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WHEEL GOSSIP.

All the professionals are now at Chicago.

The Buffalo "boys" did themselves proud.

A corps of cyclists is being formed at Munich, for use in the German army.

The fifty miles English amateur championship will be decided to-morrow.

The C. T. C. has a membership of 18,713. They are working for that 20,000.

The wheelmen of Columbus, Ind., celebrated the "Fourth" by holding a race meet.

The Troy Bicycle Club announces its Fourth Annual Race Meet at Island Park, September 3rd.

George W. Baker, who left St. Louis, July 1st., for Boston, reached Columbus, Ohio, on July 9, having ridden 454 miles in nine days.

Webber (not the Smithvillian) is said to have done two minutes thirty-seven seconds for a full mile, on the evening of June 24th, at the Crystal Palace track.

A choice assortment of cycling racing cracks, literateurs and *bon vivants*, will sail from "England" the latter part of August. They will attend the Hartford and Springfield meets.

We should like to see some of our local men journey to Dorchester, and carry home a prize or two. Where are those Kings County road demons, Hall, Loucks and the others.

The Genesee Bicycle Club of Rochester, N. Y., has decided to hold a grand bicycle tournament in September; something in the style of the Hartford and Springfield meets.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. H. B. Hart, wife of Mr. H. B. Hart, the Philadelphia cycling dealer. Mrs. Hart was a member of the Ladies' Cycling Club and tricycled as long as her health permitted.

The shoe on the other foot.—In the St. Louis police court, a huckster was fined \$20 for wilfully obstructing the road-way, and causing F. H. Morse, a local wheelman, to collide with his wagon.

We learn from our English exchanges that a Mrs. Allen has started on a twenty-four hours scorch and will do a big performance. This is a step in the wrong direction. Record making should be a masculine diversion.

The "Big Four Tourists" arrive in town to-day, dining at the Grand Union in the evening. A number of wheelmen will await their appearance, on the top of Fordham Hill, at which point they will probably arrive about 3 P. M.

Messrs. T. S. Miller & Co., of Chicago, issue a "Club Song Book for Wheelmen." Although costing twenty-five cents, it is not of much account. There have as yet been too few "catching" wheel ditties to make a decent book.

Chief Consul H. E. Ducker called a meeting of the Mass. L. A. W. officers at Worcester, on Saturday last, for the purpose of taking steps to push wheel matters in that state. So enthusiastic were the wheelmen, that there was no quorum, and no business was done.

LYNN CYCLE CLUB.—At the regular meeting of the Lynn Cycle club held Friday evening, July 10th, the following officers were elected: President, Frank Linsey; vice president, S. S. Merrill; secretary, Frank Whitney; financial secretary, C. F. Fox; treasurer, W. A. Rowe; captain, Emerson G. Gordon; first lieutenant, Charles Wilson; second lieutenant, Frank West; color bearer, George Butler; bugler, S. S. Merrill.

We think Karl Kron made the most politic stroke of his canvas when he wrote: "Nothing short of a surgical operation can put a new idea into the head of an average British business man." He will gain more free advertising and abuse by this *coup* than by sending a shipload of circulars to the "other side."

An English advertisement reads: "If you want to be a champion or to beat record, use 'Gourou' Lozenges." We shortly expect to read of a young man who pined away, the effect of two much "Gourou"; also of how so-and-so, not having a sufficient supply of "Gourous," failed to beat record.

Outing for August is welcome as usual. Although it contains no cycling article in this issue, any sportsman, be he bicyclist, canoeist or a rowing or lawn tennis votary, can find enjoyment in the exquisite pen pictures of outdoor summer life which are to be found in all "Outing" articles.

At the N. C. U. championship meeting, an account of which is given elsewhere, a local newspaper published a detailed account of the meet, and sold the papers to the spectators as they were leaving the grounds. We yankees for once, have to take a back seat, though we would be willing to wager our Oxford ties that the editor was a "down-easter." Did we hear any one say: "Ducker?"

On June 24th, Messrs. Van Sicklen and Pierce started to ride fifty miles. They started at 7.03 P. M., and rode the South Park driveways. In one hour Pierce led with 13 3-4 miles. The fifty miles were ridden in three hours 40 minutes, beating record by 4 minutes 10 seconds, Van Sicklen winning by two miles. In our opinion it is not a genuine record, practically speaking, to ride up and down park roadways which are smooth as race tracks.

The following events are on the cards for the Hartford meeting: September second—One mile novice, one mile tricycle, five miles professional, one mile amateur open, fancy riding, five mile Conn. state championship, one mile ride and run, ten mile amateur open, three mile 9.45 class and one mile Tug of War. September third—One mile 3.00 class five mile L. A. W. championship, ten mile professional, three mile amateur open, three mile tricycle, three mile Conn. state championship, one mile safety, one mile professional, five mile amateur, and one mile consolation.

The details of the Capital B. C.'s outing have been arranged. The tourists will leave Baltimore for Boston, August 13th, per steamer. After a day's stay in Boston they will wheel to Cottage City, where they will quarter for about three weeks near the residence of Mr. H. S. Owen, one of their members. On September 5, they will return to Boston *via* Portland, and make the tour of Cape Ann, wheeling from this place to the Springfield meet. About forty members will take part and the tour will be known as "The Capital Outing."

The Dorchester, Mass. B. C. announces a road race meet for July 25th. The programme includes: fifty mile bicycle road race, prizes valued at \$50, \$30, and \$10; a fifteen mile tricycle road race, prizes valued at \$25 and \$15, also, one, three, six and fifteen mile bicycle road races for club members only, for prizes presented by Messrs. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., Overman Wheel Co., W. B. Everett & Co., Wm. Read & Sons, Butcher and Lakin Cyclometer Co. and Boston Bicycle Shoe Co. The entrance fee can be made in person, or by mail to W. G. Kendall, 176 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. We presume they close on day of race.

The Moosehead tourists leave Boston to-day at 7 P. M., arriving at Moosehead in time for dinner. Saturday and Sunday will be devoted to sailing, rowing, fishing, etc. On Monday, July 20, the party will sail down the lake, and wheel from Greenville to Monson, a ride of 16 miles amid some of the finest scenery in Maine. Here the state quarries, the most numerous in New England, will be inspected. On Tuesday, July 21, the wheeling will be to Dexter, 16 miles distant, where will be a hop in the evening. Thence the trip leads on Wednesday, July 22, to Bangor, 30 miles distant, where the Pine Tree Wheel Club will entertain. In the forenoon of the 23rd there will be a ride to Pushaw Pond or to the Indian village at Oldtown. In the afternoon the Pine Tree Wheel Club will have its races in Maplewood Park, Bangor. In the evening there will be a moonlight sail on the Penobscot. Friday, July 24, will be devoted to a ride to Ellsworth, 28 miles, and on Saturday the party will proceed to Bar Harbor, 30 miles, and stay until Monday, inspecting the points of interest. On Monday the tourists will take the steamer for Portland. The entire expense from and to Boston will be but \$35.

Where is the L. A. W. *Bulletin*.

Prince and Dolph have arranged the following races to take place on the Chicago Bicycle track. July 24, one and five miles. July 25, ten miles.

The Citizens will meet the Big Four tourists at Fordham Hill, at 3 P. M. to-day, riding home with them and furnishing a light collation for them at their club house.

It is said that the police superintendent of St. Joseph, Mo., has repealed the ordinance forbidding wheelmen to ride on the streets of that town. The wheelmen are consequently happy.

From the description of the hundred mile road race, so ably written by Mr. W. I. Harris, we feel assured that, given a good path, and Stone, Munger, Weber and Corey, we can gain a record somewhere near the English standard. The English figures for 100 miles are 7h. 11m.

