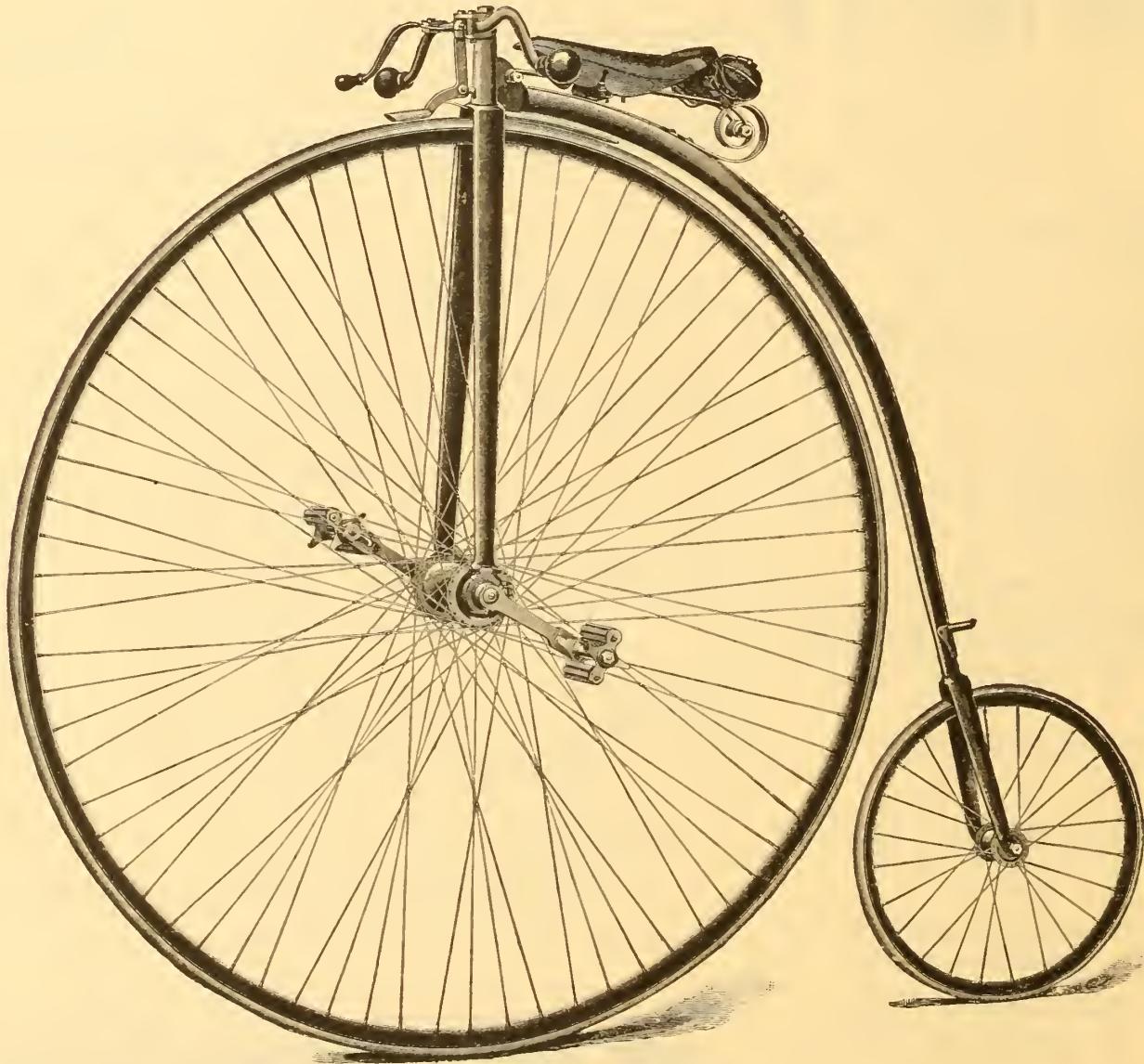
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—THE— WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. A JOURNAL OF CYCLING. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MAY, 1886.

NO. 2.

The Wheelmen's Gazette.

Terms of Subscription.

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HENRY E. DUCKER, Editor and Manager.

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Entered at the Post-Office, Springfield, Mass., as Second-class Matter.

FACTS VS. FICTION.

THE BOLD GAME OF THE RACING BOARD EXPOSED, OR, HOW INNOCENT MEN ARE AIJUDGED GUILTY OF PROFESSIONALISM.

Having criticised the recent action of the Racing Board in expelling certain men from the amateur path and from membership in the L. A. W. without good and sufficient reason, our motive has been called in question; but our readers may rest assured that it was a simple one, the desire for justice. We believe in fair play and will not uphold the League nor its Board in any unjust measure which affects its members. We say unjust, because our former position on the Racing Board placed us in position to know whereof we speak. As the transactions of the Board were of an official nature, we did not feel at liberty to use them, but, thanks to Chairman Bassett, the way is open, for by a breach of faith, or, in other words, the publication by him of what should have remained the secrets of the Board, we feel at liberty to state a few facts, and to show the public how lame are the causes for which the racing men were expelled. We print the following article which appeared in the *Cycle* of May 7, and from its nature must have been written by the Chairman of the Board. The *Cycle* says:—

The Springfield club requests that specific charges be made in the cases of some of its members who have been declared professionals by the Racing Board. The Board having disposed of the cases refuses to furnish specific charges; but it may be worth the while to state that proceedings were instituted against two of these men on the basis of a document furnished the Board, and signed by the president of the Springfield club.

Yes, the Springfield club did make a demand upon the League for specific charges. Why? Because the president knew how flimsy they were, and that the Racing Board or the officers of the League *dared not publish them*. The club made the following demand, April 20, one copy being sent to President Beckwith, and one to Secretary Aaron. Up to date, May 17, we have not so much as received an acknowledgment of said letter, which, to say the least, is not courteous treatment to a club composed of eighty active members.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 20, 1886.

Dr. N. M. Beckwith, President L. A. W.:

DEAR SIR,—By the recent action of the Racing Board L. A. W., three of our members—A. O. McGarrett, Geo. M.

Hendee, and F. W. Westervelt—have been deprived of their League membership and privileges. Such action necessitates either the expulsion of the gentlemen named from our club or the withdrawal as a body from League membership, should we still desire to retain these gentlemen.

At a meeting of our members held this evening it was voted that an expression of our sentiments be sent both to yourself and to Secretary Aaron, in which should be made an avowal of our loyalty to the L. A. W. and a protest against the action of the Racing Board.

As Messrs. McGarrett, Hendee, and Westervelt have been expelled from the L. A. W. for failure to reply to certain charges against their amateur standing made to the Racing Board, we have this day suspended these men from active membership pending investigation of the charges preferred by the Racing Board. It is our firm belief that our suspected members have had no *specific* charges made against their amateur standing, and we deem the action of the Racing Board most unjust, inasmuch as the failure to answer certain questions does not carry with it the verdict of guilty. We desire to indorse the L. A. W. and its policy as long as it appears to be wise and just, but we beg the privilege of protesting against any such method of proceeding as the Racing Board has adopted—that of accusing a man of violation of certain rules, then requesting him to prove his innocence. We feel that a more just position to assume would be to prefer specific charges, with proof of same, and request that innocence then be proven.

We therefore, Mr. President, respectfully request that we be furnished with a copy of such charges or protests as may have been lodged against Messrs. McGarrett, Hendee, and Westervelt, that we may act understandingly in the matter, and not expel without good and sufficient reasons for so doing, men whose membership we value.

SPRINGFIELD BICYCLE CLUB,
SANFORD LAWTON, Secretary.

Our failure to receive a reply from the League, coupled with the statement of the chairman of the Racing Board, that the members were expelled upon evidence furnished by Mr. Ducker, as president of the Springfield Bicycle Club, places that gentleman in a rather unpleasant light, unless the other side of the case is presented. A statement of the mode in which the Board transacts its business is necessary to a thorough understanding of the case. During Mr. Ducker's membership of the Board *all* cases except the wholesale expulsion of the past month were transacted as follows: A sent a protest to the chairman of the Board stating that B raced at some county fair, or other charges which would make him a professional. The chairman immediately forwarded the protest to Mr. Ducker, who proceeded to investigate the case by writing letters to B, stating the protest and asking for proof of his innocence; also writing A to substantiate his charges. When the evidence was all in, the whole was pinned together and sent to the chairman with a report as to the finding and such recommendations as Mr. Ducker might suggest. The whole was then submitted to the Board for action. After the members of the Board had voted, the chairman reported his findings in the *Bulletin*. This was just as it should be, and according to the rules laid down for the guidance of the Racing Board.

The recent action of the Board was not only unjust, but it was unconstitutional, as is plainly shown by an article of the Constitution of the League, which we here give:—

It shall be their duty to make inquiry regarding any wheelman whose amateur status is questioned, and all protests or charges shall be entered with the chairman of that Board, who will provide for an investigation by a member or members of that Board. Suspicious circumstances, which are, in the judgment of any member of the Board, sufficient to make the status of any wheelman a matter of reasonable doubt, shall be the basis of an investigation in the absence of formal protests or charges. The member or members to whom the work of investigation is assigned shall immediately communicate with the party under suspicion, either in person or by registered letter, lay all charges before him, or set forth the circumstances which lead to a reasonable doubt, and call for an answer to the charges or a removal of the reasonable doubt. Silence and failure to reply to charges presented within thirty days will be considered an admission of guilt. If the charges are proved, or the reasonable doubt is not removed, it shall be the duty of the chairman to report the findings in the official organ, declaring the party a professional, and warning all amateurs not to compete with him; and such official declaration shall carry with it expulsion from the League if the person concerned is a member thereof.

Can any one tell why the above article was not lived up to by the Board? We are inclined to the belief that Chairman Bassett in his zeal to carry out the rules of the League forgot himself, and went so far as not even to consult his fellow members. According to his own statement, the line of action was adopted upon the approval of the Executive Committee—Dr. N. M. Beckwith, Stephen Terry, and T. J. Kirkpatrick—not the Racing Board. But the Executive Committee, it seems, are responsible for the unjust action of the Chairman of the Board. The history of the proceedings is as follows:—

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

RACING BOARD.

ABBOT BASSETT, Chairman.

Private Work.

H. E. Ducker, Esq.:

BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1886.

DEAR SIR,—Please prepare for me at your earliest convenience a list of racing men in your district, whose amateur status is in doubt. Prepare the list as follows:

A. Under A give me a list of those whom you may suspect of having received money for racing, either in the way of salary, gift, or direct payment, and give the name of the parties from whom you have good reason to suppose the money came.

B. Under B give me a list of those whom you may suspect of having received money to pay hotel and traveling expenses, either from club or manufacturer, and give the name of the parties from whom you have good reason to suppose the money came. Let the list reach me not later than February 15.

Fraternally, A. BASSETT.

Give P. O. addresses of all parties.

Believing that there was a cat in the meal somewhere, Henry E. Ducker, thinking not to make a scape-goat of one or two, but to have a chance to investigate the standing of all the racing men in the New England District, sent in the following reply:—

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

RACING BOARD.

ABBOT BASSETT, Chairman.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 9, 1886.

Abbot Bassett, Esq.,

Chairman Racing Board:

DEAR SIR,—I send you a list, as I think, only not for publication, in reply to yours of 31st ult.

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 H. D. Corey (*a*), Stoddard, Lovering & Co.
 Yours truly,

HENRY E. DUCKER.

Such is the protest, but the chance to investigate never came, and upon the strength of the above, so the Chairman of the Racing Board says, the men were expelled. Will the members of the League stand by and see such injustice done? We fancy not, and we trust that at the coming meeting they will be free to express their disapproval of the Board's action.

After mailing the above, Mr. Ducker instituted an investigation of some of the above men, and can under oath prove that those investigated are innocent of any of the Chairman's charges, while one of the very men the Board has reinstated—Mr. Ducker has it from his employer—was paid to race, and had Mr. Ducker been given the chance according to the rules, he would have produced the evidence.

Mr. Ducker's resignation from the Board has been attributed to various reasons, mostly to his interest in the tournament, which is not the case, for if he had had the best interest of the tournament at heart, he would have worked with a will to keep these men in the professional ranks, as what would draw better than a race between, we will say, Howell, Wood, Hendee, Rowe, and others? Mr. Ducker resigned because as president of the Springfield Bicycle Club and member of the Board a conflict of opinion was liable to arise, and, again, how could he, knowing the facts in the case, remain in the club and see its members abused? Even had he not been a member of the club, it would have made no difference as to his resignation, for he does not believe that the chairman of any committee should take any such important action without consulting the members of said committee. The first intimation which Mr. Ducker had of the proceedings was on the morning of Monday, March 8, when Mr. Winans called upon him with these insulting circulars, asking for information concerning them. Mr. Ducker's first official notification of the proceeding was learned on Tuesday, March 9, and is as follows:—

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

RACING BOARD.

ABBOT BASSETT, Chairman.

BOSTON, March 8, 1886.

H. E. Ducker, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I have this day suspended from the race track in America a very large number of wheelmen on charges of professionalism and on the charge that they have violated Rule H. You will find the list in the *Bulletin* and the *World* of the present week. I send you a set of blanks which I have used and I think they will explain themselves. I have placed upon them (the riders) the burden of proof. Within a short time I shall have to lay before you very many cases wherein I shall recommend suspension from the track of all who cannot remove the doubts existing. I have filled in the blanks of A and D with the names of makers from whom I demand they shall furnish me certificates. The Racing Board will be severely criticised, but I hope we shall stand shoulder to shoulder. I have taken the course I have pursued after a consultation with the Executive Committee of the League, and they have cordially endorsed my plan, and encouraged me to proceed with it.

Fraternally yours,

A. BASSETT.

The circulars are four in number, the chief points of each being as follows:—

[FORM A.]

You are hereby notified that the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen is in the possession of evidence which makes your status as an amateur wheelman under its rules a matter of reasonable doubt.

It is charged that you have received for engaging in the sport of cycling, and more especially for riding a particular make of bicycle or tricycle, money gifts or benefits from the following persons or firms, or their agents:

Enclosed find certificates which the Racing Board requires you to return with the signatures of the parties specified thereon.

Please find also a blank certificate which you are requested to sign, if the statements therein are true, and return to me.

ABBOT BASSETT,
Chairman Racing Board L. A. W.

In view of the protest made by Mr. Ducker under date of February 3, was a more bare-faced misconstruction ever made in print than the statement of the Chairman of the Racing Board that the evidence upon which two of the members of the Springfield Bicycle Club were expelled was furnished by Mr. Ducker? Yet the only letter Mr. Bassett has from him on the subject is the one printed herewith. The above circular, "Form A," was signed by Mr. Bassett as Chairman of the Racing Board, but as a member of the Board having a knowledge of its action at that time, Mr. Ducker wishes to clear his skirts.

[FORM D.]

You are hereby notified that the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen is in the possession of evidence of your infraction of Rule H of the Racing Board. A reasonable doubt of your innocence exists, and you are requested to take the steps necessary to remove it by furnishing to the Racing Board such certificates, signed by you and others, as the Board may demand.

It is charged that the following persons, or their agents, have paid your hotel bills, railroad fares, or board bills, or have, directly or indirectly, wholly or in part, contributed towards the payment of your living or traveling expenses while you have been engaged in the sport of cycling, or traveling to and from race meetings:—

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Enclosed find certificates which the Racing Board requires you to return with the signatures of the parties specified thereon.

A blank certificate is also enclosed, which you will please sign if the statements contained therein are true, and return the same to me.

ABBOT BASSETT,
Chairman Racing Board L. A. W.

Form D is evidently cut out of the same piece of cloth as "Form A." The cloth, however, is not the regulation League cloth, or there would be more truth in it.

Concerning Rule H we print an extract from April *GAZETTE* with Mr. Bassett's comments in the *Cycle* of May 7:—

"We believe in the League of American Wheelmen, its Racing Board, and all of its rules, except Rule H. . . . Was there ever a more absurd rule adopted by a body of men elected to serve their constituents' interests?"—*Wheelmen's Gazette*.

Among the records of the Racing Board is a vote on the Racing Rules taken in February last. The editor of the *Wheelmen's Gazette* was a member of the Board at that time, and his vote is recorded in favor of Rule H.

The comments of the *Cycle* are unnecessary, and the editor should have the courage to publish the comments of Mr. Ducker on Rule H, which went with the vote. It is entirely unnecessary to suppress any of Mr. Ducker's notes or comments to carry a point, as he is willing to stand or fall by his actions. We will not try to refute the above, but leave it to the honesty of the *Cycle's* editor to publish the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Mr. Ducker has nothing to fear, and feels that the ground he is treading on is perfectly safe and he courts investigation and inquiry into the truth of all the above statements.

PURELY AMATEUR?

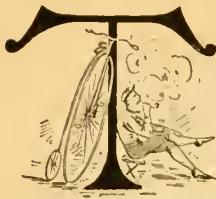
The virtuous position of the leading editors of two of the English cycling papers on the amateur question is past belief. They condemn Springfield as doing greater harm to the path than all cycledom put together, and denounce the open and above-board proposition of the Springfield Bicycle Club to assist the cycling legislative bodies of the world in arranging for an authorized international championship one-mile race. To our mind the offer is a fair one and worthy of consideration. We do not believe in arranging matters secretly, nor can it be truthfully said that the Springfield Bicycle Club has ever paid one cent to any wheelman in any other way than was publicly advertised. Yet we know of cases where even League officials have visited Springfield and offered to pay the expenses of racing men who were here, if they would attend meetings in which they chanced to be interested. This, we suppose, is all right because the public was not aware of the transaction. But preaching virtue with our pens and at the same time holding out a hand for a money gift made in secret is not exactly the kind of honesty which we should advocate. How would these gentlemen like it if we should publish a letter which we have had the fortune to receive, asking the Springfield Bicycle Club if it would pay a portion of their expenses if they would visit Springfield next fall? Isn't it about time that this hollow pretense is stopped? Perhaps it would be well if the garments of hypocrisy were torn aside and some of these saints of "pure amateurs" were shown in their true characters. We can show the N. C. U. in black and white indisputable proofs that at least some of their advocates of "pure amateurism" are willing to receive money from us to assist in defraying their expenses; and on the other hand a certain editor can show a letter from us in which such a gift was refused. In what respect does this differ from what they are so severely condemning in our racing men? We fail to see the difference, and will stand by our racing men as long as they are no worse than the men who attack them. We ask for justice. Let us not make fish of one and fowl of another, but let all receive the same treatment.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

The National Cyclists' Association of England, after having given the matter thoughtful consideration, has deemed it advisable to rescind the recent order of suspension against that class of riders known as "makers' amateurs." A published letter from Robert Todd, secretary, in which he gives the reasons for this action, closes as follows:—

"The executive now give notice that in the future they will investigate promptly and thoroughly every case which may come before them in which a rider is reasonably suspected of being paid by any manufacturer for riding his machine, and, if the suspicion is not removed, they will, in the exercise of the power placed in their hands, effectually bar the riders from taking part in any contest held under N. C. U. rules. While taking every care to avoid any injustice to individuals, the executive are determined that, to the utmost of their power, they will seek to put an end to an abuse which, if allowed to exist, can only render the name of amateur cyclist a laughing-stock, and they feel confident that in this endeavor they will receive the cordial support of the bodies which rule over kindred sports."

FROM OUR BRITISH CORRESPONDENT.



