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LEWEE AT SPRINGFIELD.

SPRINGFIELD, September 16.—Hampden Park has seldom presented a more brilliant appearance than it did this afternoon at the opening of the four days' bicycle tournament under the auspices of the Springfield Bicycle Club. The programme of nine events was enough of itself to draw a large crowd. With the noted English and American flyers who were present, the sport was sure to be of a high order. When the park was opened at 12.30 a large number of spectators were waiting to secure good seats on the grand stand. At 1.30 when the opening selection was given by Hutchins' band, the grand stand was partly filled; at 2.30, the time announced for the opening of the races, the stand and field were well filled with an eager audience. When the one mile professional handicap race, the first on the programme, was called, fully 7,000 people were on the grand stand and in the park. The weather was all that could have been desired, the sky being cloudless, and the air cool and invigorating, but a strong breeze was blowing during the afternoon. The enthusiasm throughout the races was unusual. There was a good deal of private betting, but no pool selling was allowed on the park. Perfect order was carried out, the park having been excellently policed. Looking from the grand stand the sight was a pretty one. The broad flat stretch of green sward dotted with wheelmen in uniforms of blue, gray, green, black, and some with more daring combinations of color; the carriages filled with ladies in bright costumes, the national colors with those of other nations flying from the judges' stand, and the whole with a background of trees at the north end of the park. Tents were devoted to the Overman "Victor" Tricycle Company, of Chicopee, which made an exhibition of machines and sundries; a tent for the local headquarters, tents for visiting wheelmen, a printing office, and also those for general supplies. Phillip Bucholz, a local photographer, made photographs of the local club to-day, and will photograph all the visiting clubs after the parade to-morrow. Photographs and lithographs of Hendee were sold about the grounds, and Hendee himself was followed about like a veritable lion when he appeared outside the club's or judges' stand. Sellers and the English visitors were looked at with almost equal curiosity. The races were at no time allowed to drag, the track being supplied with attractions during almost the entire afternoon. The managers feel that with pleasant weather during the remaining three days of the meet, the enterprise must be not only a financial success, but also as regards the records and quality of the sports.

At five minutes before the advertised time of starting the first race, the bell on the judges' stand was rung, and the men called to the scratch. The track was good for fast time, but a stiff northwest breeze blew up the home stretch and across the back of the track, interfering greatly with any fast time being made. The times made, however, were in many cases better than any yet made in America, and had it not been for the wind, the records of the world would undoubtedly

have been broken. The track is two laps to the mile, and has a surface of clay which has been rolled perfectly smooth. It is pronounced by all one of the best in the world. With a single exception the races were interesting from start to finish, and were conducted in a way that reflects much credit on the Springfield club and the officials of its tournament.

ONE MILE PROFESSIONAL RACE.

The first event was the one mile professional handicap race. The starters and their handicaps were as follows: Richard Howell, of Manchester, Eng., at the scratch; W. M. Woodside, of Chicago, Ill.; Robert James, of Birmingham, Eng.; and John S. Prince, of Washington, five seconds each; R. A. Neilson, of Toronto, seven seconds; C. J. Young, of Boston, and C. W. Ashinger, of Eaton, O., ten seconds each. As each reached the scratch he was greeted with considerable applause, Howell and Prince being particularly favored. The result of the race was a surprise to every one, and it appeared that the limit men had too great a start, as they had little difficulty in keeping far ahead of the others. Young retained a good lead to the last quarter, when Ashinger put on a lively spurt, and coming down the home stretch was well in advance. Just before crossing the scratch his foot slipped from the pedal, and he took a bad header. The momentum, however, carried both him and his machine over the line, before Young came up. Howell, the only scratch man, set up a great pace as soon as he received the word, and took third place. Prince was fourth, Woodside last.

Ashinger's time was 2.53; Young, 2.54; Howell, 3.04 3-5. The prizes were \$50, \$30, and \$20.

TEN-MILE RACE.

The ten-mile amateur race brought out S. Sellers, of Manchester, Eng.; George Weber, and Charles Frazier, of Smithville, N. J.; G. H. Illston, of Birmingham, Eng.; H. W. Gaskell, of London; J. Brooks, of Blossburg, Penn.; T. Roberts, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; L. B. Hamilton, of Waterbury, Conn., and others.

Sellers took the lead, Hamilton and Brooks following. The first half mile was won by Frazier, who spurted on the home stretch. Brooks made the first mile, with Frazier second and Sellers third. The race was kept up at a good gait by Brooks, so lively, in fact, that by the end of the fourth mile all had withdrawn excepting Brooks, Hamilton, Sellers, Gaskell, and Roberts. The latter was now more than a quarter of a mile behind. At five miles Brooks became tired of leading and slowed up, but no one else seemed to want it, so he retained it, the men keeping behind him in the above order. At six miles Roberts was lapped, and then retired. During the eighth mile Gaskell, who had been riding some distance in the rear of the others, concluded to retire, leaving Brooks, Hamilton, and Sellers to contest for the prizes. The men rode in the order named until the bell rang for the last lap, when the racing began in earnest. On the back stretch Brooks made a grand spurt, but it was evidently premature, for when nearing the straight Sellers easily flew by him, and coming down the home stretch Hamilton followed, leaving Brooks to bring up the rear. The time was 31.7, which beats the best previous American time by over twenty-eight seconds.

Summary.

Ten-mile amateur bicycle—First prize, Springfield prize cup; second, tea set valued at \$90; third prize, water cooler, valued at \$62.50.

Miles.	M. S.	M. S.
1—J. S. Brooks.....	3 06	...
2—J. S. Brooks.....	2 58 2-5	6 6 2-5
3—J. S. Brooks.....	2 58 2-5	9 4 4-5
4—J. S. Brooks.....	3 11 3-5	12 16 1-5
5—J. S. Brooks.....	3 14 2-5	15 30 3-5
6—J. S. Brooks.....	3 04 2-5	18 35
7—J. S. Brooks.....	3 10 2-5	21 45 3-5
8—J. S. Brooks.....	3 00 2-5	24 46 1-5
9—J. S. Brooks.....	3 21 2-5	28 7 3-5
10—Sellers.....	2 58	31 04 2-5
Hamilton.....		31 5 1-5
Brooks.....		31 07

3.20 CLASS RACE.

As is usual with a race of this kind, a large number of starters appeared. The number, indeed, was too great to be placed abreast across the track, which is one of the widest in the country. The idea of class races is a good one, but complaint is made that the records of the men entering are not carefully looked up. To-day a number participated who are known to have beaten 3.20, some no longer ago than the last races at Hartford. Two one mile heats were run to decide who were to run in the final heat. The winner of the first heat was F. L. Dean, who covered the distance in 2 minutes 51 seconds. The second heat was captured by L. A. Miller in 2 minutes 57 seconds. The starters in the final heat were A. L. Jenness, H. T. Wolliston, J. Powell, L. A. Miller, L. Weston, J. W. Lord, H. F. Fales, H. E. Bidwell, F. L. Dean, and William Wait.

Wait took the lead at once and retained it to the last quarter, the others well in a bunch close behind. On the home stretch a grand spurt ensued between all the leaders, Miller finishing first, Powell second, and Wait third. The prizes were: First prize, gold medal, \$50; second, gold medal, \$30; third, silver stop watch, \$20. The time was: Miller, 2.43 1/2; Powell, 2.43 3-5; Wait, 2.44.

TWO-MILE TRICYCLE RACE.

The two-mile amateur tricycle race had the following starters: E. P. Burnham, R. Chambers, L. H. Johnson, H. W. Gaskell, and G. H. Illston. Burnham took the lead at once, with Chambers close behind and Illston third. Johnson and Gaskell brought up the rear. The three leaders hung well together some fifty feet in advance of Johnson. Gaskell retired on the third lap. On the last lap a beautiful spurt was made by Burnham and Chambers, the American baying the pole. Down the home stretch they came at a pace faster perhaps than ever tricycles went before, Burnham a few inches in advance. Fifty yards from the finish they were even, and as they crossed the scratch it was impossible for the spectators to tell who had won. In a few minutes, however, the judges announced that the American had won in 6 minutes 27 seconds, beating the best previous American record. The announcement elicited great applause.

The first prize was a cup, valued at \$62; second prize, silver stop watch, valued at \$37; third prize, toilet set, valued at \$25. Burnham's time was 6.27; Chambers, 6.27 1-5.

TANDEM RACE.

The three-mile tandem bicycle race brought out the following starters: R. F.

and W. C. Stahl, of Boston, C. A. Joslyn and W. A. Chase, of Leominster, and C. H. Miller and F. Brown, of Springfield. The lead was taken by the Leominster double, with the Boston men bringing up the rear. The race was a procession until the beginning of the last lap, when the men settled down to their work. At the beginning of the last quarter the Boston men secured the lead, but down the home stretch the Springfield men spurted and finished first by several lengths, Bostons second, and the Leominster men third.