Tom, the printers devil of the *South-ern Cycler*, in the last issue of that paper, writes a long open letter to the WHEEL. We are always glad to hear from the devil, especially when the editor forgets that he is a gentleman. Among other things Tom informs the public that the subscription price to the WHEEL is but one dollar per year. Now Tom if in the next issue of the *Cycler* you will write: "Subscribe to the WHEEL, the best paper published, only two cents per week, and an advertisement gratis;" we say Tom, if you will publish this, not forgetting that our number is 12 Vesey Street, we will refuse to believe that you are "Only a Printers' Devil."

The N. C. U. and A. A. A. war still goes on. As a result both athletes and bicyclers are continually in danger of incurring suspension. One athletic club announces that it will give up its wheel events, another will run the pedestrian events under the A. A. A. and the wheel events under the N. C. W. rules; still another defies the A. A. A. by running the wheel events under N. C. U. rules. Another caps the climax and will run both classes of events under no rules at all. This is all the combinations we can think of just now, but we feel certain that we have forgotten at least a dozen other different phases of the difficulty. It is rumored that a number of prominent athletes and wheelmen will convene and compel the two associations to come to terms. We thought we were heavily laden last winter with the polo-professional puzzle, but it was to the N. C. U.—A. A. A. controversy as a gnat is to an elephant.

A WONDERFUL RIDE.

"The greatest bicycle 'feat' yet recorded has undoubtedly been the recent performance of H. R. Goodwin, of the North Manchester B. C.

Starting on Monday, June 1st., from Land's End he reached John O'Groat's in 7 days, 13 h. and 35 minutes. After a rest of 2½ hours, he started with the intention of returning to Land's End, which he reached in 15 days, 19 hours and 15 minutes, having covered 1754½ miles. After a short rest, he started for London, which he reached on the nineteenth day from the start at 3.45 P. M., having been out exactly nineteen days. The total distance was 2,054½ miles. The first day he covered 123½ miles,

the last day, 129. The shortest day's ride was the eighth, 19½ miles, and the longest, the seventh, 136½.

At a reception held in his honor on the evening of his arrival, in response to a toast, he said that he had merely taken a jaunt during his holidays and had never over-exerted himself or forced the pace. He is a teetotaler and a non-smoker. He enjoyed his usual quantity of food and at the end of the journey he felt in the best of health. The trip was made on a Facile; near the end of it, the tire had worn down to the rim and a couple of spokes were loosened. This was the only accident on the entire run.

HOMING PIGEONS.

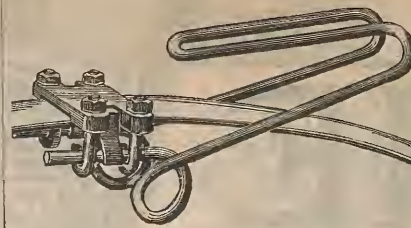
This sport, though comparatively new in this country, bids fair to prove of much practical benefit. The government has lately taken considerable interest in it, has issued two pamphlets, and is now experimenting between its forts with a view of making practical use of them in time of peace as well as of war. Homing pigeons are also about to be used on outgoing steamers, and we may shortly expect to see travelers communicating with their relatives after they have been days at sea. Merchants will probably utilize these birds to gain intelligence of their vessels when it can be had in no other manner.

The established authority of the sport in this country is a fortnightly journal, entitled *The Homing Pigeon*, the official organ of the "Federation of American Homing Fanciers," an organization bearing the same relation to pigeon fanciers as does the L. A. W. to wheelmen. This able paper is edited by E. S. Starr, the Secretary of the Federation, who is recognized as the highest authority on the subject in the United States. Messrs. W. N. Oliver & Co., of 12 Vesey street, this city, have become the publishers of this paper. Their subscription price is one dollar. By special arrangement THE WHEEL and THE HOMING PIGEON will be furnished for \$1.75 a year.

THE CANADIAN MEET.

The City of Woodstock was in holiday attire on Wednesday, July 1st, to do honor to the third annual meeting of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. At eleven A. M. about 250 wheelmen sat down to lunch in the skating rink. At 11.30 the business meeting was called, President, H. S. Tibbs occupying the chair. The first business, the election of officers resulted in the selection of J. S. Brierly, of Simcoe, for President and W. G. Eakins for Vice-President. The meeting then adjourned.

At one o'clock the parade started, riding through the principal streets, and finishing up at the race grounds. About 300 wheelmen were in line, the Toronto B. C. having the largest showing, fifty. In the evening the board of officers held a meeting at the Woodstock A. A. A. Club rooms. Mr. H. B. Donly was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer, and a grant of \$100 was made him, as a recompense for his efficient services of the past year. Several committees were then appointed, including racing, membership, transportation and road-book committees. After hearing the secretary's report, which showed the association to have 905 members, the meeting adjourned.



THE PATTON CRADLE SPRING.

Messrs. Zacharias & Smith, Newark, N. J., again come forward with another addition to their line of bicycle accessories. This time it is a Cradle Spring, designed expressly for the Star; but it is also adapted to the ordinary, and will be found to have advantages over the usual form of Cradle Springs.

A glance at the above cut will explain its construction, being clamped to the flat spring of the Star; any suspension saddle can be used on the Cradle Spring; and by screwing the eye-bolts up or down the horn of the saddle may be raised or lowered to suit individual riders. By using this spring any ordinary saddle will be found to be most comfortable. Either the American or English long distance saddles, or the old style Star saddle makes a perfect seat, while the Patton Spring absorbs all jar. For prices, etc., see advertisement in another column.

A LONG ISLAND "CENTURY."

Dawn was just brightening into day on the morning of the Fourth, when two wheelmen might have been seen hastening through Brooklyn and lager-loving East New York, outward bound for Patchogue. They were Mr. H. J. Hall, Jr., the well known racer, and K. C. W., member, and Mr. A. C. D. Loucks, secretary of that club.

Starting from the house of the former at eight minutes past four o'clock, Hempstead was made, twenty-two miles away, at 5.57. Stopping only long enough to leave their coats, the sleepy town was left behind, as the smoke from an aged chimney was wafted lazily upward through the trees. Babylon was reached at 8.10, the hotel proprietor asking if he should prepare breakfast. He was told that that pleasant duty had been performed four hours previously.

Five miles further had been covered when one of Mr. Hall's cranks suddenly broke, and he was reluctantly compelled to take train home. Mr. Loucks continued on and reached Patchogue at 10.18.

Previous to dinner the "parade" was reviewed, the town explored and painted a mild crimson. The return trip was started at two o'clock against a steady breeze that made sandy roads decidedly hard work. Babylon was again reached at 3.48, where a fifteen minutes rest was taken, when the path was again speeded o'er. After a cherry feast, partaken of in the top of a tree invitingly overhanging the roadside, Hempstead was gained at 6.18, where a "mountain top" of Whaley's cream was annihilated. Once more on the road the ground seemed to fly past until Jamaica hove in sight. Thence the pace was necessarily slower owing to the bad road and fast fading light, until night had fallen ere the starting point was regained at 8.51. The distance travelled (122 miles) was covered in thirteen hours, one minute, including the 1 hour 40 minute stops en route.

ALONG THE HUDSON.