THE topic of the time, here as in America, is the suspension of the makers' amateurs, and the prevailing feeling is decidedly one of admiration for the business-like boldness and straightforward action characterizing the L. A. W., as contrasted to the vacillating and timid half-heartedness of our N. C. U. Executive. Whatever may be one's opinion as to the point at issue, nothing but derision can be helped when the absurd dallying of the N. C. U. officials is considered. Why, even now, when the press in both countries has made the suspensions public, the officials of the Union maintain an absurd and unnecessary attitude of secrecy and cantion, and are so grotesquely afraid of libel-actions that, in replying to the inquiry of the secretary of a club about to promote a race-meeting, the N. C. U. secretary states that he appended a list of the suspended riders strictly in confidence and as writing to a member of the Union. Libel-actions are the pet fetishes of our governing bodies, and the mere mention of the word "libel" seems sufficient to create a panic in the Executive chamber. But for this bogey, the abuse of makers' amateurism would have been stamped out long before it assumed such formidable proportions; and on all hands the dilatoriness of the Executive is condemned as being responsible for the troubles now assailing the racing path.

Something definite is, at least, accomplished, although with less dispatch and energy than characterized the action of the L. A. W. racing board. As an unavoidable result of the report of the sub-committee on the subject, the Executive of the Union reported to the council, on April 1, that they had considered the cases of a number of suspected riders, of whom Furnivall, Webber, Speechly, S. and J. Lee, and E. Hale were "whitewashed," and J. H. Adams, R. Oxborrow, A. P. Engleheart, F. S. Buckingham, R. Cripps, S. Sellers, R. Chambers, and M. J. Lowndes were suspended until such time as they satisfy the Executive that such suspension is undeserved. The case of R. H. English was still under consideration. This report was received with great satisfaction by the council, and amongst the clubs all over the kingdom the decision is popular. Some writers in our journals affect to find fault with the system of suspending on suspicion; but there is a very general idea that the action of the Union will be supported by the athletic associations, and, if necessary, a coalition of the bodies governing all amateur sports will carry matters into the law courts and fight out the question of their legal right to govern amateur sport.

I am aware that the tendency of thought at Springfield is against this process of purification in the amateur cycling ranks, but knowing your unvarying practice of suppressing nothing that is written in good faith I am emboldened to say that I consider the Springfield view to be a mistaken one. The foundation of amateurism is that "amateurs" in any sport are men who take part in that sport *for amusement in their leisure hours*; and it must be patent that such men as are represented by one of your American cracks who admitted that he received very little money over and above his expenses (*i. e.* that he made a livelihood and a little bit over) for riding a certain make of bicycle,

is not an amateur, but one who rides *as a means of livelihood* — *ergo* a professional. The reason why it seems so distasteful to class such men as Rowe and Hendee, with the recognized professional bicyclists is that professionalism has been brought into such ill-odor by the hippodroming tactics of Prince and other professionals as to make it unpleasant to regard these ex-amateur young gentlemen as on a par with all other professionals; but if we look at professional cycling from its best point, and also at professionalism in amusements of a non-athletic description, we can easily imagine that a strict drawing of the line between the two classes of riders will result in the elevation of the professional in the social scale. Music, for example, is the most universally pursued amateur recreation, and yet there is no social stigma attaching to the professional musician, but rather the contrary; and when it comes to be understood that a professional cyclist can be a well-behaved and gentlemanly sportsman, subsidized amateurs need no longer dread riding openly as professionals in an honorable profession. Then just as people prefer to pay to hear good professional music to mediocre amateur music, so would good professional cycle-racing attract the paying public to witness it. And the makers would derive just as much benefit from openly subsidizing the professionals to ride their machines as they now do by secretly subsidizing amateurs to do so, records of fast speed being the only thing to be desired for advertising racing wheels.

On our paths, racing has scarcely commenced yet. True, there was the first open handicap in the London district, last Saturday, at the Spring meeting of the London Athletic Club, but the times were very poor, even for a wet track, showing how very backward all our riders have become owing to the severe and protracted winter. Next Saturday, the Surrey Bicycle Club's Spring meeting takes place, for which a fair entry has been obtained; but E. M. Mayes is the only scratch man in the mile open bicycle, although Speechly and Furnivall are expected to run for the cup; neither man is in good condition, however, Speechly having caught bronchitis, and Furnivall not having done much path-practice. Letchford, who has hitherto figured as a crack tricyclist, has taken to bicycle riding, and is going very well in practice, the two-wheeler seeming to fit him even better than the Humber tricycle did. The half-mile tricycle handicap has no less than four scratch men, viz: Sharp, Letchford, Wilson, and Bower; and the result of this race, supplemented by Easter running at provincial meetings, will afford us a guide as to the probable winners of championship honors this year. After Easter, everybody settles down to prepare for the international tournament at Alexandra Park, which has the official support of eighty clubs, and will undoubtedly be a fine meeting, even though the international character should be restricted to England, Ireland, and Scotland.

The Ripley Road Club has been formed by a number of the crack road-riders who habitually ride on the road between London and Ripley on Sundays, its objects being similar to those of the North Road Club, although there is not the same qualification. Unfortunately for the new club, its captain has embroiled it in a quarrel with the North Road Club, actually before its inauguration, by writing a notice deprecatory of the N. R. C. C. members' riding on an occasion when the latter club rode to Ripley; so that relations are some-

what strained between these two clubs, who should have rather established amicably sporting relations at the outset. Fast road-riding will, undoubtedly, receive a fillip by means of these two organizations.

Permit me to correct a mistake in the March issue of the GAZETTE. Mr. H. Etherington did not have anything to do with Mr. Griffin's election as handicapper to the N. C. U.; it was the editors of *Wheeling*—McCandlish and Low—who interested themselves in Griffin's cause; and so far from the "Coventry Ring" opposing it, I know as a fact that only one vote, out of a possible five, possessed by delegates who are in the mystic "Ring," went for Coleman. The mistake perhaps arose from the avoidance of open advocacy, in the Coventry papers, of the cause of one of the Coventry men; it would not have been good form for me,—as an example,—to use my position as representing my club on the Union to also use my position on the Coventry press to further the candidature of a co-worker.

By the way, whilst on the subject of literature, it occurs to me to say that "Secrets of a Telephone," now running in *Wheeling*, are about the funniest series of skits I ever read. I am afraid, however, that they will be caviare to the general reader in America.

Humber & Co. have been unsuccessful in their lawsuit against Marriott & Cooper, relating to the claim of the former to register the words "Genuine Humber" as a trade mark. By the terms of the agreement under which the formerly existing partnership was dissolved, Marriott & Cooper, as well as T. Humber, were to retain the right to use the word "Humber" as a trade mark, and it is now decided that Humber & Co. must not represent that their cycles are the only "Genuine Humber." They will probably adopt the name "Beeston Humber" instead.

Another lawsuit is threatened us, over the Bown patent, owing to the discovery that one Frederick Chinnock invented—and provisionally protected—ball-bearings having laterally adjustable caps similar to Bown's, so long ago as 1853. The lateral adjustment is the vital principle on which Bown relies; and, having read the whole of Chinnock's specification and examined its illustrative drawings, I am candidly of opinion that it will have the effect of upsetting Bown's monopoly, unless Bown's patent claimed only the adaptation of the invention to cycle purposes.

The proposal to run a race at Springfield for the one-mile amateur championship of the world, paying the expenses of foreign teams, is favorably regarded on all hands, and unless the sub-amateur difficulty stands in the way I dare say the N. C. U. will agree to the proposition. Already, a move in this direction has been made, by permission being granted for the Irish and Scotch teams, who are coming to London in May, to have their expenses paid out of a fund raised for the purpose; and no reason has been advanced against the straightforward and open payment of amateurs' expenses for such exceptional occasions.

At the moment of writing, there are but six weeks to the tournament. If the racing board of the L. A. W. should rescind any of the suspensions in time, please send over a team to carry off that Challenge Shield.

"FAED."

LONDON, April 14, 1886.

The League of American Wheelmen hold their annual meeting in Boston, May 27, 28, 29.

JOTTINGS FROM BEYOND THE THREE RIVERS.



KEEPS the wheel of time along, and its cogs fit close into, and carry round with it the sister wheel of change, and my pen must creep with these dual wheels, which make up what some philosophers might term the "Bicycle of Fate," for I find myself writing no more to *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* of pleasant memories, but to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, of pleasant promise. If the spirit of the old *Gazette* still lives on in the pages of the new one, the change of title will matter but little to publisher or reader; if anything, the broader title of the new paper is preferable for many reasons to the more localized name of the old one.

What glorious weather we are having here for riding: cyclers are commencing to turn out in earnest, and Fairmount Park begins to look like old times, the old times I mean of a year ago. And "The Pike," too, is beginning to see its cycling population, and the rubber-hoofed steed is starting in this season to seek once more for a monopoly of "Old Lancaster." Some kind individuals last year expressed the opinion that cycling this year in the Quaker City would not make any very noticeable advance, but things so far do not seem to bear out the prognostication. Everything promises well for a lively and go-ahead season, and from the small boy on his semi-bone-shaker to the venerable rider of the latest-out safety, the votaries of the "wheel" seem inclined to make this year of grace, '86, an extra lively one in the cycling line in Philadelphia. The clubs will, of course, have a chief hand in the work of the year. The Philadelphia Bicycle Club will build its new club-house; this in itself will be a big event in the cycling community here. To have a veritable club-house owned by a cycling club and costing somewhere in the neighborhood of \$20,000, will be something for the members of Philadelphia wheelmen to talk about. The ground on which to erect the building has been purchased, and I believe the plans for the house itself have been submitted to and approved by the club, and the work of construction will be commenced very shortly. The location is good, looking to the interests of the present members of the organization, the site being close to one of the entrances of Fairmount Park, and the one, too, most easily reached from the city proper, and the one therefore most patronized by riders and drivers of all sorts, whether of steel steeds, or of legitimate horseflesh. In this location Philadelphia will be close to its sister city club, Germantown, whose lately acquired house on Fairmount avenue will be but a few squares distant from the new home of Philadelphia. Talking of the Germantown Cycling Club, this club during the past winter season had a very successful social time, perhaps the most successful of any cycling club in this neighborhood. The winter was of a nature decidedly adverse to cycling in any shape or form, and perhaps to this fact may be attributed the success of the whist-parties, etc., which were an enjoyable and distinguishing feature of Germantown's club-life during the past off-season. Music had a big boom among the members, too, chiefly through the instrumentality of the genial Dr. Kner, who took much pains to draw out the latent

talent of a number of members in this special line. Of course we are all cognizant of the fact that cyclers, as a rule, are an exceedingly unassuming if not a decidedly bashful section of the community, and we all know how exceedingly difficult a matter it is to get them to show up in public, even in a League parade, where they have immense moral support assured by the presence of a number of their fellows, and a greater number of citizens who are not their fellows, but who, no doubt, ought to be. Well, this feature of bashfulness had to be overcome, and it was overcome in the case of the Germantown warblers, and the end attained was a very respectable quartette and a chorus of male voices, such as Colonel Mapleson himself might listen to with extreme edification. Germantown appears to have the lion's share of sociability among members of all our clubs. The reason probably is that the club-house is situated at comparatively easy distances from the residences of members, and in close contact with city associations.

The location of the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club rooms on the west side of the Schuylkill river gives to it more the tone of a riding club, that is, taking the membership as a whole, and a pretty big membership it is now. The *Press* of last Sunday stated that Pennsylvania in point of active members was the second largest club in the country. I suppose Massachusetts is the one ahead, and I thought that there were one or two others who rolled up a big membership list, but remembering that there are no associate members in the "club of the silver Keystone" and that the membership is over a hundred, I would not be surprised if we have here a club with more really active members than the great clubs of our eastern fellow wheelmen. Pennsylvania, too, is getting the club-house building craze. I saw by the daily papers some few days since, that "Penny" had filed an application with the commissioners of Fairmount Park, praying (to use grand language) for a plot of ground in the said great public domain, whereon to erect a club-house, meet for the requirements of members of such a respectable organization as the Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, and I hope said plot of ground will be granted, for I believe with the boat club-houses for precedent the commissioners will not or cannot sell a foot of ground under their control. It would be an extra step forward to get such a recognition of the status of cycling and cyclers, from the commissioners of one of the finest parks in the world, as would be conveyed by the permission to build within the precincts of the great pleasure ground, a cottage palace for representatives of what is becoming one of the greatest pastimes and pleasures of our country. What with all this building and talking of building, and growth of clubs and increase of League members, and all the rest of it, I see no sign of a retrograde movement in the cycling world in this region during the balance of this year at least.

I noticed in one of our large dailies the other day an item which shows that in some places at least, bicycling is considered of sufficient importance to be noticed by the all-pervading hotel proprietor. In an advertisement of the many points in favor of selecting the well-known "Devon Inn" as a desirable summer resort, the proprietor stated that the neighborhood of the hotel boasted good bicycling roads. The inducement to select "Devon" for a summering place was inserted among the more conventional ones, and no doubt struck

the eyes of many, who, as non-bicyclers, thought its insertion rather funny.

The new cycling organization of Philadelphia, which, if I remember rightly, I referred to in a former letter, is now in actual existence, and if it fulfills the mission mapped out for it by its projectors and founders, it will do the cause of cycling much service. The name it sails under is rather a long one, "The Association for the Advancement of Cycling," and its primary object is of course the interest of cycling and cyclers generally. At the organization meeting held last month the statement was made by Chief Consul Aaron that the principal work of the association would be in the line of endeavoring to better public highways, the general condition of which especially round the neighborhood of Philadelphia was in no way creditable to an enlightened community. The chief consul seemed to think that by properly organized and concentrated effort, cyclers, owing to their late largely increased and their ever increasing number, have it in their power, and will in future even more so have it in their power, to influence public opinion, and municipal legislation on the head of good roads. There is no doubt whatever, that cyclers, if they worked properly together, could wield an influence in this direction, which, while it might not at first show its fruits in any great betterment of roads and streets, would still by the insertion of the thin end of the wedge, *via* minor reforms and improvements, pave the way, so to speak, for more extensive efforts in the line of pavements and macadam. The association has centrally located headquarters, easily accessible from all points of the city, and in close proximity to the Pennsylvania railroad station, and if the interest in its welfare already evinced by numbers of wheelmen is only kept up it is bound to be successful. Indeed it ought to be if only to repay the time and trouble which the already over-worked secretary-editor of the League has bestowed upon it. Speaking of the secretary-editor, he is by no means in robust health now, and I believe he intends leaving the city for some little time, in order to try and build up for the League meet at Boston. He wears glasses constantly now, and here is a pointer, in case any one wants to paint his portrait before they see him at Boston. He either wears said glasses on his nose, which is the place they were built for, or else he holds them in a preoccupied manner between the finger and thumb of his left hand. His left hand it is generally, remember, for his right one as a rule has something in it. If on his machine it is the right handle-bar, for he durstn't let go "two hands at onc," you know,—watch him at the League meet,—if on Chestnut street where busy men do congregate, it is a bundle of papers, and if in the seclusion of the "Tavern Talkers' Club" of an evening, at Wayne or Devon, it is a luscious banana or a dozen of them—one at a time—which his dexter hand takes care of. But I have wandered off from talking about the association; it has, I believe, over two hundred members. This is not doing very badly when we remember that it has only been in existence a few weeks, and that as is generally the case with such undertakings the work connected with it falls on the shoulders, not of the many but of the few. The officers elected were as follows: President, Eugene M. Aaron; vice-president, Frank Read; secretary, Charles M. Miller; treasurer, H. C. Worrell. The choice of officers appears to be a happy one;

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

THE AMERICAN RUDGE.



There is a large class of wheelmen and would-be cyclists whose desires for a good wheel far exceed the capacity of their purses.

Until within a couple of years very many have been compelled to put up with a poorly-made machine, or, in their ignorance, have been led to buy some second-hand and discarded rattletrap.

We are pleased to say that that day has gone by, for the machine which we have in mind, the American Rudge, is what has long been wanted for this market, viz., a machine which, while low in price, is handsome and well made, and just the thing for those who find it difficult to raise the cash to purchase a more expensive mount, and yet whose desire is to own a machine one need not be ashamed of.

The American Rudge is fitted with crescent steel rims, $\frac{5}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch red rubber tires. The hubs are nickelized gun metal, well recessed and pierced with eighty and twenty No. 11 direct spokes, making the wheel immensely strong and rigid.

The backbone is a round weldless steel tube, nicely tapered and curved, terminating in a nicely shaped rear fork. The head is of the Humber pattern, with long centers, similar to the well-known Andrews, and is protected by a neat dust shield.

The spring is plain, flat, and broad, and slides at the tail on a small steel plate attached to the backbone.

The handle-bar is solid, gracefully curved, and of good length, and to which is attached a stout double-lever spoon brake.

The front forks have received the makers' special attention, being hollow and elliptical, calculated to stand any strain that will be put upon them.

The bearings are the celebrated Rudge's "Unequalled" balls to both wheels. These bearings are so well known that comment is unnecessary. Plain parallel pedals are fitted, or ball pedals at a slight extra charge.

The machine has a leg guard and a saw step, and is fitted with either Lamplugh and Brown's or Brooks's long-distance saddles, and furnished with tools and oil can.

It is in a great many respects similar to the Rudge Light Roadster, the only points of difference being the wheels, where we have gun-metal hubs, direct spokes and crescent felloes instead of tangent spokes and hollow felloes. The handle-bar being curved solid instead of hollow.

Having their house in Bradford, which brings them in direct communication with Messrs. Rudge

& Co., its American agents are enabled to place large orders and handle this wheel on a very small margin, and it is especially intended to reach that large number of wheelmen who want a first-class article, but who cannot pay a high price.

The great popularity attendant on this wheel during the last three years, and the large number which Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co. have sold, convince them that the American Rudge has filled a want long felt by the large class of American riders,—viz., a first-class, thorough, reliable, easy-running, and carefully built all-round roadster at a low price; and it can unhesitatingly be said that there is no machine either on the English or American market that can compare with it, either in quality, workmanship, or finish. In fact many customers have sent unsolicited testimonials saying they prefer the American Rudge to other wheels costing from \$20.00 to \$25.00 more.

Before buying a second-hand wheel it would be well to consider whether it would not be better to add a few more dollars and order a new American Rudge.

THE LADIES' COLUMBIA TWO-TRACK TRICYCLE

Is a light and elegant machine for ladies, and suitable also for men weighing up to 130 pounds, or careful riders of greater weight.

The great success of the regular Columbia Two-Track Tricycle, and its decided practical advantages, have led the company to adopt that general form of construction for this tricycle. In its details, however, it presents some special modifications of importance, for the most part tending to an economy of weight, while presenting the greatest strength possible with the amount of material employed. The frame is similar to that of the regular machine but of slightly lighter seamless tubing; and a considerable amount of weight is also saved in the construction of the driving-wheels. These are 44 inches in diameter, and are made with the company's new full-tangent spoke, though the wire used in these wheels is of a larger gauge than that of the racer. Notwithstanding the lightness of the wheels, however, they are extremely rigid.

Another new and valuable feature is presented in the ingenious steering-mechanism. The rod running from the steering-head bracket-arm connects at its upper end by a ball-and-socket joint with the long arm of a lever pivoted at its angle to the frame. The short arm of the lever is linked to a nut running on a quick thread upon the steering-handle upright, and receives its motion, up or down, by the turning of the handle to the right or left.

While the action is positive and quick, without being over-sensitive, the steering-wheel cannot be deflected from its course, even when the hand is removed. The joints being adjustable for wear, all rattling is obviated. The chain is the improved Ewart. It is very strong and light, and more readily adjustable in length than any other chain, by reason of the ease with which the links may be taken apart. This renders the adjustment of the machine for different riders much more simple than is the case with any other tricycle. By loosening its binding-bolt, the bracket carrying the lower sprocket-wheel may be moved up or down and the chain shortened or lengthened as the case requires.