The two first prizes were two umbrella racks, \$75; second, two berry dishes, \$45; third, two stop watches, \$30. The time of Miller and Brown was 10.14 1-5; Stahls, 10.16 1-5.

A TIME RACE.

In this event the object was to cover a mile as near to 3m. 16s as possible. The starters were H. H. Hall, D. E. Hunter, W. Wait, J. W. Lord, G. H. Illston, C. J. Connolly, W. Maxwell, R. Chambers, E. P. Burnham, W. A. Hurlburt, H. T. Fales, C. B. Ripley, E. Norton, C. H. Miller. Hunter took the lead with about half the field close behind him, the rest about fifty yards behind. The race proved of little interest, and was won by Miller in 3 minutes 16 2-5 seconds.

THE THREE-MILE PROFESSIONAL.

For this race the following men appeared as starters: C. J. Young, of Boston, R. A. Neilson, of Toronto; W. M. Woodside, of Chicago; C. W. Ashinger, of Eaton, O.; Richard Howell, of Manchester, Eng.; Robert James, of Birmingham, Eng.; and John S. Prince, of Washington. The men all received a good start, with Young in the van. They kept together and crossed the scratch on the first lap well in a bunch. At the completion of the first mile the racers began to string out, Woodside in the lead, with Howell close behind. On the next lap the pace proved too hot for Neilson, who retired on the back stretch. When the last lap was entered upon Woodside still had the lead, but on the last quarter Howell, James, and Prince all flew by him. Entering the straight, Howell was seen to have the race well in hand, so the interest centred in the struggle between Prince and James for the next position. The struggle was a game one too, and although James won second place by a few yards, it required all his strength to do so. He was lifted from his machine and assisted from the track. As the time, 8.36 1/2, was hung out, it was seen that Howell, the English crack, had lowered the best previous American record.

The first prize was \$75; second, \$45; third, \$30.

TUG OF WAR RACE.

The eighth event was between representatives of different clubs, each team being composed of three men. The competing clubs were the Springfield and the Berkshire County Wheelman, of Pittsfield. Hendee, Norton, and Westervelt represented Springfield. The Springfield men went to the front at once, and it was soon evident that it was useless for the other team to compete for first prize against them. Some good racing, however, resulted between the Springfield riders, especially on the last lap, when one of the prettiest spurts of the day was witnessed. Hendee led Norton at the finish by a couple of lengths. This was the only race of the day that Hendee competed in, and as he wheeled by the grand stand he was greeted with cheers.

The first prize was a set of statuettes, valued at \$75; second prize, three cigar boxes, valued at \$45. Hendee's time at the end of the several miles was 3.6, 6.11 2-5, 9.16 2-5.

TWO-MILE CLASS RACE.

The final race of the day was the two-mile race, supposed to be open only to those who had never beaten 6.25. The starters were D. E. Hunter, William Wait, L. Weston, C. H. Chickering, H. S. Wolliston, F. L. Dean, J. W. Lord, L. A. Miller, A. B. Rich, H. F. Fales, W. A. Hurlburt. For the first lap the men held well together, then Dean and Weston went to the front, remaining there until the last quarter, when they fell back, Miller, Wolliston, and Hunter spurring to the front and finishing in the order named. On the last half of the second mile Chickering the Star rider, fell from his machine and retired from the race.

The first prize was a Stevens rifle, valued at \$65; second, jewel stand, valued at \$40; third, statuette, valued at \$25. The winner's time was 5.57.

The grand stand officials during the tournament are as follows: Referee, Abbott Bassett, of Boston, editor *Bicycling World*; judges, H. B. Donley, of Simcoe, Ont., secretary Canadian Wheelmen's Association, Dr. N. M. Beckwith, President League of American Wheelmen, Chief Consul F. W. Weston, of United States Cyclist Touring Club, President Leland Howard, Capital Bicycle Club of Washington, D. C., President Burley B. Ayers, of Chicago Bicycle Club; timekeepers, O. N. Whipple and W. C. Marsh, of this city, Chief Consul A. G. Carpenter, of Rhode Island League; scorers, J. H. Fennessey, Jr., F. E. Ripley, and George S. Miller, of this city.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 17.—At 9.30 this morning the wheelmen who were to take part in the street parade gathered on Hampden Park, where the start was to be made. It is estimated that fully 20,000 people witnessed the procession. The weather, although hot, was clear and pleasant, and the wheelmen appeared in goodly numbers. The procession was in the following order. Pace-makers, Charles Whipple and E. Leon; commander-in-chief, Dr. T. S. Rust, of Meriden; aids, C. E. Stone, of Scitico, Conn., and J. E. Savell, of Boston; adjutant, W. J. Winans. Then followed three divisions, representing twenty-three clubs. They disbanded at Hampden Park.

AT THE PARK.

A clear sky, warm weather, and a light breeze betokened another success for the second day of the grand bicycle tournament. The day was filled with successes and surprises, free from accident, and with a fine track, which had a great deal to do with the record breaking and excellent work done. During the forenoon the trains running to the city were crowded with passengers, so that the depot and hotels presented a festival appearance. When the gates were opened at 12.30 an immense crowd of people filed into the park and grand stand. At 1.30 Hutchins' band began its programme of music.

Hendee's failure to appear at the different races yesterday caused considerable comment, and when it was reported that he was not to appear to-day his supporters and admirers became indignant. The rumor, however, proved to be without foundation, for he appeared early on the park in excellent condition, but somewhat nervous over his approaching contests. Like a true knight of the prize ring, Hendee shook hands with Sellers in front of the grand stand before the start in the two-mile open race. Sellers has at once sprung into popular favor here, and he was looked upon with no little interest whenever he appeared.

During the height of the sport this afternoon fully 13,000 spectators were on the grand stand and in the park. The audience was made up largely of ladies, their brilliant costumes, with the flying banners and showy uniforms of the wheelmen, forming a picture long to be remembered. The tournament is already an assured success, financially, for the local club.

Among the spectators on the grand stand this afternoon who attracted attention was Juen Ramon, the Spanish heir to \$8,000,000, who inherits with his wealth three Spanish titles. After being discovered, it took but a short time to make this gentleman quite as much a centre of interest as the most celebrated bicycle riders.

It was Englishmen's day, and high carnival was held at the bicycle headquarters when the wheelmen from across the big pond

came in victors after their races. They bore their honors modestly, however, and one of the events of the day was the congratulations extended to Sellers by Hendee after the latter had been defeated in the two-mile open race. Many Englishmen from out of town were here for the express purpose of seeing their countrymen carry off all the laurels, and Prince's work in the one-mile race broke the Englishmen's hearts, as one of them expressed it.

The quiet "city of homes" had some trouble in looking with favor upon lady tricycle riders, but they at last grew to be not uncommon on the public streets; but the good people were scandalized to-day at the appearance of a woman in black tights, who rode astride a Columbia bicycle as fearlessly through the public streets as if she belonged to the sex who are permitted to vote.

THE TEN-MILE PROFESSIONAL RACE

opened the programme of the afternoon, and brought out the following men: R. A. Neilson, Toronto, Ont.; Richard Howell, Manchester, Eng.; Robert James, Birmingham, Eng.; John S. Prince, Washington, D. C.; William M. Woodside, Chicago, Ill.; C. A. Ashinger, Eaton, O.

Neilson had the pole and the led to the first turn, when the men bunched, and a second later Howell took the lead. At the three quarter pole Woodside went to the front, and the half mile was made with Woodside leading, Howell, Prince, James, Neilson, and Ashinger following in the order named. No change was made until the last quarter of the second mile, when Neilson withdrew. At the finish of the third mile Howell spurred for the lead, followed by James, and as the men went round the turn Prince was found in the third position, with Woodside close at hand. Coming down the home stretch, at the completion of each lap, a grand spurt would be indulged in by the leaders, eliciting tremendous applause. Woodside got the lead on the seventh lap, and in spite of struggles by Howell and Prince retained it to the completion of the ninth mile. The order of the men was now Woodside, Howell, Prince, James, Ashinger. Ashinger, although bringing up the rear, was riding far better than any thought he would. The interest in the race had not thus far been very great, but when the last lap was begun the enthusiasm was unbounded. Woodside crossed the scratch first, but scarcely had he done so when Ashinger forged from the rear well to the front. Ashinger pluckily kept the lead to the quarter post, when the pace proved too hot for him, and he sadly dropped to the rear. On the back stretch Howell had the lead, with the others in a solid bunch close behind. As he neared the last turn he showed for the first time to Americans that wonderful spurring power for which he is world famous. Without the least let up he came down the stretch, leaning far over his machine, and won by fully fifteen lengths. Woodside and James fought desperately for second place, Prince slowing up. Woodside came in second, James third. The time, 30 minutes 9 2-5 seconds, beats all previous American records by 1 minute 42 1/2 seconds. The records were also lowered from two miles up, as will be seen by the following table:

Summary.