The following account of a holiday outing was sent by a member of the Elizabeth Wheelmen to the *Elizabeth Daily Journal*:

"Friday afternoon two of the E. W., a star and a crank, started on a run up the Hudson. After nearly two hours of extreme agony, endeavoring to keep two machines on the platform of one crowded horse car, Central Park was reached and happiness was with them. The run to Macomb's Dam Bridge was extremely delightful—under a 120 degree sun with no shade. After refreshments away they rolled for King's Bridge, bound to make a record. The steep hill on King's Bridge road was in their favor, or rather, as it afterward proved, in favor of star alone, for a single on crank's whistle soon made known that crank had lost his equilibrium, and, according to scientific principles, taken a "header." Alas, for the record. Bent handle bar and a sprained wrist was now the tune for the crank, while star declares he ran at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and had a fine coast. The run to Yonkers was fine, beautiful roads, grand scenery, some bad hills to climb, and in return some fine ones to coast. At Yonkers they had twelve miles to Tarrytown, mostly up hill. The distance must be covered in an hour, to enable them to catch the last boat to Nyack. Again they flew like Pegasus on wheels. Here they discovered three Hudson county men ahead of them, and like true E. W. overtook and left them in the dim distance. Here crank had the laugh on star, who tried to run down a post by the road while coasting. Star for a moment, as if by magic, transformed itself into a thousand or more of its own kind, and as soon took on its old shape entirely—minus a little rickel. On they went down the hill into Tarrytown like mad men, to find that the steamer had gone. Here they had an opportunity to tarry a little. Evening was well advanced ere they found a boatman willing to row them and their machines over the river to Nyack, a distance of three miles. From Nyack the wheelmen had a run in the darkness, over unknown roads, to Grand View, their destination. Happiness was with them again on the Fourth, lovely rides, a sail with a party of fifty in a steam launch, dinner with the Fourth of July Club on a yacht, an hour or so with the fair sex, who were highly pleased with the E. W. uniform. The cordial welcome by the ladies, yachtsmen and the Rockland County Wheelmen, left a very pleasant impression with the E. W. The return was made by rail via New Jersey Northern Railroad. Star is hoarse, effect of explaining the ratchet movement, while crank enjoys his natural voice, and can even laugh a little.

Messrs. Root & Tinker, Tribune Building, New York, sent us a superb crayon portrait of Col. Albert A. Pope. It is one of the "Men of mark" series and is issued with a small sketch. These portraits can be obtained at twenty-five cents.

Cola Stone, winner of the Big Four road race will be banqueted at the Lindell House on his return to St. Louis. Poor Cola! He will be compelled to sing that old song, "Save me from my Friends."

THE BIG FOUR TOUR.

In my last letter I left the Big Four Tourists at Batavia, hunting up a special train to take them through to Rochester. After considerable trouble Manager Ayers succeeded in obtaining a special, and shortly after two o'clock the wheels and wheelmen were packed on board, and were off for Rochester. It was indeed a lively crowd on board that boat, and not a moment passed from the time they left Batavia until Rochester was reached, was there the slightest ceasing of howling and blowing on tin horns. The wheelmen had improved the morning hours by purchasing all the bright ribbons and cards that could be found in town, and a gay and festive appearance they did present, their hats a mass of ribbons, tassels, flags, flowers, etc., ribbons around their knees, and a broad sash slung over their shoulder, fastened to a tin horn no less gaily decorated. The original cost of the straw hats was about ten cents, but so lavishly have they since been ornamented that they are now worth all the way from one to ten dollars. About half way to Rochester they passed some of the riders who started out to cover the distance on wheel. A hard looking set they were too, covered with shiny black mud from head to foot, and every spoke of their wheels coated with mud to ten times its natural size. They however, got through all right, and for the next few days had the satisfaction of posing as the best road riders of the party. When the main body of tourists arrived at Rochester, lines were formed, and a short parade made through the streets of the city to the Power's House, where they were to pass the night. The accommodations were luxurious as compared with what they have been having, and during the succeeding days, while suffering the tortures of Canadian hotel life, many a sigh would escape the tired and hungry wheelman as he involuntarily contrasted his present surroundings with those of that night at Rochester. The Genesee Bicycle Club showed the visitors about town, and did everything in their power to make everybody have a good time. During the evening a large number of wheelmen attended a performance of the Bohemian Girl at the Academy of Music. In the final act J. S. Gilbert, who assumed the role of "Devilshoof" appeared on the stage wearing one of the big hats gaily decorated with ribbons and feathers of the Boston color. The hats had already attracted the attention of the audience, and when Gilbert appeared for his pantomime act they caught on at once, and the applause which followed far exceeded anything of the kind ever before heard in that house. When semi-silence had been restored one of the boys arose, and at the top of his lungs yelled "What's the matter with Gilbert?" followed instantly by the entire body of wheelmen with the chorus, "He's all right," then the applause was resumed, and Gilbert won the biggest hit of the opera. The tourists have several choruses of this kind, which they produce as occasion requires. While riding along the road and passing a number of ladies they either repeat the above chorus, or selecting some particular lady greet her with something like "Lady with the red hat—Howdy?" the whole line joining lustily in shouting the "Howdy." The lady either replies with a suffusion of blushes and makes

for cover or smiles and waves her handkerchief. If she gives no recognition of the wheelmen's attention the cry quickly comes "Why dont you say howdy?" which usually brings her round. When they have trouble in getting what they want at table, they shout in unison for what they wish, and keep up the noise until they secure it. The poor waiter girls have a hard time of it with the boys, but they nevertheless seem to enjoy it. The boys find that by being a little sweet to the girls they get along much better. It is amusing to see the way some of the fellows try to mash the girls. How with their eloquent eyes they pour out unutterable things, and softly called her "dearest" or "darling," as she leans over them, or presses her hand when receiving a dish of beans. All this they do for the benefit of their stomachs. Sometimes the girls get mad and cross by the unceasing demand for more food. Then the whole table tries to get her in good humor again by shouting in unison "Our pretty waiter is very mad." This usually brings up the corners of her mouth, and then they cry "She's smiling now." Again when they want to give the girl some real nice taffy, the get off something like "Our waiter is a lalah, you can bet your bottom dollah."

Wednesday morning the tourists left Rochester arrayed in all their gaudy regalia and rode to Charlotte, eight miles distant, where they boarded the steamer "Norseman" and sailed across Lake Ontario to Coburg, Canada. They had a great time on board. Owing to limited cabin accommodations the cyclists were divided in three messes. The first two were so hungry that they ate up about everything on board, and the staff, who constituted mess number three, had to be content with a scanty meal. A number of group photographs were taken by the amateur photographers of the party. Songs were sung and horns blown until the wheelmen were exhausted, when they tried other forms of amusement, such as turning on the hose and throwing buckets of water upon one another. The wheelman who had the timidity to go to sleep had his seat pulled out from under him, and himself seated on the deck most forcibly. As the steamer drew near Coburg the Bostons climbed into the rigging, and the others gathered in groups about the upper deck, all blowing horns and dressed in their fantastic costumes. To the assembled hundreds on the dock, the sight presented must have been picturesque in the extreme, and if the Kanucks had a spark of æstheticism about them, they must have enjoyed it immensely. Manager Ayers satisfied the custom-house authorities by giving a bond of \$12,000 that all the machines would be taken out of the country again, and they were landed without trouble, and the customary line of parade formed for the wheel to the hotel. The headquarters were made at the Arlington, and that evening a hop was held in the hotel parlors, at which many fair Canadians were present, and the tourists made many pleasant acquaintances. During the evening the Boston crowd called upon Mayor Gravelly, and drank of his hospitality most bountifully. The Mayor said that he enjoyed their visit very much, I hope he did for it cost him dearly. After the hop a score

of the wheelmen made an attempt to serenade the ladies who were instrumental in getting up the party, but the effect of the Mayor's hospitality was too powerful, and they concluded to go to bed. The next morning the tourists left Coburg in high glee, having the assurance that before them lay a stretch of a hundred miles of as perfect a road as was ever wheeled over. Through the town the road was all right, but half a mile out they came to a steep hill that forced a number to dismount, and then came a stretch of soft sand, followed by a mile of loose stones of assorted sizes, and then a stretch of ruts and so on throughout most of the day's ride. The disappointment was intense, and words unprintable were thought and loudly uttered. The tourists who went over this route last year said that the roads were ten good, and recent rain must have spoiled them. That may be true, but it is hard to believe. The last twelve miles was very good and a lively pace was maintained, the distance being covered in 50 minutes. The pace was kept up right into the city of Belleville, and the local wheelmen who came out to lead the tourists in brought up the rear, half an hour later. The distance covered during the day was 43¼ miles, and the actual riding time 4 hours 35 minutes. The tourists were better entertained at Belleville than at any other place in Canada. The city boasts of two cycle organizations, the Tourists and the Ramblers. These clubs got up rival attractions and endeavored to draw the visitors away from each other. The Ramblers got up a race meeting by gas light, but the rain spoiled it. The Tourists chartered a steamer and took the wheelmen down the bay, and later tendered them a reception and ball, at which was present everybody of note in the city. An address of welcome was made by the leading minister, followed by other happy remarks. It rained all that night, and the next morning the roads were very muddy, but it was decided to try and ride. The roads were somewhat of an improvement over those of the previous day, and Napanee was reached without incident. Dinner was taken here, and while the wheelmen were at table a heavy shower came down, which thoroughly drenched the machines before they could be got under cover. While here the hundred mile racers were heard from, and the announcement that Corey had retired from the race was received with the deepest regret, especially by the Boston men, who wagered heavily that he would win. An account of the race will be found in another column.