The Wallace patent sprocket-wheel is used, and while each machine, unless otherwise ordered, will be furnished geared "even," that is, as a 44 inch

driver, it will be fitted, if so ordered, with either a 48 or 52 inch gear, or these wheels may be had at any time as extras.

Every wheelman who has not already on file the last issue of the Columbia catalogue (dated April, 1886,) should at once procure one. The catalogues, containing fifty-two pages and fifty-one engravings, will be mailed free upon application.

Sale and Exchange.

This department is for the convenience of our reader which their wants may be made known at a trifling expense. It often occurs that a wheelman wishes to exchange or sell his machine, or a new-comer wishes to purchase a second-hand wheel: here are offered the desired facilities. The charge will be *one cent per word, each insertion, cash with the order.* Initials and abbreviations count as words.

ADVERTISERS will consult their own interests by advertising in THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

BICYCLES.—Fair prices and spot cash paid for desirable 2d-hand wheels. BUTMAN & CO., 89 Court St., BOSTON.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—Specialty in furnishing new wheels for exchange. BUTMAN & CO., Scollay Square, Oriental Building, BOSTON, MASS.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—Bargains for cash; wheels not sold on installments nor rented. BUTMAN & CO., 89 Court Street, BOSTON, MASS.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES received on consignment; no charges made when goods are furnished in exchange BUTMAN & CO., Oriental Building, 89 Court St., BOSTON

BARGAIN.—56-inch Royal Mail bicycle, full-nickelized, ball-pedals, practically new; cost \$150.50; price \$125. Address T. O. ANGELL, Jr., 604 South First East Street, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

BARGAINS.—We have a number of second-hand wheels, all in excellent condition, which we offer cheap; full description on application by mentioning this paper. Address STODDARD, LOVERING & CO., 152 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.—125 shop-worn and second-hand wheels now on exhibition. Stock constantly changing; no price-list; correspondence and inspection invited; open Saturday evenings. BUTMAN & CO., Scollay Square, Oriental Building, BOSTON, MASS.

COW-HORN BARS, nickelized and complete, \$5. LOWE BICYCLE COMPANY, FITCHBURG, MASS.

CHEAP—48-inch Special Facile, nickel and enamel; ridden only about 50 miles; good as new. Also, 54-inch full-nickelized Star, in excellent condition. F. CLAPSADEL, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A receipt for 50 cents, entitling the holder to THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE for one year.

FOR SALE—A 42-inch Special Facile Bicycle, 1885; as good as new; price \$100. Address P. O. BOX 126, READING, PA.

FOR SALE—1885 Victor Tricycle, never been used; best offer over \$125 will be accepted. LOUI TAFT, Box 335, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—42-inch Ideal, only \$17.50, with tool-bag, tools, and bell; good order. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Standard Columbia, ball-bearings, in good order; \$55. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—58-inch Royal Challenge, ball-bearings; been run only a little; \$70. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Lakin Cyclometer, with nickelized lamp, for 52-inch wheel; good as new; cost \$14.50; price \$6.50. W. L. BATES, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

FOR SALE—A lot of good second-hand \$3 Hill & Tolman Bells; \$1.50 for Expert or Standard. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—56-inch Harvard, ball bearings to both wheels, full-enamelled; in fine order; only \$70. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Royal Mail Full Roadster, cow-horn bars, enamelled, fine order; only \$75. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Victor Tricycle, 1884, with lamp, luggage carrier, extra gear wheel, and chain-steering; excellent condition; \$100. DR. C. H. OSBORNE, SOUTHPORT, CT.

FOR SALE—Fifty second-hand Bicycle Saddles at \$1 each; many of the saddles are worth twice the amount. Also, Duplex Whistles, with chain, on receipt of 35c. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

FOR SALE—54-inch new Rudge Racer, \$115 cash. MONROE COBURN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—38-inch Rudge Safety, good as new, extra saddle; bargain. W. E. LEWIS, STAMFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—Victor Tricycle, in fine order; \$100. C. L. HOYT, STAMFORD, CT.

FOR SALE—Victor Tricycle, just about as good as new; \$95 cash. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Heavy ribbed Bicycle Hose, black or blue, sent by mail on receipt of \$1. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—52-inch Victor Bicycle, in good order; price \$80; too small for owner. Address A. G. SMITH, AMITY, Yam Hill County, OREGON.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Cheylesmere Tricycle, rear steerer; will sell cheap, or exchange for a fine gun. A. A. MANN, EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

FOR SALE—Victor Tricycle, 1885 pattern, in excellent condition; also several extras; price \$90. Address H. B. CULVER, 146 Broadway, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE—52-inch new Yale Light Roadster, wheels enameled, balance nickelized; only \$95. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—English double Children's Tricycle, just about as good as new; cost new \$65; price \$30. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—One No. 5 Royal Mail Racing Tricycle, cost new \$175; been used only a little; \$80. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Any Premium named in our list at retail price, and a copy of THE GAZETTE for one year free. THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Heavy all-wool ribbed L. A. W. stockings; sent by mail on receipt of \$1; special price to clubs. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—36-inch English Challenge, cost \$60 new; in good order; with bell, tool-bag, and tools; price \$22.50. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—54-inch Matchless Bicycle, nickelized and painted, ball bearings to both wheels; good order; \$65. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR SALE—Regular \$2.00 Facile Bicycle Bells; can be used on any machine; sent by mail on receipt of \$1.25. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOUND OUT—That WHEELING ANNUAL is the best of all, and can be obtained of THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, Springfield, Mass. Mailed post-paid on receipt of 50 cents. Why not have one? Why not present your friend with a copy? Cheap enough—don't you say so?

GIVEN AWAY—Premiums for Subscribers. See our list and obtain some of the best Bicycling Sundries extant. THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HAND-INKING PRINTING PRESS, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 15 $\frac{1}{2}$, for second-hand Bicycle or Tricycle. O. A. WARD, HUMBOLDT, IOWA.

NOTICE.—Why use an uncomfortable Saddle when you can get a Warwick Self-Adjusting Suspension Saddle for \$2.75? This is by far the best Saddle in the market for the price. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

OVERMAN WHISTLES, with chain, 35 cents, to advertise; no stamps. LOWE BICYCLE COMPANY, FITCHBURG, MASS.

ON SALE—1884 40-inch Special Facile, never injured, in prime running order; best offer over \$75 accepted. Bicycles bought, sold, and exchanged. BICYCLE AGENCY, CASTILE, N. Y.

RHYMES OF ROAD AND RIVER mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, Two Dollars, by THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SEND 50 cents in stamps to the AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., and they will send you by mail a nice Bicycle Lock and Chain.

SEND 35 cents in stamps and receive a pair of Crescent Bicycle Hose Supporters. Thousands of them in use. AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE GAZETTE AND WHEELING ANNUAL, only \$1. THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WANTED—A Boehm flute in exchange for a good 54-inch W ball-bearing bicycle. Address B., Wheelmen's Gazette, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE WARWICK SELF-ADJUSTING STAR SADDLE is the one for comfort and durability; price \$2.75. On receipt of \$5.50 we will prepay express and forward two of them anywhere in the United States. THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WANTED—Second-hand Bicycle Lamp, Cyclometer, and League Pin. E. SPENCER, Butler and 48th Streets, PITTSBURGH, PA.

WHEELMEN, how can you enjoy the wheel? By keeping fully posted and subscribing for so excellent a journal as THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE. Only Fifty Cents per year.

WANTED—Lantern and cyclometer for 56-inch wheel; give lowest price. WM. WELLS, 53 South St., NEW YORK.

52-INCH CYCLOMETER WANTED in exchange for a McDonnell of 54. HENRY W. ELLISON, Box 263, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

A CARD

We wish to thank our friends and customers for their patience in waiting for our HUMBER TANDEMS, and we are pleased to say that we have received a full supply and can now ship orders promptly.

Regretting the delay, which has been unavoidable, we remain,

Yours very truly,
STODDARD, LOVERING & CO.

LEAGUE RACES.

The following Races will be held under the auspices of the L. A. W., at

Boston, May 29, 1886,

AT 3 P.M., ON THE

Union Grounds, Dartmouth Street.

1-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, League National Championship

1-mile Amateur Tricycle Race, League National Championship

1-mile Amateur Bicycle Race, Massachusetts State Championship (Entries limited to Massachusetts riders).

1-mile Amateur Bicycle Novice Race.

1-mile Amateur Bicycle Handicap Race.

1-mile Bicycle Invitation Race.

3-mile Bicycle Invitation Race.

Entries made to ABBOT BASSETT, Cycle office, 22 School street, Boston. Entrance fee, \$1; no fee for invitation races. Entries close May 17. The Racing Board L. A. W. reserves the right to reject any and all entries to the national championship.

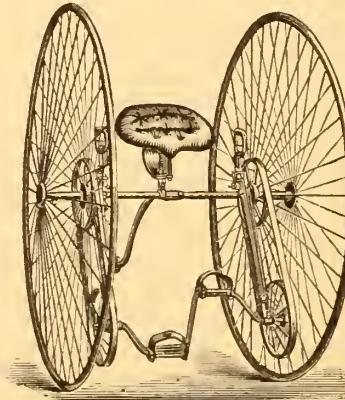
Admission to the Races, 50 cents.

RIBBON BADGES!

R. H. RADFORD,
MANUFACTURER,
28 John Street, - - - NEW YORK.

RIBBON BADGES for the L. A. W. and all other Clubs.

THE OTTO BICYCLE.



This is a cut of the machine which cost \$168, has not been run 75 miles, is in excellent condition, runs very easily, and is now for sale at \$65 by the

AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Two Days' Grand Sport,
MAY 24 AND 25, 1886,
AT
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

Third Annual Meet and Games
OF THE
Woodstock Amateur Athletic Association.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY—Monday, May 24.

1—One-Mile Bicycle Race, Novice. Open to C. W. A. Prizes—1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold-Plated Chain.

2—One-Mile Bicycle Race, Professional.

Championship of Canada. \$50 and Gold Medal added by Association. Sweepstakes, \$10 entrance—\$5 payable May 1, \$5 May 13, when entries close.

3—100-Yard Foot Race, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Diamond Pin; 2d, Gold Sleeve Buttons.

4—Five-Mile Bicycle Race, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Gold Stop Watch; 2d, Diamond Scarf Pin.

5—Half-Mile Bicycle Without Hands, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Silver Watch; 2d, Silk Umbrella.

6—Vaulting High With Pole, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Silver Water Pitcher; 2d, Gold Shirt Studs.

7—Five-Mile Bicycle Race, Professional. Open to all.

Prizes—1st, \$100 cash; 2d, \$40; 3d, \$20.

8—One-Mile Tricycle Race, Amateur. Open to all.

Prizes—1st, Gold Filled Watch; 2d, Pearl Opera Glass.

9—440-Yard Foot Race, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Gold Ring; 2d, Gold Shirt Studs.

10—One-Mile Bicycle Race, Amateur. Open to all.

Prizes—1st, Diamond Ring; 2d, Gold Chain.

SECOND DAY—Tuesday, May 25.

1—Two-Mile Bicycle Race, 3.20 Class, Road Machines. Open to C. W. A. Members.

Prizes—1st, Silver Tilting Pitcher; 2d, Cyclometer.

2—220-Yard Foot Race, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Silver Watch; 2d, Gold-Plated Watch Chain.

3—Five-Mile Bicycle Race, Amateur.

Provincial Championship—Gold Medal.

4—Two-Mile Bicycle Race, Professional.

Sweepstakes, \$5 entrance. \$25 added by Association. 75 per cent. to 1st, 25 per cent. to 2d.

5—Half-Mile Foot Race, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Gold Chain; 2d, Dressing Case.

6—Three-Mile Bicycle Lap Race, Amateur. Open to all.

Prizes—1st, Silver Stop Watch; 2d, Gold Sleeve Links.

7—Running Broad Jump, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Timer; 2d, Cigar Case.

8—Half-Mile Dash, Amateur. Open to C. W. A.

Prize—Silver Tilting Pitcher.

9—High Jump, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Meerschaum Pipe; 2d, Cigar Case.

10—Two-Mile Bicycle Race, Amateur.

Open to riders in County of Oxford. S. Woodrooffe Cup.

11—One-Mile Bicycle Consolation Race, Amateur.

Prizes—1st, Bronze Clock; 2d, Silver Cup.

Entries Close May 18. Entrance Fee—Professionals, \$1; Amateurs, 50c. All Entries should be addressed to D. A. WHITE, Sec. C. W. A. A., Woodstock, Ont.,—entrance fee to accompany same in all cases. Post entries, 50c. extra.

The order of Races is subject to change at the discretion of the Sports Committee.

If Promoters are not reinstated by May 18, the Sports Committee will arrange Races with satisfactory prizes for them.

Three entries and two starters required in each event.

All bicycle races run under C. W. A. rules, which are the same as the L. A. W. racing rules.

Foot races and jumps under C. A. A. rules.

Special Low Rates on all Canadian Railways.

and if the result of the undertaking rests with them, or is to be consequent on their efforts, the association will get along all right. Talking of officers, how about our L. A. W. officers for the coming year? Every one is anxious to know who is going to be who, but the returns of elections appear to have gone to heaven, or to some other place; a good many voting papers will probably go or have before now gone into the stove, but we ought to know by this time who the favorites of the L. A. W. are. Before this letter gets into print I suppose the returns will have stolen a march on Karl Kron's book, and got rigged out in the full glory of pica or brevier. And how about the League meet? I do not hear much talk about it, nor does the note of preparation sound as loud or as long as it has done during former years. Is this going to be an instance of the truth of the old adage that "still waters run deep" and that Boston is going to surprise the L. A. W. brotherhood? If not she had better wake up and let the fraternity know what they are to do, or if they are to do anything except stay at home and read accounts of the success of the great meet of 1886.

CHRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1886.

AJAX DEFYING THE TOLL-GATE.

"Come, Ajax, it is your turn now to contribute a story for the amusement of the crowd."

"I am not very good at story telling," replied Ajax, "but I can tell you of a novel cycling experience in which I happened to take a very active part."

"Bravo! bravo! let's have it," cried the squad of wheelmen, who, with a number of village people, were seated under the shade trees in the yard of a country hotel, some eighteen miles from Nashville.

Ajax cleared his throat and related the following:

"On a beautiful Saturday afternoon in the not far distant past, three wheelmen of the N. Bi. C. were trundling their machines down Church street towards the Union Depot. There was to be a ball at Cayce's Springs that evening, and as we could not get off from business early enough to wheel through, and also thinking we should be too tired to fully enjoy the dance if we took the long run, we had agreed to take the late afternoon train to Franklin and ride from there over the splendid Carter's creek pike to the Springs, a distance of about twelve miles.

"We boarded the train, and a little before dark arrived at Franklin. Knowing that we could not more than get out of the town before darkness would be upon us, and also that the moon would not rise for fully an hour, we lighted our lamps before starting.

"As well as I remember, it is ten miles from Franklin to the mouth of the lane leading to the Springs. This ten miles we wished to make in one hour. When I say that not one of us had ever been over the road before, and that it was dark, the only light being our three hub lamps, to wheel at this rate of speed under these conditions, my hearers, at least those of you who cycle, will say was a risky ride.

"We had been assured, however, by several who had lately wheeled over the road, that it was in perfect condition; so as soon as we had passed through the town a lively gait of some ten to twelve miles an hour was struck. Gip's lamp had the peculiarity of throwing a narrow stream of

light far ahead, while Sandy's and mine, although of the same size and make, threw a broad light only a few feet in front of the wheels. Gip was selected to take the lead on this account. He rode on the left center of the pike, about ten yards in advance of me, who was on the right center, while Sandy followed some ten yards to my rear. Thus we continued riding up hill and down for several miles, over a road as good as we could have desired.

"It had now become quite dark, but it had grown upon us so gradually that our speed was not slackened on this account.

"Suddenly I saw Gip's lamp give a downward jerk and disappear. In another instant my wheel jumped down an inch or two, and from the rumbling noise I knew it was a bridge. Hastily looking back, I saw Sandy's lamp, and while looking at it for not exceeding two seconds, it also instantly disappeared. Could it be possible that both the boys had missed the bridge and run off the embankment into the creek below? I heard no one cry out and could scarcely understand what had become of them. Could it be possible they were seriously hurt? I felt my blood chill at the thought, and scarcely had enough strength left to back pedal for a dismount. I was just in the act of alighting when I saw ahead of me the two lamps of my companions, and it was several moments before my stupid brain could fathom this mystery — namely, it was an old-style covered bridge, having a partition through the center for right and left driving. Gip and Sandy had taken the left side, while I was on the right, and the ceiled partition had both hidden their lamps and deadened the slight noise of their wheels. I gave a long breath of relief, put on an extra spurt, and soon regained my position next to the leader. They had a laugh at my fears; for Gip, by the aid of his "long distance" lamp, saw it was a double bridge; while Sandy, who was riding near the center of the road, had to turn quickly to the left to avoid a collision with the partition.

"We had gone about a mile farther, still keeping up a rapid steady pedaling, when I felt, by the way my wheel was running, that we were going down a slight grade; suddenly I heard Sandy cry out, 'Stop! stop!' Thinking the pace was a little too fast for him, I paid no attention to his injunction, and as I passed by he again cried, 'For heaven's sake, stop!' I still thought he wished to slacken the speed at which we were going, and, instead of slowing up, I gave my pedals an extra thrust. In an instant I saw, not twenty feet before me, the bar of a closed toll-gate square across the pike. Much quicker than can be related, I decided what was the best thing to be done under the circumstances. I knew it was utterly impossible to check my speed or to dismount with safety, so quickly raised my feet from the pedals and threw my legs over the handle-bar in front of me as in coasting, only they were held straight out in a parallel line to the road. The wheel struck the bar, and I shot forward like an arrow from a bow. I had made quick calculations to alight on my feet, but was going at a much faster speed than was taken into consideration, and as quick as a wink, before I could bend my limbs, hit the pike in a sitting posture, the same position I held when leaving the saddle. But I did not stop where I hit. The impetus I was under sent me sliding along down the road the same as if on a sled down the snow-covered Capitol hill of last winter. I instinctively grabbed for the brake, but,

hollow mockery, it was not there! The hill suddenly became steeper and my rate of travel was correspondingly increased. There I sat bolt upright, with feet stuck out in front of me, going at a three minute gait and no means at hand to check my speed. It was so dark I could just barely see the road. I regretted I had not grabbed my hub lamp as I left the wheel, so that I might now see where I was going. I succeeded fairly well in keeping in the middle of the pike by digging first one heel and then the other in the road, as one guides a sled. At one time I got turned almost half around and thought surely I would have to finish the coast backwards; but, by a great deal of kicking, finally got in a straight line again. How much longer was this hill? I asked myself. Would I ever reach the foot? It was becoming a serious question with me whether my breeches would last much longer under this trying ordeal. A few moments more (which seemed years to me), I stopped so suddenly I thought my head would fly off.

"It was only a narrow culvert across the road, the wooden covering of which happened to be about two inches higher than the road surface. My heels had struck this raised edge, and, as it did not give way, of course I had to stop. I felt my head to ascertain if it had been jerked off, and while wondering if I was all there, slowly got up, slapped the dust from my clothing, and started back for the toll-gate.

"I soon saw a light going first to one side of the pike and then to the other, which I could not understand. As I approached them I saw both the boys and the old toll-gate keeper bent over, and all busily engaged in looking for something. What could the boys have lost? As soon as I got within calling distance I yelled out, 'Hello! boys, what's the matter?' 'We've lost a wheelman,' answered Sandy. Sure enough they had called the gate keeper out, asked the loan of a lantern, and were then scouring the pike to find what had become of me. Gip said he saw me throw my legs over, saw the wheel hit the gate, saw me shoot forward in the darkness, and looked for the pike to strike fire when I hit, but he did not see the flash and that was the last he saw of me. He and Sandy had dismounted just before reaching the gate, come across to the other side to find me, but failing to do so, had called the old gate keeper to ask the loan of a lantern to continue the search.