Ten-mile professional scratch race—Prizes, \$250, \$150, and \$100.

Miles.	Leader.	M. S.	M. S.
1—	William M. Woodside	2 50 2-5	...
2—	William M. Woodside	2 55 1-5	5 45 3-5
3—	Richard Howell	3 03 4-5	8 49 2-5
4—	Richard Howell	3 17	12 06 2-5
5—	William M. Woodside	3 07 4-5	15 14 1-5
6—	William M. Woodside	3 00 3-5	18 14 4-5
7—	William M. Woodside	3 02 3-5	21 07 2-5
8—	William M. Woodside	3 04 1-5	24 21 3-5
9—	William M. Woodside	3 00	27 21 3-5
10—	Richard Howell	2 45 3-5	30 07 1-5
	Woodside second, 30.09 2-5; James third, 30.09 3-5.		

TWO-MILE SCRATCH RACE.

When the bell was rung for the two-mile race, a shout immediately went up of "Hendee," "Hendee," "Three cheers for Hendee." In this race Hendee was for the first time to meet the Englishmen, and the enthusiasm over the race knew no bounds among the Springfielders. The men appeared on the scratch and took their positions in the following order: Charles Frazier, Smithville, N. J.; Lewis Hamilton, Waterbury; Theodore W. Roberts, Poughkeepsie; George M. Hendee, Springfield; Asa Dolph,

New London, Ohio.; H. W. Gaskell, London, Eng.; S. Sellers, Manchester, Eng.; John Brooks, Blossburg, Penn. Chambers went slightly to the front at the start, but on the turn Sellers and Hendee were in the lead. On the back stretch the men were well in a bunch, the lead being for an instant taken first by one and then by the other. The first lap was finished with Brooks, Hendee, Frazier, and Sellers riding in the order named. Down the home stretch of the second lap Frazier made a grand spurt and crossed the line first, Sellers, Hendee, and Brooks following. A prettier race than the one that ensued between the entire field on the last lap has seldom been seen. Until the last quarter Sellers, Hendee, Frazier, and Brooks were abreast. Then Sellers flew to the front, with a good lead in advance of all. On the last turn Hendee closed up the gap, and all were confident of his winning. On the home stretch, however, to the surprise, not to say sorrow, of every one, Sellers flew far ahead and crossed the scratch ten yards to the good. Hendee came in barely a foot ahead of Frazier, who came in third, with Brooks fourth. Time, first mile, Frazier, 3.15; second mile, Sellers, 6.03; Hendee, 6.04; Frazier, 6.04 2-5. To say that the spectators were disappointed does not in the least express their feelings. They were mad, and many were heard to say that they wanted to go home, as the races were getting to be awfully dull and uninteresting. There are several reasons assigned for Hendee's defeat. He has not yet recovered from his recent severe "header," and it is said that he is suffering from great pain from his swollen and bruised hand, so that he can only use the forefinger and thumb of his right hand. The prizes in this race were: First prize, tea service, embossed, chased, gilt, S. & C., six pieces, \$62; second, toilet vases, silver and gold, inlaid, \$37; third, silver stop watch, \$30.

RACE WITH HANDS OFF.

The starters in this event were Harry H. Hull, Lowell; Thomas R. Finley, Smithville, N. J.; H. S. Wolliston, Pittsfield; Charles H. Chickering, Smithville, N. J. Wolliston took the lead at the start, but was soon passed by Chickering and Finley, both of whom rode Stars. The half mile was made first by Chickering, Finley second. The positions were the same until the home stretch, when Wolliston spurred to the front and won by a length, Chickering second, and Finley third. The time was 3 minutes 2-5 seconds, which is decidedly the best on record. The prizes were: First prize, gold watch and chain, \$50; second, epergne, silver, three glass dishes, \$30; third, bicycle rifle, \$20.

THREE MILE CLASS RACE.

The starters in the race, open only to riders who had never beaten 9.50, were: D. Edgar Hunter, Beverly; Henry T. Fales, South Framingham; Joseph Powell, Smithville, N. J.; A. B. Rich, New York; A. L. Jenness, Rye Beach, N. H.; Lewis A. Miller, Meriden; Eliot Norton, Springfield; William Wait, New Haven; H. E. Bidwell, Hartford; H. S. Wolliston, Pittsfield. Fales took the lead, followed by the others in a bunch. The first lap was made with Hunter well in the lead, with the others near at hand. The next two laps were made by Powell and Hunter. On the last lap Bidwell came down ahead, Powell close at hand. On the backstretch Norton flew well to the front and entered the stretch eight yards ahead. The spurt was a pretty one down the home stretch, Norton having the race well in hand, with Bidwell and Wolliston making a game struggle for second position, the former finally winning second place, Wolliston third, and Wait fourth. The time was 8.53 1/2, which beats the record made yesterday by Brooks for three miles by about ten seconds.

Summary.

Three mile, 9.50 class—First prize, gold watch, \$75; second, gold medal, \$45; third, diamond pin, \$30.

Miles.	M. S.
1—Joseph Powell	2 56 2-5
2—E. Norton	6 01 2-5
3—E. Norton	8 53 1/2

FIVE-MILE TRICYCLE RACE.

Considerable interest was manifested in this event, as it was rumored that the previous day Chambers had not done his best, and that to-day he would run away from Burnham. When Burnham appeared, however, he received a rousing round of applause. The positions of the men on the scratch were as follows: L. H. Johnson, R.

Chambers, E. P. Burnham, G. H. Illston. Chambers went to the front at once and the others strung out in Indian file. Johnson, Burnham, Illston, following. The men finished the mile in the same order and made no change until the third lap, when Illston took second place. No other change was made in the position of the men until the finish of the eighth lap, when Burnham went to the front and the ninth lap was made in the order—Burnham, Chambers, Johnson, Illston. On the back stretch there was a great struggle. On the straight Burnham seemed to have the advantage, but when twenty-five yards from the finish he gave up and Chambers came in several yards ahead. Burnham finished second, Illston third, and Johnson fourth. The time was 17 minutes 14 2-5 seconds, which lowers the last previous record by 41 1/4 seconds, also the four mile record.

Summary.

Five-mile amateur tricycle race—First prize, Victor rotary tricycle (presented by the Overman Wheel Company), \$160; second, tea service, chased, six pieces, gold lined, S. & C., \$60; third, ice urn, three quart, chased and gilt, \$40.

Miles.	M. S.
1—R. Chambers	3 27
2—R. Chambers	6 57
3—R. Chambers	10 33
4—R. Chambers	14 06
5—R. Chambers	17 14 2-5

THE HALF MILE DASH

had for starters H. W. Gaskell, William Wait, C. J. Connolly, Charles Frazier, H. S. Wolliston, S. Sellers. Wait went to the front, followed by Sellers and Gaskell. On the back stretch Sellers took the lead, and as they came down the home, Sellers and Gaskell were well ahead. Frazier third, Wait fourth, Wolliston fifth, and Connolly sixth. The positions were not changed to the finish, the two leaders being about ten yards apart, the others twice that distance behind. Sellers' time was 1 minute 18 1-5 seconds; Gaskell's, 1 minute 18 4-5 seconds; Frazier's, 1 minute 19 2-5 seconds. This beats the record by 2 seconds. The prizes were: First, umbrella rack, terra cotta, silver and gold mounted, \$25; second, cigar box, old copper, with dogs on cover, \$15; third, toilet set, \$10.50.

THE ONE MILE RECORD BROKEN.

Previous to the start of the one mile professional race, it was announced that Howell would attempt to beat all previous records, but to the surprise of all, Prince, the American champion, accomplished this task for him, while Howell finished a poor third. The starters were: R. A. Neilson, Toronto; Richard Howell, Manchester, Eng.; John S. Prince, Washington; Robert James, Birmingham, Eng.; C. A. Ashinger, Eaton, O.; C. S. Young, Boston; Wm. M. Woodside, Chicago. Neilson set out a tremendous pace at once, Howell close behind, and Woodside bringing up the rear. The men crossed the first half mile scratch in this order: Howell, James, Prince, Ashinger, Young, Woodside, Neilson. Neilson's spurt was too much for him and he retired. The next lap was a splendid race, the men riding for all they were worth. On the last quarter Prince was riding third, with Howell leading. What followed astonished every one, for Prince doubled himself over his machine and made a spurt that fairly put in the shade the far-famed one of Richard Howell. Down the home stretch he came whizzing by Howell as if the latter was standing still. James also went by Howell up to the side of Prince, and as the two tore down the home stretch and crossed the line, Prince a few feet ahead, a shout went up from the assembled thousands, the like of which had never before been heard on Hampden Park. It continued for fully five minutes, when Prince walked modestly up to the judges' stand, the acknowledged champion record breaker of the world, having covered a mile in 2 minutes 39 seconds. James' time was 2.39 2-5; Howell, 2.40. The quarter mile was made by Howell in 40 2-5, the half in 1 minute 21 seconds, the three-quarters in 1 minute 59 2-5 seconds, the half and three-quarter beating the record. The prizes were only \$50, \$30, \$20. It is understood, however, that Prince is to receive an additional prize for lowering the record.