The rain continuing, it was decided to take a special train to Kingston. But a special could not be obtained, for in that country they do not run more than six trains a week, so the wheelmen started out through the mud, having the comforting assurance from the natives that it was a coast all the way into Kingston. But nary a coast did they find, but instead even worse roads than on the previous day. Several of the tourists, thinking that a train was to be taken from Napanee, hurried up to a photographer's gallery and had their photos taken. While they were there a bevy of Napanee's fairest maids came on, and the wheelmen spent so much time trying to induce the girls to try a combination picture, that they did not get through until an hour and a half

after the main body of wheelmen had started. They started at a great pace, and all but one succeeded in catching up with them before Kingston was reached. The exception arrived in the ambulance two hours later.

The tourists had a tough time of it riding over the muddy roads, and every one breathed a prayer of thankfulness when they finally reached Kingston. When about half way to Kingston they were met by another heavy shower, and if one could have been present and well protected from the wet it would have been huge fun to see the frantic struggles the riders made to encase themselves in rubber coats. The whole line was soon all broke up, and it was simply a race for Kingston. The staff were the first to arrive, closely followed by seven Boston men, who got together as best they could and gave their cheer. Soon a solitary New York man came up, and not wishing to be outdone by the Bostons, gave his division's cheer alone.

The steamer which was to take them to Round Island was kept waiting several hours. All were, however, at last on board, and the wheelmen, gathered on the decks, sent up cheer after cheer as they sailed away, everyone heartily thankful that the shores of Canada were being left behind, and that they were going where they were sure of good hotel accommodations and better roads. Round Island hotel was not reached until 11 o'clock, but a hot supper awaited them, which they did full justice to, and then hurried off to bed. C. S. H.

July 15, 1885.

The calm and quiet of Round Island was a grateful relief to the tourists. under the magic influences of beautiful nature in all its grandeur, the rough experiences with Canada roads and hotels faded from sight, and individually and collectively the wheelmen set about amusing themselves as their varied tastes dictated. In the morning a number of them took the steam yacht Magic which had been chartered for the occasion and sailed among the Islands, admiring the beautiful summer houses of the wealthy residents, who carry out the idea of the beautiful in point of architectural construction. To follow with our pen the footsteps of the genial Commodore, in his graphic description of the Thousand Islands, would be well nigh impossible, and we will merely dwell upon the facts and doings of the cyclists, referring those who desire a more particular description in detail of the Thousand Islands to "Glimpses of the St. Lawrence," published by Leve & Alden, New York. Skilled boatmen were also in readiness to take those who desired to fish to quiet waters, where the black bass loved to hide. After a substantial dinner at the Round Island House, the order was reversed and those who used the small boats took the steamer in the afternoon. In the evening the hop which had been postponed from the previous evening on account of the late arrival of the tourists from Kingston, took place, and for three hours knee-breeches and light summer dresses mingled in the whirl of the dance. The orders were unique and prepared with special reference to the different divisions, and subjects bicyclic. About seven o'clock the races were called. A half-mile clay road served as the race course, and although the entries were not numerous, the

sport was exciting and enjoyed by the numerous spectators who thronged the hotel steps. The half-mile race was contested by W. G. Peirce and H. S. Wollison, both got a good start. Peirce unfortunately took a tremendous header over some planks that had been laid down to cover a soft spot, and although he immediately mounted, his opponent had a long lead and won in 1m. 51s. Another heat between Wollison and Westervelt was captured by the former. The fat men's race was a popular victory for Geo. R. Bidwell, with Dr. J. S. Aitken second. All fell off in the slow race except C. S. Howard, who came in alone. A camp-fire at "Shady Ledge" was a pleasant feature previous to the hop, and Taylor's claret and punch will long be remembered.

A quiet Sunday among the Thousand Islands is the record for our journal of the 12th. The entry is short and includes a dreamy existence in a hammock in the morning, with photographs of the staff and different divisions in the afternoon. In the evening after supper a quiet camp-fire with a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Wood, was a fitting conclusion of the day.

Monday dawned cool and cloudy, and as it was the last day at the Islands the wheelmen were up bright and early, packing baggage, cleaning machines and making things generally lively at the hotel, usually rather quiet at this season of the year. Before leaving the Island several races were rowed and sailed in St. Lawrence skiffs by members of the Tour. The rowing race with turn was won by Weber of Smithville, by several lengths. A sailing race followed and Messrs. Paillard and Aitken carried off the palm. This race resulted so close that a challenge was flung out and another race ensued for a small contributed purse. The steamer was then taken to Clayton, where after a short parade around town, the machines were securely packed in a special baggage car and the boat taken to the Thousand Island House where an attractive dinner was served. The menu had been prepared with special reference to the staff and was as follows:

MENU.

SOUP.

Mutton Broth, a' la Taylor,
Consomme au Bourne.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon Trout, Sauce Maynard.

RELEVE.

Canada Mutton a l' Orr,
Beef Tongue, a l' Ayers.

ENTREES.

Small Tenderloin of Beef, saute Jenkins,
Fricassee of Chicken, a' la Fuller.
Timball of Rice, au Corey,
Apple Fritters, glace au Bryan.

ROAST.

Prime Beef,
Loin of Lamb,
Leg of Veal, tomato sauce.
Ham, Cumberland sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes. New Potatoes,
New Tomatoes. String Beans,
Boiled Onions. Rice.

PASTRY.

Sago, Pudding, Bidwell, Sauce.
Apple Pie. Custard Pie.
Roundelles a l' Whitney. Carree a l' Bull.
Jelly a l' Clute. Gateau Pierce.

DESSERT.

Bicycle Ice Cream. Cheese Fruit. Coffee.
Nuts and Raisins.

After dinner some of the Boston Division adjourned to the skating rink and gave an exhibition drill and fancy riding. The steamer was then taken to Round

Island where Commodore Taylor and ladies took their departure, much to the regret of the tourists, who heartily cheered them. Indeed much of the pleasure of the stay at the Islands was due to efforts of the ladies and we do not doubt but that all the tourists will second our efforts in thus publicly thanking them for their kindness and attention.

The Special from Clayton to Amsterdam was a feature of the Tour. To attempt to write up the numerous pranks that were played; the mad charge in the dining room at Lowville and the desolated appearance of the lunch counter would fill a book. It was 12.30 when the tired crowd charged on the Hotel Warner and were assigned to their rooms.

Tuesday, 14th, was another racing day and the trains were again brought into service. A short run to Schenectady brought the tourists to the Carley House and an indifferent dinner. The usual parade with our bells and tin horns seemed to kill time until four o'clock when the special cars were hitched on to the regular train, and whirled into Albany landing them at the Delevan House, well known as entertainers of wheelmen. F. J.

Albany, June 14th, 1885.

THE CENTURY ROAD RACE.

The event of the Big Four was the Century Road Race, and the interest manifested in it by the natives was unusual. The tourists began to discuss the merits of the different men with much animation and intense interest from the time of their arrival in Buffalo, up to and including the day of the race, and even now not a few of them contend that their own particular favorite could have won but for so and so, or if such and such had or had not happened.