"When I arrived they had about come to the conclusion that I had been pulverized so fine that they could not find the particles. After telling them of my novel coast down the hill and seeing I was not hurt, they had a second good laugh at my expense. We then went to examine into the condition of my wheel, and finding the old road-roller all right, we were soon mounted and spinning onward. The moon rising before we entered the lane enabled us to arrive at the Springs in good time, and after a change of clothing, which had been sent out that morning by rail, we entered the hall-room and passed an evening of such genuine enjoyment that it well repaid us for the trip."

"Hurrah for Ajax!" cried the crowd, when he had finished the story. Every one was in the act of making some remark when the music of the dinner-gong floated gently on the breeze and they dispersed to discuss the bill of fare.

"FIFTY-THREE."

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 17, 1886.

THE COLONEL WITHDRAWS THE INJUNCTION.

BY WILL MANTIC.

"Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

"I never had a piece of bread
Particularly wide,
But what it fell upon the floor
Upon the buttered side,—"

I mocked.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Harry.

"Expressive of disgust, I should say," replied I.
"May I inquire the cause?"

"You, just at present. More generally, everything and everybody."

"Quite comprehensive, certainly. How about one's self?" I ventured.

"Myself included."

"And the bike?" I continued.

"No, that excepted. If it weren't for my machine and the ability to kick out some of my blues on that thing, I think I should want to go West and become a cowboy, or find something else equally as diverting. But after all it frequently brings to mind some very unpleasant thoughts."

"What, your wheel?" said I. "By the bye, I've understood you got that machine in rather a peculiar way. Tell me about it."

Harry did not respond at once, but slowly knocked the ashes from his cigar, and then, with a preoccupied air, began watching the smoke as it curled upwards. I had known Harry Miller for some time, but our acquaintance had not been intimate. A mutual and thorough devotion to wheeling had finally brought us together, and we were spending our vacation in touring to the numerous summer resorts. To-day we had made quite a run and were indulging in a siesta with cigars, after having washed the dust from our throats with copious draughts of milk, obtained at a neighboring farm-house. Miller's home was in New Jersey, and he had formerly been a trifle wild, I knew, though now he was steady enough, and was surely booked, so it was said, for a place "on Commencement." He had come to us from Cornell, a rather long "rustication" there having caused the old gentleman to put his son where temptations were a little less numerous. Finding that Harry had quite lost himself in a day-dream, and was not likely to emerge from it soon, I abruptly exclaimed, "You don't say so!"

"Well, no, I don't," he slowly said, "but I will if you care to listen, though it's nothing but a short chapter of incidents, or rather accidents, perhaps."

"Go on, 'I'm all ears,' as the donkey said."

"A personal reminiscence as it were."

"Oh, never mind being sarcastic," said I, "proceed with the story."

"Well, it was all through a certain young lady—Miss Carrie Van Houten."

"Van who?" I suddenly exclaimed.

"Van Houten—Carrie Van Houten—old Colonel Van Houten's daughter. Do you know her?"

"No, never saw her."

"Why display that sudden interest, then?"

"I—that is—never mind. I'll tell you later."

He looked at me curiously a moment but finally resumed: "Well, you see I went making calls with three or four of the boys one New Year's, and our list included a few places over in Bergen County, among the 'Dutchmen.' The last place we called at was Colonel Van Houten's—a real old-

time family homestead. The young ladies had prepared a very bountiful spread, and what with refreshments and a number of waltzes, we spent considerable time there. One of those who received was the Miss Van Houten I mention, and we became mutually interested during the evening. After that, I saw her frequently. During the summer I used to take a run over there quite often, and when she arranged to visit with her cousin in Montclair, I promised to take a spin out there and call on her. Well, it seems that her cousin owned a tricycle, and Miss Van Houten learned to ride it unknown to me. So that, one day, having promised to arrive there on my wheel about such a time, she started out on the tricycle to meet me and give me a surprise—and she did, a complete one."

"How was that?"

"Well, I had been delayed with a loose tire, so after I had tied that securely, I mounted and began to make up for lost time. I took a 2.40 gait and away I went, with my head down and my legs pumping in their best style. All at once I struck something—a stone wall, I thought,—and then I knew nothing for the next few minutes."

"What was it—a stone?"

"No, it was a tramp. It seems that Miss Van Houten had come to a piece of road where there were no houses in sight, and had just taken out her watch to note the time. The tramp must have seen her do it, for he started out from the bushes, stopped her machine, and threatened I don't know what, if she didn't give up her watch and valuables. Fearing to anger him, for he was a burly ruffian, she set about removing the chain and her ear jewels, when I came tearing round the curve and created a diversion, so to speak. I struck that fellow right amid-ships, and in about half a jiffy there was a most puzzling mixture of tramp, rider, and machine. The shock threw me about ten feet, and I was a sorry looking boy when I rose. My clothes were torn, my left arm broken, and my face looked as though I had shaved myself with a curry-comb. But my bike was the sorriest looking mess. One handle-bar was bent straight down, the wheel was buckled, and the little wheel had sprung forward till it had the appearance of trying to shake hands with the pedal."

"What did Miss Van Houten do?"

"Do! Why she screamed, same as any girl would, so she said. But when I came to she had brought my cap full of water and was giving me a most liberal ducking."

"And the tramp?"

"He resumed his business—tramped. His fall dazed him somewhat, but by the time we could pay any attention to him, he had disappeared."

"What did you do then?"

"We packed my wheel on to the tricycle and started on, pushing it ahead of us. I thought I should faint once or twice, my arm pained me so, but I shut my teeth, and she didn't know it was anything more than a sprain till we reached the house. Then a doctor was called. After being laid up there a couple of days, I was carried home, and about a week after that the expressman called and left me a new Victor with the compliments of the Colonel. It's a daisy, the best wheel made, I think. That's the kind that makes the little boys yell, 'Let her go, Smith! She's a good one!'"

"You're enthusiastic, I see. The Colonel certainly did the square thing by you. But I'll take a Columbia for mine. Did your arm recover nicely?"

"Oh, yes, that's all right."

"And the young lady became more interested in you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And you became more interested in her?"

"Yes"—with a snap.

"Then I should think the world might seem rosy-hued to you. Why this disgust with everything and your frequent attacks of the blues? Has anything happened to disturb the course of true love?"

"Only a trifle," he replied, with bitter sarcasm. "Her father ordered me one day some time after our engagement had been announced, never to darken his doors again, and said that he should consider my engagement to his daughter permanently broken."

"Phew! And did the young lady heartily agree to that?"

"I suppose so. I have never seen her from that day to this. She was sent away to some seminary, I believe."

"Didn't you write to her?"

"Yes, but my letters must have been intercepted. At least I never received any answers. Finally I gave it up."

"But what caused such a sudden turn in affairs?"

"I didn't say."

"I know you didn't. That's what I'm asking you."

"Well, it's a matter which I don't find much pleasure in mentioning, so if I tell you it must be kept in strict confidence."

Of course I promised,—everybody always does, you know,—and he continued.

"Well, it was another accident. You see Jack Marston was in Columbia then, and he had some of the boys up from there and was showing them the lions of the town. I happened to meet them and we all went up into Garside's to have a game of pool. The boys were feeling quite hilarious, though I was straight enough, for I had not been with them. But I was in for a lark, for I had just been rusticated and time hung heavily on my hands. Well, while they were setting up the balls for a second game somebody called out, 'Who was George Washington?' and then they all shouted, 'The Father of his Country,—First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Country—Men!' banging their cues down in unison on each important word, and ending up with a grand tattoo. I chimed in, and, at the final bang, I gave my cue an extra whirl, when, much to my surprise, I saw a stovepipe hat roll on the floor. Imagine my complete horror when on looking around I found that it fell from the white head of Carrie Van Houten's father. I rushed to pick it up, but the boys, thinking it done purposely, had already made a foot-ball of it, and by the time I got it, the rim, crown, and sides had dissolved partnership. Meanwhile Colonel Van Houten had fled in anger and disgust. I called next day to apologize and explain matters, but the old gentleman was choleric, and would hear to no reason. It appears that he had seen me go up with the boys and had followed to ask me if I wouldn't come away from such a crowd and place. The interview became stormy when he said he thought it was bad enough to be suspended from my own college without coming home to carouse with a set of rowdies from another. Finally he ordered me never to darken his doors again, etc., as I told you."

"And do you think the young lady acquiesced in that command?"

"Why, I suppose she must have, otherwise she might have communicated with me."

"But you don't know?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"I promised to tell you something, but I guess I'll wait."

"But you said you would."

"I said 'later,' and so I will later. Trust in me." Now the reason was that I had but just received a letter from a friend at the Ocean House at our prospective next stopping-place, accompanied by a *Sea Shell*, which contained a list of recent hotel arrivals, and among them was a Miss Carrie Van Houten registering as from New Jersey. I had neglected to show this paper to Harry because we had agreed to confine our visits to places where we should find everybody total strangers, and I disliked to announce that I was about to break the arrangement. Now I was glad of it, and resolved to keep the fact entirely a secret, for I had conceived a wild idea that this Miss Van Houten might be *the one*, and then Harry could meet her. After finishing our cigars and resting some little time, we mounted again and pushed hard for the beach. Putting up at the Monmouth we gave orders not to be called, and retired early. Next morning I came down first, on plea of getting a shave, which having been obtained, I rushed over to the Ocean House, feeling somewhat like a culprit, but quieting myself with the excuse that it was "all in a good cause." Quite a number of the guests were already on the piazzas, and, by good luck, I found that my friend, Miss Davidson, was one of these early risers. After some little conversation, I hastily made inquiries concerning this Miss Van Houten, but received little information, as they had met for the first time the afternoon preceding. Then relating as much of Harry's position as I well could and keep faith, I detailed the outlines of my plans, into which Miss Davidson heartily entered. As we could fix upon nothing definite, we agreed to trust to circumstances, and I promised to bring Harry over at the earliest opportunity. Then I rushed back, answered inquiries as best I could, and ate my breakfast alone, for Harry had become tired of waiting and gone in ahead. After breakfast, a tour of the beach seemed first in order, so we mounted our wheels and started out. After some time I suggested that we go up on the verandas of the Ocean House and watch the bathers. There, as I expected, I soon saw Miss Davidson, and, feigning surprise to Harry, I excused myself that I might speak with her. Somewhat to my disappointment Miss Van Houten had not been seen by her that morning, but would probably be down sometime during the bathing hour. So I rushed back, returned with Harry, and introduced him. As we sat conversing I watched the entrance, and finally there emerged, among others, a young lady with a shawl on her arm and a book in her hand. Glancing at Harry I saw he had noticed her, too, and, by the prolonged stare and compressed lip, I guessed who it was. I signaled Miss Davidson, and she confirmed my supposition by a nod, then endeavored to engage Harry more closely in conversation. He proved, however, a sorry listener, especially after Miss Van Houten, in looking about, had chance to catch his eye. No recognition was exchanged, but I saw the color rush to her face and as quickly fade away, while but a moment afterwards she appeared to be chilly, and

drew her shawl quite closely about her. After that her attention seemed entirely given to her book, though I noted that the pages were but seldom turned. At length she rose and went into the hotel, and perceiving that Harry was now thoroughly uneasy, I suggested making our adieux, which we accordingly did. During the afternoon he was moody and inclined to keep by himself, which I allowed him to do, but after supper he put his arm through mine and asked me to take a stroll. Cigars were lighted and the silence remained unbroken for some time. Finally Harry said: "Thought you weren't going to visit any place where you had friends. Didn't you know Miss Davidson was here?"

"Not when we arranged to come here," I replied. "In fact, not till yesterday and then—"

"Well, never mind excuses. I'll forgive you. In fact I'm glad of it. Can you guess why?"

I professed most complete ignorance, and he continued:

"Whom do you suppose I saw at the Ocean House this morning? You never could guess. It was no less a personage than Miss Carrie Van Houten. I could hardly believe my eyes. Now, old fellow, I've been thinking, and I've made up my mind. The time has come, and if she don't run away before the earliest permissible calling hour to-morrow, I'm going to find out just exactly how I stand in her good graces."

So he rattled on for some time, and I proved how true a friend I was by listening to it all without a murmur. Next morning he was up and away early, gone for a spin, so a note on the dressing-case said. Subsequent events I relate as they were afterwards told to me by the parties concerned. Miss Van Houten slept but poorly the night after she caught that first glimpse of Harry on the veranda. What should she do, and how should she act—were questions that troubled her much. Did she run away it might possibly be construed into a confession that Harry's power to attract her had not abated. Did she remain, she ran the risk of meeting him at any time and putting that power to the test, when she feared her most complete surrender. She endeavored to call pride to her aid. Had not her father fully explained what an insolent, reckless, dissipated young fellow Harry was, and had he not extracted a promise from her never to accept further attentions of his, and had not Harry quietly acquiesced in this by never calling again or attempting to write to her, after she had gone away, thus showing how lightly she was held in his estimation? All this was true, she thought, and yet she feared to meet him lest her armor of steel should prove to be but pasteboard. Next morning her way seemed no more evident, and after toying with her breakfast she called for a horse, hoping that a brisk canter would sweep the cobwebs from her brain and allow her to think more clearly. Straight into the country she turned, where the hundreds of seaside revelers were not to be met, and silence reigned supreme. Still her mind was in a chaos, and coming to a pretty nook beside the road she alighted and hitched her horse. Daisies were numerous, and having gathered some, she seated herself on a rock and began idly flicking at others with her whip. She was roused by the prancing of her horse, and looking up, beheld a cyclist dismounting from his wheel. A glance told her it was Harry, and the impulse came to run away. Not a moment was left for thought, however, for he quickly seated himself beside her, saying,

"Good morning, Carrie, my dear. This is indeed good fortune, for I have been wishing so much for a chance to speak with you."

"Mr. Miller! sir!" she said, "how dare you? Have you not been forbidden to address me?"

"Carrie, how can you speak so?" he returned. "'Sir,' to me! and 'forbidden'! What though I was? The command never came from you and I'll speak this time if I have to hold my tongue forever after. And why was I forbidden? What have I done to merit such treatment? Nothing! Of course I know its cause, but it was an accident, pure and simple. To think that such a thing should separate us! Carrie, I would not have believed you would allow it. Why did you not answer my letters? One little word and I could have waited years for the storm to blow over."

"Letters!" she exclaimed. "Did you write to me?"

"Certainly I did, and I should have seen you again, if but only once more, had you not been so mysteriously spirited away. Where did you go? Did you never receive any of my letters?"

"No, not one. Papa was awfully angry at you about something. He sent me immediately to Hellmuth College in Toronto. Why did you not write to me there?"

"How could I? My letters in town were intercepted, and later, pride forbade my displaying my ignorance by asking your out-of-town address. But all that is passed—long passed. Let us talk of the future. Carrie dear, have you lost your regard for me? Can you not say, even as I do,—'I love you still'? Will you not be mine in spite of all obstacles?"

"Oh, Harry, don't, don't!" she pleaded, hiding her face in her hands. "You mustn't talk to me so. Have I not made promises to papa, which even now I am breaking? Please don't ask me. Papa will never give his consent, and without that it is impossible."

"Ah! Then you have not forgotten how to love me!" joyfully exclaimed Harry. "Now I believe all will come right. I think I can prevail upon your father, and then, Carrie, then—"

A light report floated away on the morning breeze, and was followed by the low hum of a prolonged conversation, the tenor of which may be easily imagined. Finally Harry sprang to his feet, saying, "Come, Carrie, we shall have but little spare time before dinner if we do not hurry going back, and after dinner I wish to see your father."

"He is not here, now."

"Not here?"

"No, he established mamma and me, and then returned as he could not leave business just then. But we have just heard from him and we expect he will be here to-night."

"Then I can't see him till to-morrow," said Harry. "But never mind, I'll call at the Ocean House this afternoon and pay my respects to your mother and yourself."

"No, Harry," she replied, "I cannot permit it. Twould be deliberately breaking my promises to papa. Doubtless mamma would be pleased to receive you, but for myself, I must be excused."

"Oh, bother promises," said Harry. "Why did you ever make them? But I'll not blame you, for of course you did what seemed right to you. I'll amuse myself by thinking of our delightful chat this morning, and wait as patiently as I can."

So the ride back to the shore was beguiled by pleasant conversation, and they parted, hopefully bidding each other "*auf wiedersehen*".

Next morning Harry was one of the first purchasers of a *Sea Shell*, and after glancing at it a few minutes he looked up to me and said with a comical grimace, "I'm in for it, Will. Give me your sympathy."

"What have you found?" I asked.

"Why, the Colonel—Colonel Van Houten, you know,—is registered among last night's arrivals at the Ocean House. So to-morrow I mean to make the plunge, and an awful cold bath it'll be, too, I expect."

"Wind seem to be from the east?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied. "Looks to me as though it were going to be a cool day—a good deal cooler than it was on the piazza the other morning."

"Well, the sun may come out brightly after all," I remarked. "What do you say to taking a run down to the Neck and staying over night at the Sea View?"

The plan met his approval and we followed it out, getting back to the Monmouth about noon next day. After dinner I went out on the veranda for a swing in the hammock. Presently I saw Harry pass down the walk and turn towards the Ocean House, bound on an errand which I could easily guess. He inquired if Colonel Van Houten were in, and being answered in the affirmative, asked that the Colonel might be called down to parlor B.

"Shall I send up your card?" inquired the clerk.

As may be imagined, Harry by no means despaired it and replied, "No, thank you; do as I requested, and I will wait here for him," which he did, taking a chair at one of the windows and sitting with his face quite concealed. He had but a few minutes to wait before the door opened and Colonel Van Houten entered.

As soon as the Colonel was well into the room and the door had closed, Harry rose and saluted him, to which the Colonel stiffly responded, inquiring, then, "To what, sir, if I may ask, am I indebted for this honor?"

"Be seated, please; I called," replied Harry, "because I wish to discuss with you a certain matter—a matter, the drift of which you will, I think, find it not difficult to surmise."

"If the subject of your discussion is in relation to my daughter, Mr. Miller," answered the Colonel, "I beg to be excused. I fully announced my wishes and decision in regard to a certain affair, I think. They remain unaltered and I am therefore, I must say, surprised at your persistent intrusion."

"Colonel Van Houten," said Harry, firmly, "I have not forgotten what you said, but—"

"But me no buts, sir," impatiently interrupted the Colonel. "Did I not say that my decision was unchangeable? More than that, sir," he continued, waxing angry, "did I not command you never to darken my doors again?"

"Yes, Colonel, I believe you did put such an injunction upon me—a most unjust one I always thought—and, as you are aware, I have never infringed upon the rights you have in your own property. But to-day, sir, the case is different. We stand on neutral ground,—the parlor of a public hotel,—and you are here at my request. To-day, then, I mean to speak," Harry rushed on excitedly, "for I believe I can prove to your satisfaction that you have acted impulsively and dealt harshly with Carrie and myself. To one unfortunate circumstance I trace all your anger and severeness towards me. That act, as I have before

said, was thoroughly unintentional. Had it not been, I never could have had the brass to face you again. That I was among those students that night is a matter to be regretted, but, let me add, my connection with them was hardly less innocent than was your own. But that may not be all. If then any previous acts of mine had met with your disapproval, I submit to you my record for the past year, which I believe to be as honorable a one as any young man can boast, and which I beg to say will be continued to the best of my endeavors."

"That's very well, but—" interrupted the Colonel.