FIVE-MILE RECORD RACE.

The prizes in this race were to be awarded to the rider who finished first the greatest number of half miles, regardless of who came in ahead at the finish. This arrangement caused the contestants to exert themselves

throughout the race, and as a result it proved one of the most exciting of the day. The starters were: Charles Frazier, Smithville, N. J.; Theodore W. Roberts, Poughkeepsie, Lewis Hamilton, Waterbury, Conn.; Asa Dolph, New London, Ohio.; John Brooks, Blossburg, Penn.; George Webber, Smithville, N. J.; R. Chambers, Birmingham, Eng.; H. W. Gaskell, London, Eng.; Robert Way, Hartford; S. Sellers, Manchester, Eng. Hamilton took the lead, Dolph second, Brooks third. Dolph passed to the front on the first quarter, the rest in single file behind. Crossing the scratch Brooks led, followed by Dolph and Hamilton. These positions were kept until the home stretch, when Webber sprang to the front and crossed the scratch well ahead. The next lap was a lively struggle between Gaskell, Brooks, and Frazier, the former capturing it. The next lap the position of the two leading men was the same, but Hamilton took third place, and Frazier fell to the rear. Coming down the home on the fifth lap Gaskell and Brooks were well in the front. After crossing the scratch at the finish of each lap the men would slow up. Again coming into the straight a tremendous struggle would ensue. Webber took the sixth lap, Hamilton the seventh and eighth. Dolph retired on the eighth lap, evidently not being in condition. The ninth lap was a struggle between Chambers and Gaskell, the latter winning. On the tenth and last lap Chambers retained the lead until the home stretch, when Gaskell spurred by him, thus winning the race by leading on four laps. The time was 14 minutes 51 seconds, which lowers the American amateur record by 27½ seconds. The time of the intermediate miles lowered some of those made earlier in the day. Times made were as follows: One mile, Webber, 2:46; two miles, Gaskell, 5:42 3-5; three miles, Webber, 8:50 2-5; four miles, Hamilton, 11:55 2-5; five miles, Gaskell, 14:51. The prizes were: First, Springfield prize cup; second, smoking set, stand and lamp, smoking table, old copper, and hammered, \$65; third, Stevens rifle, \$40. Gaskell secured first, Hamilton second, and Webber third.

TWO-MILE TANDEM.

The two-mile tandem bicycle race had for starters R. F. and W. C. Stahl, Boston; H. Miller and F. Brown, Springfield; C. A. Joslyn and W. A. Chase, Leominster. The men rode down the stretch abreast, and very slowly. On the back stretch the Stahls took the lead, and finished the half mile well in the front, with the Springfield men second. The riding was very slow, and no change was made in the positions until the last turn, when the Springfield men spurred to the front, and came down the home stretch several yards in advance of the Boston men, who were evidently caught napping. The Springfield men crossed the scratch first in 6:55 2-5, the Boston men second in 6:56, and the Leominster men third in 6:58. The first prize, however, was given the Boston men, as the judges allowed a protest entered by them that the Springfield men fouled them while on the last turn. The prizes were: Two first, gold medals, \$75; two second, two vase lamps, hammered, old copper, \$50.

SEPTEMBER 18.—The third day of the tournament opened cloudy, and it seemed that the general good luck had deserted the Springfield Club, but although the day was chilly and far from pleasant, the greatest crowd of the three days assembled some hours before the races were announced, and packed the grand stand to overflowing. The principal event was the defeat of Hendee by the invincible Sellers. In justice to the former we will say that he was not good in condition to race. A bad fall at New Haven two weeks previous has disabled his wrist, and his friends did the worst possible thing in putting him against the fastest man in the amateur world. The races were run off with the usual promptness, the only blunder being the failure to recall the field in the five mile race, when Chickering was pushed off before the pistol. According to all rules he should have been recalled and placed back a yard on account of a false start. As he did not secure a place, it did not affect the result in any way. One of the disappointments was the collapse of Dolph, of whom great things were promised and expected. His mile in 2:41 at Hartford the previous week, the fastest ever made by an American, led many to believe that he would even cut two minutes and thirty-nine seconds. His failure is attributed to change of food and

constant traveling from place to place, endeavoring to do so much work. Hamilton's easy victory in the ten miles "record" race proved that he had not been overestimated. The English visitors acquitted themselves well and won a number of prizes, while the number of American dark horses that were "painted white" in short order added another bunch of feathers to the screaming eagle. There are now to-day as many Americans who can "cut" 2:50 as the records of England's best track exponents show, and the result is necessarily pleasing in comparison. The first event was the

THREE-MILE PROFESSIONAL "RECORD" RACE. At the tap of the bell, Woodside, Ashinger, James, Neilson, and Howell faced the starter. Prince was conspicuous by his absence. The race was somewhat of a gift for Howell, who led at every half mile, for the first two miles, with Woodside second throughout. At two and a half he resigned the lead to the son of the Emerald Isle, who set a rattling pace until the last quarter when the English champion went to the front, crossing the tape in 8m. 55s.; Woodside next in 8m. 58 1-5, with James close at his heels.

HALF MILE 1.40 CLASS

brought out a number of men, many of whom had bettered the time limit, but were, nevertheless, allowed to start. The first heat was taken by H. E. Bidwell, of Hartford, with A. B. Rich second. Time 1:24 3-5. The second heat was taken by New Haven's favorite, Wait, who covered the distance in 1:22 1-5, with D. E. Hunter, of Beverly, second. In the final heat Wait started off with the lead, followed by Hurlbut, who passed him on the turn. He retained his lead until the last quarter, when Wait let out a link and rolled ahead, crossing the line in 1:23 3-5; Bidwell being second in 1:23 4-5, with Hunter third in 1:24. The

ONE MILE SCRATCH

was considered the event of the day, as Hendee and Sellers were the prominent figures, and the friends of the former were confident that their favorite was going to redeem himself. The other entries were Norton, Brooks, Webber, Dolph, Gaskell, and a few of the lesser lights. At the crack of the pistol, Sellers and Illston sprang for the lead, closely followed by the pack in close marching order. At the half mile wire, Frazier clicked to the front in command of the noble army of wheel lights, but on the back stretch Hendee was seen to draw ahead at a spanking gait, closely followed by his formidable rival, Sellers. At the upper turn it was anybody's race, but slowly and surely the form of Sellers loomed up bowling down the straight at a powerful pace. Faster and faster they came, Hendee making gallant efforts to obtain a lead but of no avail, as Sellers had the race well in hand and won somewhat easily in the moderate time of 2:45 2-5; Hendee second by two yards in 2:45 3-5, with Brooks third in 2:46. The quarter was made in 46s., and the half in 1:25.

ONE MILE RIDE AND RUN

was a curious contest between long legged C. B. Ripley and little Tommy Finley. Ripley had the best of the bargain throughout, and won easily in 4:31 2-5, Finley's time being 4:43 3-5.

FIVE-MILE 16.40 CLASS

brought out eleven aspirants for fame on the path. Parsons, the court-plaster knight of Springfield, was a prime favorite, and although Chickering, Wait, and Weston made matters interesting throughout, went to the front on the last lap without much effort, making a good race in 15m. 46 2-5s. Miller secured second place in 15m. 47s., with Weston a good third. The time by miles was 3:3 2-5, 3:16 2-5, 3:13, 3:20, and 2:54 2-5.

FIVE-MILE PROFESSIONAL

Only five starters put in appearance. These were Neilson, Ashinger, James, Woodside, and Howell. Woodside and James fought for the lead throughout the entire race, first one and then the other gaining the advantage. Neilson dropped out at the third mile, leaving the quartette to spin around at leisure. On the last lap Howell put on steam and ran ahead of the others, followed by James and Woodside, the latter being nearly caught napping by that promising Ohio lad, Ashinger, who very nearly ran into third place. The times by miles were 3:16, 3:8 2-5, 3:18, 3:7 4-5, and the last mile 2:52 2-5. Howell's total time was 15:42 3-5, James 15:43 3-5, and Woodside 15:45.