The betting at the Genesee House was of a lively nature, and strange to say, the man who finally won the race found but little support for first place. The prevailing impression seemed to be that Corey of Boston held the call, and his adherents were badly bitten, and the Gordon boys of St. Louis and a few others, who pinned their faith on Stone, reaped a harvest. So confident, indeed, were the St. Louis men that Stone would do Corey up, that they took odds that he would not get better than second place, and one of them took the short end of a bet of 3 to 1 that the Boston flyer would not even get third place. Many wagers were made, odds being given that he would win, and for a pointer as to the feeling that existed prior to race, it may be stated that of the many little pools arranged one was fixed where thirteen men each made up a list of the order of the first five men, and eight men named Corey for first place, four named Webber, while only one was willing to risk his wealth on Stone.

In order to have all the advantage, an intimate acquaintance with the roads would give them Stone, and Corey went ahead of the tourists to Cobourg and put in two or three days prospecting the highway. Stone went over the road three times, and Corey rode to Belleville and return. The day but one before the race Stone made the forty-five miles from Cobourg to Belleville in 3h. 26m., a feat, the recital of which gave the

Corey men food for contemplation.

Weber took time by the forelock and traversed the route of the race before coming to Buffalo, from which place he started an hour ahead of the tourists and rode to Rochester the same day, where he rested until the main party caught up to him the next day.

On reaching Coburg speculation again became rife on the race and more pools were made up, the Corey men trying their best to hedge, with no takers.

Of the other contestants, Van Sicklen, Westervelt and Munger, they clung to the main body of the tourists, having a good time, and knew practically nothing of the long road that lay before them. Under the circumstances the record made by the two latter is greatly to be praised, particularly that of the Detroit man, Munger, who entered into all the sports of the trip and soon became a great favorite with the boys. Munger is an odd genius, brimming over with fun and frolic, and his pranks on the road, on train and on steamer added greatly to the pleasure of all parties, excepting, perhaps, the unfortunate on whom he turned the hose at Corfu and the numerous other victims of his practical jokes.

The race was under the direction of W. Kingsley Evans of London, Ontario, who made all the arrangements, and who is deserving of much credit for their completeness.

It was found that the course, as laid out, was short of about five miles of the requisite one hundred, and in order to obviate the difficulty a man was stationed with a flag two and a half miles from the starting point, on a wide grassy part of the road, giving ample space for the racers to turn nicely.

The tourists having got a lead of fifty miles on the ninth, were well in advance, and everything being in readiness on the morning of the tenth of July, the men were called to the scratch by Mr. Evans, at the Arlington Hotel, about 10 A. M. Out of the twelve entries six men responded, they were George Weber of Smithville, N. J.; N. H. Van Sicklen of Chicago; Frank W. Westervelt of Springfield; H. D. Corey of Boston; Cola E. Stone of St. Louis, and L. D. Munger of Detroit, Mich.

All the men appeared to be in fine condition though Stone looked a trifle thin and wan. His weight generally is about 190 lbs., but the arduous training preparing for the event in which he was about to participate had brought him down to about 160. His mount is a 58 in. Rudge.

Corey rode a 52 in. Rudge Roadster. His experience with the roads led him to believe that he could do better with a trifle more drop to his handles, and the evening before he had changed forks and handle bars with the editor of THE WHEEL to attain his object. The forks he got seemed to fit nicely, but events proved he was mistaken. In effecting the exchange he killed any chance he might have had in the race.

Weber, of course, rode his Star; Westervelt used a 52 Victor; Van Sicklen a 56 in. Columbia Light Roadster, and Munger appeared at the line on a 54 in. Apollo Light Roadster.

The word "go" was given at precisely 10.08 A. M., and the men started off at a smart pace, Van Sicklen leading, followed by Stone, Weber, Westervelt and Corey, Munger bringing up the rear at a respectable distance from the leaders.

This order was maintained for about a mile when Stone went to the front setting a ripping old pace, and Van Sicklen dropped the fourth place, and Corey began to lose ground, Munger holding his own without any evident intention of trying to catch up. The leaders maintained this order to the flag, at which point Corey was a quarter of a mile to the bad, Munger having passed him still holding his relative position.

The spectators who viewed the race soon saw that something was out of kilter with the Boston man or his machine as he continued to lose ground.

The flagman was rounded by the four leaders in a bunch, who started back toward the hotel at a terrific pace.

About half a mile from the flag they met a farm wagon with two horses in front, and a mare and a colt hitched behind. The mare saw them coming and commenced to prance about in a most unpleasant manner. Stone, who was first, went by safely on the fly. Weber went down into a ditch on the left of the team and clambered up beyond. Westervelt jumped off and ran along the side of the road on the grass for a hundred yards before he could get on to the road again. Van Sicklen attempted to pass on the edge of the road, but as he got abreast of the horses behind, the mare gave a snort of terror, and backing against him, shoved him off into the ditch where he sprawled ingloriously and damaged his wheel so badly that he was obliged to withdraw from the race. Munger jumped off and ran his wheel by on the grass, while Corey, finding it impossible to make the borrowed forks work satisfactorily, joined Van Sicklen, his partner in misfortune.

Meanwhile Stone, profiting by the mishap, had gained an eighth of a mile on Westervelt and Weber. At the starting point both men, after some decidedly warm work had caught him and began the long stretch of 95 miles straight-away in a bunch.

Here Weber lost ground a little but managed to cling to the leaders, who cut out some tough running for the next five miles. As they neared Wicklow Weber found the pace too hot and fell back, while Stone and Westervelt continued their mad career for ten miles farther, when the Springfielder had found the strain too much for him, and striking a steep hill, Stone got clear away.

It should be mentioned here that, owing to the fact that numerous attempts to repair the highway, all in an uncompleted state, had put the first twenty-five miles of the road, mostly up hill, in very bad shape.

Munger, who had been plodding steadily along, now began to pick up and crawled up on Weber. As they neared Brighton a team backed down on Weber and caused him to take a genuine header, bending his handle bars and twisting the backbone of his machine.

Munger, who was in sight, soon came up and offered to help the Star man repair his damaged steed, but the latter refused to avail himself of the generous tender, and Munger, going for all he was worth, passed Westervelt and landed in Brighton, 28 miles out, at 12.05, just five minutes behind Stone. Westervelt passed at 12.15, and Weber, having made his wheel rideable, was timed at 12.35.

At Trenton Stone was told that Weber was just behind him and this caused him to strike out at a high rate

of speed for Belleville, where he arrived at 1.49, having made the twelve miles in a little less than an hour, and was so exhausted that he had to be carried into the hotel, where he laid down for a few minutes. He remained at Belleville ten minutes in all and took a large quantity of milk and several raw eggs. He presented such a dilapidated appearance that bystanders offered odds of 2 to 1 that he would be unable to finish. Stone's time to Belleville, 50 miles, was 3h. 41m.

Munger reached Belleville at 2.10, twenty-one minutes after Stone. He went into the hotel and ate a hearty meal of steak and potatoes well garnished with liquids, was rubbed down, came out, kicked off a man's hat, and vaulting lightly into the saddle, started out at a good pace, having consumed exactly seventeen minutes.

Meantime Westervelt arrived at 2.22, having made the 50 miles in 4h. 14m. He stopped one minute, drank a bottle of ginger ale, and started off four minutes in advance of Munger.

Weber arrived at 2.33, exchanged his damaged wheel for a new one that was waiting for him there and left at 2.35.

During the afternoon the rain had fallen in floods in advance of the racers, consequently the roads between Belleville and Napanee were in a frightful condition, and the boys were obliged to literally ride in running water. Stone reached Napanee at 4.08, Munger at 4.28. Weber about one hour behind him.