"Wait a moment, please," said Harry. "I have but a few words more to say. A day or two since I met Miss Van Houten here, by the merest chance. I find that my presence is not distasteful to her—more than that, I find that her love for me has suffered as little diminution as has mine for her. Let me add that I think Mrs. Van Houten also favors my suit, and then I present the case to you to be decided on its merits, and I can but believe that you will see it is only right to make us both very happy by giving your consent."

"Mr. Miller," said the Colonel, "that your side presents some strong points I must admit, and it may be that I am in the wrong. But if I have spoken hastily, believe me I have not acted without thought. While wishing to be just to you, you will pardon me if I hesitate before resigning the happiness of my daughter into any young man's hands. I don't know much about the young men nowadays, but seems to me they are a great deal more unsteady than when I was a boy. But if I reserve my decision it shall not be for long, and I will inform you concerning it at the earliest possible moment."

"Very well, Colonel, I am thankful for even that concession, and I must, I suppose, be contented with it for the present at least. I can only hope that your decision will finally be favorable, and for the present bid you good by. Please give my regards to the ladies. Good day."

"Good day."

Soon after, Harry reappeared at our hotel and was heading apparently straight for our room, but I intercepted him and inquired, "Well, what luck?"

"I can't say yet," replied Harry. "It's doubtful, and 'doubtful things are onsartin,' you know."

"Well, that's one point gained if it's doubtful," said I. "Was the day as cool as you expected?"

"Well, no, not quite. In fact it threatened to become quite warm at one time. The Colonel is as autocratic as the Pope himself, and when he says a thing he's apt to mean it. I'm in hopes, though, I've won him over. Man alive! I ought to have done so, for I got so excited that I hardly knew what I was saying. He reserved his decision and I'm to know later."

Harry was not kept long in suspense, however, for next day he received a letter which proved to be an invitation to take tea *en famille* with the Van Houtens that afternoon. Then for a few days I saw comparatively little of him, and when one noon I banteringly suggested that we continue our trip "among strangers," he replied, "Say, Will, you just go over and amuse yourself with that little 'stranger,' Miss Davidson. And, say, if you want to import any cloth for a suit to wear as best man next winter, you may as well be about it."

"Is that so," said I. "What do you say to

making it double, and I'll import some cloth to wear as *very* best man?"

"Aha!" exclaimed Harry. "Is that the way the wind blows? Will, let's congratulate each other. What a jolly thing it is when 'The Colonel withdraws the Injunction'!"

ARTHUR WESLEY CHASE.

STARLEY VS. POPE, OR, GENIUS VS. TACT.

HOW GREAT ENDS ARE REACHED THROUGH DIVERSE CHANNELS. GREAT PROMOTERS OF THE BICYCLE INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA COMPARED.

One of the first objects of interest to which my attention was drawn after our arrival in Coventry, was the Starley monument, so called, erected in honor of Mr. James Starley, the able inventor and mechanic, who is said to be, and well deserves the enviable title of, "Father to the bicycle industry in Coventry." This monument is a creditable work of art erected by means of private subscriptions from Mr. Starley's grateful admirers, and, upon intercourse with the citizens of Coventry, the traveler will learn much to justify the honor bestowed upon his memory by so worthy a tribute.

This morning, while meditating upon the events of the week, and taking great credit upon myself for feeling happy in such a climate, and vainly endeavoring to dispel the delusion that this drizzling rain would ever stop, a roll, bearing several familiar stamps upon its mutilated wrapper, was placed in my hands, which upon opening proved to contain a large portrait of our Colonel Albert Pope. Now here we have another bicycling celebrity, and would naturally look for some points of similarity in these two men, yet we find none; rarely do we see characters so dissimilar, whose labors have produced results so nearly comparable.

What, then, are the secret springs of success that can be so differently touched? Starley might be termed a hero of mechanical conception, while Pope would shine as a champion of mercantile execution. Starley seemed to be a plain, we might say commonplace, hard-working artisan, of a retiring disposition, and perhaps somewhat of the plebeian type, though a man of remarkable presence. Pope is of the aristocratic persuasion, and of a military, we might say aggressive, bearing. The former arrives at results by the patient application of purely constructive faculties, and in the privacy of his own workshop among whirling mandrels, clinking hammers, and glowing forges; while the other attains his success by his executive ability, in an energetic display before a busy commonwealth through its newspapers, popular gatherings, and other far-reaching means of grasping the attention of the public,—the one excluding, while the other courts, the presence of the outside world.

Starley dropped a subject just where Pope takes it up: when the mechanical problems have all been solved, and the difficulties of manufacture surmounted; the work ready for, but not in, practical use; a thing perfect in its way but a long way from being a public benefit until such men as Pope, with one hand upon the perfected machine, and the other grasping a reluctant public, bring them together and show that each is intended for the other. The two characters fit together, each being necessary to the success of the other, and by both the public is benefited and becomes a delighted admirer of the producer, the introducer, and the thing produced.

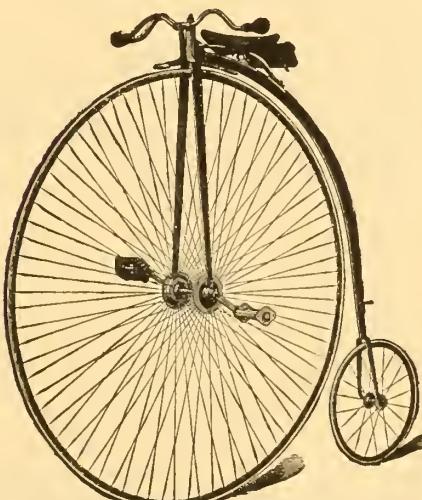
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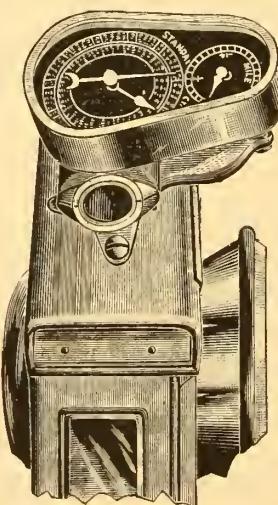
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• THE •

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COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER.

A Genuine Light-Weight Bicycle.

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A High-Grade, Moderate-Priced Bicycle for the use of boys and light men of small stature.

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Upon this Racer were made the World's Records for $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and from 2 to 38 miles (inclusive); the World's Amateur Records for $\frac{3}{4}$ and 1 mile; the World's Professional Records for 4 to 10 and 21 to 43 miles (inclusive); the Greatest Distance Ever Made Inside the Hour (20 miles, 396 feet).

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Weight, all on, 47½ pounds. Remarkably Strong, considering its weight.

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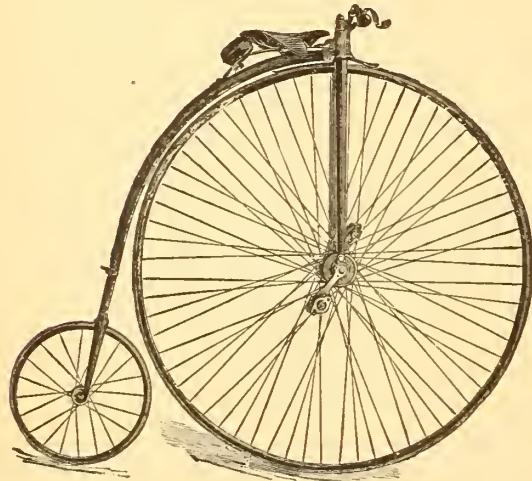
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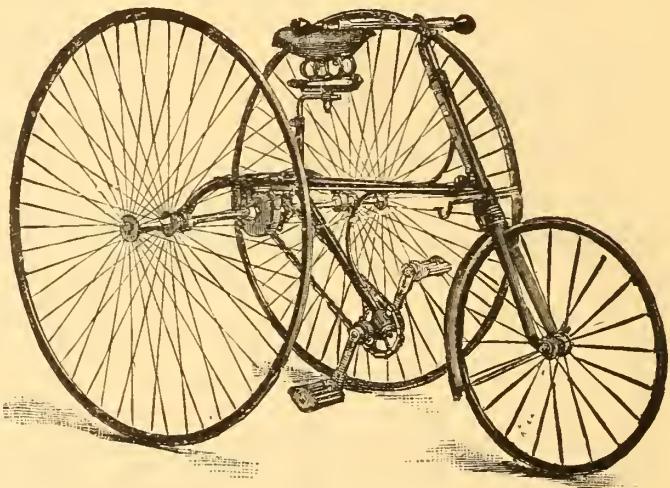
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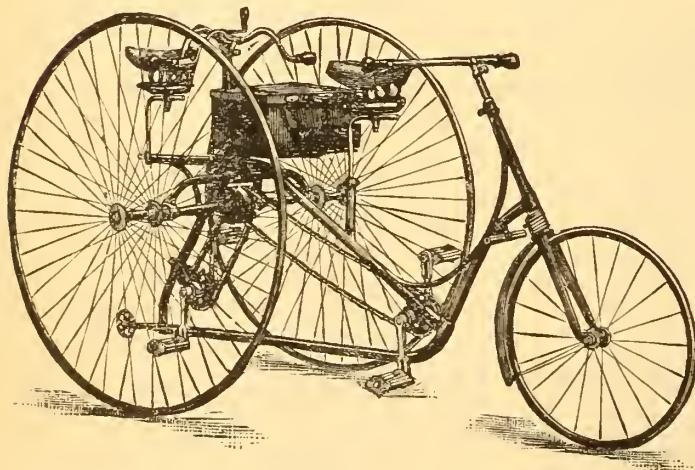
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CHALLENGE SAFETY,
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SINGER'S CHALLENGE, improved for 1886. Detachable Cow-Horn Handle-Bars. Price of 50-inch, \$105.00.

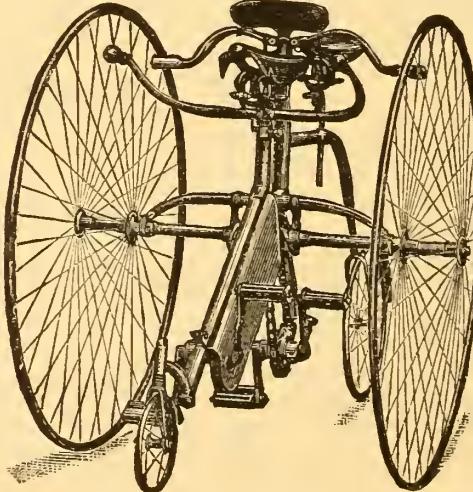
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Sole United States Agents, 6 and 8 Berkeley Street, BOSTON.

Time may bring forth greater men in the bicycling industry than the subjects of our sketch, but however deserving they may be, since the industry has become an assured success, to none of the later ones can we give the credit due to the great pioneers, who had the energy, confidence, and daring to devote their time, talent, and money to an uncertain enterprise. One marvels at the immense amount of labor in the way of inventing and experimenting done by Starley, and at the herculean task Pope had before him in bringing the bicycle before the public. The many tumbles, upsets, and general smash-ups incident to Starley's new wheels, cranks, and levers, in working out the practical bicycle, can well be compared to Pope's many battles against the cuts and jeers of a relentless prejudice. The rewards reaped by our respective heroes are equally diverse. The public in its munificence bestows upon one a monument, the other bestows a monument upon the public.

Ambitious laborers in the field of usefulness, will you give or take a monument? Observe the contrast and take your choice: both genius and tact are in great demand. To some extent either quality may have to be born in you, but the great bulk of each seems to be found in a sphere called hard work.

R. P. S.

BALTIMORE, MD., April 18, 1886.

LAKE CITY ITEMS.

There is no particular news to chronicle this week, as Chicago is fast settling down to the ordinary routine of the riding season. The first run of the Chicago club was called last Saturday, when a goodly number convened at headquarters at 6.10 P. M., and wheeled to the Boulevard Hotel for supper, and a very enjoyable time was reported. This club has re-leased its old quarters for the coming twelve months. The interior will be painted, papered, and decorated generally, and the boys are looking forward to something respectable wherein to receive their friends and stimulate the joys of "Garden City" cycling.

The Prince-Schock race, at Minneapolis, will probably be a go. Letters from them dated last Thursday develop the fact that Schock's money was up and part of Jack's. This race will undoubtedly be a record smasher, as both men have some of their own money up and both are fast. Schock has already shown his metal by his 1,009½ world's record, while Prince is riding in splendid form, as he has recently demonstrated by his races with Woodside. Schock will ride his 51-inch Champion, while Prince will try his luck on a 53-inch Apollo. Both are confident and mean business, and the result may demonstrate the superiority of first-class staying qualities over speed or *vice versa*. At any rate we shall watch this race with interest.

The John Wilkinson Company will move, May 1, from Wabash avenue to their old stand at 77 State street, and a very advantageous move it is, too, as there is no comparison to be made as to the popularity of the two thoroughfares. State street is to this city what Fourteenth street is to New York, hence the cycling department of this establishment will boom, no doubt. In their new catalogue they have listed only the machines manufactured by Gormully & Jeffery, and while they do not control the entire line, they have secured the exclusive on the American Champion and are looking forward to great things from this machine.

The Owl club is in a flourishing condition and will be heard from before the lake freezes again.

They have cosy, comfortable quarters in a two-story building on Indiana street, which is nicely furnished and "janitor always on the premises," don't you know? The Owls are mostly young fellows and they ride.

The membership of the recently disbanded Hermes club is for the most part attending school or college.

The Dearborn Avenue Cycling Club, with a healthy membership of ladies and gentlemen, wind up our club directory. This club is already on the alert and planning for the summer campaign.

The *Mirror of American Sports*, which has been pursuing an apathetic course so far as cycling is concerned, has acquired considerable life from the fact, no doubt, that the *Sporting Journal* is making a strong bid to outdo it in this particular, so that the last week's issue was teeming with news and really presented a creditable appearance. "Let the good work go on," is rather stale and somewhat tintured with Salvation Armyism, but it fills the bill.

The much-talked-of six-day race to take place in the Exposition building in June, is fast assuming a tangible shape and will likely come off, and it looks very much as if it would be a success at this writing. The scheme, as now proposed, is to have the race directly under the management of the makers and dealers, each of whom will have a representative actively interested. Sam Miles, of the *Sporting Journal*, is working the thing up, and he told me last Saturday that there was little doubt but that the manufacturers would take hold, in which case Gormully & Jeffery will have their Mr. Oliver to look after their interests; the John Wilkinson Company will be represented by Chief Consul Blake, and the Pope Manufacturing Company by Major Durell. Sam says the race will be run on racing principles, that it will be freely boomed for weeks beforehand in the newspapers, that pools will be sold on the floor, and that the best field of professional starters this country ever saw has already signified its intention of participating. I believe myself that the only way to hold a successful race in this city is to let the gamblers in, as the sporting public will not be in attendance unless they have an opportunity to wager on the result. A successful race will certainly be a novelty much to be desired.

"GROWLER."

THE CITY OF CHURCHES.

Most of our wheelmen have put on their new uniforms or brushed up their old ones and have resumed riding. The fair weather which followed the heavy rain-storms has brought a great many out into the country, and the season may be said to be already well advanced in this city.

The wear and tear of all sorts of vehicles during winter shows considerable effect on Bedford avenue, formerly, and to some extent even now, the wheelmen's paradise, but I am glad to learn that an appropriation has been made to have it repaired. Some blocks are dangerous to ride upon now, consequently it will be a great relief and convenience to many who use the avenue nearly every day in the week.

If the Prospect Park commissioners want to enforce their rule in regard to wheelmen wearing badges, they will have to procure the badges first. As yet not a single badge has made its appearance, and the resolution seems to have fallen through.

Farr, who made such a good showing at the

Ilderan's race meet, will henceforth race on a Royal Mail instead of the Expert. He seems to have a great deal of pluck and will give the fliers some work this season.

The Nassau Athletic Club's quarter-mile track is nearing completion and it is said to be one of the fastest in the country. Some show for Brooklyn now.

The action of the racing board in regard to the suspension of most of the best racing men in the League, meets with the disapproval of every one whom I have interviewed.

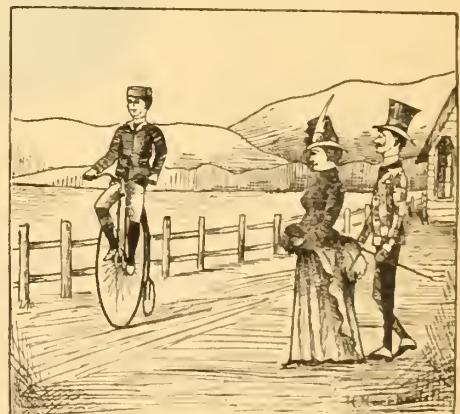
I have received a copy of "The Long Island Road Book," compiled by A. Barkman, and, judging by its general appearance, it ought to sell well in this city, and I hope Mr. Barkman is coming up to anticipations.

The latest addition to our list of clubs is the Independent Wheelmen. Their new uniform of grayish brown cloth looks handsome, and is well adapted to touring. They have already gained some fame as a road-riding club, making as many tours as time and weather permit. They have no club-house as yet, but their meetings are held at 39 Second Place, and are always well attended.

A. B. Rich, of the Kings County Wheelmen, seems to be coming out all right after his sickness the past winter, and we may expect something great from him this season. Valentine, of the same club, will be his rival, having beaten him once and coming in a close second at the Seventh Regiment games on Saturday, April 3.

The Kings County Wheelmen intend to put a scorcher on the track this season, mounted on a Star. They will not say who it will be, but they say he will be one of the fastest of the day. The Star seems to gain the favor of some "crank" riders, slowly but surely, and it may sometime become the leading machine. The main thing which tells against it is its heavy weight.

The Elizabeth Wheelmen's challenge has been accepted by the Kings County Wheelmen, who will put in a team of eight of the best road riders in the country. It is expected that the contest will be very close and exciting. Captain Pettus will go at it again, as well as Rich, the best racer in the State. With these two scorches in the field it is thought that the Kings County Wheelmen will get the best of the Elizabeth men.



Miss Teaser: "Don't you think that short pants look nice on bicycle riders?"

Mr. Skinnylegs (who owns a bicycle): "Oh yes, they look quite nice."

Miss Teaser: "How I should like to see you riding your bicycle in knee-breeches."

(Total collapse of the dude.)

J. W. S.

**GRAND FOREIGN TOUR,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN BI-
CYCLISTS' AND TOURISTS' ASSOCIATION.**

The proposed tour of the above Association will last nearly ten weeks, embracing journeys by water, rail, jaunting-cars, bicycles, and tricycles, visiting parts of Ireland, Scotland, England, France, and many points of historical interest not herein named, and will undoubtedly be a most delightful one. The party will leave New York City, Saturday, July 3, 1886, per steamer "City of Berlin," at 4 p. m., from Inman pier, foot of Grand street, Jersey City. The number of persons will be limited to fifty, to include ladies on tricycles as well as gentlemen on bicycles and tricycles. The management of the party, from the time of starting until its return to this country, will be under the personal supervision of the manager, P. Harvard Reilly, who has been over almost the entire route while traveling abroad. Mr. Reilly is well known as one of the most accomplished professors of dancing in this country, and his academies in Newport, Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, and Fifth avenue, New York, are patronized by the *élite*. Mr. Reilly is an enthusiast in all he undertakes, and has traveled much for the past few years for pleasure and information, having spent most of his time during the summer months in touring upon his Extraordinary bicycle, both in this country and abroad. He was a member of the Big Four tour of last year, and is well spoken of by all who came in contact with him. Mr. Reilly commenced cycling in 1883, and joined the Springfield Bicycle Club and the L. A. W. in 1884, and the Citizens Bicycle Club, of New York, and the C. T. C., in 1885. The tour will be conducted in a manner agreeable to gentlemen wishing an extended trip for pleasure and sight-seeing, and we can unhesitatingly assure our readers that nothing will be left undone that will add to the comfort of the party, and nothing be allowed that will mar the pleasure of a single individual. As a manager, Mr. Reilly has few equals, and in this statement we are positive that all who accompany him will, upon their return home, fully concur.