ONE MILE TANDEM.

Two pairs of saved off machines wheeled around the course from the dressing tent. One was mounted by R. F. and W. C. Stahl,

of Boston, and the other by C. A. Joslyn and W. H. Chase, from Leominster. The Stahl brothers were the leaders throughout and on the final spurt won handsomely, although lapped by the Leominster contingent. Time 3:13 3-5, 3:13 4-5. Quarter 46. Half 1:42 3-5.

TEN-MILE RECORD.

The record races have hardly fulfilled the success predicted, especially in the longer distances. Up to five miles they are interesting, but beyond that point they can hardly be called so. The field of starters were five in number, and consisted of Roberts, Sellers, Hamilton, Brooks, and Gaskell. Hamilton went for the lead at the start, but was passed by both Brooks and Sellers, the former winning first half mile. At the mile Sellers went to the front and shortly afterwards withdrew. Gaskell then took command and forced the pace for the next three laps, when Hamilton went to the front with a rush and gained a splendid lead of twenty yards. This he retained until the eighth mile, scoring ten straight points and the race. The struggle between Gaskell and Brooks was a pretty one, and the constant changes in position made the race interesting. Gaskell's number appeared on the score sheets a greater number of times and consequently he was awarded second place. Hamilton slowed up after his great effort and paddled around the track at leisure, in order to complete the total distance. The time for the ten miles was: Gaskell 31m. 55s., Brooks 31m. 54s. The times were as follows:

1—3.05 1-5, Sellers.	6—3.08, Hamilton.
2—3.10 2-5, Gaskell.	7—3.07, "
3—3.14, Hamilton.	8—3.19, Gaskell.
4—3.02 4-5, "	9—3.15 2-5, "
5—3.09 3-5, "	10—3.22 3-5, Brooks.

ONE MILE TRICYCLE.

The final event, the mile tricycle race, was rather a tame affair, as Burnham was unable to start, and Chambers had an easy thing of it. The starters were Chambers, Illston, and Johnson, and the positions were unchanged throughout the entire event. Chambers won easily in 3:13 1-5, beating the best American record and creating a new one for the half mile, 1:35. Illston followed in 3:15 2-5, while Johnson's time was 3:16.

This closed the day's races, which were thoroughly enjoyed. The fireworks which were billed for the evening were abandoned on account of a smart shower which came up about 7:30, the advertised time.

FRIDAY, Sept. 19.—The last day of the tournament dawned bright and clear. Every one seemed tired, however, and were unanimous in saying that three days at the utmost was the limit for race meetings. The racing men particularly seemed to feel the pressure, and many of the events that had upwards of eighteen entries produced a field of only five starters. The grand stand was comfortably filled, but the extra stands were empty. The press row was crowded with men who really had no business there, and who probably wrote about a stickful, while those whose duty it was to prepare careful accounts were forced out and made to sit anywhere but on a chair. The events were run off in good order. The first event was the

FIVE-MILE OPEN.

The appearance of Sellers on the track indicated who was the probable winner, but the contest between Frazier, Brooks, Chambers, Illston, and Gaskell for second place was interesting. A good start was effected, but either the men were tired or else tricky, for the pace was miserably slow for such a field of fast men. Waiting tactics were the order of the day, and Illston, Frazier, and Brooks did most of the "donkey work," leading in that order for the first three miles, the crowd in the meantime giving gratuitous advice in regard to pace. On the fourth mile matters brightened a little, and Sellers went in command, followed by Illston and Brooks, the rest tagging on behind, but in close marching order. On the last mile Frazier, who had been abominably lazy during the tournament, went into second place and stayed there, beating Brooks and the rest. Norton, who does not seem to amount to much over a mile, dropped out. Sellers' time was 16m. 6 2-5s.

FIVE-MILE PROFESSIONAL.

The well known faces of Howell, Prince, Woodside, James, Neilson, and Ashinger were seen on the track when this race was called, and many hoped that "John" would repeat his performance at the mile with Howell, but the latter was not to be caught napping this time. The race was marked by the

usual changes of place, the Chicago man, Woodside, doing the "grand stand" act to the gratification of the rural element. Neilson made a brilliant spurt at the mile, but retired after running three miles. James flashed to the front at the two-mile post, but was lost from sight afterwards. In the third and fourth mile the order was Woodside, Howell, Prince, but on the last mile Howell went ahead, with Prince sticking close to his heels. The latter could not pass him, however, and contented himself with second place; Howell winning by about thirty yards. Time 15:32 2-5; Woodside was fourth.

HALE MILE 1.32 CLASS.

Nine men turned up at the tape for this race, five of whom should not have been allowed to start for reasons laid down in our editorial columns. Like all half mile dashes, it was a pretty race, and Wm. Wait, D. E. Hunter, and George Webber came in in one, two, three order. Time 1:20 3-5.

ONE MILE TUG OF WAR.

Four teams out of the five entered appeared, representing the Berkshire County Wheelmen, Springfield, Connecticut, and Thorndike Clubs. With Hendee, Norton, and Westervelt to represent them, the home team had little difficulty in winning in 2m. 48 4-5s. Hendee in the lead, with Norton second.

THREE-MILE RECORD.

The starters were Roberts, Norton, Brooks, Frazier, Gaskell, and Burnham, it being the first appearance of the latter upon a bicycle. He was clearly out of condition, but won the first lap handily and soon after retired. The race throughout was between Gaskell and Brooks. The pace proving too hot for Norton and Roberts early in the start. Brooks won the second lap, but the third was captured by Gaskell. He pulled himself together and plucked the fourth lap, which left the last one to decide the race. Round they went together, but with Frazier close behind and dangerously near. On the final spurt Gaskell went ahead, and to the surprise of many Frazier followed, leaving Brooks third. The time returned was 9m. 3 1-5s.

FIVE-MILE PROFESSIONAL RECORD.

Another record race followed, in which the actors were James, Ashinger, Woodside, and Howell. The event was rather uninteresting, as Howell led throughout with the exception of two laps. Woodside and James changed places quite often, the exponent from Chicago having rather the best of it. The entire distance was covered by Howell in 15m. 2 2-5s., Woodside being second, James third, and Ashinger last.

THREE-MILE TRICYCLE.

Only three entries put in appearance. Their names were Chambers, Illston, and Johnson, and in that order they covered the entire distance, except in the last lap when Johnson made a pretty spurt and took the lead, only to lose it on the home stretch, when Chambers went to the front, followed by Illston. Time 10m. 7s.

THREE-MILE OPEN.

This was regarded by many as another "event" of the tournament, as Hendee was to have another try at Sellers, but the latter was obliging enough to stay out and allow the audience to have a good time cheering. Hendee, as we have said before, was clearly out of condition and should not have started. He succeeded in winning in the rather slow time of 9m. 25 4-5s., although Brooks and Gaskell pushed him to the finish. The other starters were Norton, Webber, Wait, and Way, the former finishing fourth. At the crack of the pistol Hendee went for the lead, with Brooks and Gaskell, who were about as evenly matched as any two men we know, in close company behind him. The next mile showed some changes, as Webber ran the little wheel of his Star across the line a few yards in advance of the others, Hendee dropping back to third place. The last mile was a rattling one, Hendee spurring into premier position, with Brooks second, and Gaskell last.

ONE MILE CONSOLATION.

The number of consolable men were numerous and also speedy. A. L. Jenness was the successful one and came in a winner in 2m. 52s.; Jere. W. Lord was second, and A. B. Rich third. This closed the tournament, which was highly successful in many particulars, although not equal to last year's in point of attendance. In the evening the fireworks were let off in the presence of about eight thousand, and were thoroughly enjoyed. The visiting wheelmen scattered to their homes and quiet once more settled down in the home of tournaments.



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THAT 3.20 CLASS.

It is not an uncommon thing nowadays to see printed among the lists of events at any large race meeting, where variety enters into consideration, a race for 3.20 class men. The idea with which this class of race originated was to give all men who had never bettered that time an opportunity to win glory and fame, and to keep out the fast riders who had an itching palm for medals. It was supposed to be superior to handicaps; it was in fact to supersede them, and now that this system has had a year's trial we feel at liberty to compare the results.

The first race of this kind was at Springfield, Sept. 17, and was won by A. B. Prince in 3m. 54.5s. We remember that the entry list embraced a number of names that had no business there on account of faster records, and we distinctly remember drawing a line through the said names. This left a field of unknown starters who were pretty evenly matched, and an interesting race followed.