At Napanee Stone was met by Lindell Gordon of St. Louis, who coached him to Kingston, 25½ miles, in about two hours, where he arrived the winner

of the race at 6.36, completing the hundred miles in exactly 8h. 28m. The record is 8h. 6m.

Westervelt kept second place until eighteen miles from Belleville, when he played out entirely and gave up the contest.

Munger was met at Belleville by J. W. Vivian of the Charlestown (Mass) Bicycle Club, who coached him to Napanee, where he was taken in hand by Gideon Haynes, Jr., of Boston, who urged him on and brought him up to within six minutes of Stone, when the Detroit man gave up all hopes of beating him and, holding his place, came into Kingston at 7.08½, his total time being 9h. 8½m.

Meanwhile Weber, having mounted his racing wheel, waiting for him at Napanee in charge of C. H. Chickering of Smithville, started off at a lively rate with Chickering as a pace maker. The pace maker was a wreck inside of ten miles, while Weber, keeping on arrived at Kingston at 7. 14½ P. M., making the 25½ miles in 1h. 45m., a total of 9h. 14½m.

So ended the first straight away century road race on this continent, and in many respects the most remarkable race ever run. The repairers and the rains had made the course, naturally one of the best, in many places almost unridable, and the tourists who passed over the route were astounded at the time made. The achievement is one over which St. Louis and her pet rider can justly feel highly elated.

The incidents of the race outside of those already mentioned were a header taken over a cow by Stone, and a fearful shake-up for Munger, who ran into

a horse, or rather the horse backed into him; the Detroit man making a back dismount, and landing astride the backbone of his wheel was "knocked out" for the space of ten minutes.

The Springfielder, Westervelt, considering it was his first long race, made a wonderful showing and surprised everybody. Had he been an experienced man, and known just how to take care of himself in a long distance road race, there is little doubt but he would have shown up at the finish nearer the front.

Weber, though he had three machines, greatly disappointed his friends, due, perhaps, to the accident that befel him in the first fifty miles.

During the race Stone ate nothing except raw eggs. while all the rest drank sherry and egg, ginger ale, milk and cold tea in great quantities, Weber excelling in that respect.

The prize won by Stone was an elegant circular gold medal valued at \$60.

The Boston boys started a subscription paper and realized a handsome sum with which a medal will be presented Munger, in recognition of the plucky struggle he made, which was certainly a great effort for a man without training or experience in long distance races.

All the men were pretty well used up after the race. As an indication of the condition of the last few miles of the course, it may be stated that George Hendee, who was waiting 16 miles out of Kingston to bring Westervelt in, took two hours to ride the sixteen miles, and was used up in the effort. W. I. H.

Round Island Park, N. Y.,

July 11, 1885.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

If you'r waking, call me early,
Call your little Willie dear,
Tomorrow'll by the giddiest day,
(Of all the racing year,
Tomorrow'll be the crimsonist day,
The band will sweetly toot,
And I will down their local crack,
And carry off the loot.

I'll do the boys up brown, mother,
The pickle dish shall be thine,
And out of pewter goblets, ma,
We'll drink our watered wine.
So do my lemon knee-pants up
And wash my sea-green shirt,
For when I ride around the path
The maids will with me flirt.

If you are on the *key veve*
Do not call your Willie dear,
For this has been the saddest day,
Of all my bright career;
The local crack just smothered me,
The maidens at me sneered
The veriest stuffs just lost me, ma
And the boys all at me jeered.

So when you build the kitchen fire,
Do not disturb your dear,
I think I'll take a holiday,
My head does feel so queer;
But you may take my giddy suit,
And give it to the poor,
For mother mine I have resolved
To pot hunt never more.

FRANCIS P. PRIAL.

The new St. Louis wheel paper, the *American Wheelman*, will be issued August 8th.

The Elizabeth Wheelmen had a very enjoyable run through the Oranges on July 4th, covering thirty-three miles. Mr. Geo. Roorbach accompanied the party on a trike. One of the visiting riders took a header, spraining his wrist. He trained it home.

HOT WEATHER

Makes it necessary for the wheelman to wear something very light and cool to avoid sunstroke. *Special Attention* of all *wheelmen* is called to the new styles of

FEATHER WEIGHT, VENTILATED HELMETS, WITH CORRUGATED SWEATBANDS.



Duck Helmet,
White or Drab.
\$1.50.



White Flannel Helmet;
\$1.50.



Corduroy Helmet,
Drab, Brown or Blue,
\$1.50



Duck Helmet,
White or Drab,
\$1.25.

HELMETS CAN ONLY BE SENT SAFELY BY EXPRESS.

These helmets have been adopted as a club helmet by many of the largest bicycle clubs. Every rider should have one.

126 & 128 Fulton Street, and **Ira Perego** 87 Nassau Street, New York.

THE ENGLISH FIVE MILES CHAMPIONSHIP.

This important event was decided at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Saturday, June 27th, 10,000 people paying admission to the grounds. The racing was superior, and Webber's defeat of the English cracks, in remarkably fast time, stamps him as the "Brightest Star" in the English amateur horizon.

First heat—W. F. Ball, Speedwell B. C. (55in. North Mail, 21lb.); R. H. English, North Shields B. C. (59in. Genuine Humber, 34lb.) second; D. H. Huie, o. At the pistol flash, English went off at a cracking pace, keeping it up for three miles, but seeing that Ball and Huie shadowed him, he suddenly slowed up, to the amusement and chagrin of the spectators. Huie saved the day by running up the pace until the last lap, when English spurted and passed into the lead, only to be headed by Ball who beat last year's champion by eight yards. Times: 2.55 2-5, 6.05, 9.16 4-5, 12.37 3-5, and 15.31 2-5.

Second heat—R. Chambers (54 in. Royal Mail, 22½lb.); E. M. Mayes, Surrey B. C. (58in., Invincible, 25lb.); C. E. Harling, Darlington B. C. (58 in. Gen. Humber, 26lb.); R. Cripps, Nottingham B. C. (57 in., Genuine Humber, 25lb.) This heat was kaleidoscopic, every man in the race having a chance at the captaincy, between the start and the finish. Chambers rode last till bell time, when he put all on and won by a dozen yards. Times: 3m. 6.12 2-5, 9.35 4-5, 12.50 2-5, and 15.38 2-5.

Third heat—D. W. Laing, East of Scotland B. C. (56 in., Rudge, 22 lbs.); R. Milthorpe, Elswick B. C. (56 in. Club, 24 lbs.); Geo. Gatehouse, Cambridge University (59½ in., Genuine Humber, 24 lbs.) Gatehouse led from the start to the last lap, when Milthorpe dashed ahead, only to be cut off by Laing, who had a lot left for the final spurt. Times: 2.55 3-5, 5.55, 8.54 3 5, 12.00 2-5, and 14.50. All the competitors beat 15 minutes, and thus won time medals.

Fourth heat—M. Webber, Vectis B. C., Isle of Wight (55½ in., Marriot and Cooper, 22 lbs.); E. J. Wilkinson and J. Dagg retired. Sellers and H. A. Speechley did not compete, it being supposed they did not care for a beating. Webber jumped away at the start, making the rest look so foolish that they retired. Times: 2.51 2-5, 5.53 3-5, 9.06 2-5, 12.21 2-5, and 15.32 4-5.

Final heat—Webber, Laing, Chambers, Ball, Milthorpe. At pistol flash they started in this order, rode and finished in this order. Each man tried all he knew how every step of the way, and a finer race was never seen in England. Webber finished like a whirlwind, beating Laing four yards, Chambers two yards away, Ball within half-a-dozen yards of the latter. Times: 2.51, 5.45 1-5, 8.41 2-5, 11.36 4-5, and 14m. 22 2-5. The English amateur figures are: 2.41 1-5, 5.30 4-5, 8.32, 11.24 and 14.18. The American figures are: 2.39, 5.42 3-5, 8.50 2-5, 11.55 2-5 and 14.51. The steadiness of the pace and the remarkable last mile are shown by the mile times, which were: 2.51, 2.54 1-5, 2.56 1-5, 2.55 2-5, and 2.45 3-5.