The membership in this party for the entire trip (comprising about seventy days) will cost five hundred dollars, which insures first-class cabin passage both ways, railway, steamboat, jaunting-car, and hotel accommodations, omnibuses, portage between stations and hotels, free transportation of a reasonable amount of baggage, with bicycle, gratuities to servants, fees for sight-seeing, services of special guides and interpreters, etc., etc. If for any reason one or more wheelmen should desire to take only a part of the trip (say about six weeks), the membership fee would be three hundred and fifty dollars. Such persons would leave New York

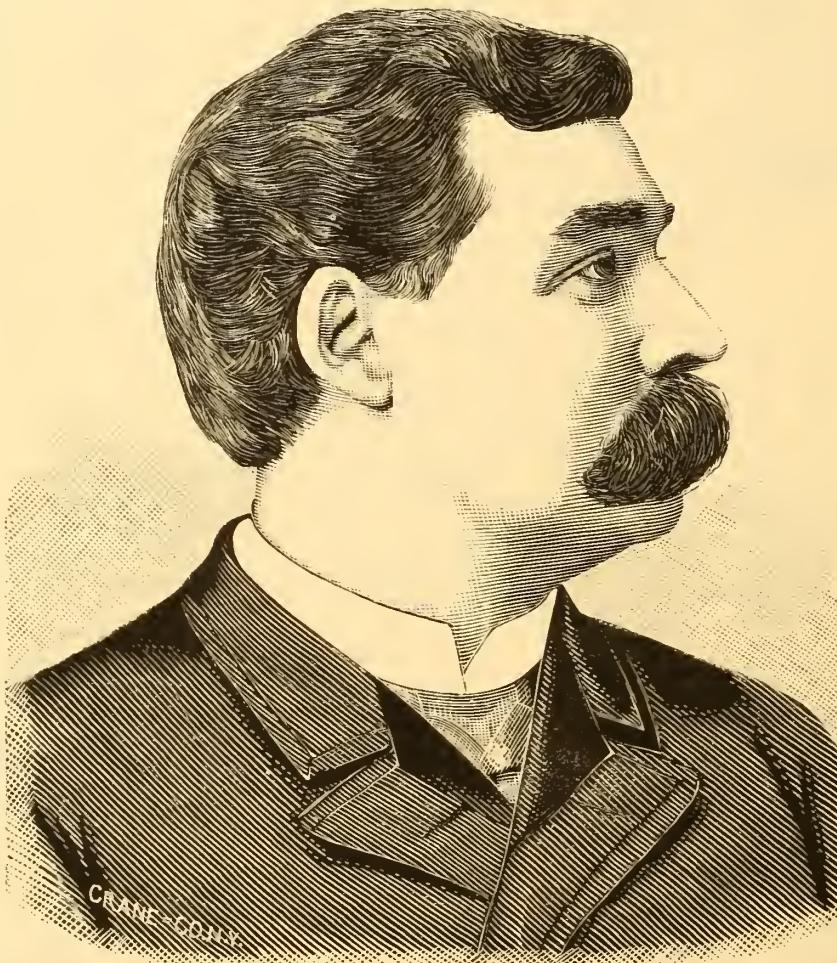
with the party, July 3, and return, sailing from Liverpool, August 3, thereby giving a trip of forty days or more. As the steamers are generally taxed to their utmost in providing accommodations for passengers during the summer months, application for membership should be made as far in advance as possible. The full name and address of each person must be given for registration. The only things necessary for personal consideration will be the subscription, the forwarding of your machine (crated) and steamer trunk directed to Inman pier, in time. On receipt of security, any information or assistance regarding money exchange, outfit for journey, etc., will be cheerfully given by the manager at headquarters, Grand Union Hotel.

The best months for visiting Ireland and Scot-

Dublin Castle, the University, Phoenix Park, and many other interesting places in its vicinity; thence to the Giant's Causeway and to Belfast (Queen's Hotel), from the latter place taking steamer to Glasgow.

On arriving in Glasgow (Cockburn Hotel) we find ourselves in the most populous city in Scotland. It has many fine public buildings, the most interesting being the Cathedral, which is well worth a visit. It was built in the twelfth century, and is said to rank next to Westminster Abbey. Close by is the Necropolis, where many distinguished Scots are buried; its most conspicuous monument is the one erected to the memory of John Knox, the great reformer. The Anderson University, the Royal Exchange, Kelvin Grove House (Museum of Art and Natural History), the Botanic Gardens, Castle Milk (where Mary Queen of Scots lodged), the Queen's seat on Catlin Hill, and the principal picture-galleries and streets should all be visited. Glasgow has two very fine parks—West End and Queen's; on the former are placed the guns taken at the siege of Sebastopol. The city is adorned with numerous fine statues, among the most notable being that of the Duke of Wellington, opposite the Royal Exchange, executed in bronze by Marochetti, said to be one of the finest in the world; those of Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Moore, James Watt, and Sir Robert Peel, in George's Square; and several others in the various squares and public buildings. From Glasgow to Balloch, Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, to Stirling, visiting the Royal Castle, etc. Continuing our journey we reach Edinburgh (Cockburn Hotel), the capital of Scotland, which has a population of 200,000. It is one of the most imposing, interesting, and magnificent cities in Europe. In Edinburgh Castle the crown jewels are kept. This historic castle is teeming with romance, and its origin is lost in obscurity. The principal street, which contains most of the hotels, is Princess; here also is the

monument to Sir Walter Scott, 200 feet high, having 287 steps leading to the top, where the statues in the niches represent characters taken from the works of the great novelist; viz., Prince Charles from Waverley, Meg Merrilies from Guy Mannerling (representing her breaking the sapling over the head of Lucy Bertram), Last Minstrel (playing the harp), Lady of the Lake, and George Heriot, while below is the large marble statue of Sir Walter with his pet dog Bevis. Continuing we visit the National Picture Gallery, the Royal Scottish Academy, the Register House, Calton Hill, Nelson's monument, Burns's monument, Arthur's Seat, St. Giles's Cathedral (where Jenny Geddes brought her stool and threw it at the dean's head), the University of Edinburgh, the Royal College of Surgeons, George IV.'s Bridge, the Grayfriars



P. HARVARD REILLY.
MANAGER AMERICAN BICYCLISTS' AND TOURISTS' ASSOCIATION.

land are June, July, and August. The hotels in the different countries will be found remarkably well conducted, though the charges in Ireland and Scotland are higher than those of England or France. The return steamship tickets are good for one year from date of sailing.

After crossing the Atlantic, the itinerary will be as follows:—Disembark at Queenstown and proceed to Cork (Imperial Hotel). (It was in Cork that William Penn became a convert to Quakerism.) From this place excursions will be made to its beautiful environs, to Blarney Castle, erected in the fifteenth century, and which contains the celebrated Blarney stone said to confer upon the lips that kiss it the power of eloquence. Thence to the lovely Lakes of Killarney; to Dublin (Shelburne Hotel), the capital of Ireland, where we tarry to visit

Churchyard, St. Andrew's Square, and Holyrood Palace. The rooms in this palace were occupied by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and her bed-chamber, where Rizzio was murdered, remains in the same state as when she left it. Lord Darnley's rooms, where he was married, are also shown in this building. Holyrood Abbey, where the kings and queens of Scotland were crowned, the Queen's Drive, and Queen's Park to the south of Holyrood, should also be visited.

On arriving in London (Midland Grand Hotel) the party will decide whether to continue on to Paris or tarry in London for a week or more, making visits to the different points of interest, including the British Museum. In visiting the above points we ride through the principal streets, viewing Somerset House, New Law Courts, Temple Bar, Foundling Hospital, St. Paul's Cathedral, Cheapside, the Tower of London, St. Paul's Churchyard, General Post Office, Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, National Gallery of Painting, Westminster Abbey, South Kensington Museum, Hyde Park, Albert Memorial, Regent's Park, Zoological Gardens, Houses of Parliament, St. James Park, Buckingham Palace, Bethlehem Hospital, Blind Asylum, Blackfriars Bridge, Bank of England, Mansion House, Royal Exchange, London Bridge, St. George's Cathedral, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, Crystal Palace, and many other places of interest.

If the party decides on going directly from Scotland to Paris, we will cross the Channel at New Haven to Dieppe, and thence through Rouen to Paris (Grand Hotel), where we will spend some time visiting the many points of interest, including the New French Opera (exterior), Madeleine Church, Place de la Concorde and Obelisk of Luxor, Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, Palace of the Elysée, Palace of the Trocadero (Exhibition Buildings), Palace of Industry, Panorama Battle of Champigny, Champs Mars, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ecole Militaire, Invalides and Tomb of Napoleon I., Palace Bourbon, Palace of Legion of Honor, Pont de la Concorde, Palace of the Council of State (ruins), Palace Royal, Church St. Eustache, the Halles Centrales, Garden of the Tuilleries, Boulevard Sébastopol, Place de la République, Place de la Bastille, Prison de la Roquette and Place of Execution, Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, Column of July, Belleville, Park of Buttes Chaumont, Portes St. Martin, St. Denis, Grand Boulevards, Grand Cascade, Rue Lafayette, St. Augustin, Park Monceaux, Arc de Triomphe, Bois de Boulogne, the Lakes, Grand Cascade and Race Course of Longchamps, Private Apartments of the Empress Josephine, Napoleon I., view of the Citadel of Mont Valerian, Town Forest of Ville d'Avray, Mme. de Maintenon and State Carriages, Place de la Coeur, Avenue de Picardie, Boulevards de la Reine, Grand Trianon, Palace, Galleries, and Park of Versailles, Avenue de Paris, Viroflay, Chaville, Sèvres (porcelain manufactory), Fortifications of Paris, Seine Embankment, Viaduct of Auteuil, Cours la Reine, Park and Ruins of St. Cloud, Montreuil, Place and Column Vendôme, Garden and Palace (ruins) of the Tuilleries, Mint, Rue de Rivoli, Institute of France, Palace of Justice, Ste. Chapelle, Pont Neuf and Statue of Henry IV., Tribunal of Commerce, Palace and Museum of the Louvre, Place du Carrousel and Triumphal Arch, Luxembourg Galleries and Gardens, Boulevard St. Michael, Fontaine de l'Observatoire, Conciergerie, Palais Royal, Ecole des Beaux-Arts, St. Sulpice, Statue of Marshal Ney, Pantheon, St.

Etienne du Mont, Carpet Manufactory of the Gobelins, Jardin des Plantes, Halle aux Vins, the Morgue, Tour St. Jacques, Cathedral of Notre Dame, Place du Chatelet, Avenue de l'Opéra.

From France we return via London to Liverpool (Adelphi Hotel), and sail for America on the steamer "City of Chicago," Tuesday, August 31.

"ROTATING" THE LEAGUE PRESIDENCY.

To the Editor *Wheelmen's Gazette*:—

It was a gratification for me to discover, in the course of a talk had with you about this subject, last winter, that you agreed with me in thinking yourself not to be a proper person for the presidency. So far as mere pride of position is concerned, greater glory attaches to the presidency of the Springfield Bicycle Club than to the official leadership of the League; while, as regards active work for the League's advancement, the presidency of his State division, rather than that of the main body, is the post at which a man of ambition and energy may most effectively exert himself for bringing things to pass. It seemed to me that you showed good sense in preferring to retain this, and in sticking to the idea that more fun may be found in "running the Springfield tournament" than in "running the League presidency"—or in running for it.

There is no need of my expressing an opinion as to whether the numerous newspaper "mentions," pro and con, signify that you could make a successful run. The point which concerns my argument is that you do not want the place, and cannot afford to take it. Of similar significance is the recently published decision of another prominent chief consul, T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Ohio, positively withdrawing his former consent to let his friends offer his name as a candidate. Still further, the president of the Boston Bicycle Club, E. C. Hodges, whose supporters before the Chicago convention of '82 mustered 156 votes, as against 207 for the president actually chosen, gives the readers of his paper to understand that he will not again court the judgment of the ballot box. These three cases, I think, form a fair excuse for reprinting the following words: "It is at once the pride and fear of the League that its officers have accomplished such extensive results from the most disinterested motives and by such personal sacrifices; the pride, because of the example set before the rank and file; the fear, because the fearfully rapid multiplication of duties bids fair to frighten off the otherwise willing volunteers."

My quotation is from an article by "Hal" (in *Bulletin*, Dec. 4, '85, p. 364), which formed the pretext of our talk, and which contained this additional bit of wisdom: "The duties of chief consul offer greater opportunities for necessary and important League work than the presidency;" but the words which chiefly interested me in the article were these: "It is a proper courtesy to grant the office in rotation to different portions of this free and enlightened cycledom." I was interested in them because I always feel impelled to denounce the idea on which they are based, and the implication which they convey: that, whenever New York or "the East" has filled a given office for two or three years, "a new deal" ought then to transfer the same to Ohio or "the West." This sort of "courtesy" may perhaps please such babes and sucklings of the wheel-world as are devoted solely to their geographies; but it is not "business"—it is not the sort of conduct which in-

creases the strength of the League, and compels men to recognize its strength.

Four years ago (*Bi. World*, May 19, '82), I urged "the desirability of keeping League officers in harness just as long as they prove competent and are willing to serve. The longer a good man can be kept in office, the better the work which can be got out of him. The idea that the presidency or any other office in the League is an 'honor' which ought to be 'passed around' so as to 'give all sections a chance for distinction,' is an idea that ought to be throttled off-hand. The organization of the League is flimsy enough from the very nature of things. The only hope of expecting any good work from it lies in keeping experienced officers in control." Reprinting these words a year later (*Wheel*, May 18, '83, p. 7), I added: "Having these beliefs, I naturally felt sorry when the League lost its first president, a year ago; and though I have no personal knowledge of his successor, his works seem to have justified all the promises of his friends who urged his election then; so that if the League fails to retain his services, not only during the next year, but during as many following years as he can be persuaded to render them, the fact of change will seem to indicate that its management is controlled by children rather than by men."

In spite of his pronounced wish to the contrary, the managers did indeed unanimously re-elect Mr. Miller to the presidency in '83, but, as he continued firm in refusing, they finally compromised on his consenting to give a second year's service in the less laborious position of vice-president. I believe that no charge of incompetency or neglect of duty has yet been raised against any officer in the six executive boards of the League, and that no one of them who has consented to a re-election has ever yet failed to receive it. There can be no doubt, I think, that the high average of personal and official character in the men chosen, and the absence of a spirit of political scheming for "rotating" them out of office, have both helped greatly to build up the reputation of the League. It will be a bad thing for it if prevalence is ever given to "Hal's" idea, that the offices are a sort of baubles, which ought to be portioned out geographically for the soothing of sectional pride, as playthings are divided equally among children.

All this is preliminary to my main purpose of using the opportunity which the prospective withdrawal from office of the League's third president now gives me for expressing without offense certain ideas concerning that unknown man who will soon be chosen as the fourth. If he shall prove as able, and as generally acceptable, as either one of his predecessors, I insist that the League will add to its own power and prestige by re-electing him not simply for two or three terms, but for an indefinite number,—for as long as he shall be willing to serve. The "honor" of a quasi-permanent position thus assured might tempt some very desirable men to assume the costs and responsibilities of the office, who will not do this under a system which implies "rotation," just about as soon as a man can get fairly fitted to his place. I bespeak for the next president that he should *not* be expected (as "Hal's" letter suggests) to "shape the general policy of the League," or to manifest any great amount of individual activity. Such expectation is unreasonable, for it implies too great a sacrifice of vital force. A man may have energy enough to "shape the policy of" a State division without neglecting his own private business; but

if he seriously attempts to do such a service for the League, he will have no leisure left in which to earn a livelihood,—his official task will simply absorb his entire strength and life. In other words, the real shaper of executive policy must be the secretary-editor, the officer whose livelihood the League can afford to provide for, in return for exclusive services rendered.

Aside from the impracticability of securing as president an active, pushing type of man, such as makes an efficient chief consul, or "runs" a successful cycling tournament or newspaper,—it would not be proper or desirable to secure him. That sort of man necessarily makes enemies; and a "president with a policy" would soon get the League into hot water. The State divisions are the true places where "League policy" can be formed, and where men of zeal can take the initiative in impressing their ideas. Tact, good-nature, and a capacity for keeping the peace with all men, are the qualities which should be chiefly sought for in the chief executive of the League; and I am sure no one will deny that they have all been found there in abundance during the last three years. To those few ill-natured critics who have presumed to sneer at Dr. Beckwith as a "good-looking figure-head," let me say that a well-mannered figure-head is exactly what the League wants, and if the same be "good looking" also, it gets almost an ideal officer for the place.

I have no patience with people who pretend to despise physical comeliness. It is not the greatest gift for a man to possess, nor would I urge it as a chief qualification for the League presidency; but when a man, otherwise competent for the place, possesses this gift also, I think only the meanest sort of envy would belittle it, or deny that it definitely adds to his eligibility. I do not believe Arthur to be as able a man as either Lincoln, or Grant, or Garfield, or Cleveland; but he certainly made a better appearance, on public occasions of ceremony, than any one of the four; and I shall always remember that the handsome way he held himself, among the foreign dignitaries at the Yorktown centennial, touched my pride in him as an American. It was pleasant to see that, as regards physique, and dress, and ease of manner, the courts of Europe had not been able to contribute to the ceremony a finer-looking gentleman. Similarly, a League man may well take pleasure in seeing the organization represented before the world, on occasions of parade and display, by a good-looking leader. However silly it might be to vote a man into the place simply because of his bigness, I see nothing silly in confessing that those of us who believe that the present incumbent is "a good fellow on general principles" admire him all the more for his ability to gracefully drive a sixty-three inch wheel.

Never having spoken a word to Dr. Beckwith, or received a letter from him, I cannot be accused of personal partiality when I express regret that the League has not insisted on retaining him at the helm for a fourth term, and a fifth, and a sixth. I use the past tense because I accept his expressed intention of going out as a fixed fact, which nothing can now be done to alter, and which I am not now trying to alter. No doubt he assumes that the "rotation" theory has sufficient vogue to arouse ill-will against him if he consented to stand for another term (perhaps ill-will enough to encompass his defeat), and so gladly gives way to "let some new man have a chance." But suppose that League clubs in Chicago, Cleveland,

Scranton, Springfield, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and elsewhere, had passed resolutions, last winter, urging him to continue in harness awhile longer? Suppose a general demonstration had been made of the belief that "rotating" the League presidency, for sectional or sentimental reasons, is as unbusiness-like as "rotating" the presidency of a bank? I do not say that, in the face of such a call, his decision would have been changed; for I know nothing about it, and no practical importance attaches to the might-have-been. What I do say is that, as regards the next president, those who may deem it advantageous to keep *him* a long time in office should make their wishes plain, by such means as I have mentioned, a good while in advance of the season when new candidates begin to be "talked up" for the succession.

Though I am no believer at all in the "one-man theory," which assumes the help of a certain individual as essential to an institution's success, I wish to call attention to the fact that the number of men likely to make satisfactory presidents must always of necessity be small. Only a few can afford the time and money demanded for such a purely honorary position; and not all of these few possess the valuable negative recommendations of the present incumbent and his immediate predecessor. I mean by this that no one could pretend to accuse either of them of advertising his profession or business by the fact of holding the office; whereas the presence of Mr. Pratt in the chair would cause the cry that the Pope Manufacturing Company, of which he is the attorney, "was running the League"; people who objected to Mr. Hodges would say he was "advertising the Overman Wheel Company"; you yourself would be accused of "making the League a tail to the Springfield tournament," and so on. Or assume my own election to the presidency: I could not possibly accept it without absolutely abandoning my business as a book-publisher, for everything I might say or do would necessarily be in some sense "an advertisement of 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle'"; and similar cases will readily occur to any one who reflects upon the matter.