Now let us see how the position is to-day. At Hartford the 3.20 race was run in 2m. 49½s., and at Albany it was captured in 3m. ½s. At Springfield 2m. 43.2-5s. was chalked up, and it is an open question as to when the limit will be reached. These remarkable times are significant. But their significance lies in the fact that the class races of to-day are not conducted in the manner intended by the originators. It means that games committees are not honest towards the competitors. It means that they wink at men that have ridden in public faster than the time limit, and for the sake of having a full field of starters allow them to compete. This is not just to the others, and we protest against it. The list of entries for any class race should be submitted to the "official handicapper" or some competent person who has a good record book, and he should weed out all the men that have proved themselves faster than that special class for which they enter.

It would be a wise scheme to have a special watch stopped at 3.20, and bar all who crossed the line before it stopped from future races of like character. In that way

only will we be able to give the novices a chance. It is certainly discouraging to the new fledged racer to enter a race and have the winner break the American best on record. Our race meeting authorities are becoming too careless in this respect, and should be brought up at a short turn. Let us have three-minute classes and two fifty-five, if necessary to make the class system a success, but do away with the farce of putting a 3.20 race on the programme, and then allowing a three-minute man to enter it, and perhaps win in a best on record, as at Hartford.

The country is so large that to intelligently frame handicaps is an almost impossible undertaking, but at the same time we do not like to see the latter system abandoned without a fuller trial. Why not appoint a board of handicappers and allot them sections, with a system of interchanging notes on this complex subject? By selecting a competent man in each district, good results could be obtained, complete records preserved, and the racing interests advanced. In England handicaps are very popular, and there is no reason why they should not be here. They serve to make new riders, and we regret to see them frowned down upon. Last year a number of best on records were made through the medium of handicap races, when the fast men were actually forced to ride hard in order to win a place at the finish.

THE WHEEL AROUND THE HUB.

The following members of the C. T. C. started Tuesday on that historical tour around Boston: Chief Consul Frank W. Weston, Louis R. Harrison, W. B. Everett, and J. S. Dean, Boston Bi. Club; C. H. Potter, T. S. Beckwith, and J. S. Collister, of Cleveland, Ohio; Capt. Will R. Pitman, Richard Garvey, and R. G. Leypolt, New York; F. E. Drullard and George Dakin, Buffalo, N. Y.; W. V. Gilman, Nashua, N. H.; F. S. Harris, Geo. T. Craven, and Harold Lewis, Philadelphia; H. R. Bryan, Hudson, N. Y.; J. S. Chesney, Baltimore, Md., and W. G. Kendall, Dorchester, Mass.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE.

The performance of H. W. Clark, of Woodstock, Ont., is still talked of around the club rooms here. Clark is a youth, 17 years of age, and rides a 54-inch racer. He has ridden several races throughout Canada, on trotting tracks, and last Saturday was the first race he had run on a respectable racing track.

He easily defeated Davies here in the one mile race, making the time 2.59, on a four-lap track. He could still reduce this on a mile track, and his friends think him capable of making 2.40. At any rate he has proved himself the speediest of Canadian amateurs so far.

At the races here on the 6th, R. A. Neilson sent in his entry for several events, but of course they were refused. However, he was permitted to try and break the Canadian record for a mile after the general races. He started from pistol report and made a good pace for a mile, but failed in doing any "breaking." His time for the mile was 3.10.

Neilson and Westbrook were under agreement to ride a five miles race for the championship on the 13th, and had deposited \$50 each as a guarantee. When the day of the race arrived, Westbrook's backer telegraphed that his man had left the country, so the Boston man, with the championship and Westbrook's \$50 forfeit, left this place for the States without riding any race. It is said that Westbrook, who is a very good fancy rider, is traveling with a circus and forms one of a numerous exhibiting family (?).

The Wanderers announce their annual Exhibition for Oct. 10, and will furnish an excellent programme of riding and drilling. This entertainment is held in the large rink here, and for the past two years has drawn immense crowds, which no doubt adds considerably to the club funds.

C. F. Lavender, the bicyclist, who unfortunately broke his arm at the Buffalo tournament, is rapidly recovering and is able to do light work at his trade. Had he been racing on the 6th, no doubt our 2.59 would be down still lower.

Mr. S. H. Townsend, of Toronto, has been

doing some extensive touring throughout Europe. He has ridden through England, Ireland, and Scotland, and from last accounts was commencing a tour through Germany.

The Hamilton, Ont., club hold a club drill competition on the 23d inst., open to any bicycle club, and offer a \$50 cup. It is likely that the Wanderers will send their fancy drill squad to take part in the competition.

GEORGIUS.

THE NEW HAVEN TOURNAMENT.

HENDEE BEATS SELLERS—SLOW TIME CAUSED BY HIGH WIND—CHAMBERS WINS ANOTHER TRICYCLE RACE.

A cold, dismal wind blowing across Hamilton Park made the first day of the New Haven Club's tournament anything but a success, as only six hundred spectators put in appearance. The racing was of a high order, although slow time resulted throughout.

The mile race for winners was taken in 3m. 4½s., by Wait, of New Haven; L. G. Cannon being second, and C. L. Clark third.

The two-mile club championship was competed for by Dr. N. P. Tyler and Wm. Wait. The Doctor led for the first three laps when Wait spurred ahead, winning in 6m. 52s.

The open mile race was the event of the day. Although three prizes had been liberally provided, only Sellers and Hendee appeared at the start. The latter had rested considerable in the last few days and was in much better form than at Springfield, while his opponent had not been so particular and was a little out of form. A good start was effected, Hendee having the pole. The men kept well together, the Springfield boy retaining his lead. The quarter pole was reached in 49½s., and the half in 1.36¼. On the second round Hendee still kept the lead, making the three quarters in 2.25¾. At this point he spurred and gained a lead of 40 feet which was only reduced by half at the finish, although Sellers exerted himself to the utmost. The last quarter was made in 36½s., and the total was 3m. 1¾s., not remarkable time, but it was a waiting race, in which the American came out ahead in the spurt.

The Englishmen, Chambers, Illston, and Gaskell, had the five-mile tricycle race all to themselves, and occupied 21m. 46s. in making the circuit of the track ten times. They finished in the order named.

The boys' race, for 50-inch machines and under, was won in 3m. 31¼s., by William G. Redfield, of New Haven.

The five-mile handicap was won by R. Chambers in 15m. 50s. There was a bungle in starting this race, Palmer and Bidwell being sent off at the wrong time.

Sellers, Gaskell, and Lewis Hamilton were the starters in a ten-mile scratch race. The former won in 33m. 22¾s., although Hamilton's wheel lapped his in the final effort.

R. Chambers won the two-mile handicap and a \$20 silver cup in 6m. 39¾s.

Howell was on the grounds and proposed beating the mile record of 2m. 39s., made by Prince. The strong wind caused him to change his mind, and the trial was deferred.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Human nature is the same the world over. A man goes down the river, fishing, and if he has good luck, he carries his string of fish all over town on his way home; drops in at the post office, and goes half a mile out of his way to call on the editor and pay his next month's subscription.

Same way with a wheelman; if he happens to accomplish anything out of the way—goes a little further, rides up a steeper hill, or succeeds where others have failed—he at once becomes filled with a wild recklessness about keeping his own counsel, and generally winds up by carelessly letting it leak out. Of course he didn't mean to let anybody know it, but since he has been so indiscreet, he concludes that it's just as well anyhow, and it is noticed that for the next three weeks he wears his hat a trifle to one side and smokes three for a quarter cigars.

Ever since I succeeded in meandering across the continent on my wheel, and thereby winning the right to inflict "good advice" on long distance touring upon my fellow cyclists the world over, I am free to confess that I have been harassed with an uncontrollable yearning to pour out some "good advice" on the devoted heads of such as contemplate making long tours across country. I know I have no right to do this, and have fought manfully against the impulse day and night; but it's no use; it's got to be done.

Only last night I got up in my sleep and banged my best friend in the snoot with a slipper, under the impression that I was beating "good advice" into the head of an obstinate cyclist who didn't want it; my friend is forty pounds heavier than I am and a good man with the gloves, so the only thing I could do was to promise—in the flowery, picturesque language of the West—to let off some of the steam. Hence this sermon.

The requisites for a long, hard bicycle journey across a country where the comforts and necessities of life are conspicuous by their absence, and where a man has to frequently content himself with mountain scenery for breakfast, dinner, and supper, are, first of all, a good constitution. A man whose internal improvements would go back on him and make him wish he had never been born if he were to deviate from certain rules of health, and whose head aches and swims round, and registers 200 degrees in the shade if he happens to overexert himself, has no use in trying to ride a bicycle across such a country as lies between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast.