About 200 league members visited Niagara Falls last Saturday week. The Falls are still on the go.

INDEPENDENCE DAY RACING.

From the many accounts of race meetings that have been received at this office it would seem that nearly every town with a track had gone competition mad on Independence Day. Some of these meets were crowded out of last week's edition, and others were not received in time for publication.

CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The races in connection with the C. W. A. meet were held on the quarter mile asphalt track at the Driving Park, Woodstock, Ontario, on July 1st. A high wind militated against fast time, but the three thousand people that attended were well pleased with the exciting competitions. One of the disappointing features of the meet was the absence of W. G. Ross, the Montreal crack, who was prevented from competing owing to a death in his family.

Half Mile Race—G S Lowe, M B C, 1m. 31 3-4s.; T Fane, Toronto, by 20 yards; W S Cnisholm, London, third. Won easily.

Three Mile Record Race—F Forster, Toronto, 9m. 52s.; F J Campbell, Toronto, by 20 yards; G McKay, Seaforth, by 15 yards. Forster led from start to finish. Times, 3.9 3-5, and 6.27 2-5.

One Mile Race, Championship of Canada—H W Clark, Woodstock, 3m. 2-5s.; A P Davies, Toronto, by 5 yards; G S Low, Montreal, third. Davies led at the quarter in 44 3-5s.; and at the half in 1.29 3-5, Clark second; the latter then spurted, leading at the three-quarters in 2.14 3-5, and winning as above.

One Mile Tricycle, Championship of Canada—A T Lane, Montreal, 4m. 18 3-5s.; J Clench, St. Catharines, distanced; G A Motherill, Ottawa, stopped.

One Mile Race, open—E P Burnham, Newton, Mass., 3m. 4 1-5s.; F Foster, Toronto, by 30 yards; G S Low, Montreal, third.

Five Mile Race, Championship of Canada—H W Clark, Woodstock, 16m. 55 2-5s.; H P Davies, Toronto, by 20 yards. Clark led for two miles then dropped behind Davies until the last 200 yards when he came away and won easily.

One Mile Safety Race, Stars barred—T Fane, Toronto, 3m. 19 4-5s.; A E Dance, Toronto, by 40 yards.

Two Mile Novice Race on road machines—A Paterson, Thorold, 7m. 4 1-5s.; F M Knowles, Toronto, second; A E Chestnut, third.

Five Mile Race, open—E P Burnham, 16m. 35 ½s.; L D Munger, by 400 yards; Clark stopped at 3¼ miles. While Burnham and Clark were spurring on the fourth mile, the latter's machine broke, throwing him over the rails, he was not seriously hurt.

Two Mile Race—F Foster, Toronto, 6m. 28s.; W C McKay, Seaforth, by 15 yards; T Fane, Toronto, third.

Half Mile without hands—H. W. Williams, Woodstock, 1m. 41 2-5s.; D B Holden, Montreal, second; J Teetzel, St. Thomas, third. Williams won easily, Teetzel claimed a foul against him which was not allowed.

Ten Mile Race—H P Davies, Toronto, 33m. 43 4-5s.; F J Campbell, Toronto, by 20 yards; L J Biette, by a long way.

AKRON, OHIO B. C. RACE MEET.

Their annual races were held July 4 at Fountain Park with the following result:

One Mile, novices—A C Summer, 3m. 13 ½s.; J Steese, 2; A M Farrah, o; F M Atwater, Massillon, o. One mile, open, best 2 in 3 heats—C E Stone, St. Louis, Mo., won two straight heats in 3m. 2¼s. and 3m. 3-4s.; W F Knapp, Cleveland, 2; C M Brown, Greenville, Pa., o; W H Wetmore, Cleveland, 1m. 26 ½s.; T R Finley, Smithville, N. J., 2; K A Pardee, o; C M Brown, o. One mile, club championship—C Howland, 3m. 5s.; K A Pardee, 2. Two miles—W F Knapp, Cleveland, 6m. 23 ½s.; C M Brown, Greenville, 2; T R Finley, Smithville, o; G E Eyster, Canton, o. One mile, 3.30 class, club—W S Shiell, 3m. 12 3-4s.; C E Howland, o; A M Farrah, o; A D Summer, o; J Steese, o. Five miles, club—K A Pardee, 18m. 26 3-4s.; B Work, o; A M Farrah, o. Slow race, 100 yards—J Steese, 5m. 38 ¼s.; T R Finley, Smithville, 2. Half mile, tricycle—C Howland, 1m. 50 3-4s.; C E Rowland, 2; K A Pardee, 3. One mile, consolation, club—B Work, 3m. 28 ½s.; A M Farrah, o; T W Sawyer, o.

RACES AT CHELSEA, MASS., July 4, at Union Park. Half mile, first round—First heat, F A Woodman, 1m. 33 3-4s.; L H Frost, 1m. 34s.; G H Danforth, o. Second heat, R E Burnett, 1m. 30 ½s.; W J Nagel, 2; M Candy, 3. Final heat, Burnett, 3m. 13 ½s.; W J Nagel, o; G H Danforth, o; F A Woodman, o. Two miles, L H Frost, 6m. 28s.; F A Woodman, 2, by 2 feet; G H Danforth, 3; R E Burnett fell and broke his machine.

RACES AT SALEM, MASS., July 4, on the Common. One mile, first round—First heat: R Burns, 3m. Second heat: C Abbot, 2m. 58s. Final heat, Abbot, 2m. 54s.; R Burns, 2m. 54 ½s. Three miles, F R Stafford, 1; F McCurdy, 2. Five miles, F McCurdy, 17m. 30s.; C Abbot, 2; R Burns, 3.

RACES AT WALTHAM, MASS., July 4. Half mile, best 2 in 3 heats, C E Tracey won second and third heats, in 1m. 35s. and 1m. 39s.; H Middleston, first heat, in 1m. 31s.; W H Gilbert, o. Half mile, using one leg only; W H Gilbert, 2m. 15s.; W Emerson, 2.

RACES AT SPRINGFIELD, O., July 4, at the Fair Grounds. One mile: P N Myers, Covington, Ky., 3m. 32s.; J H Bowermaster, Xenia, by 4 lengths; G L Beech, Latonia Springs, Ky., 3.

WEBBER.—Since the days of Cortis no rider has appeared in England who attained to anything like the enviable position now occupied by M. Webber, Isle of Wight. Cortis' grand way of running down his men, his dashing style and seemingly limitless speed made him the observed of all observers, and after making all the old records look slow, and bewitching the English, he retired and went to Australia. But his memory was kept green, and everything was judged by the "Cortis" standard. Last fall, a brawny son of the north came down to London, and by his brilliant achievements he soon shadowed, if he did not usurp the place of the idol. We refer to R. H. English. This grand rider had a habit of going from start to

finish, breaking up his competitors and the records. When he rode his two miles in 5.32, and his twenty miles in 59.06 3-5, we awarded him the palm, and we were fully convinced that it would be many a day before an amateur or a professional, for that matter, would discount his remarkable doings.

But several weeks back, a novice named Webber won a London handicap, actually running away from the scratch man. They pulled him back, and again he spread-eagled the field. They scratched him, and again he catches the judges eye first. Then as a last resort they lengthen the starts, and those who were scratched with him are now placed in front of him. Since his win in the five miles championship, the racing public have gone Webber mad. It seems as if no one at present on the path can stop him from one to five miles, and what he can do in the longer distances remains to be seen. Truly is he a Webber, for he has caught the English fly-ers in his web. He can sit in his corner for the rest of the season and sing: "Will you walk into my Parlor."

FROM THE CLUBS.

FIXTURES.