As considerations of this sort make the real field of choice a very narrow one, I protest against any such further restriction of it as must needs result from the spread of the theory that the president ought to have a "policy," or that "figure-head service" of the sort which has been rendered during the last four presidential terms isn't entirely creditable and satisfactory. Adapting the words of "Hal," I say again, "Beware lest the multiplication of expected duties frighten off those who would otherwise willingly consent to officially serve the League." With equal earnestness I say, "Beware of going to the other extreme, and adopting the English plan of electing a figure-head too old and respectable for any active work at all." It would be a grave error, for example, to put at the head of the League, an elderly dignitary like Colonel Higginson (who graduated at Harvard way back in '41, two years before Colonel Pope was born), though his holding the presidency of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club is a rather pleasant thing to be able to point to, for the humiliation of those ancient-and-honorables who still profess to believe that all cycling is "childish."

Finally, the only geographical consideration which ought in any way to affect a man's eligibility for the presidency is the purely practical one that the preferable residence is near the place where meetings of the official board can be most

conveniently held. In other words, the League will be likely to get more work out of a president who lives on the Atlantic slope, and especially in New York City. It cannot reasonably expect that a man of the West will make all the additional sacrifices of time needed to place him on a level in efficiency with one who resides nearer the cycling center. I hope the "shriek of locality" may not be used in behalf of that section in choosing the next president. The man most available for service should be elected as such, with only minor regard to the question of residence; and if choice be made of a Westerner, I hope he will be kept in service for many terms and will be freed from all fear of "rotation."

KARL KRON.

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING,
WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., May 5, 1886.

MAN AND MACHINE.

Respectfully inscribed to Col. Albert A. Pope, of Pope Manufacturing Company, the pioneer of cycle manufacture in this country, by T. W. E.

In the land of progress, the "land of the free,"

Our pride rests a bountiful share;

The fathers who wrought out this fair destiny

Nor laurels with kings need compare;

The praise of the people is greater than crown,

Justly won by enterprise's mien;

A "Pope of mechanics" is high in renown—

America's man and machine!

As pass-word to citizen loyal and true

"Columbia" will e'er remain;

A child of this thought is the wheel that we view,
Desiring until we obtain.

It was first-born of all, its birthplace the "hub,"

And treasures its hub all the more;

Like man is a member of many a club;

We've met oft in times gone before.

Like man, too, a penchant it has for the "Weed,"

Is fitted in works of that kind;

Like man, too, is known by its merit and deed;
Alike to excel both inclined.

But not like a man whom we justly call "fast"

In a speed that hastens his ruin—

"Columbia's" record is "speed to the last,"

In age youth quickly renewing!"

'Neath the stars and stripes at the tap of the drum

How quickly the heart's blood is stirred;

To observing points loyal people fast come—

Proud the men accoutrements gird;

At the bugler's blast of a cycling band

Impression is nearly the same,

And cheers that the uniformed lads understand

Outburst in "Columbia's" name!

To the powers of progress there is but one "Pope,"

Though creed may advance many more;

The "king of mechanics" is ready to cope

With money, with make, and with store.

America's heart will remember him still,

From ill prosperity screen,

While the men that "Union" uphold with a will

Welcome the man and machine!

Curious Conclusive Evidence.—A few weeks ago the racing board of the League of American Wheelmen suspended almost all the prominent amateur riders of America on the claim that they had violated the amateur definition. Commenting upon this action the chairman of the racing board, in the last edition of his newspaper, says: "We have only suspended those against whom we have the most conclusive evidence," and, in another column, announces that C. O. Danforth, of Cambridge, has satisfactorily proved his innocence. It would be interesting to read the "most conclusive evidence" which Danforth so easily brushed aside.—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE.

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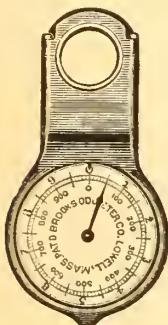
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"LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME."

When a dealer resorts to fallacious statements, thus imposing on the credulity of those unacquainted with the facts, it is well to caution the thinking public to examine into facts before purchasing a machine which requires such defense.

Is it reasonable to suppose the Original Humber to be the only good machine, simply because it was the first of that pattern, while dozens of manufacturers hold the privilege, under license, of reproducing every feature of the machine?

The test of the road is sure to bring out points which need remodeling, and how well the Humber has stood the test of American roads let the repair shops tell.

THE SPARKBROOK HUMBER TANDEM,

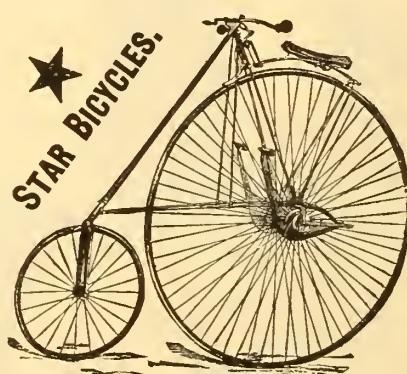
With patented double-driving differential gear, and brace for supporting the center of the axle, which overcomes the binding strain incident to the swaying of the riders, and also making it impossible for the axle to sag or break, with many other excellent features,—has gained an enviable standing in England, and now claims the attention of every American rider. Price \$240.

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* THE STAR BICYCLE TO THE FRONT AGAIN! *

GEORGE E. WEBER, of Smithville, N. J., won the 50-MILE ROAD RACE at Clarksville, Mo., in 3 hours, 7 minutes, and 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, beating the previous American Road Records nearly 25 minutes.

CHARLES E. KLUGE, the STAR rider of New York, secured second place in 3 hours, 22 minutes, and 27 seconds, also within the Records.

For further particulars address us above.

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PUBLISHED BY

THE CENTRAL PRESS AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Box 444. No. 12 Vesey Street, NEW YORK.

News Notes.

Mr. R. P. Gormully is making a flying trip East again.

The Apollo of this season is fitted with ball-bearing head.

The doctor has given the Victor permission to go outdoors.

For gorgeous stationery Gormully & Jeffery hold the record.

Hillier's memory is poor, and the lesson of 1885 is soon forgotten.

Perfection has been reached in the celebrated King of the Road lamps.

Burley B. Ayers is partial to royal purple—even in printing a circular.

H. B. Hart's Hold Fast cement should be in every wheelman's tool-bag.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, we commend the racing board.

The Victor bicycle is now on the market. All injunctions and attachments are off.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club has contributed \$200 towards the League's meet fund.

The Chicago Track Association is out of debt, and its members are correspondingly happy.

Springfield tournament Sept. 14, 15, 16, and 17, only for two classes, amateur and professional.

The latest theory for painting cycles is luminous paint. It is especially designed for night riding.

Jenkins wants to see the constitution and by-laws of the League published as they now stand.

The Brooks Ideal cyclometer is a neat little instrument, and is meeting with considerable success.

Gormully & Jeffery are evidently making many more cycles than wheelmen have generally supposed.

The trials and tribulations of Job are nothing compared with those of the Overman Wheel Company.

"Great cry and little wool" seems to have been the result in England on the makers' amateur question.

There are some plain truths in this number, but they are frozen facts, nevertheless, and are hard to contradict.

The new catalogue of Messrs. Bayliss, Thomas & Co. is one of the best English catalogues that has come to hand.

Those who have tried the Rudge Crescent tricycle are loud in their praise of it. It will be heard from later on.

The demand for Springfield tandems far exceeds the supply. Messrs. Everett & Co. have a full supply *en route*.

The Citizens Bicycle Club, of New York, will have the freedom of the Massachusetts club-house during the League meet.

The Facile is of all the safeties having a sure, steady growth in numbers, which indicates a healthy and not a forced growth.

Burley B. Ayers was victimized to the tune of \$100 by a fellow who posed as Colonel Paul Methuen, of the English army.

J. Lumsden, the Scotch professional, had his collar-bone broken by a fall during the fifty-mile race in Leicester, Eng., April 24.

The Royal Mail decides to have no salaried riders in its employ for advertisement, but to let the wheel stand on its own merits.

New Orleans will next winter be the scene of a big bicycle tournament which the managers say will be second only to Springfield's.

Geo. W. Rouse & Son will close out their large implement business and hereafter devote their whole time and attention to bicycles.

Vicksburg, Miss., will hold a grand cycling tournament early in September. A new half-mile track will be built especially for the occasion.

Gormully & Jeffery will issue, in the near future, a very neat half-sheet show-card, with photos of all their wheels, interiors of their factories, etc.

All the winners of the one, ten, twenty, and fifty mile international championships held on Easter Day in England, rode the Rudge Racer, as usual.

Fred Westbrook, the Canadian professional fast and fancy cyclist, has been engaged to travel with Forepaugh's Circus during the present season.

Burley B. Ayers, the energetic commander and originator of the Big Four tours, for 1886, has pinned his faith to a 54-inch Rudge light roadster.

The popularity of the Rudge Humber tandem may be gleaned from the fact that one of the importing firms of Boston recently sold fourteen in one week.

The Rudge safety is greatly improved for 1886. A pair of double ball-bearings are now attached to the lower fork extension, which entirely obviates any cross strain.

The basement of Mechanics' Hall has been rented by the Boston Bicycle Club, and its use will be tendered the League for storage of wheels during the meet.

V. C. Place, one of the fast men of 1881, will appear on the track this season mounted on Howell's 59-inch Rudge Racer, on which the latter rode the mile in 2.31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

J. A. Lakin has improved the Standard cyclometer by the addition of a bell which is rung on the completion of every mile. It is a novel addition to the cyclometer.

Such is fame: The Courier Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., has had applications for bicycle posters from England and New Zealand. Springfield again, gentlemen.

For the small sum of seventy-five cents you can re-enamel your entire wheel. One bottle of the celebrated Ardill's liquid enamel and a little time are all that you require.

At the dinner of the Citizens Bicycle Club, of New York, Colonel Albert A. Pope was pleasantly introduced by the toast-master as the George Washington of cycling.

A. G. Spier, of New Lebanon, will start for San Francisco on his wheel, leaving Albany, N. Y., June 1. The start will be made from the Kenmore hotel in that city.

The *Bicycling News* calls THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE a "moribund journal." Yes, but we have an idea that it might gain a few points even from the GAZETTE.

The new Rapid bicycle as a curiosity is past. The wheel can now be seen in daily use on the roads. It is a handsome looking wheel, and one which bears close inspection.

Gormully & Jeffery have engaged ample space in the coming Boston Club exhibition at the L. A. W. meet, and will have a complete display of the American cycles and sundries.

Our British correspondent, "Faed," wants America to send over a team to capture the challenge shield. How we should like to do so, and, if it were only possible, we would.

Many Denver wheelmen expect to attend the Springfield, Massachusetts, races in September, where there will be four days of the best racing ever held in this country.—*Tribune*.

It seems to take more than three rounds to knock Overman out. What the result of the Pope vs. Overman suit will be, cannot be foreseen even at this stage of the proceedings.

Wheeling is two years old and rises to remark, "Don't forget Springfield and its hospitality." Just like Etherington; it must be he has some pleasant memories lingering in his soul.

When we refer to the society with the long name, it has no reference to Mr. Bergh's pet society, but "The New York and New Jersey Team Road Bicycle Racing Association."

Should Mr. Hillier's crusade against Springfield have as much weight as did that of last fall, we should not be surprised to find it many dollars in our pocket. Just the reverse of what is intended.

The West and some of the English cycle editors seem to regard Ducker as the monopolist of cycle race meetings, and consequently he must be sat upon. Wheelmen cannot stand a monopoly.

Should the League hold to the stand taken on the M. A. question what a crowd would be on hand at the next Springfield meeting to see Hendee, Rowe, Howell, Wood, and Lees race together.

The St. Johns (Mich.) bicycle band is composed of thirteen men who furnish music while riding a-wheel. There was some talk of their coming to Boston during the League meeting in May.

Westfield, Mass., contains a bicycle club of 100 members, whose social events are rarely outdone in any of our large cities. The club is an enterprising one and counts one more for Western Massachusetts.

Evidently the secretary-editor of the League has left the business of the L. A. W. for the past two months in other hands. We miss the guiding hand, and note with regret the frequent mistakes of the office.

We have stood abuse long enough, and if necessary we can defend ourselves. With truth on our side and proofs in our hands we can easily conquer. We care not for the fight, but if forced will show no quarter.

Wheelmen wishing for a live sporting paper can secure the *Mirror of American Sports* and the *GAZETTE* for the price of the *Sports*, two dollars a year. Subscriptions sent to either party will receive prompt attention.

The New Jersey Cycling and Athletic Association's track at Newark, N. J., is progressing very rapidly, \$10,000 worth of stock having been subscribed for, the ground secured, and the track in process of construction.

What is the difference between a cycling editor in England who is willing to accept pay to visit Springfield, and a racing man whose expenses are paid by his friends? Can the *Bicycling News* answer? and echo answers, what?

One of the most absurd letters ever given to the cycling press is the one written to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* by W. J. Morgan. "Spokes" will have to confine himself a little more to facts or he will lose his reputation as a writer.

Miss Elsa Von Blumen, on April 17, at St. Catharines, Can., won a fifty-one hour race against two local wheelmen, one of whom at the close accidentally ran into her, throwing her against one of the benches and shaking her up severely.

To those clubs who have so nearly succeeded in sending the required number of subscribers in order to obtain the Buffalo home trainer, we would say that the balance can be made up by sending in subscribers for two years or even renewals ahead of time.

Fred Jenkins, in speaking of the large tournaments, says: "These monster gatherings tend to advance cycling greatly, and bring the sport directly to the notice of the general public from whose ranks the increasing army of wheelmen are recruited."

In a recent 20-mile match between Jack Keen, on a bicycle, and J. Rellew, with three horses, to change at will, at the Crystal Palace, London, Keen won easily by about 200 yards, despite the fact that Rellew constantly changed his mount. Time 1h. 12m. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

E. H. Foote, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, has suggested a simple method of timing by electricity. The Springfield Bicycle Club will undoubtedly adopt it at the coming fall tournament. In our next issue we shall illustrate it for the benefit of cycling meetings.

Henry Sturmy, the English authority, gives the Royal Mail Grip Fast rim a high recommendation. The ball head also has high praise from E. R. Shipton, of the *C. T. Gazette*. It goes without saying that the Royal Mails have made a tremendous stride this year.

Mr. H. W. Fairfax, who is touring with a friend from New Orleans to Boston to attend the League meet, writes, "The roads are pretty rough but we make from thirty to fifty miles a day. We are getting along very nicely, and expect to get to Boston in time for the meet."

Geo. Lacy Hillier is probably the sickest man in old England. The tremendous whipping he received last year on the Springfield times still rankles in his breast. It is a worm whose constant gnawing is visible on the surface, and the result is some contemptible flings in his paper.

The *Bicycling World* says, that being the only cycling paper that pays, itself and the *Bulletin* are the only papers that can be independent. How about the WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE? We had a faint idea that we do not mince matters, but say just what we think, and stand by the consequences.

Mr. Hillier questions Mr. Ducker's amateurism. This is only for spite, and one thing is sure, Mr. Hillier cannot show one item against Mr. Ducker, while the reverse can be shown of Mr. Hillier. Some writers have bad memories, but it is said Mr. Ducker is careful of all letters entrusted to his care.

The *Cycling Times* asks what sort of a reception Mr. George Lacy Hillier is likely to receive in America? We cannot vouch for the whole country, but if he pays Springfield a visit he will receive a welcome that will insure a yearly visit, and one which he will delight to talk and write about on his arrival home.

On Sunday, April 18, Messrs. Tom Barber and Eugene Crist broke the road record from Washington to Cabin John's Bridge, on a Humber tandem, the distance from the starting point being about ten miles, and made it in fifty minutes. This time beats all previous records. The best bicycle record is fifty-one minutes.

Turf, Field, and Farm voices the minds of many when it says: "The WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE, published at Springfield, Mass., grows better with each number. It is unquestionably the most readable monthly devoted to bicycling and our only regret is that it does not come to hand once a week, instead of once every thirty days."

A rider writes the *Bulletin*, making the wise suggestion that the League pay less attention to racing and more to touring. The committees are even, and if the racing portion evince more life and energy than the touring portion, members should not find fault. The League should regulate everything pertaining to wheeling.

The GAZETTE was in error in the last issue in stating the death of Geo. W. Rouse, Jr., of the firm of Geo. W. Rouse & Son. It was Geo. W. Rouse, Sr., who met with the painful accident which caused his death. Mr. Rouse was a firm friend of wheeling, and his influence has been appreciated in more than one instance by the wheelmen of Peoria.

Norton H. Van Sicklen, it is said, will do no racing until the latter part of July, as his business will require his time till then. At that time he expects to go into active training and he will come to Springfield and will try and cut it out in a manner to worry the fastest flier. He puts in private practice at his suburban home at Chicago every evening.

The Courier Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., who have issued the handsome posters of the Springfield Bicycle Club for the past three years, call the attention of bicycle clubs by an advertisement in another column. Their work is too well known to need any commendation from us. Promoters of race meetings will further their own interest by writing them.

"It is reported that the reason the result of the League election was not made public sooner was because the president was down in Washington having a good time with the 'boys.' Judging from the way things were mixed up somebody must have been out with the 'boys' just before the ballots were mailed to members," so says the *Boston Globe*.

In order that the club may make as fine appearance as possible on the parade of the L. A. W. meet, the Massachusetts Bicycle Club has decided to wear the white helmets adopted last year as the summer head-gear; and every member should obtain them very soon, in order to avoid the rush that is sure to come at the last moment. White gloves will also be worn on the parade.

Van Sicklen says of the board-track record question: "St. Louis thinks that that was aimed at her, particularly when that rate was cast. I don't believe that any one of the board had St. Louis in mind, it was aimed at *board tracks indoors*, and I think that if they lay their claim before the racing board, that records made on that track (if they ever make any) will be accepted."

The Standard Columbia is the oldest American wheel, and undoubtedly the finest made and most desirable bicycle manufactured for the price. The severe test of eight years' continuous riding, and

the fact that it has gone into greater use than any other machine in this country, well prove its popularity, reliability, and staunchness. It is really a first-class bicycle at the price generally charged for second-grade machines.

Springfield is to be boycotted for the following reason: Last fall some uncommonly fast time was made at Springfield; said time was doubted by Mr. George Lacy Hillier, editor of the *Bicycling News*; the same was upheld by *Wheeling*. Result: Triumph for *Wheeling* with a large increase in circulation, and the utter defeat of Hillier, who received the contempt of all reputable cyclists. Now, to get even, Mr. Hillier is going for us. All right, Mr. H., but if we get after you a worse defeat stares you in the face than that of last fall.