Being fortified with a sheet-iron, copper-riveted constitution that will stand by him under all difficulties, the next most important thing is to relieve himself of false ideas of the nature of the country to be traversed. It is in the nature of things that the person who would be most likely to undertake any extraordinary journey of that nature in any country is a person of a more or less sanguine temperament and perchance inclined to view things from afar through the rosy-hued telescope of his own sanguine hopes and expectations, and do nothing more than make casual and imperfect inquiries in regard to the nature of the country. The difficulties to be overcome in crossing it. Starting off with deceptive visions of a nice time—a sort of a picnic—fitting through his mind, for a time all goes well; but bye and bye he runs into difficulties that his wildest dreams never anticipated, and at whose very existence he is profoundly astonished; the inevitable result is disappointment, and in the end discouragement.

In regard to the dry goods department of a long distance tourist's outfit, it is a good deal a matter of choice; some would prefer putting themselves to considerable annoyance and bother, in order to secure a little extra comfort, and others wouldn't. My own experience in regard to that might not prove uninteresting, and I give it for what it is worth.

"You're going to take an 'M.P.' bag along to carry your things in, I suppose," said the affable clerk at Osborn & Alexander's, Market street, San Francisco, a few days before my start. "Well, no; an 'M. P.' bag is altogether too small for what I shall need on a trip like this," was my rather off-hand reply. "I'm going to get some waterproof stuff and have a bag made that will hold half as much again as an 'M. P.'" And so I reasoned with myself: I have got to go through all kinds of climate and weather, and for the first half of the journey all sorts of discomforts will be encountered. The result was, that the night before starting finds me stuffing a good-sized waterproof bag with extra clothes and things, with which I fondly hoped to smooth over many of the ripples of hard experience. Visions of delicious plunges in cool mountain streams and the beneficial effects of a good rubbing down on coming out flit through my mind, as I stuff a Turkish towel down in one corner. An extra riding suit, just to slip on, you know, in place of my dusty, travel-worn apparel when approaching a town, will be just the ticket; a small clothes brush won't take up much room, and will come handy to brush up my hat and make it look a little in keeping with the suit on such occasions, for an extra hat is out of the question; unless, indeed, I choose to outrage the feelings of the bronzed and bearded miner and the wild-eyed and festive cowboy and rancher by donning a skull-cap, which for wise and prudent reasons I refuse to do; for be it known that the wild-eyed and festive c. and r. sometimes patronizes the bar, and takes unto himself sundry drinks of liquid cussedness, which cause him to wantonly shoot at anything not exactly to his taste. Fortunately I have learned that a skull-cap wouldn't appear to be just the thing to the esthetic and discriminating gaze of this wild west combination. Moreover, a skull-cap on one's head would be rather a disagreeable target, from the standpoint of the owner of the head, and would be sure to produce queer sensations; so

I fain content myself with one lone hat of a semi-sombrero species, which I am persuaded will be no obstacle to my progress across the cattle raising territories. After getting everything in the bag, I fastened it behind the saddle, and took it out to see how it would work, so as to make sure of no delay in the morning. It worked very well on the smooth road, but a few minutes' trial convinced me that on roads where one would very likely have to "while a good many of the happy hours away" in hopping on and off, a protuberance rudely intruding itself into the atmosphere, like the hump of a camel's back, might have a tendency to make a person use bold, bad language, or long for the cold, silent tomb; so I took it off and sent it by express to Sacramento, ninety miles ahead. When I got to Sacramento, three days later, it wasn't there. "At first I felt sorry and said naughty things about Wells, Fargo & Co., but when I finally got my hands on them (the things) a few days afterwards, I carried them into a secluded spot, and when I again took up my line of march, my surplus personal property consisted of two woolen shirts, a pair of socks, and a rubber coat. In Nevada I lost one of the extra shirts, and although I missed it right away and could have recovered it by going back a mile, I had by this time come to regard a third shirt as a useless encumbrance, and a luxury I didn't need, and so heaved "nary" a sigh at its disappearance. Whenever I pulled up for the night, if I concluded that the shirt and socks I wore had accumulated too much real estate, I would make a change, and either wash them myself or carry them along until I could get that onerous duty performed. It is really amusing to think how little it takes to make people happy when removed far from the influence of others; happy in the possession of an extra shirt, I would sometimes picture to myself a poor miserable cyclist, who, having no extra shirt, had to sit, shivering and shaking, on the cactus covered greensward until his only shirt slowly dried in the sun, and would then derive a great deal of real solid comfort in reflecting on my comparatively elaborate wardrobe. Of course there were occasions when a few extra clothes would have been acceptable. I remember on one occasion, in a far Western village, I smilingly brought out my bike in response to the general request of the people, who had never yet seen the new style of centaur; but the first move I made towards mounting my \$12 sawed-off pants, warranted-not-to-rip, suddenly and without any sort of warning dissolved partnership, and I had to borrow all the pins in the crowd to enable me to sneak back to the hotel, where I had to do several hours of amateur tailoring. Here it is plainly seen that an extra pair would have been quite acceptable; but on the whole, "light marching order" will always be my motto when starting out on a long tour.

Many times I have been asked, "What extra parts did you carry with you?" My invariable reply has been—None whatever; neither did I carry so much as an extra screw or bolt; yet I wouldn't be understood to advise that plan—in fact, I think I acted anything but wise in so doing. Generally speaking, I would consider it a lucky day when I escaped a tumble; yet I met with no bad break on the entire trip; this is owing partly to the excellence of the machine I rode, a Standard Columbia, and extraordinary watchfulness on my part, and partly to my being "a good faller." After making the longest journey in the world, nobody ever heard me call myself a good rider, but I brag considerably on being a good hand at falling off; and I think, in making a long journey through an unsettled country, the latter qualification is one of the main factors in bringing one through without serious mishaps to himself or his machine. It is well known that some men will break something or hurt themselves nearly every tumble they take, whilst others seem to take "headers" for the benefit of their health.

"Did you take any special pains in regard to diet?" has been often asked. Yes; I was very particular about what I ate, both as to quality and quantity, and especially the latter. In the mountain country, whenever I had to cross a stretch of barren desert country, where the air was pure and dry, and where nobody lived, I would generally choose a nice light, airy kind of diet, and at the same time partake very sparingly of water; but when I came to a town and was compelled to submit to the close, stifling atmosphere of a hotel, I thought it good policy to eat as heartily as the stock of provisions would seem to warrant; and I re-

member once, after subjecting myself to a simon-pure fresh air diet for about 24 hours, and then reaching a hotel and starting in on my theory, the landlady laid back her ears and looked black daggers at me, and seemed quite angry at my peculiar hygienic arrangements; but it is necessary to watch these things when riding a bike. As I got down into the warm moist farming country in "the States," I found half ripe cherries and green, colicky looking apples seemed to have quite a soothing effect on the nerves. The thing I would particularly warn cyclists against who contemplate a trip across the continent is Chinese pancakes; they are made in Nevada; I only ate one. Had I eaten the second one this sermon would never have been written, and wheelmen everywhere would have had to wobble along as best they could without the advice herein contained.

I have only one more piece of "good advice" to give, which is: Never attempt to mix up long distance touring and "mashing," because it won't work at all. A man with red calico patches all over his navy blue pants, and wads of white paper stuffed in the holes in his stockings, will never make a favorable impression; and the la-de-da young cyclist who comes to the outskirts of town in his trim new uniform will always cut him out. I know a wheelman who had tried his hand several times whilst on a long tour, and always came to grief. The last time he said he tried it was in Iowa. He arrived at the top of a pretty steep hill and saw a charming country maiden about half way down; she hadn't seen him yet, and as he started down he smiled sweetly to himself to think of the profound impression it would make on her innocent young heart to see him "whisk" past with the speed of the wind. He never knew, he said, what impression it would have made, for although he "whisked" past all right, he didn't "whisk" in the manner at first intended. The bike dropped into a small hole just before he reached the fair and unconscious recipient of his attentions, and he "whisked" and gyrate through the air and landed some distance below where she stood riveted to the spot in undisguised astonishment and alarm. I nev—that is—ev—er—he said he never tried it again.

THOS. STEVENS.

TWO TOURS.

Editor of The Wheel: My sister and I started one afternoon about half past two on a ride to Geneva Lake, Wis. This was an experiment, a tricycle having never been over the roads before. The sand between Chicago and Evanston was troublesome, but not fatal. We reached Highland Park about half past seven, distance twenty-six miles; a strong wind was blowing directly in our faces. After supper a hop was given at Highland Hall, where we stayed for the night. We were joined by Dr. Wassall and Mr. Cady, and danced till midnight. The tricycle created intense interest.

Next day we started for Fox Lake by way of Half Day and Dran's Corners. A few days previous to our ride a heavy rain had fallen, a few teams passing on the road cut it dreadfully, it then hardened, and worse wheeling cannot be imagined; nevertheless we did the thirty-two miles in about six hours. The same strong head wind was blowing all day. We passed hundreds of beautiful lakes and valleys which for the first time received the smiles and caresses of the wheel. The farmers were delighted and astonished to see us, almost insisting that we stop and dine with them. We found, too, that the most pleasant time for riding is after dark with our lanterns lighted, and the moon just rising. We arrived at Fox Lake about nine o'clock, and after a very hearty supper and moonlight row we retired.