July 17.—Down East Tour.
July 18.—Annual Meet of New Jersey Division L. A. W. at Orange.
July 20, 21.—Ohio State Division L. A. W. Meet and Tournament at Springfield.
July 23.—Penn. L. A. W. Division meet and race meet of Scranton B. C. at Scranton, Pa.
July 23.—Race meet of Pine Tree Wheel Club at Bangor, Me.
July 25.—Bay City Wheelman's race meet at San Francisco, Cal.
July 25.—Dorchester, Mass. B. C.'s road race meet.
July 25.—Race meet at Chicago.
August 5, 26.—Clerical Wheelmen's Canadian Tour.
Aug. 13.—Berkshire County Wheelmen Pittsfield, Mass. Third Annual Race Meet.
Aug. 27, 28.—Annual Race Meet Cleveland B. Club, at Athletic Park.
Sept. 2, 3.—Connecticut B. C. Race Meet at Hartford.
Sept. 3.—Troy B. C.; fourth annual race meet at Island Park.
Sept. 8, 9, 10.—Annual Tournament of Springfield, Mass. B. Club.

CLOSING OF ENTRIES.

July 18th.—Entries close for the Chicago Races with N. H. Van Sicklen, 2 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.
July 18th.—Entries close for the Scranton B. C. races with A. J. Kolp, 219 Wyoming Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
July 25.—Dorchester B. C. road race meet. Open events. Handsome prizes. Address W. G. Kendall, 179 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Entrance fee, \$1.00.
Aug. 25.—Entries close for the Hartford meet. For full particulars address Robert F. Way, P. O. Box 1025, Hartford, Conn.

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[Advertisements inserted in this column, not exceeding thirty words nonpareil, for one dollar. Any subscriber can insert an advertisement free of charge once during the year of his subscription.]

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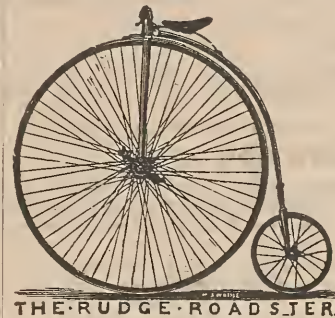
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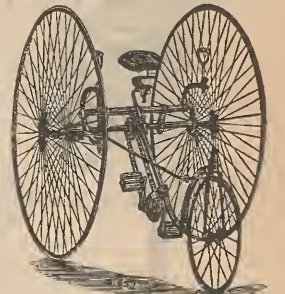
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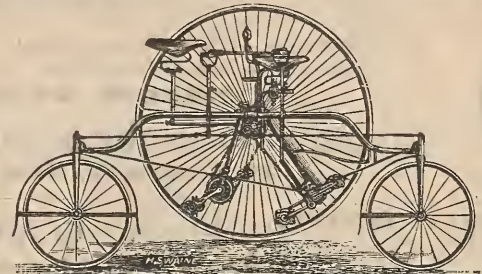
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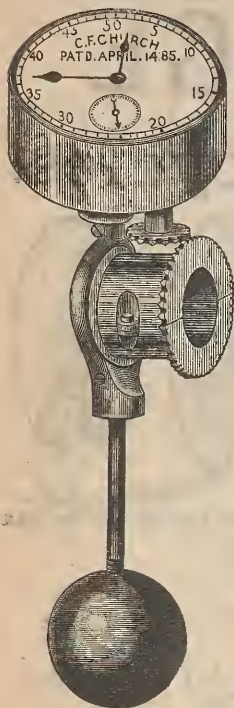
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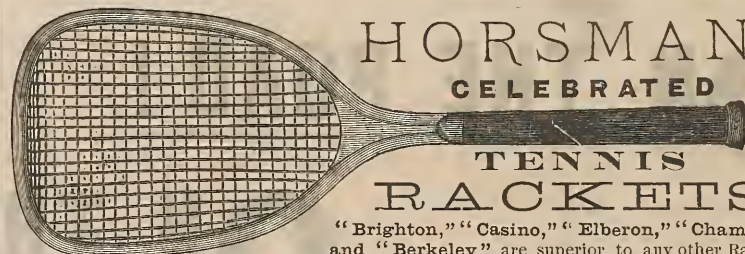
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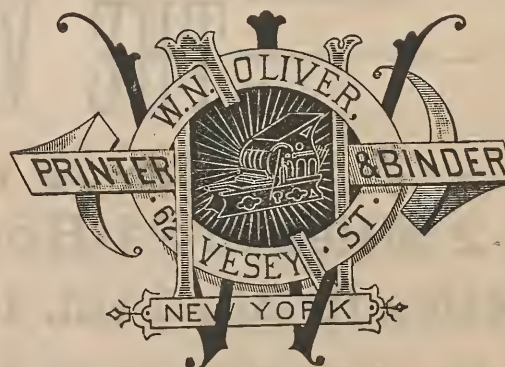
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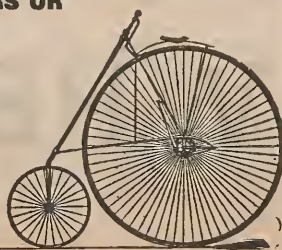
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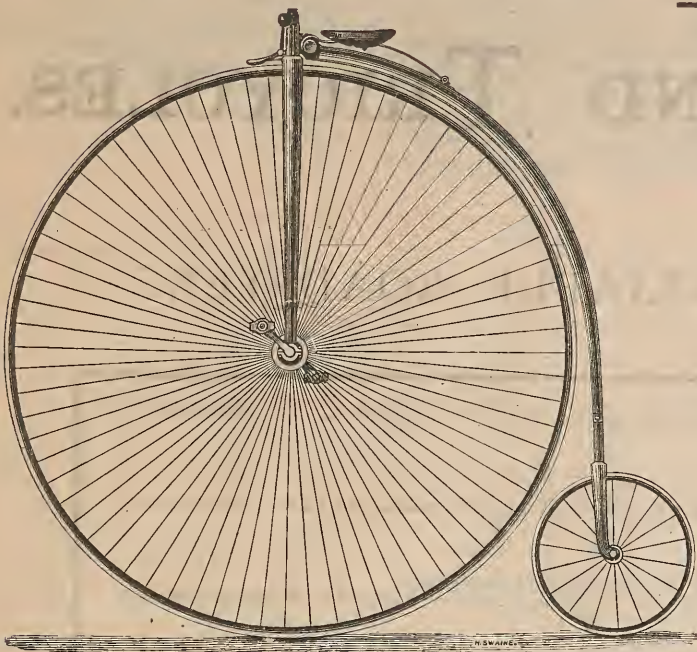
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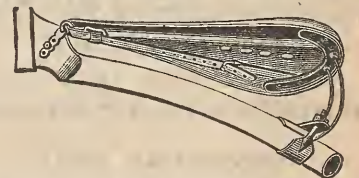
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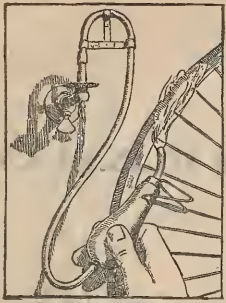
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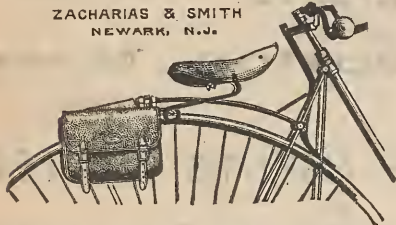
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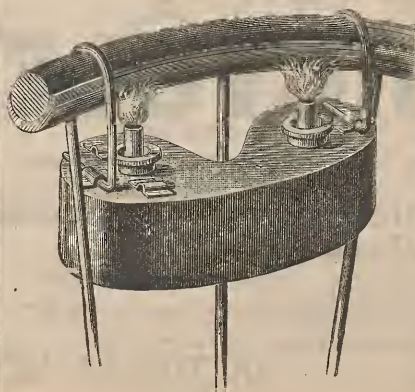
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