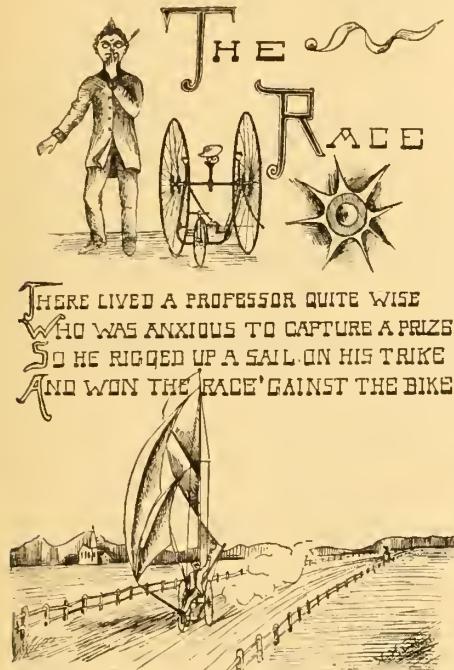
We wish to call the attention of American wheelmen, racing and touring, to the programme of the Woodstock Amateur Athletic Association in our advertising columns. The meetings of this association are always well attended, and are probably the largest spring meetings held this side of the big pond. It is well worth a trip to Canada to see this monster meeting, and wheelmen can arrive home in time for the L. A. W. meet in Boston. Western men, please note, buy your tickets via Canada, and stop off and have a day's enjoyment en route.

Decidedly unique and original is the little cycling scrap-book just issued by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, Mass. Upon the covers are fac-similes of the covers or front pages of thirty-seven of the leading American publications, and inside are between two and three hundred newspaper and magazine clippings and quotations from prominent personages, pertaining to the hygienic, business, and pleasurable advantages of cycling. By an arrangement of tint and type, the selections have the appearance of genuine pasted scraps, which makes the book worth possessing as a curiosity, as well as for the really valuable information it contains. The book will be sent upon request free by mail, upon receipt of stamp, to any one interested in cycling.

Wheeling thus retorts to the sneering remarks of a contemporary regarding the Springfield meeting: "We trust that our American readers and contemporaries will not misunderstand the feeling of the British public towards the tournament, which all cycling America looks forward to with anxious interest throughout the year. The wheelmen of England, Scotland, and Ireland are not in any way represented by the class of men who, when they find that business will prevent their attending Springfield, or when they realize that growing unpopularity in England would probably come to a head in America, sit down to write spiteful attacks on Springfield, and endeavor to work against a great meeting's probable success. No! the British wheelman is fast learning to recognize the frauds, who have for so long imposed upon him, and their voices do not speak for him."

When Corey was in Omaha, Neb., a short time ago, he amused himself with Jack Hitchcock in riding the latter's Humber tandem, and while out for a quiet ride on Sunday afternoon a gentleman meeting them wagered that they could not climb a certain street on "that new-fangled invention," as he called it. The hill in question was one that no bicyclist except Hitchcock had ever ridden, but the two tandemites knew just about what could be done on their mount, and they accepted the

wager. As luck would have it, there were two churches on the hill, one on each side of the street, and as the tandemites started to ride it they met both congregations just coming out. For an instant they hesitated whether they would keep on, but Corey said, "We've started, Jack, let's put her through." "All right," replied Jack; and amidst the wondering gaze of the good people of Omaha, who had probably never seen such a machine before, the two tandemites rode the hill after a tremendous struggle.



STAMFORD (CT.) NOTES.

Mr. Schuyler Merritt, of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, is a pleased rider of the Facile, which does away with the expense of a horse, carriage, and driver's time between residence and office. When compared to walking, Mr. M. saves about two-thirds of the time usually taken, not to mention the ease and comfort enjoyed.

Several of the Greenwich Leisure Hour Wheel Club came over here on Good Friday, their first spring club run. The new Facile rider, Mr. Mead, numbered one of them.

It's a little depressing to one who has ridden all but fourteen days during the whole year, to read of "blistered saddles, bent bars, and wrecked machines in general," on first outings, all because riders have neglected regular exercise, and own the wrong kind of wheels.

The headers and break-downs *ad lib.* taken by that gentleman who went over the mountains, in the *Bulletin*, are painful, as is the experience of that other who "hopes to learn to ride some day"!

It may be all right to put thousands of dollars into one race track, and do this at many different points throughout the country, but it seems to us that the most good to the greatest number could be done by using some of the money apparently so easily raised, in macadamizing some of our through routes, and improving roads in general. We confess to being one of the ninety-and-nine, and think that touring, road riding, and the business use of wheels are legitimate cycling, whatever racing is, or is not.

Let those who like racing, race, and let the tourists tour, but for the good of the majority

devise some way of making our roads more rideable the year round.

The wretched roads in many sections of the country account largely for so little riding throughout fall, winter, and spring, and not the amount of snow or cold.

On a smooth macadam, hereabouts, snow would very soon pack, or blow off, or melt off, probably on account of the salt breezes from the sound and ocean. Will some one find the cost per mile of a good broken stone macadam, and report?

"STAMSON."

Correspondence.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

So the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette* is dead; and with "the flowers that bloom in the spring" we are to have its successor and residuary legatee, the *WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE*. Peace to the memories of the old journal, and success to the new. May its shadow never grow less! I think wheelmen everywhere will agree with me that it would have been a decided loss to cycling journalism to have had the *GAZETTE* drop out of existence, for it fills a niche that no other paper occupies. Bright, newsy, and independent, we recognize it as far and away the best of the cycling monthlies. There is but one thing, Mr. Editor, in which I could suggest an improvement, and that is the date of issue. Now that the paper starts out anew, let us have it early in the month, and you will earn our thanks.

Glad that the "split" does not take the shape of the late one in the *Bicycling World*, by which two papers take the place of one. The field appeared to be pretty well filled before the *Cycle* came, and I question whether it is going to pay. "Room at the top" it is true, but cycling subscribers are limited in number, and the field is already so well filled that several publications have died quietly a natural death within the past three months. Nevertheless we all wish Mr. Bassett success, even although the reported cause of his severance from the *Bicycling World* must be questioned. Why he should object (as is stated) to that journal commenting on the case of the Pope Manufacturing Company *vs.* Overman Wheel Company (which, stripped of all its verbiage is the gist of the reasons as given in a late *L. A. W. Bulletin*) is one of those things no fellow can find out. We of the North allow no gag law on our press, and if our journals are to refrain from straight-out, manly comments in all cases of tyranny and oppression—whether legal or otherwise—merely through fear of a loss of patronage if they antagonize a successful monopoly, then the sooner they shut up shop the better. Let us have a fearless and free discussion on all subjects of interest to wheelmen through the columns of our cycling press. No one was ever yet hurt by the truth unless it were the wrong-doers.

To turn to a more congenial subject: The first spring days. Not the lame apologies that we have been having; with a glimpse of wintry sunshine for a little while, and then a series of chilling blasts to remind one that the coquettish maid is still doing the naughty act which we usually term lingering in the lap of winter—or *vice versa*, as you may choose—but the glorious spring weather when summer itself seems to float through the prescient air; days when, mounted a-wheel, the whole joy of existence seems crowded into one delightful run or spinning coast. Such a day was

last Sunday, and I venture to say that there were but few idle wheels in this part of the country, at least. Your humble servant joined the happy throng (your pardon, "Dash,") and was one of a quiet party who enjoyed the peaceful beauty of the morning of as lovely a day as we have had for a long while. In the first place I charitably devoted about half an hour, while waiting for the rest to come along, to aiding with my advice the maneuvers of a tyro learning to ride a Facile. If you ever want to learn to ride, take my advice and learn on a Facile. It's the easiest learned wheel I ever saw. My gentleman (a man of from thirty to thirty-five years of age, I should say) had only received the machine Saturday evening and had tried it for a few moments before dark, and yet at his first attempt this morning he mounted and quietly rode off along the country road for about half a mile. We dubbed him the "Phenomenon" at once, and I recalled with mingled feelings of envy and regret the recollection of sundry floundering and undignified dismounts on the occasion of another individual's attempt with the "beast."

But the day was too lovely to waste in that way, so we pulled out for Aulenbach's hill, and felt so good over our first genuine ride of the year that we never made a dismount for this, the toughest of the tough ones in this locality. At the top we were joined by the "Uncle" with the Novice in tow. The Novice was a plucky youngster, however, even if he was "green," and although he had been planted on his head about four or five times, on an average, every calendar day, for two weeks past—ever since his machine came in fact—he was thoroughly game, and kept up with us right along.

Coasting the other side of Aulenbach's, the first blessing of the season was encountered. The writer was last, and passing a countryman's carriage, whose horse had become somewhat restive at the preceding bicycles, he was saluted by one of the "ladies" it contained with the genial and cheering remark: "I wish every feller who got on one of them blamed things would break his darned neck!" The vicious look with which she accompanied this thrust was not at all softened by the way I bowed (with a grace which I flatter myself could not have been surpassed by a Chesterfield), and the suave tone in which I rejoined, "Thanks, madam," so feeling that it was of no use, I wheeled away after my companions. Our route lay down the Oley pike, which here and there (alas, only here and there, must it be said) in choice bits equals the Lancaster pike out from Philadelphia, but as it was the first genuine run for several of us this year, and as the Novice's wind and endurance were not equal to a prolonged pull, we only ran to the Big Tree, and then turned for home.

There is not much local news as yet. The season is too young. It is stated, I see by the papers, that the Reading Bicycle Club intends holding a tournament on Decoration Day, but particulars have not yet been published. It ought to succeed though, and, if pushed through in no narrow spirit, it doubtless will. We have enough wheelmen in town to make it a success. Cycling seems to be taking quite a boom here this season. Quite a number of new riders have appeared on the streets and more are in prospective.

The Pope Manufacturing Company has made a change in its agency here, as Messrs. Hoff & Bro., the former agents, gave it up on account of the press of other business.

Will the junior member of the cycling firm of Crowther & Potter allow me to give him a piece of advice? I assure him it is prompted by a sincere regard for his welfare. He has gotten, lately, a lap-dog in the shape of an English mastiff, as large as a young calf, which he takes with him on little excursions that he terms "giving the pup a run." Now the brute has conceived the most insane affection for his master, and when they are out together he'll pull along in front of the wheel gazing up at said master with a most idiotic grin (he's got a most suggestively open countenance, that beast has—I can imagine him tackling me on a dark night), and the long and the short of it is that some day he'll get too close and there'll be a calamity; and that dog will conceive a most sudden and unaccountable aversion to bicycles of any and all kinds. "CYCLE."

READING, PA., April 20, 1886.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

Failing to see Canada or Canadians represented in the *GAZETTE*, and being conscious that great injustice has been done them by not being so represented, I launch out this month as the Canadian representative of the *WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE*.

I have no doubt that Canada, at some stage in the reflective mood of our cousin wheelmen, seems a kind of a somewhere they have not yet traversed, a clime where ice and snow-drifts abound throughout half of the year, and thus picturing to their minds what must be the monotonous life of their friends across the line, they draw a deep sigh of relief as they again "come to" and find they are yet Yanks.

Such, I believe, are the reflections that are cast upon this—well—grand country of ours. Canada is yet in her infancy in bicycling. True the Canadian Wheelmen's Association has been in operation for several years, and the way it has engendered and promoted bicycle interests in Canada is vouchsafed for by the wide sphere of popularity it has gained outside of its own dominions. It has instituted an annual meeting to be held on the 1st of July of each year—our national holiday—in a city competent to entertain it. At this annual meeting all races run are "championships of Canada." Last year the city of Woodstock was honored with the event, and a most successful one it was. This year it goes to Montreal, and we have no hesitation in saying it will be a grand success. At Montreal resides the ex-champion five-mile amateur, W. G. Ross, and we all hope to see him again on the path this year, and if he is a better man than we can place in the field, to see him once again triumph in his lost laurels. While we wish Ross all the success he is capable of winning we must stop a moment and look at home, for you know, "Charity begins at home." While we have neither a Hendee nor a Rowe, we have the winner of all last year's championships. Herbert W. Clarke is not entirely unknown to wheelmen. He will be remembered as the lad of seventeen years of age who lowered the Canadian records of a mile in 3.05 to 2.59, and five miles from 17.16 to 16.00 $\frac{1}{2}$. This was considered a wonderful performance for one so young. It must also be borne in mind we have no good bicycle tracks here—at least tracks capable of competing to any degree with the very superior ones in the United States. Woodstock possesses the best in Canada, but those who have seen the American tracks will at once place it down as very inferior.

This year Clarke will be a dangerous opponent to all Canadian aspirants for the bicycle cham-

pionships, and I have not the slightest hesitation in stating that if he takes care of himself—which I fear he is not doing to the degree necessary—he will before the season closes place the Canadian records up to five miles on a favorable comparison with the American.

A two days' meet is to be held at Woodstock on the 24th and 25th of May. For the first time in Canada this meet will have professional races on the programme, and from the good inducements offered, no doubt some of the crack fliers from across the lines will be present. The title of professional champion of Canada has been a long discussed subject between several riders now resident of American soil, and this will be the best opportunity they ever had of settling the controversy. Our old friend Bob Neilson has sent word he will be here, and the one that gets "there" before him won't have to stop to screw up his pedals on the way. Prince also has signified his intention of coming, and everything points to a most successful meet.

While passing over the course of events I must not forget to say a few words about the opening of the new club-rooms of the Woodstock Amateur Athletic Association, which took place on Thursday, April 8. These are the finest club-rooms in Canada, with the single exception of Montreal. They are fitted up with bowling alleys, billiard and pool rooms, reading rooms, chess and checker rooms, and gymnasium. At the formal opening we had with us, J. S. Brierley, St. Thomas, president C. W. A.; Hal. B. Donly, Simcoe, secretary C. W. A.; A. N. Lindsay, St. Catharines; W. E. Tisdale, Simcoe; and a host of others whose names we did not ascertain.

The annual meeting of the Woodstock Bicycle Club was held a fortnight ago in the W. A. A. A. rooms, when the following were elected office-bearers for the present year: President, A. M. Scott; vice-president, Jos. Codville; secretary-treasurer, S. Woodrooffe; captain, W. A. Karn; first lieutenant, W. Martin; second lieutenant, S. L. McKay; third lieutenant, H. Williams; bugler, W. S. Hurst; committee, J. G. Hay and E. E. Merner.

Hoping before your next issue to greet a host of our friends from Uncle Sam's domains to the "Springfield of Canada," and that we can then prevail on them to throw to the winds their unfavorable criticisms of our dear country and its population, I will for the present hang up my quill under the *nom de plume* of

WOODSTOCK, CAN.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

The St. John Bicycle Club held its annual meeting, April 7. The following officers were elected: President, George F. Smith; captain, W. A. MacLachlan; secretary-treasurer, J. M. Barnes; first lieutenant, Chas. Coster; second lieutenant, H. C. Page.

Thinking that some of your readers might feel interested in this locality, as Mr. Elwell proposes to have his annual tour in this Province this summer, I send you a few lines. The route selected for the tour, from Grand Falls to St. John, a distance of about 200 miles, is a fine one, and follows the St. John river the entire distance; the scenery is magnificent, and the roads (a very important item) are good. It is not known exactly when the party will start, but it will probably be about the last of July or early in August, as the roads are in better condition at that time, most of the road-making being done here in June or July.

It is expected that the party will leave Boston Friday night, meeting the St. John contingent Saturday noon at McAdam Junction, arriving in Grand Falls same evening. Sunday they will have a chance to see the Falls, natural wells, etc. Monday, ride to Andover (25m.); Tuesday, to Florenceville (26m.); Wednesday, to Woodstock (25m.); Thursday, to "Half-way-House" (32m.); Friday, to Fredericton (32m.). Between Woodstock and Fredericton will be found some splendid coasting, and, of course, some good hills to climb. The writer was over this road last year, and feels sure the party will enjoy this part of the trip.

Fredericton, known as the "Celestial City," is the capital of the Province, and a very beautiful city. Here will be found the Parliament buildings, University, Gibson cotton mills, etc. Saturday and Sunday will be spent here, giving ample opportunity to visit all the points of interest. Monday take steamer down the St. John (the Hudson of New Brunswick) to Westfield, and wheel to St. John (16m.). The scenery on this river is unexcelled, and will prove a very interesting part of the journey. The St. John boys will endeavor to make it pleasant for the visitors during their stay in this city.

All who are acquainted with Mr. Elwell must feel that the "Blue-nose" tour for 1886 will be a grand success.

A short time ago the club presented our energetic captain, W. A. MacLachlan, with a handsome breast-pin in recognition of his valuable services to the club.

"52."

ST. JOHN, N. B., April 16, 1886.

Editor Wheelmen's Gazette:

Nebraska is at last coming to the front. She has a division of the L. A. W. and proposes to make wheeling hum. At a meeting called for the purpose, Tuesday evening, April 27, at the Millard hotel, a division of the League of American Wheelmen for the State of Nebraska was formed and the following officers elected: W. M. Rogers, chief consul; B. F. Fell, secretary and treasurer; W. M. Rogers, State representative.

Committee for drafting constitution and by-laws—Warren Rogers, B. F. Fell, C. M. Woodman, A. D. Hughes, and L. Stephens.

Racing board—Messrs. Hitchcock, Blackmore, and Gordon, leaving two members to be elected outside of Omaha.

After a very enthusiastic and well attended session, the meeting adjourned to meet May 5, at the Millard, for a called meeting to vote on the constitution and by-laws.

Those present at the meeting last evening were Messrs. Rogers, Fell, Jolliffe, Blackmore, Shears, L. Stephens, W. Stephens, Sloman, Morford, Wilde, Burkley, Haynes, Griswold, Mittaner, Johannes, Woodman, Hughes, Clarke, Schwarz, and Townsend.

We start off with fifty-two members and the time will soon come when Nebraska will take a front rank among those interested in bicycling.

Yours fraternally,

BENN F. FELL,
Sec.-Treas., Neb. State Div.

OMAHA, NEB., April 29, 1886.

Horses that are so nervous or bad-tempered that at the sight of a bicycle or tricycle they will break away from the control of a muscular and skillful driver, are out of place in our public drives. Better weed out the horses than keep out the cycles.—*New York Tribune*.

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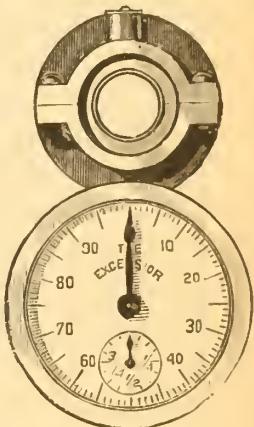
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THE WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

1885-86

"Wheeling Annual"

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E. P. BURNHAM, well-known cyclist.	G. L. HILLIER, the 1881 champion.
DAN CANARY, champion trick rider.	R. HOWELL, the 1-mile world champion.
R. CHAMBERS, the Speedwell flier.	W. A. ILLSTON, the fast young rider.
G. P. COLEMAN, N.C.U. time-keeper.	R. JAMES, the well-known professional.
R. CRIPPS, the speedy tricyclist.	C. H. LARRETTE, sporting authority.
H. E. DUCKER, ed. <i>Wheelmen's Gazette</i> .	T. R. MARRIOTT, best road tricyclist.
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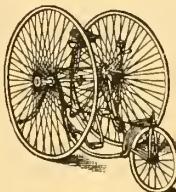
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MINNEAP LIS, MINN., March 16, 1886.
Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago.

Permit me to express my appreciation of the CHAMPION bicycle I used in my recent long-distance race in this city. The machine stood the 1000 miles without turning a screw, and the only tool used by my trainers was an oil-can occasionally. The machine is exceedingly easy running and steering, and the most rigid of any I ever mounted; and being very firm and solid it did not tire me nearly as much as might have been expected. I understand it is a roadster, such being the case I shall be careful to ride a roadster in any races I may in future enter which require endurance. Yours, ALBERT SCHOCK.

TESTIMONIALS

CHICAGO, ILL., March 22, 1886.
Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago.

After giving the CHAMPION several exhaustive trials on the road, I cannot refrain from saying that it is the most rigid, easy running and steering bicycle that I have ever ridden. Its high grade and very reasonable price will doubtless make a large sale for it the coming season.

This is the first testimonial I have ever written.
Yours very truly, JOHN O. BLAKE,
Chief Consul L. A. W., State of Illinois.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 25, 1886.

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