Dr. Warsall and Mr. Cady were obliged to return to the city next day, but my sister and I pushed on via Wilmot, Richmond, and Genoa, to Geneva Lake. The roads were excellent, weather perfect, but with strong head wind, and the scenery unsurpassed. We arrived at half-past eight, riding by moonlight. We then left our machines in a stable and took a boat, rowing five miles to the Pishcotaqua House, where a special hot supper was prepared for us at half-past ten, and the guests were waiting to receive us. The day's wheeling of thirty-four miles was accomplished in about five hours. The whole distance, ninety-two miles, in sixteen

hours. We stayed at Geneva a few days, and returned home by train. My sister was an invalid before taking to the trip, but on this trip, done after a month's practice, she gained twelve pounds in five days, and was restored to perfect health. She cannot praise cycling (or cyclists) enough she says.

After many short runs near home we took another trip in the country. My sister, Mr. Blake, C. C., of Illinois, B. B. Ayers, Secretary Ill. Div. L. A. W., Dr. Waisall, and myself, took the train to Waukesha, Wis. Here we drank of the waters and enjoyed the light of the harvest moon until a late hour. It rained in the night, making the roads perfect for the one track bicycle, but heavy in places for the tricycle. We arose at seven and took the waters of course. At breakfast we were persuaded that the cows took the waters also, judging from the size of the milk. But Burley ordered another of those "elegant steaks," and we all followed suit. We soon passed out of the town and through that country which would require a poet's pen to describe. Never out of sight of a lake, continually passing the villas of the magnates of Chicago and Milwaukee, and the model farm houses of the wealthy countrymen. We spent hours beneath the trees beside the lakes. Burley, with "Ivanhoe," I seated on my camp stool, familiar to the Canada and Kennebec tourists, thinking a sermon on the beauties of nature, known or appreciated only by cyclists, the rest throwing stones into the lake, or gathering flowers along its bank. We spent three hours at Oconomowoc, rowing on the lake and eating dinner. Our worthy Chief Consul combined business with pleasure, and collected some rents, strange to say, not with the aid of a lawyer, but with a needle and thread, and his bicycle seemed to tell us that it had not always coasted the hills in the usual way. Mr. Blake is a fine rider, but the finest rider on earth would be troubled where a Canada tourist would glide serenely on his way. (Moral—Go on the next Canada tour.) We passed Lake Side and took supper at Pewaukee, staying two hours. We intended to wheel to Milwaukee, but preferred to spend the time at the resorts instead, so we took the evening train, and retired soon after arrival. The day was hot, but we accomplished thirty-five miles in

six hours easily. This was the first time a tricycle had ever been over these roads, and of course the usual questions were asked. We took the early train next morning for Chicago, and on the way planned several more trips to last several days.

The other lady tricyclists are practising to go with us next time, by taking trips to South Park and Riverside. All are members of the Dearborn Cycling Club, of Chicago, destined to be one of the finest clubs in America.

Encourage the ladies all you can, fellow wheelmen. Nothing will do them so much good, or bring you so many thanks from them. Lack of exercise is the root of most diseases, and the lack of brain power shortens life. Cycling supplies the first deficiency and helps to supply the second. It is our duty to use every effort to persuade our fellow creatures to take to the wheel, and to help them to get one and ride.

H. F. FULLER.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12, 1884.

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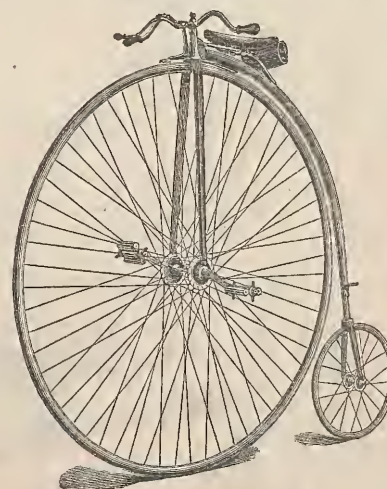
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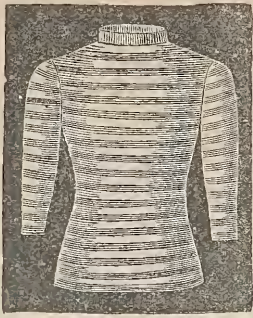
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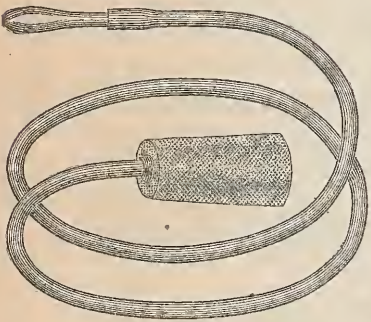
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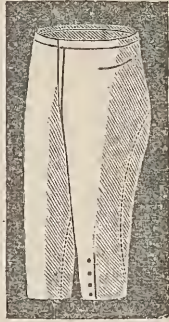
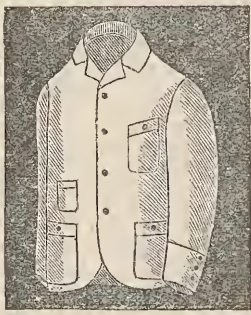


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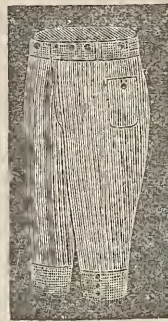
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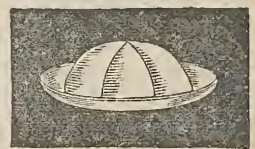
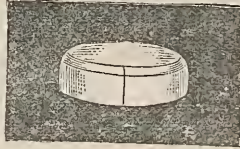
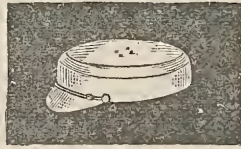
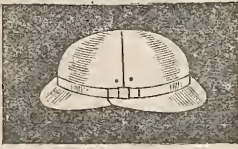
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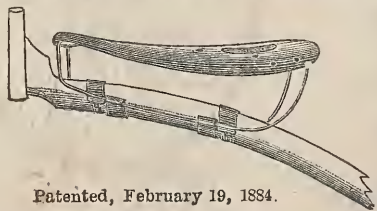
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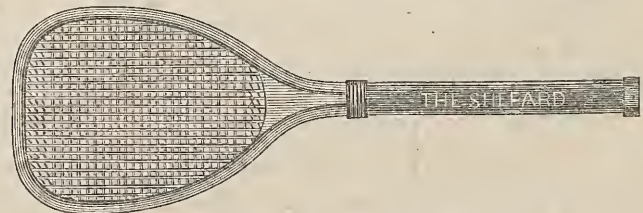
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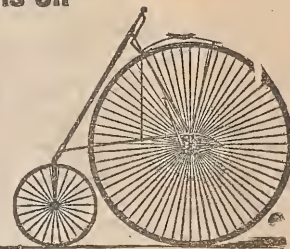
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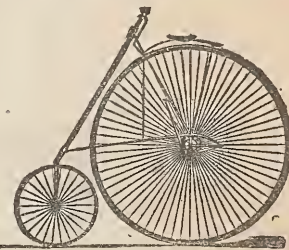
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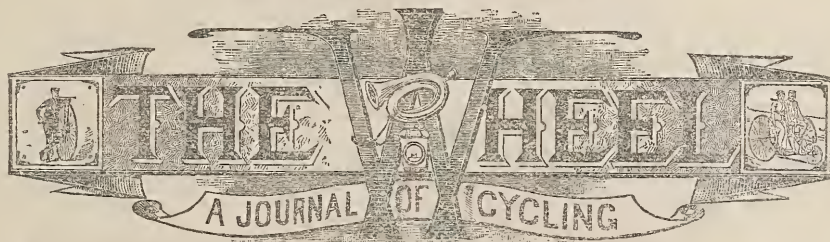
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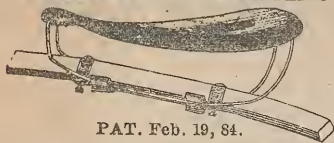
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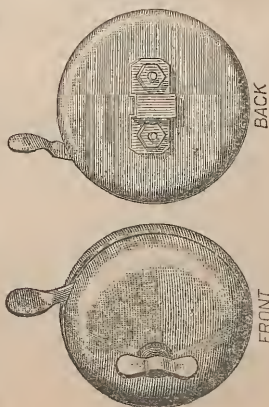
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